



The Inanda Review

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MARIST BROTHERS COLLEGE, INANDA, JOHANNESBURG.

Vol. 1, No. 6

NOVEMBER, 1959

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His Holiness Pope John XXIII

THE 1959 INANDA REVIEW

Issued with the Approbation of His Lordship, the Right Reverend Bishop Hugh Boyle, D.D.

Dedication

This issue of The Inanda Review is respectfully dedicated to His Holiness, Pope John XXIII.

It is with the greatest respect tinged with the pleasure that comes to one on the contemplation of persons of character that we have taken this liberty; for it is in the contemplation of Our Holy Father that we have come to realise the value of an honest mind, a cheerful heart and a sense of humour. These three characteristics seem to be pre-eminently those of His Holiness. It is these which we could all wish to possess.

Mindful of these facts, I would ask all Inandians, when they find the time, to remember that the great all have these qualities. It is therefore in dedicating this Magazine to His Holiness that we could wish all to develop what is best in them for the greater Glory of God.

Long may He reign.

*Edited and Produced by the Prefects and the
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RELIGIOUS NOTES

THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY

As is customary, the Sodality opened its new year with the election of the council members, which consisted of Br. Walter, the Director, Brian Nicol, Christopher Ballantine, Alfred Cabri, John Mills, Max Leipold and William Oliver. The system of the division of the Sodality into the three distinct groups, which was executed last year, was abolished, and there have only been the Weekly General Meetings. Monthly exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Communion was carried out with sincere consistency. The Monthly Sodality News was published through the remarkable efforts of Br. Walter.

BOYS' TOWN

It was decided that the main spiritual aim of the Sodality for this year should comprise the assistance in the worthy cause of the Boys' Town Institute in Magaliesberg. This was accomplished in two ways. Firstly, by lending a welcome hand in a street collection for this cause at the Rand

Show on Thursday, 19th March. Secondly, by arranging that the fabulous Quiz Kids should perform two of their remarkable shows in the College dining room on Friday, 12th April. These shows raised a considerable amount for this institute for homeless boys, founded by Father Orsmond.

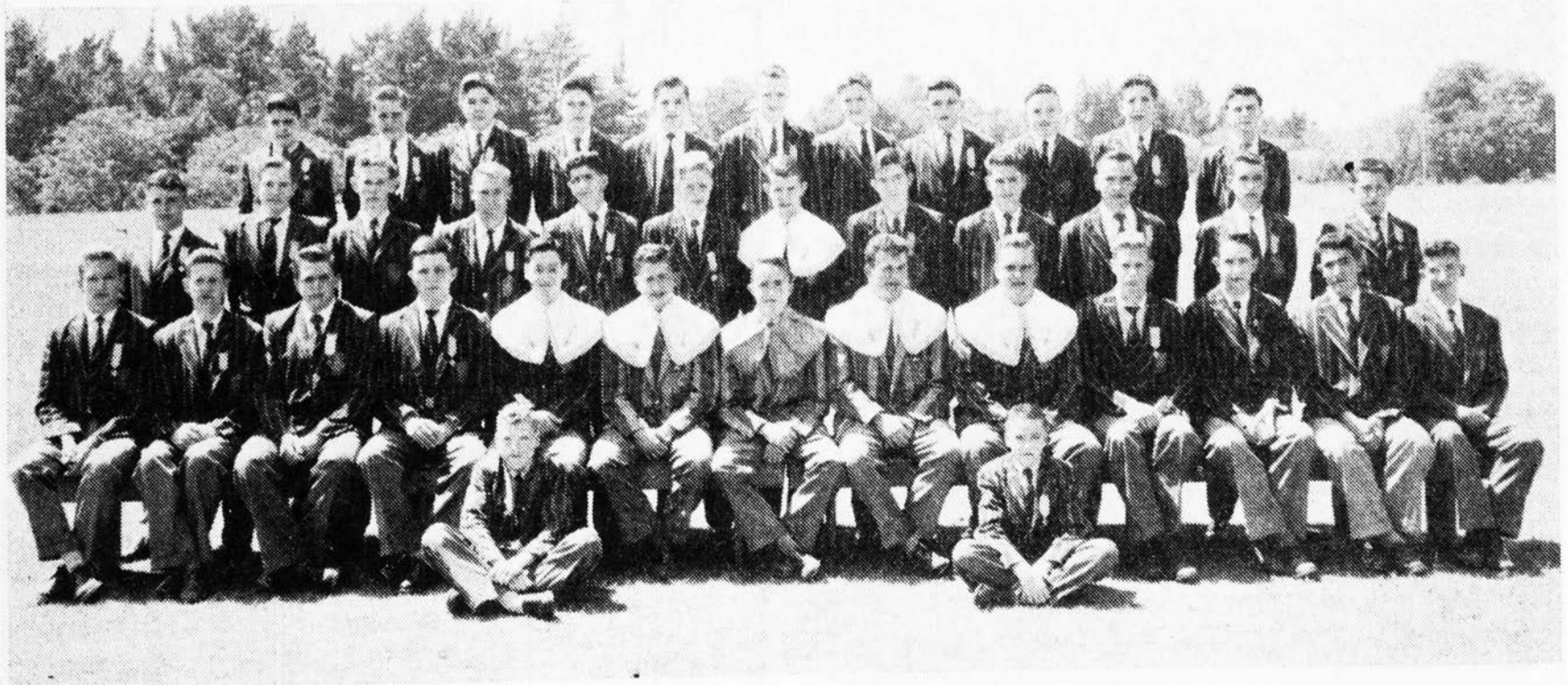
THE ANNUAL RETREAT AND TRIDUUM

On February 24th the Annual School Retreat was opened by the celebration of Holy Mass by Father Forde, who preached the Retreat. It proved most instructive, and was brought to an end on the afternoon of February 27th by Benediction and the Papal Blessing.

From June 3rd to 5th the Champagnat Triduum was carried out, with the celebration of Mass every morning.

FIRST FRIDAYS

During the first half of the year Mass was celebrated by Father Haskins in the College



SODALITY

Back Row Standing: J. Killik, E. Wilson, A. Smith, D. Wickens, H. Bots, D. Sole, R. Chisholm, P. Nader, S. Mulligan, D. McLintock, R. Ceccarelli.
Second Row Standing: D. Mandy, G. Sprake, T. Benson, D. Convery, P. Nader, C. Bischoff, J. Mills, R. Linden, P. Forder, B. Livingstone, D. Kennedy, T. Jackaman.
Seated: M. Strack Van Schyndel, N. O'Connor, E. Iglauer, C. Ballenden, C. Ballantine, F. Cabri, B. Nicol, M. Leipold, W. Olivier, G. Schiering, D. Hawkins, M. Nader, R. Holmes.
Ground: B. Ellis, P. O'Farrell.

Chapel at 8.30 a.m., and was attended by all the Catholic boys in the school. However, the time for this Mass was changed to 11.30 a.m. during the Third Term to enable the boarders to receive Holy Communion.

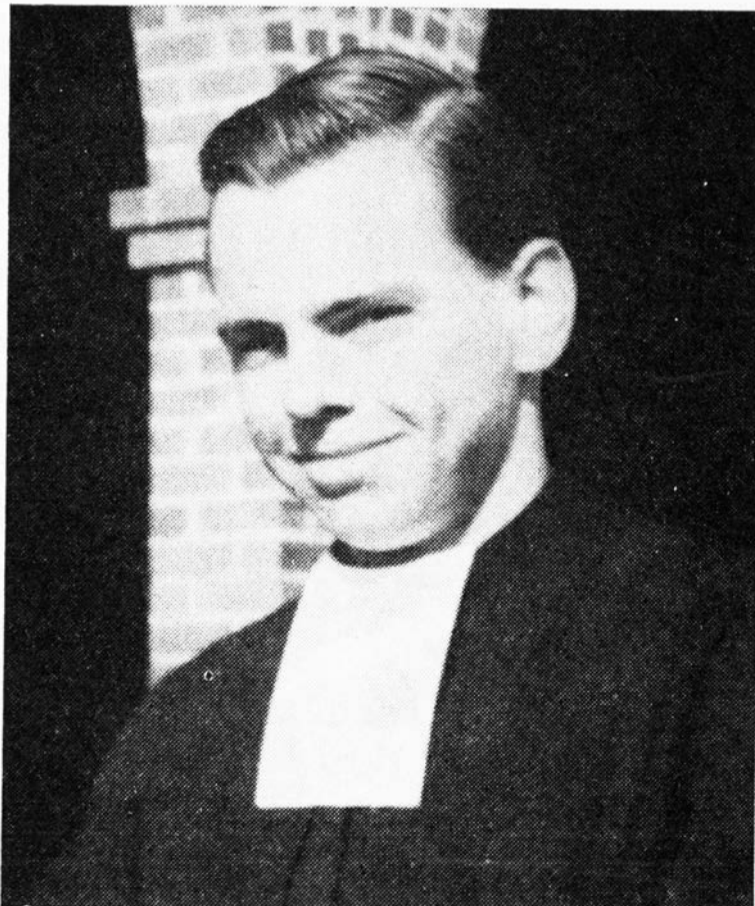
In this respect, much praise and many thanks are due to Father Haskins, the School Chaplain, who performed his duties admirably.

INANDA'S RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS

Father Victor Kolge, an old Marist boy, was ordained as a Catholic Priest on June 28th. The following day he celebrated his first Holy Mass in the College Chapel, on the Feast of S.S. Peter and Paul.

Brother Paul, formerly Frans Barenbrug, visited his old school, Inanda, on Wednesday, 19th July, after he had completed one and a half year's study at the Novitiate in Sydney, Australia. He accepted the name of Br. Paul in memory of his small deceased brother, Paul, who was killed outside the College gates a few years ago. Truly a touching thought.

About to undertake their Novitiate training in Australia are Dermot Moore, Dudley Aitken and Glyn Horton, who are at present completing their studies in Hibberdene, Natal. Good wishes to them for future success.



BRO. PAUL BARENBRUG

REQUIESCANT IN PACE

With regret we have to report the deaths of three stalwart members of the Marist Brothers in South Africa in the persons of Bro. Alexius, Bro. Ludemere and Bro. Dominic.

"Blessed are they who die in the Lord, for their good works follow them."

Bro. Alexius taught at almost every Marist College in South Africa after his arrival in this country in October, 1932. He died suddenly on the 9th April, 1959, and his Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Kerk Street Cathedral, and was attended by boys from all three Marist Schools.

(Continued from page 7)

tion before returning home. By the evening of July 2nd the six of us new Novices were back at Mittagong.

Now for the next twelve months—the Novitiate proper. So far this training period has been a happy time, and patently full of grace for us. Still more so will it be from now on, as we prepare to make Vows with all the generosity and lively sense of gratitude we can cultivate. David's sentiments we can make our own—"The mercies of the Lord I will sing forever."

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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MARIST TRAINING

By Bro. Brian Smythe, F.M.S.

I SUPPOSE ANY NEW VENTURE one embarks on gives some sense of excitement, and possibly of misgiving, but any fears I had were alleviated when I was met at Durban station by a cheerful Master of Juniors. Thus it was with assurances of future happiness that I appeared in Hibberdene. Several of us were new, but after a few weeks I was fused into the little Marist family, and completely at ease, and one of them.

This preliminary Juniorate period of training was not remarkably different from my former college life, although for want of numbers sport was somewhat curtailed. Moreover I still had to win a Matriculation Certificate, so it was not the activities in themselves that impressed me and put a distinctive flavour into this new way of life, but the spiritual uplift that supported our activities. Everything we did thus became a positive good; our actions became united with those of Christ and offered to God; we were able to christianise our inner selves, and, with St. Paul, "to fill up those things that are wanting in the sufferings of Christ." This remarkable "Christo-centricity" deeply impressed me, and did much to confirm my convictions as to what I wanted to do in life.

And certainly the Novitiate has brought about no change of viewpoint. On the contrary, it has been the perfect complement to the Juniorate. Religious study has taken the place of secular study, and there is, naturally, more prayer. Here one comes to know God and His ways, and we hope by the end of this period of probation to be permeated with a deep sense of our vocation and a child-like gratitude for it. One of the studies I have found most interesting is Mariology. This study brings out most strikingly God's fatherly dealings with mankind and His solicitude, manifest through His Mother, for her "Little Brothers".

At this point there is much to look back on—much, that has permanently shaped our lives, crowded into a small space. The farewell to parents and friends at Johannesburg airport; the long flight — not without a touch of adventure — across the Indian Ocean; Marist Brothers (They seem to exist everywhere) to meet us at Perth; then on to Sydney and more Bro-

thers to greet us; a drive to one of the city colleges, a clean-up, and then off on our last eighty miles to Mittagong; finally here at the Novitiate a hearty welcome, questions innumerable from the four South Africans a year ahead of us; a meal together, brief evening prayers, and a tremendous sleep.

Initial strangeness was soon over, and the day's activities from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m. have now become routine. We South Africans have become attached to everything Australian, and temperament and outlook seem to be very similar. The Novice Master is kind enough to maintain that we contribute quite a lot, too, for Australia is a long way from anywhere, and insularity needs a corrective.

Study and prayer fill up our day, but development is not lop-sided. There is an 800-acre farm attached to the Novitiate, and we help in supplying ourselves with vegetable, meat, eggs, milk, fruit, honey and firewood. Cooking, too, has proved grand sport, though a wise director, who knows Novices, contrives often to be straying near the kitchen. Culinary disasters are not numerous. Along with a deal of prayer through the day goes a lot of silence. One grows to find this easy, and, incidentally, a sensible way of living!

July 2nd was our Big Day. After a week's retreat, we were up well before dawn and two busloads of us were en route for Sydney, for the ceremonies of Reception of the Habit and making of First Vows in the magnificent chapel of St. Joseph's College (Sydney's equivalent of Inanda). Space scarcely allows of my describing the ceremonies in detail. Suffice it to say that four South Africans made Vows and six of us received the Habit and became Brothers — embryonic at least! This was, we think, a South African record. Almost all the Australian boys had their parents there. Naturally we did not, but a committee of the local mothers made us feel we belonged. Of those making vows, two left a few days later for the Scholasticate at Pietermaritzburg, where they will do an arts course, along with their teacher-training. The other two are staying at the Sydney Scholasticate at Dundas, where they will do Science and Educa-

(Continued on page 6)

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COLLEGE NOTES

HEADMASTER'S REPORT, MARCH 1959

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF. Parents, Friends, Old Boys and boys, it is not my intention to keep you long today. The weather is warm and we have a most entertaining cricket match waiting to resume.

It gives us great pleasure to welcome the 1st XI of our Old Boys' Club in their annual fixture against the combined Observatory-Inanda team—the more so since the Old Boys side contains three Inanda Old Boys in the persons of J. Venter, M. and F. Brcic. We hope that many more of our boys will play for the Club in the years to come and that the Team will return to the Transvaal 1st Division to which it rightfully belongs.

SCHOLASTIC

1958 was not a bright year for examination results. The Matriculation results were wretched. The one bright spot was Malcolm Funston's brilliant effort of a 1st Class Matriculation with Three Distinctions.

The Junior Certificate was also disappointing in that we secured no 1st Class 1st Division passes. None the less, 9 Firsts, 11 Seconds and 10 Thirds was creditable.

The Standard Seven results were the poorest we have had for some years. R. Hartdegen alone kept the Inanda flag flying by securing 4th place among the first ten in South Africa.

Our Standard Nine failed to secure any places but did secure three Subject prizes and were placed in others. This was very satisfying, since Observatory had a most brilliant Junior Matriculation. The Standard Nine is to be congratulated in robbing them of so many prizes.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE MATRICULATION

I would like to remind all parents that 1960 will be a crucial year for examinations. The Matriculation requirements have gone up. Up to the end of 1959, it will be possible to obtain a Matriculation Pass with an aggregate of 800 marks. From the November-December examination of 1960, the minimum aggregate requirement will be 1000 marks. In other words, what

at present is a Second Class Pass will, from 1960, be only a pass. There is also a strong rumour, not yet substantiated by the University, that the minimum mark per subject will be 45% where, at present, it is 40%.

It becomes obvious that boys intending to Matriculate must prepare themselves for much harder work. It also means that a Third Class Junior Certificate pass must be prepared for a three years matriculation course instead of the present two years. It is doubtful whether such a pass from the Junior Certificate can possibly obtain the requirements for a Junior Matriculation Pass in one year. Experience has long demonstrated that boys with a Third Class Junior Certificate have secured a Matriculation Pass with great difficulty in two years. To do it now when the requirements are greater becomes a most dubious matter. It is to be noted that this lifting up of the Matriculation requirements is a move long overdue and is operative also for the Transvaal and Technical College Senior Certificate exemption pass.

I would therefore urge all parents to follow up their sons' homework. We can do so much in class, but steady revision and persistent application to work prescribed is vitally necessary.

FUND-RAISING

I would like to pay public tribute to the Ladies' Committee for their unobtrusive work throughout the year. We are most grateful to them. Their names are: Mrs. F. Livingstone (Chairman), Mrs. J. Olwyn (Treasurer), Mrs. M. Hope-Jones (Secretary), Mesdames N. Adams, B. Fine, M. Hartmann, C. Hawkins, A. Sprake, A. Barenbrug, N. Richardson, N. Davis, N. Curnow, P. Benson, M. Leipold, A. Damsbo, E. Bowker. It will be my intention to form a Fund-raising Committee that will devote all its energies towards this purpose. We cannot expect our Ladies Committee to carry this burden alone.

SPORT

In all departments, the College has maintained its standard. It would not be fair to omit making special mention of the Swimming. The intensive work initiated by Mrs. Martin — whom we were sorry to lose, and to whom we offer our sincere thanks for her work here—was ably carried on

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by Mr. Bouws, the Wanderers coach. This year we rose to fourth place at the Inter-High—a very creditable performance when one considers the tremendous roll of the schools against which we have to compete. We had one boy chosen to represent Transvaal Schools — namely Michael Fine. Our congratulations to him.

RELIGION

If the measure of the work of a Catholic school is to be gauged by the number of vocations it provides, then we can take much consolation from the fact that last year two boys entered the Marist Novitiate, namely, R. Morgan and A. Swanson and one, D. Aitken, went to our Juniorate. To these boys and to all those who, in the future, may follow them, we say:—“Well done! and God speed you for your courage.”

In conclusion, I wish to express my sincere thanks to my Staff for their support throughout the year. Their task is a trying one. They have responded nobly.

THE ANNUAL COLLEGE BALL

By C. J. Ballantine

FOR THE SENIORS of Inanda, the Thursday, before the end of the second term is always the big night of the year—it is the night of the Annual College Ball. A big night it might be, but the preparations which go into making it are even bigger. And so, as is customary, the Senior Matric students put their heads together to devise some particular scene or atmosphere in which the Ball would be run. Each Matric boy was allotted a particular task, and for the

whole of Thursday we perspired as we worked on the decorations of the Hall and the Supper Room. But beholding the finished task we felt well rewarded.

As space is limited, I shall have to be content with a brief description of the scene. In one corner was a mock bow of a ship, the S.S. Inanda, where refreshments were served, and in another was a scene of city buildings. The band, that of Charlie Walsh whose high standard of performance kept the evening constantly alive and scintillating, was situated in a type of “Bo-Jungle”, adorned with life-size owls, eagles, monkeys and the like. Fantastic Martian-like creatures were to be found on the walls in queer postures, and the ceiling was fully and colourfully decorated with streamers and balloons.

Half way through the evening, we retired to the Supper Room (which a few hours before was the boarders’ study). Our needs were amply and tastefully attended to by the Ladies Committee. I take this opportunity of thanking them on behalf of my colleagues for all the hard work they put into this function and the many other functions of the year.

After supper, Rev. Brother Benedict presented Rugby scrolls to those who had earned them during the season.

Midnight arrived inevitably, and very reluctantly did we admit that the end had arrived as well! And so, we took home with us happy memories of a Ball which we enjoyed to the utmost, of a Ball in the College tradition, and, what is more, of a Ball in the true spirit of Inanda.



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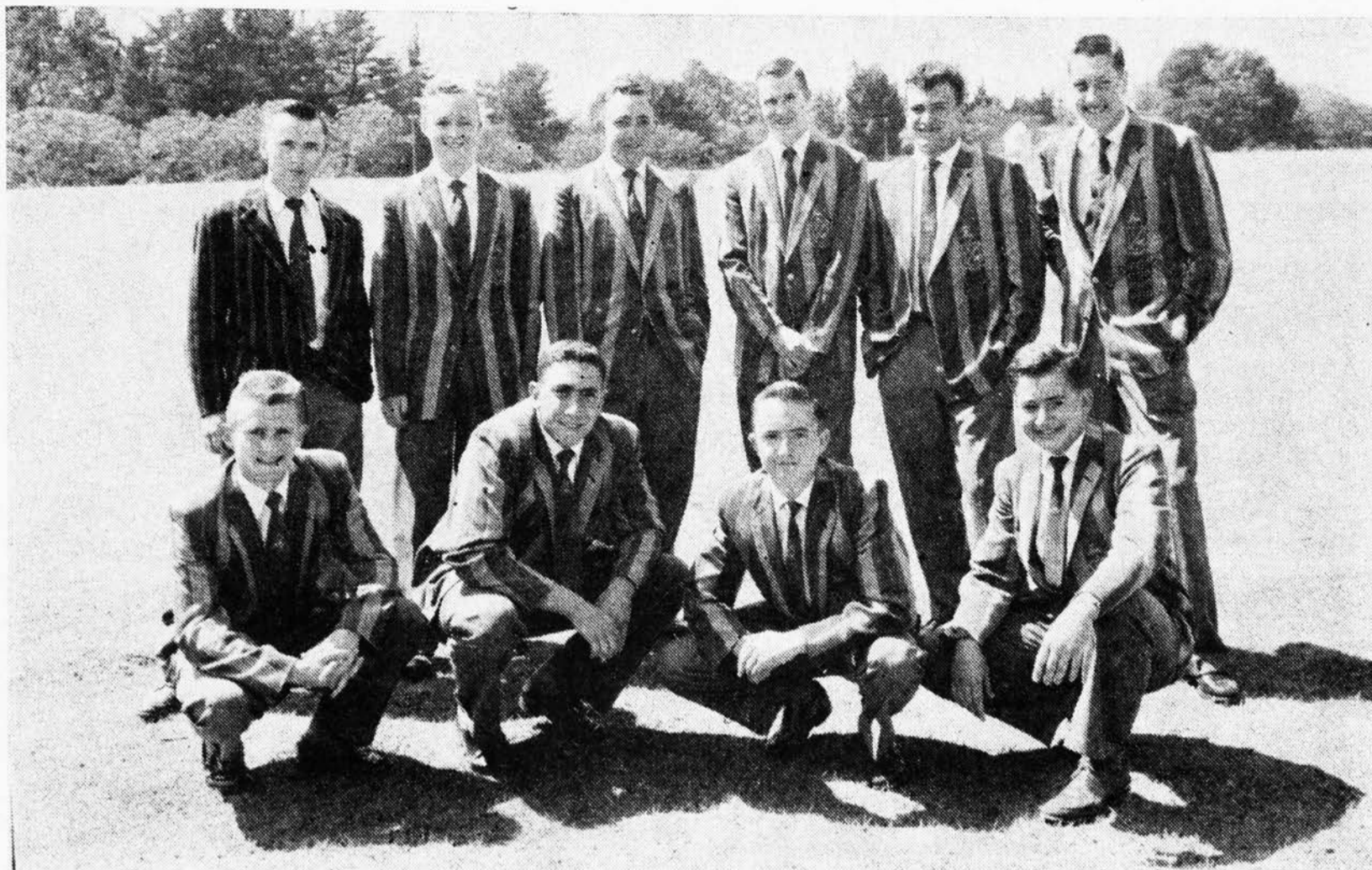
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PREFECTS

Standing: B. Livingstone, D. Adams, L. Kadish, G. Poole, M. Leipold, W. Rendle.
Front Row: C. Knobbs, B. Roberts, B. Nicol (Head Prefect), A. Cabri.

THE JUNIOR REVIEW

“**D**EAR GOD GIVE ME PATIENCE” is the despairing cry uttered by all the prefects after paying their first visit to the Junior School, and they have every reason to adopt this attitude. For there’s no more difficult task than to keep these young ruffians under control, and the only authority they appear to accept is that of Mrs. Green.

However there are various games and types of amusement which seem to occupy their minds to a large extent, a few of which are—soccer, cricket, relay racing and lastly, most common of all — playing on the prefects’ nerves. But, in spite of these pastimes, they still have a deadening effects on one’s nerves. It’s as well Mrs. Green has a whistle to line them up after break. No other method could work.

Turning from the pessimistic viewpoint to the optimistic, we can say without doubt that they still attain some of the most outstanding results in the school. This is due to the energetic efforts

of Mesdames Green, Borch, Brophy and Leggo, the last named of which is a newcomer to the school. Welcome Mrs. Leggo and best wishes for a prosperous future at Inanda.

The Junior School is well catered for as regards sports activities. In the 1st and final terms they took part in a Junior School Cricket League and received swimming instruction from the capable Mr. Bouws. And the fruits of this instruction were evident by the outstanding performances by the boys in the Annual School Gala. In the second term Mr. Bishop and Br. Michael were the coaches for the many soccer enthusiasts. Towards the end of the third term the majority of these boys participated in a most enjoyable and highly successful athletic meeting.

Their Religious Instruction was carried out with consistency, as can be expected in a Marist Brothers School. On Sunday, 25th October, “Corpus Christi”, the College Chapel was packed with parents, juniors and boarder seniors for the Sacrament of First Holy Communion.



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COLLEGE DIARY 1959

JANUARY

- 21st—School starts with many new resolutions soon to be shattered.
 22nd—First eight Monitors appointed on trial. Will I or won't I be?
 24th—Inanda Swimming Team is well placed in a relay race at "Wits".
 27th—House Captains appointed.

FEBRUARY

- 6th—Heats, Heats, when will they end?
 9th—Ugh, what a sound, and they call it a War Cry.
 11th—Swimming team off to a fine start, with a decisive victory over Athlone.
 15th—The Gala is postponed. The rain it raineth every day.
 16th—Evening training started for the Inter-High Team. Soon we will look like fishes.
 21st—Rosettes are bigger and better than ever. The Gala is a roaring success. College victorious. Nine Prefects appointed, and five Honour's Blazers awarded. Congratulations you chaps.
 28th—School team put up a good show to gain fourth place in the Inter-High Gala.

MARCH

- 8th—"Obs." suffered a defeat at the hands of Inanda. "Inanda rules the waves".
 10th—First Rugby practices. "It shouldn't happen to a dog".
 15th—First visiting Sunday from 10 a.m. was introduced. "Good for Brother James. Home Sweet Home".
 16th—Tennis Finals — Oliver and Rosemarin take the doubles and Rendle the singles.
 19th—Catholic boys from "Matric" assist in collection for "Boys Town".
 20th—Victorious swimming team enjoy a fabulous "Beano".
 22nd—College prize giving. Yet another Prefect Scroll and Honour's Blazer.
 25th—Here at last—the Easter Holidays.

APRIL

- 7th—All good things must come to an end—school re-opens.
 10th—A sad moment. Senior boys attend the funeral of Brother Alexis.
 11th—First match of the season. First fifteen go down to "C.B.C." "Better luck next time".
 24th—Quiz Kids Show in the hall. Proceeds to "Boys Town". "A jolly good show".

MAY

- 3rd—First fifteen pipped at the post in a match against Seminary.
 6th—Highlight of the year — Inanda defeats "Obs." first fifteen for the first time in history. "One of many to come".
 24th—Inanda lost to old boys with team at half strength due to injuries.
 25th—Boarders home for the week-end.

JUNE

- 10th—Half year exams have started. "What is my Dad going to say?"
 22nd—Boarders versus Day Boy match ended in a 6—6 draw. "Where is that Ref?"
 25th—Bigger and better. Our College Ball was a roaring success.
 26th—Mid year vacation begins.

JULY

- 28th—Third term begins, with bigger and more hopeful resolutions.
 30th—Athletics on the go, with the keen doing their daily laps. Volley ball is the latest craze.
 31st—Empire 120 yards record holder Tommy Lavery coaches promising hurdlers at the College.

AUGUST

- 1st—Saturday morning school for Junior and Senior Matric. "I wondered when this would be started".
 14th—Lecture and slides on Canada.
 15th—Start of mid-week events. Bishops in the lead with College close behind.
 18th—Junior Heats — first race cancelled because of stomach ache.
 22nd—College take the lead.

SEPTEMBER

- 1st—Records are shattered as Observatory sweep to a fine victory.
 3rd—"Pass the hammer old boy. I bet our Rosette will be the best of all."
 5th—Annual Athletic Meeting, College is supreme on the track, as well as in the water. "Perseverance brings its reward".
 12th—Inanda goes "Yankee" with the new soft ball craze.
 14th—Start of trial exams. "Well this is it."
 19th—Inanda placed third in the Catholic High Schools Quadrangular.
 24th—Disappointing Triangular Meeting at Springs. First eleven off to the Cape to be the guests of Brother Ralph at Rondebosch.

SCHOLASTIC PRIZES

BROTHER EDWIN BURSARY WINNER

Brian Nicol.

ORSMOND TROPHY WINNER

Malcolm Funston.

PROVINCIAL PRIZES

Junior Matriculation

Afrikaans: L. Coetzee, 1st in S. Africa.

Mathematics: C. Knobbs, 3rd in S. Africa.

Science: B. Nicol, 1st in S. Africa.

Geography: R. McCutcheon, 1st in S. Africa.
M. Spencer, 3rd in S. Africa.

Catechism: D. Moore, 1st in S. Africa.

Standard Seven

General Examination: R. Hartdegen, 4th in S. Africa.

English: W. Robertson, 2nd in S. Africa.

Geography: R. Hartdegen: 1st in S. Africa.

Standard Six

English: P. Anderson, 1st in S. Africa.

Standard Five

English: T. Coghlan, 2nd in S. Africa.

Standard Four

Scripture: C. Preacher, 3rd in S. Africa.

Arithmetic: D. Nicol, 1st in S. Africa.

Geography: G. Canning, 1st in S. Africa.

C. Terreblanche, 2nd in S. Africa.

P. Kirby, 3rd in S. Africa.

History: G. Canning, 3rd in S. Africa.

Standard Three

Catholic Doctrine: M. Janucz, 1st in S. Africa.

D. Atkinson, 2nd in S. Africa.

S. Miles, 3rd in S. Africa.

Special Awards for Catholic Doctrine were made to M. Janucz and D. Atkinson for their consistently high marks in the Last Two Years.

English: S. Miles, 1st in S. Africa.

M. Janucz, 2nd in S. Africa.

R. Duckles, 3rd in S. Africa.

Arithmetic: S. Miles, 3rd in S. Africa.

M. Janucz, 3rd in S. Africa.

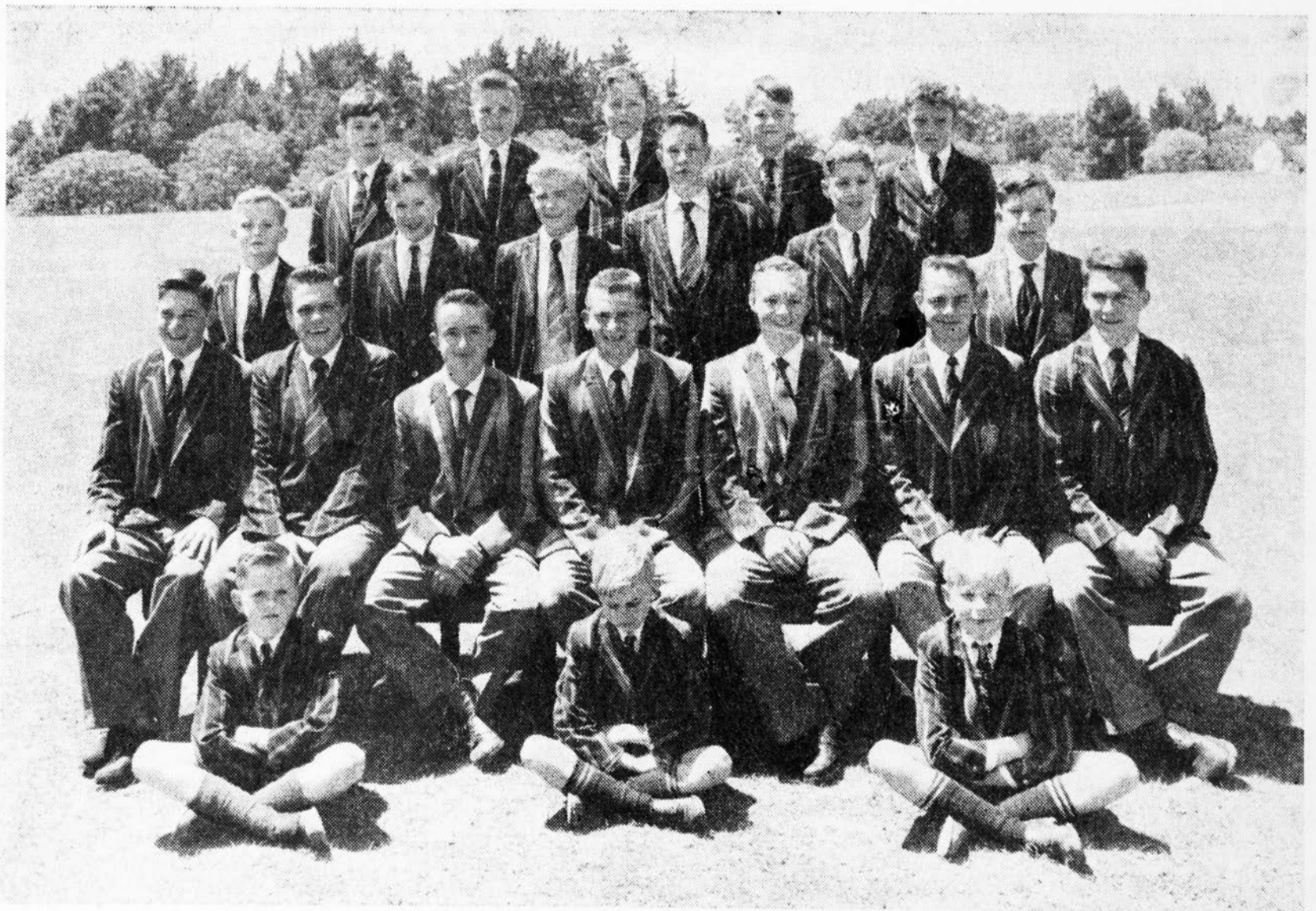
Geography: M. Janucz, 1st in S. Africa.

History: J. Richardson, 1st in S. Africa.

Standard Two

English: J. Buckley-Jones, 3rd in S. Africa.

Arithmetic: G. Bacon, 1st in S. Africa.



PROVINCIAL PRIZE WINNERS

Standing: J. Richardson, C. Terreblanche, J. Buckley-Jones, S. Miles, G. Bacon.

Second Row Standing: P. Kirby, C. Preacher, R. McCutcheon, P. Anderson, G. Canning, T. Coghlan.

Seated: W. Robertson, E. Iglauer, B. Nicol, C. Knobbs, D. Adams, L. Coetzee, M. Spencer.

In Front: D. Nicol, R. Duckles, C. Parker.

Absent: D. Atkinson, A. Schijf, P. Wright, P. Culligan.

Standard One

Afrikaans: A. Schijf, 1st in S. Africa.
 Geography: P. Wright, 1st in S. Africa.
 P. Culligan, 2nd in S. Africa.

CLASS DUX TROPHIES

Senior Matriculation: Malcolm Funston.
 Junior Matriculation: B. Nicol.
 Junior Certificate: L. Berman.
 Standard Seven: R. Hartdegen.
 Standard Six: Sean Mulligan.
 Standard Five: D. Hope-Jones.
 Standard Four: C. Terreblanche.
 Standard Three: S. Miles.
 Standard Two: D. Adam.
 Standard One: A. Gundelfinger.
 Grade Two: D. Walker.
 K. Weimrich.
 C. Wells.
 Grade One: B. Westgate.
 A. Smeets.
 R. Von'tHof.

JUNIOR MATRICULATION SUBJECT
PRIZE MEDALS

Mathematics: C. Knobbs.
 English: M. Spencer.
 Afrikaans: L. Coetzee.
 Latin: G. Poole.
 Science: B. Nicol.
 Geography: R. McCutcheon.
 History: D. Moore.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AWARDS

S.M. & J.M.:

1. D. Moore.
2. G. Poole.
3. G. Williamson.

J.C. & Standard Seven

1. E. Iglauer.
2. D. Hawkins.
3. R. Linden.

Std. Six:

1. S. Mulligan.

Std. Five:

1. L. Albertyn.
2. G. Hartmann.

Std. Four:

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2. C. Terreblanche.

Std. Three:

1. M. Janucz.
2. D. Atkinson.
3. S. Miles.

Std. Two:

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2. M. Larkin.

3. R. Phillimore.

Std. One:

1. G. Simaan.
2. P. Wright.

Grade Two:

- K. Brennan.
 R. Leahy.
 D. Walker.
 K. Weinrich.
 G. Mills.

Grade One:

- A. Smeets.
 A. Platt.

SCRIPTURE AWARDS

S.M. & J.M.:

1. R. McCutcheon.
2. C. Knobbs.
3. D. Adams.

J.C. & Standard Seven

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2. A. Dempster.

Stds. Six & Five:

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2. F. Ellis-Williams.

Stds. Four & Three:

1. C. Preacher.
2. P. Kirby.

Std. Two:

1. I. Reinecke.
2. C. Blane.

Std. One:

1. J. Venter.
2. J. Rawsthorne.

Grade Two:

- W. Edwards.
 R. Robinson.
 C. Schoombie.
 P. Trow.
 C. Wells.

Grade One:

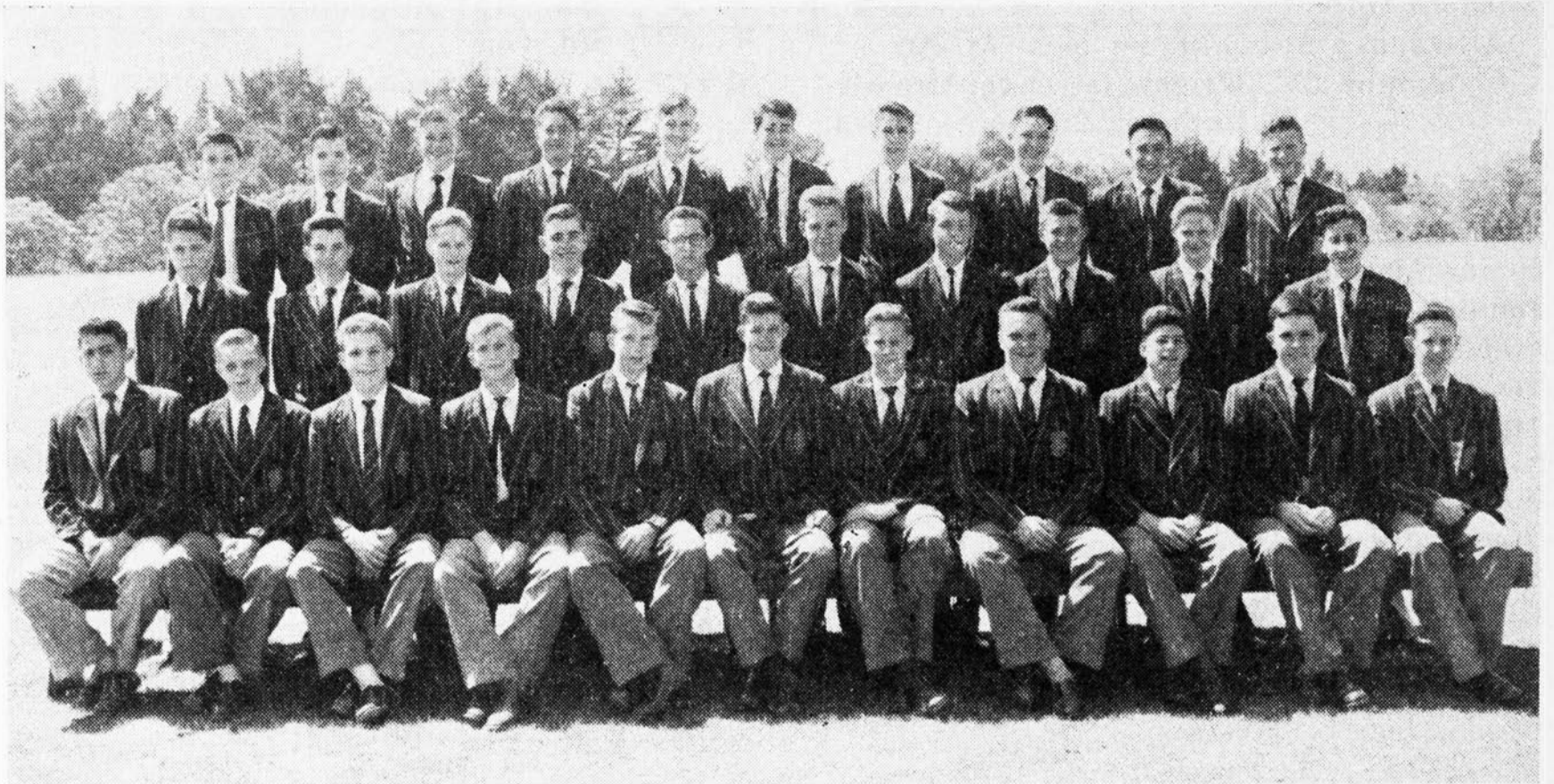
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THE AUSTRALIAN SWIMMERS IN SOUTH AFRICA—1959

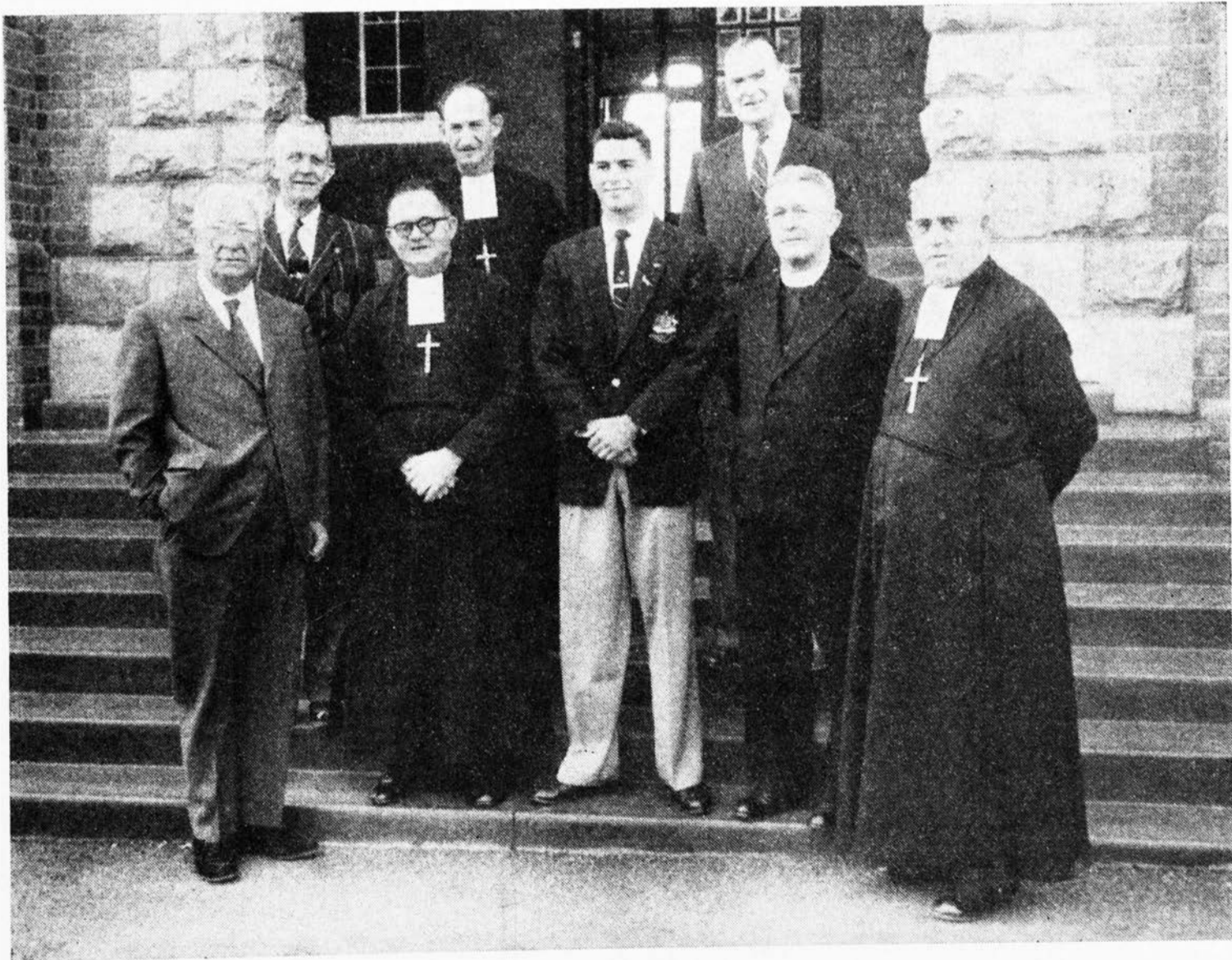
The following is an extract from an account of the Australian Swimming Tour of South Africa written by Dr. Donald Dowling, M.B., B.S., D.P.H., Commonwealth Director of Health, Queensland.

Apart from our memories of people, we were very impressed with the tremendous surge of life in Johannesburg, with the holiday atmosphere of Durban, the beauty of Cape Town, the charm and old world beauty of Paarl and Worcester, the diamonds at Kimberley, our sojourn in the Paul Kruger Game Reserve, and the tribal dances. These we will always remember.

During our stay in Johannesburg, John Devitt

and I made brief but pleasant visits to Observatory and Inanda Marist Brothers Colleges. We were amazed at the splendid buildings, lovely grounds and excellent sports facilities. As our visits were during Easter, there were no students in residence, and we missed the opportunity of meeting any of the boys, but we did enjoy our short meeting with Brothers Benedict and Celestine and their colleagues. John, of course, is an ex-Maristonian, while my link is not so close, but my nephew and namesake was a pupil of Brother Celestine's at Adelaide in South Australia.

We will always carry with us fond memories of a wonderful country, of sincere friendships, and of friendly generous people, and all of us will cherish a hope that the future might enable us to revisit Africa.



VISITORS FROM AUSTRALIA

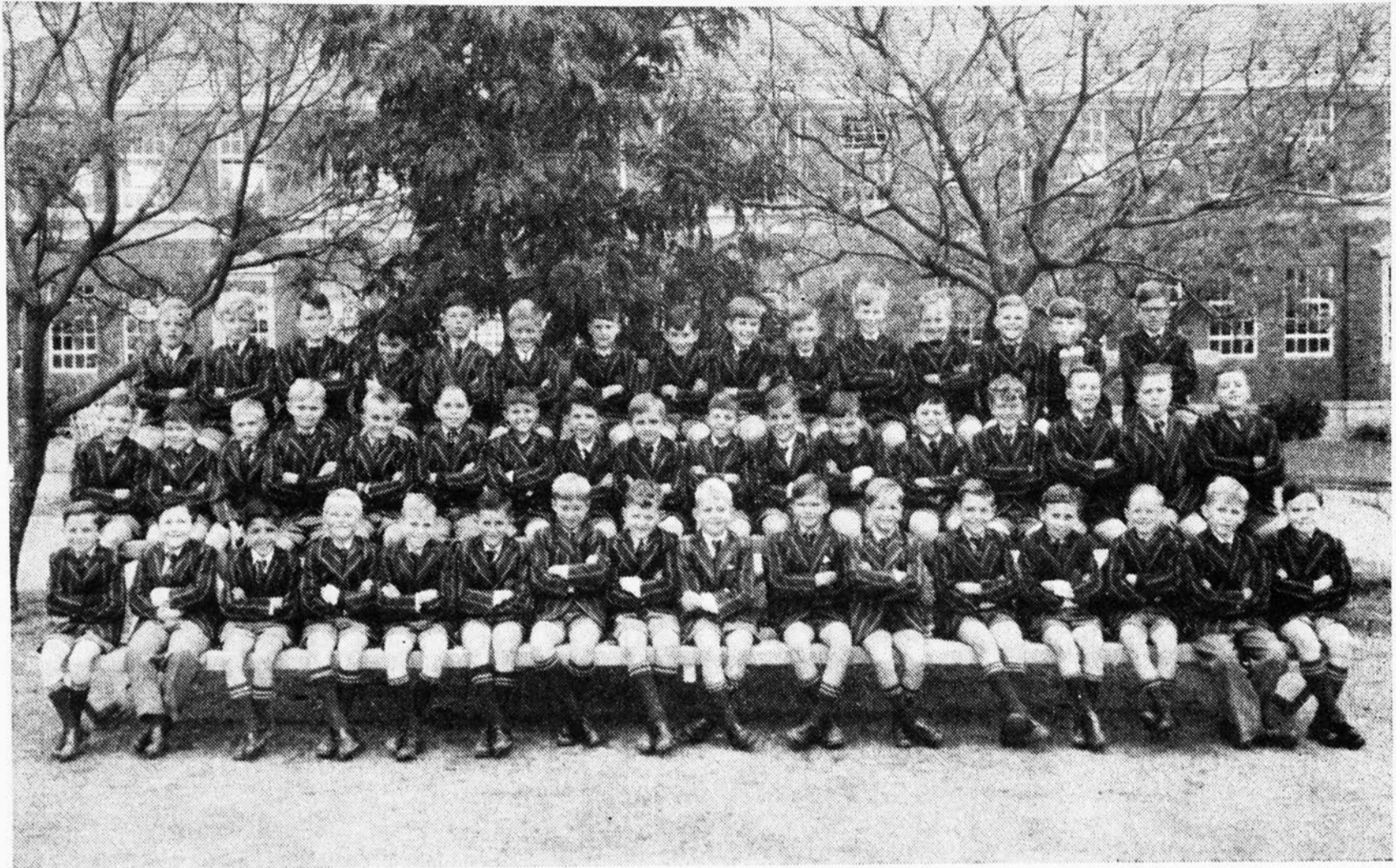
L. McCourt (Chairman Old Boys Association), Rev. Bro. Benedict, T. Pettit (Chairman O. M. Club)
Dr. Dowling, Rev. Bro. Edwin (Provincial), John Devitt, Rev. Bro. Celestine, Rev. Bro. Macartin.



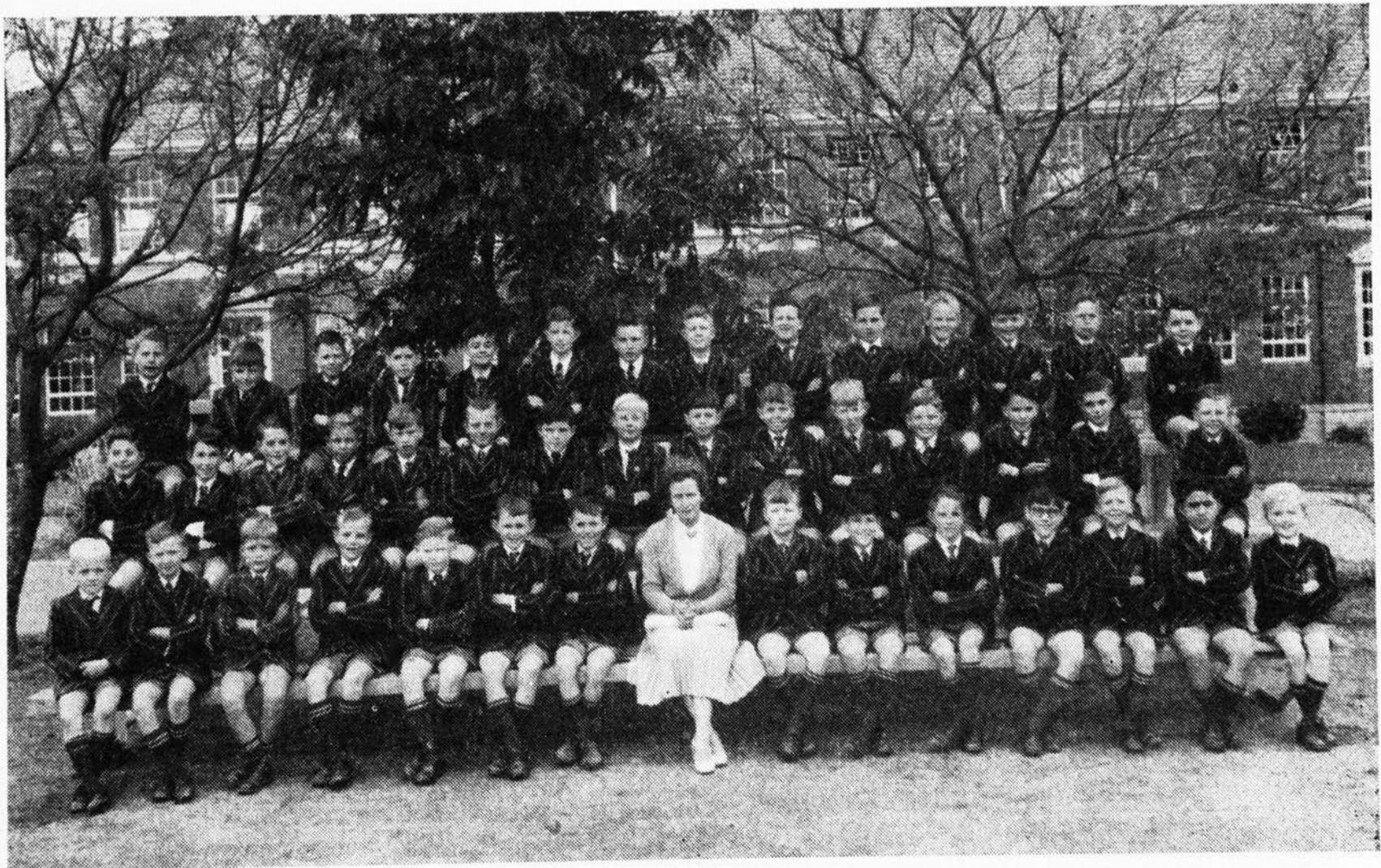
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MATRICULATION 1959



Dennis Adams (16)
House Cap. Osmond

Address: 49 Harrow Road, Sandhurst (48-8336)
Activities: Swimming, Prefect, Debated for school against Malvern
Scrolls: Prefect, Merit, Studies
Ambition: Accountant
Nickname: Denny Boy

Reserve Linesman—still on leading strings—to bed at 8—ardent cameraman.

Christopher Ballantine (17) Address: 11 Corbel Crescent, Glenhazel (40-5602)

Activities: Secretary of Sodality

Ambition: Intends to study music overseas.

Ambition during school hours (8.30—2.45) to evade starving boarders.

Called Ballantine.



William Balsdon (17)

Address: 92, 9th Street, Parkhurst (42-3450)

Activities: Swims for school

Ambition: Veterinary Surgeon

Noted for spasmodic singing—recently became a boarder—"A regular mirror boy"—a born 880 yds. "crawler".

Nickname: Billy.

Alberto Baroni (18)

Address: 100 Oxford Rd., Rosebank (42-5595)

Ambition: Electrical Engineering

Eastern Province Jnr. Boxing Camp—Deported from St. Aidans. "Die Wonder van Afrikaans".

Nickname: Bruno.



Basil Dakes (17)

Address: 44 Athalie Ave., Linksfield (45-3821)

Activities: 2nd XV, ran for school

Ambition: To become a lawyer

Nickname: Baaaas—Has a say in everything—chief wag of class—the "noise"—Br. James' favourite (500 lines a week)—Volley Ball "ace"—Miss S.A.

**David Hartman (17)**

Address: 30, 12th Ave., Parktown North (42-3538)

Activity: Support

United Tobacco smoke supplier—member of pipe gang—Catches occasional spasm—Called: Dave.

David Jacobson (16)

Address: 16 African St., Oaklands (45-3574)

Ambition: Electrical Engineering at Wits.

Quiet all day till Science period—class ambition is to defeat "Bonny" in intricacies of electricity. Nickname: Jakes.

**Leon Kadish (18)**

Address: P.O. 22, Vandyks Drift

Activities: 1st XV athletic team

Ambition: Farmer

Scrolls: Prefect, Merit, Rugby

One of the locals on Johannesburg—Witbank train—great "bopper"—school electrician. Called: Leon.

Alfred Cabri (18)

Address: Main Rivonia Rd., P.O. Sandown (48-8623)

Activities: 1st XV Hooker, Press Photographer, 2nd XI

Ambition: Medicine

Scrolls: Prefect, Merit, Rugby

Nickname: Cabbage—one of the pre-licence drivers. President of Pipe-smokers Union under the stairs—camera maniac.

**Clive Knobbs (18)**

Address: 13, 8th Street, Parkhurst

House Cap. College

Activities: Captain 1st XV, V. Capt. 1st XI, Swims and runs for school, Captain of Athletic Team.

Scrolls: Prefect, Merit, Rugby, Cricket, Studies, Athletics

Ambition: Chemical Engineer.

Nickname: Mouse—loves the skirts—recently had to borrow a comb—Another "Texan" fan.

Max Leipold (18)

Address: P.O. Sandown (48-8160)

Activities: 1st XV Lock, swims and runs for school

Scrolls: Prefect, Merit, Rugby

Treasurer of Sodality—Biggest in class—most energetic in extra-curricular activities—Prefers "Texan". Called: Max.



**Brian Livingstone (17)**

Address: 24 Woolston Rd., Westcliff (41-4682)

Activities: Secretary of Photographic society
Athletic Team

Scrolls: Merit, Prefect.

Ambition: Quantity Surveyor.

Nickname: Doc—Enthusiastic linesman—photographic failure—"Seventeen and never been kissed"

Peter Loffell (16)

Address: P.O. Fernville, Randburg (46-1492)

Activities: 1st XI Cricket, 2nd XV Rugby

One of the brains behind most mischiefs—a backrow boy wherever possible.
Nickname: Loff.**Robert McCutcheon (17)**

Address: 33, 3rd Street, Parkhurst (42-1573)

Activities: 2nd XV hooker. Editor of Magazine
Debated for school against Belgravia

Scrolls: Studies

Ambition: Take B.Sc. at Wits

Chess fan (great maths period game)—Chief mockery of class—"Camera happy"
—minute hooker. Nickname: Fluffy etc., etc., etc.**John Mills (18)**

Address: 15 Jellicoe Ave., Rosebank (42-8902)

Activities: Dangerous man at the wheel
Sodality Councillor

Ambition: Go to Damelin next year

A quiet bird—poisonous tongue—As pastime steals dad's car to play "chicken"
on Louis Botha Ave.**Brian Nicol (17)**Address: 47 Westminster Drive, Craighall Park
(42-3029)Activities: 1st XV, 1st XI Captain, President of
Sodality

Ambition: Become a brother. Bad luck girls.

Scrolls: Head Prefect, Studies, Merit, Cricket

Total teetotaller—"Purity" in person—Nickname: "Boss Boy".

**George Poole (16)**

Address: 35 Kruger Drive, Craighall Park (42-3595)

Activities: 2nd XV, President of Debating Society
Debated for school against Belgravia & MalvernAmbition: B.A. at Wits with intent to become a
lawyer

Scrolls: Prefect, Merit, Studies

Great tendency to blush—Pipe-addict—Cabbage's bosom buddy.
Nickname: Sam.

**Winton Rendle (18)**

Address: 1 Leighton Crt. Delarey St., Bellevue (43-7534)

Activities: Captain of Swimming Team. 1st XV, Runs for school, Ex-captain of Tennis

Scrolls: Tennis, Prefect, Swimming, Rugby, Merit, Athletics

Ambition: Engineer of Daimler firm in England

Easily best all rounder—"One of the boys"—Oldest in S.M.—Shaves once a month (smooth)—Favours "Texan". Loves chucking the javelin.
Nickname: Winnie.

Ugo Rivera (17)

Address: 56 Bath Ave., Rosebank (42-6345)

Activities: 3rd XV Rugby

Ambition: Civil Engineer

His real life ambition is to grow to 5 ft.—typical black sheep—"stille waters dieper grond". Called: Ugo.

**Brian Roberts (17)**

Address: B.P. 43 Shangugui, Ruanda, Urundi, Belgian Congo

Activities: 1st XV Rugby, Vice-Capt. Swimming Athletic team

Ambition: B.Sc. (Eng.) Wits (joke)

Scrolls: Prefect, Merit, Swimming

Washes occasionally—H2S is his speciality—Nickname: Congo.

Mark Spencer (18)

Address: 6 Harries Rd., Illovo (42-2497)

Activities: 2nd XV Rugby

Ambition: Mechanical Engineering

A great lover—spasmodic hard worker—a local of the Northern suburbs—grease monkey—Nickname: Horace.

**Kanigowski (18)**

Address: Fairview Farm, Constantia, Cape

Activities: Swims and runs for school

Ambition: To become a geologist

Imported from Cape Town's Rag—deeply in love with his own smile—delights in trailing Louis in the mile—Nickname: Gavin.

Louis Coetzee (17)

Address: White River

Activities: Long distance runner, school mile champ, 2nd XV wing, 1st XI reserve, tennis 2nd team

Ambition: Veterinary Surgeon

Chess fan—hard working back row boy—pipped at the post for athletic scroll. Called: Louis.



LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

BOOKS

Denis Gray

DURING the life of any individual there remain a few imperishable impressions and memories which accumulate throughout his life, serving to inspire and uplift him in times of sorrow, or merely serve as sources of enjoyment in one's leisure hours. Books are among the highest sources of such lasting impressions. "The Betrothed" by Alessandro Manzoni, which I hold to be one of the greatest novels ever written, has not yet withstood my personal test of time, but its exciting plot and high ideals cannot fade from memory.

Alessandro Manzoni, often called the "Sir Walter Scott of Italy", published the final and definite edition of this novel in 1840 under the name of "I Promessi Sposi". The book is essentially romantic yet it retains its "sanity" and balance, thus a mixture of classicism and romanticism can be found within its covers. Manzoni was definitely not a classicist nor a follower of the rationalism of the 18th century. He was rather a sincerely religious man as well as a lover of the principles of freedom and justice upon which the French Revolution was founded. These two combinations made him a defender of the liberal Catholic ideals of Italy at that time. He was also a truly patriotic man, refusing all honours from the Austrians, but his major work cannot really be classed as patriotic, but rather as universal in its theme, treatment, and appeal.

The setting of the tale is in 17th century Lombardy; around the shores of the beautiful Lago di Como, and the most magnificent city of Lombardy—Milan. The two main characters are Lucia and Lorenzo, two simple and honest rustics dwelling in a peaceful village on the shores of Lake Como. The times are cruel and refuse the marriage of these lovers. A powerful nobleman in love with Lucia prevents the marriage and a succession of breath-taking and pitiful events start, ending with the final union of "the betrothed", and their fuller realization of the truths and hardships of life. Into the story are drawn a variety of characters—a timid parish priest, many noblemen with their "bravi" or mercenaries, merchants, as well as such typically Christian figures of Fra Cristoforo and the great Cardinal Borromeo. The plot alone, with its wonderful contrast between the simple and

pure life of the Italian peasant and the corrupt and sinful life of the city, is enough to make this work a masterpiece of 19th century Italian prose, as well as a world classic. This is however not the full essence of this book. To me the most important elements of this work are setting and ideas.

Manzoni's setting is unique and different from most historical novels in that both his historical research is more accurate and detailed and his imagination more poetic. The customs and manners of the times as well as the historical events, such as the famine, plague, and revolt in Milan and the invasion of the French are painted so vividly that before us we can see a vast panorama of action and colour. We can visualize the horrible ravage and destruction wrought upon Milan by the plague, with thousands lying in agony in the odorous streets, or the maddened mob as it rushes into the shops and warehouses to seek for imagined bread. We can also see the charming and poetic Lombardy. Such a scene as when the lovers, accompanied by Fra Cristoforo, breathe a last farewell to their homeland as they glide over the mountain enclosed lake, with the pallid moon reflecting in its calm waters and illuminating the faces of the despairing lovers and the calm face of the good Father, has probably never been equalled in works of this kind.

Over the entire work from the most idyllic and picturesque parts to violent displays of wrath and passion, one is aware of a religious atmosphere which heightens the dramatic situations and fills the peaceful ones with serene beauty. The theme of the book is found in this spirit: whatever be the sufferings and hardships of earthly life, if people have faith in one another and in God, even the worst of obstacles can be overcome and a life of happiness, in this world or the next, can be attained.

The very religious, yet non-dogmatic atmosphere, and the eternal values of life, elevate this work of art to a sublime height which has inspired generations and will continue to inspire and uplift as long as men strive for the true values of life, heedless, yet aware, of the sins and temptations of the weary world around them.

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IN THE MIDST OF DARKEST AFRICA

D. Adams

AT LAST THE LONG-AWAITED day dawned. Within another four hours we would be in the air, winging our way towards tropical Africa, to a place known by few, but recognised by those who have visited it, as the Shangri-la of Africa.

As I boarded the aircraft that day in December, I wondered what I would be doing during the following six weeks. Could all that people said about the Belgian Congo be true? I, like most other South Africans, pictured myself living in a primitive hut swamped with mosquitoes and snakes, with palm trees flapping idly in the humid breeze above my head. Little did I realise how wrong I would be.

Six hours after leaving Johannesburg our D.C. 7 C. landed at Elizabethville, where we spent the night. Naturally, being my first night in the Tropics, I didn't sleep much, but I wasn't tired, although I had every reason to be. I was filled with a feeling of nostalgia, which was enhanced by the distant rumble of a train.

Rain began to fall on the roof of our bungalow, and in the semi-darkness of the room I saw my belongings scattered over every possible support. "I shall have to tidy that up tomorrow" I heard myself murmur, and then I felt the quinine taking effect, and dropped off into a heavy sleep.

The next morning all signs of rain had disappeared, and, as we were due at the airport at 8 a.m., we hurriedly gathered our possessions and boarded the waiting bus. On reaching the airport I contrasted this quiet solitude with the normal early morning rush at Jan Smuts Airport. We leisurely made our way onto the half-filled Skymaster, and we were off on the second leg of our journey, this time to Usumbura on the northern tip of Lake Tanganyika, three hours' flying time from Elizabethville.

Usumbura, with 60,000 inhabitants, is the capital of Ruanda-Urundi, a native state on the eastern border of the Congo. It is interesting to note that, throughout the vast area of this state, there is not a single railway line. It is a beautiful lake port, surrounded entirely by formidable mountains and crocodile infested water.

After a brief pause here to change planes, we continued to our final destination, Bukavu,

Lake Kivu. This region, known to the inhabitants as the Land of Eternal Spring, is in the heart of the Eastern Highlands, 6,000 feet above sea level, and for the small percentage of the population of Africa who are aware of its existence, it is a tourist's paradise. It is built over five hilly peninsulas, and in some instances it is more advanced than a number of South African towns of the same population. There are three cinemas (one-and-a-half with cinemascope), hotels to suit all tastes, and three large schools.

One of the most impressive sights in this town is the "market" on a Sunday morning. The lake is filled with an endless line of boats, seemingly appearing out of nowhere, and making their way towards the bridge at the southernmost tip of the lake, at the mouth of the Ruzizi River. The local natives congregate here, and they purchase bananas from the boatmen. Then they return their different ways, clad in tribal dress, work clothes and the like, only to re-appear in their miscellany of colour the following week.

Lake Kivu is approximately seventy miles in length, its width varying from a few hundred yards to five miles. Surrounded entirely by mountains except for a narrow depression in the north, one may safely bathe in this cool expanse of water free of bilharzia and crocodiles.

At the northernmost tip of the Lake are Goma and Kisenyi, a resort visited annually by thousands of tourists, not only from East Africa and Rhodesia, but also from Europe and America. The road between Bukavu and Goma is 106 miles in length, and travelling fast we took three and a half hours to reach Goma. Thus it is more comfortable to travel by aircraft or boat, both of which provide frequent trips between Bukavu and Goma.

For the adventurer, however, this road is a "must", as it is an intensely interesting journey. As we pulled off the tarmac at Bukavu we sped past native villages, gradually climbing higher into the mountains. Coffee plantations sprung into sight, and remained with us until we reached the escarpment, about forty-five miles from Bukavu. This escarpment is 26 Kilometers (16 miles) long, and it is an endurance test for any car, taking a normal driver an hour to cover this distance. It is an endless drive, but an unforgettable one, as at the top there is the most

wonderful view imaginable. It is of indescribable beauty — just one of the views typical of this region.

The mountains on all sides are covered with thick tropical growth, and they present a somewhat awe-inspiring sight. Then we descended rapidly, and soon the lava fields came into sight, and what a sight it was. As far as the eye could see there were just rolling plains of lava, punctuated here and there by a solitary formidable volcano, one of which still glows at night. Green bushes grow on the fertile lava, and there is a corner of the lake of incalculable depth which has been completely cut off from the rest of the lake by enormous drops of menacing lava.

Kisenyi, the tourist centre, is a beautiful town, with attractive streets lined with palms and flowers. There are numerous hotels and curio shops, and there is a natural beach along the shore, which has been developed into a holiday resort. Slides, diving boards, paddle-boats and speedboats line the shore, and there is even a miniature golf course, which would prove a trial to even Bobby Locke or Gary Player. A meandering stream winds its way into the mountains, and this is the local gathering place for native girls, who do their washing here while exchanging scandal with fellow "housewives".

In these mountains is the famous plain of the Watussi Dancers, who are impressive in stature and height, some being over seven feet tall. From this village one may gaze out on to the lava fields, but usually this view is obscured by cloud or haze.

To give a concise description of a six weeks' holiday in a land of such beauty would require a great deal more space than this, which is but a brief summary of the best six weeks of my life I have ever spent in this Africa of Ours.

BELLS

By C. J. Ballantine

IN THE TINGLING FRESHNESS of a crimson sunrise, the clang of a far distant bell rings over the silent country plains — forlorn and desperate — and at the same time with an infinitely magic spell. The bell continues clanging over the meadows in the early morning radiance. As a contrast to this the soft patter of running feet comes closer, breaking the dew as it goes, and again losing itself in the distance. From all sides figures flock towards one place—the same place—Church.

The figures disappear, the bell stops ringing and all is silent once more. The bell has done its duty.

For many ages in the past, the primary function of the bell has been one and the same—in the summoning of man to come and give divine adoration to the Almighty, it has indirectly spread the word of God. This has been so in all the corners of the earth, where men believe in the Personal, Loving God.

Yet important as this function is, it is not the only use of the bell. For, surprising as the fact is, the bell has found its way into almost every walk and field of life. To mention but a few of its environments, we find the bell in commerce, in industry, in the school, and, most important of all, in music.

Panting heavily, the little boy runs as fast as his legs allow to the window, through which he glares with enormous eyes bulging as the big red fire-engine flashes by with the persistent clang-clang of the warning bell. But its message to the young heart is a stirring to adventure and derring-do. Or again, the old man pauses for a moment under the enormous Cathedral Tower, amazed and uplifted as the gigantic bells peal boldly overhead. There he stands under the flow of great harmonies — Wisdom with a walking-stick in its hand. There is not a single soul upon this earth for whom bells do not mean something.

In the world, with all its wonders, powers and beauties, there is nothing as majestic, or as simply beautiful, as the pealing of bells. These great and wonderful sounds have inspired many a composer to give the world a masterpiece of music. Beethoven, as a small boy, would not miss the pealing of Church bells for anything in the world. Enraptured, he would drop everything and run out into the garden or into the street to hear the bells peal. One cannot help thinking of the profound and enormous "Symphonie Fantastique" by Hector Berlioz, in which he captures fully the atmosphere of his own funeral by means of bells under the tense orchestral texture — infinitely tragic and dramatic in its effect.

What is this mysterious enchantment that bells have for the human heart? Whatever it be, for many a generation to come, bells, with the golden beauty of their sound radiating forth and penetrating deep into the heart of man, will continue in all their magnificence and glory to illuminate, inspire and enthrall many a little boy, many a workman, many a composer, and many a broken soul.

DIE BROEDERS VAN INANDA

Deur „Nnunimoose”

NA MY MENING VORM die meerderheid van die mense hul idees van die soort Broeders wat hul seuns onderwys gee, veels te haastig. As hulle maar net 'n rukkie sit en oor hul idees peins, sal hulle gou besef hoe verkeerd hul dinkbeelde is. Om 'n Broeder te wees is nie maklik nie. Om ons soort outjies te leer moet 'n mens 'n sterk hoedanigheid hê, en sy geduld moet eindeloos wees. Daarom beskou ek dat ons hier op Inanda die ideale span Broeders het.

Ons prinsipaal, Broeder Benedict, is 'n man van onvermoeide ywer. Hy is die hele tyd aan die gang en sy werksame brein is dag en nag besig om iets nuuts te ontdek. In die klaskamer is sy neerbuigende houding en skrikmakende geneigtheid om op te vlieg die wese van sy voorspoed. Alhoewel hy 'n vreeslike besige man is, het hy altyd om oor iets met die seuns te staan en gesels, en partymaal sy goeie raad te verleen.

Die onderhoof, Broeder Walter, is 'n bekwame plaasvervanger vir die hoof, en as Broeder Benedict om dringende sake die skool moet verlaat, hoef hy nie angstig oor die beheering van sy skool te wees nie, want hy weet dat hy alles aan 'n ervare leier verlaat. Al is 'n skitterende verstand in Broeder Walter oorwegend, vertraag dit hom nie om in die tuin te help nie, en hy is die vanselfsprekende opvolger van die bejaarde Broeder Pius as hy nie tot in 'n ander skool verplaas is nie.

Opvolgend aan die eerbare Broeders is die senior inwonende onderwyser wat al in Spanje, Malaia, en nog meer lande onderrig gegee het—Broeder James. 'n Bedrywige idealis en 'n kragtige karakter hy is seker die mees ervare onder die Broeders want hy was al die tydelike Spaanse Konsul in Singapore, 'n uitlêer van die Amerikaanse strydsmag in Sjina, en 'n besoeker aan die verbodeland van Tibet. Al kom hy van 'n vreemde land, sal ek waarborg dat hy veel meer van ons land se binnesake weet as die meeste Suid-Afrikaners self.

Broeder Bonaventure en Broeder Eugene, die eerste 'n ware Suid-Afrikaner en die tweede ons enigste Ier, is die sport onderwyser van ons skool. Die vorige is 'n lustige wese wie se liefste stokperdjie is om „cowboy” stories te lees. Die laasgenoemde is die enigste Ier wat

ek van weet wat nie kort van draad is nie. Intendeel is hy 'n pasifis. Albei die Broeders is jonk en hul lewenskrag dui dit aan.

Die twee nuwelinge van ons Broederspersoneel is die Broeders Michael en Lewis. Al is die laasgenoemde 'n Skot, is hy nie inhalig of ontwykend nie, want hy is altyd gewillig om sy eerstehandse kennis aan sy leerlinge mee te deel. Die eersgenoemde wat seker deur die St. Charles kosgangers gemis is, bewys dat hy sy karweitjie met ervaring behandel.

Les bes is ons ere Broeders Lawrence en Pius. Broeder Lawrence is die egte eenvoudige soort mens wat noodwendig in 'n koshuis is. Job sal hom 'n moderne teenstander vir sy titel van die geduldigste man op aarde vind. Wat Broeder Pius betref, weet ons Vader in die hemel beter as ons. Ons gee 'n sug van verligting dat hy na sy lang uitgestrekte siekte merkbaar herstel het, en ons hoop dit sal nog lank wees voordat sy lewe uit is.

Julle kêrels wat die artikel lees sal 'n nuwe opinie van die Broeders vorm as julle sien hoe 'n ou kosganger oor hulle voel.

THE VOICES OF NATURE

By C. J. Ballantine

THE GENTLE BREEZE PLAYFULLY moved the huge willows above me, and afforded me a sweet odour of young blossoms. The river in front of me reflected the sun's golden rays with boldness, while in contrast its placid waters lapped gently on to the bank. Such peace!

I lay on the soft green carpet and closed my eyes. The warm rays of the sun relaxed every muscle in my body, while the velvet breeze seemed heavy with sleep . . .

But where was the music coming from? Music? Nonsense! There was no music for miles around. I listened again. The trees — they sounded like violins! Yes! I could hear them! Soothingly they weaved a soft melody. I listened enchanted. Then I could hear the 'cellos and the other strings making their entrance. The birds provided the woodwind effect. Yes, I could hear them too!



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I began to see it all—the gigantic Masterpiece of Nature taking shape. But it was quiet music, restful, even heavenly music as though it was giving praise to its Maker. With perfect ease the instruments interplayed with one another, some announcing placid, beautiful themes, while others adopted and developed them. And so it carried on, undisturbed, with impeccable precision and unceasing continuity and quietude.

A faint drum roll in the distance heralded an approaching storm. A sudden phase of uneasiness and hesitancy passed through the music. The quietude began to ebb; the placid music made an attempt to continue but it was hurriedly halted by another, and louder, roll. The music turned tragic and struggled more violently — a final desperate attempt and peace triumphed. It was back in all its beauty and serenity, and the conflict seemed over.

Suddenly the gigantic drum and cymbals crashed out with the power and fury of a wounded lion. In an instant peace had vanished—there remained a sickening emptiness. Then came another and equally powerful sforzando, and then yet another. The previously gentle strings were now whipped into mad, rushing, frenzied passages. The woodwinds were scurrying wildly. The drums beat out their sadistic rhythms. The trumpets clamoured, the horns barked, the trombones bellowed! Yes, there was the whole orchestra in all its power and force.

The emotional intensity bordered on the unbearable. The whole "Symphony Orchestra of Nature" hammered out its majestic statements in terrifying crescendi. The music worked itself up, faster and faster, louder and louder, to a great pealing climax.

The turning point had arrived. The beating of the drums gradually slackened, the strings slowly became calm, the orchestra quietened down and with overwhelming majesty peace again became ruler. Beautiful melodies blossomed forth, and after a long diminuendo the great music died away in an inaudible pianissimo.

I opened my eyes and beheld the now setting sun stretching its crimson curtains over the sky in breath-taking beauty and serenity. I looked at the trees. They were now relaxed and still. The river at my feet was motionless, and there was a fresh tang in the air. There was peace, perfect peace, as the last streaks of sunlight from behind the mountain closed the door on yet another day.

The Voices of Nature were at rest.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO

Ellis-Williams (Std. 6)

SITTING around the camp fire one evening while on a hunting expedition in the Belgian Congo, I thought of how lucky I was to be alive after the narrow escape I had that day. I had a misfortune with a wild elephant, and if it had not been for my gun bearers, I would have been trampled to death beneath the gigantic feet of the ferocious elephant.

It all took place when we were returning to camp at midday, and one of my boys drew my attention to some fresh elephant tracks. Being so close at hand, I felt that the opportunity was far too good to miss, even though we were running short of ammunition.

Stalking furtively round a clump of trees, we suddenly spotted a huge bull elephant standing placidly in a clearing. Suddenly he turned his head, and before we would take cover he spotted us. Being an outcast he immediately became enraged and trumpeted hoarsely and loudly.

He charged at the bearer nearest to him. I dropped to one knee and took aim, but before I could fire he changed direction and came straight at me.

Quickly I pulled the trigger and, to my horror, the gun misfired, and before I could reload, the frantic elephant was within a few yards of me, his sail-like ears spread-eagled wildly against the light turquoise blue of the sky. Just when I thought all was lost the crack of a rifle cut the sultry noon air, and I saw the elephant stumble in its headlong rush and fall to the ground.

One of the bearers carrying my other rifle had got in a lucky shot and killed the elephant, thus saving my life.

CATILENE

*Catiline Catilene Where have you been?
I've been up to Faesulae and guess what I've
seen.*

*I saw Manlius hiding where nobody knows,
Conspiring with rebels wherever he goes.*

Catiline Catilene Lend me your ear

Cicero's bitten it right off, I fear.

Catiline Catilene What will you do?

I'll rush from the senate and join Manlius too.

by Bonny Catullus.

WITH APOLOGIES TO SHAKESPEARE

- ELLIS :
 "Methinks I am a prophet new inspired"
 "I talk but idly and you laugh at me"
 RICH. II
- VERMEULEN :
 "I am yet unknown to woman"
 McB.
- LAKOFSKI :
 "Where gotst thou that goose look?"
- PHILLIPS :
 "I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land"
 RICH. II
- O'CONNOR :
 "A close contriver of all harms"
 McB.
- HUTCHINGS :
 "The devil damn thee black, thou cream
 faced loon"
 McB.
 "This music mads me, let it sound no more"
 RICH. II
- KENNEDY :
 "A piece of work that will make whole men
 sick"
 CAE.
- AMATO :
 "He thinks much such men are dangerous"
 CAE.
- NADER :
 "Thou who hast no figures nor fantasies"
 CAE.
- DAMSBO :
 "A peevish schoolboy"
 CAE.
- NEAL :
 "Thou art the best o' the cut throats"
 "A horse a horse my kingdom for a moped"
- WILLIAMSON :
 "Give us a light there no"
 McB.
- OLWYN :
 "Like the cat in the adage"
 McB.
- BIRCH :
 "Go thou and fill another room in hell"
 RICH. II
- McLAUGHLIN :
 "He swears by Jove he swears"
 CYMBELINE
- SCHWAB :
 "Wat is the fellow mad"
 CAE.
- MILNE :
 "The mere despair of surgery"
 McB.
 "They seat is up on high"
 RICH. II
- ROSMARIN :
 "Oh horror horror horror neither tongue nor
 heart can name thee"
 "Thou a lunatic lean witted fool"
 RICH. II
- BOTTS :
 "Give me my boots I say"
 RICH. II
- FORDER :
 "He is a dreamer, let us leave him pass"
 CAE.
- TYGHE :
 "I have a man's mind but a woman's might"
 CAE.
- KENNEDY, D :
 "I had rather be a dog"
 CAE.
- SCHIERING :
 "He has a lean and hungry look"
 CAE.
- BALLENDEN :
 "Some say he's mad"
 McB.
- CECCARELLI :
 "Shrunk to this little measure"
 CAE.
- OLIVIER :
 "I dreamt tonight that I did feast with
 Caesar"
 CAE.
- BISCHOFF :
 "I am but as you would say, a gobbler"
 CAE.
- BLANE :
 "His flight was madness"
 "Boldness be my friend"
 CYMBELINE
- VAN SCHYNDEL :
 "He is given to sports, to wildness and
 much company"
 CAE.
- BUTLER :
 "I have no words"
 McB.
 "His tongue is a stringless instrument"
 RICH. II
- BERMAN :
 "Enjoy the heavy sleep of slumber"

TO THE FALLS ON WHEELS AND A PRAYER

George Poole and Fred Cabri

IT ALL STARTED AT FIVE o'clock on the morning after the College Ball. It was pitch dark and equally as cold, and it remained that way until we reached Pretoria, so that we passed Wonderboom in the first grey light of dawn.

The car, despite the sarcastic remarks of some of our classmates, went like a bird on the open road. A minor trouble cropped up when we reached Warmbaths. As we slowed down and the engine idled, a part in the carburettor jammed, so that the engine would not accelerate again. The one who was not driving had to jump out and push a lever on the carburettor, slam the bonnet and then jump in, while the engine howled with the accelerator flat. We then roared off down the main street of Warmbaths in a cloud of exhaust smoke, while the one and only traffic cop stood staring dumfoundedly on the pavement.

We soon had this procedure down to a fine art, so that, after stopping for petrol at Bandolierkop, the native attendant did not even drop his oil-can when we departed, but merely raised his eyes heavenwards, and muttered fervently "Hau".

We finally got the trouble fixed at Louis Trichardt. Imagine our disgust when we found that all that was wrong was that it needed a drop of oil. Having climbed to the crest of the Zoutspansberg, we spent the night at the Mountain Inn, from which we could look back across the flat plain, almost as far as Pietersburg.

The next day we had 400 miles to do, and after whiling away a precious hour at the Customs, we finally entered the land of the Baobabs.

After passing through Bulawayo soon after lunch, we had our first taste of the strips. From then on the car bucked and twisted, and seemed to do its best to wander off the narrow strips, while we grimly battled to keep it on. Just at sunset we stopped at a remote petrol station, nestled in the teak forests, with paw-paw trees growing all round it. We asked the solitary native attendant how far it was to our destination—the Halfway House Hotel. He replied with a reassuring smile that it was "not so far, my Baas". We were not reassured, as we realized that in a native's easy-going logic, this could mean anything up to half a day's travelling. We

then continued in the dark, with our eyes glued to the two black ribbons which stretched ahead of us in our headlights. It was almost like driving down a long, winding tunnel, as the green forest trees grew in a solid dark wall on either side, almost obscuring the starry sky above the road.

We finally arrived at our destination, and while I began taking the luggage off the roof-carrier, Fred Cabri went into the hotel to book in. The manager, trying to be friendly, asked him if his wife was in the car, to which Fred, dumbfounded, replied classically "I am sorry, but she is a boy!" They had thought that we were a honeymoon couple.

The next day we reached the Victoria Falls at about lunch time, and while dropping into the Zambesi valley, still miles away, we could see the huge cloud of "thundering smoke" above the falls.

Having made ourselves comfortable at the Rest Camp, we went off to look at what we had come so far to see. The first sight of it was awe-inspiring; everything was so mighty. During the next few days we saw everything there was to see both of the Falls and the quaint town of Livingstone, where, like every other Rhodesian small town, everyone goes to work in khaki shorts, and anyone wearing a tie, let alone a suit, is regarded as a freak.

We could not resist buying curios from the native vendors, who display their wares on the pavement. They are masters in the art of facial expressions, and can make themselves look so pitiful that it is with trepidation that one attempts to bring their price down by a shilling, while their poker-faced neighbour gives them hints on how to beat the hard-headed white man.

After five days at the Falls we entered the Wankie Game Reserve, and were agreeably surprised at the abundance of game. As one person whom we met while watching a herd of buffalo so aptly put it: "There were so many elephants that at the rest camps they were wrapping them in polythene bags and giving one to each visitor". Here we spent three days in which time we became almost blasé about wild animals.

We completed the return trip in two days, our lunch on the last day consisting of a tin of guavas and a tin of condensed milk each. By

this time our stomachs had been so hardened by camp cooking that they hardly revolted against these victuals. There is one thing to be said for this meal; it is not to be found on any hotel menu. We again passed the Wonderboom in the twilight and finally arrived home soon after dark, each with very little of our original £30 left.

Although it took four times as long to earn our money as to spend it, it was well worth it. Perhaps the main charm of the trip was that we were on our own, and had to fend for ourselves. Perhaps it is good for schoolboys to have to act on their own initiative sometimes, without the guiding hand of their parents or teachers. Perhaps.

BEYOND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

M. Lakofski

THE 'plane banked sharply as it soared close over the Maluti Mountains, on the last leg of its journey to Johannesburg. Looking out of the plastic window a pang of fear ran up my spine as I thought our left wing would tip one of the snow covered peaks. Simultaneously I gave a quick excited shout as I saw the fantastically beautiful panorama below me. The other passengers, attracted by my eager shout, also followed my gaze and gaped in overwhelming bewilderment.

A seemingly never-ending valley stretched forth like a wrinkled table-cloth before our eyes. The luxuriant greenness of the bewitching picture gave me a feeling of home-sickness and my eyes began to yearn for the pleasantness of our front lawn at home. A light greenish-blue river meandered across the whole length of the valley, and on its course gave way to a placid lake which glittered in the effulgence of the departing sun. The lake, after gradually narrowing out, cascaded over a steep waterfall and formed a mass of overturned woolly foam at its brink. So effective was this overwhelming panorama that I could almost imagine the sweet symphony of sound as the water came tumbling down over the rocky ledge. Rows upon rows of neatly laid out maize were cultivated all over the valley and I could imagine the forlorn figure of a Native holding a plough behind the patient oxen's hooves which kicked up a torrid mist of dust, doing the last bit of ploughing before the sun set. As the landscape became more hilly the maize gave way to enormous forests of pine and fir trees. These dark surroundings stood out as

a vivid contrast with the fields of yellowish-green maize. Dark shadows were already rising in these glades as the blinding sun gradually began to make its way towards the distant mountains.

As all the passengers beheld the marvellous scene a profound silence reigned in the 'plane, broken only by the monotonous droning of the engines. The scenery seemed to have a definite effect on the passengers, including myself. It seemed to liven some of them up and gave others a heartrending look. These were characters I imagined as I took my head away from the window and wiped off the mist which had gathered from my excited breathing.

The 'plane came down lower as we reached the middle of the valley. The scene had changed slightly and I realized that the sun was slowly sinking behind the majestic peaks. The dying sun spread an evanescent flush over the plain at the foot of the mountains and far below us, between the sombre mountains, we saw the last rays of the sun flicker over the lake, then the glitter finally faded away and the dark mountain masses rose black against the red afterglow of the sun. The once sparkling blue river had the appearance of a dark moving body and after a while only the rank foliage which grew all along the banks of the river betrayed the fact that a river was actually there. Only at that moment did I see the first sight of a Native kraal which was partially obscured by about a dozen camelthorn trees. The thick tamboekie grass from which these huts are made gave a very bright reflection and almost blinded me for a second. I could imagine the happy Native children staring fixedly at our 'plane and waving to the invisible pilot.

Soon the aircraft ascended and began to pass over a long mountain range which bordered the western part of the valley. I took a last look at the awe-inspiring valley and then sat back in my seat with a sad sigh and relaxed my aching neck. I tried to recapture that vivid scene again but I could not grasp it properly. This picturesque sight had to be seen to be believed. For the rest of my journey I had queer dreams of running away from home and going to live in the luscious green valley. The sudden feeling of emptiness roused me from my imaginations and I quickly realised that we were coming in to land. As I stepped out of the 'plane I was jolted by the sudden darkness outside since the lights had been put on inside the aircraft. I was swallowed up by the wandering mass of people at the airport, still thinking about the pleasant valley beyond the Blue Mountains.

My Fair Gentlemen

(With apologies to a certain lady)

- Nicol: A pensive man am I.
- Br. Benedict: I've grown accustomed to his face.
- Kadish: That hairy hound.
- Tall George Schien: Oh the towering feeling.
- Riviera: Get me to the church on time.
- Jacobson: Just an ordinary man.
- Roberts: Carries on as if his home were in a tree.
- Loffell: With a little bit of luck, someone else will do the blinking work.
- Cabri: Sturdy as Gibraltar.
- McCutcheon: You dear friend who talk so well, you can go to . . .
- Hutchings: (said of him after any school function): That blackguard, was he there?
- Br. Walter: Say one more word and I'll scream.
- A Prefect: I'm a most forgiving man—but.
- O'Connor: I cannot understand the wretch at all.
- The Boarders: You'd think they'd never seen a "lady" before.
- The Day Boys: So decent, such regular chaps.
- "Duckie" Milne: (He thinks he is an auxiliary prefect). If they can do without you, Duckie, so can I.
- Phillips: One perhaps whose truthfulness you may doubt a bit.
- Van Schyndel: (At the college ball). Oozing charm from every pore, he oiled his way around the floor.
- Br. James: (He wakes the boarders). He almost makes the day begin.
- Dokes: With a voice too eager, and a smile too broad.
- Kanigowski: Never have I ever known a ruder pest.
- Ellis: The moment he talks, he makes some other Englishman despise him.
- The Boarders: (Again). Their heads are full of cotton, hay and rags.
- To the author of these caustic remarks: Just you wait.

Christmas Legends

J. Richardson (Std. IV)

LEGEND TELLS US THAT around Bethlehem of Judea, all was quiet on Christmas Eve. No birds sang, no water flowed and no wind blew. The night was still. Suddenly when Our Lord was born, nature burst forth joyously. All trees bloomed and bore fruit, animals were given the power of speech, and oxen knelt in adoration. A heavenly choir sang praises—"Glory be to God on High and peace to men of good will"—while the glorious star of Bethlehem shone high above the Earth.

It is told that on Christmas Eve oxen still kneel in their stalls in adoration of Our Lord, while an unseen chorus sings praises to the Prince of Peace.

On our Christmas trees, the candy, the presents, the decorations and trimmings, together with the artificial icicles and the glistening tinsel paper, proclaim the message "Joy to the world, for the Lord is come."

The legend of the Christmas stocking, which all children hang up on Christmas Eve, originates in Holland. Every Dutch girl and boy believes in Saint Nickolas, whose patron day falls on the sixth of December. They believe that on this night Saint Nickolas rides to each home in Holland on a stallion named Sleipner, and that he is accompanied by his servant Black Peter.

When Saint Nickolas and Black Peter arrive to do their circular tour of Holland, they clamber down chimney after chimney delivering parcels of presents if the children have been good; but, if they have been naughty, disobedient children, Black Peter leaves switches, burned out coal and charred toys for them, and Saint Nickolas does not give them any presents.

The morning after Saint Nickolas has left, Dutch children scamper downstairs, and look in their wooden clogs, to see what Saint Nickolas, or his servant Black Peter, has left for them.

But, as leather shoes are taking the place of wooden clogs, so Dutch children usually hang up silk stockings over the fire place. Now we have taken the idea for Christmas Eve.

The very phrase "Santa Claus" comes from Saint Nickolas. Repeat "Saint Nickolas" over and over again and you will end up saying "Santa Claus".

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Legend also tells us that long ago a shoemaker, although he had little to spare, always set up a candle in the evening to welcome weary travellers.

Suddenly a war broke out and the old shoemaker was the only person in the village to have peace in his home and serenity in his heart.

He was questioned by the villagers as to how he did it. He told them to put out a candle on Christmas Eve, because it meant peace and light for the Word.

That night so happened to be Christmas Eve and the whole village lit up candles as an invitation for the Peace of God to settle on their land.

The following day a messenger arrived to tell them that the war had ended.

WHAT IS A MARIST BOY?

MARISTONIANS COME in assorted sizes, weights and colours. They are found everywhere—on top of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or travelling to — Stray dogs love them. Brothers hate them, prefects tolerate them, spectators ignore them, and Heaven protects them.

A Maristonian is Truth with a pathetic hair style (If you can call it that), Wisdom with ink everywhere, and the hope of passing or promotion.

A Maristonian has the appetite of a horse, a stomach like a tank, the energy of a granny of ninety-three, the inquisitiveness of a Matron, the sternness of a London bobby, the shyness of a rabbit, the politeness of a chauffeur, and the enthusiasm of a machine gun.

He likes sweets, cakes, cold drinks, holidays, rock 'n roll, parties, GIRLS, mopeds, the weekend, and most of all . . . his friends.

Nobody else is so early to breakfast or so late to school. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a box of Pez, a tie, a safety pin, a shoelace, a note book, a diary, a comb, small chewed pencil, a bicycle key, a broken rubber, a stencil, and letters of sentimental value.

A Maristonian is like a box of sweets. One day he is full of nonsense and as happy as a King; the next he may be tired, cross and fed up, and altogether he is far too erratic.

Put all these together and you have a true description of a Marist boy.

From An Ardent Admirer.

WHAT INANDA WOULD LIKE TO SEE

(Names slightly disguised to protect the author)

Liepole beaten up by Freak Handerson.

Nickle stump the Quiz Kids.

Bolsdone singing a new song.

Could-C admit to be wrong.

Ceccarrelli 6 ft.

Olifer 120 lbs. Take a diet.

Skering 200 lbs.

Dasel Bakes with a path (Miss S.A.)

River A not playing chess.

Kinadee with a decent hair crop.

Osmond win the rugby.

MacFluff quiet for 5 minutes

wearing ballet shoes.

Mouse with a new pair of underwear.

Loafill do his homework.

E. Kennedy become a brother.

The Head Dead.

Congo pick on someone his own size.

Schwab giving Krayfish lines.

Cabree back on cigarettes.

Movie awake in class.

TOU—STAAN

R. McCutcheon (Std. X)

MY HART het in my maag gesak, toe ek die lang uitgerekte tou gesien het. Dit het die blok omsirkel nes 'n slang met derduisende pote. Vanaf die C.N.A. in Rissikstraat het dit soos Jakob se gekleurde mantel gelyk, en toe ek die tou genader het, het ek al die verskillende kleure van die reënboog gesien. Soos 'n mak hond, wat vir sy aandete wag, het ek my plek op die einde van die tou geneem.

Dit was 'n snikhete dag en die lug was swoel en bedompig. Die vroumense het hul nuwe lente klere aangetrek. Nietemin het die meederheid van hulle soos visse op droë grond gestaan, met hul lippe effens oop en uitdrukkings van verveling op hul gesigte. Ek het die mansgeslag diep bejammer. Die Evasgeslag het koel katoenrokke gedra en het nog warm en klam gevoel; maar die ouens het in swaar pakke gestaan. Om tou te staan op so 'n drukkende dag het hulle erg gepla, en 'n paar van hulle het nes groot brakke gestaan en hyg na asem.

My gedagtes het uit die stad gedwaal. Ek het van mals groen gras en klein stroompies, wat oor die rotse babbel, gedink. Die gedruis van die water het in die agtergrond gedaal, en toe spoe-

(Vervolg op bladsy 41)

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HELL'S BELLES

By Homa van Rømer

*A nymph named Arethusa
Threw parties quite a lot,
And tho' she was a cool one
Her parties they were hot.*

*To one went Goddess Ceres,
Who liked that sort of thing,
But she left behind her daughter,
Too tender for a fling.*

*Persephone the daughter
Had nothing else to do,
So she went to gather flowers,
And with her went her crew.*

*A bunch of silly school girls
A-plucking tender buds—
Ladies, for YOUR complexion
Use Stygian water suds.*

*Along came Uncle Pluto,
The shady under lord,
Who, when he saw the maiden,
Cried "Dig that little broad".*

*His hair was well brushed backward
Close to his head it stuck,
And from the rear it looked like
The tail light of a duck.*

*So with a quack of triumph,
He grabbed the little P,
And waddled to his horse
Just like a happy bee.*

*On a record trip to Hades
They raced as if in fright,
For those midnight nags from Hades
Just could not stand the light.*

*Now, Ceres consternation
Was pitiful to see,
And all that she could utter
Was "Where in Hell is she?"*

*She looked in every cranny,
She searched in every nook,
And her much neglected nature
Wore a lean and hungry look.*

*The final truth it shook her,
But her mouth was firm and set,
And she said with resolution
"By Jove I'll get her yet."*

*So she went to kingly Zeus
Whose friends all called him Jove,
But he wouldn't help poor Ceres
No matter how she strove.*

*At last they reached agreement,
A fifty-fifty deal—
Six months on earth with mother,
And six with P., the heel.*

*So now we have our summer
When all is bright and gay,
And we also have our winter
While the maiden is away.*

TOU-STAAAN (van af bladsy 39)

dig weggegaan. Iets het my gehinder. Toe besef ek dat my nek opgeswel het en dat my skouldas my probeer wurg het. Ek het die pyn gelenig, en die nek van die man voor my deeglik bestuur. Ek kom sien waar hy nie die skeerroom heeltemal weggevrywe het nie, toe hy die handdoek daardie more in die badkamer gebruik het.

Ek het my oë van sy nek afgeruk en rondekyk 'n Vroutjie agter my het stip vorentoe gekyk asof sy deur 'n newelagtige mis deurloer. Twee nooiens het land en sand aan mekaar gepraat. Die een het nie vir die ander geluister nie, en hulle het oor verskillende vakke gepraat. Dit

was asof albei 'n eier probeer uitbroei en omdat hulle so trots daaroor was, was hulle glad nie in hul vriendin se sake geïntereesêrd nie. Ek kon uitgebars het van die lag, maar die gawe daarvoor het my verlaat.

'n Motorbus het ons verbygery. Die tou het amper gebewe van plesier. Die vervelende uitdrukkings het ons gesigte verlaat. Die verveling om stil te staan vir 'n lang ruk is alreeds vergete. Die tou het vorentoe beweeg, en, nadat drie of vier busse weggetrek het vol mense wat in dieselfde tou as ek gestaan het, het ek die trappe van 'n bus boontoe geklim, en my neergegooi op die naaste sitplek.

Toustaan was oor.

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TENNIS

By De Court

School Championships

Notices hung warningly from the court, "BOOKED FOR SIR VIS AND RAY KET" and everyone soon realized that school championships were at hand. The Open Singles Trophy was awarded to W. Rendle after emerging victorious over opponent Oliver 6—0, 6—4.

Oliver and Rosmarin combined better than Rendle and O'Connor to oust them in the doubles 0—6, 6—0, 6—4, thereby with Rendle receiving their tennis scrolls.

In the Under Sixteen, Haber proved his control over the game by beating "Titch" Cecerelli in the singles and partnering Dearce to victory over Van Shyndel and Olwyn in the doubles.

In the Under Fourteen Daly showed Kukuljevic a few finer points of the sport in this fine game between two promising youngsters.

Combining in the doubles "Kuku" and Daly just managed to take the young Gerard and Brocco in a 9—7 final.

Jackson was twice crowned in the Under Twelve, partnered by Ferreira in the doubles.

Gerard repeated Jackson's effort in the Under Ten.

SENIOR TENNIS LEAGUE

INANDA "A"

Vs. NORTHVIEW

Daly, Harber, O'Connor and Rendle filled the 1st team against Northview, their opening rivals. W. Rendle was elected Captain.

Daly was the only victorious singles player, and together with Harber won one of their two double sets. O'Connor and Rendle offered one victory as well, and Northview emerged victorious by a narrow 4 games, 46—42.

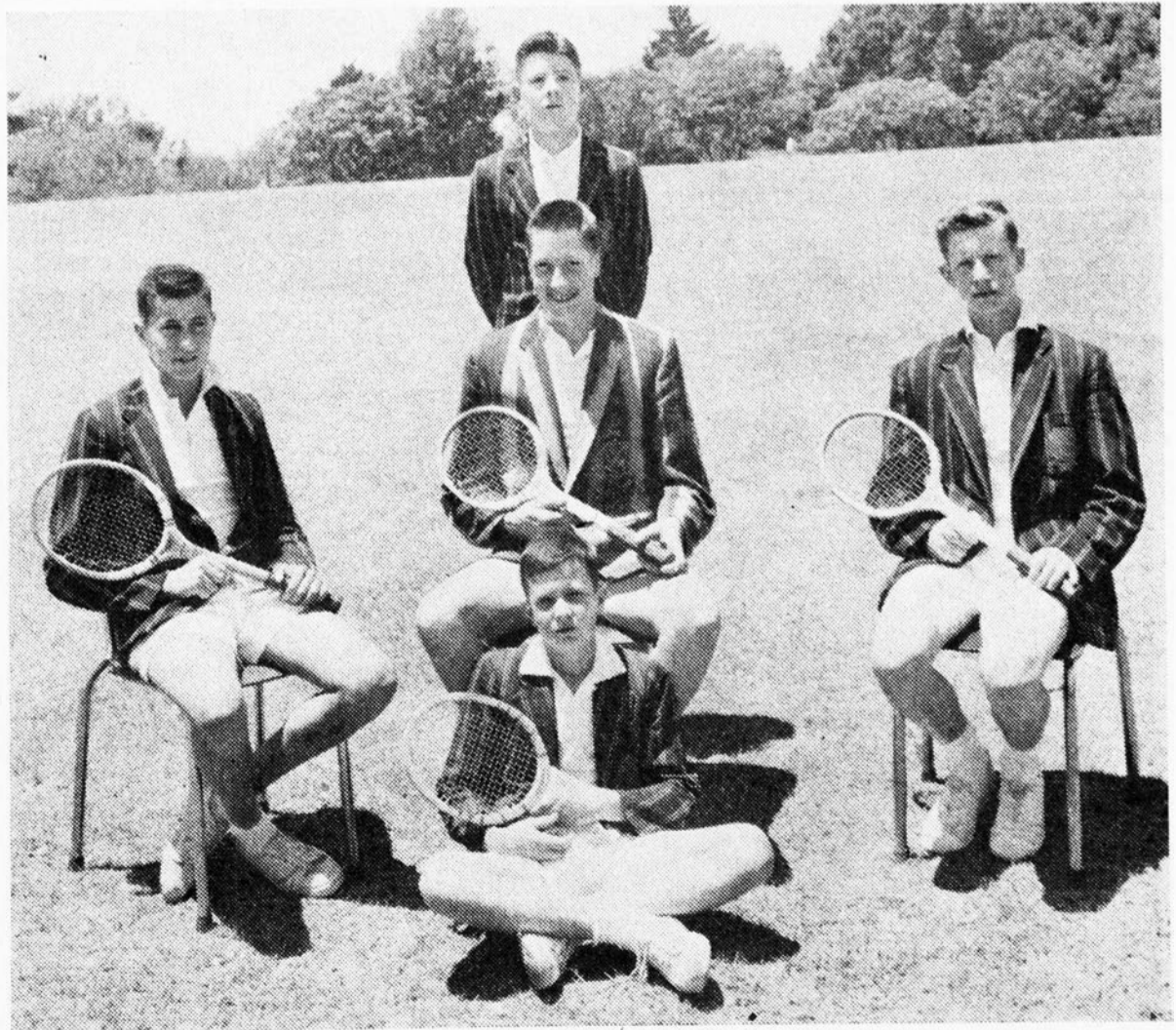
Vs. FOREST "A"

Athletics drew Rendle away and his position was filled by young Kukuljevic. O'Connor became acting captain. Kukuljevic began well by winning his singles accompanying Daly to victory.

The doubles hit Inanda with a bang, and these gave Forest 33 games to our 4, leaving them victorious by 59-29.

FIRST TENNIS TEAM

Standing: J. Daly.
Seated: R. Harber, W. Rendle,
N. O'Connor.
Ground: I. Kukuljevic.



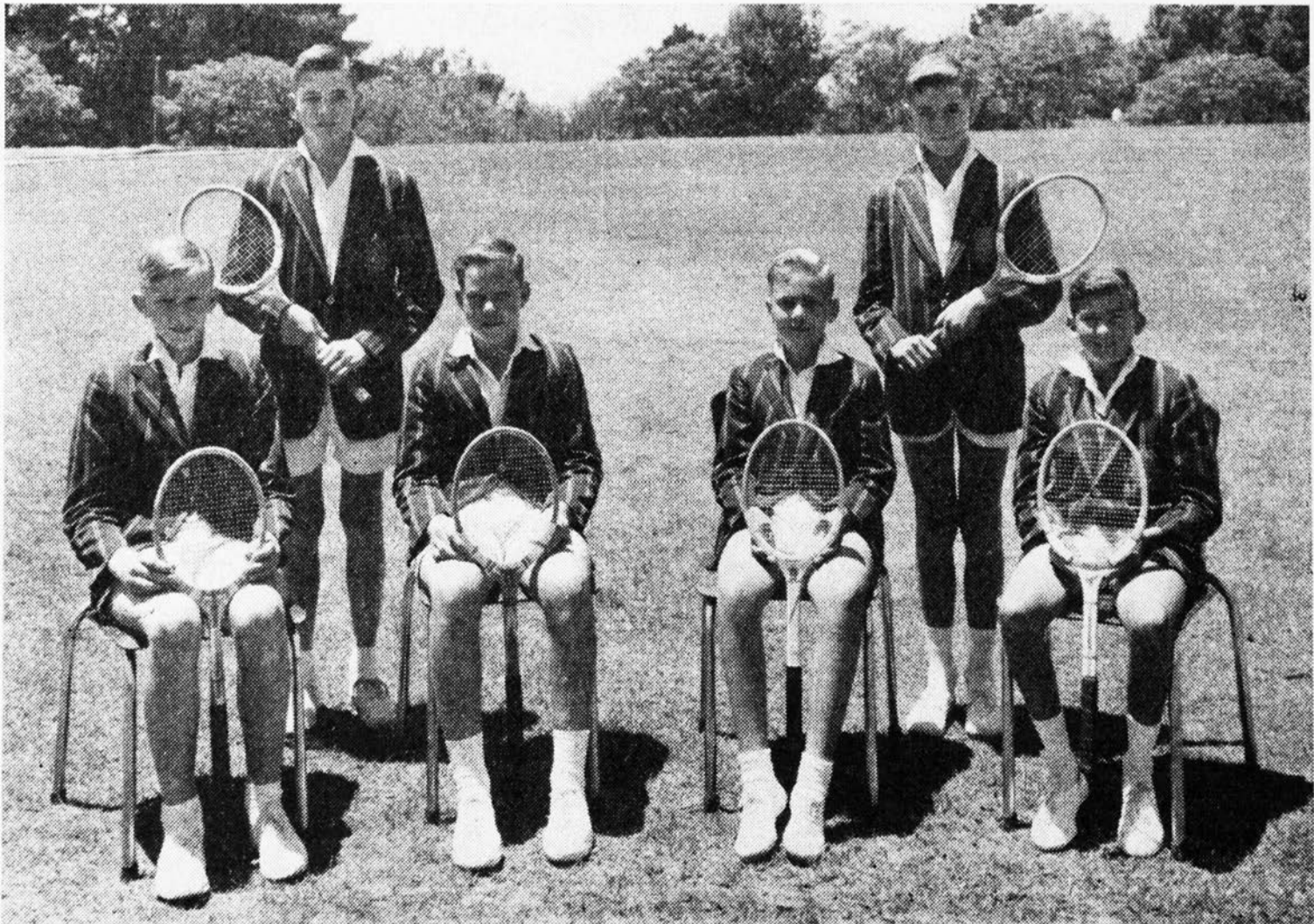


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PRIMARY SCHOOL FIRST TENNIS TEAM

Standing: L. Lintott, K. Ferreira.
Seated: R. Hutton, J. Ryan, T. Rosenberg, P. Jackson.

Vs. QUEENS "A"

Queens proved again their vast improvement in sport by leaving us with 16 games short of victory. Daly presented another victory while Harber, our No. 2, fell to a dominant 11—10 defeat. "Kuku" established his 1st team position again with a 6—5 win. Doubles again drew us further from the tape.

Vs. HILL HIGH "A"

Inanda showed signs of vast improvement but still lack of experience. Daly, Harber and O'Connor all went down but 14 year old Kukuljevic would accept only victory. Daly and Harber retaliated to win both doubles games. O'Connor and "Kuku" have still little combination and this cost them both sets.

Vs. OBSERVATORY "A"

Brebnor and Rawstone helped make Obs. the strongest side in the league, they proved this by both winning their singles. "Kuku" at last gave way to another player while O'Connor came to light with the only singles win. Only four games down we approached the doubles and again received evidence of it being our weakest point. Daly and Harber crashed to Southern Transvaal's pair 11—0, and two 10—1 defeats pressed our second couple down. Obs. tally shot from 24 to 60 while ours crept from 21 to 28. Tennis is on your list now Obs., congratulations.

Vs. CON COWAN "A"

This young and keen school felt Inanda's victory whip. 74 games totalled, Daly and Harber giving a generous 44, O'Connor and "Kuku" another 30. Con Cowan obtained 14.

Vs. HIGHLANDS

Daly came forward with the only victory in the singles, and no face reported victory in the doubles. Highlands 53, Inanda 35.

INANDA "B"

Vs. NORTHVIEW "B"

Inanda produced an excellent "B" team and they proved this by winning their first match 56—32. Kukuljevic and Cecerelli handed in many good scores. Rosmarin and Olwyn made their mark as well.

Vs. FOREST "B"

Forest were 16 games better at end of play. Van Schyndel was the only victor in the singles.

Vs. QUEENS "B"

Queens repeated their efforts of the "A", and defeated the "B" team by 48 to 39. Van Schyndel again was the only determined player in the singles.

Vs. HILL HIGH "B"

Van Schyndel and Jackaman were on bad form this day and Olwyn could only scrape up one game the better. Combined efforts were weak in the doubles and Hill High had 18 games over us to their credit.

Vs. OBSERVATORY "B"

The "B" put on a finer show than the "A" and lost only by 12 games. Jackaman had another "off day" and lost his singles, and both doubles partnered by "Rosy". Olwyn was in on savingly good form but the margin was too great for his effort.

Vs. CON COWAN "B"

As in the "A", Inanda outclassed the upcoming school. All singles players sprang off the court to a 10—1 victory. The doubles gave the opponents only 5 games and Inanda's 80 looked bright against Con Cowan's 8.

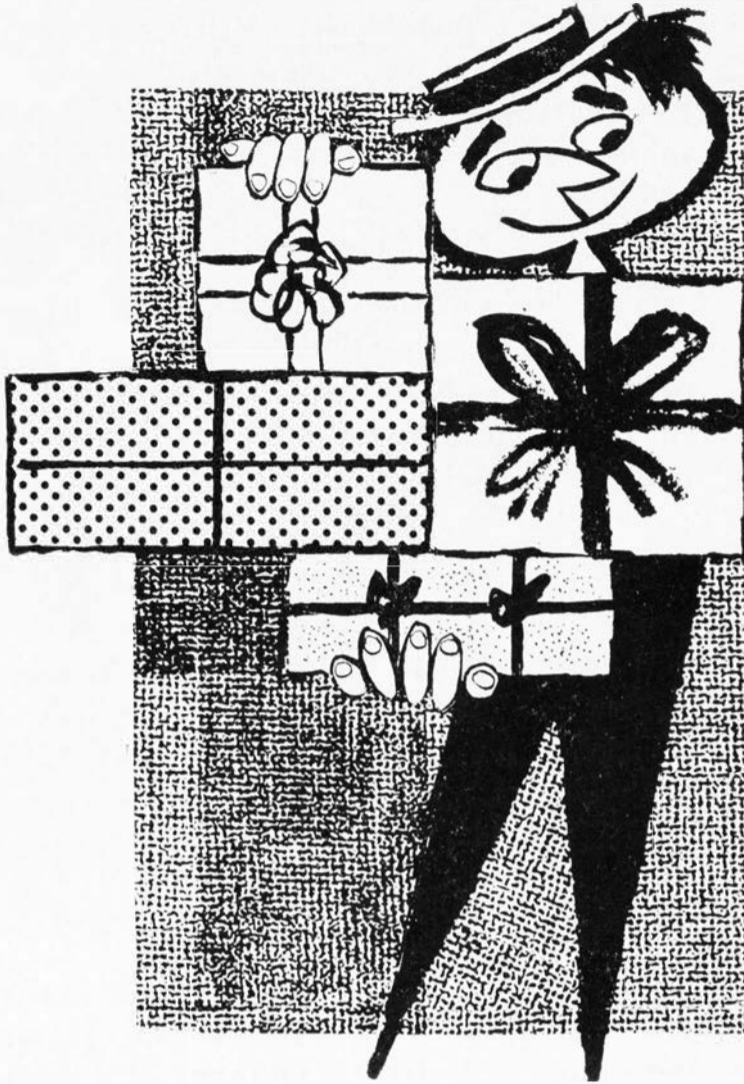
Vs. HIGHLANDS "B"

A walk over for Highlands with no winners in singles and a few in doubles. Highlands 59, Inanda 30.

The Junior League team swept the courts of opponents and their brilliant display left many a hanging jaw. Jackson and Ryan shared captaincy and made no mistake in their winning every match they played. The "B" team also set their names high in the tennis for sportsmanship, even though they lost most of their games.

Credit for all our tennis must go to Br. Eugene, Br. Bonaventure, Mrs. Gerard, who helped the Junior teams tremendously, and not to forget Mrs. Rosenberg for kindly transporting our players. This is a fast improving sport in Inanda, and soon our names shall be felt by the other schools' sides.

RENDLE.



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SWIMMING RECORD BREAKERS

Left to Right: J. Navarro, D. Robinson, W. Rendle, A. Mirlin, M. Fine (Transvaal Schools).

SWIMMING

(By Splash)

ONCE again Inanda has made its mark in Swimming, gaining victories over Athlone and Observatory in inter-school meets. We also gained fourth place in the Inter-High School Gala, and Michael Fine was selected to represent Transvaal Schools in the School Currie Cup at Durban this Easter. Well done, Michael. Unfortunately, Mrs. Martin has left the school as coach, but the Wanderer's coach, Mr. Niels Bouws is now the school trainer.

COLLEGE ANNUAL GALA

After weeks of seemingly endless training and organising, the scene was finally set for the Gala. Over the weekend preceding the Gala arrangements were at fever pitch, and a seemingly endless tangle of decorations were eventually straightened out and placed ready for the following day. Rosettes had been made, mascots found, and every house had prepared its "surprise", while everybody rushed around wondering if there was still time to add any final touches to anything.

However, as tradition would have it, there was no Gala that Sunday because of rain and it seemed as if we had suddenly been whisked into the middle of winter. Undaunted, decorations were repaired and at 2 p.m. on Saturday 21st February everything was ready for the best Gala ever.

Eight records were broken, a new event record created and J. Navarro equalled the U/13 crawl record. This indicates the improvement of our swimmers over the past year. The new record holders are:—

A. Curtin (U/8) Crawl 15 yds. 8.7 secs.

L. O'Haughey (U/9) Crawl 25 yds. 17.4 secs.

G. Dunbar (U/8) Backstroke 15 yds. 10.6 secs.

J. Hutten (U/9) Backstroke 25 yds. 22.9 secs.

A. Mirlin (U/11) Backstroke 25 yds. 19.2 secs.

M. Fine (U/13) Breaststroke 15.8 secs.

W. Rendle Open 100 yds. Breaststroke 74 secs.

College House 4x25 yds. relay (U/12-13) 60 secs.

Bishop's House 4x50 yds. Relay Open 1 min. 52.9 (New Event).

After a very exciting afternoon the final results were:—

College 178 pts. (House Capt. C. Knobbs).

Osmond 161 pts. (House Capt. D. Adams).

Bishops 159 pts. (House Capt. B. Roberts).

Benedict 150 pts. (House Capt. M. Leipold).

TROPHY WINNERS

Mrs. E. Mandy presented another generous donation of trophies. These were won by:—

Open 440 yds., B. Roberts.

Open 220 yds., B. Roberts.

Open 100 yds. Butterfly, B. Roberts.

Open 220 yds., Breaststroke, W. Rendle.

U/16 100 yds. Crawl, D. Adams.

U/16 yds. 220 yds. Breaststroke, M. van Schyndel.

U/15 220 yds. Crawl, D. Mandy.

U/16 50 yds. Butterfly, R. Amato.

Other Trophies won were:

Open (Friedlander Trophy), W. Rendle.

Open Diving (Schulman Trophy), B. Roberts.

U/16 (Ballard Trophy), D. Adams.

U/15 (Stott Trophy), D. Mandy.

U/14 (Schulman Trophy), A. Williams.

U/13 (Schulman Trophy), M. Fine.

U/12 (Gerard Trophy), R. Hutton.

U/11 (Richardson Trophy), A. Mirlin.

U/10 (Stodel Trophy), J. Curtin.

U/9 (Stodel Trophy), L. O'Haughey.

U/8 (Wilson Trophy), A. Curtin.

The Inter-House Trophy was won by College which was presented to C. Knobbs amidst vociferous applause from his House. For they had managed to wrest this Trophy from Benedict House at last.

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As can be seen by these results, the most exciting struggle for the trophy was between the Swimming Captain Winston Rendle and Brian Roberts. Both received their Swimming Scrolls. Winston was the College Champion.

The Trophies were presented by Bro. Ezechiel, Principal of Marist Brothers College, Observatory. In the course of a short address Bro. Ezechiel congratulated the boys on their excellent performances and praised the high standard of the swimming.

INTER-HIGH SCHOOLS GALA

It was a field day for K.E.S. Inanda did well above expectations by taking fourth place, only headed by K.E.S., Jeppe, and Parktown. R. Bischoff, J. Navarro, M. Fine, W. Rendle, and B. Roberts gained places. Our heartiest congratulations to these boys.

INANDA Vs. OBSERVATORY

On Sunday, 8th March, Inanda swam against Observatory at their bath. The decorations were despatched with "Gertie" in advance and two

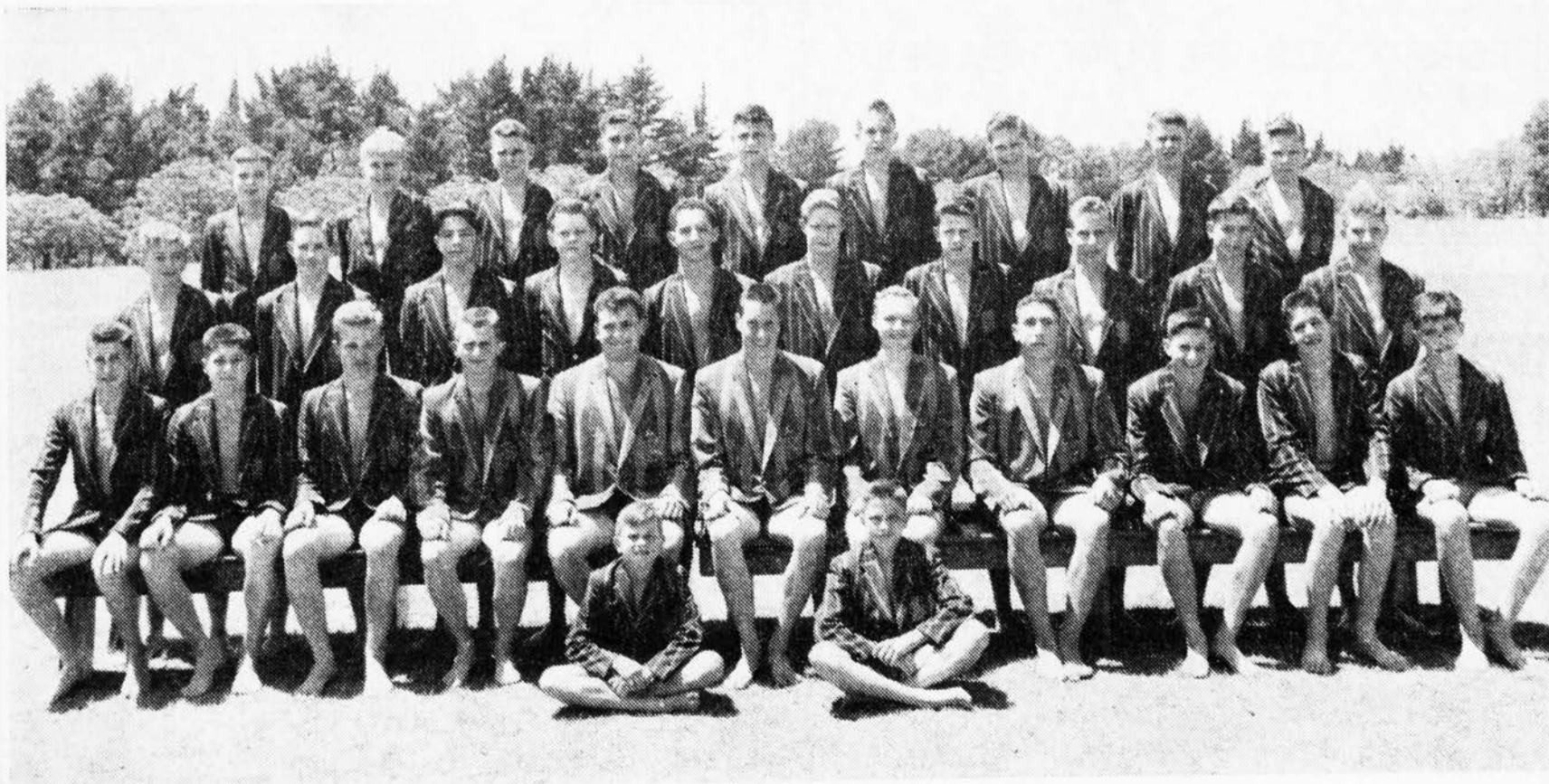
busloads of Inandians followed. In the bus en route, Freddie Cabri and Company began singing war-songs. By the time we reached Observatory, we were all singing "Hang Down Your Heads Observatory". Our voices are still hoarse from that day.

Records were shattered and once again we took the Trophy, beating our sister school by 59 points. The final points position was Inanda 161. Observatory 101½.

LIFE-SAVING

A second examination was held in November last year. 22 Boys gained their Intermediate Certificates, 9 their Bronze Medallion, 2 gained the Bronze Cross and 5 The Award of Merit. The total number of awards was 38.

Our thanks to Brother Benedict, Mr. L. Cullen, Mrs. Martin and the examiners Mr. Barnett and Mr. Robinson for their assistance. Nor should we forget to thank Prefect D. Adams for the time he put in to train and prepare the boys for their examinations. It is doubtful whether there would have been so many successful candidates had he not given so much of his free time to the Cause.



INTER SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: I. Kukuljevic, N. Curnow, T. Davis, M. Fine, D. Mandy, J. Dennen, E. Wilson, A. Mirlin, T. Munnikhuis.
Second Row: J. Forder, G. Sprake, L. Wilson, R. Bischoff, R. Amato, D. Butler, W. Balsdon, G. Kanigowski, J. Navarro, S. Fine.
Seated: R. Harber, W. De Bruin, M. Strack Van Schyndel, C. Knobbs, M. Leipold, W. Rendle, D. Adams, B. Roberts, W. Robertson, A. Williams, G. Wolf.
Ground: D. Robinson, C. Terreblanche.

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ATHLETICS

(By Flash)

DUE to a noticeable share of bad luck our 1959 team was not as successful as last year's. Admittedly we missed a few of last year's stars, but with a few less injuries and a little more luck we could have made the edge, instead of slipping off it.

Captained by C. Knobbs, whose sprinting services, due to hamstring trouble, we missed immensely, the team lost all its four meetings. W. Rendle was elected vice, but here again luck deprived us of him after two meetings.

On the 2nd September the team ran against Observatory on our College Track and lost mainly due to Observatory's splendid Open and Under Sixteen age group. Worthy of mention were C. Terreblanche—our up-and-coming Under Thirteen sprinter, Amadesi "the 880 dark horse", J. Navarro, and hurdler W. Andersen. All these broke records.

On the 5th September the houses once again displayed their talent. At 2 o'clock, amidst colour, beauty and bustle of excitement, the march-in took place. Here we congratulate the commendable effort of the four house-captains. After many thrills and spills the enjoyable day terminated with the presentation of awards. Con-

gratulations must go to College House, ably skippered by Knobbs, on breaking Benedict's six year monopoly. Second to them were Benedict, followed by Bishops, and then Osmond. Scrolls were awarded to W. Rendle and C. Knobbs, the former having won no less than six events. Thanks to the following athletes thirteen records were broken:

P. Ellis, J. Forder and I. Mandy each shattered a hurdle record, 220 records fell to J. Navarro, E. Ypsilanti and C. Terreblanche who, by also breaking the 100 yds. record, repeated the duet scored three days before. Ellis and S. Brocco, each broke a high jump record; J. Rousseau established a new mark for the discus; A. Ellis pole vaulted to a better height; A. Amadesi repeated his startling 880 yds. run, and in the juniors R. Savery and H. Manne shared a record. Finally another word of congratulation must go to W. Rendle who, by winning the Victor Ludorum, has captured both the Athletics and Swimming trophies.

After a week and a half we met Athlone on their own track. Here we lost narrowly, and our athletes seemed to have struck a bad patch. Amadesi kept up his good work with another



ATHLETIC TEAM

Back Row Standing: A. Ellis, F. Ellis-Williams, J. Forder, G. Sprake, D. Convery R. Amato, A. Dyce, B. Livingstone, G. Kanigowski, J. Navarro.
Second Row Standing: P. Nader, P. Forder L. Coetzee, C. Warrington, A. Amadesi, W. Robertson, S. Van Schyndel, A. Williams, P. Loffell, W. De Bruin, C. Buchanan.
Seated: E. Iglauer, N. Anderson, G. Milne, H. Kadisn, M. Leipold, W. Rendle, C. Knobbs, B. Nicol, B. Roberts, W. Olivier, M. Lakofski, R. Leigh.
Ground: F. Brocco, C. Gardiner, B. Ellis, H. Rosmarin, M. Fine, A. McLintock, D. Mandy, C. Terreblanche, P. Ellis.

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amazing 880 yds. and 440 yds. win. D. Mandy showed us the finer points of hurdling by easily winning this event, and R. Leigh set up a new distance with the shot. Also to be mentioned are W. Andersen and W. Rendle who each won two events.

On September 19th the first Catholic Quadrangular meeting was staged at Marists Observatory. Though we marched in joyfully, it is sad to say that we came away from this splendid meeting of keenest rivalry down-hearted, not because we did not enjoy it to the utmost, but because luck really ran against us on that day. Injuries took such a heavy toll that to stage a relay team was nearly an impossibility. However, we came third, beating C.B.C. Pretoria, and losing to Obs. and to C.B.C. Boksburg by five points.

However, congratulations must go to Observatory on a well deserved win. J. Navarro, that colossal Under Thirteen, made his mark in both the 100 yds. and 220 yds.; D. Mandy ran a startling 120 yds. hurdles, and won the long jump; W. Rendle led the field of discus throwers; I. Brocco outjumped the keenest of opponents in the high jump, and E. Iglauer perfected his putt and emerged victorious. A really commendable

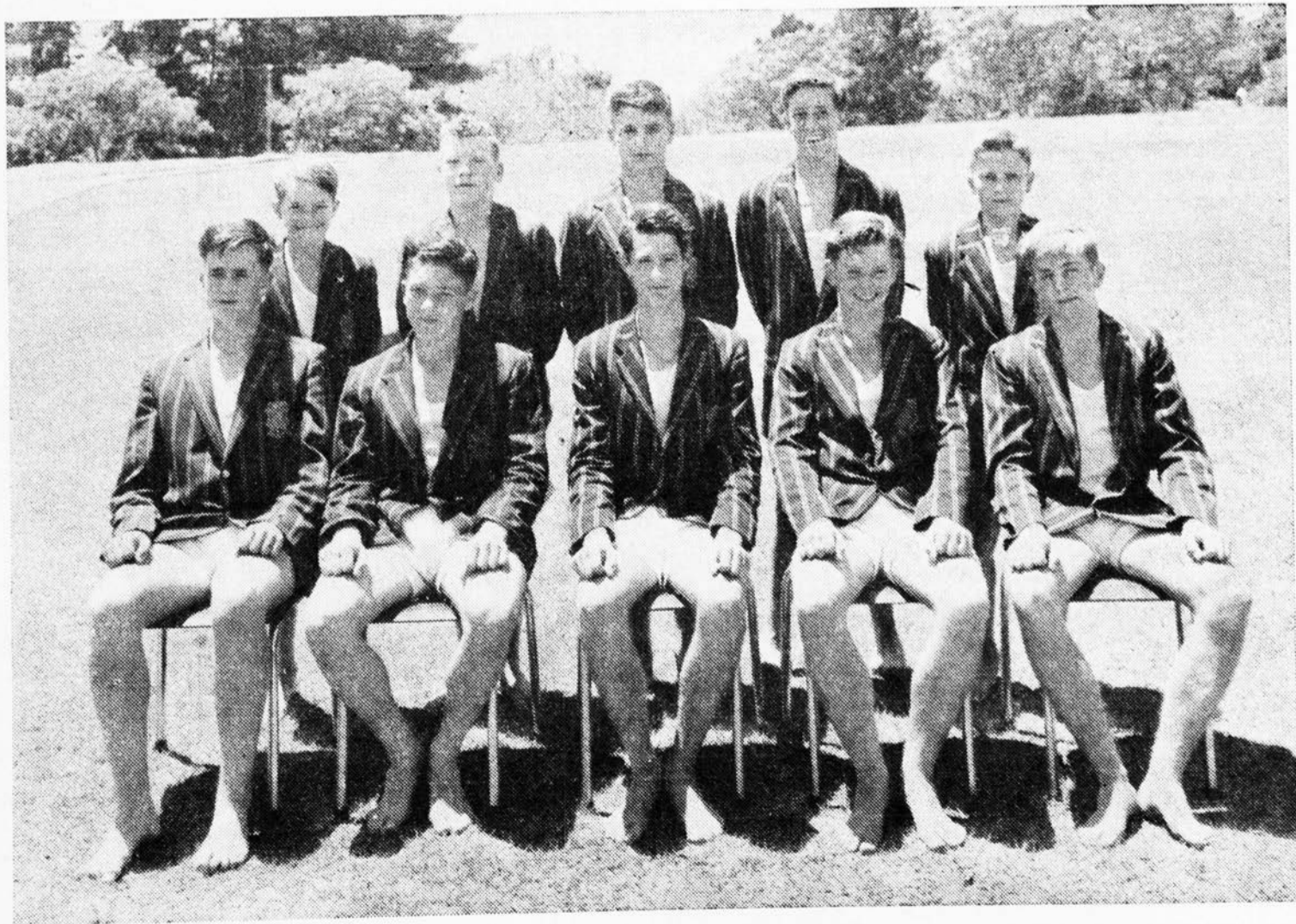
performance by a reduced Inanda team.

On the 24th September we left by bus to compete at the Pam Brink Stadium in Springs in the Triangular Meeting. Although we finished last we were once more severely handicapped, missing the Captain, Vice-captain and Under Sixteen Sprinter. Our athletes were well beaten and only J. Forder, the Under Fourteen sprinter secured a first place. I. Mandy and L. Coetzee were unlucky not to gain better placings. After a grueling duel Amadesi was narrowly beaten into second place in the 880 yds. The end of this meeting was the end of Inanda's 1959 athletic activities.

In concluding, our thanks go to Br. Bonaventure, the sports master, who arranged several exciting venues for the team, and also to Mr. Sprake who devoted many an afternoon to coaching our athletes.

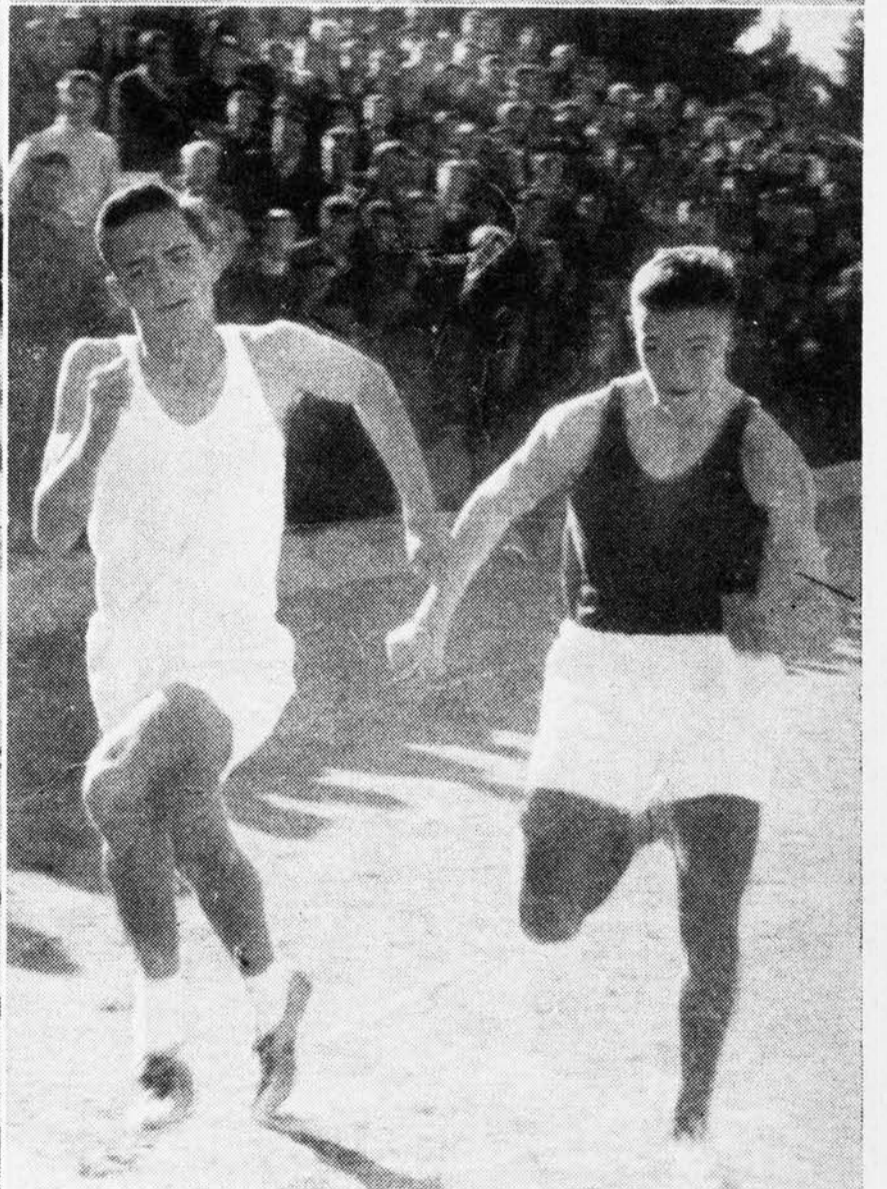
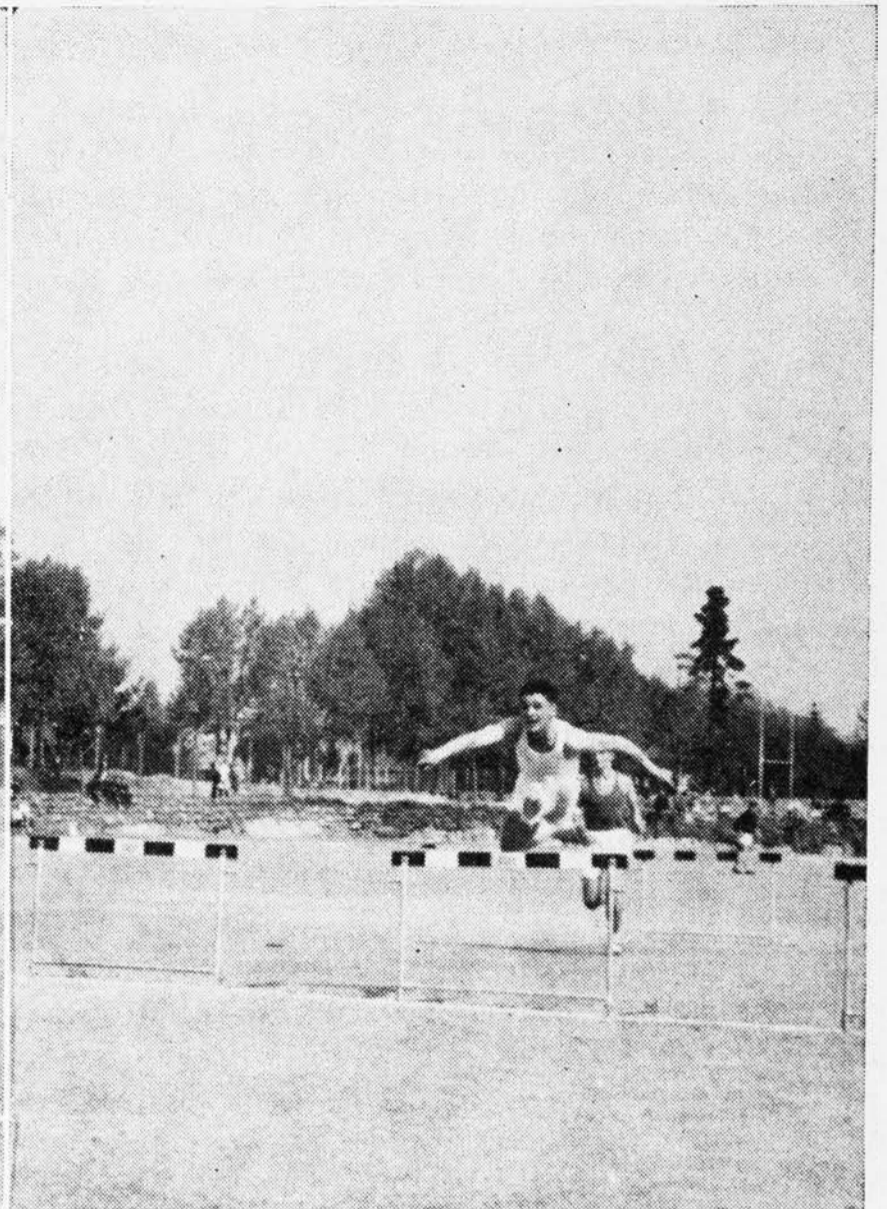
Finally, mention is to be made of L. Coetzee, who could be termed as "the unluckiest athlete of 1959". This fine long distance runner, who always gave of his best, was too often robbed of his scroll a yard from the post.

To these and the whole Inanda athletic team go our sincerest thanks and congratulations, and all the best for 1960.

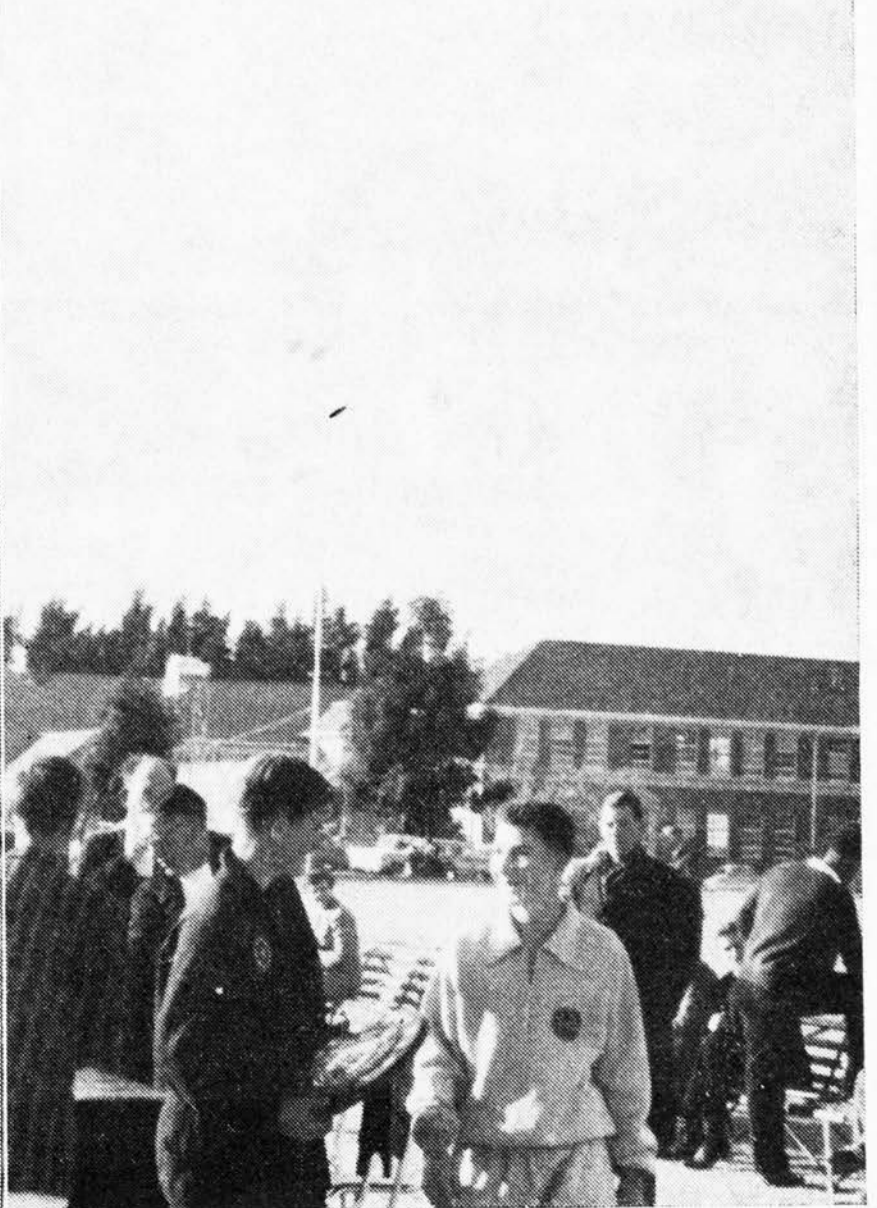
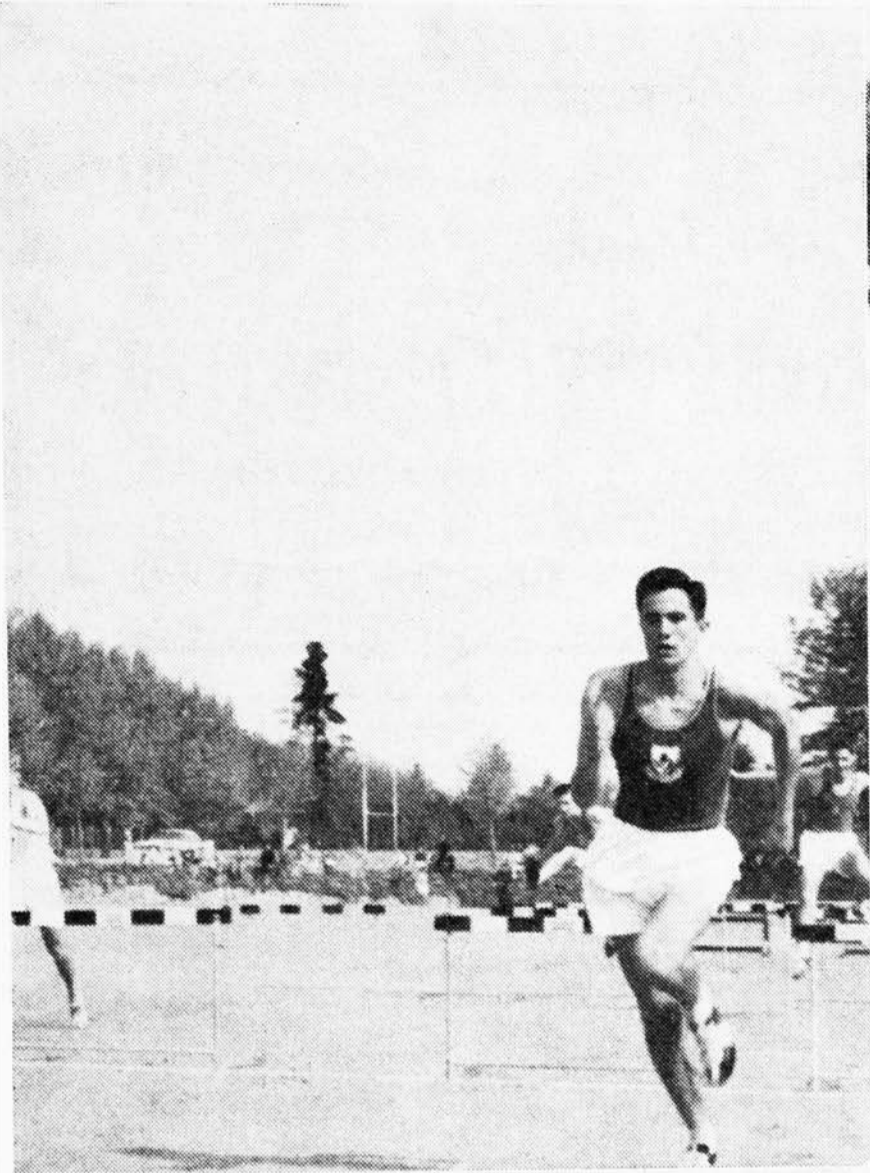


ATHLETIC RECORD BREAKERS

Standing: P. Ellis, B. Ellis, D. Mandy, F. Brocco, C. Terrebranche.
Seated: J. Rousseau, A. Ellis, A. Amadesi, J. Navarro, J. Forder.



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RUGBY

GENERAL

The Rugby of the Senior teams was not up to the usual standard of Inanda. The Junior teams, however, showed that this is only a phase and that within a year or two we shall be back again.

FIRST FIFTEEN

Vs. C. B. C. PRETORIA

In this first game of the season, we fielded more of a trial team than anything else. The forwards played well in the line-outs and scrums, but the loose-scrummaging was terrible. Our line was very weak in both attack and defence with the result that all C.B.C.'s points were scored as the result of breaks through the line.

The final result was 18—0 in favour of C.B.C. which was a fair reflection of the run of play.

Vs. JEPPE

The team was rather different from the one fielded against C.B.C., but still with a weak backline.

The game started with a bang for after five minutes we were 6 points up from a try by Berman and a penalty by Convery. These were all the points we scored. The halftime score was 6—5 in our favour. After the half Jeppe exploited our weaknesses which in this case were not difficult to spot. They ultimately ran out winners by 21—6.

Vs. K.E.S.

Much the same mistakes that cost us the game against Jeppe were again visible here. Indifferent tackling and careless marking by the inside backs left too much for the outside men to take on. K.E.S. were quick to spot this and made full use of their knowledge after the half. Again the inability of the hooker to give us enough of the ball placed an impossible burden upon the "Threes".

The end of the game saw K.E.S. winners by 22—3.

Vs. PARKTOWN

Playing the three toughest matches one after the other was not calculated to make us find our feet nor help us to iron out our mistakes. To add insult to injury, we found ourselves playing in rain. Again too many elementary mistakes were made. The forwards showed no punch and

the backs no determination. This is no way to tackle Parktown who proceeded to pulverise us. Half-time score was 24—0. After the half we held Parktown better. The final result was a well-deserved 30—3 win for Parktown.

Vs. THE SEMINARY

This match saw the team looking more like one. A delightful game played at a cracking pace and in the best of traditions. Roberts and Convery scored. We finished with two tries and two penalties. The Seminary however managed to pip us by three points. Final Score 15—12.

Vs. MARISTS OBSERVATORY

This was the surprise packet of the season. The First played extremely well. They bottled the faster backs of Observatory nor did they ever lose their stanglehold on the forwards. It was our match all the way and could have been a much bigger victory than it was. This was our first victory over Observatory ever. Scorers were Knobbs and Leipold a try each and Convery converted one.

The final Score was 8—6 in our favour.

Vs. SPRINGS HIGH

A very disappointing match. We led till the last minute notwithstanding the fact that we finished the match with twelve fit men. This made it well nigh impossible to hold Springs out forever. They managed it and finally won 9—6. Our scorers were Ceccerelli a try and Convery a penalty.

Vs. QUEENS HIGH

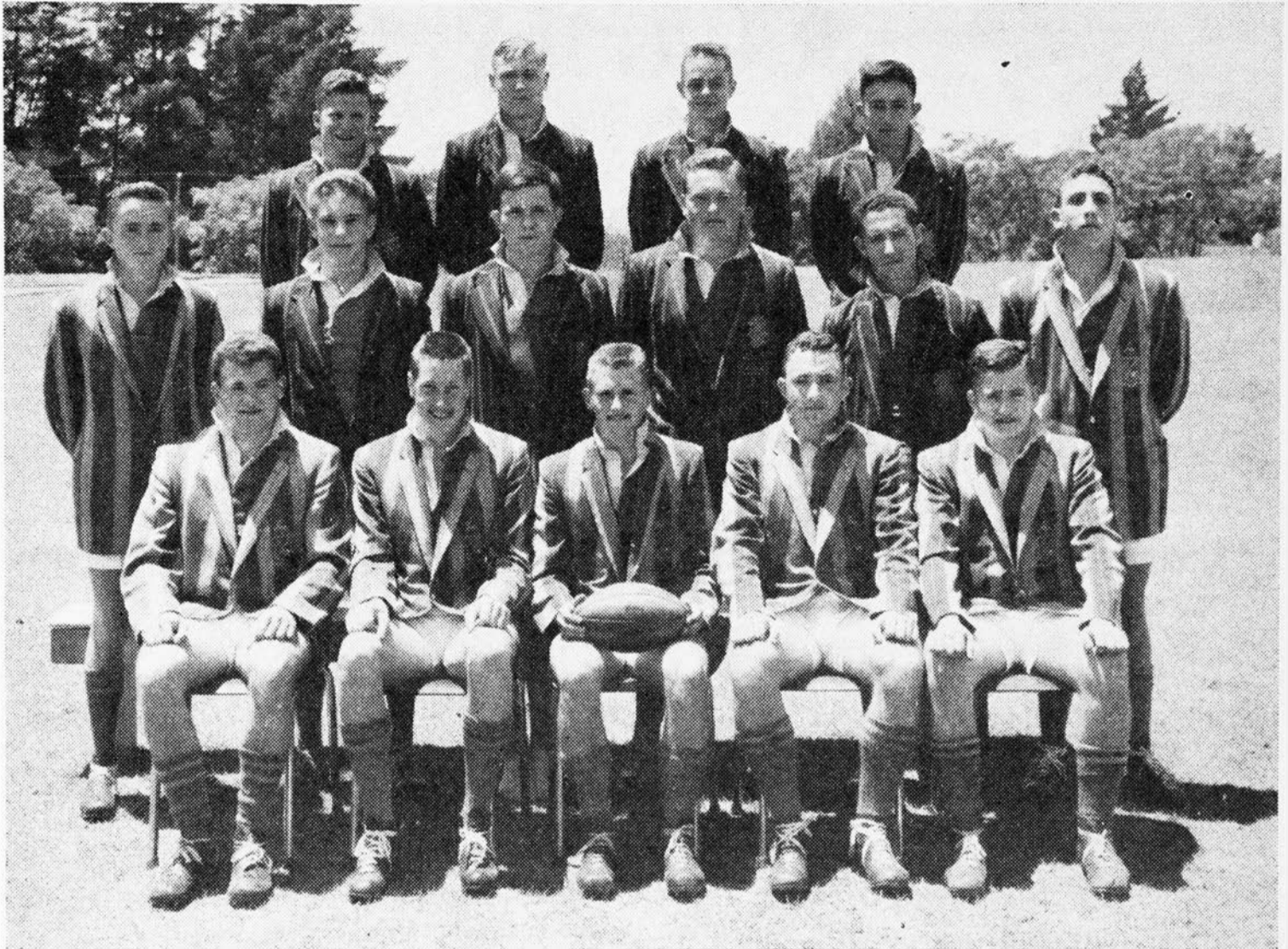
A very poor rugby match. The team played as a set of individuals so that what should have been a massacre ended very tamely. We won 14—0. Scorers were Berman two tries, Roberts and Rendle one each. Convery converted one.

Vs. ATHLONE

Athlone were the better side and well deserved their victory. We failed to score. Athlone played good rugby but found scoring less easy than they had hoped it would be. They won 8—0.

Vs. FOREST HIGH

A strange match. We felt that we would win but did not. Forest ran out winners by 17 points to 9. The plague of faults that we thought were all cured returned and Forest made no mistake about profiting from them. Convery was our only scorer with one try and two penalties.



RUGBY FIRST TEAM

Back Row: L. Berman, D. Convery, L. Coetzee, H. Rosmarin.
Middle: B. Nicol, N. Schwab, C. Ballenden, W. Olivier, R. Amato, B. Roberts.
Seated: M. Leipold, W. Rendle, C. Knobbs (Capt.), H. Kadish, F. Cabri.

Vs. ST. CHARLES (MARITZBURG)

The St. Charles backline proved much too strong for ours. The match was hard and clean. Both sides played good rugby. At forward we were slightly the better. We must congratulate St. Charles on a victory well-deserved. They were winners by 11 points to nil.

Vs. ROOSEVELT

Once again we returned to the condition of status quo. We made all the same mistakes, played the same wretched rugby and generally acted as though we had never seen a rugby ball before. Disunity was the cause of all the trouble. Roosevelt did not hesitate and made very sure of a good thing. They won by 15 points to 5. Our scorers were Roberts a try and Kadish a conversion.

Vs. HIGHLANDS

This was a strange match. We were 8 points up at halftime. We lost by 13 points to 8. The game was fast and exciting. Highlands played extremely well and ran out deserved winners.

Our scorers were Rosmarin and Ballenden a try each and Kadish a conversion.

Vs. C.B.C. BOKSBURG

This was also a very good match that could have gone either way. C.B.C. pulled out a little extra and ran out winners by 8 points to 3. Berman scored a try.

Vs. ST. STITHIANS

Again the first was plagued with its besetting sin, inability to avoid the most elementary mistakes. We were fortunate that St. Stithians had not the backs to capitalize on our mistakes or we could have lost this match. As it was we were only able to win by 9 points to nil. Scorers were Dyce a try and Leipold two tries.

Vs. GERMISTON

Germiston proved to be too good for us. The team played a poor game and Germiston were not slow to find out our weaknesses and to capitalize on them. They won comfortably by 14 points to nil.

SECOND XV

Owing to the constant changes that were made, the team lacked combination. As most changes were made in the line, even though the scrum had begun to play as a pack towards the end of the season, there was not enough co-ordination in the line.

On the occasions that the team did settle down, they showed their worth. The match against Athlone, which we won 8—6, was the best of the season, while that against C.B.C., Pretoria, which we lost 5—3 was another creditable performance.

Unfortunately the hardest matches, against Jeppe, K.E.S., and Parktown, were played at the beginning of the season. Every second team player has bitter memories of the match against Parktown which was played in the rain. Inanda had to battle desperately to avoid being trampled into the mud in their own twenty-five. This match which we lost 36—0 was the biggest defeat of the season.

When we played Observatory Marists, the team was fit, but they proved to be even fitter, for though we held the score to 0—0 until the last fifteen minutes, they then broke through to beat us 15—0.

THIRD XV

Owing to our small numbers, the third team had only a very small group from which to select players. However, everyone showed keenness in the nine matches we played. With the exception of one or two matches, we were soundly beaten by our opponents.

UNDER XV

The Under XV had a very disappointing year. There was a shortage of players in this age group which resulted in an unbalanced side. The three-quarters were always weak and generally outclassed by their opposition. They tried hard however. The forwards played hard and generally held their own against all opposition. The best players of the season were R. Leigh, E. Iglauer, W. de Bruin and D. Mandy.

UNDER FOURTEEN "A"

A most successful side that played good rugby. It is a pity that occasional selfishness prevented this side from doing as well as it could have done. It was noticeable that when things seemed

bad, this side always pulled out something extra and managed to hold their own. It is only fair to point out that the Under 14 generally played against much bigger opposition. This notwithstanding, they managed to win ninety per cent. of their games and by comfortable margins. Much credit for this must go to the captain who always managed to lead them through the morass and on to victory.

UNDER THIRTEEN "A"

The team was D. de Bruin, K. Ferreira, J. Webster, M. Fine, C. Terreblanche, P. Ellis, D. Mandy, J. Dennen, J. Navarro, G. Wolff, N. Munnikhuis, A. Iglauer, F. Gerard, K. Lintott, J. Ryan.

This year's Under 13 was not quite as good as last year's but was able to claim what no other Under 13 of the College has been able to, namely a victory over Jeppe. The side only lost two games viz to Athlone and K.E.S.

The standard of rugby was good and augurs well for the future. Most outstanding players were M. Fine, J. Navarro, G. Wolff, C. Terreblanche, P. Ellis, K. Ferreira, D. Mandy. Generally a most happy side and a satisfactory season.

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CRICKET

Under 13

The second half of the '58-'59 season was the most successful as far as U/13 cricket was concerned, and had what was probably the best record of all the '58-'59 teams, although even this was not very flattering: Played 9, Won 3, Lost 4, Drew 2. Jackson was the best all-rounder, Albertyn and Ellis also proved consistent as batsmen while the most accurate bowlers were Quail and Beckett.

Under 14

The team for the 1st half of the season were most unsuccessful. They did not win a match. Players worth mentioning were Williams, Leigh and De Bruin as batsmen, and Zunckel and Polonsky as bowlers.

Played 9, Lost 6, Drew 3, Won 0.

The 2nd half of the season brought better results owing to a better team with better players. Outstanding players were Chisholm, the Captain, Curnow, Coghlan, Forder and Ellis-Williams.

Played 10, Won 2, Lost 4, Drew 4.

Second XI

The '58-'59 team had an average season compared with the rest of the teams. Olwyn Captained the side until he was promoted to the First XI for the last few games of the season. The team itself was rather a mixed lot but contained some good talent in Convery as a bowler, de Bruin as an all rounder, and Olwyn as a batsman.

The best batting was a half-century by de Bruin, and the best bowling was 6 for 28 by Convery.

Played 17, Won 2, Drew 4, Lost 11.

First XI

The team for the first half of the season were a little unlucky at times, but on the whole they were beaten by better teams than they. They did not win a match, but the 2 that they drew would have resulted in a win had they had the time to complete them.

Played 9, Won 0, Lost 7, Drew 2.

The second half of the season resulted in a better record. Three new men were recruited, Morgan, James, and Funston having left. The captaincy was taken over by Nicol who later gained his scroll as a bowler. Knobbs also received his.

Played 9, Won 1, Drew 3, Lost 5.

Cricket Week (1959)

This year's cricket week was held in Cape Town. Six teams competed, each playing four matches. They were: St. Henry's (Durban), St. Charles' (Maritzburg), Rondebosch (Cape Town), Walmer (P.E.), Inanda and Observatory. St. Henry's proved to be the best team. They won all their matches.

The games were played at the Rondebosch School and the Marist War Memorial ground in Rondebosch.

In the final game, a combined team played the Old Boys, whom they beat soundly. Caps were presented to the team by the Archbishop of Cape Town. For the first time we had no representative in the Marist Schools XI. Players who were consistent on the tour, were Nicol and P. McGurk.

Played 4, Won 1, Drew 2, Lost 1.

FIRST XI

FIRST HALF 1958—1959

Vs. King Edward's School

Inanda: 85 all out (Funston 42, Knobbs 18).

K.E.S.: 100 for 2 (Bacher 61).

Vs. Germiston

Germiston: 212 for 7 (Fuller 94, McGurk 3—40).

Inanda: 114 all out (Morgan 81, Funston 20).

Vs. Highlands North

Highlands: 147 for 7 (Bagg 47, Nicol 2—15).

Inanda: 23 all out (Nicol 11).

Vs. Roosevelt

Roosevelt: 194 for 8 (Boaden 45, Nicol 3—57).

Inanda: 131 all out (Funston 50).

Vs. St. Stithians

St. Stithians: 158 for 7 (Pfaff 56, Knobbs 4—65).

Inanda: 101 for 2 (Morgan 49 n.o., Berman 28 n.o.).

Vs. Jeppe

Inanda: 48 all out (Rosmarin 20, Lundie 8—10).

Jeppe: 52 for 0 (Bond 36 n.o.).

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CRICKET FIRST XI

Standing: A. Olwyn, R. Leigh, W. De Bruin, W. Olivier, N. O'Connor, T. Ellis, P. Loffell.
Seated: L. Berman, P. McGurk, C. Knobbs, B. Nicol (Capt.), M. McGurk, H. Rosmarin.
Ground: R. Burnside (Scorer).

Vs. Forest High

Inanda: 158 for 8 (Morgan 39).
 Forest: 159 for 7 (Ferreira 95, Berman 2—26).

Vs. Athlone

Inanda: 113 for 7 (McGurk 37, Rosmarin 23).
 Athlone: 49 for 3 (Nicol 2—10).

Vs. Observatory

Observatory: 186 all out (Melville 57, Nicol 6—54).
 Inanda: 77 all out (Nicol 18, McGurk 18).

SECOND HALF 1958—1959

Vs. Jeppe

Jeppe: 132 for 1 (Bond 75 n.o.).
 Inanda: 74 (Williams 32).

Vs. Roosevelt

Roosevelt: 65 all out (Visagie 25, Knobbs 7—42).
 Inanda: 105 all out (Berman 29 n.o.).

Vs. Springs

Springs: 151 (Wiederhold 83, Nicol 4—39).
 Inanda: 29 for 1. Rain stopped play.

SECOND XI

FIRST HALF 1958-1959

Vs. King Edward's School

K.E.S.: 165 for 5 (Bredenhann 49, Forder 4—39).
 Inanda: 58 all out (Forder 13, Ellis 10).

Vs. Germiston

Germiston: 238 for 5 (Gordon 61, Forder 2—55).
 Inanda: 79 all out (Ellis 38, Flowers 18).

Vs. Roosevelt

Inanda: 104 all out (Flowers 20, Olwyn 18).
 Roosevelt: 107 for 5 (Sacks 28, Rushton 2—11).

Vs. St. Stithians

St. Stithians: 94 all out (De Jager 30, Loffell 5—22).
 Inanda: 99 all out (Loffell 44, Olwyn 17).

Vs. Jeppe

Inanda: 18 all out (Ellis 7, Chalmers 5—7).
 Jeppe: 178 for 3 (Randall 51, Forder 1—52).

Vs. Forest High

Forest: 120 all out (Smith 33, Rushton 4—23).
 Inanda: 100 all out (Heath 23, Loffell 21).

Vs. Athlone

Inanda: 32 all out (Flowers 8, Oliver 6—11).

Athlone: 35 for 0.

Vs. Observatory

Obs.: 231 for 9 (Grieff 97, Loffell 5—58).

Inanda: 78 all out (Loffell 29, Ellis 15).

SECOND HALF 1958-1959

Vs. Jeppe

Inanda: 22 all out (Ellis 12, Lewin 5—11).

Jeppe: 170 for 2 (Talmidge 62, Forder 2—59).

Vs. Roosevelt

Roosevelt: 118 for 9 (Smethurst 32, de Bruin 4—11).

Inanda: 70 for 8 (Forder 16, Olwyn 12).

Vs. Springs High

Springs: 102 all out (Blight 42, Convery 5—20).

Inanda: 99 all out (Vermeulen 34, Olwyn 24).

Vs. King Edward's School

Inanda: 51 all out (Forder 13, Garland 3—10).

K.E.S.: 93 for 2 (Loon 44 n.o., Convery 1—29).

Vs. Northview

Inanda: 141 for 6 (de Bruin 50, Vermeulen 38).

Northview: 146 for 7 (Langress 52, de Bruin 4—34).

Vs. Parktown

Parktown: 103 for 8 (Balkind 35, Olwyn 4—16).

Inanda: 48 for 10 (Ellis 16, Olwyn 16).

Vs. Highlands

Highlands: 86 all out (Carracort 24, Convery 6—28).

Inanda: 62 all out (Williams 24, Rendle 27).

Vs. Germiston

Germiston: 100 all out (Williams 6—23, Convery 4—21).

Inanda: 104 for 8 (O'Connor 30 n.o., Rendle 18).

Vs. Observatory

Inanda: 87 all out (Forder 27, Coetzee 19).

Obs.: 148 all out (Convery 6—61).

UNDER 14

FIRST HALF 1958-1959

Vs. Roosevelt Park

Inanda: 110 all out (Williams 22, de Bruin 14).

Roosevelt: 116 for 3 (Fowler 37 not out, Williams 1—10).

Vs. Jeppe

Inanda: 76 all out (Leigh 34 not out, de Bruin 16).

Jeppe: 80 for 0 (Joyce 52 n.o., Bennett 15).

Vs. Forest

Forest: 140 all out (Hepburn 43, Polonsky 5—40).

Inanda: 42 for 8 (Leigh 16, Poisson 5—16).

Vs. Athlone

Inanda: 140 for 8 (Mandy 39, Rowlings 23, Williams 23).

Athlone: 55 for 3 (McWayne 14, Williams 2—14).

Vs. Observatory

Inanda: 64 all out (Leigh 20, de Bruin 17, Tehini 5—15).

Observatory: 73 for 1 (O'Connor 31 n.o.).

SECOND HALF 1958-1959

Vs. Jeppe

Jeppe: 110 for 7 (Tracy 33, Chisholm 3—19).

Inanda: 58 all out (Austin 18, Sears 4—4).

Vs. Roosevelt

Roosevelt: 118 for 8 (Shapiro 44, Chisholm 4—19).

Inanda: 67 for 8 (Chisholm 25, Ord 2—13).

Vs. C.B.C. Boksburg

Inanda: 183 for 6 (Curnow 62 n.o., Coghlan 37).

C.B.C.: 61 all out (Worrall 17, Ellis-Williams 5—19).

Vs. Northview

Inanda: 118 for 4 (Curnow 45, Coghlan 34).

Northview: 67 for 8 (Forder 4—19, Chisholm 3—23).

Vs. Parktown

Inanda: 47 all out (Coghlan 16, McCrae 4—7).

Parktown: 54 for 6 (Forder 3—8, Ellis-Williams 2—3).

Vs. St. Stithians

St. Stithians: 118 for 8 (Cooper 38, Forder 5—40).

Inanda: 66 all out (Chisholm 24 n.o., Coghlan 15).

Vs. Highlands North

Inanda: 56 all out (Yeoman 12, Janit 5—31).

Highlands: 58 for 7 (Ellis-Williams 4—12, Chisholm 3—13).

Vs. Germiston

Germiston: 106 for 6 (Chisholm 2—7, Allan 40 n.o.).

Inanda: 76 for 5 (Chisholm 31, Forder 19).

Vs. Observatory

Obs.: 67 all out (Chisholm 5—12, Austin 3—21).

Inanda: 69 for 7 (Coghlan 21, Ellis, 13 n.o.).

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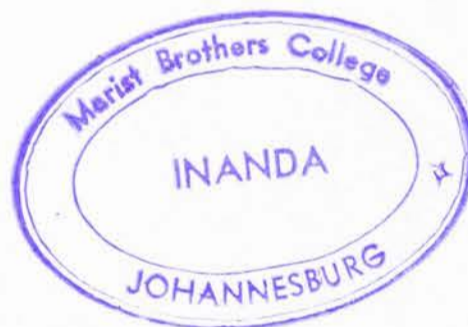
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