

THE MILTONIAN



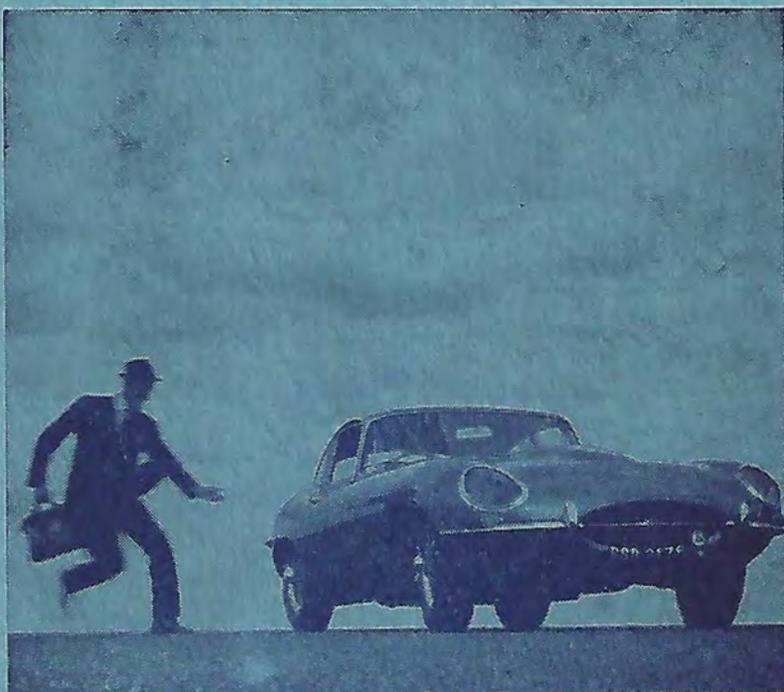
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MILTON HIGH SCHOOL

1965

VOL. XLIX

OCTOBER, MCMLXV



THIS MAN IS DANGEROUS

He's moving fast. Heading for the big time. His sights are set on a target and he means to hit the bull's eye. He knows what he wants and is out to get it. He knows the qualities a young man needs to go places in the fierce competition of this work-a-day world — drive, initiative, personality.

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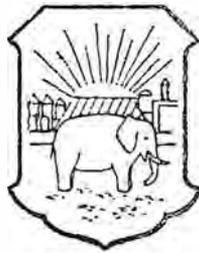
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THE MILTONIAN



Avōpi Gwōdi

MILTON HIGH SCHOOL



Here is no ancient pile all stained and scarred
By centuries of rain and blasting storm,
Yet in the few short years since thou wast born,
No backward look thy spreading fame has marred.
Forth went thy sons when jealous races warred,
Died at Latimer, and 'mid Flanders corn.
While Achi Baba grim and battle worn
O'er Milton graves eternally keeps guard.
Proud were the man whose noble name you bear
Could he behold the inmates of your walls.
O'er half a continent thy summons calls
Fathers to place their sons in Milton's care,
Throughout this land thy cry rings loud and long,
"Oh quit yourselves like men. Be strong, be strong!"

Staff

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Mrs. K. T. F. BANCROFT.

Mrs. M. AARON.

Mrs. D. WHALLEY (part time).

* Denotes Old Miltonian.

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Mrs. G. A. HITCHCOCK (Senior Cook Matron).
 Mrs. A. JUPP (Assistant Cook Matron).
 Mrs. D. O. GILLMAN (Pioneer House).
 Miss A. MILL (Pioneer House).

Mrs. G. H. EDGER (Charter House).
 Miss E. M. GERSBACK (Charter House).
 Mr. W. G. COLE (Caretaker).
 Mr. D. E. LACKAY (Assistant Caretaker).

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS—THIRD TERM, 1965

Art	Mrs. J. Sperring.	History	Mrs. A. Bodmer.
Afrikaans	Mr. E. A. Bierman.	Latin	Mr. R. A. Suttle.
Economics and Commerce	Mr. W. M. Engelbrecht.	Mathematics	Mr. J. Lefevre.
English	Mr. G. J. Addecott.	Music	Miss U. M. Etheridge.
French	Mrs. F. O'Beirne.	Physical Training	Mr. B. L. Nightingale.
Geography	Mrs. E. Young.	Science	Mr. W. P. Speirs.
Geology	Mr. N. Alcock.	Woodwork	Mr. R. R. B. Phillips.

School Prefects

N. DAVIES (Head Boy).
 K. REED (Deputy Head
 Boy, First Term).
 M. D. YOUNG (Deputy
 Head Boy).
 D. ALEXANDER.
 P. BARON.
 S. CARLISLE
 J. EPEL.

C. C. FERGUSON.
 B. FURBER.
 K. GRAHAM.
 N. GORDON.
 M. HONNETT.
 H. HUBBARD.
 P. JONES.
 P. LONGHURST.
 C. MORRISS.

R. MUIL.
 S. NADEL.
 C. RIDLEY.
 B. RALPHS.
 C. SEGGIE.
 A. SIMONCELLI.
 D. SMYTHE.
 N. THOMPSON.

Cadets

2ND LIEUTENANTS: M. EXELBY, B. HEARD, C. MOFFAT, L. MORGAN, R. TAYLOR, D. THORNTON,
 M. HONNETT, M. YOUNG.

The School Council

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Lt.-Col. J. R. WEBB, C.B.E., *Vice-Chairman*.

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E. ELIASOV, Esq.

A. E. FLOWERDAY, Esq.

Councillor S. JOSSEL.

Dr. S. V. RUSH.

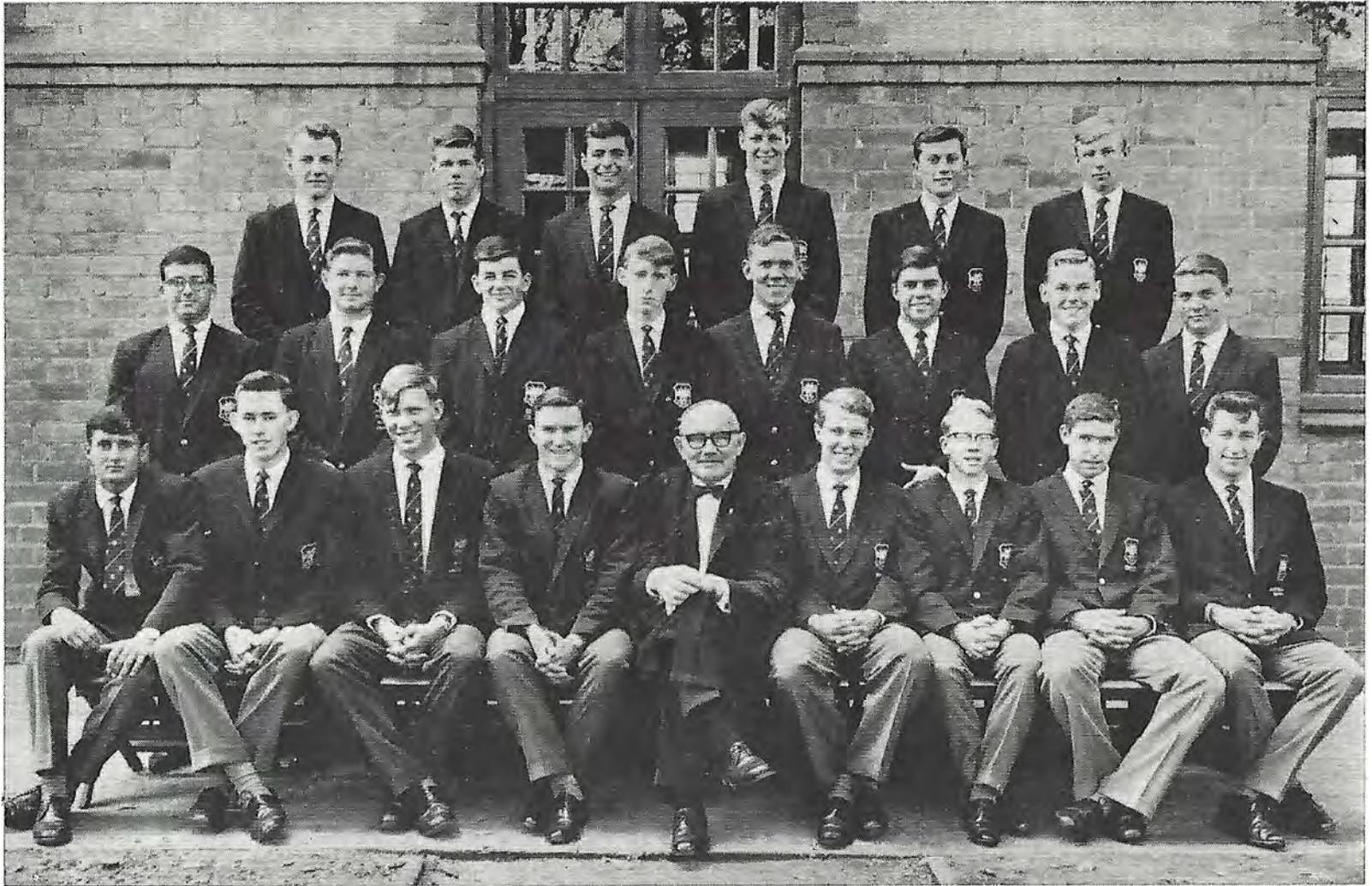
L. C. SAXBY, Esq.

The Hon. Mr. Justice J. R.
 DENDY YOUNG.

T. A. WRIGHT, Esq.

CHAIRMAN OF THE PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION:

L. C. SAXBY, Esq.



MILTON PREFECTS, 1965

PHOTO BY ROBAL STUDIOS

Back row: D. Alexander, P. Longhurst, S. Carlisle, N. Thompson, C. Seggie, C. Ferguson.

Middle row: S. Nadel, A. Simoncelli, P. Jones, N. Gordon, R. Muil, P. Baron, B. Ralphs, M. Honnett.

Seated: J. Eppel, K. Graham, D. Smythe, N. Davies (Head Prefect), Mr. P.M. Brett (Headmaster), M. Dendy-Young (Deputy Head Prefect), H. Hubbard.
C. Ridley, B. Furber.



CADET OFFICERS OF "B" AND "C" COMPANIES

PHOTO BY ROBAL STUDIOS

Standing: B. Heard, C. Moffat, C. Morgan, M. Exelby.

Seated: D. Thornton, M. Dendy-Young, Capt. G. Leech, M. Honnett, R. Taylor.

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THE SUCCESSFUL MILTON R.T.V. QUIZ TEAM

J. Langford is shown here receiving the trophy. Behind him are B. Girdler-Brown, R. Baldock and R. Sandler.

Editorial

The kind of world we live in today both confers more leisure upon us and makes it more needful than ever before that such leisure be properly used. The multitude of distractions, cheap amusements and shallow stimuli which has arisen in our century to fill up our increased free time encourages nothing more than a passive, almost inert participation on our part and an unproductive expenditure of our energies. These are diversions which insinuate themselves as leisure simply because they are identified with the employment of our leisure hours. Ultimately, however, this type of "leisure" cannot satisfy, because its rewards are transitory and ever harder to come by as diversions begin to run out and "leisure" becomes as much of a routine as the daily routine itself: an act of dissipation rather than of conservation or building up, as we do the social rounds or sit glued to television or cinema screens, spending of ourselves without getting anything in return, failing to create for ourselves anything lasting or valuable from the experience because the experience is itself barren—generating merely a prickle of passing excitement—and calls forth no creative response. For many people, in fact, "leisure" is little more than an extension of the mechanised non-leisure-time existence it is meant to relieve: during the day man puts himself out for a machine and in the evening he expects a machine to put itself out for him. In each case the same mindless contact between the two entities exists.

To find a more meaningful interpretation of leisure one might do well to turn to Aristotle. For him the highest mode of existence was to be found in *theoria*, the theoretic or speculative life. This type of life, possible only through leisure, was also the sole vindication of it. It is not to be thought of as a life of idle, perhaps petty, speculation. *Theoria* is empha-

tically an activity, an activity of thought, of conscious assiduity in the enjoyment of the finest things of life. To this extent *theoria* is culture, which, as the philosopher Whitehead remarks, "is activity of thought and receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling". Inasmuch, therefore, as *theoria* is culture, leisure is pre-eminent in affording opportunities for intellectual and cultural development which, after all, is none other than self-development. To neglect such opportunity by wasting our leisure hours is surely to betray the potential that lies within each one of us for a full personal growth that yields rich and lasting rewards.

Much concerned that *theoria* should become the property of all, Aristotle realised that it was wise to begin early. Consequently "the noble enjoyment of leisure" was for him, as Burnet points out, "the end of education in its highest sense". Such a doctrine is not merely pretty; there is another side to it as well, for it does seem that an education which takes as its aim to train people in such a way that they may rightly enjoy the rest which they earn after a day of toil, has much to commend it and may be quite as "practical" as one which merely anticipates the "useful and necessary" activities of life. It is just the want of such an education, perhaps, that makes men put up with and even desire that very cheap substitute for *theoria*—the life of amusement. One feels that the following words from Aristotle's "Politics" have a great deal to say to our century: "We have to be busy and to go to war, but still more to be at peace and in the enjoyment of leisure. We must do what is necessary and useful, but still more what is fine. These are the aims we have to keep in view in the education of children and people of every age that require education."

I. J. A.

Headmaster's Message

The School Magazine gives us the opportunity, annually, to do our "stock-taking", and to assess and record the progress of the School in all its aspects. It also serves to remind us that while there have been successes there have been failures too, sometimes failure on our own part to achieve everything we set out to do.

On the credit side, however, we are proud to record the success last December of our 1964 Head Boy, John Hargrove, in winning the Shell "open" scholarship (he goes up to Oxford this month) and the even greater achievement in April last of our 1965 Deputy Head Boy, Michael Dendy Young. He was awarded the most valuable scholarship ever offered in Rhodesia—a four-year course at an

American university of his choice. He hopes to go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to read electronics. Michael's scholarship was awarded because of his successful exhibit at the Young Scientists' Exhibition for which he constructed, unaided, a digital computer. Other successes in the School are recorded elsewhere in this volume, but for me the main cause for gratification is the seriousness of so many of our pupils, and the maturity and high moral character of those who are about to go out into the world, leaving the formative influence of the School behind them.

We know that competition for higher education is getting keener every year—the Registrar of one university overseas wrote me that he had 1,000

applications for the 20 vacancies in the Medical Faculty offered to overseas students—so we must not relax in our efforts as teachers in Milton, to prepare our students to meet the challenge; a goal in life cannot be achieved without disciplined effort. Gray's words are still true: "They, while their companions slept, were toiling upwards in the night". The desire to get away from the discipline of school to the "freedom" of manhood and an early job must be resisted if the "early" job does not represent the boy's potential.

It is certainly true that, in Rhodesia, the financial aid available from Government for university studies is, by comparison with other countries, most generous, indicating the realisation of the economic value to the country of its own trained manpower. It can be said that any boy who has the academic

ability to benefit by a university education will almost certainly find assistance in the form of a grant or loan to help him; and with university education now available in our own country, the opportunity is there for a boy of reasonable ability and a capacity for hard work to acquire the training which will qualify him for professional skill in his own field, while at the same time benefiting his country ultimately.

Milton School, I hope, is playing its part at the secondary level, in that educational "combined exercise" of helping to produce good Rhodesians who, when they have completed their education, will give back in service to their country their intellectual, professional or manual skills, and particularly the example of Christian gentlemen in their own lives.

P. M. BRETT.

School Diary

FIRST TERM

25th January: A staff meeting was held at 9 a.m. at which the following new members of Staff were welcomed: Mr. Bagshaw, Mrs. Bodmer, Mr. Everett (a former Milton pupil), Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Hochuli, Miss Hutton, Mr. Lawrence, Miss Millar, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Wakerley. Mr. Wright (a Rhodesian Rhodes Scholar) was re-welcomed to the Staff. Mr. Avin joined us on 19th February. Mrs. M. Aaron joined the office staff in place of Mrs. M. Frogel.

Members of Staff who left Milton at the end of 1964 were: Mr. Anderton, Miss Dodds (study leave), Mr. Heyns, Mrs. Jaabeck, Mr. Kay, Mr. McCosh, Miss Russell, Mr. Scarr, Mrs. Sherry, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Thompson and Miss Weinberg, who has since returned to us. To all of these go our thanks for their loyal services to Milton.

26th January: School opened with a full assembly in the Beit Hall.

13th and 14th March: Milton won the Inter-Schools Crusader Shield for water polo after going through the tournament unbeaten.

3rd April: The 54th Annual Inter-House Athletics meeting took place at the Central Sports Ground. Mrs. N. L. Robertson, wife of the Deputy Headmaster, presented the prizes.

10th April: Milton was declared the winner of the overall group prize in the Upper Secondary class at the Young Scientists' Exhibition in Salisbury.

15th April: School closed at 11.30 a.m. and we bade farewell to Mr. Bagshaw, Mr. Hochuli, Miss Hutton and Mr. Lawrence, who left on transfer to other schools, to Mrs. Young, Mr. Page and Mr. Speirs, who went on long leave, and to Mr. Cowper, Master-in-Charge of the Sixth Form, who left to start up the independent Sixth Form College here in

Bulawayo. In this enterprise we wish him well. We took leave also of our Deputy Headmaster, Mr. N. L. Robertson, who, after a long and honourable association with Milton, left to take up a teaching appointment in Canada. Our best wishes go with him and his family in their new life.

SECOND TERM

11th May: School re-opened and we welcomed to our Staff Mrs. Fenner, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Kelly, Mr. Peters, Mrs. Reiff and our new Deputy Headmaster and Housemaster of Charter House, Mr. P. F. de Bruijn, who came to us from Prince Edward School. Mr. Wixley joined us later in the term. Mrs. Whalley joined the office staff in place of Mrs. Clarence, who resigned during the holidays.

19th May: The A.E.B. examinations began.

1st to 5th June: Evening performances of *The Pirates of Penzance*.

14th to 18th June: Mock C.O.P. examinations.

3rd July: Milton beat the visiting St. John's College XV by 14 points to 6.

5th to 9th July: Mock G.C.E. and half-year School examinations.

13th August: School closed. We bade farewell to Mr. Murray, who left on transfer, and to Mr. Anderson, who retired.

THIRD TERM

7th September: School re-opened for the last term of 1965. We welcomed to our Staff Mrs. Strandvik and re-welcomed Miss Weinberg and Mr. Challis. Later in the term Mrs. Carcary and Mrs. Fish kindly stood in for members of Staff who were unwell.

25th September: Milton beat Mount Pleasant, Salisbury, to regain—after 14 years—the Mim du Toit schools tennis challenge cup.

 continued on page 81

*HONOURS LIST, 1965***AWARDS TO SCHOOL LEAVERS**

- Rhodes Scholarship** (£900 per annum): G. N. S. Ridley.
- American Government Scholarship** (\$4,000 per annum): M. D. Young (leaver 1965).
- Shell Company Bursary** (£600 per annum): J. W. Hargrove.
- Rhodesia Railways Scholarship** (£400 per annum): M. G. Rodd.
- Rhodesia Government Scholarships:**
M. G. Rodd (hon.).
D. S. Barton, £120 per annum.
T. A. Dickson £120 per annum.
D. G. Human, £120 per annum.
A. S. Lowenstein, £120 per annum.
T. Schragger, £120 per annum.
- Bulawayo Chamber of Commerce Bursary** (£100 per annum): T. A. Dickson.
- S.R. National War Fund Bursary** (£75 per annum): N. P. Marsberg.
- Old Miltonians Association Bursary:** J. W. Hargrove.
- UNDERGRADUATE AWARDS**
- Rhodesia Railways Civil Engineering Scholarship:** J. Jackson.
- Ralph Moxon Memorial Grant:** L. T. K. Smart.

POST-GRADUATE AWARDS

- Charelik Salomon Scholarships:** R. S. Blaylock, V. K. Hochuli.

SCHOOL PRIZES, 1965

UPPER SCHOOL—

- Academic Honours Award for best performance at "A" Level:** M. G. Rodd.

A. J. Hoffman Classical Prize: J. R. Lacey.

Rhodesia Railway Workers Union Prizes—

Chemistry: D. Human.

Physics: M. G. Rodd.

A. M. Hawkins Prize for Mathematics: M. G. Rodd.

D. J. Avery Memorial Prize for Art: J. Visser.

LOWER SCHOOL—

Timothy England Natural History Prize: R. D. Light.

Barnett Smith Prize for best performance in G.C.E. "O" Level: R. D. Light.

A. D. Campbell Memorial Prize for English: D. E. Kaplan.

School Council Prize for History: P. Longhurst.

School Council Prize for Geography: D. M. Fischer.

Alliance Française Prize for French: J. Baldock, S. Miller.

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1964

**ASSOCIATED EXAMINING BOARD:
GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION,
1964**

ADVANCED LEVEL

- G. Adlard, Phys, Maths.
L. Ainsley, Geol.
M. Allard, Zoo, Chem.
D. Anderson, Geol.
P. Ayers, P&A Maths.
D. Barton, Phys, Maths, App Maths.
A. Chalmers, Zoo, Chem, Phys.
G. Clark, Econ.
J. Day, Geog, Econ Geog.
G. Dick, P&A Maths.
T. Dickson, Econ Geog, Econ*, Geog.
M. Dodd, P&A Maths.
R. Drewett, P&A Maths.
M. Dwyer, Geol.
W. Eliasov, Zoo, Chem, Phys.
V. Evenary, Econ, Geog, Econ Geog.
R. Exelby, Afrik.
A. Falconer, Botany, Zoo.
D. Fenton, Afrik.
D. Foster, Art.
P. Gardner, P&A Maths.
P. Goldhawk, Econ.
G. Gray, Econ, Geog, Econ Geog.

- J. Hargrove, Phys, Maths*, App Maths.
R. Hugo, Botany.
D. Human, Zoo, Chem, Phys.
R. Kantor, Econ, Econ Geog, Econ Hist.
B. Kransdorff, Chem, Geol.
J. Lacey, Eng, Latin, French.
J. Langford, P&A Maths.
W. Leith, Econ, Eng, Econ Geog.
L. Levin, Zoo, Chem, Phys.
M. Light, Phys, Geol.
A. Lowenstein, Econ Geog, Geog, Econ Hist, Econ*.
N. Marsberg, Econ, Eng, Geog.
H. Meyer, Botany, Zoo, Chem.
N. Morgan-Davies, Econ.
J. Moseley, Econ.
R. Potts, Botany.
C. Radford, Econ.
B. Reichman, Zoo, Chem, Phys.
M. Rodd, Phys, Maths*, App Maths*.
G. Ross, Eng, Econ Geog, Art.
A. Rubenstein, Zoo.
R. Saxby, P&A Maths.
D. Schermbrucker, Botany, Zoo.
T. Schragger, Phys, Maths, App Maths.
M. Sharland, Maths*, App Maths.
R. Sherrell, P&A Maths.

A. Smith, P&A Maths.
 C. Smythe, Botany, Zoo.
 D. Smythe, P&A Maths.
 I. Taylor, Botany.
 A. Treger, Econ, Geog.
 R. Wright, Econ, Geog.
 M. Young, P&A Maths*.

F. Davies, Zoo.
 J. Eppel, Afrik.
 C. Ferguson, Afrik.
 J. Fletcher, French.
 J. Hargrove, Botany, Zoo.
 E. Hubbard, Afrik*.
 S. Jamieson, Botany.
 J. Langford, Chem.
 A. Miles, P&A Maths.
 I. Miller, Accounting*.
 M. Oliver, Botany.
 C. Ridley, Geog.
 P. Rush, Botany.
 D. Thomson, Botany.
 B. Ziv, Botany.

SUPPLEMENTARY, SUMMER, 1965

P. Ayers, Chem, P&A Maths.
 G. Baldrey, Botany.
 N. Brander, Accounting.
 R. Calderwood, Econ, Eng, Geog.
 P. Davidson, Afrik.

*Denotes distinction.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1964 "M" LEVEL PASS LIST

Four passes:	Three passes:	B. Kemp.	Two passes:	A. Smith.
C. du Plessis.	M. Dale.	D. Kok.	P. Close.	B. Steyn.
I. Foulis	A. Donohoe.	R. Levy.	T. Foy	I. Samuel.
J. Lombard.	I. Fuller.	M. Lister.	G. Green.	
G. Schroeder.	D. Hartwell.	L. Peacock.	J. le Roux.	
B. Thompson.	H. Hastings.	B. Waldeck.	D. Porter.	
D. Wright.	D. Hean.	D. Zylstra.	B. Shiels.	

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1964 "O" LEVEL PASS LIST

Nine subjects:	P. Jones.	Four subjects:	A. Gaul.	J. Atkins.
I. Telfer (2).	D. Kantor (1).	F. Capon (1).	R. Griffin.	P. Austin.
	G. Lowenstein (3).	G. Enslin.	F. Halvorsen.	M. Bolton
Eight subjects:	P. Longhurst (2).	D. Harris.	G. Hardy (1).	(Form 3).
R. Light (5).	S. Mills.	H. Heller (1).	B. Holmes.	A. Branken.
R. Zipper (2).	C. Moffat (1).	P. Middlemost (4)	R. James.	S. Craig.
	L. Morgan (2).	(Form 3).	I. Kamber (1).	S. Carlisle.
Seven subjects:	H. O'Mahoney (1).	R. Phillips.	J. Kok.	R. Edward.
J. Baldock (3).	J. Parker (2).	D. Sheffield.	S. Lloyd.	B. Furber.
L. Fisher (2).	A. Pattison (2).	N. Thompson (1).	J. Lowenstein.	T. Harvey.
N. Gordon.	T. Rink (1).	R. van Genderen (1).	S. Schmulian.	P. Herbst.
C. Granville (2).	T. Sager.	J. Walton.	K. Small.	G. Hilton.
D. Kaplan (3).	C. Seggie.		K. Smith.	L. Jones (1).
S. Levin (3).	R. Taylor (3).	Three subjects:	W. Storey.	A. Jossel.
S. Miller (4).	M. Treger (1).	D. Alexander.	H. van der Merwe.	G. King.
D. Thornton (4).		M. Bartholomew.	B. Watson.	H. Maertens.
D. Townshend (3).	Five subjects:	S. Blatch.	C. Weiderman.	D. Masterson.
J. Waugh-Young (3).	D. Aitken (2).	J. Campbell.	L. Wright.	I. Moore (1).
	M. Erasmus.	M. Cock.		S. Robbins.
Six subjects:	P. Strydom (1).	D. Cunningham.	Two subjects:	T. Sensky (2)
P. Coghlan (1).	P. Tihanyi (2).	G. Donald.	V. Allen.	(Form 3).
D. Fischer (1).	M. Waldeck.	M. Exelby.	J. Amm.	I. Shipman.
B. Heard.	S. Watson.	M. Fuller.	R. Anstruther.	D. Watson.
				B. Zietsman (1).

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS — SUMMER, 1965

J. Kok. C. Moffat. R. Reed. K. Small.

(Figures in parentheses indicate number of distinctions.)

"O" LEVEL PASS IN ENGLISH LANGUAGE 1964
(Accelerated Class—Form III)

L. Abrahamson.	J. Edwards.	R. Glover.	R. Lurie.	T. Stratton.
D. Adamthwaite.	P. Elkington.	B. Human.	C. Marks.	A. Wright.
P. Agnew.	S. Ferguson.	D. Keet.	A. Painting.	K. Young.
P. Clarke.	S. Frost.	R. Ker.	I. Ross.	
T. Cowie.	B. Girdler-Brown.	A. Lucas.	B. Sell.	

**THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS
CERTIFICATE, 1964**

The following obtained a full certificate in the 1964 examination:

W. Adriaanson, R. Amato, S. Bailey, K. Barbour, K. Baron, G. Bell, N. Beets, P. Berman, B. Bitter, G. Branfield, S. Bulling, O. Burke, G. Burton, B. Capon, C. Carlsson, A. Clarke, R. Clephane, C. Davy, R. Day, A. Dryden, A. de Bruin, J. Duncan, R. Fenton, G. Ferrier, N. Fisher, J. Flemmer, G. Gooch, D. Greenslade, R. Hardwick, C. Harris, P. Henrikson, J. Hodgson, R. Jennison, J. Kemp, T. Lamb, G. Lambert-Porter, R. Lombard, C. Mackay, T. Mahoney, G. Martin, E. Matthews, P. McCulloch, A. McDonald, R. McRoberts, G. Moir, M. Moss, J. Palmer, B. Perkins, S. Phillips, J. Powell, G. Rudley, A. Shultz, L. Schwenk, A. Sherwin, G. Simpson, J. Southgate, R. Simons-Schmidt, C. Taylor, J. Taylor, J. Terblanche, S. Thomas, M. Trinder, N. Trollip, P. van der Walt, A. Visagie, G. Waldeck, I. Weeden, T. Weatherdon, W. Weissenstein, A. Wild, P. Williams, W. Wilson, V. Wolhuter, W. Yates.

**FORM II GENERAL SCHOOL LEAVING
CERTIFICATE, 1964**

The following gained certificates with passes in English, Arithmetic and/or Mathematics:

W. Adriaanson, L. Angelozzi, R. Ayling, S. Bailey, K. Barlow, G. Bell, R. Bell, R. Berman, C. Bernic, B. Bitter, D. Botha, G. Branfield, D. Britz, B. Capon, C. Christos, R. Clephane, R. Clogg, W. Colquhoun, R. Coulter, S. Currie, G. Daly, C. Davy, K. Dobson, A. Dryden, R. Duke, J. Duncan, G. Edwards, C. Ferguson, J. Flemmer, Fogarty, A. Gray, A. Gibson, A. Glickman, A. Gurrie, S. Greenfield, O. Griffiths, A. Galinos, E. Hardwick, J. Hodgson, A. Hosling, D. Jerconovic, J. Kemp, G. Lambert-Porter, R. Lombard, T. Mahoney, K. Marais, G. Martin, E. Matthews, P. McCulloch, D. McLeid, T. Miller, G. Moir, R. Moss, J. Norman-ton, J. Ogston, B. Perkins, S. Phillips, R. Phipps, J. Powell, C. Pritchard, E. Quick, J. Reid, L. Ronald, L. Schwenk, T. Simpson, S. Somerville, J. Sowden, D. Sumpton, C. Swartz, N. Trollip, P. van der Walt, M. van Rensburg, C. Verster, A. Vickery, T. Weather M. van Rensberg, C. Verster, A. Vickery, T. Weatherdon, I. Weeden, W. Weissenstein, W. White, A. White, G. Wilson, V. Wolhuter, C. Wood, W. Yates, G. Yeoman.

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Pioneer House Notes

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. R. A. L. T. Suttle.

RESIDENT MASTERS.—First term: Mr. Y. U. Strandvik and Mr. E. Bierman; second and third terms: Mr. E. Bierman and Mr. D. Wright.

MATRONS: Mrs. D. O. Gillman and Miss I. W. Mill.

PREFECTS: B. T. Furber (Head Boy), C. J. Morriss (Deputy Head Boy), S. M. Carlisle (School Prefect), F. M. Davies, R. Anstruther, M. Maytham.

We had but one change in resident staff this year, and, to our disappointment, it was Mr. Strandvik—who, by the way, is now a married man, and we of Pioneer House wish him and his wife every success and happiness in their future life.

Mr. Wright, who joined us at the beginning of the second term, has settled in very well and has also proved himself able and willing in all activities.

Mr. Suttle, a very able housemaster, has ruled his little kingdom of Pioneer House very efficiently and the year has thus run very smoothly.

B. Furber was appointed Head Prefect of Pioneer at the beginning of the year. He was ably assisted by the following band of prefects: Morriss, Carlisle, Davies, Anstruther and Maytham.

The House has maintained a high standard in sport and academically. In sport the House has done well and will continue to do so judging from the up-and-coming members of the House.

The following boys represented the House in the School's first teams:

Rugby: B. Furber (Colours), M. Maytham (Colours), S. Carlisle (half Colours), K. Torr.

Basketball: B. Furber (captain, half Colours), K. Torr (half Colours), M. Trinder, B. Strandvik.

Water polo: F. Davies (Colours), L. Cullen, C. Liebrandt.

Badminton: M. Maytham (half Colours), R. Anstruther, B. Furber, G. Gooch, D. Williamson, L. Cullen, A. Maytham.

Cricket: B. Bitter (half Colours).

Athletics: C. J. Morriss (half Colours), M. Maytham (half Colours), C. Davy (half Colours), B. Strandvik, W. Goosen, D. Williamson, H. Esterhuizen, F. Mantle.

Swimming: L. Cullen (half Colours), C. Liebrandt, M. Thurfjell.

Pioneer came a close second to Charter in the inter-house athletics. We won the inter-house basketball and also the inter-house rugby. The water polo and swimming contests will be held during the third term. Pioneer has a good polo team, but when it comes to swimming we can only try our best.

Finally, we would like to wish all leavers and stayers the best of luck in their futures. We feel very

confident that the stayers will uphold the good name of the House.

B. T. F.

Charter House Notes

HOUSEMASTERS: Mr. N. L. Robertson (first term), Mr. P. de Bruijn.

RESIDENT MASTERS: Mr. R. Todd, Mr. W. de Beer.

MATRONS: Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Johnston-Butcher (first term), Mrs. Edger, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Buys (second term), Mrs. Edger, Miss Gersback (third term).

HEAD PREFECT: K. Reed (first term), J. Eppel.

PREFECTS: M. Honnet, C. Ferguson, J. Grobler, P. Jones, N. Thompson.

Mr. Robertson left the hostel for Canada after over three years of faithful service. He was replaced by Mr. de Bruijn, from Prince Edward School, as Housemaster and Deputy Headmaster.

Many thanks to Mr. de Bruijn, Mr. Todd, Mr. de Beer and the matrons for all the work they have put into the hostel over the past year, helping it to run smoothly and efficiently.

We achieved a number of successes in the sporting field. During the first term we won the inter-house athletics, the senior cross-country run, and took second place in the inter-house basketball. The second term saw us winners, along with Pioneer House, of the inter-house rugby.

These achievements, as well as achievements in the academic field and in other school activities, are almost entirely due to the immense spirit among the boys in the hostel and the guidance of our competent staff.

The School play in the second term was well supported by Charter House boys, both in the cast and working backstage.

Charter House boys who represented the School in various teams throughout the year are:

Cricket: Jones (vice-captain, half Colours).

Athletics: Reed (Colours), Thompson (Colours), P. Herbst, Cloete, De Wet, Versveld, Anderson.

Rugby: Jones (vice-captain, half Colours), Wilson (Colours), Thompson (half Colours), Eppel (half Colours), Van der Merwe, Herbst, C. Ferguson.

Hockey: Close (half Colours), Visagie (half Colours)

Swimming: Reed (captain Colours), Fisher, Posselt, Parkin, Versveld, G. Ferguson, S. O'Donovan.

Badminton: Visagie, Close.

Basketball: N. Thompson, C. Ferguson, J. Eppel, J. Grobler.

To those leaving at the end of the year we extend our usual good wishes, and to those returning next year—best of luck. And we trust they will maintain the fine spirit of Charter House.

J. E.



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Looking Back at Our Beginnings

The following article appeared in the Bloemfontein *Friend* 55 years ago—on 27th July, 1910:

RHODESIAN EDUCATION

TWO NEW HIGH SCHOOLS
SPEECH BY ADMINISTRATOR
(Reuter's Colonial Service)

BULAWAYO, Tuesday.

At the opening of two new high schools at Bulawayo which have been built by the Government, the Administrator, Sir William Milton, said the Government had been endeavouring to act on the resolutions of the Education Commission which sat some three years ago, the principle of which was that there should be a Government public school in every centre of the country. There was nothing he and his colleagues in the Government would not do in reason to advance education, finances permitting. Three or four years ago they were spending £16,000 a year on education, today the sum was near £70,000. The schools in their structure were based on the Brebner School, Bloemfontein.

Referring to the opposition of the elected members in the Legislative Council to the raising of a loan for public works, he said he conferred with the directors of the Chartered Company at home, who thoroughly recognised the nature of the objection. In order not to put the business of the country at a standstill, they were willing to advance such sums as His Honour wished for the completion of urgent public business without respect to the manner of repayment.

Proceeding, he said the Beit Trustees, beyond giving casual assistance to primary education in the way of boarding grants, were reserving the trust money for secondary education. They agreed that at the present time the country was not ripe for the establishment of large secondary schools, but they thought in the meantime they could help by building boarding houses, first to be used in connection with primary education, but which would ultimately come into the secondary scheme. He then foreshadowed the early erection of two boarding houses in Bulawayo.

The Pirates of Penzance

PHOTO BY ROBAL STUDIOS

An enjoyable production; this surely was the verdict of both actors and audience on the School's production of *The Pirates of Penzance*. The choruses sang the well-known melodies of Sullivan with verve, the costumes and decor, designed by Mrs. Sperring, were delightful, and we were especially lucky in having a Mabel and a Ruth with lovely voices and good stage presence. Samuel, too, had a good voice, and his master, the Pirate King, suited his part admirably.

With the exception of one or two minor lapses, the chorus work was good, the policemen especially making the most of their parts and raising many laughs, while the girls looked and sounded charming. The Major-General, too, played his part with assurance and handled his patter song well.

Mrs. Suttle's direction, as we have come to expect, was sound and imaginative. There was life and movement in the chorus work, so much to be preferred to freezing them into tableaux. The principal actors, on the whole, moved with ease and spoke naturally and clearly. However, Gilbert's libretto did not always raise the laughs one might have expected.

Miss Etheridge and Mrs. Suttle, their cast and helpers, obviously worked hard over this production and to judge by audience reaction alone, their work was not in vain.

G. J. A.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PIRATE KING.....B. Furber
 SAMUEL (his Lieutenant).....J. Eppel
 Frederic (the Pirate Apprentice)—
 R. Midgley (Hamilton)
 RUTH (Pirate maid of all work).....M. Rea (Eveline)
 MABEL.....M. Styles (Townsend)
 EDITH.....R. Drayton (Townsend)
 KATE.....A. Silver (Townsend)
 ISOBEL.....J. Skillicorn (Townsend)
 MAJOR-GENERAL.....S. Miller
 SERGEANT OF POLICE.....S. Carlisle
 CHORUS OF PIRATES: G. Fort, A. Rutter, V. Hein,
 J. Skillicorn, T. Burke, N. Harlock, R. Niven, R.
 Williams, I. Russell, P. Smith, D. Goldhawk, P.
 Ford, C. Seggie, P. de Kock, H. Marcus, R.
 Taylor, R. Constable, C. Ferguson, B. Heard, M.
 Keal, D. Pickstone, B. Girdler-Brown, G. Lam-
 bert-Porter.
 GENERAL STANLEY'S DAUGHTERS: C. Jameson
 (Townsend), C. Russell (Townsend), R. Overbury
 (Townsend), C. Blunt (Townsend), L. Chesney
 (Townsend), L. Crichton (Townsend), M. Caseley
 (Townsend), S. Battson (Townsend), C. Pegg
 (Townsend), M. Sayers (Townsend), P. Johnson
 (Eveline).

POLICEMEN: C. Anstey, N. Graham, M. Maytham,
 R. van Genderen, P. Herbst, D. Watson, P.
 Coghlan, M. Maclean, R. Muil, M. Trinder, J.
 Langford, J. Alexander, D. Masterson, N. West-
 wood.
 *

MUSICAL DIRECTOR: Miss U. M. Etheridge.

PRODUCER: Mrs. D. J. Suttle.

Trumpet: T. Sensky; *Drums*: D. Britz; *Triangle*: R.
 Baldock.

PROMPTS: F. Halvorsen and G. Quick.

Costume and Decor Design.....Mrs. J. Sperring

Scenery Construction.....A. Walker

Painting.....Art Department

Props.....E. Bierman and Miss S. Davidge-Pitts

Lighting.....R. E. Everett and C. Everett

Business.....G. Addecott, J. Brookes, Mrs. D.

Sibson, R. Everett, M. Hawthorn, I. Avin

Costumes.....Mrs. E. de Bruijn, Mrs. Ridley, Parents,

Girls and Staff

Make-up.....Mrs. Ridley, Mrs. Harlen, Mrs. Bodmer,

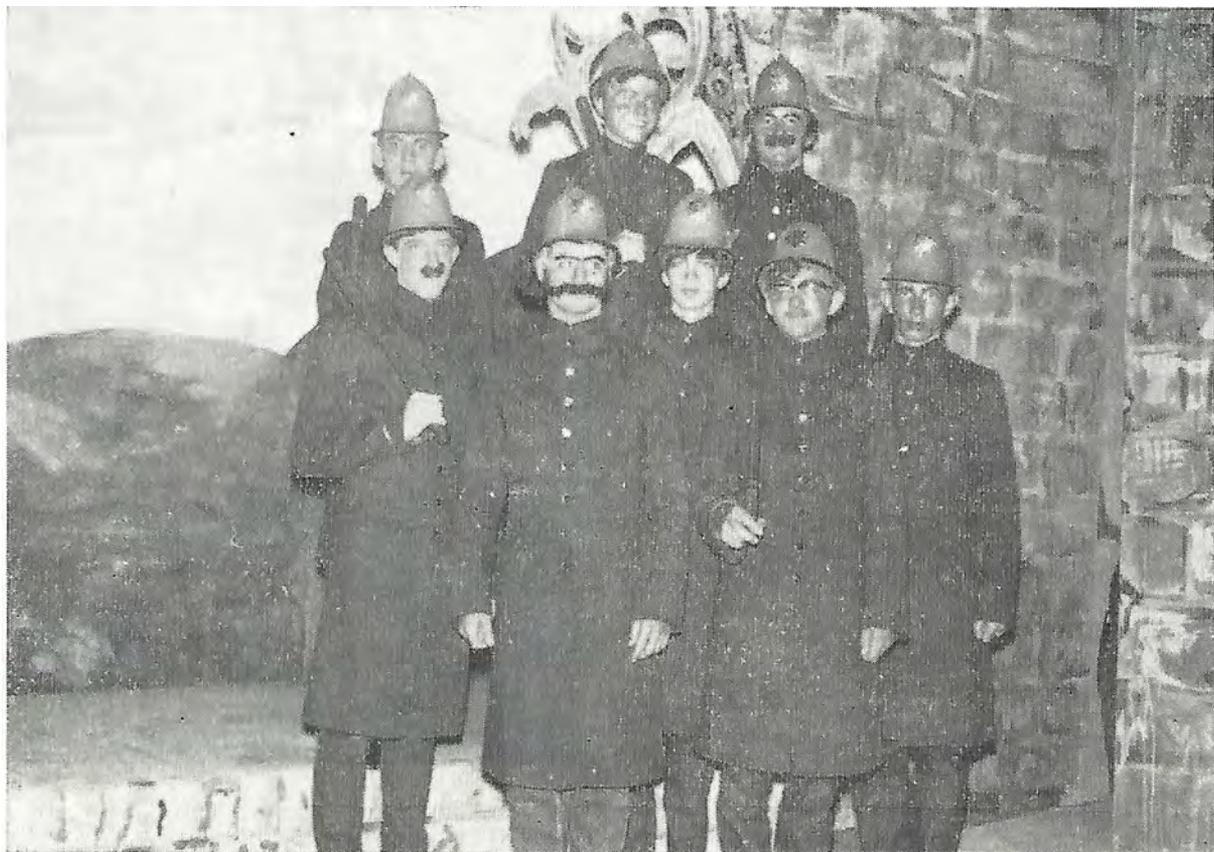
Staff, Girls and Boys, Parents and

Friends

Refreshments.....P.T.A. Committee, Tuck Shop,

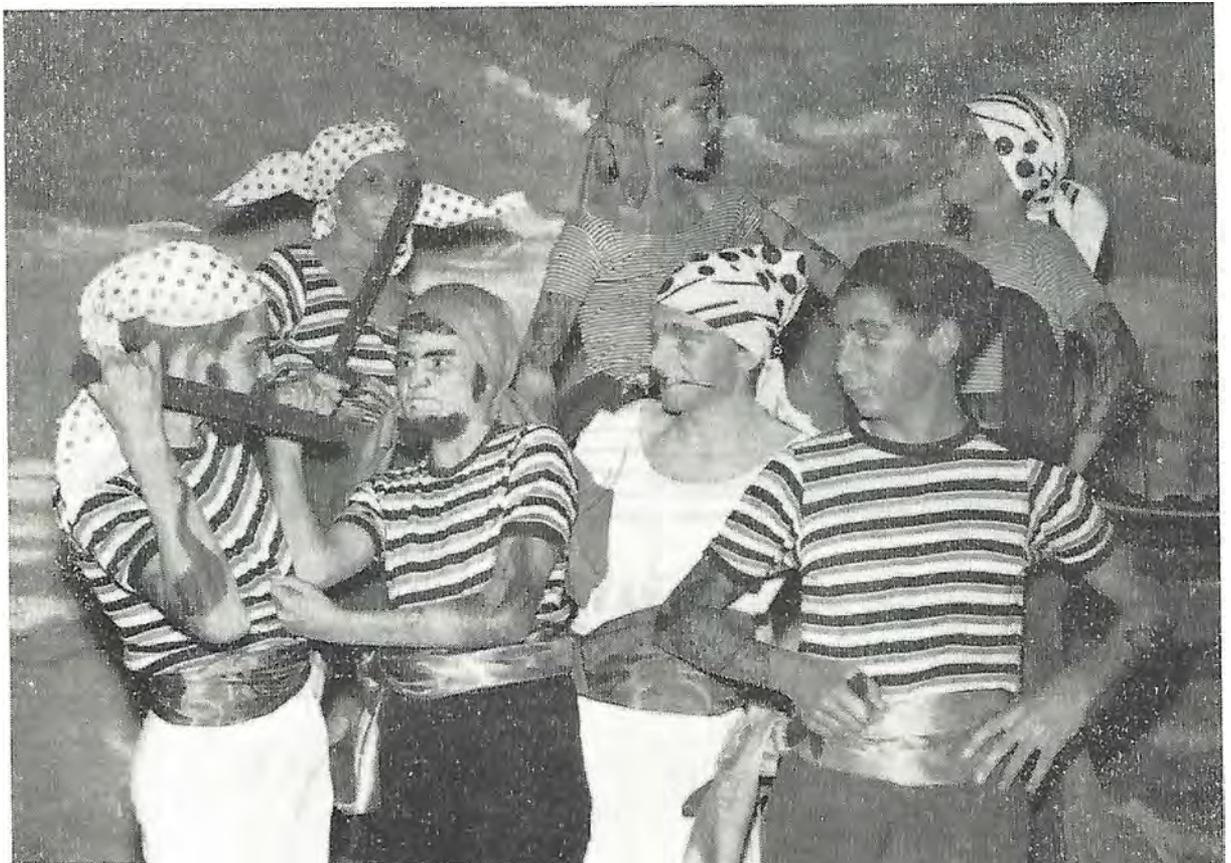
Matrons and Staff

PHOTO BY ROBAL STUDIOS





PHOTOS BY ROBAL STUDIOS



ROBAL STUDIOS

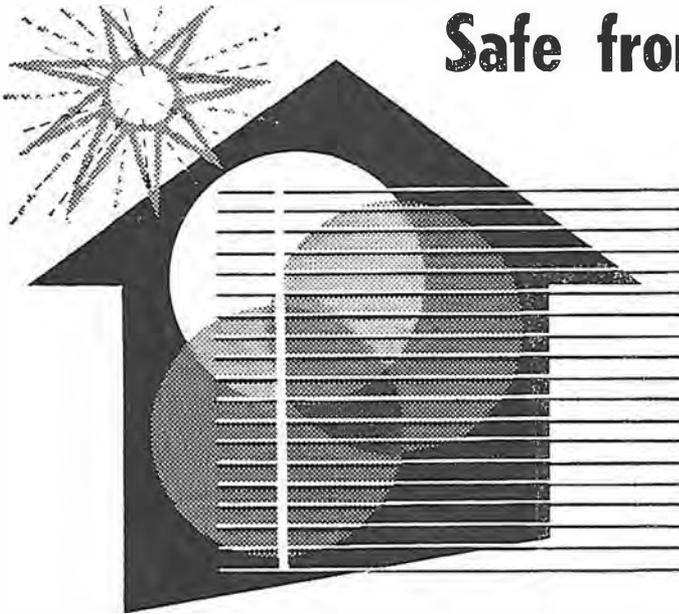
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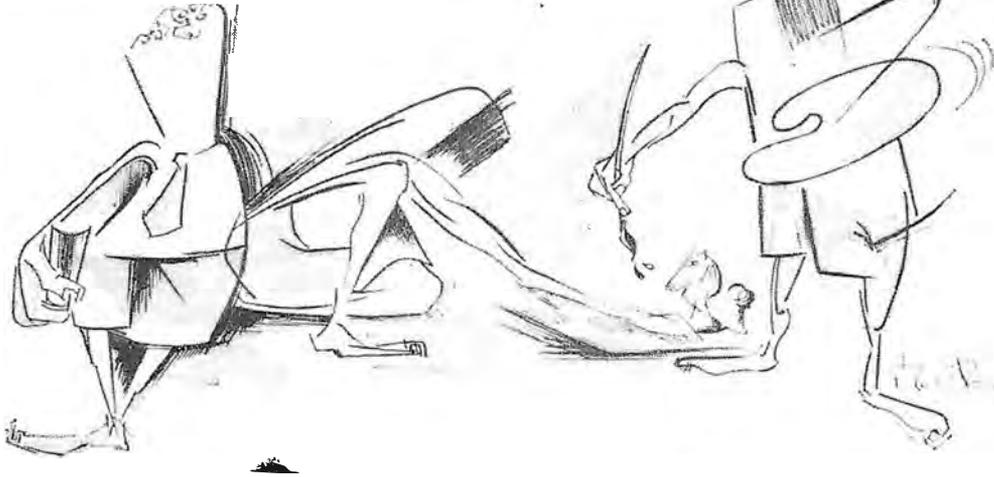
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School Activities



Cadet Notes

OFFICER COMMANDING: Capt. G. Leech.

LIEUTENANTS: R. Suttle, C. Waller, R. Todd, Y. Strandvik, R. Tucker, L. Reynolds, B. Nightingale, R. Whales.

2ND LIEUTENANTS: M. Honnett, M. Dendy Young, M. Exelby, C. Moffat, L. Morgan, R. Taylor, D. Thornton, B. Heard.

The highlight of the Cadet year was the annual Inspection by Brigadier R. A. G. Prentice, O.B.E. He made a most searching inspection of every aspect of Cadet training and we were gratified to learn in his subsequent report that he was pleased with everything he saw. The Brigadier presented Sergeant-Major M. Watson with the trophy for the smartest Cadet of the year. The parade and presentation were shown on television the following day.

We welcome to the unit Lieuts. B. Nightingale, L. Reynolds, R. Tucker and R. Whales. With Lieut. R. Todd, they attended the officers' course at the School of Infantry, Gwelo, and were given full treatment by the Staff Corps there.

The miniature range has been put to good use this year. Lieut. Tucker has taken over the responsibility of range officer. Every Cadet has had the opportunity of firing, and as a result we were able to form a shooting team for the Earl Roberts and Major-General Edwards Shooting Trophies.

During the last week of the middle term a bivouac camp was held for the senior Cadets. This camp took place in the Bembesi Valley, roughly 60 miles from Bulawayo. All units from the Bulawayo area were represented, and the camp proved to be most enjoyable and thoroughly successful. The training officer, Major Roach, and his staff spared no efforts

to make the training interesting and stimulating. The Cadets fired all kinds of weapons, including the self-loading rifle and the Bren gun. They were taught demolition, using a varied number of high explosives. Instruction in the latest type of signals was given and the boys had the opportunity of using the equipment. Patrols and realistic ambushes were organised and they proved to be most exciting. On the last evening a camp-fire concert was held, which brought to an end a most enjoyable week.

In spite of many difficulties, the Cadet Band has maintained a good standard of training. They have worked extremely well considering that they have had no officer to train or supervise them. I am very grateful to them for their keenness and hard work, and especially for the time they have given up during the mid-morning break to practice. I am sure they will do well at our annual Inspection this year.

New regulations concerning Cadets have now been put into effect. Boys will now enter Cadets at the beginning of Form IV and will continue until they complete Form VI. This means that a boy joining Cadets in Form IV will be compelled to serve until he leaves school. The majority of boys serve in Cadets cheerfully and strive hard to pass Certificate "A" Parts I and II. By the time they are released from service they have acquired a fairly good background and knowledge of elementary military training. They learn to accept discipline, to carry out an order promptly, to appear smart in uniform, to fire a rifle correctly and with safety, and to accept responsibility. Unfortunately far too many boys submit the flimsiest of excuses for not serving in Cadets, and it is regrettable that a few parents support their children in this outlook. Service in Cadets is compulsory by Act of Parliament, and the only

grounds on which a boy can be excused are ill-health, if the distance from home to school is more than ten miles, and religious objection. I feel that if this country is worth living in, it is worth training to defend, and I know most parents will agree with me.

We are now entering the final phase of our Cadet year, the Part I and II examinations and then the annual Inspection. I have decided to hold the Inspection during the morning of 22nd October, rather than the afternoon. For one thing, it should be a little cooler, and for another the Cadets deserve an audience. By holding it in the morning the whole School may watch the parade, and there is nothing like a large audience to bring the best out of boys.

Finally, a word of thanks to the schoolboy 2nd Lieutenants. They have worked extremely hard throughout the year and, in spite of heavy school work they have to endure, they have brought the recruit platoons up to a good standard of efficiency. My thanks especially to the schoolmaster officers. They have been a tower of strength. It is these officers who do the hard work, and the efficiency of the unit is dependent on their efforts.

G. LEECH, Capt.

Geographical Society

Although the Geographical Society was slow to start off at the beginning of this year, it has certainly made up for this in recent months. During the first term the Society attended several lectures on Friday evenings at the National Museum. The talks by Mr. Baldock on New Zealand, and another on the present and future development of irrigation in Israel, were of special interest.

The second term began with several lectures, which were held at the School in the afternoons or evenings. Mr. Abrahamson presented the Society with many interesting and controversial views when he spoke on "The Economic Position of Rhodesia after Federation". This lecture was followed by an extremely interesting talk by Mr. Gregory on "An African Irrigation Scheme". Mr. Darwin spoke to the Society on "The Interpretation of Aerial Photography" and also explained how several of the complicated instruments were used. Mr. Gowan, of Aer Lingus, explained "The Economics of Tourism" with special reference to Rhodesia.

The current year also saw many practical undertakings by the Geographical Society. Surveying has been done in the School grounds, and of the various expeditions undertaken the most notable was the trip along the Umzingwane Valley, which was planned by Mr. Baldock. This expedition was greatly enjoyed by all and provided us with an interesting insight into local geology and the structure of the area south-east of Bulawayo.

The Society undertook several visits to the Mineral and Water Conservation exhibitions at Meikles, and to Conolly's foundry and Mardon Printers for an understanding and insight into local resources and industry.

A. PLOWMAN.

Sixth Form Library

CHAIRMAN: M. Young. SECRETARY: S. Nadel.
COMMITTEE: N. Davies, G. Dick, N. Gordon, K. Graham, H. Hubbard, P. Jones, J. Langford, P. Longhurst, C. Moffat, C. Morgan, B. Ralphs, D. Smythe, R. Taylor, I. Telfer, D. Thomson.

This year the Sixth Form Library has continued to function very successfully, serving both as a haven of peace and work and as an excellent lending and reference library. Its facilities have continued to expand. During this year more than 300 books were processed and placed on the shelves, bringing the total number to about 4,000. There are also nearly 1,000 pamphlets covering a variety of topics, with the emphasis on the various universities and the courses offered. The Library subscribes to a comprehensive list of periodicals with up to four years of back copies being available for reference purposes. The periodicals include such important papers as *Scientific American*, *Discovery*, *New Scientist*, *New Society*, *Time*, *Punch*, and *Encounter*.

A great measure of thanks must go to Mr. Addecott for all the work he has done and for the way he has run the library, especially after having to take over at such short notice.

A few years ago it was suggested that an annual library dinner be held, and this year we are looking forward to maintaining this tradition. The librarians deserve it. They have worked extremely hard, giving up their afternoons and free periods to keep this valuable facility in running order. All the manifold tasks connected with the library fall on their shoulders.

There is still, however, room for an extra 3,000 books in the library. At present, we understand, funds are becoming distressingly low and it is likely that next year we shall have to resort to fund-raising. I take this opportunity to appeal to all Sixth Formers and their parents to make a special contribution. It is hoped that this also will become a tradition!

The maintenance of discipline in the library is essential if any work is to be done there. Soon after the beginning of this year, the Townsend girls realised that looks alone were not sufficient to keep them in the library—they had to observe the silence rule as well!

In conclusion, I would like to express my deep appreciation to the secretary and members of the

committee for the sterling way in which they have performed their duties throughout the year.

M. D. YOUNG.

Junior Debating Society

During the first term the Debating Society was trying to cater for Forms I, II and III. There were, however, considerable differences in attainment between the new Form I members and the more experienced debaters in Form III, so it was decided to create another society for Form III—the Middle School Debating Society.

Owing to this change in organisation, it was possible to enter only four boys for the Eisteddfod, viz, A. Cowell, M. Robertson, A. Rutter and M. Saxby. However, all gained first-class awards.

The Form I members have shown great interest but there are relatively few Form II members. As improvement in public speaking and growth of confidence is so rapid in the comparatively uncritical and light-hearted atmosphere of a debating society, it is unfortunate that more boys in the academic streams do not realise the value of training in public speaking.

P. JAMESON.

Middle School Debating Society

PRESIDENT: The Headmaster.

MASTER IN CHARGE: Mr. Todd.

CHAIRMAN: R. Glover.

SECRETARY: A. Jenkinson.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS: R. Glover, A. Jenkinson, R. Baldock, M. Berzack.

The Middle School Debating Society was initiated on 25th May, 1965. Problems arising from small attendances because of clashing activities were finally settled, but still the day chosen—Friday—is not completely suitable.

The Society has had an average attendance of about twelve, as well as the master.

Since the Society was only newly formed, only one competitor—Anstey—entered the Eisteddfod. He, however, obtained a first-class award.

The Society did extremely well in the Commonwealth Public Speaking Competition, helping to win the Una M. Etheridge Floating Trophy for Milton. Semi-finalists in this event were Anstey, Baldock, Jenkinson and Miller, with Baldock succeeding in reaching the finals. Each of the semi-finalists received four points. Other point winners were: Berzack (1), Golden (1) and Sagar (1).

Debates, discussions and speeches were held during the term. However, examinations and forced

cancellations of meetings have resulted in only about ten meetings being held out of a possible fifteen. The major debates have been:

Woolf and Anstey proposing that “The Consequences of a UDI would be disastrous to Rhodesia”, opposed by Favish and Miller. The proposers won by four votes.

Girdler-Brown and Jenkinson proposing that “Communism in Africa would be a bad thing”, opposed by Anstey and Agnew. The proposers won by five votes.

It is hoped that the attendance of this Society will grow, and perhaps in 1966 we may see some inter-school fixtures.

D.A.G.J.

Senior Debating Society

PRESIDENT: Mr. P. M. Brett.

MASTER IN CHARGE: Mr. G. J. Addecott.

CHAIRMAN: S. Nadel.

SECRETARIES: D. Thomson and G. Baldrey.

Since the last magazine was printed, this Debating Society has been extremely active, with all meetings being well attended. This last factor, coupled with a greater eagerness to speak by most of the audience, has helped in making the past year a most successful one for the Society.

In the third term of last year there was an inter-house debating contest. Many latent talents emerged but it was Gerald Adlard who took the honours as the best speaker, while Borrow took the team honours with David Thomson and our ex-chairman, Graham Ross.

After a belated start this year, the Society gained many new members via its approach to hitherto untouched subjects such as the legality of abortion. Controversial subjects such as the one just mentioned became the hallmark of debates whenever they took place. Not only were the subjects conducive to serious debating, but also to the more humorous side of things, which all added to its success. Also in the first term there was an inter-schools debate sponsored by the Bulawayo Speakers' Circle. The School was represented by D. Thomson, T. Foy and S. Nadel, and while we did not carry off any cups, we did win our debate against our sister school, Eveline.

The tempo of activity increased in the second term as people entered into public-speaking competitions while still participating in inter-school and internal debates. The Lions contest was the first to be held and the School was represented by D. Thomson, S. Nadel, H. Hubbard and G. Baldrey. Nadel was the only one who managed to advance into the semi-finals, but he got no further. By accumulating many points in the preliminary rounds, Milton regained the Una M. Etheridge Trophy in the Royal

Commonwealth Society competition. Senior speakers were C. Moffat, D. Thomson, T. Foy, M. Fuller and I. Robertson. A team of six combined business with pleasure when, accompanied by Mr. Addecott and Mr. Avin, they went to debate against the local high school at Fort Victoria and also take in some of the sights, such as Kyle Dam.

Activity has recently tailed off somewhat due to impending public examinations. However, we have debated at Hamilton and had a most enjoyable return visit by Fort Victoria High School. Inter-house debates are also scheduled for the last term.

In conclusion, our thanks must go to all who helped to make the year so enjoyable and successful, particularly to Mr. Addecott for his astute judgment and excellent advice, to Mr. Brett for granting us the use of the School Hall, and, last but not least, to the domestic staff for providing our refreshments at the end of debates.

N. S., U VI Arts.

Fifth Inter-High School Public Speaking Competition

**Arranged by the Bulawayo Branch of the Royal
Commonwealth Society**

The adjudicators for all sessions and finals were: Mrs. P. Schmulian and Mr. P. B. Gibbs, O.B.E.

By courtesy of the Headmaster, Mr. P. M. Brett, all the preliminary adjudications were held in the Beit Hall between 14th July and 4th August, and the finals on 9th August.

Ten high schools entered 96 competitors, and among these Milton had 16 entries—two in Class C, nine in Class B, and five in Class A. The names of competitors and marks awarded are:

Class C: Forms I and II

Aubrey Kagan, 44.
Ronald Sandler, 86.

Class A: Form VI

Terence Foy, 78.
Michael Fuller, 84.
Christopher Moffat, 81.
Ian Robertson, 72.
David Thomson, 80.

Class B: Forms III, IV, V

Colin Anstey, 83.
Robert Baldock, 85.
Jonathan Baldachin, 51.
Melvyn Berzack, 65.
Patrick Ford, 59.
Neville Golden, 67.
Angus Jenkinson, 84.
Dovis Miller, 82.
Leigh Sagar, 61.

Robert Baldock went forward to the finals from Class B and won third prize in this class.

Milton was awarded the Una M. Etheridge Floating Trophy with overall points of 39, with Eveline as runners-up, gaining 35 points. Milton has won the trophy three times out of five.

The Chief Justice of Rhodesia and Lady Beadle were present at the finals, with other distinguished guests. The Chief Justice presented the prizes.

Scripture Union

Our group began the year on an encouraging note and has enjoyed some varied and interesting programmes.

The highlights of the year were the "Fact and Faith" film, *Windows of the Soul*, the Inter-school Scripture Union Rally held at T.T.C. (in which we participated with a lively skit on modern evangelising methods), and an inter-school braaivleis which is, of course, always much appreciated. The well-known TV personality, Don Foster, former leader of this group, gave us a most enjoyable afternoon of musical entertainment.

We are anticipating just as good a third term and we are sure that much spiritual encouragement is to be gained from these meetings.

C. M.

Music Society

PRESIDENT: The Headmaster.

MISTRESS IN CHARGE: Miss U. M. Etheridge.

CHAIRMAN: Margaret Waters.

SECRETARY: Ken Graham (first term), Russel Taylor (second term).

COMMITTEE: Sheenagh McCarter, David Thomson, Colin Seggie.

The Music Society this year has become an even more popular extra-mural activity than it was last year. At the beginning of the year a large influx of new members swelled the membership to 33 and, although numbers have dwindled over the last two months, owing mainly to the forthcoming public examinations, attendance throughout the year has been fairly constant and very pleasing.

Besides the many Milton Sixth Formers who joined the Society, it was especially pleasing to welcome a number of new girls from Townsend. It is a pity, however, that more lower-school pupils have not joined, since ultimately it will be their responsibility to keep the Music Society functioning.

We have been fortunate in being able to retain the geography room for our meetings, and thanks must go to all those who have so kindly lent their record players to us.

At the end of last year Miss Etheridge gave a wonderful dinner for all the committee members, during which the retiring chairman and secretary were each presented with a gift as thanks for their work during the year, and after the dinner we attended a production at the local theatre, which was immensely enjoyed by all.

During the first term of this year it was with much regret that we learnt that Mr. Cowper was to leave Milton. As a small token of appreciation for everything he had done for us, we held a farewell party for him, at which he was made an honorary member of the Society and was presented with a farewell gift.

This year the emphasis has been on classical music, though it appears that there is a feeling among members that our programmes should embrace a wider field of music and include jazz, folk songs and other popular modern music. It is apparent that the light classical compositions by composers like Tchaikovsky, Chopin and Johann Strauss are very popular, but the music of the "old masters" has also been listened to and enjoyed. We have even heard recordings of modern classical music by twentieth-century composers like Hindemith, Britten and Stravinsky. We have attended the Bulawayo Music Club functions and the Municipal concerts. The latter are steadily becoming more and more popular among our members, and we have had fairly regular attendances of 20 to 30 people, which is a vast improvement on last year.

In the last week of the second term Mr. Marshall Baron gave a very interesting talk, illustrated by recordings, on Hungarian music, and at the beginning of the third term Mr. Jeffrey Schwegmann held a meeting for the Society at his home, at which he played a varied selection of recorded music. Both evenings were thoroughly enjoyed by those who attended, and we hope that we shall see both Mr. Baron and Mr. Schwegmann again in the near future.

I would like to say a very special "thank you" to Miss Etheridge on behalf of all the Society members, for all she has done for us this year, and also to Mr. Addecott for standing in for Miss Etheridge while she was away. And last, but not least, I would like to thank the committee members for all the enthusiasm they have shown—especially our chairman, Margaret Waters, who has put a great deal of work and time into ensuring interesting and entertaining evenings each week, and without whom the Society would surely never have enjoyed the success it has this year.

K. G.

Art Notes

This year *The Pirates of Penzance* gave our artists a chance to show their artistic mettle and there is no doubt that our efforts enhanced a memorable production.

We hear that some of Milton's drawings and paintings were shown at the recent Commonwealth Schools Art Exhibition in London, and we are waiting impatiently to know which of our artists were successful.

Mr. Milton Hills, who is making a notable film on elephants, which will be televised shortly, is very

impressed with the remarkably fine clay models of prehistoric mastodons which Owen Davies (IIIb1) has made. These will be used for his introduction. They will be on show at our art exhibition at the end of the term and later will be housed at the National Museum.

It is encouraging to note the number of our art students who intend to go on to art schools. Among them is Rick van Genderen, our best artist of the year, who will go to Long Beach, California, to continue his art studies.

J. M. S.

Middle School Library

TEACHERS IN CHARGE: Mrs. Wakerley (first term), Miss Weinberg (second and third terms).

Over the past twelve months the library has seen a number of changes, the most important of which is undoubtedly the reorganisation of the lending system.

The new system comes nearer that used in larger libraries and in the Sixth Form Library than the previous one, and when operated efficiently is a great deal more useful. It is, in fact, only a simplified form of that used in the Sixth Form, the latter being impractical for the Middle School because it would require more attention in that a trained librarian would have to be in the library during class periods.

It took the librarians, working before school and at break, the whole of the first term of this year and part of the holidays to install the system, which has been operating since the beginning of the second term. The total cost came to under £10, which is quite reasonable considering the number of books in the library.

This £10 or so was all the library spent this year, because for some obscure reason the funds seem to have been exhausted. Nevertheless the number of books in the accession register rose by about 80. This is largely due to the United States Information Service Library in Salisbury, which, in response to a request for books, sent the library nearly 50 books. The library would also like to thank Messrs. Walker and Hambley for the books received from them.

I mentioned that the number of books rose according to the accession register. In actual fact, it would be safe to say that the number of books in the library decreased. In a check made at the end of last year, no fewer than 199 books were unaccounted for. This figure, incidentally, includes only books which were marked down as being lent out, and not those that were deliberately removed without being marked down. The accessions have reached over 4,600, and I would estimate that there are at the most about 2,750 books in the library, including those at present lent out. Allowing for books which have been discarded since the accession registers

were compiled, this means that about 1,500 books are missing, and this is no exaggeration! Unfortunately very little can be done about recovering these books. If this continues, the library will one day wake up to find itself void of nearly all its books apart from the classics, which no one has yet cared to remove, and very old books, published before the turn of the century, of which there are quite a number.

This creation of spaces on the shelves can be attributed to the general attitude to the library of the great majority of its users. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the treatment of the magazines. It is uncommon, if not impossible, for a magazine to remain in the library for more than a week without being torn or having pages removed. This reached such proportions at the end of last year that the librarians were considering closing the library to classes and having it open only during break and in the afternoons. Fortunately, however, discipline has improved considerably this year.

Until the second term, all five of the librarians were fourth formers. Since then one has left the library, and another four—two from Form III and two from Form I—have been appointed to take over the library next year, by which time it is hoped that some of the problems facing the library will have

been sorted out and that our funds will be to some extent replenished.

T. SENSKY.

Sixth Form Forum

STAFF IN CHARGE: Mrs. D. E. Sibson, Mr. R. A. Everett.

CHAIRMAN: M. Dendy Young.

SECRETARY: V. Alexander.

COMMITTEE: A. Silver, M. Hammett.

This Society was revived half-way through the second term, after a period of quiescence. To date we have had three meetings, all of which were well attended by the Sixth Form. The first two meetings were filmshows, the films ranging from *Mariner II's* flight to *Venus* to how the British Post Office works. The third meeting was a very interesting lecture on the Russian Revolution by Mrs. Bodmer.

At future meetings we hope to have more films and also more lectures on a wide range of subjects in both arts and sciences.

V. J. A.

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Literary Section



Impressions of an Undergraduate at Cambridge

A student arriving from overseas is naturally faced with big contrasts when he compares the English scene with home. In coming from Rhodesia, I was very forcibly struck by the completely different way of life overseas—smaller houses, less home life, far more emphasis on town life, and the general impression that nobody was there to do anything for you. It is left to you to make your own way.

London has countless attractions for the newcomer. Apart from the usual run of tourist attractions, the theatres, galleries and museums, especially those in South Kensington, will always afford a great deal of satisfaction. The historic atmosphere must capture the imagination of every new arrival. If one is fortunate enough to have the time before commencing studies, one should spend a week sight-seeing in London; otherwise one should do this at the earliest opportunity. Commonwealth students are fortunate in the facilities provided by their countries' representatives in London. Most run social clubs like our own "Rhodesian Club", where one will meet friends from home and feel a part of the Rhodesian colony in London. The official staff are always very helpful, the newspapers keep one up to date with the situation at home, and the educational staff co-ordinate the activities of students at all universities. This central office in the Strand prevents one from feeling lonely in a strange city.

The universities—particularly Oxford and Cambridge, colloquially called "Oxbridge"—are in a world of their own. Cambridge is a beautiful town situated on the Cam, a little smaller than Bulawayo with an atmosphere all of its own. The dignity and

serenity of the college buildings, many of them medieval, blend into the background of weeping willows; the peaceful, winding river with its balustraded bridges, and the romantic "backs", gives one the feeling of being in another world. There are 14,000 students and up to 8,000 academic staff in all, living in 18 men's colleges, three women's colleges and a women's teachers' training college. Peterhouse is the oldest and my own, Churchill, the most recent. It is incongruous in this centre of tradition that the students periodically destroy the calm of a quiet city as they rush about their daily business on bicycles, which vary in their degree of safety and in the reckless spirit of the riders. The University provides lectures, seminars, practicals and examinations. The Colleges are residences with a comprehensive academic staff that supplement lectures with tutorials. Every student has a tutor, with a separate supervisor for each of the subjects in his course. These supervisors actually direct the course of his studies, i.e., they are the "tutors" that one associates with Oxbridge. The supervisors may be "dons" or research students, and one may be extremely fortunate in having a really first-class man as one's private teacher in any given subject. For example, my own chemistry supervisor was the accepted world authority on organic spectroscopic analysis. The lecturers are drawn from the colleges and the departments organise lecture courses which aim at the direction of one's reading and are given by the best available authorities. Each subject averages 60 lectures to a course, and the courses are broken down into components, each being handled by a different

specialist. Youth, enthusiasm, revolutionary technique and up-to-dateness characterise the lecturers and their courses. The lecturer in nuclear physics, Professor Frisch, was the discoverer of the atomic bomb. The lecturer in molecule structure, Dr. Crick, with Watson, discovered the structure of D.N.A. and is now at the National Research Institute in Cambridge. The list goes on endlessly. One soon realises that many of the recent scientific achievements are recorded in the works of today's Cambridge lecturers.

The emphasis is on originality in every subject. The student is expected to give his own interpretation to every part of his course, rather than reiterate the views of others. Theories are enunciated by the lecturer. The examinations test the student's knowledge of the principles behind these theories in the form of original papers and problems. There is a fundamental difference in attitude to courses and purpose of examinations overseas, when compared with university at home. Classes tend to be large. There are up to 700 students in science lectures. Few students miss either lectures or practicals, as one lecture is worth a week in the library. Despite the size of classes, one is always given the impression of a personal relationship with the lecturer. The staff at Cambridge is not segregated from the students. One of the attractions of Oxbridge life is the traditional "all men are equal" relationship between staff and students. Professors, Ph.D.s, research students, lab. technicians and undergraduates mix everywhere during university hours socially, in college, along the "backs", at the Union and on the trains.

The absence of a grade distinction is the finest thing about the college system. In a college, representatives of all opinions meet under one roof. In my first year, there were men from Russia, Australia, the Far East and all parts of Africa. The undergraduates are drawn from all strata of society. Naturally the Dons are as cosmopolitan as the students. The College residences are built on the staircasesystem, i.e., up to sixteen rooms with all conventional facilities on a single well. Dons and students occupy identical sets without distinction. Freshmen are not put through the extraordinary experience known as initiation, as practised in South Africa. Seniority is not derived from the number of years spent at university, but rather from the impact the individual makes on the community. No barriers exist created by different background or origin. All colours, creeds and opinions are represented. The College is a unique body of men making tradition every day, creating new ideas, doing new research, taking an interest in all topics that face the modern

world. It is a stimulating experience to enjoy this inspiring way of life.

University society, as apart from College life, centres on 150-odd clubs that have different purposes and functions. The most famous is the Union, the renowned debating society which, at present, has a South African president. All faculties have informal extra-mural societies that foster broader interest in their subject and afford a chance of meeting the current famous experimenters or theoreticians in the subject. The great advantage of these societies rests in the men they draw from the outside world to address their members. One is brought face to face with the great in many spheres of life, stimulated by the continuous exchange of ideas with the leaders of current thought. All political philosophies are catered for. One may hear music, debate, "ban the bomb", cry Wales for the Welsh, be religious in umpteen ways, be a sport or be sporting, write for "Varsity" or any of the other fly sheets that appear with varying regularity. Justly, Cambridge may claim to be a world on its own.

The English university is a very mixed society and no subject is ever excluded from discussion. Coming from a small community like our own, it is a great advantage to have the opportunity to get away and enjoy the facilities of this new education. The undergraduates represent the world. These are the leaders of the future. Friendships made here will be life-long and far-flung. Despite accusations levelled at the Europeans of Southern Africa, it is interesting to note how readily the high-school student from here is integrated into the very different life overseas, how readily he is accepted, and how easily he accepts others. He compares favourably with the insular attitude of the young of some other nations.

English students have a different basic attitude to study than the man from overseas. Their broader school education seems to groom them better for the challenges of university. A student of science is not limited to the usual subjects, like physics, maths, chemistry and biology, but is also well versed in languages, art and music. He has a far wider general knowledge than the Rhodesian student, and is far more interested in current affairs and history. An Oxbridge student has a further advantage of nine free months between the December scholarship examination and the commencement of university in October. During this time the English student may travel on the Continent or in America, take a job connected with his university course, or spend a period of time in a continental university.

However, it is not only the academic or college life that makes Cambridge so different from Varsity at

home. While I can only speak with knowledge of Cambridge, other British universities have the same calibre of lecturer, similar diversity in the nature of their students, and as many extra-mural societies. The co-ordinating body is the National Union of Students (N.U.S.). This association is linked to student bodies in Europe and America to provide a wonderful opportunity for the travel-conscious student. Fares are exceedingly cheap, e.g., a return ticket to the United States on a VC 10 is £56. The Student Travel Service, I.S.S.T.A., operates charter flights on modern aircraft to all parts of Europe and obtains concessions for overseas travel. Other facilities available to the student through N.U.S. are cheap train journeys in Europe, free or reduced admission to galleries, museums, theatres, cinemas and places of historic or tourist interest. Students' and youth hostels provide cheap and good accommodation, meals are inexpensive and, if all else fails, the college scarf is all that is required for safe hitch-hiking. No student overseas ever misses the wonderful chance of seeing as much of Europe as he can during vacations. The Governments of Europe and the United States have co-operated in providing this added joy to study overseas. The student is well supported by the policy of this modern world to educate her young as extensively as possible.

While studying in England one can broaden one's horizons on a scale unimagined at home. One is in close contact all the time with the old world culture, the best of music and theatre, exhibitions, galleries, etc. Opportunities to enjoy these are readily at hand and generate a continuous stimulation. It would be interesting to compare one's experiences at a British university with similar experiences others have at continental or American universities.

MICHAEL SALMON
(Milton, 1963).

Tragedy in 79

In the year 79, during the reign of the Emperor Titus, one of the most famous and terrible of all tragedies took place at Pompeii, near the modern towns of Naples and Salerno. Actually Pompeii was not the only city destroyed; the other was Herculaneum.

Vesuvius had been giving off smoke and fumes for a few days, but the inhabitants of the two towns mentioned did nothing about it. A few discreet people moved to places of refuge, but the majority, completely unmoved by the state of affairs, stayed behind.

On 24th June the worst happened; Vesuvius erupted. At Herculaneum the inhabitants suffered from the eruption in a different way from those at

Pompeii. In the former town great pumice stones were experienced. In the latter a queer, fine, grey ash floated down from the mountain top 4,000 feet above.

Even now there were some people who decided to stay behind. Those who fled from their city lived to tell the tale; but the remaining half—or three-quarters—were killed. Probably because of the fact that Herculaneum was destroyed by pumice stones and not ash, the remains of that city were completely ruined. But in Pompeii a modern archaeologist may see all that he wants to see.

Some of the scenes partly buried under the ash of 1,850 years ago are almost heart-rending. One of the first things seen by a party of excavators in the late 1700s was the skeleton of a man, facing safety, with money in his hand. Another was the perfectly preserved body of a man holding his dog in the final moments of his life. When they turned their attention to the "restaurants", they often found the skeleton of a man with his unfinished, never-to-be-eaten meal before him.

Another amazing thing is the high standard of civilisation that these people had reached by 79. Among the objects excavated were many kitchen utensils. Besides looking very much like our own modern plates, bowls, dishes and spoons, some of them, after "patching up", could be used by the excavators. Books—or rather scrolls—were also found in perfect condition in the libraries.

Most of the buildings themselves were found either to be made of, or have fronts of marble. Augustus had boasted of the towns of the Italian Peninsula—Pompeii included—"that he had found them cities of stone, and left them cities of marble".

A. COWELL, Ia1.

River Tragedy

The scene is quiet at the river. There is a great tenseness in the air. The reason: a small boy has just drowned.

The river which has claimed his life can hardly be called a river, as in the winter months there isn't a drop of water to be found in it. Even now, after several heavy storms, the river is just a stream barely three feet deep in most places. The water is muddy and dirty.

The tense father walks slowly up and down the muddy river bank. His face is sad, his eyes blood-shot. A few tears fall from his eyes and down to the ground. At times I am sure he is tempted to dive in and save his son, but this would be useless.

The police frogmen have arrived. The crowd slowly moves out of their way. The frogmen slide

into the six-foot-deep water like snakes through grass.

All the time that the frogmen are down, there is a barely audible chatter from the crowd.

Two minutes later the body is brought to the surface, as stiff as a log. A doctor inspects. He is dead.

ERIC SIMONCELLI, IIb.

Children

Children are very little,
And their bones are very brittle;
If they would grow great and stately,
They must try to walk sedately.

You must still be clean and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, though all's bewildering,
Innocent and honest children.

But the unkind and the unruly
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory,
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as men and ladies,
Hated as their age increases
By their nephews and their nieces.

DAVID REIFF, IIb1.

What Do You Think?

There are many unsolved mysteries in the world, but one of the most fascinating, I think, is the mystery of the *Marie Celeste*. What actually happened on board that ill-fated little ship? Where did her crew vanish to? No one knows, and I doubt if anyone will ever know.

The *Marie Celeste* left harbour on a bright, sunny morning with a full crew and a few passengers, including a woman and a child. It is said that sailors looked askance at a woman passenger, because in those days it was considered unlucky for a ship to carry a woman passenger or a parson. Something was bound to happen to the ship. She would strike gales or something. The captain silenced these foolish fears of the sailors, and the *Marie Celeste* sailed away.

Weeks later another ship came upon the *Marie Celeste* floating aimlessly on the ocean. There was no response to any signals, no sign of life on board.

The captain of the other ship eventually drew alongside the *Marie Celeste*, and he and his officers boarded her. They were completely dumbfounded. There was not a living soul on board. In the galley they found signs of a meal in preparation. In the captain's cabin were cups and saucers, the tea in the teapot still warm. Most mysterious of all was the ship's log book. The last entry in the book was dated for that very day, and the ink was not yet dry. There was no overturned furniture, no sign of any struggle; in fact, no sign of anything, but the entire crew and passengers had vanished, and were never heard of again.

What happened to all the people on board the *Marie Celeste*? Were they captured by pirates? Did they leave willingly or unwillingly? What do you think?

R. NIVEN, IIa1.

Troublesome Vermiu!

When rats and mice begin to bore,
And make great holes beneath the door,
Or chew old clothes and leave them tatters,
Then it's time to call the ratters.
But when they fail to catch these vermin,
Or from their nests they cannot lure them,
'Tis only vain to damn and drat—
"Bring me some cheese and set that trap!"

P. HEAN, IIa.

A Strange Experiment

(With apologies to H. G. Wells)

I suppose, gentlemen, that you will wonder about this story, and afterwards recommend a good psychiatrist to me, but what I am about to tell is the absolute truth. It happened like this:

It seemed just like a normal routine day for me. I woke up at 6.30 a.m. precisely, dressed in my normal schoolmaster's clothes, ate my four-minute boiled egg and walked the 3,391 concrete slabs to get to school. As usual, I was greeted by my fellow masters.

"Good day, Mr. Wyndham"—but there the normality ceased.

First I had my chemistry class, and here was a strange happening. The new boy, Whipple, I think his name was, was paying attention! One boy seemed actually interested! Then, joy of joys, he even asked a question. This was my lucky day, I thought. And then he asked me to analyse a fine, green powder which he had found in a deserted lime

kiln. I should have known better, but unwittingly I tried it with the acids (with no result but a hole in my boot) and then with a match.

I am not sure if I imagined it or if there really was a bang, but next moment I felt a strange sensation of giddiness, followed by a flash of purple lightning which seemed to enter my head and stay there. To this day I am positive it is still there. This was followed by a crash and a jolt, leaving me shakily in strange surroundings. Wait! there were Smith and that blighter Whipple himself!

“Hey! I say, you two. Come here!”

“Good grief! They’ve gone right through me! The poor boys—they must have been killed by the explosion. Or am I dead? Oh no! I’m fading into obscurity. What’s this? It’s all pink. Or is it blue? I think I’m taking leave of my senses.”

Well, next thing I knew, I was flying with amazing velocity at some blue, round object. I hoped it was soft. Oh no! Too late I recognised the ungainly shape of Mr. Elvisham’s (the Head’s) posterior (he was picking strawberries). Crash! Well, at least it was soft!

“Yes, sir . . . I know, sir . . . I’m sorry, sir . . . I couldn’t help it . . . Sir? . . . Fired? . . . Tomorrow? . . . But . . . Yes, sir.”

Well, that is my story, gentlemen. Incredible as it may seem, it’s true. Thank you, but I do not need to lie down.

R. SANDLER, IIa.

The Reign of Terror

The king had been executed in January, 1793, so there was now a chance for the political clubs to fight for the leadership of the country. When the Committee of Public Safety was set up, the Girondins were excluded from membership. When Dumouriez tried to march on Paris the Convention decided to destroy the last of the advocates of moderation, and the leaders of the Girondin Club were executed—except Roland, who had escaped. When a further rebellion broke out in the Girondins’ support, a Norman girl, Charlotte Corday, murdered Marat in his bath because of the irreligious policy of the Jacobin leaders. Thus the first drops of blood had been shed, and many more were to be shed during the ensuing Reign of Terror.

The terrible Robespierre assumed power when the Committee used the Jacobin societies to enforce its policy. Robespierre was a man honest in money matters and a believer in democratic ideas, but he was a fanatic and determined to enforce his own ideas, no matter how he did it. He, it is said, organised the Reign of Terror.

In a few years 3,000 people had died, among them Marie Antoinette and other nobles—innocent really,

but in the eyes of Robespierre they were dangerous. It is said that Robespierre kept a little black book, and when anyone criticised him he wrote in this book. It might not have had anything to do with the person, but it had a strange psychological effect. Robespierre was like that—domineering and terrifying.

A curious blood lust grew in the people of France, and seats were provided round “Madame La Guillotine” for a ringside view of the killings. At night, Paris—drunk with blood—would be filled with maddened crowds hungrily awaiting the next public killing and a new batch of victims.

Robespierre followed Rousseau in desiring a form of religion that should be avowedly though simply theistic, and as he was so much in command, the Convention, which had shortly before decreed the worship of reason, now decreed that the worship should be changed into the recognition of the Supreme Being. On 8th June a festival was held inaugurating this new and permanent religion. There was a procession to the Garden of the Tuileries, where much allegorical burning of images took place. Whether or not this action was supported by the French citizens, they accepted it, for they hoped that it might bring about the termination of the Reign of Terror. But the Reign of Terror could not cease, for it was based primarily on fear, and although the fear of foreign enemies was rapidly passing away, the fear political leaders had for their rivals still remained.

On 10th June, 1794, the Law of Prairial was passed, by which all citizens were called upon to denounce traitors, and members of the Convention were no longer immune from arrest. Boxes were set up, in which the citizens could post slips of paper with the names of suspects on them. This, of course, provided the ideal means by which to dispose of one’s enemies, and the boxes were used almost solely for this purpose. In less than one month 1,376 victims were killed—half of these in Paris alone!

Robespierre’s friend, Danton, sickened by the blood, attempted to call a halt to the Reign of Terror. This was unfortunate for him, for Robespierre immediately accused him of counter-revolutionary sentiments and sent him to the guillotine.

On 26th July, 1794, Robespierre opened a campaign with a speech at the Convention, in which he defended his career and spoke of the unfairness of the opposition towards him and of the number of enemies he had resisted, but actually mentioned no one. This probably led to his downfall! Had a list of these people been read, the Convention might have accepted their arrest, but Robespierre’s vague terms could have referred to anyone in the Convention. When Robespierre had finished, the Convention refused to have the speech circulated as an offi-

cial utterance of the Revolution. This was a great shock to Robespierre, who then went to the Jacobin Club, where he repeated his speech. When Robespierre arrived at the Convention the following morning, undoubtedly intending to modify and temper his speech, he was not allowed to speak. Finally it was moved that Robespierre should be arrested. On the same day the Town Hall was stormed and men entered the room where Robespierre and his friends were in council. Robespierre was later found with a shattered jaw, but was executed nevertheless!

With the fall of Robespierre the Reign of Terror did not altogether end, but began rapidly to pass away, mainly because public opinion was turning against the rule of Madame La Guillotine. Immediately after the fall of Robespierre, the Commune was closed and the Law of Prairial was repealed.

On 12th November the Jacobin Club was closed and by that time the number of executions had very much diminished. The Reign of Terror had ended by the winter of 1794 and France was a much happier place.

The Reign of Terror could, perhaps, be called one of history's big mistakes; but whatever it was it taught France that the country needed an organised and strong system of government.

R. BALDOCK, IIIa.

War Hero

(An imaginary excerpt from this book)

It was the same old story: klaxon call, tired bodies, exhausted bodies, tumbling out of bed. Hurriedly pulling on the flying suits, out on the tarmac on the run. A hurried meal of bully beef and "char". Then . . . scramble . . . climb . . . vector . . . buster.

The tired nerves, the red-rimmed eyes, the crackling muscles, there was no change—and every day, somebody, somewhere, got the "chop". People one secretly thought flew better than oneself fell smoking and flaming to the cruel mother earth below.

Each day I sat in the cockpit of my "Hurri"; I looked out on the rigours of war. The smells of cordite, burnt fuel and burning rubber did not blend well with fresh hyacinths, daffodils and roses, which adorned the small garden near the control tower. The bombed-out shells of buildings, the bomb craters and the wrecked planes told of the dangers of war, and through all this, with my screaming Rolls-Merlin engine, I set out each day to face death.

"Scramble!" Racing engines, spinning "props", the hard, steep climb, the flattening out at ten thousand feet, the instructions on r/t—"North, vector two-one-nought, five thousand". The banking turn and the flight to Hornchurch, eyes looking backwards, sideways, forwards, searching for danger before danger found us.

The pack—forty Ju. 88s and sixty Messerschmitt 110s—and the call "Buster!" Down goes the stick, the throttles are pushed to emergency speeds, a perfect "bounce". The wing-tips glinting, the swastika a target, the war cry "Kill or be killed!"

The enemy plane framed in the gunsight, the black lines converge on the cockpit, and the shattering roar as the Brownings open fire. Then the graceful turn. The billowing smoke and the long spin to death heralds the "kill".

Those are the Junkers, the bombers with their lethal loads for Coventry. What about the fighters? Bank now, head over the shoulder—just in time—here is a plane diving, diving! It's on your tail—round, round . . . and it's gone past. Turn yourself, dive after it; the stammering fire and another enemy is gone.

There is another plane—always another. The bullets stream across your wings. "Harder round, you fool! Tighter! Yet tighter! Want to live? Then fly with ferocity—sweat blood, but fly, fly, fly . . ." and the immediate danger is over.

You're running out of "gravy". Time to head for home. A last look round. The pack's dispersed like magic. From wheeling machines and a skyful of planes to this emptiness! Except for the softly-descending parachute and the pall of smoke, no one would guess that people had lived and died in this sky.

Now the good-humoured comments on the way home, the bets as to who has the most holes, but also the tightened, tenser nerves and searching eyes, the news of friends fallen, friends dead. More seats emptied, to be filled on the morrow by newcomers. But what right have they got to take Johnny's, Doug's, Paul's seats? But that is war!

The landing, the reports, the refuelling and the snatching of a snack are the most important things now. The relaxing and the singing; now is the time when quietness is the danger, quietness makes you think, makes you afraid, makes you a "twitch" case. Therefore you must be noisy—shout, sing, and then "Scramble!" again. Back—back facing death.

Night comes. The drive to the "pub", earlier bets remembered and cleared. The frothing, foaming beer, and maybe a speech from Churchill on the radio, followed by cheers. Then songs—loud songs,

bawdy songs, boisterous songs, rowdy songs of war, songs of gaiety and songs of death, fill the air.

Back to base. You peel off your jacket, shirt, socks and boots and tumble into bed. The silence descends. You're exhausted, you want to sleep, sleep, sleep . . . But this silence unnerves you; you twitch, turn, fidget as the night grows old. You hear the night fighters, and the bombers; perhaps you achieve sleep in the early hours of the morning. Perhaps you sleep in the noise of the rumbling bombers, perhaps you doze restlessly, dreaming of planes, blood and death! Perhaps you don't sleep at all.

This is a typical day, but this particular day was worse. More planes, harder fighting, more deaths and more noise . . . for this was to be the day in the Battle of Britain that decided the fate of the Axis forces.

A. JENKINSON, IIIa.

Why I Like Jazz

As an avid devotee of classical music, I was disgusted when I first heard that type of music called jazz.

I could not understand why people bothered to listen to jazz; I could not understand why it was so popular, why it was considered beautiful, why it was universally renowned.

But as I grew older and a little more mature, as I began to experience the emotional upheavals of adolescence, jazz began to have a meaning for me.

As I became more and more aware of the world in general, of the people in the world, of the feelings experienced by the people in the world, jazz began to encroach upon my mind.

As I began to mix with different types of people, as I began to see how they lived and died, why they laughed and cried, as I began to feel for people and as I began to experience the emotional pressures exerted on youth, jazz became an integral part of my life.

Up until then, classical music was the only true form of musical beauty, I considered. But it was on a cold, wet November afternoon last year that jazz, to me, became a truly beautiful and intensely expressive form of music.

On that grey afternoon I decided really to see the City of Bulawayo. I saw that afternoon, in the blinding rage of a storm, poverty amid prosperity. I saw pathetic, half-naked little figures curled up on a dry spot on the pavement; I saw aged, bent figures groping, forgotten and alone, for a warm, sheltered place; I saw tiny mouths sucking in vain for warm, nourishing milk from a mother's breast. That cold, miserable afternoon I saw life and death in the most nauseating and sickening surroundings.

I arrived home wet and cold and, needing some form of comfort and relaxation, I decided to listen to a jazz record.

The very moving and staccato sound of the piano, with the slow throbbing and highly expressive beatings on the drums seemed, in a way, just like the world I had seen. This intimate and completely different sound appealed to me, or to the mood I was in.

From then on, whenever I have felt sad or emotionally disturbed, listening to jazz has given me a deep sense of satisfaction.

Jazz played by big brass bands is completely devoid of any of the feeling that the tune was meant to convey, but true jazz, expressed on the piano and drums, really means something; it does convey, in a far more realistic and pleasing fashion, the feelings and emotions of the writer of the song.

Jazz was written and played by sad people, people who were considered as mere refuse, people who were persecuted, scorned and hated. And thus jazz expresses not only a sense of disgust at the world and its hypocritical ways, but also a sense of hopelessness, of depression and loneliness.

And so jazz means something to me, because teenagers in general experience feelings of being rejected, abandoned and unloved. Parental demands for perfection and academic success drive children into loneliness and depression.

Teenagers need companionship and true understanding, and when they find someone who can reciprocate love and understanding, teenagers are told that they are too young to love; it's just "puppy love" or infatuation.

Jazz expresses, in all simplicity, these feelings of youth.

I not only like listening to jazz, but I experience a deep sense of satisfaction and self-gratification in playing jazz on the piano. Here the expressiveness of jazz is heightened by an individual being able to transfer his own feelings into a piece of music. I like jazz because it is extremely relaxing and free-flowing to play.

Although still an ardent devotee of true classical music, I like jazz. I like jazz because of its uncanny ability to express particularly teenage emotions in a simple and modern form.

R. B. GLOVER, IVa2.

Ego

I hate me:
 My tears are all for
 Myself;
 My pity is self-pity
 And my pride
 Self-worship.
 I want what I like
 And scream
 With rage
 And bitterness
 When I fail to get it.
 If I cry for another,
 Then it is because
 I am mentally putting
 Me
 In that person's place.
 But mostly
 I cry for myself.
 I am a child
 Who imagines the world
 To be watching
 Me,
 To stop and sympathise
 With my troubles,
 To gasp in admiration
 At my feats.
 But if I can laugh at
 Or take advantage of
 That self-same world,
 I do not hesitate.
 I hate me.

R. B. GLOVER, IVa2.

Contraband

DON'T TRY,
 You might fail.
 DON'T WANT,
 You can't have.
 DON'T LISTEN,
 You might hear.
 DON'T LOOK,
 You might see.
 DON'T WISH,
 It won't be.
 DON'T DO,
 It's been done.
 DON'T BE,
 You are dead.

RALPH GLOVER, IVa2.

The Horror of War

We sat there in the cold silence, afraid and homesick, and the inevitable sound of gunfire, suffering and pain pierced the night. Now fear gripped us; some would sob and others would stare in front of them looking for something that was not there. Slowly the sound of "slaughter" came nearer, and soon we were in the midst of it. Bullets fell like rain upon us and many men fell along with them. The men who died were no one in particular; just the normal man, maybe married or engaged, who had everything to live for and yet forfeited all. With those who died there were the unlucky ones who lived—unlucky because they had to face the next day, the next fight, the next dreaded wound which might bring death. And yet, in the beginning, men went into this with smiles on their faces and a lively tune on their lips.

There were those who were wounded, crying for help, for peace and the home which they missed so dearly. Why is war so cruel? Would this earthly version of hell never end, or was it just an unceasing nightmare for which the only remedy was death?

And the next day would come, with its fear, agony and pain, and we would take it, unwillingly we would take it, and yet from the depths of our souls we prayed to live. As the sun rose from its hiding place, the pain we had heard all night was uncovered and we saw the horrible plight of the men who were near us. Some of the dead were men we knew, whom we had liked and respected, and now they were dead—just another corpse on the blood-stained earth. The unknown yet inevitable fact of death was before us, but we chose life and the war with it, for that we knew and could understand, but death is unknown to the living, and for that reason we feared it and shirked it, although it must come to us one day.

With the light came the enemy, the part of the enemy which we could not fight back. At first we heard a low hum, but as they drew nearer we could hear a buzzing whine, and then we saw them. Silver streaks in the sky; and as they dived from the sky we knew that some men, somewhere, would perish. Like buzzards over their prey they swooped down upon us, and many died. But these green, mottled birds with silver bellies were not invulnerable, and we rejoiced as our "ack-ack" guns opened fire and tore them from the sky. As the enemy fell from the sky we had no pity for them, for the hate within us had hardened us and we enjoyed seeing other men—of the enemy—dying.

And so the war went on and men would die in the muck of it all; some died while helping others, some while fighting and some from wounds inflicted beforehand. And we took it; though we hated it we took it and lived or died with it.

How terrible is this thing called war; how cruel, how bloody; and we accepted it! Why, I'll never know; but we did, and because of it we suffered and died. And the war went on.

D. ADAMTHWAITE, IVa1.

Tour of the Lowveld

On Sunday, 30th May, 32 pupils from Milton High, C.B.C. and Milton Junior, accompanied by Miss Fitzsimons, Mr. Brett and the Principal of C.B.C., Brother Hallssey, went on a one-day tour of the Hippo Valley.

Even from the aeroplane the sight that greeted us before we touched down presented a marked contrast with the monotonous scenery we had been seeing for most of the trip, for below us the green of the cane fields became very apparent.

The landing took most of us by surprise because, looking out of the windows of our aircraft, we could see little else but bush. This was our first reminder that this region was still developing, for the airstrip was nothing more than an open piece of rather corrugated ground surrounded by grass and scrub.

At the air strip we were met by the bus that was to serve as our transport for the day. In this it was unfortunately not entirely successful, as we had on a number of occasions to get out and push when it wouldn't start.

On our way to the cane fields we passed the local shopping centre and the industrial sites, as yet still in the embryo stage, and more a collection of mobile dwellings and half-completed walls than anything else.

At this point it is perhaps useful to say something of the cane itself. Sugar cane is a perennial grass, propagated by placing cuttings horizontally into furrows in the ground. The land is prepared beforehand by burning the natural vegetation, allowing the soil to retain the ash, and cutting down most of the trees, leaving only a baobab or two standing to act as look-out posts. This process of land clearance proceeds with remarkable rapidity.

The cane matures in about twelve to fifteen months, when it is cut down. The short stalk which remains grows again, and normally one plant will produce cane for about seven years. In the Lowveld, however, conditions are very suitable for the cultivation of sugar, and it is estimated that the plant will continue to yield cane for ten years.

Irrigation is a characteristic of cane cultivation in this region, and there is mile upon mile of irrigation canals. Water is passed through the canals both by day and night, but in the case of the latter it is diverted from the fields into night storage tanks. The volume of water going to each farmer is con-

trolled by a system of gates at the head of his canal, known as a bifocator. For some inconceivable reason this piece of equipment seems to provide some amusement for almost all the school children who visit the Hippo Valley.

The water provided by this irrigation system is equivalent to about 70 inches of rainfall per annum, a great deal more than the Lowveld is accustomed to receiving. Even in conditions of complete drought irrigation could provide enough water for several years.

Back to the sugar. Once cut, the cane is transported by tractor to the sugar mill, which was the next stop on our tour. There are two mills, one not yet completed. The latter was dominated by a very impressive skeleton of girders rising to a height of several storeys.

We were taken round and the milling process was explained. In addition we were each given some notes about the process. These took great pains to record all the technicalities, such as the horsepower of the machines and other such details, but on the whole proved rather confusing at the time.

Briefly, the process is such: when the cane arrives at the mill it is cut into small lengths by revolving knives to facilitate its movement in the mill. It is then crushed, yielding the juice content and leaving behind the dry remains of the stalks. The latter, termed bagasse, is burnt in the boilers to produce steam and electricity. To the juice is added lime, which combines with impurities, allowing these to be precipitated. Then the juice is heated and separated from the insoluble matter, which is used to fertilise the fields. After this the water is removed, leaving a crystallised sugar solution or massecuite, and a residue, molasses, which is used in cattle feed and in the distillery.

The massecuite is placed in crystalisers, where the crystals are allowed to grow, and finally in revolving drums known as centrifugals, where any liquid still remaining is extracted, leaving the sugar behind. This is then packed into bags for shipment.

The distillery is closed on Sundays, so we were not able to go through it. It produces, in addition to spirit, dry ice, which is obtained from the molasses and is sold mainly in Bulawayo and Salisbury.

Having seen the mill, we went to the country club for lunch. A few of our party also had a short swim. It was interesting to notice that even at midday on Sunday the relay of tractors bringing cane to the mill did not stop.

After lunch we were taken to see the citrus estate, where several types of fruit are grown. Citrus growing, like sugar, has been an astounding success and, as our guide told us, one of the chief complaints was that the fruit were too large.

From the citrus orchards we went to the Lundi Valley, and there we were reminded that here, in the not-too-distant past, Tom MacDougall, who pioneered sugar growing in this area and the development of the Lowveld generally, used to hunt.

With this brief glance in retrospect, we bade farewell to the Hippo Valley, stopping again at the Club on the way back to the air strip—probably to “kill” some time, because the tour had taken less time than it usually did. This, according to our guide, was due to our behaviour—a welcome compliment.

For most, the flight back to Bulawayo must have seemed something of an anti-climax, but for those who had helped themselves to sugar a little too liberally when the opportunity was offered at the mill, and who were now beginning to feel the ill-effects (or, more appropriately, the “sick-effects”) !

I am sure that we all benefited greatly from this trip, and I would like to thank most sincerely, on behalf of all those who went on this tour, everyone concerned with giving us the opportunity of making such a tour, and for making it as instructive, enjoyable and successful as it proved to be.

T. SENSKY, IVa1.

Democracy

Democracy, with its emphasis on social equality, freedom and so-called “popular” rule, would appear to be a model system of government. However, the American Declaration of Independence and Constitution, couched in flowery and optimistic terms, seem to be incompatible with the frequent race riots in Harlem and the Southern states.

Democracy is based on the ill-founded theory that the majority of people know what is best for themselves, are unprejudiced and are well versed in state affairs. The majority must also, if democracy is to survive, be democrats. How often, in most countries, is this the case? In some African states democracy is merely a means to a dictatorship. Hitler used democracy to destroy democracy in Germany. Thus democracy must, if it is to be effective, be practised by a state in which the majority of the people are sensible and can realise what is best for their country. Only too often, as history and current affairs show, this is not the case.

Democracy should mean “rule by the people”. However, in democratic countries do the people really rule? Do the people make the all-important decisions often affecting not only themselves but other nations as well? The answer is obvious. They cannot. Such a system would be too unwieldy. Most democratic states effect a poor substitute—namely, the system of representatives. Election pledges are

often the means by which a representative wins an election. The people have no guarantee that these pledges will be carried out or even remembered.

As a champion of freedom, democracy is very vociferous. Civic freedoms form an important part of any constitution. What is freedom, though? Freedom, to put it succinctly, is to be “easy in one’s harness”. More nonsense is spoken by politicians and propagandists about freedom than about any other subject. Complete freedom is never possible in any society. It is true that democracy offers greater freedom to the citizen than most practical forms of government, but the freedom claimed by some ardent democrats is, upon serious reflection, ludicrous. In any case, to be completely free is not only impractical but often undesirable.

Considering the alternatives, though, democracy is a superior form of government. Provided that the majority of a democratic nation always has the sense to know whom to vote for in the best interests of their country, democracy will always be a superior system of government; but when the opposite prevails and the majority chooses the wrong representatives, democracy will become an obsolete ideology confined to the history books.

Communism is a bleak prospect. Communism channels personal life into dingy state-approved spheres and almost completely destroys private enterprise, establishing instead a system of economics which is a continual embarrassment to the state and a burden to the people.

Totalitarianism is best suited to a backward country, when the people are ill-suited to democracy. It is, however, essential that the despot be a benevolent one. To those who are educated enough to appreciate democracy, the idea of a despot, usually aided and abetted by thugs, is abhorrent.

Democracy offers the educated man an effective form of government and is the main ideology opposing Communism. For these reasons alone democracy is well worth cheering for.

P. AGNEW, IVa1.

The Day

“White Magic” Failed

Kamab the chief folded his arms and said, “Go away, imitation white man, before the insects rise against us”.

“Listen,” said George Hlakwe. “Remember when I first came here with Boss Johnson and destroyed the insects that cause the shaking in a man’s body, we left some sprayers for you to use. What did you do with them?”

“The witch doctor has them,” Kamab admitted reluctantly. “He has made a powerful juju for them.”

"Juju!" roared George. "This is government equipment which you paid for by the land and cattle taxes. Find the spraying gear quickly and bring it down to my Land Rover. I shall return it, cleaned and refilled. If you don't use it on all the water places before a month has passed, Boss Johnson will see that the tribe gets a new chief."

The witch doctor, a grotesque figure, cackled, "The insects will have their revenge!"

"Now listen, Chief," continued George. "I have been talking to Boss Johnson on message-through-air machine, and he says a swarm of locusts is coming to eat your crops. We shall spray them from the flying machine with poison, and so tell your people not to eat any dead locusts or they will be sick. Now fetch me the sprayers."

"This will rouse the insects! Forbid it, Chief, forbid it!" cried the witchdoctor, rattling his bones.

"This is a government order," said George as he walked away to the Land Rover.

"The plane's tanked up and ready, George. The locusts are very near now," said Johnson as he pointed to a greyish-coloured cloud in the north-east.

They hurriedly took off, and as they were circling at two thousand feet, waiting for the locusts, George explained what had happened at the village, and added: "The trouble is that everything that passes between me and the tribe has become a test, a battle . . ."

"Here they come," exclaimed Johnson.

Johnson took the silver plane down, keeping it as close to the ground as possible, and emptied the spray tanks. Then they returned to the small air strip, gathered all the hand sprays into the Land Rover and set off towards the village. There they demonstrated the power of the sprays before a crowd of inquisitive but suspicious Africans, by killing all the fat, green insects feeding on the mealie leaves.

Before they had finished there came from a distance a wild, frenzied screaming—the sound of mortal terror. It became louder. Suddenly a sweating, slaving native ran into the clearing and threw himself at the Chief's feet. He blurted out his story and then rushed to tell the other villages. Kamab boomed out: "The witchdoctor was right. The insect gods are angry; the soldier ants are coming." Once the soldier ants are on the march, nothing can stop them. They can kill a man in a matter of minutes and strip his body down to the bone in an hour.

Johnson and George followed the Chief down a path until they were confronted with the column of ants, advancing like a river of death.

The Chief yelled, "We must flee for our lives!" When Johnson tried the spray on the ants, it had no effect. All three were about to run back down the

path when the witchdoctor appeared, dressed in ritual costume.

"So the white man's jujus have failed," he bawled. "Now let me try my magic."

The witchdoctor stopped in front of the ants and began mumbling, chanting and hopping from one foot to the other, but still the terrible army advanced.

"No one can turn the soldier ants," said George as he was about to turn and run.

The witchdoctor continued dancing, making clicking noises and grunting. The rustling sound of the ants filled the watchers' hearts with terror.

"They're turning!" gasped Johnson in disbelief. Now the deadly creatures were seeking a new path and turned left through the bushes towards the old river bed.

Kamab's tribespeople yelled and screamed insults at Johnson and George, and loudly acclaimed the witchdoctor's magic as far superior to the "white magic" that could not even stop a column of ants.

J. EDWARDS, IVal.

My Love

I watched her long hair swing from side to side as she walked. A streaky brown colour, it seemed to be entirely apart from the rest of her body as it moved gently, seeming to possess strength, weight and an incredible lightness at the same time. It hovered at the end of each swing, seeming to lie upon the air and then, gathering an immense weight and speed, it would flow to the other side of her shoulders.

Fascinated, I followed her, staring at the brown hair rising and ebbing about her shoulders. Never had I seen such hair. It moved as if dancing to divine music, swishing gently through the air, each individual strand of hair contributing its own gentle movement to the infinitely beautiful symphony of which I was the sole witness.

The movement made no sound, was perfect in its silent rising and falling, its headlong rush to the shoulder blades and its delicate swing to the edge of the shoulder. Watching the incredible ploughing from side to side of the brown mass, I could not conceive of the beginning of this movement. The hair, so vibrant and alive, could never have been still, lying flat and listless on its mistress's shoulders. Nor could I imagine a time when the hair would stop swinging, would move more and more slowly and would eventually be still. I knew that this hair, brown and perhaps a little dirty, would be caressing the girl's back for an infinity.

We were walking into the park now—she just a few yards ahead of me. I decided that she was taking the short cut to the new housing estate on the other side of the park.

Twilight was approaching and, as we passed under trees, the effect on the motion of her hair was startling. The dying sun blasted through the leaves and shot into her hair, transforming the streaky brown into a cascade of gold with darker rivulets tumbling down the slope. Dark patches continually moved across the flood like small boats tossing and twisting and eventually making way for more shadows, which, in turn, swung through the massive swell of deep yellow.

Suddenly the girl's whole head would be blacked out by a giant shadow and the moving mass would become a dark monster writhing on her shoulders in a twisted agony. I shut my eyes whenever this happened, for the transformation shocked me with its amazing suddenness. From a sight of magnificent beauty the hair changed into an evil serpent coiled on the girl's head.

Then, just as suddenly, the dark patch would slip away and the girl's head would burst into a convulsive heap of fire. The sun caught at the end of each strand of hair and transformed it into a brilliant silver dart. Thus the swaying mass of gold was tipped at the bottom with a sparkling band of silver.

I could see now how quickly the sun was disappearing, how it was drawing long curtains of blackness across the lawns. Now I realised that it would be only a few minutes before an eternal darkness settled down upon the glowing, heaving shape in front of me. Each hair would be plunged into an awful darkness, dying completely and becoming a shrivelled length of string—string that would become part of the rejuvenated body of the black shape which thrives on death and terror, and which would once again wrap itself around the girl's shoulders, slithering from side to side across the girl's back.

The patches of light were becoming smaller and smaller on the lawns, and it was as we stepped into one of these patches that I ran forward and put both my hands at the base of the fiery mass and squeezed the thin neck it concealed.

I let the girl drop to the ground, her body still supporting the beautiful yellow shape which was now still, splayed out in the shape of a fan on the grass. Then I turned and ran a few yards, stopped, and watched the miracle in front of me.

The pool of light around the girl had grown very small and I could almost see it drawing in upon itself. It was as if the sun was being focussed by a giant magnifying glass so that what was formerly a large white patch on the grass tightened and grew redder and redder, the entire power of the sun being concentrated on a spot which gleamed and flashed, a spot which seemed to sway and ripple gently as it drew in upon the hair.

Suddenly the hair became a scarlet mass, breathtaking in its screaming magnificence. Every hair was alive, being pulled and pushed by the streaming rays so that the fan seemed to be a twisting image of the sun.

Then all was dark and I turned and walked away, out of the park and into the town.

I walked for hours before I saw her.

She was standing looking into the window of a large department store. Her hair was piled high so that it sat upon her head like a great, squat Buddha. She turned away from the window and began to walk down the street. The giant pile of hair tottered above her. It was greasy and I watched it catch the colours of the neon lights, becoming reddish, then yellow, gleaming white, light blue.

I followed her for some time, into the more sleazy part of town. Her hair was incredible as, like a giant round mirror, it caught all the lights around it and was bathed in the glow.

She knew that I was following her, for she often turned round and smiled at me, her hair swinging in a circle, almost like a lighthouse lamp. She began to walk more and more slowly, the lump on her head holding its varied colours for a longer time.

I began to hurry after her, almost breaking into a run as I saw the patch of darkness in front of her, waiting to swallow up her hair.

But she stopped just in front of the black patch and turned to me, smiling. I ran up to her just in time to save her hair from death.

M. MACLEAN, Lower VI Arts.

Mirages

Her long golden hair flowed over her arms,
 And I reached to stroke it,
 To touch it, and feel it slip through my palms.
 But then, as I grasped it,
 It melted and the tawny tail of a stray
 Cat came up to brush my hand.
 The water lay cool, clear in the hot day,
 Gently rippling on the white sand.
 I longed to drink it and,
 Allow the cold freshness on my lip,
 Parched and dry; feel it
 Trickle over my blistered tongue and drip
 Down a dry throat. I knelt
 To drink, closed my eyes as I lowered my face.
 I reached it and felt
 The hot, dirty street, and pangs of disgrace
 As onlookers jeered.
 In despair and disgust I arose and left.
 I walked 'til I neared
 A tree, and once there, stood beneath it, bereft
 Of all joy. Around it

Flowers grew in profusion, soft and bright;
 There I wished to sit
 And gather the beautiful blossoms so light,
 Sweet, delicate. A gust
 Of wind blew the littered papers about my feet.
 The pole, covered with dust,
 Was cold and black. I turned and left the street,
 Disheartened and alone.
 I wandered across an empty plot,
 Hearing only the drone
 Of machines, and seeing decay and rot,
 Filth and corruption, and it
 All looked so ugly—I wished I was blind.
 I failed to see that pit,
 Real and profound, yet something of the mind.
 I fell.
 Hurling through the dust, reeling, spinning, turning.
 The knell
 Sounded, ringing, screaming, shrieking. Burning
 In my bleeding breast,
 Bleeding in my burning bowels and brain
 I saw the image dressed
 In black, remote from our life's whirling drain.

R. ZIPPER, L VI Arts

Gerald

There was nothing particularly attractive about her, Gerald reflected as he squinted up at her. He wondered why he had ever fallen for her. He looked down again and wiped his eye with the back of his hand. It was hot at the pool, and he could feel the sweat on the back of his legs, under his jeans.

"What do you want?" he asked rudely. He could afford to be biting and cruel now, to pay her back for her cruelty to him.

She smiled down, unruffled, "I just want to say hello," she said. "No harm in that, is there?"

He paused, and then said, "Hello". He turned back to his book, away from her. As he did so, he sensed her anger. If she had been alone with him she would have bent down and slapped him but he was with some of her friends. Instead, she sat down next to him on his towel.

"Why do you come to the pool if you don't even bother to change?" she asked.

"Why not? I like the sun."

"Like hell. You only come to show off your Chelsea boots, and you don't swim because you're so skinny." The friends tittered in the background. Gerald felt himself blushing, but he laughed too. Round one to her.

"Let's not argue, honey," he said. "I was so happy just lying in the sun reading my book. Don't spoil everything by making me angry."

"I like that!" exclaimed one of the friends. "It wasn't her—it was you. You started it. It's obvious you haven't got any manners."

Gerald squinted up at her. "What's it got to do with you?" he demanded. "This is none of your business. It only concerns the two of us—my ex-sweetheart and myself. It's in the nature of a family quarrel, isn't it, pet?"

Once again he felt that she wanted to slap him. He stared at her, but she refused to meet his gaze. Instead, she pointed with her toe at his book. "Interesting?" she asked.

"Very," he replied.

"Mind if I look?" She picked it up and glanced through it, reading a passage here and there. Gerald looked away from her, towards the pool and the people sporting in and around it. Children were splashing happily in the children's pool only a few yards away. They were running in and out of the water with shrill cries of enjoyment, idly watched by their mothers. Over in one corner of the pool a little boy was sitting by himself, up to his little chest in water. He was completely absorbed, playing with his toy boat. Dreamy and distracted . . .

Dreamy and distracted. That's what she had said of him. At first it had been a joke between them. And then, when they had broken up, she had used the words to hurt him. Gerald glanced up at her. She was still reading his book, one finger keeping his place. Her friends had moved away. Looking back, he saw them sauntering off in the direction of the tea garden. In the pool the water ran off, sparkling and glinting, from young, tanned bodies. It was very pleasant, lying there in the sun looking at all those people enjoying themselves. The only discordant note was struck by the girl beside him.

"Why doesn't she go?" he thought to himself. "Why doesn't she go? He felt himself grow bitter again. They had been so happy together . . . Yes, they really had been happy. It had not been love at all—he had never even kissed her—it had just been friendship. Platonic was the word. Platonic friendship.

He had always looked forward to meeting her because she was so full of life, so easy going and intelligent. She had seemed the perfect girl. And then she had broken all that, broken it on the spur of the moment, wounding him more deeply than she ever realised.

Gerald frowned. He remembered that painful day very well. He stared across at the other side of the pool. Over there it was, just in that corner, and people were laughing and shouting then just as they were now.

He had been changing when Martin had come in and told him she was saying all those things about him. He had not believed it at all at first. It was only

when he was outside talking to her that he realised she was serious, deadly serious. She had treated it as a big joke. Poor Gerald! Doesn't he look funny with his skinny arms and that bewildered expression on his face? His girl friend's just given him the push; she's just told him what she's been thinking of him all this time. In front of all his friends, too. How embarrassed he must feel. Poor guy. Poor, silly idiot.

Gerald was scowling now. He felt vicious. He swung round on her. She was lying down on her back, sun bathing on his towel.

"Why don't you go back to your friends?" he demanded. "Perhaps they've got some use for your company".

She looked hurt, and her blue eyes clouded over. Gerald felt a little pang of triumph, but he did not dare to pursue his advantage too far, in case she was waiting to trap him, make him feel ridiculous "Why are you so angry with me?" she asked, blending puzzlement, innocence and reproach in her voice.

Gerald pulled out his packet of cigarettes, selected one, and said, "I've got good reasons for being angry with you, haven't I?" He lit his cigarette and blew the smoke into her face. He was determined to win this time.

But she was cool, and merely said, "What reasons? I've never done anything to harm you."

The sheer weight of her lie silenced Gerald for several moments. He screwed up his eyes, showing his teeth. "Never done anything to harm me," he thought. "She must have a defective memory, or else she's trying to get me needled." The irritating thing was that he felt himself getting angry; he wanted to hit her in the face and make her mouth bleed. And all the time she lay there, smiling slightly in the way he remembered so well. He felt himself helpless before her.

"Look," he said. "I don't want to waste my time arguing with you. You know what I mean. After what you said, I rather got the impression you never wanted to see me again. Well, on thinking it over I decided that I would be happier if I never saw you again. Ever. Now get off my towel and stop wasting my time."

She looked as if she wanted to cry, and this time Gerald knew that she was not pretending. He had, in some wonderful way, hurt her. His momentary twinge of conscience was quickly stilled. She had hurt him badly, and he saw no reason why he should not return the compliment. It was with a look almost of gloating that he saw her get up. She didn't say anything, she just walked away as proudly as she could. On the backs of her legs were the marks of his towel. He flicked the ash off his cigarette and picked up his book.

* * * *

He saw her again before he left the pool—at the tea garden. She was sitting with her friends at one of the round, metal tea tables when he walked up to the kiosk to buy some more cigarettes.

While he was waiting at the counter to be served, he saw her get up and walk across to him. She walked slowly, diffidently, afraid of a rebuff. He pretended not to notice her. She was definitely on the plump side. Why had he never noticed before?

He pocketed his cigarettes and his change, then turned around slowly as if he did not know she was there.

"Gerald . . ." she began.

He looked at her in surprise.

"Gerald, couldn't we . . . couldn't we be friends?"

Gerald looked at her, and in his eyes was a furious triumph. So she had humbled herself at last!

"No," he said. "No, we can't be friends. Go to hell."

She turned away again, suddenly, as if she did not really care. And Gerald left the pool, a wild, cruel singing in his heart.

M. FOTHERGILL, L VI Arts.

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Poem

When it is raining
Like it rained this afternoon—
The raindrops hissing down,
Sighing, clean and lovely—
Then I find I cannot forget you.

It was in the rains
That I first loved you,
In the cool clearness of the rains.
So whenever I hear the rain,
I see your face in the mist,
I hear your voice
In the swish of the running water . . .

One evening I longed to see you,
But it was raining,
The heavy drops drumming
On the muddy grass.
I stood on the veranda,
Not minding the fine spray,
And
I thought of you.

I saw your face and your body,
Radiant with welcome,
Greeting me, your lover . . .

There was a sprig of creeper
Falling away from the roof,
Bobbing up and down in the rain.
It was outlined against the street light,
Sharp and clear against the hazy
Misty glow of the lamp.
As I gazed at the green leaves
Running with moisture,
Dancing with the freedom
Of the sacred rain,
I thought of you.

The leaves were beautiful,
And the night, and my pain . . .

So please forgive me
If I am reminded of you
By the sighing, hissing rain.
It might be foolish,
But whenever I hear the wind
I see your face in the mist,
And I think of you.

MALCOLM FOTHERGILL, L VI Arts.

Girl in a Cage

It was one of those old lifts that resemble a bird cage. With what seemed like the final death throes, the last breath of a heaving cat, the lift rose to the dark sixth floor. Linda, strikingly lovely, with long, lank, pale blond hair, golden-green eyes framed by blonde brows and widely set in a tanned heart-shaped face, the nose slightly up-turned, peered out from behind the bars. Mixed feelings of relief and perhaps fear clouded her face. The lift doors rattled open. The girl dug into a red bucket bag hanging from her left shoulder, produced a small silver torch, stooped and picked up a glass box.

The thin beam of light played over the gold lettering on the door of Dr. Friedland, zoologist.

"He must be out," thought the girl. "What shall I do with it?" And the beam of light slid to the glass box on the floor. At first it was difficult to distinguish anything inside it. Maybe that was just a large, star-shaped mark on the floor boards showing up through the box's glass floor. But no; look closer. It was a large spider, at least six inches across and covered with a fine, grey down. Looking at it closely, Linda could understand why it was so feared by the local inhabitants of that now distant South American village. She could even see little fangs; surely its bite would kill. Did spiders have fangs? Why was it that Linda always thought of dangerous reptiles and insects as having fangs? Admittedly, some did have, but . . . even childhood nightmares had been filled with fanged insects or snakes, or the like. Linda shuddered inwardly.

Leaving the glass box in front of Dr. Friedland's door, Linda slipped back into the "cage" and pressed the ground-floor button. The doors rattled, a high-pitched, whining sound filled the air as the lift dropped a few feet; a tinkle of glass followed the whine and then there was silence.

The lift had stopped between the fifth and sixth floors. About a foot of the sixth-floor landing could be seen through the bars at the top of the lift door.

Linda, at first dazed, soon started to think clearly. If she could move the door and then somehow climb through the gap to the sixth floor. However, the doors remained firmly shut and Linda's first plan crumbled.

Perhaps if she screamed. Someone was sure to be in the building and hear her—a night watchman, maybe. She opened her mouth to shout . . . but what was she to shout? Help? Surely not "Help!" That was for people in danger. Was she in danger? Finally she settled for just "Hello", however idiotic it might sound, when she noticed the alarm button. Smiling brightly, she thought, "In emergencies these days everything is provided for".

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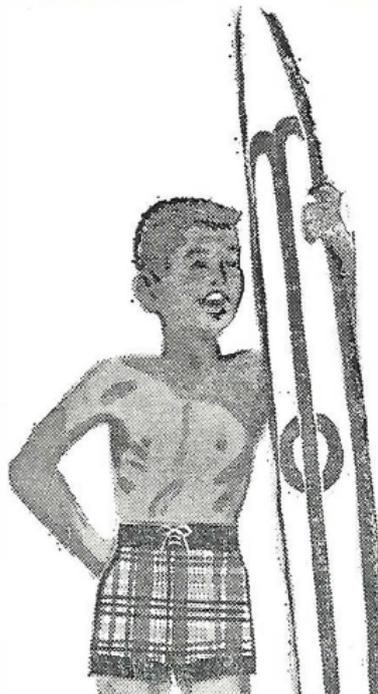
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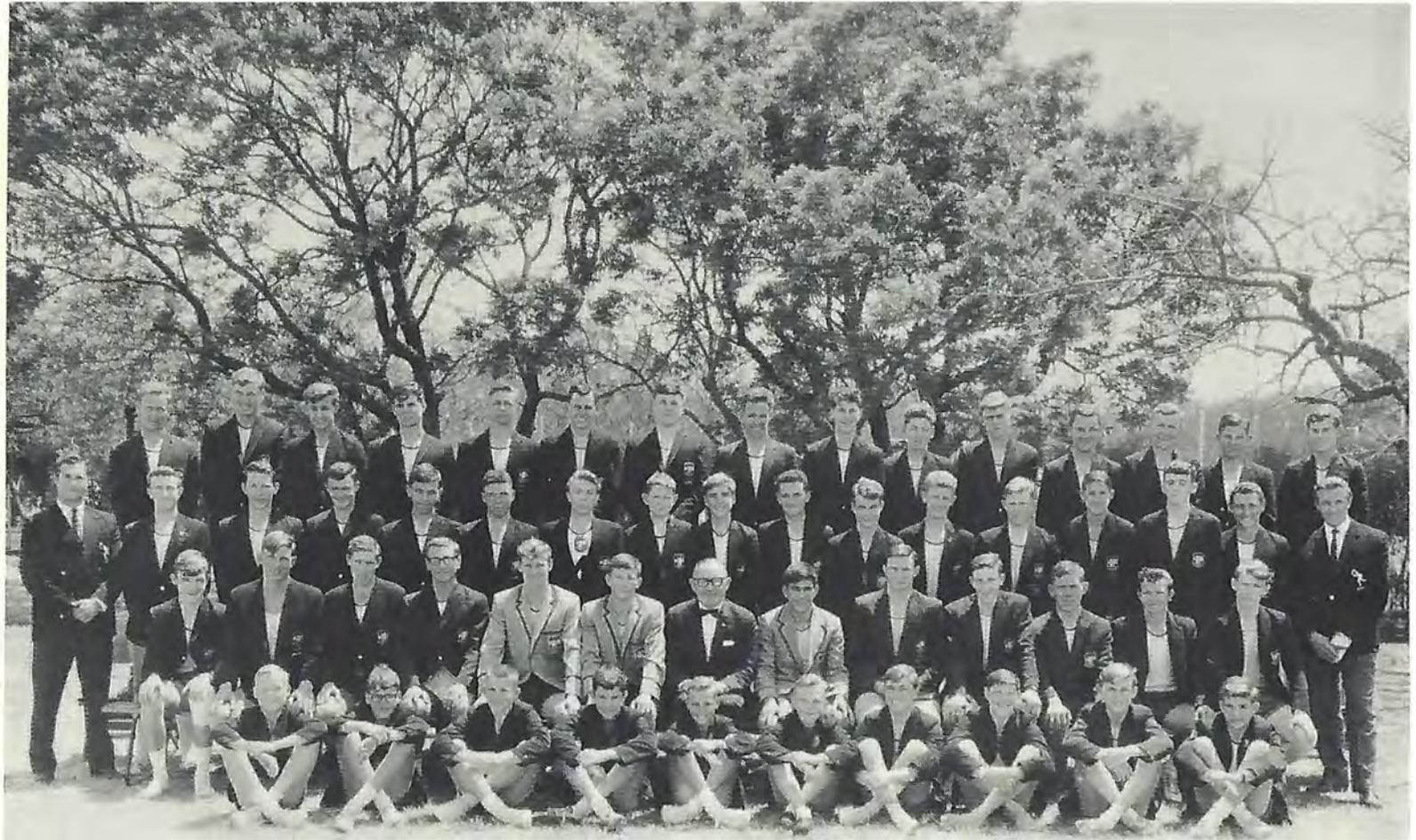


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MILTON SCHOOL ATHLETICS TEAM

Back row: P. Herbst, R. Johnson, G. Yeoman, C. Laing, A. Lucas, R. Trevelyan, B. Farrell, C. Davy, P. Clarke, P. Newman, B. Strandvik, N. Cloete
S. Versveld, C. de Wet, P. Ashby.

Third row: Mr. L. Reynolds (Coach), P. Curtis, M. Bartholomew, J. Ker, R. Ayling, F. Granville, W. Goosen, S. Anderson, D. Young, T. Stratton, G. Palmer,
S. Taunton, R. Barlow, P. Milner, G. Hardman, C. Marks, Mr. B. Nightingale (Coach).

Second row: A. Gorrie, D. Smythe, C. Ridley, B. Ziv, N. Thompson, K. Reed (Captain), Mr. P. M. Brett (Headmaster), D. Foskett (Vice-Captain), N. Davies,
M. Maytham, R. Muil, C. Verster, N. Gordon.

Front row: R. Morriss, B. Joyce, A. Barlow, B. Wahl, T. Sayer, R. Barbour, C. Raizon, D. Reich man, C. Baron, D. Williamson.

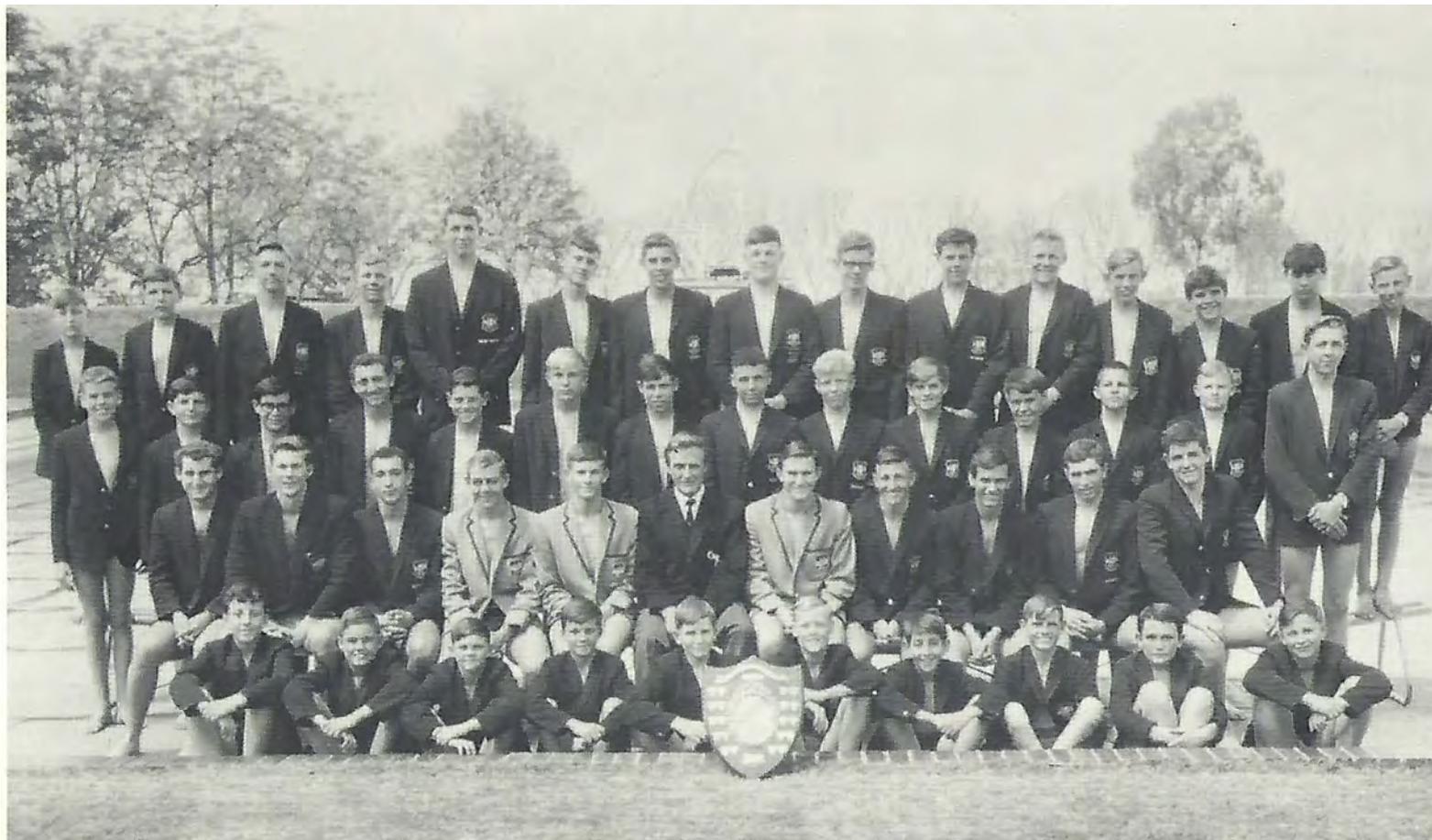


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MILTON SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM, 1965

Back row: P. Meredith, D. Parkin, A. Lucas, H. Johnston, D. Noyes-Smith, G. Clackworthy, C. Liebrandt, B. Farrell, M. Thurfjell, D. Fisher, S. Versveld
 I. Gray, N. Lobel, R. Zipper, B. Treble.
Second row: R. Posselt, R. Shragger, M. Hammerschlag, C. Marks, A. Painting, J. Oakley, C. Baitz, F. Granville, L. Cullen, C. Donaldson, S. O'Donovan
 B. Knight, G. Ferguson, K. Duncan.
Seated: A. Jossel, B. Davidson, M. Herscovitz, T. Fisher, K. Reed, Mr. B. Nightingale (Coach), N. Davies, R. Mutch, J. Palmer, R. Zipper, R. Pogir.
Front row: K. Harris, A. Prinsloo, E. Baker, D. Harrison, C. Meredith, R. Morish, R. Sandler, E. Painting, M. Saxby, P. Kallie.



WATER POLO

PHOTO BY ROBAL STUDIOS

Back row: R. Mutch, C. Liebrandt, H. O'Mahoney, K. Duncan, T. Sager.
Centre row: M. Herscovitz, N. Davies (Captain), Mr. C. Waller (Coach), F. Davies, R. Zipper.
Front: L. Cullen.

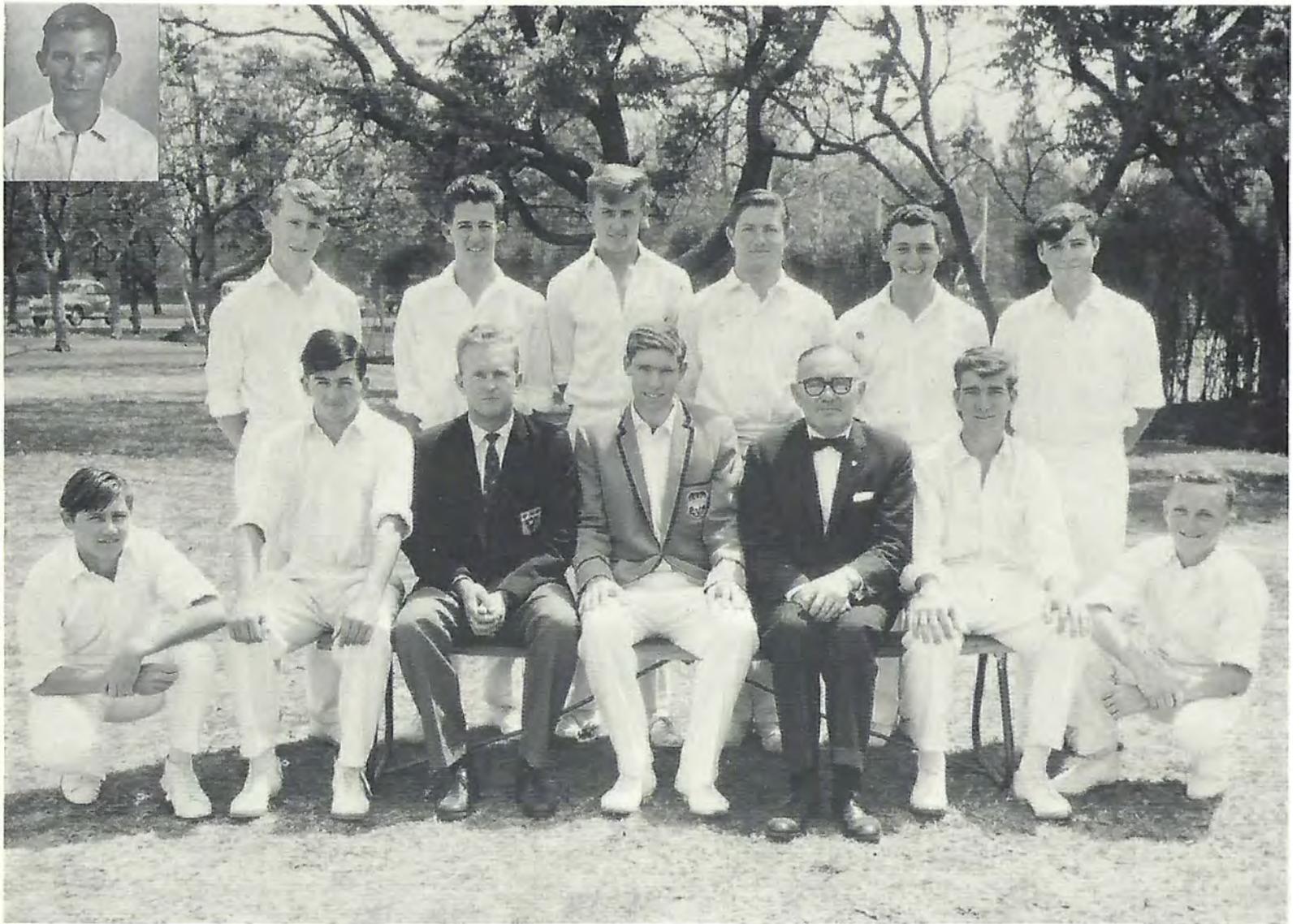


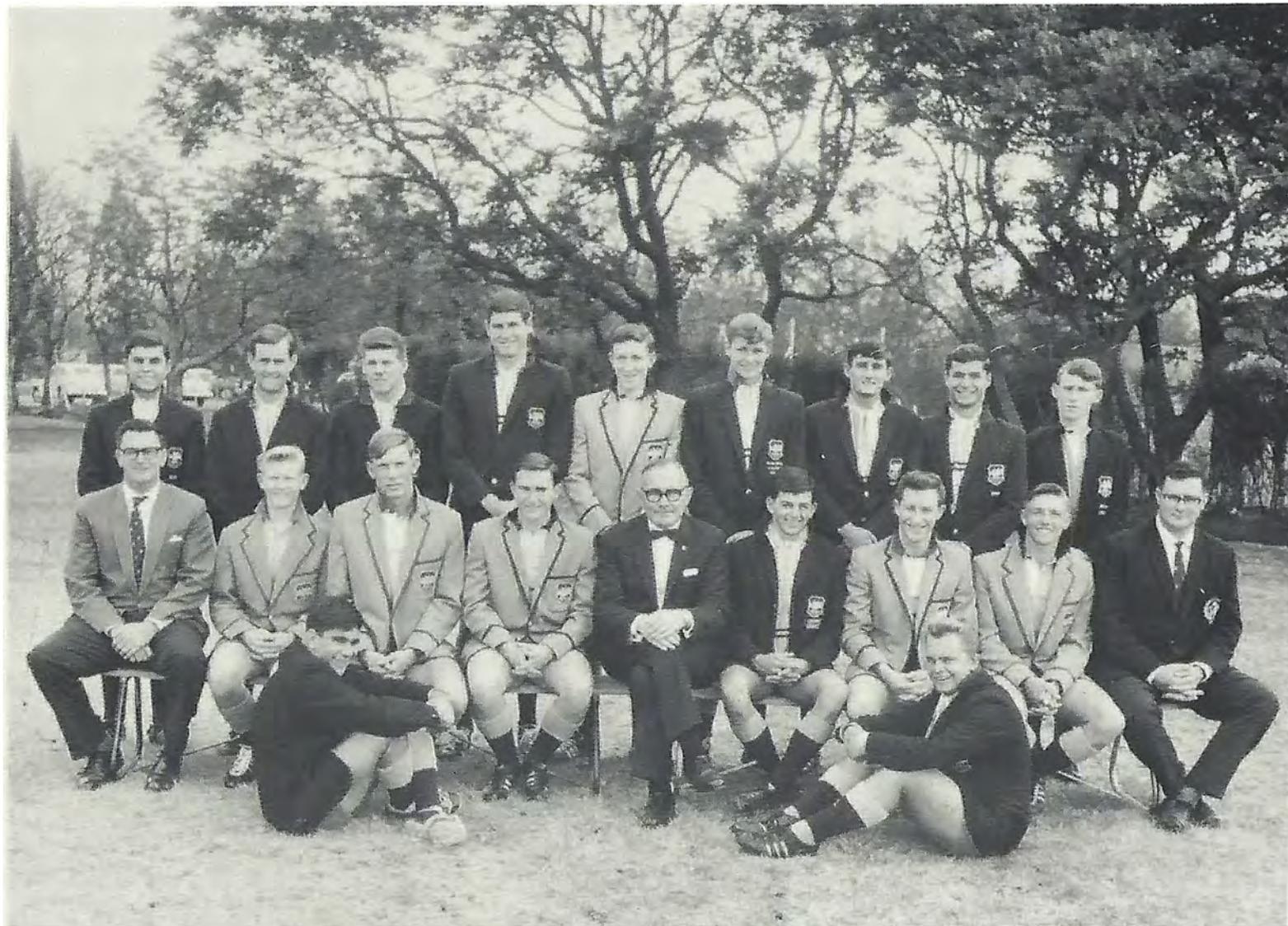
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FIRST CRICKET XI

Standing: N. Gordon, T. Weatherdon, M. Yeoman, A. Simoncelli, C. Marks, G. Gooch.

Seated: B. Bitter, P. Jones (Vice-captain), Mr. R. Todd (Coach), C. Ridley (Captain), The Headmaster, M. Hammett, K. Barbour.

Inset: P. Capon.



FIRST RUGBY XV

PHOTO BY ROBAL STUDIOS

Standing: P. Baron, I. Robertson, P. Longhurst, H. O'Mahoney, M. Maytham, N. Thompson, J. Eppel, S. Carlisle, N. Gordon.
Seated: Mr. R. Suttle (Coach), W. Wilson, D. Smythe, N. Davies (Captain), The Headmaster, P. Jones (Vice-captain), B. Furber, A. Lucas, Mr. C. Waller (Coach).
In front: D. Foskett, M. Cock.



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FIRST HOCKEY XI

Back row: R. Hamilton-Brown, P. Curtis, A. Visagie, C. Ridley, P. Burton, P. Close, K. Barbour.
Front row: A. Simoncelli, I. McGregor, Mr. J. Lefevre (Coach), Mr. P. M. Brett (Headmaster), R. Muil (Captain), B. Ralphs.



FIRST TENNIS TEAM

Standing: A. Fawcett, M. Dendy-Young, S. Nadel, G. Dick.
Seated: A. Pattison, Mr. N. Alcock (Coach), H. Hubbard (Captain), Mr. R. Everett (Coach), A. Baldwin.
In front: I. Russell, T. Sayer.

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BASEBALL TEAM

Standing: R. Fenton, B. Alexander, P. Curtis, A. Krell, C. Granville, D. Crooke.
Seated: J. Martin, N. Brander (Captain), Mr. E. A. Bierman (Coach), Mr. P. M. Brett (Headmaster), R. James, J. Barkley.

The shrill, tinkling sound echoed and re-echoed through the darkness. When it stopped, a frown crossed Linda's brow. The alarm had reminded her of something, some sound that had followed the whining of the lift and that floated to the surface of Linda's memory when the alarm was ringing. A sound of breaking and falling glass.

There were glass fanlights above office doors, small windows painted white that peered into the passageways, glass cases containing fire-fighting equipment, a glass box containing a huge spider. Could the whining noise have shattered glass?

At once Linda experienced a strange sensation creeping over her. She felt a tingling sensation. She knew she wasn't alone. She could feel it in every fibre of her body. The chills ran down her spine. Linda swung around.

The spider blinked back at her in the beam of the little torch. She imagined she could see the evil in the glassy eyes. The spider looked twice the size on the white ceiling of the lift.

Linda was unaware of how long they stared at each other. It must have been a long time, for when the spider moved and her head moved to follow it, she felt a slight stiffness in her neck. The spider stopped above Linda. Again she imagined she could see little jaws moving. How could it get her? Climb down the trellis-like walls of the cage? Or come down on a thread of web? Perhaps it was making its thin silver rope at the moment. Would it fall on to her shoulder, perhaps, and she, rigid with terror, would just catch glimpses of it out of the corner of her eye? Would it fall in her hair? What if it fell on the floor? It would climb up her stockinged leg. Already she could feel small claws clinging to the stocking. And then it would be under her clothes, crawling between cloth and skin, inspecting the body. How long would it be before it bit her?

Linda moved slowly, cautiously to the other side of the cell. Her mind pushed the screaming questions away and began to function practically once again. Surely if it came down the trellis sides of the lift she could hit it with her bag. If it fell on the floor she could stand on it. Huge spiders could be killed just like any other spiders, couldn't they? She would move quickly; it would never get as far as her leg or under her clothes or . . . Again the racing questions.

As Linda continued to look at the spider it seemed to become dimmer, further away. Darkness seemed to enter the lift shaft from the corridors and converge on the lift. Linda blinked her eyes and tried to re-focus on the spider. Still everything darkened. Then she looked at the torch. Slowly the batteries were expiring. Immediately she switched off the torch and the inky blackness swept in around her. But the spider! Its presence was at once more acute. The little beam, at first bright and then quickly fading,

again swept the lift. The spider had moved to the door. Linda prayed as the light went out, "Oh, let it go out, dear God! In the darkness, let it go out!"

For minutes as long as hours Linda cowered in the lift. Once she imagined she could hear the spider scuffling away but it seemed far off, not in the lift at all. And then another sound—footsteps! They came closer and closer, tap, tap, tap, and then they would walk the landing and on to the next flight of steps.

Linda flashed the torch on. In the few seconds before it dimmed and then went out completely, she looked for the spider. It was nowhere on the ceiling; it must have gone out. The footsteps were now at about the third floor. Linda sagged against the lattice-work lift wall. In a quavering voice she shouted, "Hello, hello! The lift is stuck. Could you please help to get me out of here?" She paused, frozen with horror. From somewhere beneath her she heard a voice shout reassuringly that she would soon be out of the lift and that she was not to worry or fear for the dark.

But Linda was no longer aware of the gentle, caressing voice. As she leant against the wall she felt something . . . a soft heaviness and what felt like a gentle tug on her long blonde hair. For a moment Linda was paralysed, the heaviness was motionless and then it was burrowing into her hair. Her arms flew up, tearing at the back of her head. The screams cut through the darkness, echoing in the lift shaft and ending in a dull thud.

The smooth voice on the stairs halted and then, tinged with fear, began again, rapidly, almost hysterically, for it was a young voice. Footsteps hurrying and a bobbing light ascended, too late, to the sixth floor.

TREVOR RINK, L VI Arts.

Common Superstitions

Superstitions stem mainly from ignorance. In poor and uneducated races superstition is rife, as can be shown by the fact that witchdoctors, using superstitions to their own advantage, terrorise whole tribes. The main difference between the practising of superstitions among ignorant races and educated races is the degree of belief attached to the superstitions. No educated person believes that your soul is liable to fly away from your body and evil spirits take its place when you sneeze, yet the practice of saying "God bless you!" after someone has sneezed still continues.

Superstitions are attached to every stage of life. A child born with a caul was thought to have exceptional luck, and the caul itself was previously used by sailors to prevent drowning. The actual day of the week on which the child is born is meant, accord-

ing to common superstition, to influence the course of the child's later life.

Christenings also have their own special superstitions. These may vary, however, with the religion. Some people consider that if the child cries during the ceremony it is a favourable sign, because he is getting rid of evil spirits; others believe that it is unlucky, as the child is rejecting the religion.

Weddings probably have more superstitions attached to them than any other happenings. The throwing of confetti, now almost an integral part of the ceremony, has a long past. Previously rice was thrown over the married couple in the hope that the marriage would be a fertile one. Although many of those who indulge in the throwing after the ceremony have no idea why they are doing so, the superstition is kept alive by their actions. Another superstition concerned with weddings is the throwing of the bride's bouquet. The lucky person who catches it, according to the superstition, is destined to be the next married. At a marriage between young people it is quite probable that among the wedding guests there is a couple already engaged. By careful throwing, the bride can ensure that the bouquet lands in the hands of the engaged couple, and by doing so keep alive the superstition.

Danger results from many superstitious practices. During the war it was considered unlucky to light more than two cigarettes with the same match, and there were cases of people who were willing to swear that they had been wounded because their cigarette was the third one lit with the same match.

Acting is probably the profession in which superstitions are most prevalent. With the success of the play depending on the fickle whim of the public, it is not surprising that actors find certain superstitions to which they can refer to explain the failure of some of their plays. Green in the dressing rooms is a sure sign of bad luck. Likewise the presence of any natural flowers on the stage during production, and any whistling while the play is actually being performed. Those actors who put their trust in superstitions may even refuse to say the last line of the play when they are rehearsing.

Many superstitions which are now prevalent have a long past and their origins are based on religious events. Thirteen, which is considered by many to be an unlucky number, stems possibly from the fact that Judas Iscariot was the thirteenth person at the Last Supper. Friday is considered to be an unlucky day because it was on a Friday that Christ was crucified.

As superstitions stem from ignorance, it is not surprising that a large number are attempts to explain unfortunate happenings. Although educated people place little belief in superstitions, the number of people who prefer to walk round,

rather than under a ladder shows the extent to which superstitious practices are still followed. The unfortunate happenings which the people are avoiding, however, never enter their thoughts. Misfortune affects everyone, however, and the association between walking under ladders and misfortune soon resulted in it becoming a common superstition. The breaking of mirrors is another superstition which probably had a similar beginning.

In the different ages of the world the superstitious practices that people follow have changed a great deal. As the education of the world increases, so the belief attached to superstitions will decrease. However, as superstitions still exist in highly educated societies, there is little chance of superstitions ever vanishing entirely. The belief in superstitions has now almost vanished, though, and the observance of superstitious practices is becoming a custom with no belief attached to it.

ANDREW FOTHERGILL, L VI Arts.

'n Gevangene in die Ruimte tussen Reg en Verkeerd

Op my werf, net langs die hek, groei daar 'n groot perskeboom. Dit was Desember, en die boom was vol ryp vrugte. So vol dat die takke amper tot op die grond gehang het.

Een dag terwyl ek lui in die eetkamer gesit en by die venster uitgekyk het, het ek skielik 'n klein seuntjie gesien. Hy het stadig in die pad langs my werf afgestap tot by die vrugteboom, en daar het hy stil gaan staan. Met gulsige klein ogies het hy na die perskes staan en kyk, en toe in alle rigtings om hom heen gekyk. Hy kon niemand sien nie. Ek was agter die gordyn verskuil.

Ek kon sien dat die seun nie geweet het wat om te doen nie. Hy het geweet dit is verkeerd om te steel, maar hy het ook gedink . . .

„As ek nie 'n perske neem nie, sal dit vrot word of iemand anders sal dit steel, of 'n voël sal dit opeet.”

Vir 'n lang ruk het hy onbeslis daar staan en dink, en toe skielik het hy 'n perske gegryp en weggehard-loop.

„Stoute klein duiwel.” Het ek gedink.

Later moes ek my woorde sluk. Die „dief” het weer teruggekom na my werf, en versigtig die pit van die perske wat hy gesteel het, in 'n hoekie van my tuin kom plant.

JOHN EPEL, U VI Arts.

He Was My Friend

He was my friend, but now no more.
I felt an end, and heard a door
Slam shut. And as I lie
Alone at night and sigh
At the sombre clouds, grey-black,
And the morbid moon, I think back
To the years when we
Were together and could always see
Each other's point of view.
I felt so strong and pure with you.

But, as the seed is sown and grows,
And lends itself to those
Elements which affect its life,
And, indeed, control its life,
Have I grown; and all the world
Sinful, sad, corrupt, has hurled
Temptations at my feet;
Temptations difficult to beat.
And I have drifted with the wind,
Have squandered life, destroyed and sinned
Against you: O! my friend
Of years gone by; I cannot mend
The withered cord which bound us once:
We are parted: I had my chance.

But, foolish as young people are,
I chose myself, forgot the star,
Sadly shining, hopelessly;
Softly calling down to me;
But all in vain. I did not hear
Your call; nor did I care
At all. O! my friend, my friend . . .
I heard a door slam . . . felt an end.

JOHN EPPEL, U VI Arts.

The Wedding

The folks are throwing shoes and rice, and confetti:
"Just married"!

A borrowed 1950 Chev.: a smile: a wave: they're
away!

Two faces; pale, grey:
Seeking places.

Back into the stuffy hall. Sweating bodies—
(What a ball!)
Warm champagne, paper hats, bells, balloons
And the constant clatter of ice cream spoons.

Drinks! Drunks! Foul women, and
A crippled band
Played "Here Comes the Bride",
And Wagner groaned, unheard

While our poor host moaned, and sighed
At the mess.
Absurd!
Unless
I'm going mad.
Everything's mad, round the bend:
I'll be glad of an end:
I'll be glad of an end
To end all ends.

JOHN EPPEL, U VI Arts.

To the Fairer Sex

Dear little girl in plaits and ribbon bows,
Fat little tummy and pigeon toes,
Puffed-up cheeks all rosy red,
Sweet lips smeared in butter, and bread
Crumbs clinging to your dimpled chin,
Free from every kind of sin;
Except for the time when you strangled the cat,
And cut little holes in your father's hat,
And bit your brother's ear in two,
And smeared your mother's dress with glue.
Never smiling, always cross,
Always wanting to be boss!
Always fighting, always eating,
Never scared to take a beating.
But lo! as the years creep slowly on,
Your girlish games will soon be gone.
Now you turn your mind to boys,
Away with pigtails, sweets and toys!
You'll leave the house and be a rover;
Yes, you're "busting out all over".
High-heeled shoes, and stockings too,
Nothing's good enough for you.
Dances, parties, moonlit nights,
Cotton frocks have changed to tights.
Love affairs with strange young men,
A life of wild romance, and then . . .

Matrimony comes your way,
To have and to hold 'til your dying day.
And as the good years come and go,
And as your children learn and grow:
As your beauty fades away,
And once-gold hair has turned to grey . . .
Think back, and remember years ago
A sweet little girl with a ribbon bow
And grubby hands and dimpled chin—
Isn't age a wretched sin?

Sleep well, little pig-tailed one,
And make the best of the shining sun;
For one day some old shady tree
Will hide its light and warmth from thee.

JOHN EPPEL, U VI Arts.

Feel the Earth

When there's nothing going right,
And all we do is scold and fight
With others:
Friends, brothers—
Feel the earth!
Where one and all were born and bred . . .
There was a birth
But now instead,
(Since death has done
And, incidentally, won),
A chaos.

And all we do is spread ourselves
On carpets, chairs and dusty shelves.
The thorn it hurts:
The nail it hurts.
My cousin flirts
With his brother's bride,
Who smiles and flirts with me aside.
The wind blows east,
The wind blows west,
The cuckoo nestles in the pigeon's nest,

And all the while,
Devoid of smile,
We tread the track . . .
Mile upon mile; mile upon mile . . .

There was a birth
But it dwindled,
And now the earth
(Swindled
By the cowardly man
Who, for the sake of silver to the Romans ran),
Is dead—
Bread
We crave . . .
And wine,
But it's in the grave we dine;
Alone,
Like the cat that walked,
Judas talked
Just once too often
And carved and carved and carved
A coffin for us all.

JOHN EPEL, U VI Arts.

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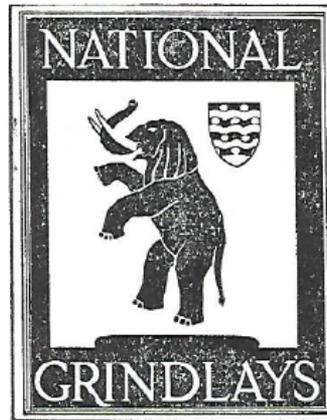
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Comparative Religion

Endless are the forms man's religion has taken. The names of his gods and goddesses will never be completely catalogued. The rituals through which he has sought protection or blessing run the gamut from the horrible to the sublime. The explanations of his rites may fill ten thousand volumes, and many of them disagree violently. Such young and fascinating sciences as anthropology, archaeology and palaeontology are constantly uncovering new evidence concerning the life of our ancestors. The evidence brings to light infinite variations, but on one thing it agrees: man is a religious being.

However and wherever he developed, from the time he became man, man has worshipped and has often shown a belief that he possesses an immortal soul. William Howells, the American anthropologist, says that man, unlike other animals, is "the creature who comprehends things he cannot see and believes in things he cannot comprehend."

To be sure, extant religions in which we can observe our fellows seeking contact with the Infinite did not materialise suddenly, without ancestry. Sometimes their followers speak of them as unique, so utterly set apart from all other faiths—past and present—as to be a self-contained spiritual manifestation.

All religions trace back; all have in their lore likeness to the lore of other faiths. For example, the gods and goddesses of the Roman pantheon were often the same divinities of whom Homer sang, having been captured and having remained when Roman legions overran Greece.

In our contemporary world, while there are many religions, by far the most influential, reckoning by the extent of their followings, are Hinduism, Buddhism, the religions of the Chinese, Islam, Judaism and Christianity. The affinities between some of them are many; the differences are also many—in some instances they are fundamental. But all of them obviously have supplied answers to many of the great questions aroused in every human mind by the mystery of life, all have brought strength to bear its sorrows, all have shed light on the path of conduct, all have furnished assurance in the presence of death.

There is a tendency—a product of the egotism in all of us—to mock the unfamiliar in the other man's faith and worship. Such words as "heathen", "idolatry", "superstition", are used more often in derision than in their legitimate senses. They are words we hurl at others; seldom do we apply them to ourselves. Yet every man should command respect in the moment when he bows before his god. We may believe that his conception of the divine lacks valuable—even essential—elements. His forms of worship may appear to us bizarre, sometimes repel-

lent. But in that moment of prayer, every man is at his best; if we are as wise as we like to think ourselves, it is then that we will try to understand him.

One difficulty in discussing today's living religions is in not knowing precisely what is being discussed. If one says "Buddhism" the immediate question is: which Buddhism—Himayana, Maliayana, or the Lamaism of Tibet? If one says "Islam", is the reference to the Sunni or the Shiite versions, with their deep divergencies? By "Judaism" do we mean the tradition-bound faith of Orthodox Jews, or the modernised beliefs of the Reformed congregation, or the middle-of-the-road teachings of conservative rabbis? What are we talking about when we say "Hinduism"—the soaring mysticism of the sadhus, the profound speculations of Hindu philosophers, or the animism of the unlettered millions in India's teeming villages? And as for "Christianity", how can one with candour speak as if the Roman, the Eastern Orthodox, the Anglican and the hundreds of Protestant churches were all one and the same thing?

Scholars sometimes seek to increase the understanding of the living religions by trying to put them in various large categories. An interesting example is the suggestion of the Swiss psychologist, Carl Jung, amplified by Arnold Toynbee, which sees the religions of the East as basically introverted and those of the West as extrovert. This is really stating in another way the familiar claim of a division between Buddhism and Hinduism as life-denying, and Islam, Judaism and Christianity as life-affirming faiths. This is to say, one is asked to contrast the underlying belief held by followers of the Eastern faiths that man's salvation rests in his escape from the torments of life with the contention held by the Western faiths that man finds in this life a field for spiritual attainment and for preparation for life hereafter.

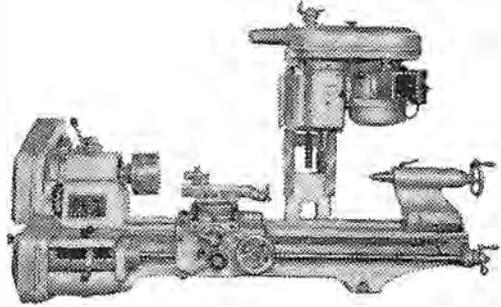
With increasing frequency comes a proposal that mankind's future spiritual welfare would be insured if the major religions would recognise their essential unity of purpose and drop their differences to merge in a synthesis of the beliefs on which they can agree. This call for union of the faiths comes most frequently, however, from the East, especially from India, which has often been called, and often thinks of itself as the most religious nation on earth. The Indian passion for universal toleration and synthesis has been a recurring theme.

It is not surprising that such suggestions woke a favourable response from men and women of generous spirit who are aware of the threat to any spiritual conception of life which is inherent in the spreading of the modern secularist outlook, and particularly in the missionary enthusiasm with which it is being proclaimed by world communism. "Believers of the world, unite; it is time to close



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ranks!" But the glibness of such exhortations betrays a failure to recognise the basic nature of the differences by which the great faiths are sundered.

How can faiths which hold salvation to be a reward of man's own striving merge with faiths which insist that salvation reaches man as the unmerited gift of God? How can there be a flowing together of the Eastern belief that truth is to be found at the end of a human quest with the belief of the three Western faiths that truth has been revealed by a supreme act of revelation in the lives that are facts of history? Among the three faiths of the West, how can there be a synthesis of Christian conviction that the revelation of divine truth reached its culmination in Jesus, with the Moslem conviction that a more complete revelation came later through Mohammed, and Jewish belief that neither surpassed the revelation of truth in "the law and the prophets"?

The living religions can study and appreciate the spiritual values which each has brought to its followers. But the idea that they could sink their differences in unity without consenting to what each would hold a betrayal of religious fundamentals—this is a dream, an illusion.

In their religious aspirations men do not differ much from one another, no matter where they live or when. They seek assurance of the favour of their gods, protection against the dangers of life, community with their fellows, courage in the hour of conflict, comfort in the hour of grief, guidance in their daily concerns, release from the pangs of conscience and, for most but not all of them, hope for some sort of immortality. The ways by which followers of the different faiths pursue these common ends vary beyond all telling, though within all the great faiths there have been mystics who have risen above the level on which most of us live to a sense of the divine which has made them much akin.

These are critical days for religion. The enormous changes being wrought by technology in every life on every continent and at every level of social advancement, and the even more enormous changes which we can foresee with our dawning perception of the forces of the atomic age, make it imperative that man must be saved from the most demoniac and destructive of all idolatries—self-worship. Each great religion attempts to save man from following the road of self-worship to the city of destruction. All will accomplish that purpose to the extent that, in the words of the prophet Micah, they inspire man "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with (his) God".

S. N., U VI Arts.

The Meaning of Modern Art

By the meaning of modern art I do not imply the special message which some particular artist might wish to reveal in a painting, nor do I intend to tell the tales that these paintings might contain. I imply the overall meaning of modern art, what it symbolises as a whole, the complete message it carries to our times; and later on I will attempt to show briefly the views of the first men who brought about this new vision in art.

That there is some overall intention in modern art and that it is not some money-spinning fraud can soon be shown, I maintain, if one studies the life of an artist such as Van Gogh. That man sacrificed all that he had in life—including, at the end, his sanity—in order to attain a perfection of form quality in his painting. And this sacrifice for art can be seen in the lives of many other painters.

By form quality I mean the overall atmosphere that pervades the work of art and that is brought about by the style, the construction and colour combinations of the painting. It is the aesthetic texture brought about by this style.

And it is this form quality that is the true meaning, not so much the actual story the picture tells. People seem to be obsessed with finding a cause for everything, and so their first consideration on viewing a work of modern art is to delve for this "meaning"—that elusive, hidden something which, according to one critic who did some research on this matter, few artists themselves know of definitely. And so they tend to bypass the true criterion of art—grace and beauty of form. If asked afterwards, they might say that the exhibited work was "striking" or "pretty", or use some other such superficial phrase.

This might account for the swollen popularity of modern art compared to other art forms. Few people are endowed with the gift of the appreciation of beauty or deep perceptiveness of mind. For most of us it is arrived at only by experience and a will to know the truth—but here is a heaven-sent opportunity for those who want to appear "with it". They can stand in front of a painting and vie with each other to find new, complicated and wonderful explanations on why a particular blob is in such a place, and the deep emotional influences in the artist revealed by it.

Again, it is this form quality which differentiates it from other art. Not that the classical artist does not have form quality in his painting. It is merely of a different type.

Perhaps this can be explained more clearly by saying that the difference between the classicist and the sincere modern artist (I draw attention to "sincere") is that the one seeks beauty and form quality in natural objects, e.g., he might paint the beauty of

a naked woman, or a lovely landscape, or a beautiful bowl; to that artist these forms symbolise the beauty of nature, whereas the modern artist seeks to create beauty and grace from no specific natural form. Briefly, the one seeks beauty in natural patterns (Kandinsky calls this "conventional beauty"), the other in patterns from the mind or soul—created forms.

As a great modern artist, Klee, puts it, the purpose of modern art is not to reflect the visible but to make visible. Notice that that does not necessarily mean to say that the classicists practised a "photographic" art.

Another very important factor which tends to separate modern art from the older art forms is that it is essentially an art designed for self-expression, as I alluded to above. The older forms did, of course, allow some scope for this, but were not so completely dedicated to the exploration of the personal soul. Kandinsky, a great modern having the advantage of being a great philosopher, bears this out when he says: "A work of art consists of two elements, the inner and the outer. The inner is the emotion in the soul of the artist; this emotion has the capacity to evoke similar emotion in the observer.

"Being connected with the body, the soul is affected through the medium of the senses—the 'felt'. Emotions are aroused and stirred by what is sensed. Thus the sensed is the bridge, i.e., the physical relation between the immaterial (which is the artist's emotion) and the material, which results in a work of art."

He goes on to say:

"The inner element, i.e., the emotion, must exist, otherwise the work of art is a sham. The inner element determines the form of the work of art."

Cézanne approached this when he devoted his art to finding the forms in which nature and what his eye saw revealed themselves to his soul, to his intellect and spirit; and so made the vital breakthrough from art which created and depicted the beauty of nature to art which created beauty solely—modern art.

Of course, there are different methods of creating this form of beauty, for beauty takes many forms (*cf.* Picasso's varied styles)—but the main source of inspiration that the modern artist draws from is his inner emotion, whether that emotion be egotistical (that is, concerned only with himself as a subject), or if it be aroused from sources outside.

Sometimes the only emotion that the painter may attempt to realise is the emotion of beauty. This must not be confused with beautiful emotion, or emotion depicted beautifully. Referred to solely is an emotion of beauty, much like an emotion of love or fear.

And here, I think, a distinction must be made between this, the "sincere" type of art, and what might be termed the "printer's" art. "Pop" art and glorified cartooning would appear in this grouping.

The print artist might, in my opinion, be likened, in the art of literature, to the versifier—one who seeks exclusively patterns and rhythms and rhymes, as opposed to the poet, who seeks primarily beauty and grace, which may or may not, depending on the type of poetry, fall into a schemed framework.

But who are these men of the new art? Perhaps it would be in order here to mention some of those artists who have helped to formulate and develop modern art and make it great through all the various "isms".

Cézanne as I have mentioned, is generally accepted as being the forerunner in this tremendous new direction. Born in 1839, he held impressionistic viewpoints up until 1877. It was then that he broke away and began experimenting in an art of his own—an art packed with all the original vital intensity, the "livingness" of his subject matter. He expressed this as attempting to "realise" or bring into being his visual apprehension of a motif, i.e., to create, not to copy.

Cézanne always insisted that human perception was "confused", but he thought that by concentration and experimenting one could bring order into this confusion, and art was, in his opinion, essentially the achievement of such order within one's visual sensations.

According to Herbert Read, Cézanne's philosophy was, briefly,

"The desire to render the image of what we see without any falsity due to emotion or intellect, any sentimental exaggeration or romantic "interpretation"; indeed, without any of the accidental properties due to atmosphere and even light. Cézanne declared more than once that light does not exist for the painter. But the field of visual sensation has no precise limits, the elements in it are scattered or confused. So we introduce a focus and try to relate our visual sensation to this selected point. The result is what Cézanne himself called an "abstraction", an incomplete representation of the field of vision, a "cone", as it were, into which the objects focussed fall with a sense of order or cohesion. This is what Cézanne meant by a 'construction after nature'; this is what he meant by the 'realisation of a motif'"

But it must be remembered that, though from what has just been said, a painting by Cézanne would seem to sound like an exercise in geometry, it was all done in paint, in living colour, and so what was created was not a sum, which might have turned out incorrect, but a truly creative painting.

Another modern artist, who carried on from and was greatly influenced by Cézanne, was Matisse. Born in 1870, he graduated to Fauvism (a revolt against forms of impressionism) and in 1905 became the leader of the Fauvists. From Cézanne he learnt that structure is given to a painting by the relationship of its constituent colours, which he believed should be pure, not mixed and hazy.

Generally, Matisse thought that art should be expressive of a nearly religious feeling to life; in other words, the artist should practically put his whole soul into the painting; that the paintings should reveal his deepest feelings towards art and life.

Matisse did not believe in representative art; he maintained that the colours should be based on selective observation, not intellectual choice. In his own words:

“To paint an autumn landscape I will not try to remember what colours suit this season, I will be inspired only by the sensation that the season gives me . . .”

Another contemporary of these men was Kandinsky, mentioned earlier. Born in 1866, he gave up a law career to become an artist; he developed into one of the greatest moderns this century has known, and also one of modern art's greatest teachers.

Kandinsky, Herbert Read writes, argued that “form and colour themselves constitute the elements of a language adequate to express emotion; that just as musical sound acts directly on the soul, so do form and colour. The only necessity is to compose form and colour in a configuration that adequately expresses the inner emotions and adequately communicates it to the observer. It is not essential to give form and colour ‘an appearance of materiality’; that is to say, of natural objects. Form itself is the expression of inner meaning, intense in the degree that it is presented in harmonic relations of colour. Beauty is the successful achievement of this correspondence between inner necessity and expressive significances.”

He considered that in painting one is using a universal language as precise as mathematics to express to the best of one's technical abilities, feelings, that must be freed from the impersonal and imprecise. By personal here he means personal prejudices.

The last artist that I will deal with is Pablo Picasso, born in 1881 and one of the most brilliant of all the artists of modern times. He influenced art strongly from the first half of this century.

He is a difficult personality to study, especially for the very general philosophy that he put into his art, for he never settled down to one style of art but was either originating new styles (e.g., Cubism) or was helping to mature others.

However, this much can be said. Most of his paintings, especially those concerning people, have symbolic elements in them as he seeks to paint not the artificial or outer mask of the subjects, but the inner, psychological or unconscious forces that go into making the personalities of the people behind the mask.

And these, briefly, are the ideas of some of the men who brought about this new, self-conscious age in painting, this new form of beauty, this new intellectual self expression.

And it might be worthwhile noticing that this movement is connected not only with painting, but with art as a whole. This abstract attitude has pervaded even literature, sculpture and architecture, where the scope for experiment is more limited. It is fast helping to make even the ordinary things of our lives an aesthetic experience.

MICHAEL TOMLINSON, U VI Arts.

Om die Kampvuur

Die dun mopaniestompe brand met 'n flikkerende blou vlam. Af en toe val 'n stomp op die grond met 'n „sjuut” en 'n rooi stroom vonkies skiet deur die lug. Dan is die lug weer donker en net die geel-blou maan gooi sy angswekkende skaduwee oor die oostelike kant van die graniet koppie. 'n Jakkals skreeu anderkant die rivier en die groot ou blaarlose takke van die kremetartboom swaai in die aandwindjie. 'n Leeu brul in die verte en die perde trap ongemaklik rond onder die groot wilde vyeboom. 'n Naturel staan op en gooi 'n paar takkies op die vuur. Die klein rooi en geel vlammetjies verteer die takkies met gulsige tonge terwyl die vleis langsaan op die rooster lê en braai.

Ons het reeds die vleis opgeëet en die vuurtjie is nou baie kleiner as voorheen. Alles is nou stil, en net die geknetter van die vuur en die geswiep van 'n vlermuis se vlerke verstuur die stilte van die bosveld.

Ons mae is nou vol en ons is moeg na die dag se jag. Ek tel die beker op, en drink die laaste druppels van die swart koffie. „Ja Bob, dit is mos lewe né!” Sê ek aan my maat wat op die koel groen gras met sy hande agter sy lop lê. Bob knor sy goedkeuring.

Dit is nou al laterig, en die maan is nou hoog bo die koppie en sy lig tower 'n skadubeeld uit die kremetartboom—die takke soos spookarms na die hemel en na ons uitgestrek. Anderkant die rivier roep die jakkals weer en hier naby ons antwoord sy maat. 'n Blaar skuif oor die grond—gedra deur die aandwindjie. 'n Gloeiende stomp kantel om en spat in duisende stukkies, en ons weet dit is tyd om bed toe te gaan.

CHRIS FERGUSON, U VI Arts.

Modern Scientific Progress — Boon or Curse?

The English historian, Macaulay, spoke of progress from the last half of the eighteenth century as becoming "portentously rapid", and indeed it is only in the last two centuries that society has undergone rapid large-scale change—change brought on by scientific and technological progress which has affected the individual in Western society through the demographic, social but essentially industrial changes which it precipitated.

How can we explain this sudden explosive growth? Perhaps a good analogy would be found in the case of compound interest. When interest is added to capital the increase is at first slow, then faster and faster until finally it becomes enormous. Progress in technology is similar. It has a tendency to grow as each invention and improvement facilitates the next step, until the progress is as breathtakingly rapid as it is today. And so it will continue unless a worldwide catastrophe puts an end to everything.

As we shall see, this rapid development of modern science has proved to be a great benefit to humanity. Mankind has always suffered from plagues and catastrophes, conflagration and inundation, illness and pain, starvation and war, but since the scientific-technical revolution we have gained the upper hand over most of these. Great fires and floods have become rare in civilised countries and are combatted by rational methods. The fight against illness and pain is being waged with ever-increasing success by medical science, and in Europe and America the great killers like plague, smallpox and cholera have vanished and many other illnesses have become harmless.

These enormous problems are thus recognised and are being studied. Moreover, they could probably be solved if the last and greatest plague were not present—war and the tremendous expenditure on armaments.

Technology has become the decisive factor in waging war. This was already so in the First World War, when victory in the endless battles was mainly a question of superior material. The Second World War was decidedly a struggle of machines and technological organisations, ending in Asia with the dropping of two atomic bombs which had come straight from the laboratories of the physicists. From then on we have push-button war: nuclear means for mass destruction delivered by rockets which are guided by electronic brains—not to mention chemical and biological methods for annihilating entire populations. American spokesmen have indicated that they regard the new biological and psycho-chemical weapons as likely to come seriously into the military arena in the early years of

the next decade. The Russians have made it plain that they expect chemical and biological weapons to be used in a major war and have commented on the advantages of using micro-organisms and radio-activity together. Such measures would add to the horrors of an all-out nuclear war.

Never before, even in wartime, has the rate of weapons innovation been greater. This is, of course, due to the rapid modern progress in science and technology. Wherever we look at the frontiers of life, the choice between applications for life and for death are starker than ever. The attainment of a controlled thermo-nuclear device on an industrial scale can mean vast wealth or cheaper A-bombs. The exploration of space can bring dividends of knowledge and practical advantage to the whole world, or it can provide three-dimensional territory for which to fight. The oceans, which we are now discovering for the first time, can become a new frontier to be exploited rationally for their biological wealth or they can be a battleground for both cold and hot wars where submarines stalk one another amid a complex network of sonar buoys and atomic mines. We are unravelling the complexities of the human mind and we can use this knowledge to heal the sick or coerce our enemies. The optical maser may find application in many peaceful tasks or in making the death-ray of fiction a stark reality. Our new knowledge of the molecular basis of life can lead to a great fall-out of benevolent developments in biology or to the formation of mutant micro-organisms for military purposes. We are learning how to control the climate and we can use this knowledge to make the deserts flower or to bring a more literal meaning to the cold war.

Modern science and technology is thus responsible for the worldwide tension which exists today. Despite the many advantages and comforts of modern life, which have become available through scientific progress, this cannot be denied. There is, however, another crisis with which we are faced today because of science and technology—the population explosion.

As Aldous Huxley himself puts it, over sixteen centuries had to pass between the birth of Christ and the death of Queen Elizabeth for the population of the world to double, but judging from present trends it will have doubled again by the end of the present century. What has caused this frightening increase? The answer is simple—technology; in particular, medical technology. Penicillin, DDT, anti-malaria drives, clean water, have all contributed to advancements in public health in even the most backward of countries. Even the poorest government is rich enough to provide its subjects with substantial measures of death control, but birth control is a very different matter. Death control is something which

can be provided by a few technicians working in the pay of a benevolent government. Birth control, however, depends on the co-operation of an entire people. It must be practised by countless individuals from whom it demands more intelligence and will-power than most of the world's illiterates possess, and an expenditure of more money than most of these millions can afford. Death rates have therefore fallen in recent years with startling suddenness, while birth rates maintain their old high levels. In consequence, human numbers are now increasing more rapidly than ever before in the history of the species. Starvation is rife in the African, Asian and South American continents and there can never be true peace in this world until the adversity is eradicated.

This population explosion has not only economic but also social consequences which affect even the most highly developed countries. The greatest of these is the procreation of an ever-increasing number of children carrying hereditary defects. In bygone days these children rarely survived, but today, thanks to sanitation, modern pharmacology and the "social conscience", most of the children born with hereditary defects reach maturity and multiply their kind. Consequently the average intelligence and physical vigour of the people of the world is on the decline.

Science, then, has caused a restriction in the death rate and thus science must counteract this by restricting the birth rate. The barriers to the effective practice of birth control are formidable, but the more advanced countries of the world should be able to assist here. By intensifying scientific investigations they may find methods of effective control such as pills, inoculation and immunisation which are simple, safe and cheap enough to be within the means of those people wishing to use them.

Modern progress in science and technology is thus responsible for two great threats to world security—overpopulation and nuclear war. Over-population is, as we have seen, being combatted scientifically; but what of nuclear war?

Mankind is attempting to combat the threat of nuclear war largely by means of communications technology. The first and most direct use of the new tools of communication would be a simple hour-for-hour exchange of broadcast time between opposing nations. Any government with a grievance against another should be able to claim as a natural right as much time on that country's television or radio network as it is prepared to give in exchange on its own. Technically, such a proposal presents no problems and the newly constructed "hot line" from the White House to the Kremlin is another example of how communications technology is being used to prevent nuclear war.

In conclusion, let me say that modern scientific and technological progress is at present proving to be a boon to humanity. All the comforts of the world around us can be attributed to science and technology. Yet this very progress may become the curse of mankind. If the human race survives the next ten or twenty years without a great war there will come into being a world organisation transcending national states, which will guarantee peace. Then science will be highly honoured, because by producing terrible means of destruction it will have made clear the absurdity of power politics and war.

If, however, the great war breaks out, there will be nothing left of science, nor of civilised life in general. After a period of unimaginable misery and suffering there will follow either the silence of the grave or a new, hard beginning. This may lead upwards, but there will be a curse upon science for a long time to come. Perhaps it will rise again. Then it is hoped that the new human race will make more prudent use of it than we do today.

It is our task to help to avoid the second alternative, the solution to this problem being at present more important than new triumphs over the forces of nature.

HILTON HUBBARD, U VI Arts.

Drome

Drome is uiters snaakse verskynsels wat die mens altyd verbyster en geïntereeser het, maar eintlik kan ons hulle nog nie verstaan nie. Kenners het nogtans uitgebreide navorsing oor drome gedoen en ontdek dat hulle 'n intieme en belangrike rol in verband met die Lewe speel.

As 'n mens slaap, rus jou bewuste brein, en in plaas daarvan is jou onbewuste brein uiters bedrywig, besig om jou gewete, wat gedurende die dag onderdruk is, in die vorm van drome te openbaar. Nou, alhoewel hulle seldsaam is, is daar vandag 'n paar mense wat drome uitstekend kan verklaar, en na my mening sal hulle baie nuttiger in die toekoms wees, wanneer mense groter belang aan hulle drome sal heg.

As 'n man nag vir nag dieselfde soort drome droom soos byvoorbeeld, dat 'n afgryslike monster of so iets hom altyd agtervolg, dan is dit waarskynlik dat daar iets verkeerd is met sy gewete. As hierdie man egter sy drome kon verklaar, kon hy sy gewete gevolglik ondersoek en dikwels sou dit moontlik wees om sy probleme, met die hulp van 'n deskundige op te los.

Natuurlik is nie alle drome aanwysings van 'n onrustige gewete nie. Somtyds kom hulle as gevolg van 'n verskriklike ervaring, rolprent of storie. Hierdie soort drome noem ons nagmerries en hulle is gewoonlik gelyksoortig met die ervaring waardeur

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hulle aangebring is, maar nie so samehangend nie. Klaarblyklik het hulle niks met die werklike lewe van die dromer te doen nie.

Nog 'n vraag wat beantwoord moet word is, „Hoe lank duur 'n droom?” Sommige meen dat dit die hele slaaptyd duur, maar ander het verklaar dat drome net vir 'n blits-sekonde duur. Alhoewel die laasgenoemde idee nog nooit op die proef gestel is nie, is dit heel moontlik waar. Laat ons hierdie mening deegliker ondersoek.

Ons het almal al 'n lang droom gedroom wat geëindig het met, byvoorbeeld, die lui van 'n klok. Die waarheid is dat 'n werklike klok gelui het en ons laat wakker skrik het, maar ons het nogtans van die klok ook gedroom. Daarom moes ons die droom gevorm het in die blits-sekonde tussen die tyd dat die klok gelui het en die tyd wat ons, as gevolg daarvan, wakker geword het.

Miskien is hierdie mening onwaar, maar bostaande is net een van die groot aantal kwessies in verband met drome wat nog nie beantwoord is nie. Myns insiens sal mense nogtans en dag die geheim-sinnige land van drome heeltemaal verstaan, en na daardie dag sien ek ywerig uit.

HILTON HUBBARD, U VI Arts.

Die Natuur se Bont Jagter

Toe die môrester nog hoog gesit het, het die luiperd sy slag geslaan. Ons het dit eers later die dag uitgevind, en dadelik uitgegaan na die plek toe.

Die luiperd het drie kalwers probeer vang. Toe ons daar kom was een swaar gewond, een was reeds dood, en die derde was nêrens te vind nie. Die spore het met 'n donga af gelê in die rigting van 'n ruie koppie sowat 'n myl verder.

Terwyl die outas die spoor gevolg het, het ons vooruit gegaan na die koppie. By die koppie het ons deur die ruigtes begin vleg met oorgehaalde gewere. Na 'n rukkie het die reuk van pensmis ons getref, en nie lank daarna nie het ons op die slagoffer afgekome.

Dit was 'n baie jong kalfie, en die tier het sy pens en 'n stuk van sy boud weggevreet. Brommers het om die opgeswelde oë gesit, en by die oop mond in gevlieg. Daar was lelike tandmerke aan die nek van die kalfie.

Die outas het nou ook daar aangekom, en met verbaasde oë staan en staar na die slagoffer, en toe gemaak dat hulle wegkom. Gou-gou het ons 'n heining om die kalf geslaan van droë takke, en 'n groot slagyster gestel. Die slagyster is in 'n opening gestel wat na die kalf toe gelei het, en met droë blare toegemaak. 'n Dik osketting het van die boom af gelei, en is met 'n stuk bloudraad aan die slagyster vasgemaak.

Ons het gesorg dat ons nie vars takke breek of vars grond grawe nie, want die vars reuk ontstel die luiperd. Ook die wit kolle waar die takke afgebreek is, is goed weggesteek, sodat die tier nie wit kolle sou sien as hy in die aand daar kom nie.

Die luiperd kom altyd in die vroeë ure van die môre terug na sy slagoffer toe. Drie-uur die volgende môre het ons stil deur die nat gras geloop. Die lug was vars, en het ons neusgate geprikkel. Ons was omtrent honderd treë van die koppie af toe 'n aaklige gebrul deur die stilte weergalm het. Ek het my lam geskrik, en toe my pa langs my 'n patroon in sy haalgeweer stoot, het ek sonder om te dink dieselfde gedoen.

Toe ons naby die koppie kom was alles doodstil — die luiperd het one gewaar. Voetjie vir voetjie het ons stadig oor die droë blare beweeg. Die stilte het op my senuwees begin werk, en ek het gewens hy moes brul, sodat ons ten minste kon weet waar hy was.

Ons was naderhand by die plek, en ons het met die flits rond gesoek. Wat ons verwag het was twee gloeiende oë, maar toe ons ons weer kom kry, sit die luiperd tien treë van ons af met sy kop in die teenoorgestelde rigting. Hy het doodstil gesit, en ek het gevoel hoe my hart in my keel vasskop. Al wat ek kan onthou is my blink korrel tussen sy blaie en die vreeslike slag wat deur die stilte weergalm het.

Die luiperd het met 'n geroggel vooroor geval.

Dit was 'n ou mannetjie en sy tande was al stomp geslyt. Net een slag tand was nog lank en skerp. Di slagyster het hom netjies aan sy regte voorpoot gevang, en hy het reeds vier van sy vasgeknelde tone afgebyt. Regs van hom het hy 'n klein boompie middeldeur gebyt en orals was takke gebreek soos hy gespook het.

Toe die son uiteindelik opkom, het ons nog daar gestaan en kyk na die lieflike bont jagter wat daar op die grond gelê het. Sy bek was vol grond, en 'n dun straaltjie bloed het by sy neus uitgekom. Sy kop het op sy gespierde voorpoot gelê, sy oë toe.

JOHANNES GROBLER, U VI Sc.2.

Ons? Ons!

'n Klein mannetjie, kort en skraal en verrimpeld. Arm. 'n Goeie pak klere . . . netjies aangetrek, ja maar . . . iets haper. Arm . . . in die krot van sy verstand lê hope waardelose puin: die rommel van onkunde: die verlate geestelike woestyn van onopgevoedheid. Tog . . . hy wás op skool, hy wás op universiteit! Ten spyte hiervan het hy nog nooit die eindpunt van sy verstandelike vermoë bereik nie. Nooit sy volle innerlike potensiaal verwesenlik nie. Hy het in 'n smal, nou wêreldjie bestaan en dus het hy ook nou en smal geword. Hy het dit egter nie

geweet nie: in die nou smal wêreldjie van selfsugtigheid is daar baie illusies—As hy in die speël kyk, sien hy net 'n suksesvolle jong man—hoe kan hy weet dat die speël lieg? Hy of die mensdom?

'n Speël is 'n stuk glas met verf aan die een kant en 'n weerkaatsing aan die ander. Die speël lieg . . . dis vals.

En die mensdom? Ons? Ons is soos die speël. Die verf en die weerkaatsing gelyktydig. Aan die een kant van die speël is die verf van die beskawing. In die verf lê die moontlikheid vir reg en onreg. Aan die ander kant is die weerkaatsing wat ons van ons self gee . . . Vals en verdraai.

Neem nou die speël en skraap die verf af, en dan raak die weerkaatsing dof, en uiteindelik is daar geen weerkaatsing nie: Ons het van die valse beeld van ons self vryekom . . . maar die glas! Dié eenvoudige stuk mensdom, nou is dit lelik gekrap. Deur die reiniging en skoonmaak gekrap . . . en dus verswak.

Hoe is dit dat ons nooit sonder verf sal kan lewe nie? Hoekom is ons van verdraaiing en illusie . . . beskawing—afhanklik? Is daar dan geen ander Hoop vir ons nie?

MIKE HONNET, U VI Sc.2.

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Young Scientists' Exhibition

In April this year the very successful Young Scientists' Exhibition was held in Salisbury. It was the first of its kind in this country, although in the United States and Australia "science fairs" are well known. The inspiration for the exhibition came largely from Dr. Warren Brown, Consular and Cultural Affairs Officer of the United States Information Services, and the status of the exhibition was materially enhanced by the promise of a scholarship to a United States university. There was also a scholarship to the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, as well as many other worthwhile prizes for all the different classes and age groups.

Milton was well represented, especially in the Sixth Form group. There were ten Milton entrants altogether: R. Saxby with a mass-spectrometer; J. Foy with a Van de Graaff electrostatic generator; M. Young with a Binary Digital Computer; D. Rolfe, M. Strever and E. Robertson with a model mine; the two "Milton" girls, Janet Seggie and Francoise Bodmer, with a dissection guide on the toad (it is the only dissection guide that has been made for the toad, which is commonly found in Rhodesia) and D. Alexander with his electromagnet, in the Sixth Form group, and M. Bolton, of Form IV, with his measurement of temperature, pressure and humidity by changes of frequency. Alistair Smith also accompanied us as our manager and general handyman.

There was a tremendous amount of hard work involved, with some people starting six months to a year beforehand. This work rose to fever pitch two weeks before the exhibition. During the final days, the Electronics Laboratory was chaotic. Lights were still burning at 1 a.m. and 2 a.m., with school as usual during the day!

The Milton contingent arrived in Salisbury on Wednesday, 7th April, and spent a hectic two days getting everything ready before the official judging and prize-giving on Friday. The Milton entrants did well. M. Young won the overall individual prize in his class and first prize for his category. Janet Seggie and Francoise Bodmer won the overall group and category prize in their class. M. Bolton gained second prize in his category, and all the other exhibitors obtained merit prizes. Milton also won the prize for the best entries from one school in Class V. M. Young was one of the four finalists for the scholarship to an American university, which was subsequently awarded to him after an interview and aptitude tests in May.

The interest shown in the exhibition by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Gibbs, and their presence at an official dinner in honour of the major

prize winners and the judges, added glamour to the event.

The next three days were spent in explaining to an interested stream of visitors the various intricacies of the exhibits—exhausting work, I can assure you! There were several educative excursions organised as well as other forms of entertainment, including a celebration dinner arranged by Mr. Cowper for the Milton exhibitors at the Salisbury Chinese Restaurant!

Milton's success in the exhibition must to a large extent be attributed to Mr. Cowper's continuous encouragement and advice.

The Young Scientists' Exhibition, 1965, was acclaimed a great success on all sides, and it is to be hoped that another will be held in the near future.

YOUNG SCIENTIST.

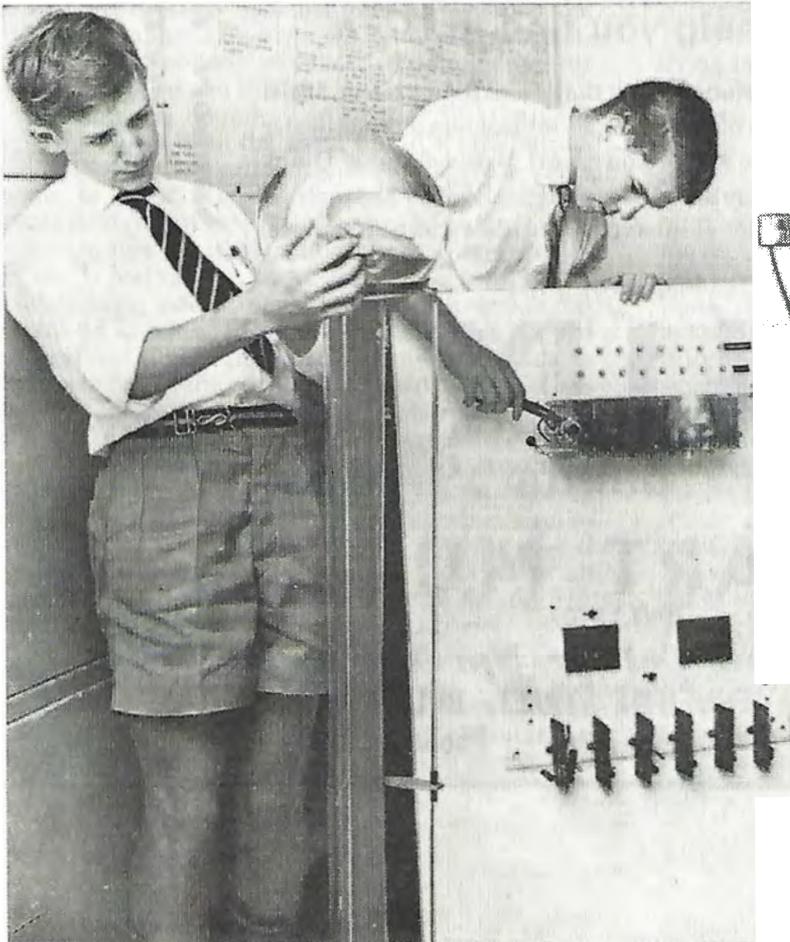
EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following details of M. Young's project were supplied by him:

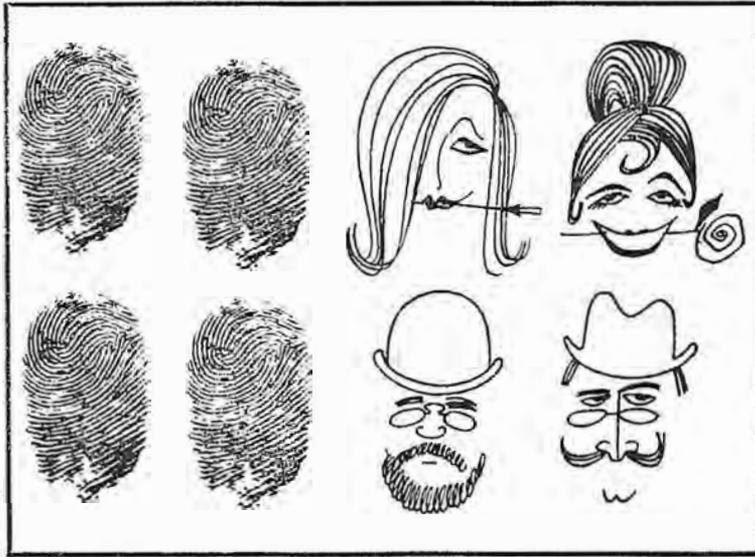
The technical description of the project was: "The basic circuit components of an electronic binary digital computer and their synthesis for performing elementary arithmetic processes". The idea originated in some light-hearted remarks by two teachers who were then on the Milton Staff—Messrs. Kay and Cowper. Inspired by them, he experimented with several circuits during the April holidays. By the end of September he had constructed the basic adding and subtracting unit. Development throughout was slow and laborious; it took three weeks to build a successful flip-flop. There had to be constant modifications of the system, but ultimately an impressive digital computer resulted, with which addition and subtraction could be electronically achieved with accuracy and rapidity.

International Computers and Tabulators, a British computer firm, were sufficiently impressed with this exhibit to donate a £30,000 computer to Bulawayo schools to provide facilities for further experimentation.

T. Foy, M. D. Young and R. Saxby seen working on their exhibits for the Young Scientists' Exhibition.

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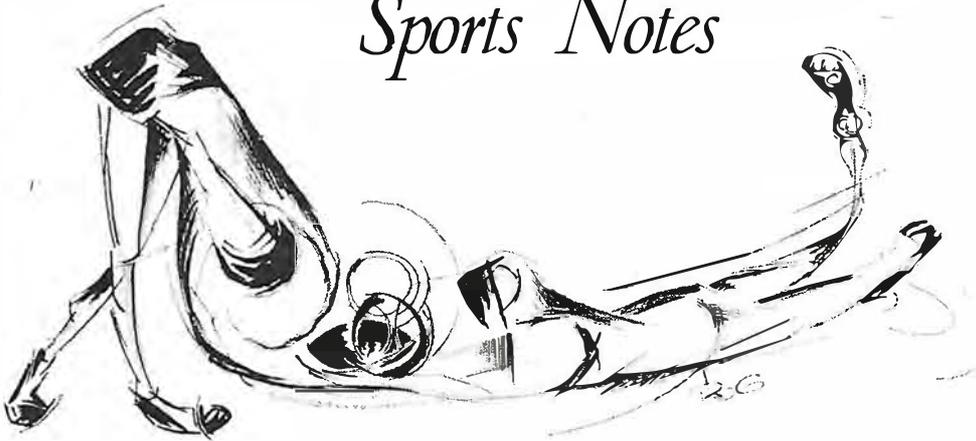
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Sports Notes



Rugby

The 1965 rugby season has been a good one. We have fielded 21 sides, each playing an average of nine games, while the first team played 24 games. These included two tours, one to the Northern Transvaal and one to the Western Cape. Of all the games played, the School teams won or drew three-quarters.

Generally the standard shown throughout has been encouraging, especially the willingness and ability to play open rugby; thus the vast majority of our points were scored by the backs. I feel that the success of the season is due to all the coaches, who worked so willingly with their groups. Especially I would like to thank Messrs. Sprague, Lake and Sager, who came from outside the School to help in the coaching. Altogether we had 15 coaches, thus enabling our lower teams to get a thorough grounding.

With 21 teams playing, we found ourselves short of fields, one being out of commission for the year. However, we managed to fit in an extra field. The condition of the fields was well maintained, especially the two main fields, which are probably the best school fields in the country. For this work we must thank Mr. Cole and his ground staff.

Referees for Saturday morning games are always scarce, but this problem was solved when a group of Teacher Training College students offered their services. This arrangement enabled coaches to watch their own teams, the benefit of which was felt throughout the School.

As we had two tours arranged this year we decided to charge a nominal gate at our home matches, to help cover tour expenses. It also enabled us to entertain two visiting South African sides, namely St. John's College, of Johannesburg, and Louis Trichardt High School.

I am sure that the groundwork laid this year will lead to an even more successful season next year.

THE 1st XV

CAPTAIN: N. Davies.

VICE-CAPTAIN: P. Jones.

COLOURS RE-AWARD: N. Davies.

NEW COLOURS AWARDS: B. Furber, M. Maytham, A. Lucas, D. Smythe, W. Wilson.

CAP AND SCARF: D. Foskett, P. Baron, I. Robertson, P. Jones, M. Cock, P. Longhurst, H. O'Mahoney, S. Carlisle, N. Thompson.

The following also played: N. Gordon (7), J. Eppel (6), C. Laing (6), H. van der Merwe (4), P. Herbst (3), S. Schmulian (2), L. Elsmore-Cary (2), and R. Trevelyan, C. Ferguson, M. Hammett. T. Sager and R. Mutch (one appearance each).

The 1st team had a mixed season which can be divided into two phases—the two tours and our home season. The tours did not bring us victories, but we proved ourselves to be up to the standard of the best schools in areas which had very different approaches to the game. The experience of the forward game in the Northern Transvaal and the complete contrast of the mud and rain in the Western Cape has given us an experience which will be transmitted by the players through the next two years at least. Both tours had their cultural sides. We all feel deeply grateful for the wonderful hospitality that was shown us and for the opportunity of meeting people whose backgrounds were so different from ours.

Our home season never fulfilled the promise shown by the team, the main problem being one of final penetration. We could get into the opposition 25, but did not know how to score. Hence we never got above scoring 16 points in a match, though we were certainly worth more in many we played.

The season was highlighted by several memorable occasions, and also by a very thin period half-way through. We played storming games against our old rivals, Plumtree, proving ourselves masters on both occasions, and had a thrilling victory over Chaplin in Gwelo. In these games the strength of our forwards was really emphasised, especially the complete control we were able to exercise in the line-outs.

The games we would like to forget are those against Falcon and Northlea, where we reached the bottom of our form, and the game against Prince Edward, where our lack of penetration was highlighted and which we almost lost. It was at this time that a serious weakness in our half-back link was magnified, though this was later remedied.

Once through this part of the season we came back to beat, first, St. John's, convincingly—they were our guests for an all-too-short time—and then Louis Trichardt. In this game we avenged a one-point tour defeat and won back the Conway Cup. We ended the season with a tremendous game against Churchill in Salisbury, where, when we at last seemed to have gained the upper hand and were leading 5-3, we lost a player to lose finally in the last minute by 8-13. But the game was a memorable ending to the season.

As far as performances are concerned, several must be mentioned. Neville Davies did a great job as captain and set a fine example for the whole team. Furber compiled an incredible 95 points with his boot, while Lucas, the "baby" of the side, soon developed into the most reliable full-back in Rhodesian schoolboy rugby. The pack worked well as a unit, with Wilson having an increasingly successful season both in his hooking and in the loose. Our line-out experts—O'Mahoney, Smythe and Thompson—gave us so much of the ball that at times we did not know what to do with it.

We are left with the legacy of an inability to score points from last year, and can only hope that the experience gained through this long season will give next season an even better home record than this team enjoyed: eleven wins, two losses and two drawn matches.

NORTHERN TRANSVAAL TOUR RESULTS

Lost to Tom Naude 3-24. Beat Ben Vorster 10-6.
Lost to Merensky 3-8. Lost to Louis Trichardt 11-12.

RHODESIAN GAMES

Beat St. George's 14-6. Beat Chaplin 11-3.
Beat Hamilton 16-0. Drew with Northlea 3-3.
Lost to Falcon 0-8. Beat Plumtree 6-0.
Drew with Prince Edward 3-3. Beat Gifford 8-6.
Beat St. John's 14-6. Beat Louis Trichardt 13-6.
Beat Hamilton 8-3. Beat Guinea Fowl 14-3.
Beat Plumtree 13-3. Beat Gifford 14-3.
Lost to Churchill 8-13.

WESTERN PROVINCE TOUR

Beat St. George's 16-5. Lost to Bishops 0-6.
Lost to Rondebosch 0-12. Drew with Wynberg 5-5.
Lost to Paarl B.H.S. 12-22.

C. W.

THE 2nd XV

CAPTAIN: H. van der Merwe.

PLAYED: N. Herscovitz, L. Elsmore-Cary, P. Herbst, D. Sheffield, S. Schmulian, K. Torr, R. Trevelyan, T. Sager, E. Bush, C. Laing, C. Ferguson, M. Hammett, J. Eppel, M. Erasmus, S. Carlisle, M. Tomlinson, I. Robertson, M. Honnett, P. Coghlan, J. Waugh-Young, B. Watson, C. Moffat, F. Simpson.

The second team this year was one of the most colourful and most prolific scoring sides. Under the able leadership of Van der Merwe and Eppel, they provided us with some really wonderful and open rugby. The main feature of their game was the feast of tries scored by the two wings—Trevelyan (13) and Herscovitz (8)—and only poor handling stopped these numbers from being doubled. Towards the end of the season the backs tended to run across and hold on to the ball too long, but were generally steady. The forwards made up for a lack in size by fire in the loose. Here the backing up and construction of the loose trio of Van der Merwe, Eppel and Herbst paved the way to many tries. Only three matches were lost, and these by very narrow margins. The outlook for next year's season is very rosy with the majority of these players returning to school next year.

RESULTS

Lost to Chaplin 3-5. Beat Hamilton 28-5.
Beat Northlea 20-0. Lost to Falcon 0-6.
Beat Plumtree 21-3. Lost to Prince Edward
13-14.
Beat Gifford 24-3. Beat Hamilton 13-3.
Beat Gifford 29-0. Beat Guinea Fowl 5-0.
Beat C.B.C. 1st XV 8-6. Beat Churchill 9-8.
Beat Gifford 14-3.

C. W.

THE 3rd XV

The team started off the season with three losses but soon recovered and produced excellent rugby for the rest of the term. Grobler proved to be a good captain, and credit should be given to him for the good team spirit. Much of the attacking and open rugby was due to the three roving loose forwards—Peacock, Anstruther and Treger.

RESULTS

Lost to Chaplin 0-12. Beat Hamilton 34-0.
Lost to St. Stephen's 1st XV
0-29. Lost to Falcon 9-24.
Beat Gifford 15-6. Beat Plumtree 14-6.
Beat Hamilton 26-0. Beat Gifford 11-10.
Beat Gifford 45-0. Beat Hamilton 66-0.
Won 7, lost 3. 220 points-87 points.

THE 4th XV

Under the leadership of Thornton the spirit in the side was kept high and some good matches were played.

Beat Hamilton 30-0. Beat Northlea 3rd XV 6-0.
 Lost to St. Stephen's 2nd XV Beat Gifford 22-3.
 6-17. Beat Hamilton 20-0.
 Beat Gifford 9-0.
 Won 5, lost 2. 106 points-31 points.

THE 5th XV

Considering the unavoidable lack of attention, this team often produced good rugby and most of the players showed potential for the game.

Lost to C.B.C. 2nd XV 0-9. Lost to St. Stephen's 2nd XV 6-21.
 Lost to Hamilton Under 16
 "A" XV 5-14. Beat Gifford 15-0.
 Lost to C.B.C. 2nd XV 0-6. Beat Gifford 17-6.
 Beat C.B.C. 2nd XV 16-3. Beat Falcon 24-5.
 Beat Gifford 12-3.
 Won 5, lost 4. 95 points-67 points.

UNDER 16

It is a pity that Under 16 rugby is probably on its way out owing to the paucity of fixtures, as this age group always seems to play the best school rugby. This year was no exception, with a team comprising eleven or twelve players in their fourth season together. When they had a complete back line the A's played some excellent games.

They lost twice—to a fine Prince Edward side and to C.B.C. first team, although the result of the latter was reversed in the second encounter. The forwards were never outclassed, and the backs, though weak in defence at times, always preferred to swing the ball.

Davy—a strong, mature player—led the pack by example, and Strandvik was outstanding in line-out and loose work. Bitter, the captain and possibly the best player in the side, was always enterprising and dangerous at scrum-half. Simpson, flank last year, took over at fly-half. Determination and natural ability produced a very skilful three-quarter—the most-improved player in the side. Corbi was promising at centre, with some good tackling and G. Yeoman had two or three good games.

The team and the School are grateful to ex-Rhodesian eighth-man Willoughby Sprague for his very valuable assistance.

The Bs had only six fixtures and the players deserve credit for their consistent turnouts at practice and enthusiastic play throughout the season. Enjoyable week-day matches against Milton teams provided some incentive. Most of the Bs had a game or two in the A's and, like last year, it would be unfair to single out individual players.

Teams

"A".—Forwards: Cowie, Williams, Fenton, M. Yeoman, Taylor, Strandvik, Davy (vice-captain), M. Davies. Backs: Bitter (captain), Simpson, G. Yeoman, Corbi, Johnson, Van Rensburg, Ayling, Weatherdon. Also played: Stratton, Pogir, Trues-

dale, Santa Clara, Mitchell, Moss, Brown, Lamb, Cullen, Marks.

"B".—Forwards: Matthews, Lamb, Zietsman, Moss (captain), Ogston, Mahoney, Sell, Weatherdon, De Lange, O'Donovan, Pickstone. Backs: Coulter, Brown, Hoskins, Lambert-Porter, Rodley (vice-captain), Mitchell, Carlshoven, Santa Clara. Also played: Young, Berman, Keet, McVey, Wilson, Bernic, Powell, Truesdale, Liebrandt, Newman, Cullen, Androuliakos, Bulling, Pilkington, Lehman.

"A" TEAM RESULTS

Beat Hamilton U.16 22-12. Lost to C.B.C. 1st XV 0-16.
 Lost to Prince Edward U.16 Beat Gifford 3rd XV 9-0.
 XV 5-24. Beat C.B.C. 1st XV 14-9.
 Beat Hamilton U.16 XV 13-5. Beat Plumtree 3rd XV 35-0.
 Beat Churchill U.16 XV 9-8.

"B" TEAM RESULTS

Lost to Hamilton U.16 "B" Beat Northlea 4th XV 6-3.
 XV 0-6. Drew with St. Stephen's
 Beat Gifford 4th XV 6-0. 2nd XV 6-6.
 Beat Hamilton U.16 "B" Lost to Hamilton U.16
 XV 6-3. "B" XV 3-12.

UNDER 16 "C"—Topsy-turvy Fixture

Lost to Falcon 4th XV 3-11.

R.W.

UNDER 15 RUGBY

The Under 15 A side is one with great talent, as is revealed in the season's record of results. When striking their top form they were capable of some magnificent open and attacking rugby. Towards the end of the season, however, caused no doubt by loss of players through injury, some vital spark seemed to disappear from the team and it lost its earlier form. Defence in the centre and forward play in the tight were marked weaknesses. These faults should be easily remedied, however, and the team has very bright prospects for the future.

The following played in the team: Granville (captain), Broli (vice-captain), Ferguson, Clarke, Goosen, Baron, Ker, Ashby, Lone, Campbell, Barlow, Fisher, Shannon, Farrell, Graham, Herbst, Allard, Reilly, Milner, Oakley.

Three other Under 15 teams were fielded, which played some good rugby. The Under 15 B, on occasions, played in quite scintillating fashion. In a normal year many would have been playing for an A side.

We would like to extend our very sincere thanks to Mr. B. Lake and Mr. A. Sager for the tremendous help they gave in coaching the teams.

D. W. M. W.

UNDER 15 "A" RESULTS

Beat Chaplin 25-0. Beat Hamilton 15-3.
 Beat Northlea 5-0. Beat Falcon 11-6.
 Beat Plumtree 11-8. Drew with Prince Edward
 Beat Gifford 21-0. 8-8.
 Lost to Hamilton 0-10. Beat Guinea Fowl 8-3.
 Drew with Gifford 5-5. Beat Northlea 3-0.
 Lost to Churchill 8-13.

UNDER 15 "B" RESULTS

Beat Falcon 51-0. Beat Hamilton 45-0.
 Beat Northlea 15-0. Beat Falcon 38-3.
 Beat Plumtree 45-0. Lost to Gifford 8-10.
 Beat Gifford 28-0. Beat St. Stephen's "A"
 Beat Hamilton 26-0. XV 16-3.
 Beat Hamilton 26-0.

UNDER 15 "C" RESULTS

Beat Falcon 11-6. Beat Hamilton 13-3.
 Beat Hamilton 9-3. Beat Gifford 19-5.
 Lost to C.B.C. "A" XV 3-27. Beat Gifford 33-0.
 Beat Hamilton 42-3. Beat Hamilton 16-3.
 Beat Falcon 20-3. Beat Gifford "B" XV 17-0.

UNDER 15 "D" RESULTS

Lost to C.B.C. "B" XV 6-27. Beat Hamilton 24-8.
 Lost to Hamilton 3-14. Beat Gifford 42-0.
 Lost to Gifford 8-14. Beat Gifford 16-6.
 Beat C.B.C. "B" XV 12-8. Beat Hamilton 11-9.
 Lost to Hamilton 6-12. Beat Gifford "C" XV 23-6.

UNDER 14 RUGBY

The Under 14 A team has not had a successful season, but this can be explained by two factors—the loss of several big players (Tucker, Mantle, Van Niekerk, Oswald and Kallie), and the fact that the boys appear to have been left behind by other schools when it comes to size. They have been an enthusiastic side and have tried hard, with good games against Northlea and Falcon and a lamentable performance against Prince Edward.

The remaining three teams in this group have performed admirably and have played some very good rugby. Thanks go to the Headmaster and Mr. de Beer for their enthusiasm in coaching these teams.

"A" team representatives: Denyer, Wahl, Bernic, Versfeld, A. Barlow, Grieff, Hardman, Mantle, Mervish, Taunton, Hubbard, Harvey, Painting (captain), Wilson, Smythe, Slack, Sharron, S. Matthews, W. Matthews, Forr, Wordsworth, Kit-chener, Tucker, Parker, Mills.

UNDER 14 "A" RESULTS

Lost to Chaplin 3-9. Lost to Hamilton 8-13.
 Beat Northlea 11-3. Beat Falcon 49-0.
 Beat Plumtree 8-0. Lost to Prince Edward 0-39.
 Drew with Gifford 0-0. Lost to Hamilton 3-20.
 Lost to Guinea Fowl 3-11. Lost to Gifford 0-6.
 Won 3, lost 6, drew 1. 85 points-101 points.

UNDER 14 "B" RESULTS

Beat Falcon 50-0. Beat Hamilton 14-6.
 Beat Northlea 29-0. Beat Falcon 53-0.
 Lost to C.B.C. "A" XV 3-6. Beat Gifford 27-0.
 Beat C.B.C. "A" XV 9-8. Beat Hamilton 26-0.
 Won 7, lost 1. 211 points-20 points.

UNDER 14 "C" RESULTS

Beat Hamilton 27-3. Lost to St. Stephen's "A"
 Beat Gifford 9-6. XV 3-18.
 Beat St. Stephen's "A" XV 6-0. Beat Gifford 32-0.
 Lost to St. Stephen's "A"
 XV 6-9. Beat Hamilton 8-6.
 Beat Gifford "B" XV 6-3. Beat Falcon 28-0.
 Won 7, lost 2. 125 points-45 points.

UNDER 14 "D" RESULTS

Lost to C.B.C. "B" XV 0-9. Beat Hamilton 6-0.
 Drew with Hamilton 3-3. Beat Gifford 6-3.
 Beat Gifford 21-0. Beat C.B.C. "B" XV 12-8.
 Beat Hamilton 42-0. Beat Hamilton 13-0.
 Beat Gifford "C" XV 22-6.
 Won 7, lost 1, drew 1. 135 points-29 points.
UNDER 14 OVERALL ANALYSIS
 Won 24, lost 10, drew 2. 556 points for; 195 against.

UNDER 13 RUGBY

The season was generally successful, although a weakness in tackling was at times very evident and often led to points being given away. On the other hand, especially in the "A" XV, the three-quarters often played extremely well, but they must remember that they are also defenders and not merely attackers.

The general enthusiasm for the game at this age level was very encouraging, and on occasion as many as six teams were fielded.

Noble led the "A" team with fire, particularly towards the end of the season, while McCullum, at fly-half, controlled the back play well. He must, however, move a little faster in his first few strides with the ball.

The following played in the "A" team: Baker, Reuterink, Bailey, Sandler, Barbour, McCullum, Harrison, Fort, Ogston, Wilson, Noble, Davies, Graham, Green, O'Donovan, Classen, Cloete, Clarke, Van der Velde.

UNDER 13 "A" RESULTS

Beat Northlea 17-8. Beat Hamilton 12-0.
 Lost to Northlea 5-8. Beat Falcon 52-0.
 Beat Plumtree 6-0. Lost to Prince Edward 5-13.
 Drew with Gifford 0-0. Beat Milton Junior 28-0.
 Beat Hamilton 18-0. Beat Guinea Fowl 12-0.
 Beat Gifford 6-5.
 Won 8, lost 2, drew 1. 161 points-34 points.

UNDER 13 "B" RESULTS

Lost to Northlea 0-6. Lost to Milton Junior 3-5.
 Beat Hamilton 12-0. Beat Northlea 15-5.
 Beat Falcon 29-0. Lost to C.B.C. "A" 3-8.
 Lost to Gifford 0-9. Drew with Gifford 0-0.
 Beat C.B.C. "A" 26-0. Beat Hamilton 3-0.
 Drew with Gifford 3-3.
 Won 5, lost 4, drew 2. 94 points-36 points.

UNDER 13 "C" RESULTS

Beat Falcon 18-0. Lost to Hamilton 5-6.
 Drew with Hamilton 3-3. Lost to Gifford 0-15.
 Drew with Milton Junior "B"
 XV 0-0. Lost to Gifford 3-21.
 Beat Milton Junior "B"
 XV 26-0.
 Beat Hamilton 5-3. Beat Gifford 12-0.
 Beat Hamilton 12-3. Beat Gifford 12-0.
 Won 5, lost 3, drew 2. 84 points-51 points.

UNDER 13 "D" RESULTS

Beat C.B.C. "B" XV 32-0. Lost to Hamilton 0-3.
 Lost to Hamilton 0-9. Drew with Gifford 3-3.
 Lost to Gifford 0-6. Beat Gifford 12-0.
 Lost to C.B.C. "B" XV 0-3. Beat Hamilton 12-3.
 Lost to Hamilton 0-6. Beat Gifford 8-3.
 Won 4, lost 5, drew 1. 67 points-36 points.

UNDER 13 "E" RESULTS

Beat Hamilton 15-0. Beat Gifford 31-0.

UNDER 13 "F" RESULTS

Beat Hamilton 20-0.

Rugby Tour to the Cape

On Monday, 16th August, the touring team left Bulawayo for Cape Town after a very successful Rhodesian season. The only feature of the trian journey was the presence of the Mabelreign Girls' High School hockey team, although this did not affect some of the more "involved" members of the team . . .

On Wednesday our arrival in Cape Towm coincided with the rain, which did not cease until our departure for Paarl. Mr. Thompson, of Bishops, met us at the station and, owing to a miscalculation, some of us had to amuse ourselves in Cape Town until the afternoon. This was followed by a rugby practice, the highlight of which was a full-scale mud fight. The following afternoon, after a series of hikes and train journeys, we played the first game of the tour—against St. George's, who were probably the weakest of the teams we encountered.

The game was played in watery sunshine, but the recent rains had made the field extremely slippery. Milton kicked off and immediately went into the attack, but St. George's were the first to score when their winger went over for a try which was converted (0-5).

Milton came back strongly with some excellent back-line movements which resulted in two tries by Baron, one of which was converted by Furber (8-5). Just before half-time Furber barged over to score and converted the try himself (13-5). The second half was a disappointing one from Milton's point of view, with the ball being won monotonously from the scrums and line-outs, but most of the movements breaking down as a result of a rather lenient off-side rule. In the closing minutes Furber put over a penalty to make the final score 16-5.

This proved to be our only win of the tour. That night the team explored Cape Town. We had Friday to ourselves, with a team practice in the afternoon.

Our match against Bishops was scheduled for the following morning. Unfortunately it rained throughout the early part of the day and still persisted at 11.15, when the match began. These poor conditions contributed largely to our defeat by six points (two tries) to nil. This was our first taste of really wet conditions and the resultant uncertain surface and slippery field. The game began with Bishops playing largely on Milton's mistakes in the loose, and they were soon sitting in our half. They seemed little concerned in the set pieces, where Milton dominated, and were prepared to make the best of their knowledge of the conditions to control the loose ball. This resulted in two good tries, especially one, when their big pack, reinforced by two three-quarters, gained a "push-over" try. Milton were making too many mistakes, especially in trying to open up the game in these conditions.

The second half brought about a complete change. The Milton forwards kept the ball tight and we were soon permanently camped in the Bishops half. However, we could still not capitalise on our now undoubted superiority, even when we tried to bring our backs into the game with passing movements. This was due partly to poor handling conditions and partly to the stubborn defence of the Bishops backs. At the final whistle we felt somewhat unlucky to have lost, but the experience of these conditions was well worth the effort.

That afternoon we were guests of Mr. Piet Bayley, President of the Western Province Rugby Union, at Newlands, where we watched rugby played in similar conditions to those in which we had played.

On Sunday morning we were introduced to our various hosts of Rondebosch High School. Most of our hosts gave us guided tours of the Peninsula that day. Peter Jones and Dingy Gordon were taken up to Signal Hill to see Cape Town by night and were lucky enough to see the news telecaster on the top of Sanlam Building flash, "Bishops beat the touring Milton team 6-0 in muddy conditions".

The game against Rondebosch was our third and, from reports, it was going to be the toughest. There had been no hard rain for two days but, unfortunately, morning showers made the pitch wet again. We could not master the slippery conditions and as a result our three-quarters never really got going and tended to run at half pace.

The standard of play in the first half was good, but as the field became more churned up the game became more scrappy. In the first half Rondebosch scored two tries, which were not converted. Early in the second half Furber narrowly missed a difficult penalty. Two more penalties were scored against us to make the score 0-12. The Milton forwards were far better than their opponents in the set pieces, but Rondebosch were faster on the loose ball.

On Wednesday we departed by bus for Wynberg Boys' High School. We played that afternoon for the fourth time in six days.

Light rain fell throughout this game, with a fairly strong wind blowing down the length of the field. We started off slowly, against the wind, and a few penalties were narrowly missed by Wynberg. Once again the forwards were superior in the set pieces. The line did not get going, as the wet ball made passing difficult, and the game tended to become rather scrappy at times, with Wynberg pressing constantly. There was no score at half-time. Early in the second half Wynberg scored from a scrappy piece of line-out work right on our line. The try was converted and Wynberg led 5-0. Milton came back strongly and remained in Wynberg's 25. Then, from a set scrum, Davies joined the three-quarters, creating an overlap and allowing Foskett to score in the

corner. Furber kicked superbly from far out into the wind and rain, and sent the ball sailing between the posts to draw the game 5-5.

That night our celebrations consisted of a walk in the rain to the cinema. During the next few days several members of the team ventured into the literally freezing sea at Muizenberg.

On Friday morning we were very kindly entertained by Mr. Avin and his mother to a superb tea, after which eight energetic members of the team climbed Table Mountain, guided by Mr. Avin. The boys reached the top in one and a half hours and were greeted by splendid views of Cape Town and the sea.

On Saturday morning we left Wynberg in a hired bus, acquired ingeniously by Mr. Bierman, for Cape Town station. We left for Paarl at 9 a.m. and arrived at about 11 to be met by Mr. "Chum" Osche and a most welcome pile of letters from our loved ones. We were again billeted out. That night we all attended a film show at the Girls' High School. Hereafter followed interesting tours to the Rembrandt cigarette factory and the K.W.V. wine cellars, where we sampled the wines with great relish, which was probably one of the reasons for our defeat two hours later!

For the first time on the tour it looked as though the weather was going to be in our favour, as in fact it was. We had, at long last, a dry field on which to demonstrate our fast, hard-running back line.

From the kick-off one could tell that it was not going to be an easy match for either side to win. Paarl scored first from a penalty, though we were not long in striking back when Robertson gave a long kick into the corner of the field for Lucas to intercept the ball and score a try (3-3).

Paarl then scored two more tries; one from a set scrum in our 25, and the other when the Paarl eighth-man barged through a line-out to intercept a tapped ball and dot it down. Both attempts to convert failed.

Davies kicked a penalty to bring the half-time score to 9-6. In the second half Milton swept into the attack and, from a good movement, Foskett dived over to score (9-9). Paarl's fly-half then put over an excellent drop kick from the centre of the field (9-12). Paarl scored two more tries, both converted. In the meantime Davies had put over a penalty.

Even though Milton held a slight territorial advantage, Paarl broke away from their own 25 to score the last try when they turned a near-try for Milton, which would have made the game a draw, into a try of their own by some superb handling and backing up. This was a wonderful, open game and, though we lost 12-22, we had given an excellent display which almost deserved a draw.

We bade farewell to our various hosts on Wednesday and arrived in Bulawayo on Friday, 3rd September. On behalf of the team I should like to thank Mr. Waller for his very efficient organisation of the tour, Mr. Bierman for accompanying us, and the tea committee for helping to raise funds for the tour.

H. F. M. O'MAHONEY, L VI Arts.

Rugby Tour of Northern Transvaal

In the second week of the Easter holidays the rugby team to tour the Northern Transvaal left Bulawayo. The 20 boys were: N. Davies (captain), P. Jones (vice-captain), S. Cock, W. Wilson, P. Longhurst, D. Smythe, H. O'Mahoney, S. Carlisle, J. Eppel, N. Thompson, P. Herbst, L. Cary, N. Gordon, I. Robertson, M. Maytham, B. Furber, P. Baron, D. Foskett, A. Lucas and R. Mutch.

We travelled to Tom Naude High School in Pietersburg on the first day with 16 boys in the School bus and the other four boys—with the longest legs—accompanying Mr. Todd in his car.

We received a very warm welcome at the school from a few of their players and their coach. We stayed in the school hospital and were made to feel very much at home. We visited the "University of the north" for Africans just outside Pietersburg the next day. This institution impressed everyone with its size, equipment and facilities.

A large crowd turned out to watch the game. From the start the Milton boys were unsettled and Tom Naude were quick to take advantage. Always on the loose ball, they dominated forward play. At half-time the score was 9-3 in favour of Tom Naude, Brian Furber having put over a penalty. After half-time the opposition went on a scoring spree which was aided by poor tackling. The three-quarters ran well but marred movements by poor handling. The forwards held their own in the tight but failed to realise the importance of the loose ball. Finally Tom Naude ran out the winners by 24-3.

The next day we left for Tzaneen, about 60 miles away, passing through country much like our Eastern Districts. We arrived at the Ben Vorster School and were soon billeted out. On Saturday, 1st May, we visited the Letaba Orange Estates about 20 miles from Tzaneen. These estates are the second largest in the world. First of all we were taken over the factory, where we saw the cleaning, sorting and packing of the oranges. We also saw the Bantu constructing the boxes and were amazed to learn that the champion packer packed over 100 boxes a day. After being presented with four pockets of oranges, we were taken to the processing plant, where we saw

the manufacture of orange squash and cattle feed. After visiting the estate owner's private house, we returned to Tzaneen for the game in the afternoon.

The match was played before a good crowd, and the game opened at a tremendous pace. Milton pressed the opposition continually and took every conceivable opportunity. Within the first ten minutes Ben Vorster scored a magnificent try by creating an overlap. The Milton side continued to press fiercely and were a continual threat to the opposition, remaining in their 25 for most of the first half. At the beginning of the second half Milton were down 0-6 but never seemed disheartened. This half saw some excellent and intelligent play by the backs. After a cross-kick by Gordon, Foskett stormed through and scored. Furber converted. The morale was high and Milton continued to fight like Spartans and were spurred on by a very keen and encouraging crowd. The game was sealed in the last minute when a movement developed blind from the scrum and Foskett put in a terrific sprint to score from within his own half. Furber converted and, as the ball salied between the posts, the full-time whistle blew! Milton won 10-6. A dance was given to us that evening at the school.

On Sunday we went to Merensky, which is only five miles from Tzaneen. That afternoon we were taken on a tour of the surrounding countryside. It is a far cry from the monotonous, rolling shrub savanna one sees around Bulawayo. At the same time we visited a series of beautiful waterfalls. After leaving this wonderful site we climbed up through the pine-covered hills, eventually coming out on the main road that took us back to Merensky. On arrival at Merensky we were met by the various families with whom we were billeted. On Tuesday we all went to the Ebenezer Dam about 20 miles from Tzaneen. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent there.

Once more a big crowd attended the game on Wednesday afternoon. Even before we ran on to the somewhat uneven field, we were at a disadvantage; the altitude was 3,000 feet and the day was extremely hot. We kicked off and Merensky kicked upfield. Owing to some bad handling we were kept on our own try-line for about ten minutes. Then we got the ball out to the backs and a good break by centre Maytham took us up to their try-line, where we kept pressing for some time until Merensky's outstanding fly-half forced his way through our defence to score a try making the half-time score 3-0.

In the second half Milton retaliated. Jones broke through their back line and passed out to Davies, who scored in the corner, making the score 3-3. The score remained unchanged until five minutes from the end, when a Merensky forward cut through the defence from the 25 and scored a try. It was con-

verted and the final score was 3-8. That night dinner was laid on for both teams and afterwards we went to the cinema. At midnight we were serenaded by some of the schoolgirls, which proved to be good fun . . . In the morning these girls gave us a tremendous send-off with tea and cakes.

We then left for Louis Trichardt. That afternoon we walked around town and were most impressed to see posters announcing our forthcoming match. Next morning we had our usual practice and another braaivleis was arranged for us that night.

The match on Saturday was played on the town fields before an enthusiastic crowd. Milton kicked off and almost at once the game developed into a brawl, with Louis Trichardt playing a very negative type of rugby. Scoring began early, when Trichardt landed a penalty. Davies soon equalised with a penalty for Milton, and that ended the scoring in the first half.

The game continued to be scrappy in the second half, with Milton generally on the attack. Early on, Robertson, on the wing, scored a try after Baron had made a beautiful break in the centre. This try was unconverted. Louis Trichardt equalised with an unconverted try. Then scrum-half Cary broke blind from a scrum and scored near the corner. Davies converted, bringing the score to 11-6. Milton maintained their lead until the last five minutes of the game. Then Trichardt very unexpectedly went through for two tries, both unconverted. The final score was 11-12.

We had a memorable end to our tour by being given a special dinner at Cloud's End Motel.

The results do not portray a highly successful tour, but the amount of experience gained will be invaluable for the coming season.

H. F. M. O'MAHONEY.

CRITIQUE OF THE TOURING TEAM

MR. CHRIS WALLER: "Nog 'n Bestuurder." A competent and jovial chieftain who gushed enthusiasm. A knowledgeable and energetic coach to whom the undoubted success of the tour and the enjoyment of each and every touring-team member was due.

MR. RON TODD: "Bestuurder." A man of nocturnal habits who made a host of friends wherever he went, and, for his efforts, our thanks.

LEX LUCAS: Full-back. The baby of the team. A quiet and purposeful player.

DAVE FOSKETT: Wing. He was our "glamour boy" on the field. He always had the last word!

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PETE BARON: Wing. Taciturn and a very strong player, always had difficulty in training.

BRIAN FURBER: Centre. One of the terrible twins of hillbilly fame—hampered by a leg injury.

MATTHEW MAYTHAM: Centre. The other terrible twin played well—when he cut down on cigars.

ROBERT MUTCH: Full-back. A steady player who had almost as much to say as Foskett!

NEVILLE GORDON: Fly-half. Had a good tour. He even danced at Ben Vorster!

IAN ROBERTSON: Fly-half. Played steadily, with a “blinder” on the wing against Louis Trichardt.

PETER “JAAP” JONES: Vice-captain; scrum-half. Though often on the receiving end, he steered us to a thrilling victory at Ben Vorster.

LES “ODDJOB” ELSMORE-CARY: Scrum-half. A purposeful player who scored a try each time he played.

PETER LONGHURST: Front row. A tower of strength in a front row that won most of the ball.

“SAMMY” COCK: Front row. A powerful scrummager who developed a sparkling wit.

“WALT” WILSON: Hooker. The “amorous” Scot; he found success both on and off the field.

NEVILLE DAVIES: Captain; flank. The First Musketeer and ambassador of goodwill, especially on an unsuccessful evening at Merensky.

SID CARLISLE: Flank. The Second Musketeer; he improved his game tremendously during the tour.

JOHN EPEL: Flank. Quite irrepressible both in the bus and on the field.

HUGH “STILT” O’MAHONEY: Lock. The Third Musketeer, who developed his linguistic talents to a remarkable degree.

DUDLEY SMYTHE: Lock. The foundation of our pack, and chief vigilante.

PIETER HERBST: Flank. Won renown for his hooking against Merensky, thanks to Walt’s coaching.

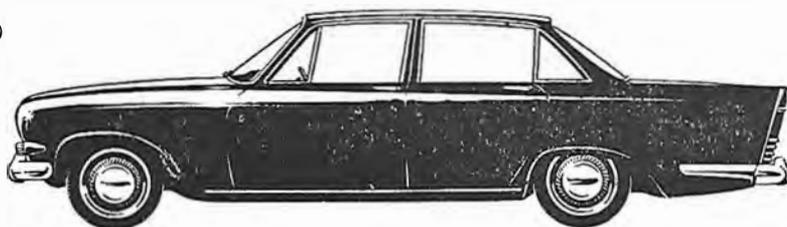
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Cricket

The 1st XI of 1964 had a varied career, mixing some very good performances with a number of mediocre displays. I do not feel the team did itself justice considering the amount of talent available. The main weakness lay with the batting, where boys tended to rely too much on Laughlin, and when he failed others often forfeited their wickets in the belief that they were incapable of making runs. A number of newcomers to the side found it hard to "break in" to the team, and as a result there was no united spirit. The fielding was good at all times, and the bowling never let the team down.

CRITIQUE OF THE 1st XI

- E. LAUGHLIN (captain, 1964): An unpredictable and at times irresponsible player of great ability. A forcing batsman always ready to try one unorthodox stroke, who played exhilarating shots all round the wicket when in full cry. A very useful leg-spinner who could be quite lethal on a helpful wicket. A very good fielder. As a leader he was too often governed by moods, which too frequently allowed the game to slip from his grasp. He has a bright future if he can learn to curb his impetuosity. (Nuffield, 1965.)
- V. VON KLEMPERER (vice-captain, 1964): A hard-hitting left-handed batsman who had a lean season. A very good wicket-keeper to all types of bowling. A strong character who had a marked influence on the younger members. If he concentrates more on improving his batting he should go a long way in cricketing circles.
- C. RIDLEY (captain, 1965): A very sound cricketer possessed of great natural ability, and yet keen to improve his technique at all times. A very mature and stylish opening batsman whose *forté* is his drive. He has proved to be a very accurate opening bowler who can button up batsmen who are set and at the same time run right through a side. A good fielder and a captain who is improving all the time, although he still lacks confidence.
- M. HAMMETT (1964-65): A very talented and stylish batsman who could make a lot of runs, but far too frequently gets himself out just when he looks set for a big score. He must learn to think all the time and discipline himself at the start of an innings. An excellent slip fielder.
- A. SIMONCELLI (1964-65): A solid, jovial middle-order batsman who has shown welcome signs of aggression this year. He is capable of making many more runs than he is doing, once he has learnt not to be satisfied that he has done his job once he has reached 20 or 30. A good fielder who has turned into a very useful wicket-keeper this year. Must curb tendency to snatch. A tonic for any team by virtue of his enthusiasm and devotion to the side.
- P. JONES (1964-65): Vice-captain 1965. This boy has the makings of a very good all-round cricketer, but he must convince himself of this fact first of all. An attacking batsman who plays his shots too stiffly, with the result that he often doesn't quite get his foot to the ball or does not quite get over it. A very good leg-spinner who must learn to bowl a googly. An excellent fielder in any position.
- L. GORRIE (1964): A useful medium-paced bowler who tended to bowl too short to be really effective. A fair fielder who must learn to concentrate more.
- I. FULLER (1964): A big, strong, cavalier cricketer who loved the game, especially when he was able to attack. A useful stock bowler, a hard-hitting number eight batsman and a fair out-fielder.
- J. HARGROVE (1964): An admirable trier who was an excellent example to the younger members of the side. A useful medium-paced bowler and a keen fielder.
- J. DAY (1964): A stylish batsman who is capable of making many runs. An excellent out-fielder.
- R. WRIGHT (1964): A tenacious player, unfortunately disabled for a large part of the season with a broken arm. A useful batsman and keen fielder.
- C. MARKS (1964-65): One of the younger members of last year's side. He has improved with every game and is now a recognised 1st XI player. A good, hard-hitting batsman who must remember to be balanced when playing his shots. A very useful leg-spinner who turns the ball very sharply. A good fielder.
- B. BITTER (1964-65): The most-improved player in the side. A most mature and responsible batsman who has saved the side from embarrassing situations on several occasions. A very good fielder close to the wicket and a useful wicket-keeper in an emergency.
- N. GORDON (1964-65): He has confidence in his ability now, and has improved considerably as a result. A solid opening batsman who drives and cuts well, if not always along the ground. A safe fielder.
- A. WEATHERDON (1965): An attractive, attacking batsman who drives and pulls very well. Could improve his defence, where he tends to be a little casual. A very good fielder.
- G. YEOMAN (1965): A very useful all-rounder who lacks confidence. As a batsman he should play his normal attacking game. As an off-spinner he tends to bowl too short when he comes under punishment. A good fielder.
- P. CAPON (1965): A very useful opening bowler who has improved considerably this year. Must try to vary his deliveries more. A good fielder and a useful defender with the bat.

G. GOUGH (1965): A keen, energetic player. A very good fielder with a powerful throw. Useful lower-order batsman who tends to play back too much, however.

This year's team has played good cricket and now that the batting is beginning to settle down, they should do very well. There is a good spirit in the side, and the fielding has always been of the highest order. Congratulations go to Ridley for receiving his Colours, and for his help in cricketing matters.

FIRST TERM RESULTS

Versus Falcon: Milton 193 for 9 declared (Ridley 48, Gordon 47; Walker 5 for 40). Falcon 216 for 3 (Davidson 101 not out, Carr 64). Lost by 7 wickets.

Versus Northlea: Northlea 145 (Ridley 6 for 35; Dunk 84). Milton 113 (Rogers 4 for 44). Lost by 32 runs.

Versus C.B.C.: C.B.C. 77 (Ridley 4 for 15, Capon 4 for 14). Milton 188 for 6 declared (Hammett 58, Marks 40). C.B.C. 30 (Marks 4 for 2). Won by an innings and 81 runs.

Versus Hamilton: Milton 47. Hamilton 156 (Jones 6 for 56). Lost by 6 wickets.

Versus Plumtree: Plumtree 55 (Ridley 5 for 28, Capon 4 for 15) and 103 (Jones 4 for 31). Milton 82 (Simoncelli 39; Fleming 6 for 25) and 78 for 7. Won by 3 wickets.

Versus Prince Edward: Prince Edward 163 (Ridley 4 for 31, Jones 4 for 82). Milton 164 for 5 (Ridley 73, Bitter 46 not out). Won by 6 wickets.

Versus St. George's: Milton 149 (Marks 37; Berridge 6 for 46). St. George's 150 for 8 (Berry 68; Jones 4 for 62). Lost by 2 wickets.

FIRST TERM AVERAGES

BATTING

	Inn.	N.O.	Total	H.S.	Av.
Bitter ...	9	5	130	46*	32.5
Ridley ...	9	1	208	73	26.0
Simoncelli	9	1	160	39	20.0
Marks ...	7	0	108	40	15.4
Gordon ...	8	0	117	47	14.6
Hammett	8	0	114	58	14.2

BOWLING

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Av
Ridley	128	34	285	28	10.2
Jones ...	120	25	385	28	13.7
Capon	79	24	163	11	11.8
Marks	23	2	105	7	15.0

*Denotes not out.

RESULTS—THIRD TERM, 1964

Versus Gifford: Gifford 213 for 9. Milton 78 (Gorrie 19). Lost by 135 runs.

Versus Guinea Fowl: Milton 199 (Ridley 84, Hammett 31, Jones 27). Guinea Fowl 200 for 8 (Ridley 5 for 35). Lost by 2 wickets.

Versus Chaplin: Milton 161 (Laughlin 72, Ridley 34) and 131 for 7 (Hammett 42). Chaplin 152 (Jones 4 for 30, Fuller 3 for 29) and 113 for 2. Won by 9 runs.

Versus St. George's: Milton 161 (Ridley 49, Jones 33, Marks 30) and 100 for 4 (Laughlin 58). St. George's 109 (Laughlin 4 for 30) and 57 for 2. Won by 52 runs.

Versus Northlea: Northlea 55 (Laughlin 6 for 7) and 152 for 3. Milton 109 (Ridley 43) and 106 for 5 (Fuller 35, Jones 33 not out). Won by 5 wickets.

Versus Falcon: Falcon 243 (Ridley 5 for 90, Day 2 for 1). Milton 245 for 5 (Ridley 107 not out, Laughlin 43, Hammett 30, Simoncelli 27). Won by 5 wickets.

Versus Plumtree: Milton 195 (Hammett 77, Simoncelli 37, Bitter 24 not out, Jones 22) and 165 for 9 (Ridley 50, Marks 24, Hargrove 21 not out). Plumtree 137 (Ridley 4 for 41, Fuller 2 for 20) and 225 for 7 (Ridley 3 for 53, Laughlin 3 for 75). Lost by 3 wickets.

Versus Hamilton: Hamilton 251 for 7. Milton 58 (Wright 19, Laughlin 16) and 104 for 5 (Ridley 42, Wright 28). Lost by 193 runs.

AVERAGES—THIRD TERM, 1964

BATTING

	Inn.	N.O.	Total	H.S.	Av.
Ridley ...	13	1	449	107*	37.4
Laughlin ...	13		265	72	20.3
Wright ...	4		74	28	18.5
Bitter	7	2	87	24*	17.4
Hammett	13		220	77	16.9
Marks	10	3	115	30	16.4

BOWLING

	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Av
Wright ...	15	2	59	5	11.8
Ridley ...	157	40	462	28	16.5
Burton ...	33	7	86	5	17.2
Laughlin ...	116	28	445	23	19.3

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Hockey

FIRST XI

The 1965 season was very successful for the 1st XI, which lost only four games out of ten. This was perhaps the strongest team for a number of years. The strength of the team lay in the forwards.

The season started disastrously when we lost the first game to Falcon by 1-7. The match was played at Falcon, who have a very fast field. Falcon had just returned from a very successful tour of the Republic, and completely overwhelmed Milton.

After that the team improved with every game. When the return game against Falcon was played at Milton later in the season, Milton looked a completely new side. Milton was first to score, early in the second half, through a good solo run by McGregor. The ball only just crossed the line after McGregor followed up his own shot. It was not until within the last five minutes of the game that Falcon were able to score the equaliser and draw the game. Falcon, in fact, turned out to be the only school in Matabeleland to beat Milton.

The two wings, Ridley and Curtis, played well throughout the season. Curtis will be valuable in the team next season if he keeps it up. The wing halves supported the forwards and defended well throughout the season. Hamilton-Brown played extremely well at right-half. Visagie will improve at right-half. Close played at centre-forward but only really showed any form at the end of the season. Barbour played well at right-inner and centre-forward in the four games in which he played for the first team. Simoncelli, playing in his first season at full-back, had a number of very good games. Williams, playing at full-back with Simoncelli, did not have a very good season; he was caught out of position too often. Burton had an outstanding season in goal and was perhaps unfortunate in not being selected for one of the Matabeleland teams. Next season, however, he should do very well. The two inside forwards, McGregor and Ralphs, were outstanding among the forwards, but Ralphs at times lacked penetration. Muil, who captained the side, normally plays at full-back, but had to play at centre-half when, early in the season, Capon broke a finger in a practice game.

Eight Milton players were invited to the Matabeleland trials but only three were successful. Ralphs, McGregor and Muil were selected for the "A" team. McGregor and Muil were later selected for the Rhodesian Schools team.

The following also played in the 1st XI: M. Hammett, P. Capon and D. Blatch.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Lefevre for his excellent coaching of the 1st and 2nd XIs.

AWARDS

HOCKEY TABS: Burton, Simoncelli, Visagie, Hamilton-Brown, Curtis, Close, Ridley.

COLOURS: Muil, McGregor and Ralphs.

RESULTS

Lost to Falcon 1-7.	Drew with Falcon 1-1.
Beat Hamilton 2-0.	Beat Hamilton 2-0.
Beat Northlea 2-0.	Beat St. Stephen's 4-0.
Beat St. Stephen's 2-0.	Lost to Prince Edward 2-6.
Lost to Prince Edward 2-5.	Lost to Churchill 0-3.
Drew with Guinea Fowl 3-3.	Beat Chaplin 6-2.
Beat Plumtree 2-0.	

R. M.

UNDER 14 HOCKEY

The season started with about 25 players turning out to practice. Unfortunately most other schools did not field "B" teams and, as a result, many of our players did not get a chance to play in matches.

The "A" team made up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in ability. By the end of the season all players showed marked improvement, both in stick work and positional play.

Two wins were recorded against Northlea and two crushing defeats against St. Stephen's and Falcon. Otherwise, although the matches were lost, the games were interesting and close.

Parker proved to be an able and popular captain. McKenzie (left-wing) and Best (centre-half) showed promise.

N. W. A.

Athletics

CAPTAIN: K. Reed.

VICE-CAPTAIN: D. Foskett.

COLOURS AWARDS: K. Reed, D. Foskett, P. Capon, N. Thompson.

School athletics at the beginning of the year was slow in getting under way due to many of the better athletes being involved in the other major first term sports of cricket and swimming.

However, with matches against Founders and St. Stephen's and a trip to Salisbury for the Mashonaland Junior Championships as motivating factors, enthusiasm grew and by the time the School Sports came around a gratifying number of boys was participating in and deriving benefit from athletics training.

Detailed Results

School Matches: In the closely contested "friendlies" against Founders High School and St. Stephen's, Milton managed to emerge victorious in both encounters.

Mashonaland Junior Championships: A large team of 35 boys travelled to Salisbury for these championships, where they met very stiff opposition, particularly from the Salisbury schools. Milton School per-

formed creditably, however, and the following achieved first places:

C. Davey in the Under 17 Javelin.

N. Thompson in the Under 17 High Jump, with a new Under 17 Rhodesian record of 5 ft. 9 in.

P. Capon in the Open High Jump.

School Cross-country: The two boarding hostels dominated both the junior and senior cross-countries. Pioneer won the junior event with Charter second. The senior cross-country was won by Charter with Pioneer second.

Individual results.—Junior cross-country: first, W. Goosen, in a record time of 4 min. 49.7 sec. The senior cross-country was won by athletics captain K. Reed, also in a record time—15 min. 41 sec.

RESULTS OF THE SCHOOL SPORTS, HELD AT CENTRAL SPORTS GROUND ON SATURDAY, 3rd APRIL

Under 13 Events

100 yards: C. Raizon. Time 12.1 sec.
220 yards: C. Raizon. Time 27.2 sec. RECORD.
Long jump: M. Sayer. Distance: 14' 4½".
High jump: B. Joyce. Height: 4' 4¾".
4 x 110 yards relay: Birchenough. Time: 55.7 sec. RECORD.
4 x 220 yards relay: Birchenough. Time: 2 min. 0.5 sec.

Under 14 Events

100 yards: S. Versveld. Time: 12.2 sec.
220 yards: S. Versveld. Time: 27.1 sec.
80 yards hurdles: Versveld. Time: 12.5 sec.
High jump: B. Wahl. Height: 4' 4".
Long jump: S. Versveld. Distance: 17' 0½".
Shot, 8 lb.: R. Gordon. Distance: 36' 7¾".
4 x 110 yards relay: Pioneer. Time: 55.5 sec.
4 x 220 yards relay: Birchenough. Time: 1 min. 56.8 sec.

Under 15 Events

100 yards: J. Kerr. Time: 11.4 sec.
220 yards: C. Baron. Time: 25.7 sec.
440 yards: P. Clarke. Time: 57.9 sec.
880 yards: N. Cloete. Time: 2 min. 23.2 sec.
80 yards hurdles: J. Kerr. Time: 12.5 sec.
High jump: P. Clarke. Height: 4' 11".
Long jump: J. Kerr. Distance: 18' 2".
Shot: J. Kerr. Distance: 38' 5¾".
Discus: D. Williamson. Distance: 100' 6½".
Javelin: F. Granville. Distance: 133' 10¾".
4 x 110 yards relay: Pioneer. Time: 51.4 sec.
4 x 220 yards relay: Borrow. Time: 1 min. 49.5 sec.

Under 16 Events

100 yards: G. Yeoman. Time: 10.4 sec.
220 yards: C. Marks. Time: 25 sec.
440 yards: T. Stratton. Time: 56.8 sec.
880 yards: K. Young. Time: 2 min. 17 sec.
110 yards hurdles: G. Yeoman. Time: 16.5 sec.
High jump: R. Johnson. Height: 5'.
Long jump: A. Lucas. Distance: 16' 10".
Shot: C. Marks. Distance: 43' 4½".
Discus: B. Strandvik. Distance: 111' 11¼".
Javelin: C. Davey. Distance: 151'.
4 x 110 yards relay: Chancellor. Time: 49.5 sec.
4 x 220 yards relay: Chancellor. Time: 1 min. 46.5 sec.

Open Events

100 yards: D. Foskett. Time: 10.4 sec.
220 yards: D. Foskett. Time: 22.8 sec.

440 yards: C. Morriss. Time: 54.3 sec.
880 yards: K. Reed. Time: 2 min. 11.3 sec.
One mile: R. Muil. Time: 5 min. 0.2 sec.
120 yards hurdles: R. Trevelyan. Time: 16.7 sec.
High jump: P. Capon. Height: 6'. RECORD.
Long jump: P. Capon. Distance: 20' 10".
Shot, 12 lb.: N. Thompson. Distance: 36' 5½".
Discus: G. Ridley. Distance: 112' 3".
Javelin: B. Ziv. Distance: 134' 8".
Triple jump: P. Capon. Distance: 40' 2".
Pole vault: M. Bartholomew. Height: 9'.
4 x 110 yards relay: Heany. Time: 47 sec.
4 x 220 yards relay: Heany. Time: 1 min. 38.5 sec.

Under 13 Champion: C. Raizon.

Under 14 Champion: S. Versveld.

Under 15 Champion: J. Kerr.

Under 16 Champion: A. Lucas.

Junior Victor Ludorum: J. Kerr.

Senior Victor Ludorum: P. Capon.

It is difficult to name all the promising athletes who emerged from this season. P. Capon, however, was undoubtedly the outstanding athlete of the year for Milton. In winning the Senior Victor Ludorum he jumped 6 ft. in the high jump, which is a very fine schoolboy performance.

K. Reed proved an exceptional captain and did much for School athletics. In this he was very ably supported by D. Foskett.

L. REYNOLDS.

Judo

MASTER IN CHARGE: Mr. E. Bierman.

CAPTAIN: M. D. Heim.

COLOURS: M. D. Heim.

The number of boys doing Judo this year has been rather disappointing; however, there have been some very keen boys who have certainly benefited from the School's Judo club. Two of them have obtained belts in the senior gradings held by the Rhodesian Judo Association this year.

A major problem facing the Club is that next year there will be no senior boys to train the juniors, and unless help can be obtained from the Matabeleland Judo Association, the future of the Club is rather doubtful.

The senior and junior teams will be fighting a three-cornered match against Gifford and Hamilton for the Van der Byl Trophy in October. We are hoping that we may be successful this time, as in the past three years we have been runners-up.

The Club would like to extend its thanks to Mr. Bierman, who has done a great deal to make it a success.

P. R.

School Tennis

This year has been a very successful one for the tennis team, our greatest accomplishment being the recapturing of the Mim du Toit tennis trophy, which we last won in 1951. We contested the final against Mount Pleasant, winning by ten matches to three, with three unplayed.

The team also went on tour to Johannesburg this year, an account of which appears elsewhere in the magazine.

Apart from the inter-school matches, we have entered two teams in the Matabeleland league. First league has not yet started, and although the reserve league team failed to win a match, the experience gained by the players was invaluable. Two teams were also entered in the local schools league, which was won by Milton "B" team, with the "A" team a very close second.

Colours have been awarded to Pattison, Baldwin, Hubbard (all re-awards), and Nadel, while Dick, Fawcett and Young have their first-team tabs. Other regular first-team players were I. Russell and T. Sayer.

Milton boys have figured prominently outside the School. In the Rhodesian Junior Championships Pattison took the singles, the mixed doubles and, in partnership with Nadel, the boys' doubles crowns. Furthermore Pattison, Baldwin, Nadel, Hubbard, Dick and Fawcett played in the Matabeleland junior team. Pattison also played in the Matabeleland "A" team in the senior inter-provincials, and Nadel was picked for the "B" side.

All in all, this has been a very successful year, due in no small measure to the efforts of Mr. Alcock and Mr. Everett, to whom the team extends its gratitude.

Beat Northview 13-0.	Beat Hamilton 13-0.
Lost to Durban High 6-8.	Lost to Maritzburg College 6-8.
Beat Highlands North 12-0.	Lost to Ellis Park Juniors 10-6.
Beat Pretoria Boys' High 12-4.	Beat King David 11-1.
Beat Balfour Park Juniors 10-6.	Beat Parktown 10-6.
Beat Northview 12-0.	Beat Prince Edward 8-4.
Beat Marists 12-4.	Beat Mount Pleasant (Mim du Toit final) 10-3.

H. HUBBARD.

School Tennis Tour of Johannesburg

During the last holidays the School tennis team left for Johannesburg in the School minibus to begin the third successive tour of South Africa by a Milton tennis team. Apart from the fact that the tour was of longer duration than either of the other two tours—we were away twelve days all told—it was by far the most successful one, the School winning seven of the eight matches played.

The touring team comprised A. Pattison, A.

Baldwin, S. Nadel, H. Hubbard (captain), A. Fawcett, I. Russell, T. Sayer and M. Young.

We left Bulawayo on Tuesday, 24th August and, after a night stop at the Lalapanzi Bushveld Inn, arrived safely, although somewhat shaken by the voluminous and speedy traffic. At Northview High School, Johannesburg, where we were to be accommodated for the duration of the tour, we were treated by our host school that night to some very interesting films covering various aspects of lawn tennis.

The following afternoon we played our opening match—against Highlands North, a school which soundly thrashed us two years ago. We found their strength to be considerably diminished and beat them without much trouble, fifteen matches to one.

We decided to pass the time on Friday morning with a visit to the Albert Hertzog F.M. Tower in Brixton, and found it worth while. This modern Colossus, 700 feet high, commands a fantastic view of Johannesburg and its environs and includes the fastest lift in Africa. We still had time to pay a quick visit to the famed Johannesburg Zoo before we set out for Pretoria to play our one and only match there—against Pretoria Boys' High. This is another school which beat us on our first tour two years ago, but we managed to turn the tables on them this time to the tune of twelve matches to four.

On Saturday we played the toughest match of the tour at Ellis Park against a team which consisted of most of the top juniors in the city. Despite the formidability of our opponents, we managed to put up a good struggle before bowing out by four matches to twelve all told.

Another morning match was played on Sunday, this time against the junior members of Balfour Park, one of Johannesburg's larger and more wealthy sports clubs. We were all now quite familiar with Johannesburg's playing conditions, and we ran out fairly easy winners, thirteen-seven.

Northview, our host school, were our next opponents. Although there were a couple of closely contested matches—especially that between Pattison and their top player, Gray, which Pattison took 10-8, 6-4—we emerged unscathed, beating them 12-0. They seemed to take their beating like real sports, however, for that night we were treated by Mr. Cullen, the deputy headmaster of the school, to a bioscope.

The following morning we left Johannesburg early for Vanderbijlpark, a city which has the distinction of possessing the only completely automatized ten-pin bowling alley in Africa. A great time was had by all and we regretted the fact that Vanderbijlpark was not a lot nearer Johannesburg. In the afternoon we played King David, a Jewish private school, which we managed to beat by the narrow

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margin of one match last year. This time, however, we trounced them eleven matches to one.

On Wednesday afternoon we played Marist Brothers, who were lying second in the Johannesburg schools league table. We played this match at the Wanderers Club, one of the largest sports clubs in the world. The courts were of clay, much the same as most Rhodesian courts. As a result we played rather well and cruised home to victory by thirteen matches to two.

Our final match, which was played at Ellis Park, was against Parktown High, who were reputed to be the top school in Johannesburg. Although our "B" section (the four bottom players in the team) lost by two matches to six, the "A" section won eight-love to give us the match by ten-six—a satisfactory end to a very successful tour.

That night most members of the team visited the Johannesburg Planetarium, which stands in the grounds of the University of the Witwatersrand. The huge dome of this building and the monstrous machine which projects images of the heavenly bodies on to this dome with the utmost precision, are to be marvelled at, and the evening was further enhanced by an illuminating lecture by Professor Bleksly, of the University, on the signs of the zodiac.

The following morning, Friday, 3rd September, we took leave of our host school after giving vent to our joyful spirits with the loudest war-cry we could muster! We could not get away, however, before the rapacious Northview girls had deprived each and every one of us of the hatbands of our strawbushers!

On our way home we paid a hasty visit to another of the constructional marvels of South Africa—the Voortrekker Monument. That night was spent at Mountain Inn Hotel and we arrived back shortly after lunch the following day.

It will be obvious that this tour was a great success. Furthermore, it could not possibly have been more enjoyable. For this we have to thank Mr. R. A. Everett, who accompanied us as master in charge. He gave himself wholeheartedly to the successful promotion of the tour in all its aspects, and we hope he enjoyed the tour as much as we did. To him the team extends its most sincere gratitude.

I would like also to record our thanks to Mr. Cullen, of Northview, on whom lay the burden of arranging our itinerary and accommodating us. To be sure, he made a sterling job of both, even though the sign outside our quarters distinctly read, "GIRLS' CLOAKROOM"! We would also like to thank those generous ladies who spent so much of their time preparing all those delicious meals for us.

All that remains is to express the hope that all future tours will be as successful as this one. From our point of view it could not have been better.

HILTON HUBBARD.

Badminton

This year the number of matches played has been somewhat restricted owing to pressure of other activities on both Staff and boys. We did, however, manage to play our rivals, Northlea, and also Hillside Presbyterians. Our losing both these matches enabled Northlea to draw level in match wins to date and gave Hillside their first victory in seven matches.

The formation of a team by Gifford means that next year it should be possible to have an inter-schools league.

The influx of a fairly large number of junior players augurs well for the future, and we look forward to regaining our lead over Northlea. Results of matches played by Milton since 1963 are as follows:

	Won	Lost	Drew
Versus Northlea	4	4	2
Versus Falcon	1	1	
Versus Hillside Presbyterians	7	2	2

A. W.

Junior Tennis

Numbers of boys turning out to tennis practice, especially during the winter term, have been rather low. However, there have been small nuclei of boys in the groups who have, through their keenness, inspired others to turn up. Matches were arranged against most of the local schools and many close and interesting finishes were recorded. The two matches against Col. Cosen's Under 14s were especially interesting and produced some fine tennis.

The Under 15 "A" team usually consisted of Charsley, Reiff, Reichman, Williamson, Langford and Muller. The Under 14 "A" comprised D. Lenegan, C. Lenegan, Schreider, Kallie, Israel and Niven.

N. W. ALCOCK.

UNDER 13 TENNIS

The boys have shown much interest in this activity and it is pleasing to see how many boys, not necessarily of high standard, are playing for the enjoyment of the game. Much promise is shown by boys like B. Feigenbaum, R. Lepar, A. Leiman, S. Fredman and P. Deutsch, while others—like I. Kalvaria, L. Fisher, M. Ross and P. Reichman, to mention only a few—are much improved.

Owing to the apparent shortage of Under 13 material in other Bulawayo schools, matches have been played only against Hamilton and C.B.C. The games, however, were enjoyed by all. Unfortunately, games against Hamilton were cancelled in the second term owing to clashes with rugby and hockey.

M. HAWTHORNE.

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Gymnastics Club

With practically no members of any real experience and ability in gymnastics, the Club has not been in a position to put on a display this year.

Nonetheless, the potential is there among the juniors, with A. Painting showing particular promise. It is hoped that by next year the neophyte gymnasts will have developed considerably, in which case matches against other schools will be arranged and a display held.

L. REYNOLDS.

Swimming

CAPTAIN: K. Reed.

COLOURS: T. Fisher, N. Davies, K. Reed.

The 1964-65 swimming season was a very successful one, the team being undefeated. Fixtures included matches against Gifford, C.B.C., Hamilton and Falcon. A good season was crowned by the winning of the Harriers Shield in February, although throughout the gala Hamilton High School was always in the running.

Notable achievements were the selection of N. Davies and T. Fisher to swim for Rhodesia, and F. Granville's selection for Matabeleland, while K. Reed swam well and proved to be an excellent captain.

If the swimming team's excellent record is to be maintained, greater efforts must be made by all members to train regularly and hard.

B. N.

Squash

Squash, the up-and-coming sport at Milton, has indeed had a successful season this year. This is the first time that Milton has ever entered as many as three league teams, of which one was in the first division.

The first-league team comprised B. Ziv, S. Nadel, and schoolmaster Mr. R. Todd. This team did remarkably well considering the standard of first-league squash in Bulawayo, and the experience gained by all was invaluable.

The other two teams were both in the second league division and consisted of both schoolboy and schoolmaster teams. Although the number of matches won by these teams was not too great, they gave a good account of themselves. The schoolboy team consisted of N. Herscovitz, S. Schmulian and P. Baron, while M. Heim, D. Emanuel and A. Shein played on numerous occasions.

All arrangements concerning league and coaching were undertaken by the captain and secretary, Ziv, and concern is expressed regarding the future of squash at Milton School. It is imperative that next

year a schoolmaster be approached to undertake the responsibility of running so active a sport. It would indeed be a pity to allow the enthusiasm of the players to dwindle.

Squash Colours were awarded to B. Ziv, who recently won the Matabeleland Squash Plate and who is a representative of the Matabeleland Squash Association. It is hoped in the near future to award half Colours to a number of players whose interest and ability are both improving. The recent inter-house tournament was won by Borrow, with Heany as runners-up.

The Milton School squash teams would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Whales for all the encouragement he has given them during the past season.

B. Z.

Basketball

In the first term the basketball team played in the first league and, although playing against older and more experienced men, it proved a strong combination and four games were won. The highlight of the term was the inter-school basketball tournament (or Leyland Cup tournament) in Salisbury, where Milton won two games and narrowly lost the third to Prince Edward, who were the overall winners. Furber, Thompson and McGregor were chosen for the proposed inter-school team to play a touring Yugoslav team. Unfortunately the game did not materialise.

The following boys played in the first team: B. Furber (captain), N. Thompson, I. McGregor, J. Eppel, C. Ferguson, J. Grobler, M. Trinder, K. Torr and B. Strandvik. Half Colours were awarded to B. Furber, N. Thompson, I. McGregor and K. Torr.

For the third term two teams were entered in the second and third leagues in order to give more boys an opportunity to play. The beginning of the new season should bring excellent results.

Y. U. S.

Water Polo

MASTER IN CHARGE: Mr. C. Waller.

CAPTAIN: N. Davies.

COLOURS: N. Davies (re-award), F. Davies, H. O'Mahoney.

FIRST TEAM PLAYERS: R. Mutch, R. Zipper, M. Herscovitz, K. Duncan, T. Sager, L. Cullen, C. Liebrant.

Water polo has become one of the major summer games this year, with the participation of approximately 120 boys. To cater for these players we have entered three teams in friendly town leagues. The first team ended up third in the first league, while two teams were entered in the second league. We also

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arranged and organised a little league between Hamilton, Gifford and ourselves at the Under 14 level. In this league we were able to enter eight sides. It is hoped that next year we will be able to enter two further teams in the proposed town third league and bring the number of boys playing the sport up to 150. A very keen interest has been kept up in the game by the running of house matches, allowing an even greater number of boys to participate.

Our first team has done exceptionally well this year, especially in winning the Crusader Shield. In this tournament we proved ourselves well above the class of any of the other schools taking part. We won all our matches by a margin of at least four goals. The team based its strength on a very powerful defence—they conceded only 18 goals in the eight games played—and on two prolific scorers in the two Davies'. We must again congratulate N. Davies who was for the third year chosen to represent Rhodesia in the Currie Cup tournament. His experience and assistance in coaching the little league has helped our polo to reach its present standard.

CRUSADER SHIELD RESULTS

Beat Ellis Robbins 17-1.	Beat Gifford 9-1.
Beat Churchill 11-4.	Beat Falcon 7-2.
Beat Hamilton 13-3.	Beat Prince Edward 8-2.
Beat Plumtree 14-3.	Beat Allan Wilson 6-2.

Baseball

Last year proved to be an outstanding season for Milton baseball. The team won all its league games, and four of its players represented Rhodesia against the touring South African side in September—M. Lister, B. Phillips, D. Fenton and R. James were chosen for the national side and N. Brander for the provincial team.

Although Milton lost its Rhodesian players, with the exception of James, this year, the team conceded only one game. C. Granville, on the mound, had a number of frame shut-outs to his credit. James confirmed his Rhodesian selection by putting in an outstanding batting performance. R. Fenton and A. Krell are up-and-coming players and, with further experience, their base play should improve. J. Barkley and J. Martin played consistent baseball, showing skill in many a hot box. N. Brander directed team play from the outfield, and, with B. Alexander and P. Curtis, a formidable combination was produced in the outer diamond.

The young side has great potential and should improve in the coming season, but if Milton is to remain the top school league, batting will have to improve considerably.

During the year Brander was awarded Colours, and James received a re-award.

FIRST TEAM RESULTS

Beat Hamilton 8-4.	Drew with Cranborne 7-7.
Beat Churchill 14-6.	Beat Hamilton 13-11.
Lost to Hamilton 9-16.	Beat Cranborne 21-10.
Beat Churchill 18-5.	

N. B.

UNDER 15 BASEBALL

The numbers turning out in this group dropped considerably from last year and we were able to field only one team.

Matches were played against Hamilton, Churchill and Cranborne, and the team, although not always coming out on top, acquitted itself well.

The team usually comprised: Allard, Goosen, Clarke, James, Oakley, Krengle, Granville, Williamson, Strydom and Allen.

A. S.

Table Tennis

This year Milton entered five teams in the Matabeleland League, one in each league, with a total of 15 players. Considering that most players were new to the game, we had a very successful season. Our fourth-league team, consisting of Ayers (captain), Maertens and Jenkinson, was most successful and won the fourth league. The second team, with John Langford (captain), Clive Morgan and Steven Langford, did very well and won its section in the second league. The first team, with Fletcher (captain) and Davidson, played against some very stiff opposition and managed to come third at its first attempt in the premier division.

A disappointment was provided by the third-league team, which, after starting successfully, had to be withdrawn in the middle of the season for various reasons, but at the end of the season they were still in fifth position, which shows what a good start they made. But of all the teams the fifth-league side made the greatest effort, trying very hard to win the league; but with Favish retiring towards the end of the season they dropped two games and came third, only one point behind the leaders. The team consisted of Neil Graham (captain), D. Fox and John Lowenstein, who showed much promise.

All Matabeleland junior championships were won by Milton players. J. Fletcher reached the final of the Rhodesian junior championship, where he was beaten by the more experienced Fred Alexander, a South African University player. Philip Davidson had his most successful year, winning the Parkview junior, Matabeleland junior and Matabeleland schools championships, in the final of which he beat Fletcher. But without doubt the most promising Matabeleland junior player is Milton's Steven Langford, who played extremely well in the second

league and won many matches in the first league when called upon to play for the first team. A Rhodesian junior team was sent to South Africa and again Milton was well represented by the two Langford brothers. Last year Milton won the Rhodesian Inter-schools Shield, beating Morgan High School, Salisbury, in the finals.

To conclude, I should like to thank the Headmaster for his kind support throughout the season, so helping in the bid to increase the popularity of the game among schoolboys.

J. FLETCHER.

Old Miltonian Association Notes

Since the Old Miltonians Association moved from its Showground headquarters a few years ago, the Club has always been in danger of folding up.

This was due to the fact that the Association had no home of its own and, although the sporting sections of the Club somehow managed to stick together, there was no consolidated headquarters and each section was a separate entity.

However, thanks to the untiring efforts of the chairman, Mr. D. C. Harrison, and his committee, which kept working during the years spent in recess, and with the help of the sporting sections, sufficient funds were raised to enable us to realise an ambition and build the first portion of the new clubhouse in Townsend Road at the end of 1964.

Since that day progress has been rapid, not only in the development of the Club and the grounds, but in the re-organisation of the Club to bring all the sections together under one roof, this in itself being a major task.

The rugby section had had its headquarters at Hartsfield during the lean years, as did the cricket section, which used the wicket and nets at Central Sports Ground.

With the advent of the clubhouse, and through the kindness of the School in placing its excellent facilities at our disposal for practice purposes, a concerted move was made to concentrate all activities at Townsend Road. The swimming, water polo and hockey sections have returned to the Club, and a bowls section was formed.

The bowling green has been our first concern as far as ground development is concerned, but now that it has reached its final stages, attention is being given to the building of cricket and rugby fields, as well as basketball and tennis courts, the aim being to provide members of the Old Boys' Association with the same facilities they enjoyed at school.

The development to date has been done by a few in order that the many who will be leaving school at

the end of this year and in future years will be able to continue to enjoy the friendships and associations made while at school, and the only reward that these few are seeking is a steady stream of Milton Old Boys to our ranks.

A brief report of the sections follows:

RUGBY

Once again the 1st XV, ably led by Des van Jaarsveldt, won the Matabeleland First League tournament and went forward to the Globe and Phoenix tournament in Que Que.

An encouraging feature of the rugby section this year has been the interest shown by the younger players, which augurs well for a healthy section in the future.

Our congratulations to all those who were selected for representative honours.

CRICKET

The cricket section is still "homeless", but work will shortly commence on the "O.M.s Oval".

Support from the younger members is sadly lacking, but we feel sure that when we can offer nets and other practice facilities the position will improve.

BOWLS

This section has started with a swing and is being well supported by its members, both ladies and gentlemen. The first green is almost complete and we are all waiting for the day when our bowlers will be trundling woods on their own green.

Particular credit goes to Mike Thal for the work and time he has put into the preparation of the green.

WATER POLO

Once again our water polo players won the Payne Shield competition. We have now held this shield, which is the first league shield in Bulawayo, consecutively for 33 years, excluding the war years, when the competition was suspended.

Well done, water polo players—and congratulations to representative players, both Rhodesian and Matabeleland.

BASKETBALL

The basketball section has been a tower of strength in Bulawayo leagues, but as yet does not operate at the Club.

A cemented court is being laid for their use, and we hope it will not be long before we have them at Townsend Road as well.

R. L.

Late News

School Diary

15th October: Milton beat Gifford to win the Van der Byl Inter-Schools Judo Trophy.

22nd October: Annual General Cadet Inspection.

22nd October: Milton beat Hamilton to win the R.T.V. inter-high-schools quiz.

26th October: The 36th Inter-House Swimming Gala took place.

Milton High School Gala

In the gala this year six new records were established—two by Cullen in the Under 16 group and two by Farrell in the Under 15 group.

Birchenough won the house competition with 114 points, from Borrow (96 points).

Individual Results

FREE-STYLE—

- Under 13, 50 metres: E. Baker (F), 34.1 sec.
- Under 14, 100 metres: A. Zipper (Bi), 1 min. 9.9 sec.
- Under 15, 100 metres: H. Johnston (Bo), 1 min. 7.4 sec.
- Under 16, 100 metres: L. Cullen (P), 1 min. 8.3 sec.
- Open, 100 metres: N. Davies (Bo), 1 min. 1 sec.

BREAST-STROKE—

- Under 13, 50 metres: E. Harris (Bo), 47.7 sec.
- Under 14, 100 metres: A. Zipper (Bi) and B. Knight (H), tie, 1 min. 33.2 sec.
- Under 15, 100 metres: F. Granville (F), 1 min. 26.4 sec.
- Under 16, 100 metres: A. Lucas (Bo), 1 min. 26 sec.
- Open, 100 metres: T. Fisher (Bi), 1 min. 16.9 sec.

BACK-STROKE—

- Under 13, 50 metres: M. Saxby (Bo), 41.7 sec.
- Under 14, 50 metres: A. Zipper (Bi), 39.7 sec.
- Under 15, 50 metres: B. Farrell (Bi), 34.7 sec. RECORD.
- Under 16, 50 metres: D. Noyes-Smith (F), 36.1 sec.
- Open, 100 metres: N. Davies (Bo), 1 min. 18.6 sec.

BUTTERFLY—

- Under 14, 50 metres: A. Zipper (Bi), 38.4 sec.
- Under 15, 50 metres: F. Granville (F), 33 sec. RECORD.
- Under 16, 50 metres: L. Cullen (P), 32.1 sec. RECORD.
- Open, 50 metres: F. Fisher (Bi), 32.5 sec. RECORD.

INDIVIDUAL MEDLEY—

- Under 15, 4 x 25 metres: B. Farrell (Bi), 1 min. 18.8 sec. RECORD.
- Under 16, 4 x 25 metres: L. Cullen (P), 1 min 16.6 sec. RECORD.
- Open, 4 x 50 metres: N. Davies (Bo), 2 min. 45.6 sec.

MEDLEY RELAYS—

- Under 13, Birchenough. Under 14, Birchenough.
- Under 15, Rhodes. Under 16, Pioneer. Open, Borrow.

FREE-STYLE RELAYS—

- Under 13, Birchenough. Under 14, Heany.
- Under 15, Rhodes. Under 16, Chancellor.
- Open, Borrow.

JUNIOR DIVING—

- D. Harrison (Birchenough).

SENIOR DIVING—

- C. Liebrandt (Pioneer).

Age-group Champions—

- Under 13: E. Harris (Borrow).
- Under 14: A. Zipper (Birchenough).
- Under 15: B. Farrell (Birchenough).
- Under 16: L. Cullen (Pioneer).
- Open: N. Davies (Borrow).

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