



The Inanda Review

THE MAGAZINE OF THE MARIST BROTHERS COLLEGE, INANDA, JOHANNESBURG

Vol. 1, No. 3

DECEMBER, 1956

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The Staff and Pupils of the College wish
all readers a Happy Christmas and a New Year
of Peace and Prosperity



*Through Mary
seeking her lost son,
may we be given grace
always to seek for the Christ Child
and always to find Him.*

*Let us find Him in all children,
and in all who have a child's needs —
the helpless, the sick, the simple,
the aged;
in all who serve
and are trusting and poor;
in all who are lonely or homeless.*

*Let us too become as little children
to find the Divine Child
in our own hearts.*

CARYLL HOUSELANDER.

THE INANDA REVIEW

Editorial

— : 0 : —

*At home a boy can learn only those things which
are taught to him;
In school he learns also from what is taught to
others.*

QUINTILLIAN.

I*N an age that is dominated by the glorification of youth and in a year that has seen a world peak in youthful delinquency, we are proud to present the annual magazine of a College with a noble ideal. The ideal of this College is to instil into the minds of its pupils the principles of life — those fundamentals which will lead each student to respect and value himself and all other human beings correctly. The College ideal is based on the New Testament summary of purposeful living: "Thou shalt love thy God; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself".*

Reader, we present, then, a short account of the activities of the boys and young men of this College; boys and men to whom the ideals of this College have been entrusted; boys and men in whom we have confidence; boys and men in whose hands the future is safe. May they one day in their full maturity realise the importance of the lessons of life received from this College. May they in their thankfulness say: "A rarer spirit never did steer humanity".

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Religious Notes

ANNUAL RETREAT

THIS important religious exercise in the College was conducted this year by the Rev. Father Osborne, C.S.S.R.

A spirit of fervour and of earnest endeavour to make the most of the opportunity for meditation and prayer was evident on the part of those who had made former retreats. The efforts of the "new boys" to whom the idea of a retreat was perhaps a little awesome, were very edifying.

Father Osborne stressed the importance of fundamentals.

Of always being in the state of grace, so that death would not find us out of favour with God—"you know not the day nor the hour".

To be penitent and to make a conscientious confession are the conditions required for the forgiveness of sins. To be sorry for our mistakes, however, and yet not to avoid the occasions of sin, reduce our confession to a mockery.

Occasions of sin may be placed in two categories — remote and frequent, and as humans we are unable to avoid the occasion of sin without the help of God's grace.

Father made "Devotion to our Lady" the subject of his final set of instructions. He said that by honouring Her, as we do, we are actually honouring Her Divine Son, whose mother she was chosen to be.

The instructions were attended by all the

Senior Catholic boys and great credit must go to the day-scholars, most of whom received Communion daily during the retreat.

We should like to thank Father Osborne for coming to Inanda to conduct our retreat and also for the simple and sincere way in which he addressed us.

The retreat closed with the Papal Blessing and benediction.

— : o : —

SOUTH AFRICAN VOCATIONS

Before serving benediction, Father Tuohy addressed the Catholics from Standard Five to Matriculation in the College Chapel. He said that since South Africa had great need of Vocations to the Brotherhood and Priesthood, it was impossible to stress enough the necessity for encouraging these vocations.

"Our Lord, during His life on earth, instructed His apostles to go and teach all nations, and it was up to the youth of South Africa to provide for her salvation by supplying men to carry on the work of Saint Peter."

In summing up his talk, Father Tuohy reminded the boys of the seriousness of refusing to answer God's call to the Priesthood or Religious Life. For it is said "He who loves his father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me".

— : o : —

God and my Garden

*Lord of the birds and bees who tints the roses,
Makes sweet the Lavender, the grass makes green;
With gentle hand and cool at evening closes
The daisies' eyes and noiseless walks between
Ranked lilies in the dusk —*

O, as the warden

*Of heaven's wide terraces, grant this my plea,
When I come home, that I may tend Your garden,
And help to make it fair, as You made mine for me.*

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SODALITY NOTES

Director: Brother Ephrem.
 Chaplain: Father D. Bannon, O.M.I.
 Officers: Prefect: R. Hauser.
 Secretary: G. Nader.
 Treasurer: D. Swanson.
 Sacristan: R. Hauser.
 Instructor of Candidates: M. Nichol.

The Officers together with the Director form the governing body of the Sodality.

Associate Editors of "Sodality News": O. Farinha, P. Stuart, M. Lindon.

Consecrations—11th May: E. Buchmann, L. Palmer-Owen, R. Krause, Martin Funston, Malcolm Funston. 12th September: A. Laing, C. Hellig, J. Mills, W. Olivier.

SODALIST'S DUTY

by *Father Erasmé, O.M.I. (Father Provincial)*
 on 1st February.

In his address to the members of the Sodality, he reminded them that they belong in a very special way to the Family of Our Blessed Mother, the Patroness of all Marist Schools.

"We must lead a life of virtue, striving to be exemplary Catholics, and at all times setting a good example," said Father. "You are bound at school by guidance and example to behave in a manner that behoves all good Catholics but when facing the cruel, critical outside world it is a completely different matter. You are on your own then and without the grace and guidance of God, you are lost."

"Be just, be charitable and above all, grow in the conviction that you are a Catholic for others as well as for yourselves."

"So let your light shine before men, that they may know that you are my disciples."

THE ASSUMPTION

by *Father Ward, O.M.I.*

At the weekly Sodality meeting preceding the Feast of the Assumption, Father Ward reminded us, as Sodalists, of the importance of this Feast Day.

He suggested that we look upon Mary as a model upon whom to base our lives, endeavouring at all times to lead a life of virtue.

"We regard her as our Spiritual Mother," he said, "and strive to please her by frequent acts of devotion to Her and to Her Son."

The Feast of the Assumption, August 15th, is a Holy Day of Obligation. We start the day by hearing Mass. After celebrating this happy Feast Day we should end the day with a fervent saying of the Rosary.

A TRUE SERVANT OF MARY

by *Father Devitt, O.M.I.*

Before the weekly recital of the Office, Father Devitt addressed the Sodalists choosing as his topic the Salvation of our Souls.

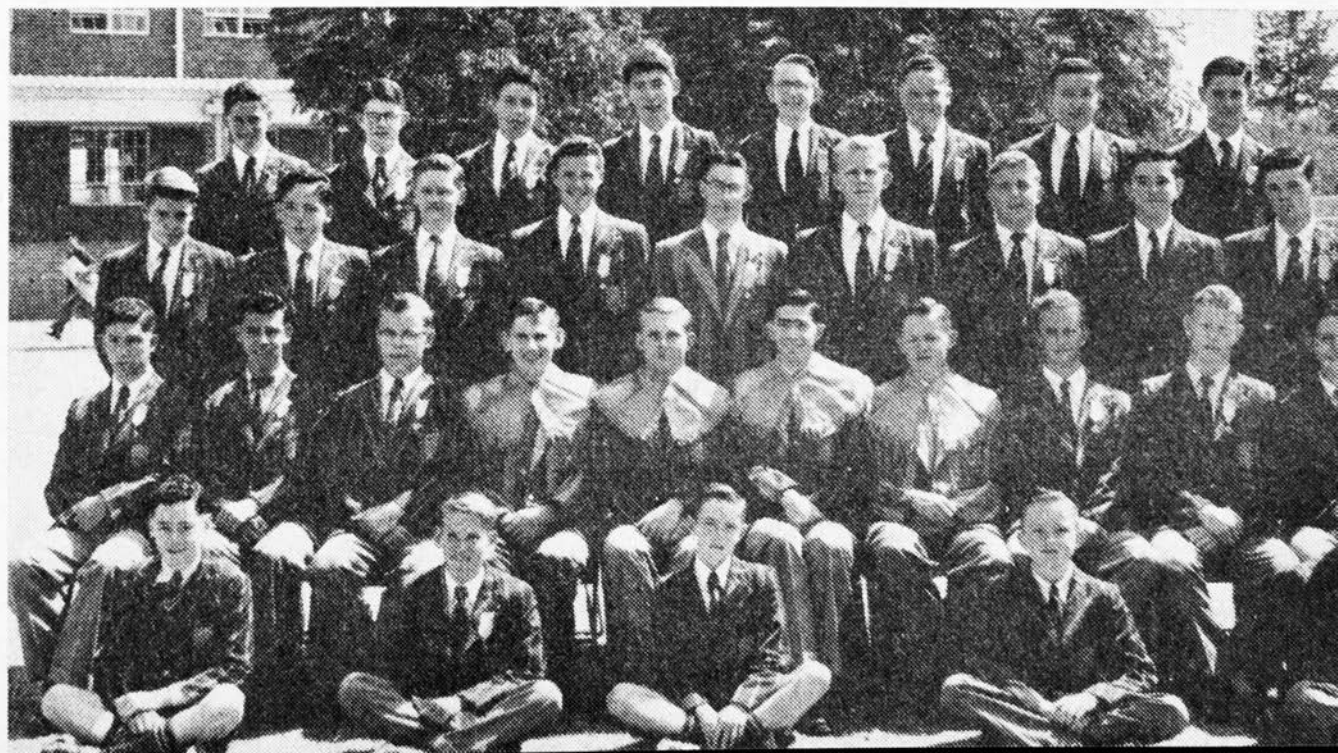
He said that everyone must have a purpose in life—to obtain happiness that would last—happiness obtained by the love of God.

The great Saint Augustine who spent most of his young days enjoying life, said himself that only God could satisfy his craving for true happiness. Our purpose in life should be to possess God in Heaven for all eternity, and this state could only be brought about by keeping His Commandments.

(Continued on page 9)

SODALITY

4th Row: R. Morgan, J. Mills, P. Hellig, C. Hellig, R. Krause, B. Olivier, E. Buchmann, B. Swanson.
 3rd Row: M. Funston, B. Mulligan, J. Rushton, T. Vincent-Georges, A. Laing, L. Palmer-Owen, A. Hart, M. van Gemert, M. Funston.
 2nd Row: D. Karam, O. Farinha, P. Stuart, D. Swanson, R. Hauser, G. Nader, M. Nicol, P. Owen, B. Jefferys, M. Linden.
 Front: C. Ballantine, A. Swanson, D. Kennedy, B. Nicol, A. Zunckel.



COLLEGE NOTES

THE LADIES COMMITTEE



Back: Mesdames N. Richardson, C. Hawkins, P. Duckles, J. Stodel, B. Fine, N. Heath, R. Palmer-Owen.
Front: Mesdames N. Adams, F. Livingstone, R. Leo, J. Olwyn, S. Swanson, A. Barenbrug, V. Brophy, M. Hartmann, E. Owen.

THE activities of the Ladies' Committee during the first part of the year were restricted somewhat by polio regulations.

However, the three major events that were held were most successful and generously supported by the parents.

A Morning Market was held in March, a Bridge-drive in May and a Braaivleis-flannel Dance after the Athletic Meeting in September.

Catering arrangements for the Annual Dance, and Cricket-week Dance; teas at all the Sporting Functions and luncheons for our visiting cricketers all fell under the jurisdiction of the Ladies' Committee. We thank them most sincerely for all their hard work.

Mrs. S. Swanson must be congratulated on the smooth running of her committee, and the members for their full support.

1956 Committee Members

Mesdames: S. Swanson (chairman), A. Barenbrug (vice-chairman); J. Olwyn (treasurer); R. Leo (secretary); C. Hawkins, P. Duckles, M. Hartmann, B. Fine, E. Sprake, J. Stodel, N. Heath, C. Palmer-Owen, F. Livingstone, E. Brophy and E. Owen.

WE BID FAREWELL TO MRS. JOUBERT

MATRON at the College for well over a year, Mrs. Joubert will be missed by the staff and the boys.

Every possible sign of ill-health was carefully diagnosed and treated, and her advice was both sound and reliable.

Mrs. Joubert and her family have returned to Australia, and she was presented with a fitted travelling-case as a token of appreciation. We bid her farewell and bon voyage.



MRS. JOUBERT

OUR NEW MATRON

We welcome to Inanda Mrs. A. E. Buckley-Jones our new matron. Mrs. Buckley-Jones trained at Bethal Green and the Queen Charlotte Hospitals in London, and nursed throughout the Second World War. She is married and has two small children one of whom attends the College.

Until Mrs. Buckley-Jones returned from a trip to Ireland, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Van Leggelo, helped us out. "Thank you", Mrs. Van Leggelo.

ANNUAL COLLEGE DANCE

by Peter Stuart

EVERY year the same thought comes: "The best dance we have had at the College".

Somehow this year, I feel that this thought was justified. No trouble had been spared to make the evening a highlight from every possible angle. The hall was beautifully decorated, the band good, the supper one par excellence, and the girls—well we think that the prettiest girls in Johannesburg come from the Rosebank and Parktown Convents.

As there had not been dancing lessons for the younger Standard Seven boys, there was more space in which to show off that new ballerina frock.

What a wonderful evening. Who do we thank? The Brothers for their organisation; the Ladies' Committee for their hard work in the kitchen, and the girls for coming.

The only damping thought—twelve long months to wait until the next Annual Dance.

ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

Debate against Parktown Convent on 25th May.

Subject: "Modern Youth does not think for itself."

THE Senior and Junior Matriculants attended a debate against Parktown Convent held in the Convent Hall.

The subject, "Modern Youth does not think for itself" is a very controversial point, and our speakers, Dan Robinson, Chris Strauss and Ronnie Grbich, found it hard to defend.

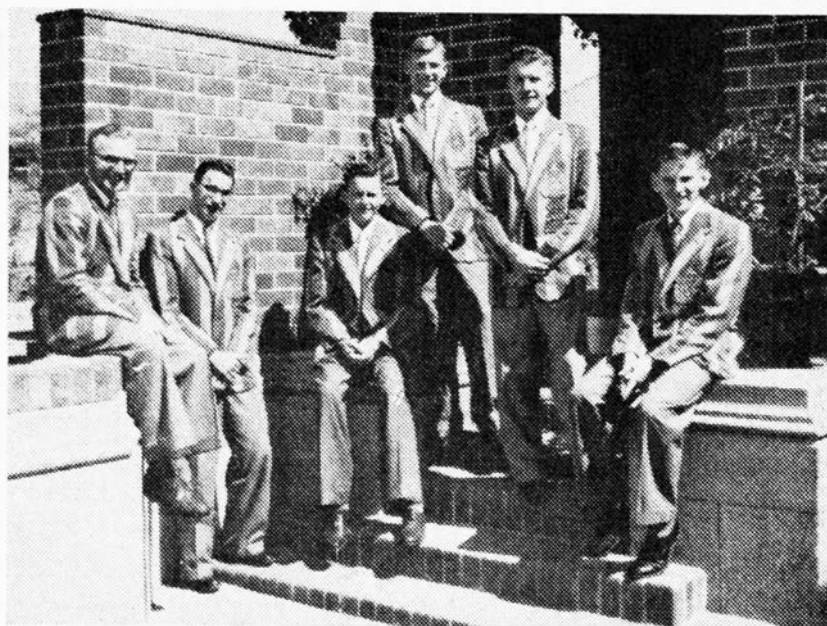
The Parktown girls attempted to prove their point by comparing present day youth with teenagers of the past. The arguments put up by the girls, however, were spoiled by their tendency to read their speeches. Our speakers were fortunate in having prepared their pieces well beforehand. Strauss and Robinson gained the highest points for our side, both proving fluent speakers.

Mrs. Lazero and Father Dalton very kindly adjudicated, and Mrs. Lazero summed up at the end of the debate.

Inanda won by a narrow margin.

Thank you, Parktown Convent, for a most entertaining afternoon and for the refreshments.

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COLOUR BLAZERS:

Left to Right: A. M. Scott Anthony, A. Laing, M. Nicol, D. Robinson, J. Venter, D. Swanson.

SODALITY NOTES—(Continued from page 7)

QUIZ AGAINST PARKTOWN CONVENT

The Sodality Quiz held at Parktown Convent during the latter part of the first term proved to be not only an enjoyable occasion but also a most instructive afternoon.

Father Dalton, the Quiz Master, chose his questions well, and the answers were the subject of keen debating and even scoring. The girls, however, had the last word, as is usual with women, and beat us by one point.

Michael Nicol, Donald Swanson and Ralph Hauser represented Inanda and we were all unanimous in our thanks to Brother Ephrem and the Sisters for arranging the afternoon.

QUIZ AGAINST MARIST, OBSERVATORY

Michael Nicol, Peter Stuart and Michael Linden represented Inanda in a Sodality Quiz against Marist, Observatory.

Father Joseph officiated and both sides had to don their thinking caps. The outing proved most enjoyable and we were the victors by almost twenty points.

J. O'Connor, the Observatory Sodality Prefect, thanked those responsible for arranging the afternoon and Ralph Hauser replied, thanking Observatory for their hospitality.

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LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS

AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

by Jean Claude Du Buisson

I WASN'T paying particular attention when a shout came from the teacher's desk. I tried to recollect myself and looked nervously around—and then at the teacher who looked furious. I coughed nervously playing for time and tried desperately to recall his question. No good, I hadn't any idea. Salvation came from behind—a whispered prompting but not loud enough to catch. Anyhow, I had to do something or face the consequences which I knew would be severe. What was my friend saying? The College war-cry? Oh well, here goes!

I filled my lungs and started to bellow. All eyes turned in my direction. This was something I could do and I warmed to my task and shouted all the harder. The teacher was waving his arms frantically. Even he seemed to enter into the spirit of fervour. He looked wild about the eyes and was waving the cane frantically. Must be beating time. I thrilled inside and shrilled outside, but found I was running short of breath. Abruptly my rendering ceased—but not to applause. The silence was ominous and then there was a burst of hysterical laughter.

I wished the door would open. My face was burning with exertion and humiliation. The only consolation was that my blundering had saved me from sure punishment.

— : o : —

JENKINS AND THE LADIES' COMMITTEE

by R. McCutcheon (*Std. VI*)

FOR forty years, I, Jenkins, have been butler to the honourable house of Tettinggate. Never once have I failed in complying with my master's wishes, but the embarrassment of being hooted at by a crowd of incensed women, caused much shame to fall upon my now aging shoulders.

It all began when my master fell ill on the day that he was to lecture to the ladies of the neighbouring parish of Little Hampstead-on-the-Mere.

All arrangements had been made by post, so that none of the people of the village had seen Professor Tettinggate before.

Realising that he would not be able to lecture, he despatched me to the village of

Little Hampstead-on-the-Mere some three hours before the Ladies' Meeting, thereby hoping that the women would have time to find a substitute.

Unfortunately, the bus broke down and I had to traverse the remaining four miles on foot. Owing to this unforeseen accident, I arrived breathless and agitated about five minutes late.

A group of flustered women bore down on me as I approached the hall and triumphantly beamed their greetings, "Good afternoon, Professor". Without a pause they hustled me through the hall onto the stage. There I was confronted by a crowd of women with faces patiently upturned.

My confused murmurs of "Professor Tetting" passed unheeded.

An enormous lady with three chins and a top-heavy hat, bowing alternately to me and then to the audience proudly announced, "Professor Tettinggate, Ladies".

Seizing my opportunity during the pause that followed, I announced in my best butler's fashion, "I am not the Professor. I came to tell you that he is ill and cannot lecture to you today".

A stunned silence followed, and then a bedlam of noise broke out. During the confusion I managed to escape, but how I did it, I do not know.

— : o : —

S — DAY or

" . . . doth make cowards of us all"

THE restless night was over. The day on which the momentous deed was to be done had dawned. For the first time in his life he sprang from his bed with alacrity and joyous expectation. This was THE day.

Already he had determined that it was a day to which a special tag had to be given. The British had their D-Day; he would have his S-Day. So with quiet determination he prepared for the event which was to make history, but, having prepared, he was seized with trepidation—anxiety for which he could not account and for which he began to despise himself.

Many better than he had gone through with it; many without his degree of manliness and courage had braved it; why should he be so suddenly filled with nagging apprehension? He knew that he could not be called upon to

justify his action; all who learned of it could not but approve. Yet this strange yearning filled him. He knew that a part of him would die with the execution. It had to die, therefore, he should not worry. "Be a man," he told himself. But nerves had gained the upper hand and would not be stilled.

All was ready. He glanced around fearful that he would be seen and tried to spur himself on with Macbeth's words, "I dare do all that may become a man". Within him, in spite of his self-given assurances, his heart quailed. He had planned and prepared so carefully for this day; the day which was to give him intense satisfaction; the day on which what had plagued his life of late was to be destroyed. The instrument lay ready at hand. One deft movement and there could be no turning back. In vain he sought the reason for his delay, his hesitation. "Esto vir; Esto vir." The words raced through his brain, seering as they went.

Despairing of his ability to accomplish his great desire he toyed with the idea of postponement. No. Time would never be so opportune as now. It must be done, done here and now. Mastering his last spasm of doubt he stretched forth his hand. It was trembling and wet with perspiration from his agony of indecision. His mouth was dry, his temples throbbed as he firmly gripped the handle of the instrument. He poised the steel; he steadied himself; he raised the weapon. Slowly he moved the metal towards the white face—tense but unafraid—and started his first shave.

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MY CHILDHOOD DAYS

by *O. Farinha*

WHEN I consider how my childhood days were spent I sometimes wish that I could live through those happy days of imagination again. The days when a house became a warship, and a bath a roaring ocean. The days when a pet frog would find its way into father's soup and my tadpoles into mother's vases.

My toys were pulled to pieces as soon as the novelty had worn off in order to find out how they "ticked". I much preferred a shapeless piece of stick to a gun from an expensive shop. Maybe because in the former there was nothing to pull to pieces.

Of all my childhood escapades there is one that is outstanding. I had been invited to a birthday party. Right away I looked for the refreshments. Meeting embarrassed scowls from

my mother and no help at all from my hostess, I decided to find them myself. Find them I did. And sample them I did. In fact I found difficulty in cutting the larger cakes so used a short-cut method—I took a large bite whenever necessary. My bliss was short lived and my spanking long remembered.

Fire had a strong fascination. Matches were smuggled out of the house and the grass burned. The garden hose acted as an extinguisher. This pastime lasted until one of the fires was too large to handle and the house was endangered. My pants were warmed so thoroughly that after that matches only acted as a reminder of my punishment.

Drawing with Dad's Parker pen on the walls was another fascination. Dad's tool case came in handy when blobs had to be chiselled away.

Mother's nail varnish was a great temptation. It seemed wasted as a beautifier and was so easy to spread that Peter the canary was given red tips to his wings. Even mother lost patience after this episode and my own "sit-down" bore even pinker marks than the canary's wings.

Cigarettes and cigars made one look most important. Great deliberation and careful planning seethed inside me until the opportunity presented itself. The first puff was fun — nothing to it. The second rather peculiar and the third — well, that is why I haven't smoked since. More than excitement seethed that time.

Those days are past. When I look back I marvel at my luck, envy my courage and wonder whether it is only cats that are blessed with nine lives.

— : o : —

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

by *Dan Robinson*

I RECENTLY attended a cinema in Johannesburg accompanied by a Greek friend. His uncle is a proprietor of one of the leading restaurants, and he had the foresight to come fortified with half a dozen or so toasted sandwiches neatly wrapped in grease-proof paper.

As soon as the main film commenced, he opened the first of the packages accompanied by a nerve-racking crackling of paper. Holding the contents before me he said cheerily "Try some. They're toasted ham and real good!" But by this time we had attracted the attention of all within hearing distance. I meekly accepted and implored my friend to keep quiet.

When all the refreshments had been consumed, my friend innocently inquired of me

what he should do with the wrappings. I felt like sinking into oblivion when a disgruntled spectator replied, "Eat them with the ham sandwiches!"

On another occasion during a cinema show I was feeling rather talkative and little did I realise just how my voice was carrying and how much I was irritating others.

After discoursing for some time on an interesting aspect of the film I became absorbed in the film which by this time was well under way. On hearing someone behind me pass a comment, I half turned in my seat and rhetorically questioned "Do I hear somebody talking?" Imagine my embarrassment when a female voice immediately behind me sarcastically replied, "That is just your own voice echoing, Sonny!"

— : o : —

PARODIES

by A. M. Scott Anthony

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER

(Keats)

*A thing of Beauty is a Boy Forever
It's loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into Matric; but still will keep
It's bubblegum and enjoy a sleep.
Full of sweet dreams while the teachers seething
Therefore on every morning as we are writhing
With a flowery text to bind us all to the earth
(Spite of despondence); yet with inhuman mirth
Of ignoble teachers the gloomy days
And all unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Are made for our folly; but in spite of all
Some shape of beauty moves in us all
From our benighted spirits. Such the fun, and
soon
Boys old and young are sprouting like buffoons
And silly sheep.*

LYCIDAS

(Milton)

*Yet once more; O ye boarders, and once more
Ye hungry brood; take courage, and never fear
And come and pluck the berries—be no prude
And with strategy—though but crude
Swipe from the trees, the fruit before the
mellowing year.
For King Farouk is fed; full to the brim —
King Farouk and he hath not left any beer
Who would not sing for Quarrie—Quarri? He
knew
Himself to sing and while away the time.*

*A head must not float upon his beer
Desolate and bedraggled to the parching wind
Of his nicotine-stained breath and amorous tear.*

A VISION IN A DREAM

(Coleridge)

*A damsel with a lollipop
In a vision once I saw
She was a dainty little maid.
And with her lollipop she played
They said she called herself "Glendora"
Could I revive within me
Her sticky little face
To such a deep delight would win me
That with chivalry and grace.
I would build a big fun-fair,
That funny gnome; that sticky face
And all who see would wonder there
And all should shout "Beware, Beware"
Her bloodshot eyes, her strawy hair,
Weave a circle round her thrice
And shut your eyes lest you drop dead
For she on lollipops hath fed
And eaten them with chunks of ice.*

— : o : —

COURAGE

by Peter Owen

When God gave courage to mankind he must have given Douglas Bader a double share.

His battle against pain, despair and seeming hopelessness has inspired the world. My own admiration almost amounts to hero-worship, and if I could be granted a wish, it would be to meet this "man of the century."

I would not see self-pity, frustration and bitterness. They were never part of his defence and neither does he expect others to make allowances for his own bad luck. He battled alone with God's help, and his love of living is his symbol of success.

Around his eyes fine lines are etched. Originally perhaps pain drew these lines, but now they are filled with humour and understanding.

Modestly I would be told of his life-work—flying, and more than probable of his latest game of golf.

Douglas Bader, if only I had a little of your courage! God gave you life and it was His will that you suffered and lived. Lived to show us all that even the most insurmountable physical handicaps can be overcome by faith in Him.

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QUEER, WASN'T IT?

by Robert McCutcheon

THE brigantine "Marie Celeste" was found abandoned in mid-Atlantic, with sail set, steering a crazy course and not a living soul aboard her. The stove in the galley was still hot and everything in ship-shape order.

One clue, however, was noticed. Part of the timber at her bows was badly splintered, and this gave rise to the rumour that the "Marie Celeste" had been attacked by a giant sea monster of the Octopus variety.

Did the huge, squid-like creature throw its tentacles around the bows of the ship and was it counter-attacked by the crew armed with axes? Did the terrible beast of the sea pursue the life-boat by which the terrified crew escaped, and capsize it? Who knows? Maybe yes, maybe no! But something has to explain the gashes in the wood, that seem to have been made with axes.

Another plausible explanation is both dull and sordid. That the crew drank too much of the main cargo—crude alcohol—and mutinied. The fight, this theory supposes, took place between the officers and men. But why should there be no further evidence of this free-for-all except at this one point on the ship's bows?

This intriguing tale touches one of the most baffling mysteries of the sea—strange and queer, isn't it?

— : o : —

THE PART IMAGINATION PLAYS IN GEOGRAPHY

by Peter Owen

MY apologies to Brother Bonaventure my long-suffering Geography Master. I really admire the man who has the courage to tackle this baffling subject.

We are taught in the earlier classes that the earth is round. We can prove that the earth is round because when a ship disappears you cannot see it. Secondly, if you climb to the top of a mountain, be careful not to put your head over the escarpment or you'll be sick, but look at the horizon and you will see an imaginary line where the earth and sky seem to meet. Rest on your laurels and don't climb the next mountain, otherwise you'll be sadly disillusioned. You will be sick again and your deduction will be that you have been fooled—that your original horizon has been replaced by another imaginary one. To save yourself a lot

of unnecessary discomfort rather take Brother Bonaventure's word for it that the earth is round. After all you might even fall off the edge of the mountain which of course is the only way to prove that the earth and sky do meet.

The next imaginary line one has to imagine is the equator. This line runs parallel round the earth turning a few corners to avoid Russia until it meets on the other side. The next two lines of latitude are only dotted as they are not quite so imaginary. They are the lines of Cancer and Capricorn. This is where the sun takes it in turn to stop and helps to divide the earth into imaginary zones. The frigid zone where people drink whale oil to keep out the cold; the torrid zone where people drink iced orange juice to keep out the heat; and the temperate zone where nobody drinks at all.

The Date line, another imaginary line, gives as much trouble as the 29th February. It all depends upon which direction you are travelling as to whether you lose a day or not. But, of course, to make up for this the earth takes an extra imaginary turn every four years to make for the deficiency in the February Calendar.

These turns of the sun give us day and night except in those places where the sun shines during the night. Although the sun is stationary, it sends out isotherms which wander freely over the earth's surface giving us climate. The difference between climate and weather is that climate may be described as a perfect day spent in the classroom listening to the Geography Master; while the weather is the type of climate that mucks up your cricket matches.

The surface of the earth is made up of layers upon layers of earth, each lying on top of the bottom layers. There is three times as much water on the earth as it is easier to spread and because the moon does occasionally come out to control the tides. The difference between a tide and a wave is that the tide goes backwards and a wave goes forwards.

Mountain masses are the result of an overdose of layer, or because the bottom layers are a little thicker than they ought to be. At the bottom of the mountain we find sheep rearing; half way up the mountain we find baboons rearing themselves, whilst at the top of the mountain we find the poor mug who is trying not to be sick and bluffing himself that he has at last discovered an imaginary horizon.

When snow melts on the top of a mountain, it runs down the one side. This is because the

other side is still frozen. This pulling-down process is called gravity. Fortunately, although this, too, is an imaginary force, it is for the more senior scholars of Geography to explain. In this case, I shall continue this epilogue in the 1957 Review, knowing perfectly well, of course, that I shall pass this year's Geography Examination only with the aid of a powerful imagination.

— : o : —

“MY LIFE IN A MENTAL BLACK-OUT”

by Arthur Hart

WE, as humans, all came into this world the same way. Some of us may have arrived in a respectable hospital, others in a taxi through delay. Some are males, some females. Fortunately I am a male specimen. Before I was born I had two names—Mary and John. I was, however, christened Arthur. I must have been rather a disappointment. No photographs were taken if possible and the nearest endearment was “a blonde, bandy-legged angel”.

My appearance was not my only draw-back. I was a psychological case. In other words I suffered from queer moods and queerer turns. My subconscious mind dwelt on anything which involved action and I would act these parts in fantastic detail.

This was a typical occurrence. Mark Antony's speech “Friends, Romans, and Countrymen” had been drilled into me at school. One day whilst waiting for my bus in a busy thoroughfare something clicked and I was off in one of my “blackouts”. My suitcase was Caesar and I was Antony. The play was on. The crowd gathered. Some laughed, others shook their heads. A glass of cold water in my face brought me back to normal.

Another time just after getting my driver's licence I took the family for a “spin”. This time it was the “Grand Prix”. Through the city streets we raced—three and free wheeling round the corners, through the robots and all the time with an escort behind me—an escort of traffic policemen. This was too much and I was hastily taken to a “head-shrinker”. But to no avail.

However, soon after, for the first time my blackouts served me in good stead. I was to play in the University match, Cape Town against Stellenbosch. The game was fast and exciting. The end was not far off. We were down 5-3 when I recalled, as if in a dream,

reading of a move used against the All Blacks. I intercepted my centre's pass to the wing, switching the direction of play and giving myself a clear run. I dived over the line but with four Maties on top of me. I woke up in hospital with concussion. However, the knock on the head has done the trick and that was the end of those blackouts.

— : o : —

“FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS”

by Denis Adams, Junior, Std. 7

GOLF, like the proverbial wooden leg, has run in our family for many years, both my grandfather and father having been keen and enthusiastic exponents of this so-called game.

It would appear, therefore, only natural that I should become interested and watch with a curious eye the methods, and behaviour of leading professionals and amateurs during tournaments. “Why not I,” was my thought and the opportunity came a few years ago.

One afternoon while on holiday down at the coast, I armed myself with a few of my mother's clubs and advanced to the first tee. There I teed up in the approved fashion and prepared to hit the ball. I addressed it just the same as I had seen father do, and after a spectacular swing, I discovered to my disgust that the ball was not even dislodged. This repeated itself a few more times until at last, in sheer temper, I moved the ball a yard forward. My next shot was not as bad, and at last, after an excellent score of nineteen, I finished the hole. On being told that one was expected to hole out in five, I innocently asked whether anyone had ever accomplished such an amazing feat.

The next was a short hole, and I holed out in four. Then back to normal.

My mind still carried the vivid impression of Peter Thompson and the “clinic”. Two holes later I came to the inevitable conclusion that he was deformed, and that no normally built human being could perform the contortions that were apparently necessary to propel the ball in the required direction with the necessary amount of force behind it.

Two more holes and I realised the value of an adequate vocabulary but by then I was absolutely downhearted and I felt that I had done nothing but slosh about in mud, search for lost balls and assist the greenkeeper in ploughing up the rough.

The end of the game was definitely an enor-

mous relief both to me and to the people behind who had constantly bellowed "fore" and shouted detrimental remarks at my non-ability to play the game.

Finally I finished the nine holes with a miraculous score of 78, two sore feet and a distorted sense of humour.

I have often considered Latin a nightmare, but if one really wants to experience a nightmare, one small white ball, a golf club and no ability will achieve it.

— : o : —

"MY LAST YEAR AT SCHOOL"

ONCE it seemed to me that I would never grow up. The days stretched interminably into the dim years ahead. School was the evil concoction of a madman who chained little boys to their desks while the sun beckoned enticingly from the classroom window.

As the end of my schooldays is in sight, I remember the first day at school and how I clung to my mother's skirts as she left me to face the first day on my own. I am beginning to feel like that little boy again, only this time I am clinging to my school.

How could I have thought the days so long when years have slipped by so rapidly? I stand on the threshold of the door through which I will soon pass from the safe and happy precincts of my boyhood, eager for the future, but filled with nostalgic memories of my schooldays.

It has been a joyous time, every moment filled with that which the occasion brought forth—work and play; fun and sadness; competition; failure and success; and with it all, that inestimable and priceless gift—the companionship of friends. Some will pass out of my life, but others will go with me through the years.

So may I say in all humility to those who will be setting out with me to explore the future—"Let us not lose the visions of our youth. Let us not falter in our high endeavour".

— : o : —

A WELL-BALANCED SENSE OF HUMOUR

by A. M. Scott Anthony

NEVER let it be said of the senior boarders at Inanda that they have not a well-balanced sense of humour. Humour may be defined as a sense of the incongruous; the senior boarders certainly have the knack of practical joking that make the victim feel embarrassed and en-

courages the onlookers to realise that japing may become a fine art. This year as the only boarder prefect I have learned of this art the hard way—by experience.

Although the practical jokes have never become stereotyped, I know that if the jokers go to one extreme today they will go the other tomorrow.

Once my cup was swiped before tea and I took ages to "borrow" one from a table that had two or three extra cups. The next day, however, my cup was in its usual place. Relieved, I started pouring out my tea. I felt glad that the fellows hadn't taken the joke too far. After all begging for a cup of tea that is rightfully yours is, to say the least, humiliating. But one sip of the tea was enough to shatter all my illusions. I rushed outside (admidst audible giggling) to wash out my mouth. There was an appreciable sediment of salt at the bottom of my cup.

The next time was at supper. I could not find my chair. To walk past tables of tormenting boys all the way to the other side of the diningroom was hell. When I returned to my table my chair was in place. "Japing with finesse" did you say? Finesse is too inferior a word to use for their skill. The sequel was of course, not long in coming. The next evening there were no less than seven chairs stacked around my poor little table—which is not more than a couple of feet square.

The chair episode whetted their appetites. At the next meal my chair had neither back or seat and I had to make the hazardous journey to the other end of the diningroom again with cries of "Shame Scott!" and the blitz of clicking tongues. At the next meal the chair was there all right—complete with drawing pin. Was I caught? Of course. I hold the distinctive percentage of having sat on eighteen (out of a possible twenty) drawing pins this year.

School days are the happiest days of one's life. Rather perforated, I agree, and never has anyone suffered them so gladly as I.

— : o : —

ONS BESOEK AAN DIE KRUGER WILDTUIN

VERLEDE Juliemaand het ons gesin die Kruger Wildtuin besoek. Hierdie wildtuin is 'n groot stuk oop veld in die oostelike Transvaal waar wilde diere beskerm word. Niemand mag hulle daar skiet nie.

Ons het by Komatipoort, die suidelike ingang

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ingery. Skaars 'n honderd treë verder het ons 'n groot koedoe gesien. Eers het hy daar gestaan en vir ons gekyk en toe draf hy weg. Die 'geraas het 'n klompie bosvarke met stywe sterte oor die pad laat hardloop.

Om die volgende draai, het ons nie minder as twaalf leeus gesien nie. Party het in dis middel van die pad gestaan, andere het in die koelte onder die bome gelê en rus. Ons het ons moter afgesluit. Toe, het een van die jong leeus sy voorpote op die voorste modderskerm gesit: Hy het aan die moter geruik en toe weer weg gestap. Daardie middag het ons by die eerste ruskamp, Skukuza, aangekom. Om twee-uur het ons na die drinkplek by die rivier toe gery. Daar het ons bobbejane, 'n buffelbul, 'n luiperd, 'n paar elande, 'n vlakvark en 'n ratel gesien.

Op pad na Setara, Letaba en Shingwedzi het ons op olifante, wilde honde, rooibokke, hiënas, 'n renoster, 'n luislang en wildebeeste afgekom.

Die diere wat ons glad nie op hierdie interessante toer gesien het nie was aardvarke, ystervarke, likkewane en krokodille.

Maar ons het die paar dae ten volle geniet. Pa sê dat ons weer die plek gaan besoek en ek sien baie daarna uit want ek hou van die veld en die wild.

Ek moet pa net daaraan herinner dat hy besluit met om weer wildtuin toe te gaan. Hy ook is 'n liefhebber van die natuur.

— : o : —

AS JY NIE STERK IS NIE MOET JY SLIM WEES

deur Emil Iglauer (Std. V)

IN die ou dae was daar baie rowers of see sowel as op land. Hierdie rowers wat op die see gevaar het, het sterk en vinnige skepe gehad.

Een Januarie oggend in 1715 het 'n skip van Smyrna na Marseille toe geseil. Hierdie skip was met kosbare olies, diamante, goud, silwer en koper belaaai.

Omtrent twintig myl van Marseille af, kon hulle 'n skip in the verte sien. Toe sê die kaptein: „Ek hoop dis nie rowers nie.” 'n Halfuur later sien hulle dat dit rowers is. Die matrose het uitgeroep dat dit met hulle klaar is want hulle skip was nie vinnig genoeg nie.

Meteens skiet 'n plan die kaptein te binne. Net een matroos moet op dek bly terwyl die ander in hul kajuite wegkruip. Die kaptein het gesê dat hy 'n matroos sou uitsoek en hom duidelik vertel wat hy moet doen.

Die rowers het nader an nader gekom, terwyl hulle die hele tyd kanonne afgeskiet het. Toe

hulle naby was, het die matroos sy hemp uitgetrek en gewaai om nader te kom. Toe het die rower kaptein uitgebulder; „Laat jou skip onmiddellik anker-gooi of ons skiet jou skip stukkend!

Toe het die matroos vir hulle vertel van die vreeslike siekte waaraan amper al die matrose gesterf het. Hy het ook om medisyne gevra vir sy maats wat nog lewe.

Die rower-kaptein was so bang vir die siekte dat hy sê: „Bly weg van ons en behou al julle skat!”

Op hierdie manier het die matroos die rowers gekul en die kosbare vrag gered.

— : o : —

EK MOES SUKKEL

deur M. Nicol

TOE ek ongeveer agtien jaar oud was, het iets gebeur wat my lewe heeltemal verander het. 'n Sekere ou Skaapwagter—Ons het vir hom ou Toons gesê—het op 'n dag 'n yslike blinkclip op die wal van die Oranjerivier ontdek. Natuurlik het iemand die nuus aan die wêreld oorgedra en kort daarna was ons wêreld net die ene woeligheid. Familie na familie het opgedaag om die diamante—soos hulle dit verstaan het—samar op te tel. Ons plaas het net 'n dorpie van tente en ossewaens geword. Saam met hulle het die kinders gekom—kinders wat soos ek, groot sou word sonder om selfs van 'n skool te hoor.

Hoe verbaas was Pa nie gewees toe ek kom vra of ek die bouvallige waenhuis op die plaas mag gebruik om as klaskamer te dien, waar ek die kleintjies van die omgewing kon onderwys gee.

Ek wou hulle mos net leer hoe om die Heer te dien en hoe om te lees en skryf. Pa het dit toegelaat en binne 'n week was alles gereed.

Ek het 'n paar skryfboeke, leesboeke en potlode van die naaste algemene winkel gekoop en met die hulp van 'n paar kinders het ek die „skoolgebou” aan kant gemaak. Op 'n sonnige somersdag so teen agtuur se kant is my eerste skool geopen.

Ons het slegs smôrens skool gehou omdat ek Pa nog op die plaas moes help. Vir 'n paar jaar was dit net sukkel en sukkel maar te danke aan my leerlinge en hul ouers het ons trapsgewyse die skool verbeter. Hulle het 'n vonds gestig en op die skool se tweede verjaarsdag het ons 'n splinternuwe gebou met twee klaskamers op die veld sien staan.

Daarna het dit eersteklas gegaan. 'n Sekere Jannie Smit was my eerste medeonderwyser

gewees en binne vyf jaar het ek 'n personeel van tien onderwysers gehad. Ek het 'n korrespondensie kursus in die onderwys gevolg en vandag is ek Mnr. Joubert, hoof van die beroemde Samaraland landboukollege.

As ek nou opstaan en deur die venster van my kantoor kyk sien ek 'n aantreklike toneel. Daar op die pragtige rugbyveld is die skeidsregter van 'n wedstryd. Ja, hy is dieselfde Jannie Smit wat saam met my die moeiliker jare deurgemaak het.

— : o : —

EK MOET SOMAR BAIE DEURMAAK

deur C. Beaumont

HET jy al ooit 'n kosskool bygewoon? Ek sê vir jou dat jy dit nooit moet doen nie. Ek weet, want ek woon hier by die Kollege, en soos ek die ding sien sal ek hier tot my sterfdag moet bly. Miskien het jy van my gehoor, of miskien het jy my gesien. Ek is een van die skool honde, ek is groot en bruin, en ek heet „Rocky”, alhoewel daardie onbeskofte skoolseuns vir my „brak” sê. My lewe is regtig 'n hondelewe, en dit is nou vir jou 'n moeilike lewe.

Die kêrels hier op skool is die gierigste en ook die wreedste seuns op aarde. Met elke pouse eet die dagskoliere toebroodjies, lekker, smaaklike toebroodjies, met vleis, en botter en alles. Maar dink jy dat ek en my medehonde daarvan kry? Nooit! Hulle ja ons weg met 'n skewe-bek „voetsek”.

Op 'n warm Somersdag, hou ek daarvan om in die koelte te lê en slaap. Op skool word dit nie toegelaat nie, of liewers, word die kans nie gegee nie. Ek vind 'n lekker plek in die skaduwee van 'n boom, en dan lui die klokkie. Alom word deure oopgemaak, en duisende twee-been knapies stroom uit. Hulle wil met my speel, en omdat ek nie lus het om op die tyd te speel nie, knor ek. Dan is hulle 'n bietjie bang vir my, en gevolglik, roep hulle na 'n paar groter kêrels. Dis nou my beurt om bang te voel. Hulle storm op my af, skop my vreeslik teen die ribbes, en begin my met yslike klippe te gooi. Ek slaan voet in die wind, dankbaar dat ek vinniger as hulle kan hardloop, en vinniger kan trek as die klippers. So gaan dit dag na dag tot dat ek vir die hele klomp vies voel. Ongelukkig is dit nie die einde van die saak nie.

Ek is een van die beste waghonde in Suid-Afrika. Dié wat „onsin” sê weet niks oor honde nie. Hulle meen dat ek gedurende die nag 'n ondraaglike geraas maak net omdat ek daarvan

hou. Hulle weet nie dat ek seer keel kry om hulle te beskerm nie.

Nou die nag het 'n klomp inbrekers die skool besoek. Soos altyd, blaf ek luidkeels, en die inbrekers slaan voet in die wind toe hulle besef dat ek nie gister se hond is nie. Weet jy hoe ek vir daardie dapper daad bedank is? Ek sal jou vertel. Die volgende môre, na die seuns opgestaan het, het hulle my baie vriendelik geroep. Vir 'n paar sekondes was ek hoog in my skik „vir die eerste keer gaan hulle my bedank”, dink ek, en met my kop hoog in die lug, en stert somar kop se kant toe gekrom stap ek vorentoe. Skielik voel ek ongemaklik. Hulle oë lyk nie so vriendelik soos hulle tonge klink nie. Dit was te laat. Met klippe, balle, skoene en vuiste begin hulle my moker, en net omdat ek hulle beskerm het deur te blaf!! Ek hoop iemand steel een nag hul komberse, dan kan hulle sakke gebruik soos ek om op te slaap. Maar hulle sal dit nooit kan verdra nie daar hulle nie so taai is nie soos ek. Eendag gaan ek hulle 'n les leer. As ek eendag regtig kwaad word byt ek een van die seuns dan maak hulle nie meer moles nie. Ek is Rocky disal!

— : o : —

MY BURE — OP SKOOL

deur N. Cefrnich

EK is in die Junior Matriek. Ek sit hier agter in die hoek van die klaskamer. Voor en langs my sit my klasmaters. Gawe kêrels! Hier agter die klas is ons almal in dieselfde boot—Botterkoppe! Ons is hier ager geplaas omdat ons geen kans het om te slaag nie. Ons gesigte sal weer aanstaande jaar in die Junior Matriek gesien word. Ons probeer fluks werk, maar dit help niks, Ons is swape! Daar kan niks aan gedoen word nie. Ons is tot die verdoemenis veroordeel!

Kyk hoe Aapie daar sukkel om sy Aardryskunde te studeer! Hy sal dit nooit regkry nie. Hy is nie gebore om klaswerk te doen nie. Hy is 'n Sportsman. Die rugbyveld is sy wêreld; daar blink hy uit. Hy is Kaptein van die eerste rugbyspan. Twee jaar gelede is hy gekies om kaptein te wees en dit lyk vir my asof hy nog drie jaar die pos sal hou!

Langs hom sit Willie, my maat. Willie is ook 'n domkop maar buite die klas is hy die bokskampioen. Binne die klas is hy 'n moles. Hy rig altyd iets verkeerd aan, somtyds lees hy tydskrifte of nuusblaaië maar sy geliefkoosde

besigheid is om te droom. Hy is 'n brompot en hou baie daarvan om te stry. Hy dink dat hy 'n ghoen oor motors is, en stry sommer met almal daaroor.

Hier voor my sit die kuiken van die klas—Kosie. Hy is die babbelkous duisend. Gits! Ek het nog nooit iemand soveel hoor praat nie. Hy is die bangbroek van die klas. Maar soos die bure wat ek vantevore bespreek het, is hy ook baas op die sportveld. Hy is die atletiek kampioen.

Julle vra wie daardie vet seuntjie is wat daar in die eerste bank sit. Hy is ou Solly die smous van ons klas. As julle iets wil verkoop of koop gaan Sol spreek en hy sal die moeilikheid oplos. Nou die dag het hy my 'n ou fiets verkoop. Alhoewel hy 'n regtige geldwolf is hou ons almal van hom. Solly is die werkesel in die klas. Hy probeer fluks leer om sy Junior Matriek te slaag . . . hy wil vinnig in sy pa se besigheid gaan werk. En dit oorneem!!

Rig julle oë nou na daardie snaakse plaasjapie, hy heet Blikkies. Ek het nog nooit so 'n regtige sandtrapper gesien nie. 'n Vreeslike tor!

Weet niks van die stad af nie. Die eerste dag op skool moes ek saam met hom dorp-toe om 'n jas te koop. Hemel! Ek lag nou as ek daaraan dink. Toe hy die groot skare mense gesien het, het hy hom dadelik lamgeskrik! Ek moes dadelik weer skool-toe met hom. Snaakse kêrel né? Maar so baie gaaf!

Kyk nou na die kêrel langs my. Groot, sterk met 'n aansienlike gesig. Sy naam is Weerie Weelee. Hy is die „groot Meneer!” Hy sorg altyd mooi vir sy hare, sy das, sy skoene en sy klere. Hy dink hy is waffers. 'n Mens sal altyd 'n kam en spieël by hom vind. Hy werk nie. Hy sit hier agter, koning van sy wêreldjie. Hy is die windbuks van die klas. Hy praat homself groot. Elke dag vertel hy ons van sy heldedade toe hy nog 'n penkop was of nou wanneer hy groot Meneer is.

Wel, ek hoop julle ken my bure nou goed! Snaakse kêrels né?

Ek vermoed, dat hulle ook 'n ietsie oor my sou kon sê maar ek gee nie om nie. Ek is wat ek is! Ek weet—ek hoop so—wat ek is en dis al. Ander mense se menings oor my bekommer my nie.

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Examination Results and Awards

SENIOR MATRICULATION

First Class: J. Appleson (Maths), E. Goeller.
Second Class: R. Brunton, F. Horszowski, T. Kamps, N. Kirchmann, A. Oaks, M. Olwyn, R. Rohan-Irwin, P. Schultz, T. Ward.
Third Class: R. Manners.
Leaving Certificates: M. Finger, J. Glass, F. Hoppert, J. Miller, M. Quinlan, G. Talbot.

JUNIOR MATRICULATION

First Class: M. Nicol (Maths, Science, Geog.), A. M. Scott Anthony (Maths), R. Grbich (Maths, Latin), D. Robinson (Geog), A. Laing (History), M. Linden, J. Venter, L. Herber, C. Beaumont, D. Sapire, T. van Dort.
Second Class: O. Farinha, D. Swanson, E. Seals, P. Sturat, R. Sykes, C. Rogers, A. Hart.
Third Class: B. Mulligan, R. Freemantle, B. Levy, C. Strauss, H. Gaier, E. Bridge.

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE

First Class: F. Rivera, W. Collard, P. Ghersi, P. Hellig, R. Hindley, A. Leigh, G. Nader.
Second Class: U. Leitich, G. Magni, J. McLennan, S. O'Connor, K. Plowden, D. Hughes, B. Jefferys, N. Johnson, E. Buchmann, N. Cernich, M. de Villiers, D. Appleson, G. Bartholomew, D. Spencer, B. Swanson.
Third Class: B. Tribe, T. Vincent-Georges, R. Wicks, J. Spurling, D. Stansfield, M. Alvera, F. Barenbrug, M. Brcic, P. Gilbert, J. Holmes, P. John, D. Karam, G. Lagoudis, E. Miller, R. Morgan, L. Palmer-Owen.

BROTHER PROVINCIAL AWARDS

Places in South Africa

Junior Matriculation:

1st M. Nicol.
 4th A. M. Scott Anthony.
 6th R. Grbich.
 7th D. Robinson.
 10th A. Laing.

Standard Seven:

9th C. Collard.
 10th Mal. Funston.

Subject Awards—Standard One:

1st Arithmetic, D. Nicol.
 2nd English, G. Canning.
 2nd Afrikaans, G. Canning.
 2nd Afrikaans, I. MacRitchie.
 2nd Scripture, R. Blake.

Standard Two:

1st English, C. Dempster.
 3rd Scripture, D. Joubert.

Standard Four:

1st Arithmetic, R. Hartdegen.
 1st Geography, R. Hartdegen.
 1st History, D. Hawkins.
 1st English, D. Hawkins.
 3rd Afrikaans, E. Iglauer.
 3rd Geography, D. Mullord.
 1st. Scripture, L. Pohl.

Standard Five:

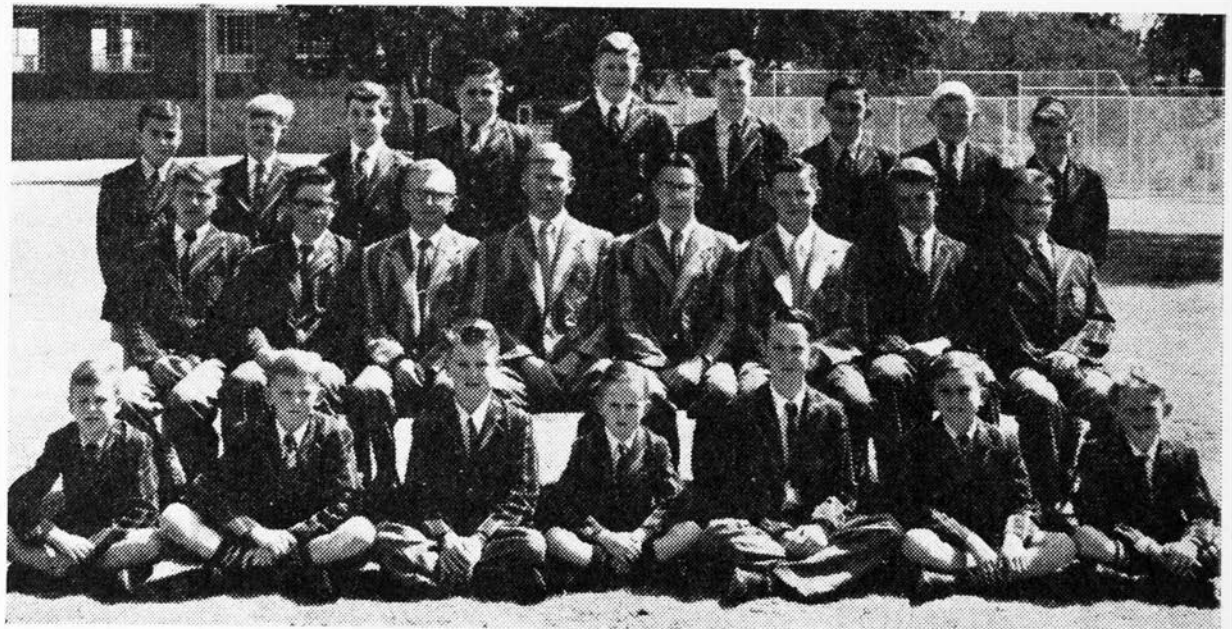
2nd English, H. Rosmarin.
 3rd Geography, H. Rosmarin.
 2nd Scripture, R. Witham.
 3rd Scripture, G. Milne.

Standard Six:

1st English, R. McCutcheon.
 1st Latin, U. Rivera.

PROVINCIAL PRIZE WINNERS

Back: U. Rivera, G. Canning, L. Pohl, E. Iglauer, G. Milne, R. Witham, H. Rosmarin, J. McCutcheon, I. MacRitchie.
Middle: C. Knobbs, W. Collard, A. M. Scott Anthony, D. Robinson, A. Laing, M. Nicol, M. Funston, C. Collard.
Front: D. Hope-Jones, R. Hartdegen, D. Joubert, D. Nicol, D. Hawkins, J. Keene, R. Blake.



1st History, C. Knobbs.
 3rd Arithmetic, C. Knobbs.
 3rd Latin, C. Knobbs.
 3rd Geography, C. Knobbs.
 1st Scripture, R. McCutcheon.
 3rd Scripture, C. Knobbs.

Junior Certificate:

2nd Scripture, M. Nicol.
 1st Geography, M. Nicol.
 1st: Science, M. Nicol.
 1st History, A. Laing.

CLASS PERCENTAGES

Standard Seven: 50.7 Third.

Standard Nine: 57.5 First.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE AWARDS

Grade I: A. Adam, M. Beaumont, P. Gerard, W. Krause, J. Phillimore.

Grade II: T. Rosenberg, T. Coghlan, M. Waspe, J. Richardson, M. Truter, T. Ray.

Standard 1: G. Canning, B. Nicol.

Standard 2: T. Bowker, L. Brocco, T. Coghlan, L. Contardo, H. Jones, A. Smith, W. Harris.

Standard 3: A. Wickins.

Standard 4: D. Hawkins, E. Iglauer.

Standard 5: M. Strack van Schyndel.

Standard 6: J. Poole.

Standard 7: D. Palmer-Owen.

Standard 8: G. Nader.

Standard 9: M. Linden.

AWARDS

Colour Blazers: M. Nicol, A. Laing, A. M. Scott Anthony, J. Venter, D. Robinson, D. Swanson.

Prefect Scrolls: M. Nicol, A. M. Scott Anthony, A. Laing, D. Swanson.

Merit Scrolls: M. Nicol, A. M. Scott Anthony, A. Laing, D. Swanson, D. Robinson, J. Venter, P. Stuart, O. Farinha, A. Hart, M. Linden, G. Rogers.

Study Scrolls: M. Nicol, A. M. Scott Anthony, R. Grbich, D. Robinson, A. Laing, M. Linden, J. Venter, L. Herber, C. Beaumont, D. Sapire, T. van Dort.

Rugby Scrolls: J. Venter, M. Funston, B. Jefferys, A. M. Scott Anthony, D. Swanson, J. Freemantle, L. Palmer-Owen, G. Raubenhimer, J. da Souza.

Tennis Scrolls: R. Morgan.

Athletic Scrolls: A. M. Scott Anthony, J. Du Buisson, D. Robinson, J. Venter.

Swimming Scrolls: B. Jefferys, J. Sirmalenious.
Osmond Trophy for Leadership, Study and Sport: R. Brunton.

B. R. Hunt Trophy (Dux S.M.): J. Appleson.

Urban Trophy (Dux J.M.): M. Nicol.

P. G. O'Connor Trophy (Dux J.C.): G. Nader.

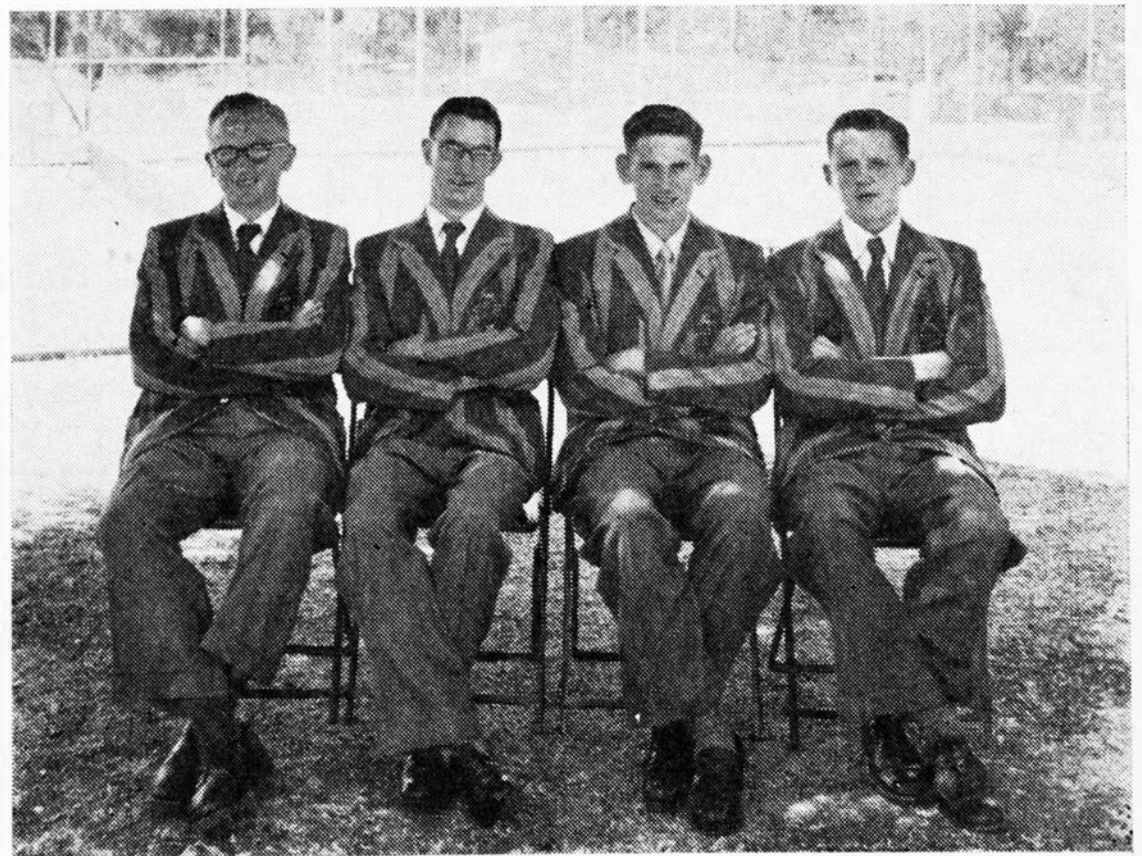
T. Davis Trophy (Dux VII): C. Collard.

Edwin Trophy (Dux VI): C. Knobbs.

Brother Paul Medal for Mathematics: A. M. Scott Anthony.

PREFECTS

A. M. Scott Anthony; A. Laing;
 D. Swanson; M. Nicol.



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"History seems to have struck a bad patch" (Auden)

MOTTO: *"Rest is sweeter far than toil"*
CREST: *The Lotus Flower*

THE Scriptures say "Consider the lilies of the field". Take a look at our Class Photograph (one look will suffice, thank you). The Scriptures continue, "they labour not, nor do they spin". Reader, that surely can't mean us? Take another look, and being careful of eyestrain, seek that intelligent, studious look.

Diversity of build did you say? Well after all, it's not the size of the dog in the fight that counts, but the fight in the dog.

Probably our most outstanding feature in the classroom is our basic poses to convey the impression of absorbing every word of wisdom. This art of "pulling the wool" (quote: Merino Brcic) has been mistaken by the Brothers for living in perpetual state of mental blackout. Take "Boogieman" Buchmann, for instance. He grips his desk and scowls intently, pursing his lips and nodding his head whenever THE GLANCE happens his way. Then there's Wylboar Spencer. He lalts his head quizzically to one side, but this pose is difficult to keep and before long his jaw muscles stiffen and

FORM MASTER: *Br. Ephrem*

BROTHER EPHREM'S MOTTO: *"Dear God, give me patience"*

his lips draw back in a sickly grin. Leonard Palmer-Owen has yet another auditory attitude, and how aptly named is he! He places his left elbow on the desk, and rests his cheeks in the palm of his left hand. This posture holds two advantages. When his eyes grow heavy he uses the tip of his forefinger to prop an eyelid up while he draws the lower lid down with his thumb. What's more, "the palm" is handy should he feel a yawn coming on. Leonard, plus the Palmer, must not be confused with "Fluffy" Peter Owen. Bluffing the fluff, Peter had his first shave in March and is still wondering why he took this drastic step. Never mind, Fluffy, the ancient mariners who shaved with blowlamps and smoothed off with sandpaper will be turning in their Elysian hammocks at the thought of those reluctant shaving bandits, Mutt Jefferys, Moses Holmes and Greekie.

(Continued on page 27)



JUNIOR MATRICULATION

Sitting (left to right): G. Bartholomew, G. Nader, N. Johnson, L. Palmer-Owen, A. Leigh, U. Leitich, B. Tribe, M. Brcic, P. Owen, B. Jefferys, S. O'Connor.
Middle Row: B. Swanson, G. Lagoudis, D. Karam, I. Bailey, T. Vincent-Georges, N. Cernich, E. Miller, D. Plowden, M. de Villiers, P. Hellig.
Back Row: P. Gilbert, R. Morgan, D. Hughes, E. Buchmann, D. Spencer, J. Holmes, F. Rivera, D. Appleson, J. McLennan.

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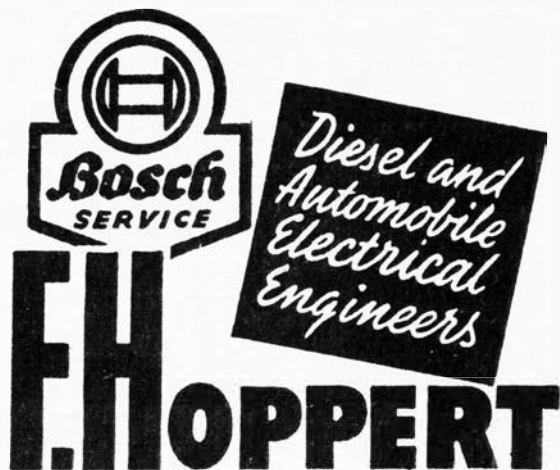
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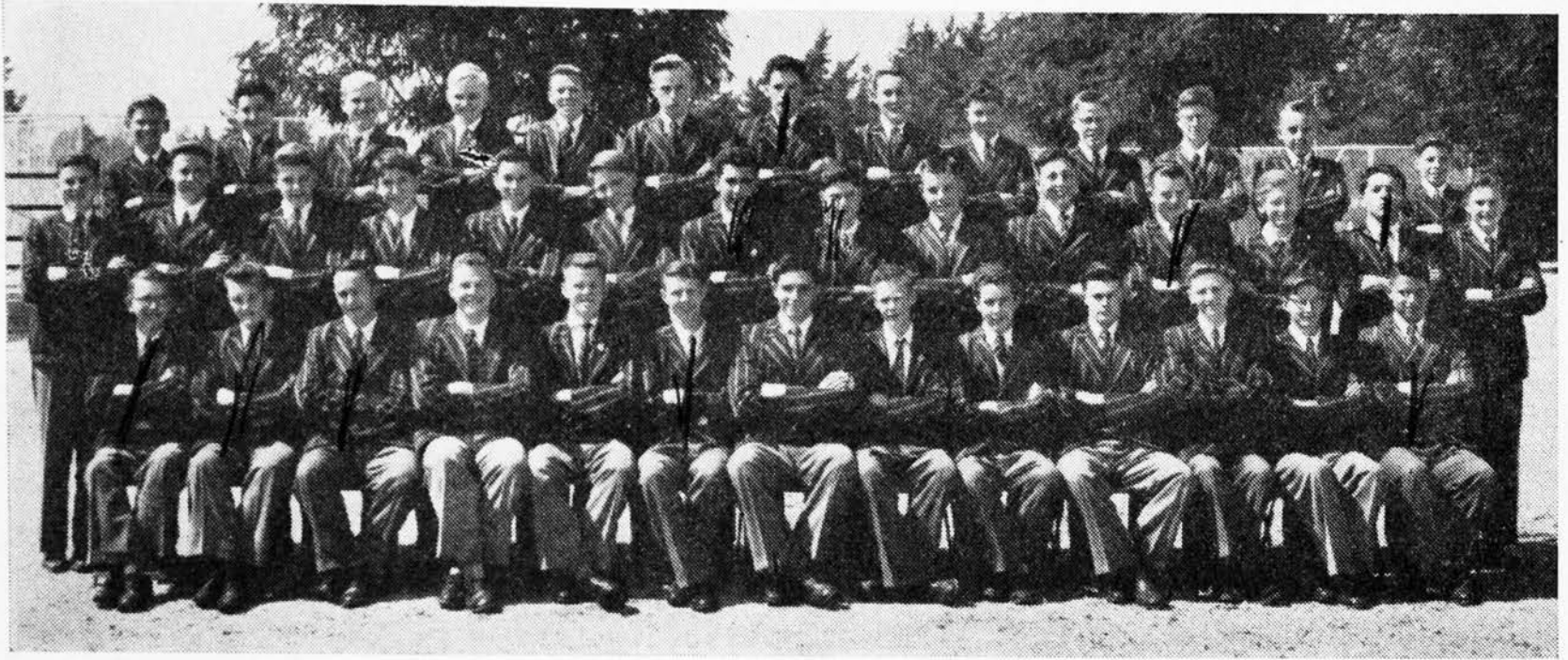
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THIS YEAR'S JUNIOR CERTIFICATE

by P. Driscoll.



JUNIOR CERTIFICATE

Sitting (left to right): R. Krause, P. Herbermann, J. Da Sousa, D. Aitken, B. Emmerich, P. Irwin, G. Raubenheimer, D. Berry, M. Mycielski, M. Funston, J. Rushton, G. Seebregts, D. Solomon.
Middle: W. Bischoff, B. Sprake, M. Funston, C. Hellig, M. van Gemert, R. Valente, J. Sirmalenios, G. Katz, D. Berry, H. Snipelisky, L. Bolt, P. Stirling, P. Tsimiligras, I. Patley.
Back: A. Swanson, D. Ellis, D. Palmer-Owen, B. Smyth, B. Kirchmann, M. Bekavac, R. Cross, C. Walsh, A. Zunckel, C. Collard, F. Mills, P. Driscoll, P. Leo.

THE J.C. class this year, according to one of our teachers, is constituted by the dregs of humanity, including physically and mentally disabled morons, half-wits and in general, idiots. To each of these he has wittily, if somewhat sardonically, appointed a name which is appropriate either to the mental condition or physical appearance of the owner.

Distinctive among these are the names belonging to boys whom he has conjectured to be physically disabled such as "Hammerhead", "Overgrown Hulk", "Swag-belly" and "White-haired Rat".

Next on the list come those who are classified as mentally disabled. The leaders of this motley collection are morons, imbeciles, ignorant

individuals with vacuumic heads — a nondescript accumulation of unimpressive specimens of the human race.

Then there are those who, having been nicknamed according to their peculiar habits, must be classified individually, such as "Marilyn" who insists on displaying a pair of gruesome and hairy legs for the appreciation of the general public. To this group we may also add a trio of bright-eyed scouts.

With this, I think, we may conclude, having chosen the most humorous and widely-used nom-de-plumes in this much run-down class, and I hope, having given the reader some idea of that particular teacher's opinion of it.

JUNIOR MATRICULATION

(Continued from page 25)

Yes, by and large, we are a good cross-section of the College Students, all of us trying, some of us very trying. Contrast is our keynote, and we can offer you anything from the glamourised "stars" Gary Nader Cooper; Snuzzle Morgan Durrante; Peter Glynnis John; Cowboy Collard; Barberton's own Daisy de Villiers; Gregory Peck Georges—to a handful of zoological specimens Merino Breic, Skaapie Hauser, Peewee Gilbert, and More Duck (Most Duck

and Less Duck being in Senior Matric and Junior Certificate respectively).

So "abandon hope all ye that enter in" and drink "life to the Leighs!" Our indoor grooming championships have broken all records. Time: Whenever possible without being caught by Brothers Gerald and Ephrem—the keepers of doomed weekends. Peewee Gilbert is the reigning haircombing Champ. — 8 minutes non-stop; runner-up Mutt Jefferys—5 minutes dead; unofficial Peter John (10 p.m.) 15 minutes—plus a forfeited weekend.

LIMERICKS "ABOU

From Cape Town we gathered *Abe Hart*
 Who takes in our sport quite a part
 He's never nonplussed
 Though often concussed
 To the end of a game from the start

In Cape Town's Parliament House
 There is a man named *Strauss*
 His nephew's here —
 In final year —
 And then we'll have no grouse.

A difficult subject is *Claude*
Du Buisson his surname abroad
 He hares round the track
 His aim is a "sack"
 Which lassies admire overawed.

The themes on which to hang
 The names *Van Dort* and *Laing*
 Were in a mess
 I must confess
 And so this one lacks tang.

A son of the soil is our *Joe*
 His temper is fiercesome you know
 He ever is right
 He'll prove with his might
 When dealing objectors a blow.

Ever heard of the *Burrowing Mole*?
 Who just could not live in a hole?
 An absolute fool,
 He came to our school
 And that was the end of the *Mole* —
 poor soul.

He sailed in July to Mombassa
 Avoided the Suez and Nasser
 Young *Robert D. Sykes*
 Whom everyone likes
 Returned here more ass than asser.

In science our genius is *Nicol*
 Whose nickname for this must be pickle
 He likes his burette
 His salts and pipette
 And acids that distil with a trickle.



SENIOR MA
 Sitting: J. Venter, A. Laing, A. M.
 2nd Row: B. Mulligan, M. Linden, J. Freemantle, G.
 P. Stuart, O. F.
 3rd Row: E. Seals, C. Beaumont

MATRICULATION

One of our prefects is *Duck*
 Who's impish as proverbial Puck
 Who goes to class for a lark
 Who'll stammer and nark
 And utter nonsensical muck.



We have as a classmate young *Dan*
 Who acts as a tough little man
 With boarders who snore
 He'll even the score
 By giving a punch in the "pan".

From Egypt there once came *Farouk*
 Who was stupid, insane and a crook,
 He had a canal,
 But fell for a gal,
 And now the poor clot's on the hook.

A story we find most absurd
 Is the tale of the talking bird
Chicken by name —
 He drives us insane —
 By narrating the stories we've heard.

A crease from one ear to the other
 His puckering face his eyes smother
Earl Bridge is his name
 The grin is the same
 As one from a cat that is Cheshire.

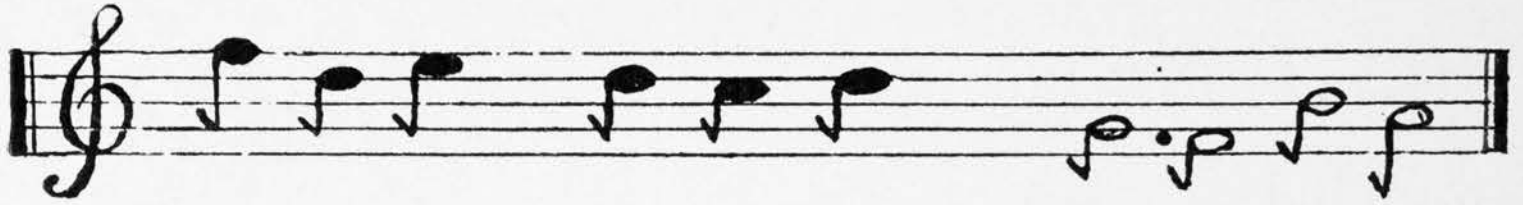
From Israel came *David* the Good
 Whose shadow betrayed where he stood
 His love life was bad
 The poor chap went mad
 Which surprised not those he had wooed.

To compose these lines I like
 The theme of *Linden, Mike*
 His winsome smile
 Will you beguile
 He knows it too, the tyke.

An excellent eater at meals
 To whom no dish but appeals
 A huge appetite
 Unending delight
 That sums up our comrade *Earl Seals*.

...TION
 ...ony, M. Nicol, D. Robinson.
 ...C. Strauss, R. Sykes, T. van Dort, L. Herber,
 ...Sapire.
 ...E. Bridge, D. Swanson.

The Song I Choose



- | | |
|--|--|
| Hauser: (Crossed in love)
<i>Heart Break Hotel</i> | Mulligan: (Has taken the Temperance Pledge)
<i>Drink to me only with thine eyes.</i> |
| Seals: (Never gets enough to eat)
<i>More</i> | Collard: (Dressed for Saturday morning)
<i>Rainbow Guy.</i> |
| Johnson: (Just what he likes)
<i>Cigarettes, Whisky and Wild, Wild Women.</i> | Leigh: (For its contents)
<i>Little Brown Jug.</i> |
| Du Buisson: (Obvious)
<i>The Great Pretender.</i> | Stuart: (Best not to say. Imagine)
<i>The Wayward Wind.</i> |
| De Villiers: (His nickname)
<i>Daisy Bell.</i> | O'Connor: (After Fighting Buchmann)
<i>Two Lovely Black Eyes.</i> |
| Jefferys: (Has fantastic cinemascope dreams)
<i>Beautiful Dreamer.</i> | Robinson: (In conversation)
<i>These Hands.</i> |
| Vincent-Georges: (That's the boy!)
<i>The Tumbling Tumble Weed</i> | Sapire: (His weight)
<i>Sixteen Tons.</i> |
| Beaumont: (Always a new girl friend)
<i>Changing Partners.</i> | Nader: (At the end of the 220 yds. race)
<i>I didn't Slip, I wasn't Pushed, I Fell.</i> |
| Hart: (Wants to marry young)
<i>Go on with the Wedding</i> | Br. John: (He's Spanish)
<i>The Spaniard that Blighted My Life.</i> |
| Farinha: (He's a dark horse)
<i>Secret Love.</i> | Swanson: (We call him Duck)
<i>Little White Duck.</i> |
| Derek Berry: (He's always late)
<i>Five Minutes More.</i> | Bridge: (The exams are near)
<i>I Wish I Knew.</i> |
| Br. Ephrem: ("B" Dormitory)
<i>I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts.</i> | Catholic Boys: (Br. Ralph calls it singing)
<i>Crying in the Chapel.</i> |
| Freemantle: (A farmer's boy)
<i>I Dug a Ditch.</i> | Senior Boarders: (On Sunday afternoons)
<i>Nothing to do.</i> |
| Venter: (Nickname's Chicken)
<i>Pickin' a Chicken.</i> | Scott Anthony: (A red head)
<i>Little Red Monkey.</i> |
| | Raubenheimer: (Or Red Rube)
<i>Ruby.</i> |

This is How the Poets Describe Us

- | | |
|--|---|
| <i>Bailey</i> : "Stiff in opinions always in the wrong"
(Dryden). | <i>Hauser</i> : "After one such love, can love no more"
(Donne). |
| <i>Collard</i> : "Pride that licks the dust" (Pope). | <i>Miller</i> : "One unnoted, sweet and young"
(Spender). |
| <i>John</i> : "Lucifer will bear thee quick to Hell"
(Marlow). | <i>Spencer</i> : "Eternal smiles his emptiness betrays"
(Pope). |
| <i>Leitich</i> : "Like rootless weeds the torn hair"
(Spender). | <i>Palmer-Owen</i> : "Big-boned and hardy handsome"
(Hopkins). |
| <i>De Villiers</i> : "A flower born to blush" (Gray). | <i>Johnson</i> : "Behind dull cigarettes" (Spender). |
| <i>Cepnich</i> : "He is quite gentle and dark-faced"
(Lawrence). | <i>Tribe</i> : "Your voice sings not so soft" (Owen). |
| <i>Hughes</i> : "Thou hast a voice whose sound is like
the sea" (Wordsworth). | <i>McLennan</i> : "Short, and simple" (Gray). |
| <i>Lagoudis</i> : "The paper seeming boy with rat's
eyes" (Spender). | <i>Jefferys</i> : "A man confusedly in a half-dream"
(Yeats). |
| | <i>Leigh</i> : "Bemused by beer" (Pope). |
| | <i>Plowden</i> : "The tortoise" (Pope). |

(Continued on next page)

Around Inanda with Shakespeare

- Sapire: (There's a lot of him)
"Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt."
Hamlet.
- Nicol: (Prefers Chemistry)
"Throw Physic(s) to the dogs."
Macbeth.
- Owen: (Has started shaving)
"I have a beard coming."
Mid-Summer Night's Dream.
- Rushton: (College Organist)
"Make battery to our ears with loud music."
Anthony and Cleopatra.
- Robinson: (Likes to have a crew-cut)
"I'll unhair my head."
Anthony and Cleopatra.
- Jefferys (Won his swimming scroll)
"You have done well by water."
Anthony and Cleopatra.
- Gilbert: (Holds record for hair-combing—
 8 minutes)
"Comb your noddle with a three-legged stool."
Taming of the Shrew.
- Br. John: (Has bought an adding machine)
"I am ill at reckoning."
Love's Labour Lost.
- Venter: (Alias "Chicken")
"Alas, poor hurt fowl."
Much Ado About Nothing.
- Katz: (Needs no explanation)
"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew."
Henry IV Pt. 1.
- Spencer: (Apparently smiles without reason)
*"The heaving of my lungs provokes me to
 ridiculous smiling."*
Love's Labour Lost.
- Scott Anthony: (A red-head)
*"He hath but a wee little face, with a little
 yellow beard."*
Merry Wives of Windsor.
- Mulligan: (Alias "Mole")
"Well said, old mole."
Hamlet.
- Stuart: (Obvious)
"You shall nose him as you go up the stairs."
Hamlet.
- Hauser: (Dislikes playing cricket)
"Let me be umpire."
Henry IV Pt. 1.
- Buchmann: (Handsome?)
"My grisly countenance made others fly."
Henry IV Pt. 1.
- Rogers: (Alias "Ginger")
"Ginger shall be hot in the mouth too."
Twelfth Night.
- De Villiers: (Landed in trouble for too much
 talking)
"Tis time to speak—my pains are quite forgot."
Richard III.
- Hart: (Likes brightly-coloured clothing)
"Of late she did commend my yellow stockings."
Twelfth Night.
- Brother Ephrem:
"Old fashions please me best."
Taming of the Shrew.
- Aitken: (Fat and . . .)
"Fat paunches have lean pates."
Love's Labour Lost.
- Raffinetti: (Obvious)
"Having sworn too hard."
Love's Labour Lost.
- The Boarders: (Piet cooked it)
*"Men sit down to that nourishment which is
 called supper."*
Love's Labour Lost.

(Continued from previous page)

- Owen: "A white haired shadow roaming like a
 dream" (Tennyson).
 Swanson: "He never yet no vileinye ne sayde"
 (Chaucer).
 Bartholomew: "His wit is all see-saw" (Pope).
 Vincent-Georges: "A brighter wash; to curl their
 waving hair" (Pope).
 Holmes: "At the round earth's imagin'd
 corners, blow your trumpet(s) . . ." (Donne).
 Hellig: "In squandering wealth was his peculiar
 art" (Dryden).
 Nader: ". . . who could every hour employ with
 something new . . ." (Pope).

- O'Connor: "In search of mischief" (Pope).
 Spurling: "A Cherub's face" (Pope).
 Rivera: "How oft, at school(?)" (Coleridge).
 Brcic: ". . . to dumb Forgetfulness a prey"
 (Gray).
 Appleson: "Bear thine eyes straight" (Shakes-
 peare).
 Gherisi: "His listless length at noontide would
 he stretch" (Gray).
 Gilbert: "Wha struts and stares, and a' that"
 (Burns).
 Karam: "With bent head and falling hair"
 (Spender).
 Buchmann: "He smiles foolishly" (Lawrence).

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RUGBY



DUE to the polio danger the rugby games got away to a very late start. As a rule we confine our matches to May and June after which we concentrate on Athletics. However, this year we had to make up "rugby-time" and managed to squeeze in half a dozen games during August.

The College 1st XV in all games but two scored more tries than their opponents. We feel particularly proud of the fact that such opponents as Jeppe and K.E.S. just got home with very narrow wins though in both these games we crossed their line more often than they crossed ours.

The forwards were light and fast, excelling in the loose scrums and were clever at dribbling. The backs were penetrative and at times brilliant. At other times a little ragged.

We drew 9-9 with our sister College, Observatory, and their two tries showed up two things: lack of experience on our side and lack of opportunism on theirs.

The side was complimented by visiting masters and the referees whom we wish to thank sincerely for the games they took. We appreciate their interest in the games. So to Messrs. Geffin, Goldberg and Birch we say "Thank you".

The Second Fifteen was almost as light as an Under 15 side yet it showed that it could win a game or two and at that against much heavier opposition. Neither the 1st nor the 2nd Fifteens suffered anything like a trouncing.

The following 1st XV were awarded Rugby Scrolls: J. Venter (Capt.), M. Funston, B. Jefferys, A. M. Scott Anthony, D. Swanson, J. Freemantle, L. Palmer-Owen, G. Raubenheimer and J. da Souza.

The Junior sides have shown great progress and this is mainly due to the methodical coach-



FIRST XV

Front Row: J. Freemantle, D. Swanson, P. Stuart.

2nd Row: O. Farinha, A. M. Scott Anthony, J. Venter, D. Robinson, L. Palmer-Owen.

3rd Row: B. Jefferys, M. Funston, L. Herber, J. du Buisson, G. Raubenheimer, A. Hart, J. da Souza.

ing given by Brothers Gerald, Ephrem and Bonaventure. When junior boys play the type of rugby as often witnessed in some of their games, then the game at Inanda is going to become exceptionally attractive.

FIRST FIFTEEN

vs. Athlone 1st XV: Inanda 3—Athlone 5

Oh what a disappointment! We did not even play rugby. Both sides closed the game by kicking and we played right into the hands of Athlone's very safe full-back. We would have won the match if only we had played rugby and not soccer.

*vs. Highlands North 1st XV:
Inanda 9—Highlands 8*

It wasn't a very fast or spectacular game yet we won our first match of the season 9-3. It was pretty close and hotly contested in the scrums yet there were no line movements to make the game really first class. Jefferys and Palmer-Owen both scored tries.

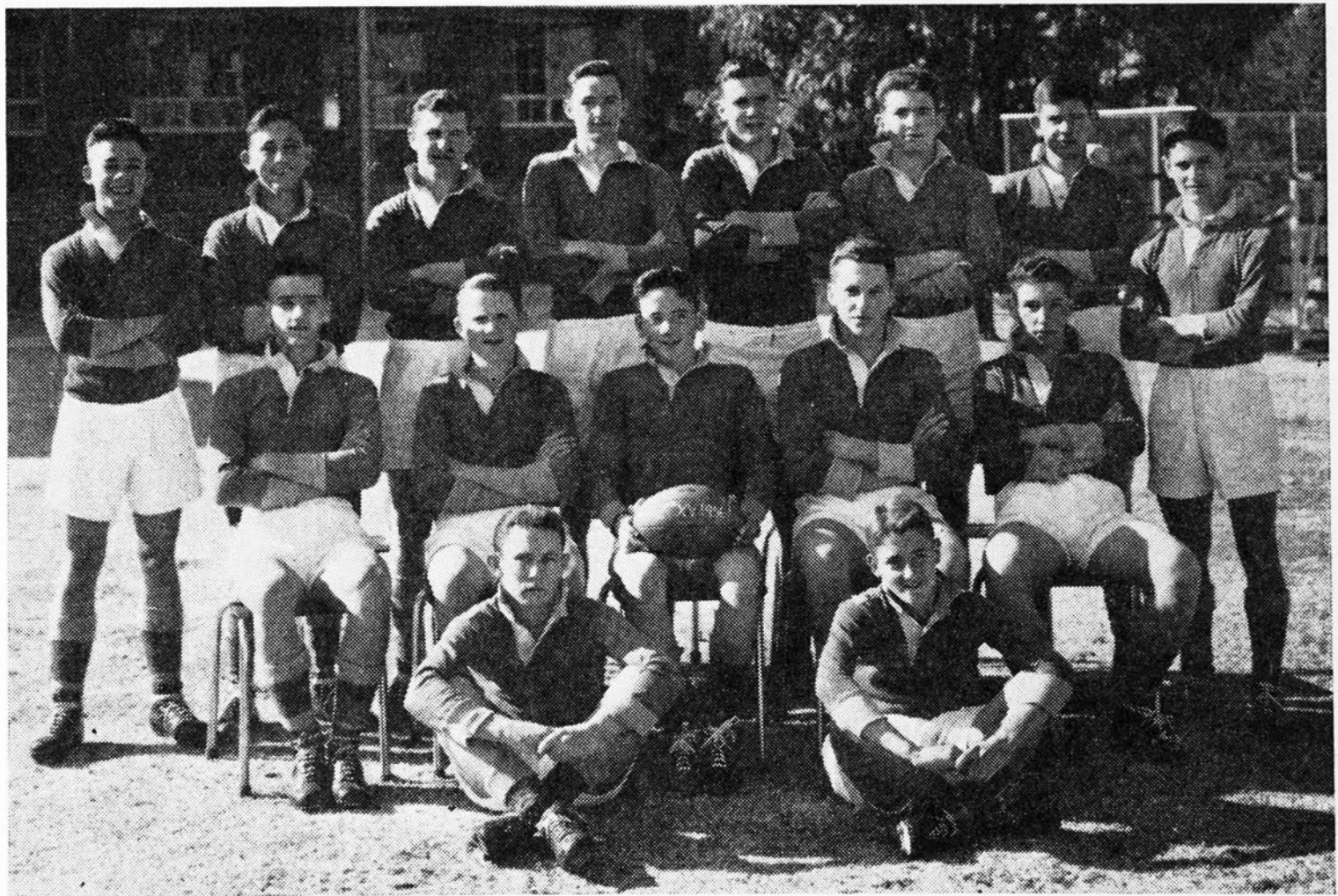
*vs. Marist Observatory 1st XV:
Inanda 9—Marist Observatory 9*

The greatest disappointment of the season was this match when we missed that long-

awaited and well needed victory over Observatory. We gave our win away by a few stupid blunders like not dotting the ball behind our line and losing ground by playing into the full-back's hands. Often we did not find touch and lost ground. We had a few anxious moments because of that. It is a pity that Du Buisson with his speed did not get a good enough opportunity to run for a try. The final score was 9-9, Da Souza scoring the only try, the other 6 points being penalties.

vs. Jeppe 1st XV: Inanda 6—Jeppe 8

The Jeppe boys arrived here fully convinced that they would repeat last year's hammering of 50-0. What a shock they got when they found a solid, hard-hitting defence instead of last year's non-combining team! It is hard to single out any individual player because it would mean mentioning every member in the team. Jeppe managed to cross our line once only and converted their try. Their other points were gained by a free kick. Raubenheimer went over to score right under the posts after some beautiful passing. Unfortunately we did not convert. About ten yards from the Jeppe line, Hart, the scrum-half, broke around the blind side of the



SECOND XV

Front: P. Gilbert, R. Morgan.

Second Row: C. Beaumont, M. Nicol, B. Mulligan, A. Leigh, D. Karam.

Third Row: N. Ceprnich, H. Snipelsky, E. Seals, B. Tribe, C. Strauss, L. Robinson, T. van Dort, B. Swanson.

scrum and scored in the corner. By then Jeppe were thoroughly shaken and amazed at this high-speed rugby. However, they managed to stop Venter scoring about four inches from their line. Jeppe were the winners in points only as we scored two tries to their one.

vs. K.E.S.: Inanda 3—K.E.S. 9

The Inanda XV took the field against a much heavier side. The game started off with a bang, Du Buisson scoring the only try in the game within ten minutes of the kick-off. K.E.S. put over two penalties and a drop.

It was obvious that K.E.S. were going to use their kickers to full advantage and they did, moving up the field not by movements but by constructive touch kicks.

Brian Jefferys shone as the star of the game making many good movements and tackling hard. Venter also played well.

It was a very hard match, and K.E.S. were lucky to scrape home by 9 points to 3.

MIXED FIFTEEN

vs. St. Stithians 1st XV: Inanda 9—St. S. 0

As St. Stithians had a more experienced team than that of last year, it was only because of considerable effort on our part that we were able to beat them.

With an impromptu team such as ours, there could be no ideal combination, yet every man played his allotted position enthusiastically.

Venter and Robinson played in the scrum. Both played and tackled hard.

In the line movements, both in attack and defence, Jefferys played well.

A welcome help came from an unexpected quarter, from St. Stithians themselves who in their eagerness to avenge last year's defeat frequently got into one another's way.

SECOND FIFTEEN

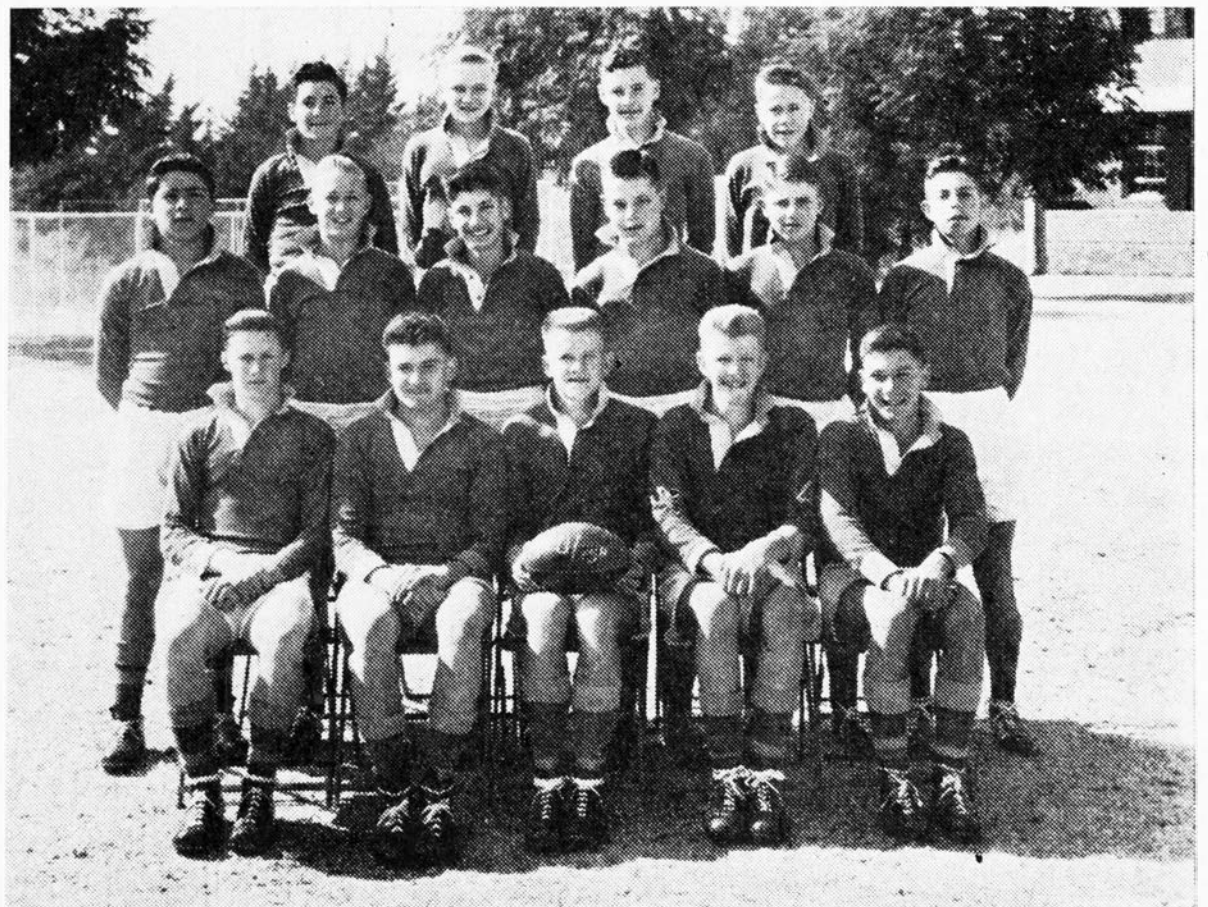
vs. St. Stithians: Inanda 16—St. Stithians 0

The whole game was very scrappy due to fault in both the scrum and the line. In loose and tight scrums we managed to get the ball about one time in every four. Due to some determined play by Stuart and Karam we caught and stopped their line very soon, the ball seldom going out to the second centre.

In the line movements, the fly-half Nicol did not give the ball out enough and was often caught in possession. Owen the second centre ran too fast and was in front of the first centre too often. Collard the right wing missed many opportunities to score by fumbling. In the second half he scored though. On the other wing was a determined Hauser who scored in the first half but was frequently prevented from scoring again a few feet from the line. Karam scored from a loose scrum two yards from St. Stithians' line. Three tries were scored, two converted, and one penalty was scored making the final score 16-0.

UNDER 15 "A"

Front Row: B. Sprake, M. Leipold, B. Emmerich, N. Johnson, G. Batholomew.
2nd Row: T. Tsilimigras, C. Pitt, G. Lagoudis, D. Berry, I. Bailey, P. Hellig.
3rd Row: D. Ellis, B. Smyth, G. Raffinetti, C. Collard.



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vs. K.E.S.: Inanda 0—K.E.S. 9

A very disappointing match. The game was scrappy and the only forward who gave of his best was Ceprnich, the shooter. Our forwards especially Linden and Leigh did not get down low enough. There was no co-operation whatever between Swanson, the fly-half, and the first centre, Nicol, and so the line was not fed. K.E.S. won with two penalties and a try.

vs. Highlands North: Inanda 0—Highlands 11

A very disheartened second team played against Highlands North this year. The team simply allowed their opponents to run all over them. We tackled high and ineffectively and well deserved to lose 11-0.

took over from Swanson and as usual played well. Jeppe scored two tries and converted one.

vs. Athlone: Inanda 19—Athlone 9

The game started off by being very slow. It quickened up and we ran rings round Athlone. We really had a fast moving line with Mulligan again playing well. Nicol, Swanson, Collard and Tribe all scored.

: o :

UNDER FIFTEEN

This has been a lean year, and the standard of rugby below average. While ability has been lacking, the players have tried their best, and there has been improvement in individual cases.



UNDER 14 "A"

Front Row: J. Theunissen, D. Hartmann, L. Berman, W. Olivier, R. Valente.

Middle Row: G. Horton, M. Funston, C. Hellig, C. Ballenden, B. Roberts, A. McLoughlin.

Back Row: R. McCutcheon, K. Rushton, A. Swanson, B. Hulley.

vs. Observatory 2nd XV: Inanda 9—Obs. 10

Marist Observatory started off well and very soon after the kick-off they scored. They scored shortly after because of our inefficient and high tackling. Then we scored as the ball was getting out to the line a little more. Ceprnich was hooking well but the ball was being stopped by the fly-half. Beaumont and Robinson scored and Snipelisky scored the only penalty. There were some fine movements by the Inanda backs and with a little luck we might have won.

vs. Jeppe High: Inanda 0—Jeppe 8

A fast and hard game was played by both teams although the fly-half, Swanson, caused anxious moments by bad handling. Mulligan

The "A" Team won only one match against Highlands North. The "B" Team won two matches and lost three.

The forwards are to be commended for their energy and keenness. One cannot speak too highly of their backing up, loose rushes and quick heeling from the loose. B. Emmerich, lock forward and captain, got through a lot of work at times. C. Knobbs, flank, is undoubtedly the best forward of a good pack. He was outstanding in both attack and defence. He had unbounded energy and had the happy knack to be in the right place at the right moment.

The defence of the backs was generally good. But there was much to criticise in their attacking ability. Their main weaknesses were not backing up, and not running hard and straight.

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Too often did they trot across the field giving the defence ample time to come up. Not passing quickly enough was another fault. The centres ran too far before passing. Also there were too many dropped passes.

The best of the backs was fly-half C. Hellig who possesses a safe pair of hands and a fine kick but who did not launch his three-quarters quickly enough.

UNDER FIFTEEN MATCHES

"A" Team

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
5	1	4	-	25	45
vs. K.E.S.			Lost	3	— 16
vs. Jeppe			Lost	3	— 11
vs. Athlone			Lost	3	— 8
vs. Highlands			Won	13	— 0
vs. Observatory			Lost	3	— 10

"B" Team

P.	W.	L.	D.	F.	A.
5	2	3	-	18	29
vs. K.E.S.			Lost	0	— 3
vs. Jeppe			Lost	3	— 6
vs. Athlone			Lost	0	— 9
vs. Highlands			Won	6	— 3
vs. Observatory			Won	9	— 8

UNDER FOURTEEN "A" AND "B"

The Under 14 "A" Team started off badly by losing the first and second matches of the season to Jeppe (0-28) and to K.E.S. (0-22)

respectively. The team, however, learned from their defeats and went on to beat Athlone (21-0), Highlands North (14-6) and Observatory (17-0).

The Under 14 "B" was not as successful as the "A" Team and won only the match against Athlone (9-6).

Both teams played their best and deserve credit for their efforts against, at times, great odds.

UNDER THIRTEEN "A"

A talented team with plenty of enthusiasm. Being much lighter than their opponents, they were forced to play on the defensive. The teamwork, especially amongst the forwards, was outstanding, so that they often played better rugby than their opponents.

vs. K.E.S.	Lost	37	—	0
vs. Jeppe	Lost	15	—	6
vs. Athlone	Lost	24	—	0
vs. Highlands	Won	13	—	0
vs. Observatory	Lost	15	—	5

UNDER THIRTEEN "B"

With many of them playing for the first time, these boys enjoyed their rugby immensely. Even in the short season, some showed great improvement.

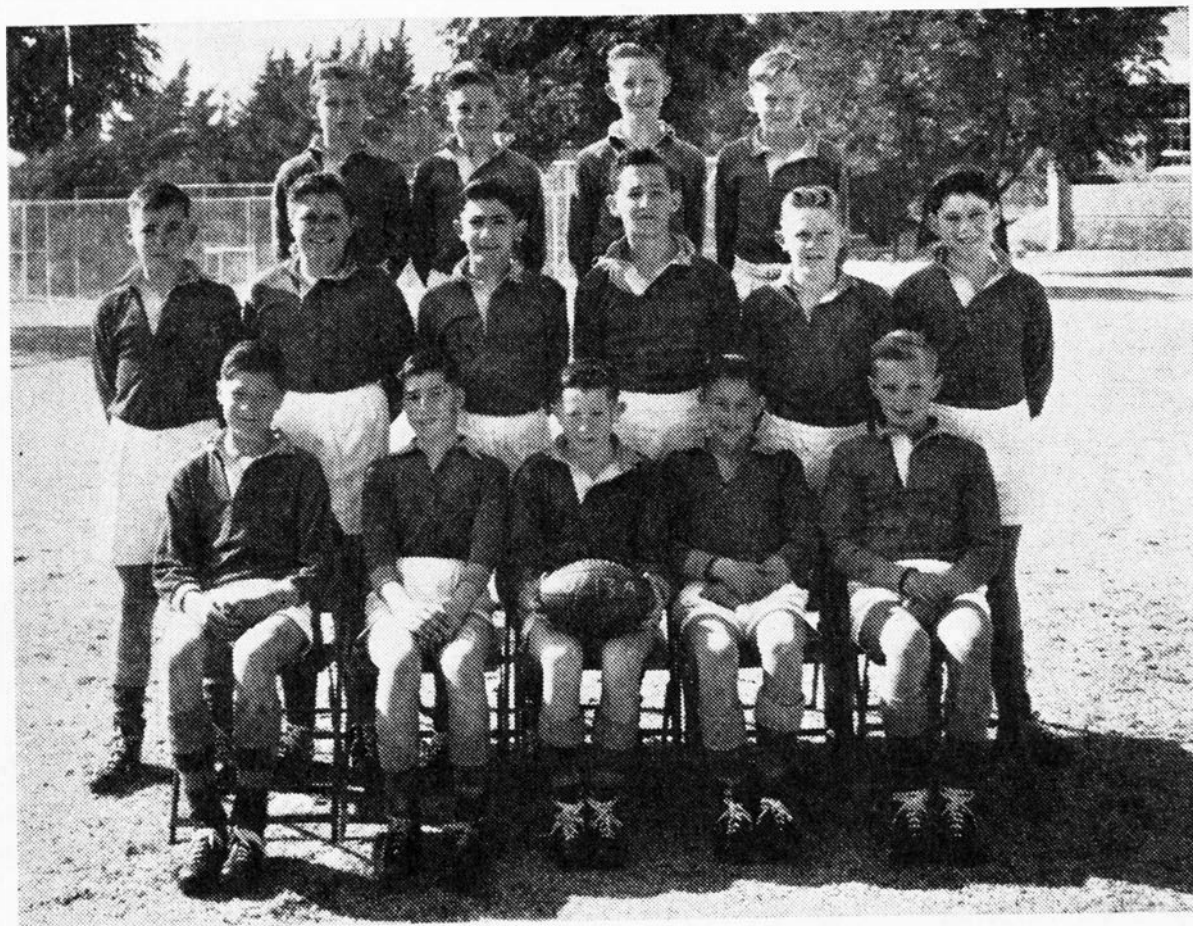
vs. K.E.S.	Lost	9	—	3
vs. Jeppe	Lost	24	—	0
vs. Highlands	Won	13	—	0
vs. Observatory	Lost	9	—	0

UNDER 13 "A"

Front Row: W. de Bruin, D. de Paiva, T. Jackaman, A. Olwyn, M. Strack van Schyndel.

Middle Row: P. Loffell, E. Iglauer, M. Nader, R. Amato, P. Munks, J. Stodel.

Back Row: S. McLennan, P. Forder, N. O'Connor, R. Hartdegen.



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ATHLETICS

FEW records were broken this year as the weather on the 22nd September will be remembered as one of the coldest and windiest of the year. Despite these very unpleasant conditions, however, the meeting was well attended and the programme covered even "D" races in some of the events.

The idea of holding several events in the same age group means that the great majority of boys in the College participate on The Day. Only points earned in the "A" Races qualify for the trophies, the other points go towards the competitors' Houses.

Previous to the meeting the training was well attended and several records were broken in the field events.

The most meritorious were :

Mile: B. Sprake (E. Hulse Cup).

Open: D. Robinson (Freemantle Cup).

Under 16: G. Raubenheimer (Risi Cup).

Under 15: G. Nader (Bob Effrem Cup).

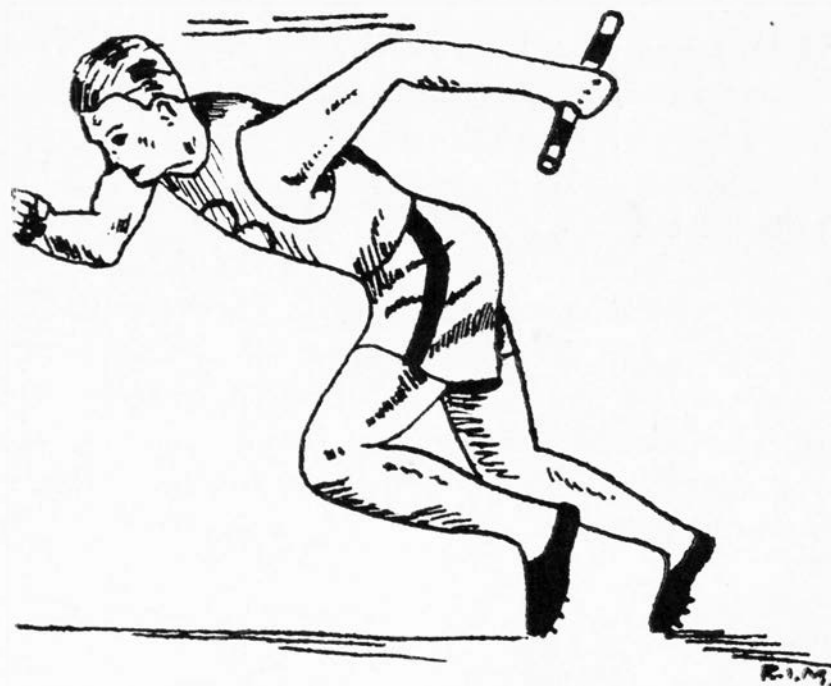
Under 14: Malcolm Funston (Richardson Cup).

Under 13: A. Dyce (Freemantle Cup).

Under 12: W. de Bruin (Kitty Shaw Cup).

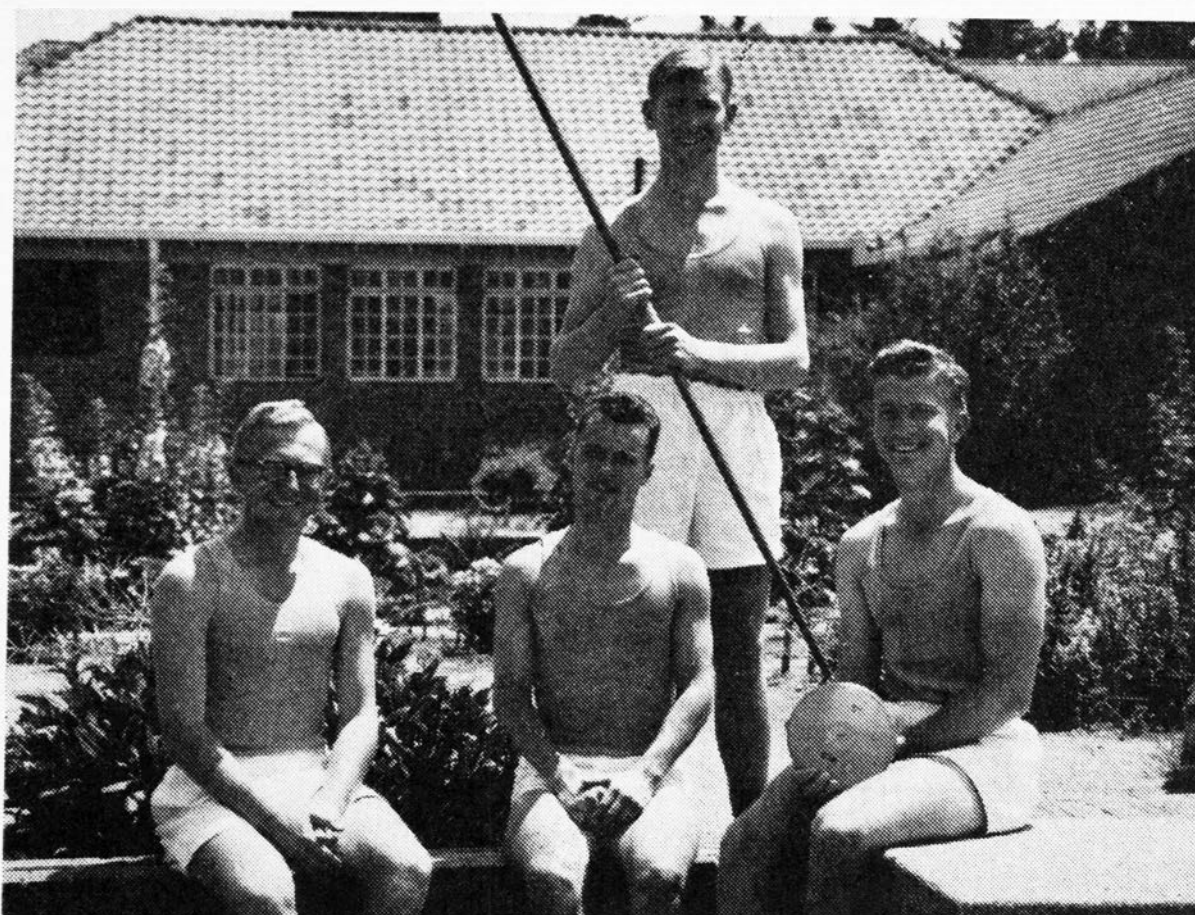
Under 11: T. Coghlan (Kitty Shaw Cup).

Under 10: R. Lavery (George Roy Cup).



Under 9: A. Iglauer (George Roy Cup).
 Under 8: B. Stott (Paul Barenbrug Cup).
 Under 7: J. van der Donk (J. Tonetti Cup).
 Under 6: J. Fraser and J. Venter.
 Senior Inter-Class (L. Webster Cup) Junior Certificate.

(Continued on page 47)



ATHLETICS SCROLLS

Left to Right: A. M. Scott Anthony, J. du Buisson, D. Robinson, J. Venter.

CRICKET

1ST XI

THE team did not do well at all. There was evidence of poor batting and weak attack in the bowling. The fielding at times was sluggish and there can be no excuse for bad fielding and grassed catches.

There is rather good material in the side and it only needs to right itself in future games.

It could have done very much better in the inter-school games. It did remarkably well during the Marist Cricket Week when it met sides much stronger than most of the sides in Johannesburg.

vs. K.E.S.:

K.E.S. 129
M. Brcic 5 for 65.
Inanda 39.

vs. JEPPE:

Jeppe 173
Cash 112.
Inanda 110 for 9
P. Owen 25
R. Morgan 26.

The average of the 1st XI including the Marist Schools' Week is 146 for 8. This is quite a satisfactory total.



Marist Cricket Week. A scene from the Observatory—Walmer match played at Inanda.

During the Cricket Week we averaged 150 runs approximately.

The 2nd XI and the other Junior sides did not fare too well. The results were not outstanding. We shall expect better this season.

1ST XI RESULTS

vs. ROOSEVELT HIGH:

Inanda 170 for 5 dec.
Nicol 56
Venter 53.

Roosevelt 125 for 6.

vs. FOREST HIGH:

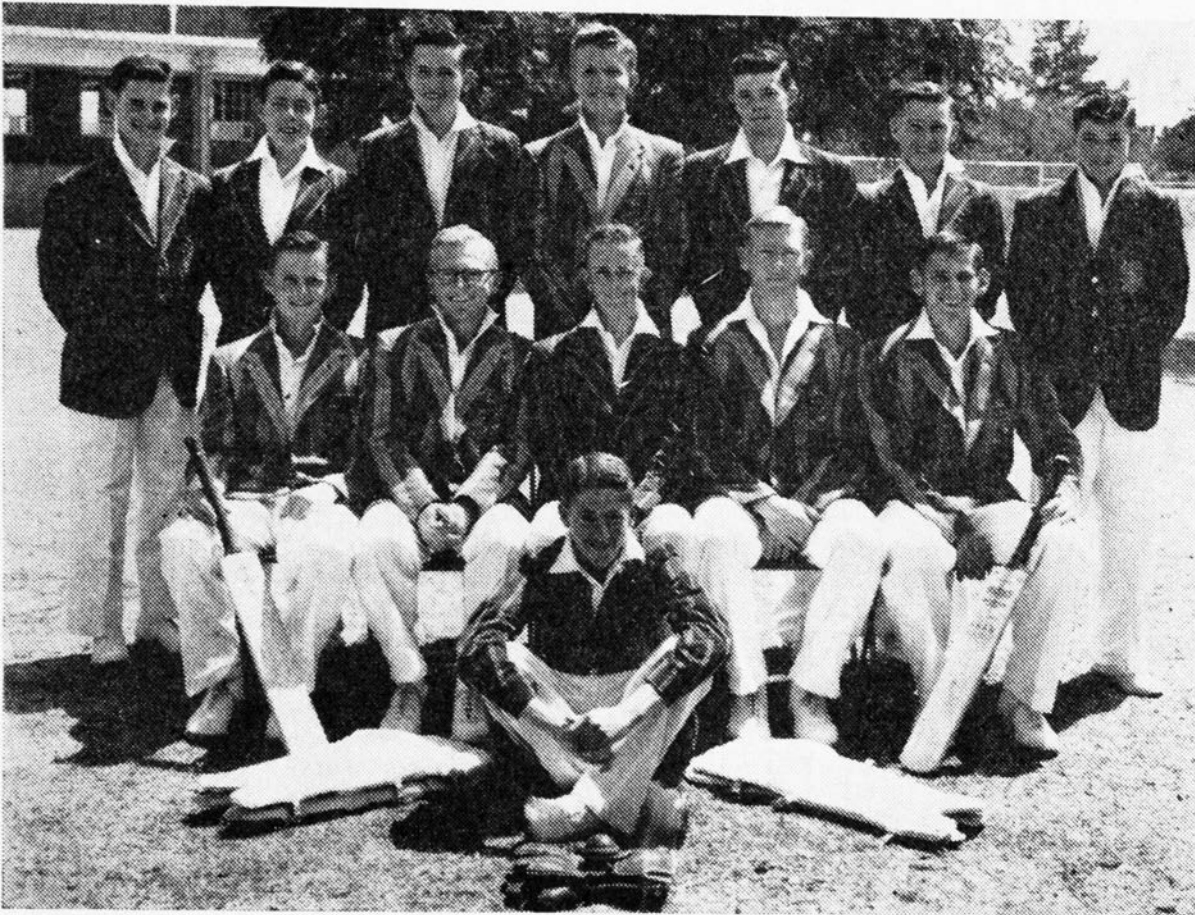
Forest 220
Phillips 118.
Inanda 158
A. M. Scott Anthony 36
P. Owen 33.

MIDGET CRICKET

During the 10 days holidays when the Marist Cricket Week was in progress there were games taking place on adjoining fields between teams selected from among the Day Scholars of Standards III, IV and V. These teams took their games very seriously and the turn out of each boy was very neat.

C. Ellis who made the most runs was awarded a bat presented by Mr. Anghern. J. Jackson who took the most wickets received a pair of batting gloves from Mr. S. Curnow an Old Springbok player and M. Ness was given a ball for excelling as a fielder.

Bro. Paul-Benedict and Mr. Jackson took a keen interest in the games and so did many parents who came along every day to see the little boys play.



FIRST XI

Back: B. Swanson, C. Hellig, M. Brcic, J. Venter, M. Funston, G. Raffinetti, A. Zunckel.
Middle: M. Nicol, A. M. Scott, Anthony, P. Owen, D. Robinson, D. Swanson.
Front: R. Morgan.

INTER-MARIST CRICKET WEEK

WHEN Charles Fortune interviewed Brother Ralph at Broadcast House, Johannesburg, and the interview was transmitted over the Johannesburg "A" programme, the listening public of South Africa was informed of a unique Cricket Week. In fact, listeners heard about history in the making.

For the first time in South Africa students from six of the leading Catholic Colleges for boys were meeting for a feast of cricket. That all these boys came from Marist Colleges makes their meeting unique; that these boys, from all parts of the country, were able to mix freely and happily was due to the fact that they all belong to the vast, world-wide Marist Family.

For days prior to the broadcast message the boys had been gathering; for days College busses and cars had been going to Johannesburg station at all hours between 6 a.m. and 5 p.m., to meet the lads in Blue and Gold — and always the cheerful welcome and "hello" of unknown friends meeting with the ease of family members. No introductions were needed, no names were necessary for Brothers and boys were soon chatting like life-long friends at a reunion.

As each group was taken out to Inanda, the short trip was punctuated by the oh's, ah's and other sounds of wonder as many boys gasped their amazement at the sights and size of Johannesburg for the first time. Not one boy from

outside Johannesburg entered the College gates without pronouncing Inanda to be "The College Beautiful."

By Sunday evening, 30th September, all the boys were in residence and had been briefed as to what was expected of them.

The first games took place on Monday. In the morning excitement was at fever pitch. From Monday to Saturday that pitch was maintained for the weather was ideal for the young South African gentlemen and the competition was keen. Win or lose, no team lacked zest for the game and determination to do better the next day.

On Tuesday evening the Inanda Ladies' Committee excelled themselves. A dance band arrived at 7 p.m. By 7.15 p.m., a bevy of pretty girls was ready to entertain the boys. At 7.30 p.m., the hundred and forty young people were shy, but, such is the resilience of youth that 10 p.m. saw one hundred and forty old friends. No doubt the courtesies attendant on the "super" supper served by the Ladies encouraged the mixing.

The Old Boys entertained the players to a screening of the Rugby Tests of the recent Springbok tour of New Zealand at the Club on Wednesday night.

After two late nights all boys were only too pleased that Thursday evening was free. By nine o'clock the dormitories were echoing to

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snores and snuffles. Not far away the six coaches were discussing forms, scores and performances until long after midnight in their endeavours to be fair to all in their selection of a team to play against the Old Maristonians on Saturday.

Friday was set aside for an outing. So, cars, more cars and College busses lined up to transport all boys and coaches to see the Voortrekker Monument and Hartebeestpoort Dam. Just before the "Trek" the selectors announced their team—twelve happy smiles greeted the nominations. Undoubtedly, many brave smiles hid disappointed hopes.

The team read:

A. Tillim (Obs.) Capt., A. Rex (Obs.), P. Kennedy (St. Charl.), W. Steele (Rond) Vice-Capt., W. Davey (St. Hen.), P. Trimborn (St. Hen.), T. Forder (St. Charl.), A. Roche (Rond), P. Owen (Inanda), B. Tomlinson (St. Charl.), B. Poff (Obs.), J. Venter (Inanda).

On Friday evening Dan Robinson operated the bioscope machine so that all could enjoy Bing Crosby and Grace Kelly in "The Country Girl".

On Saturday the elder brothers of the Marist Family—the Old Boys—turned out in large numbers to see whether "the youngsters are as

good as in our day". Old Boys batted first and scored 269 for 5 declared; Schoolboys scored 118. A good day was had by young and old.

All success is preceded by 99% perspiration. The success of the Cricket Week was no exception. The "back-stage" workers were many and to each one due thanks and praise must be given: to Brother Ralph and the visiting Brothers for the organisation; to Mrs. Swanson and her Committee who attended to the Herculean task of providing meals for so many boys with healthy appetites; to Brother Provincial for permitting the Week; to Brother Edwin for allowing the College to be used for accommodation; to Brother Jordan and the Old Boys' Club for the use of grounds; Mrs. Trumble for providing lunches; Brother Bartholomew for helping with transport; to Mrs Fernig for attending to linen and laundry; the S.A.B.C. and "The Star" for publishing results; Mr. Steve Pitts, Life President S.A.C.A.; Mr. A. Frames, Secretary S.A.C.A.; Messrs. J. Cheetham and J. McGlew; Mr. G. Treadwell, Chairman, and members of the T.C.U. for encouragement.

Handshakes, goodbyes and promises "to write"; trains leaving, empty cars and buses returning—the Week was over.



UNDER 14

Back: A. Swanson, G. McAlpine, L. Coetzee, G. Philo, R. James, B. Hulley.
Middle: B. Nicol, L. Berman, M. Funston, H. Rosmarin, L. Gullan.
Front: B. Olivier.

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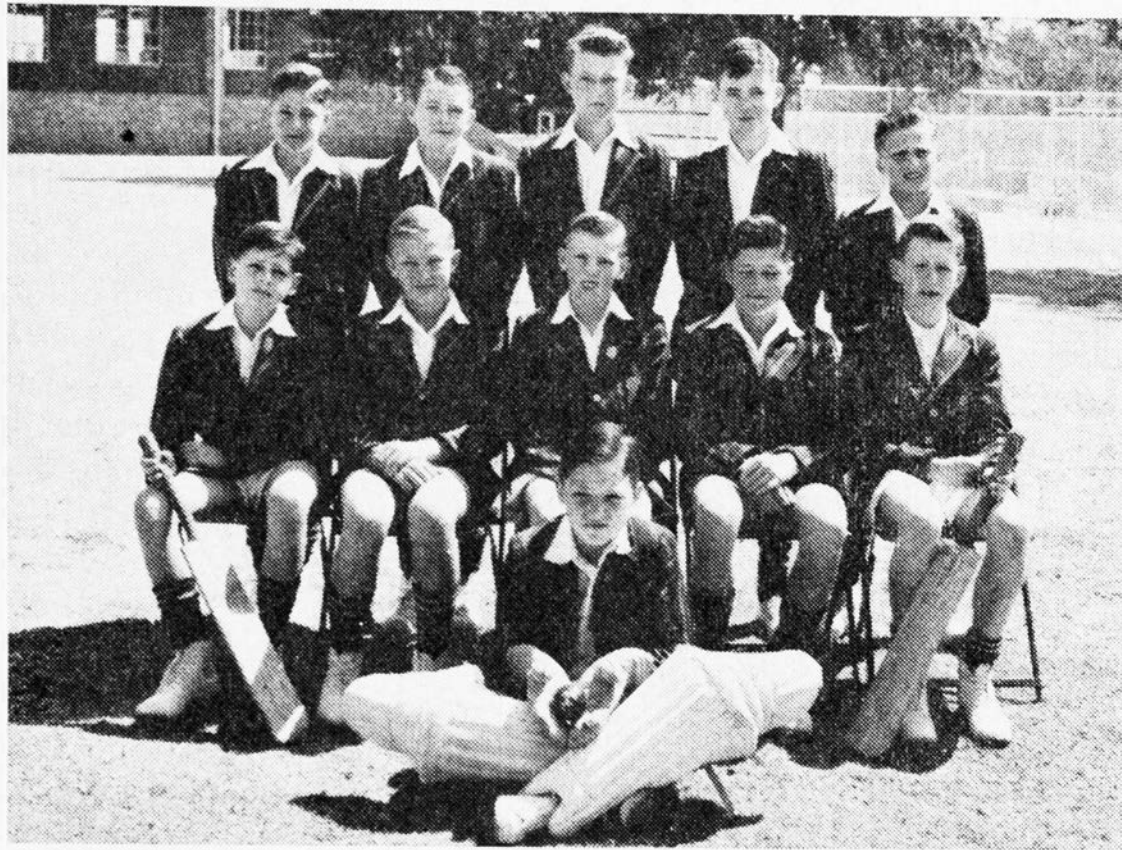
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UNDER 13
 Back: A. Olwyn, B. Hutchings, D. Vermeulen, M. Lakofski, J. Pattersen.
 Middle: A. Williams, M. van Schyndel, P. Angehrn, W. de Bruin,
 N. O'Connor.
 Front: A. Ellis.

INANDA'S RESULTS DURING CRICKET WEEK

vs. DURBAN:

Durban 219 for 2
 W. Davey 119 not out
 T. Stubbs 91.
 Inanda 91 and 104 for 3
 A. M. Scott Anthony 36 not out
 J. Venter 48.

vs. RONDEBOSCH:

Rondebosch 104
 Inanda 161
 W. Steele 44.
 D. Robinson 49
 R. Morgan 36
 P. Owen 5 for 39.

vs. 'MARITZBURG:

'Maritzburg 158
 T. van Laun 65.
 Inanda 143
 P. Owen 40
 R. Morgan 30
 M. Brcic 6 for 42.

vs. WALMER:

Walmer 226
 T. Lord 56.
 Inanda 225 for 4
 M. Nicol 77
 J. Venter 62.

ATHLETICS—(Continued from page 41)

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION

1st Benedict	317½ points
2nd College	200½ points
3rd Bishops	181 points
4th Osmond	136 points

INTER-HIGH ATHLETIC MEETING

Once again the Inter-High Athletic Meeting held at Springs this year makes obvious the fact that Inanda is severely handicapped by having fewer numbers from whom to choose—and therefore no specialists.

The day proved most enjoyable however and our congratulations to Springs High for a good win.

— : o : —

(Continued from next page)

PRIMARY SCHOOL SWIMMERS

R. McNeil, A. Burbach, B. Neilson, A. Iglauer, M. Fine, J. Kukeljevic, C. Bird, E. Batten, A. Merlin, N. Munnikhuis, J. Forder, N. Curnow, L. Pohl, R. Townsend, A. Bell, E. Wilson, A. Dyce, S. Fine, E. Iglauer, K. Adams.

SWIMMING

AS the years pass on one does not expect as great a number of records to be broken at the Annual Gala as in the earlier days of College swimming. The existing times are of a high standard, and it is only by exceptionally hard, consistent training that a chance of bettering these records can be entertained. Much credit, therefore, goes to Mr. Jimmy Green under whose zealous instruction no less than seven records were broken. Thanks too must go to all whose efforts and organisation made February 18th a highly successful and memorable afternoon.

Beautiful weather, straw bashers, keen support by the visiting fairer sex and an exhibition by pupils of Jimmy Green added that *jes-ne-sais-quoi*. Competition was so keen that most of the races were won by a mere touch, and many a Dad swam those last few yards himself.

Benedict House won the trophy for the second successive year—but only just. Osmond House shadowed and made them fight all the way. Bishop House was not far behind chased by College House, a gallant fourth.

The outstanding swimmer of the afternoon was Brian Jefferys who set up new times of 60.5 sec. for the Open 100 Yards Freestyle and 76.2 sec. for the Open 100 Yards Backstroke.

In the Under 16 Section, Derek Berry broke the 50 Yards Backstroke record, whilst Christopher Hellig broke the 50 Yards Breaststroke in the Under 14 Section. Peter Butler clipped 2 sec. off the Under 15 50 Yards Breaststroke; R. Amato broke the 25 Yards Backstroke record and Michael Fine won the 25 Yards Breaststroke Under 10 with a new time of 27 sec.

SECTIONAL WINNERS

Trophy	Donor	Winner
Inter-House	J. S. Leigh	Benedict
Open	B. Friedlander	B. Jefferys
Open Diving	L. Schulman	J. Venter
Under 16	W. Ballard	D. Berry
Under 15	A. Stott	P. Butler
Under 15 Diving	Mr. Ingles	C. Pitt
Under 14	L. Schulman	C. Hellig
Under 13	L. Schulman	R. Amato
Under 12	F. Gerard	C. Bird
Under 11	J. Richardson	E. Herbermann
Under 10	J. Stodel	M. Fine
Under 9	J. Stodel	R. Townsend
Under 8	Mr. Wilson	A. Merlin

INTER-HIGH SCHOOL GALA

Inanda is at a disadvantage when it comes to choosing a team for the Inter-High School Gala not being numerically as strong as her opponents. Our smaller numbers are handicapped in having to compete in several events, and so cannot conserve their energies for individual races.

In the Relays we held our own fairly well but were beaten by boys who were fresh from the start, and by those whose names figure prominently as inter-club swimmers.

This does not take away from the fact that we were beaten by better swimmers, and our congratulations go to Jeppe Boys' High on an excellent win.

INTER-MARIST SWIMMING GALA

To round off an eventful season, a meeting was arranged between the two Marist Colleges, Inanda being the hosts to Observatory on the evening of March 9th.

Our Juniors paved the way by giving us a good lead in the earlier races, and the seniors both consolidated and improved this position. Thirty-four events were swum off within an hour and a half. We won twenty-five of the thirty-four races, winning the meeting by 180 to 128 points.

J. Sirmalenios, by winning the Open 100 yards Breaststroke, qualified for his Swimming Scroll.

PRIMARY SCHOOL INTER-ZONE GALA

After a lapse of five years our Primary School Swimming Team qualified this year for the finals at Ellis Park.

We met Yeoville Boys' School in the heats on February 14th, and secured eleven out of eighteen first places, giving us a winning margin of 13 points.

In all the events a high standard and good times were maintained, and our congratulations go to Yeoville who certainly gave us a hard fight in every race.

This victory carried us through to the Finals held at Ellis Park on March 7th, and considering we were swimming against dual and parallel medium schools who had double the number of competitors, we felt well satisfied in taking fifth place.

Michael Fine broke the 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yards Breaststroke record by three tenths of a second.

(Continued on previous page)

TENNIS



COLLEGE FIRST TEAM AND
PRIMARY LEAGUE FIRST
TEAM

Back: P. Lera, J. Venter, A. Maroun.

Middle: T. Vincent-Georges, D. Hughes, A. M. Scott Anthony, A. Zunckel, P. Owen.

Front: M. Draper, J. Patterson, P. Angehrn, C. Gardner.

POLIO restrictions of course took heavy toll of tennis matches in the first two terms of this year, but since the beginning of the third term the Annual College Championships are being squashed between Cricket and Athletic practices.

Matches for the First Team have been difficult to arrange because of transport difficulties, but several meetings have been arranged to take place before the end of the year. We were narrowly beaten by Jeppe High and Marist Observatory earlier on this year, and the result of the return matches is difficult to forecast. The boys who qualified for the First Tennis Team are Peter Owen, Alastair M. Scott Anthony, Anthony Zunckel, Trevor Vincent-Georges, James Venter and Derek Hughes.

The Junior practices have been well attended throughout the year, and much talent has been discovered for future sides. The Ladders are a great attraction, and cups were awarded to the best player in each of the Junior Classes. Michael Nettman won the cup for the best attendance and for being the best trier.

Four teams have been entered in the Primary

School Tennis League, and all are expected to do well. The "A" team was chosen from Peter Angehrn, Leslie Maroun, Pierre Lera, Ronald Draper, Christopher Gardner, John Paterson and Richard Slocock.

The Annual Championships are being held at present. Matches have gone more or less according to forecast and there have been no real upsets so far.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. Owen, our coach, and Mrs. Gerard for arranging the transport for Junior matches.

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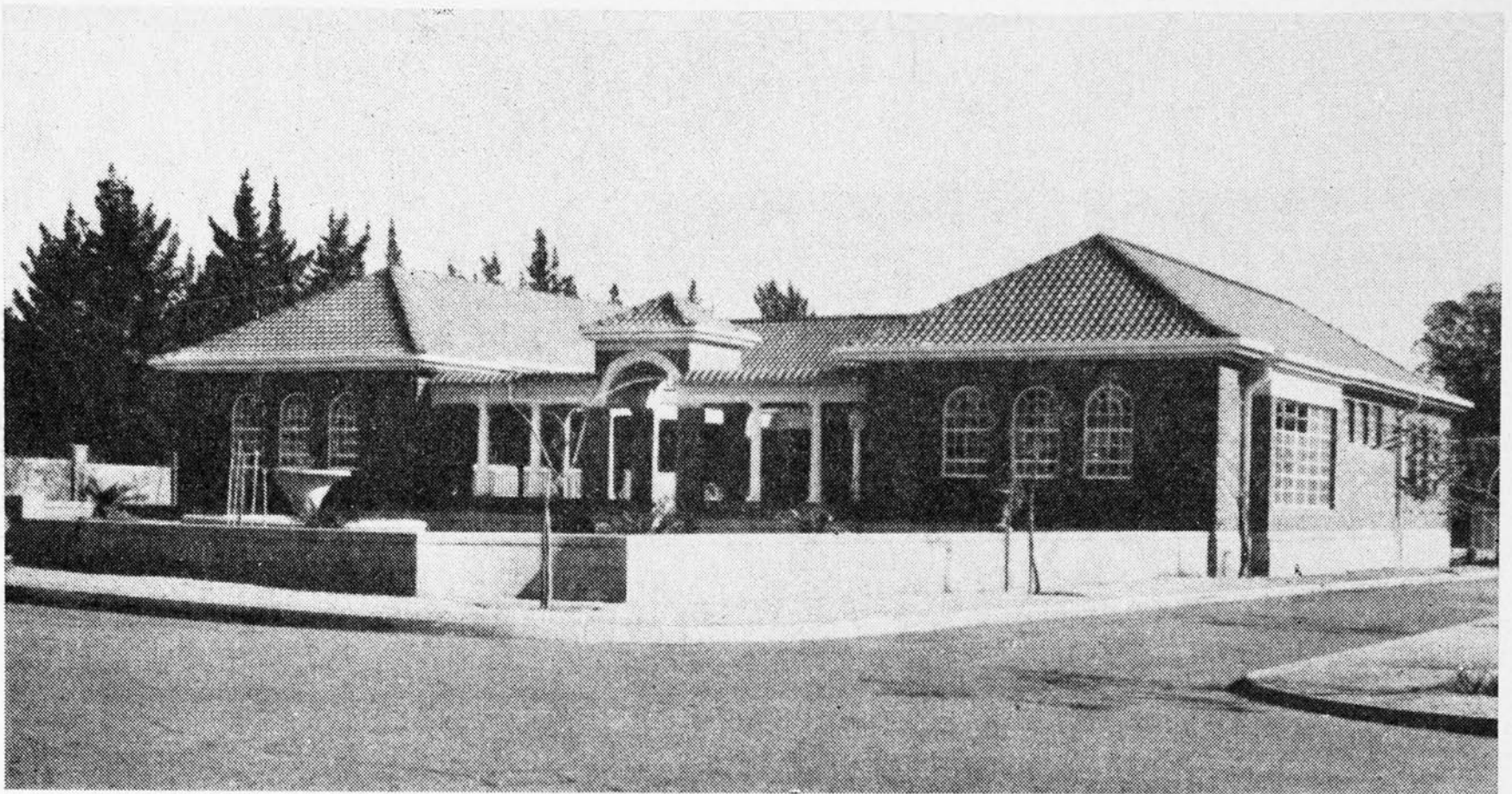
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JUNIOR SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

FIRST COMMUNION

"Allow the little ones to come unto Me"

This yearning desire and pressing call of Our Lord was answered by a number of little ones when they received Holy Communion for the first time at the end of last year.

The preparation for this important event in their lives had been long and careful, and the Catechism lessons and instructions had for their aim the worthy reception of the most Holy Eucharist.

The Rev. Father Adam officiated and the following boys received their First Communions:

Andrea Amadesi, Alvise Alvera, John Adam, Patrick Bush, Brendan Benson, Timotheus Coghlan, Marc Dineen, John Dineen, Phillippe Fraval, Adalberto Horszowski, Martin Khourie, Dominic Khourie, William Krause, John McDonnell, George Mirlin, Gerard Ott, Paul Parker, Terrence Rosenberg, John Richardson, Terrence Ray, Christopher Ray, Christopher Spencer, Barry Stott, Martin Sherry, Michael Truter, Anthony Wickens, Christopher Watkins, David Wilkinson, Robert Wilson-Harris, Quincey Davis, Johannes van Berkel, Michael Pietersma, Val Horton.

Ralph Hauser must be thanked for the hours of work he spent on decorating the altar.

About one hundred parents were present and the Ladies' Committee served a scrumptious breakfast in the College Study.

JUNIOR SCHOOL CONCERT

GRADE II gave a most successful "playlet" on breaking-up day last year.

The play was called "Peace and Goodwill" and was very appropriately all about Christmas.

The classroom was transformed into a family sitting room which was decorated for Christmas Day. The Christmas tree glistened with coloured balls, tinsel and candles and was heavily laden with gifts.

The costumes were beautiful and a credit to the willing mothers who made them.

Terry Rosenberg was a most comfortable motherly "mother" with a most wonderful bun of hair, and "her" two children, Brian (John Adam) and Patsy (Clive Cornell) in night attire made two most credulous children.

The fairies, Timothy Coghlan, Grant Cairns, John Richardson, Andy Mirlin, Beaumont Neilson, Clifford Morley, Drummond Robinson and Martin Khourie all looked very dainty in pastel ballet frocks of many hues. They said their pieces clearly and without a hitch.

The Carol Singers led by Denys Tomaselli carolled Christmas in, and the Spirits "Peace" and "Goodwill" (Barry Smith and David Wilkinson) dressed in white flowing robes, brought a spirit of rest with them.

Altogether a very stout effort and due praise must go to Mrs. Nora Martin, the organiser.

A SILLY DREAM

by Robert Blake (Std. II)

IT was a dark windy night and I was glad to be snug in bed. By and by I fell asleep and began to dream. This is what I dreamed.

The shutters of my room started banging so I did the usual thing. I tied string to the shutters and then I got a shock. I climbed into bed and fell on the floor. My bed had disappeared, so I decided to tell my mother. I got up and went to the door but the floor opened up and I fell down and found myself in a weird, gloomy, sinister and altogether horrid hole. Then oh! I saw a light zooming at my head. It was always changing colour — red, blue, green, orange, mauve, pink and an unknown colour too. Then it turned into a snake and in strict order the same things happened again. Then it was a queer creature, rather like a miniature of the Loch Ness Monster, and then it turned into a witch. She came on her black broom with a black cat and a black cloak. I started to run away but couldn't as my legs would not move. "Bam!" I woke up. I had stood up on the bed and run over the side.

There was my mother right over me, ready for any first-aid. "What a noise!" she said. "Uh! Um?" I said sleepily and fell asleep again.

I AM A SCARECROW

by G. Canning (Std. II)

I AM a scarecrow. I am made of three sticks and stuffed with straw and hay. I watch the gay menfolk as they walk along the King's highway. My one true friend is a little boy who comes and has a chat with me on his way to school. Another friend of mine is a wee mouse who lives in the sleeve of my ragged coat. A small jenny-wren has made its nest in my shabby old hat.

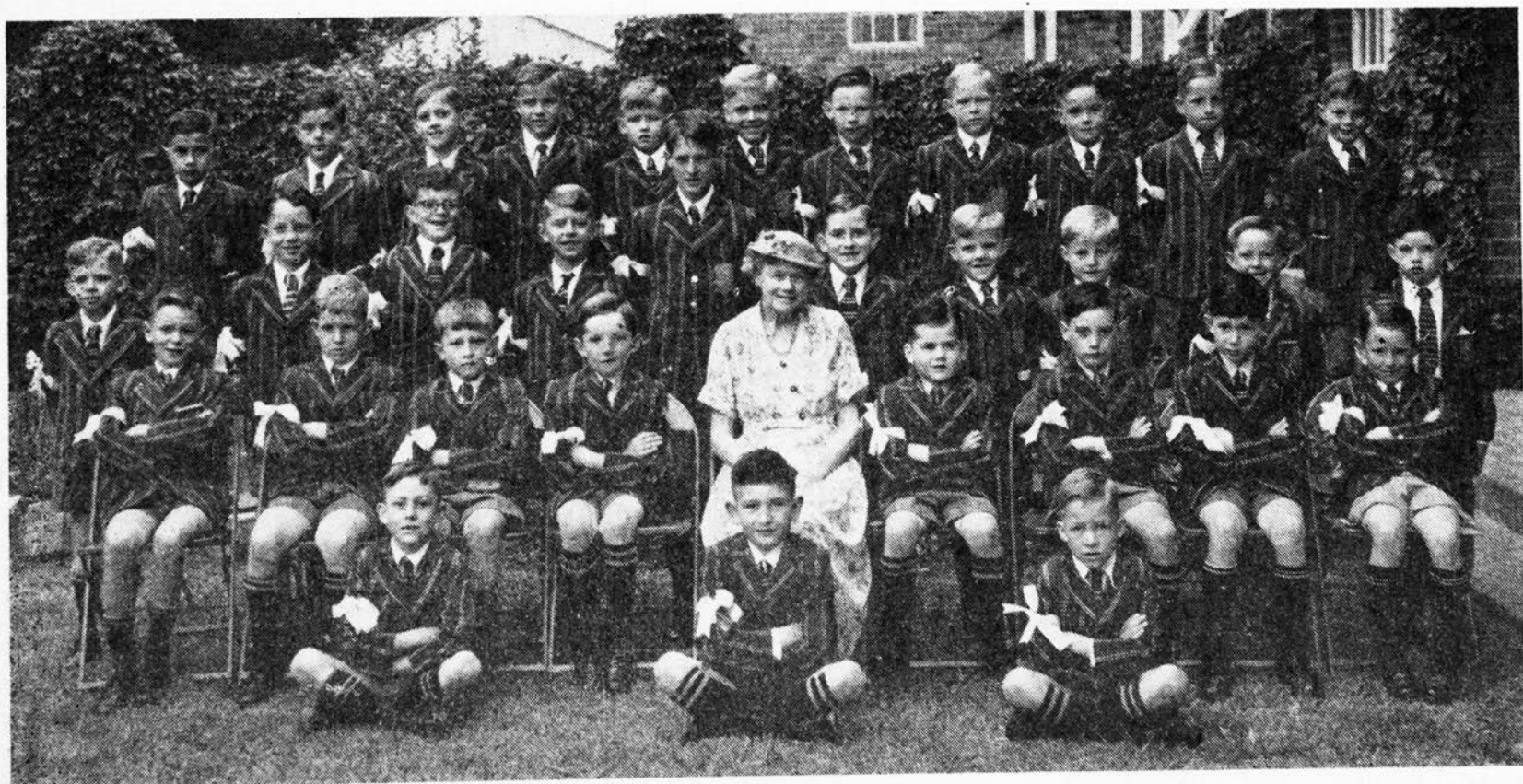
I do not like the squirrel that gathers nuts from the nearby tree for he comes and hisses at me. Sometimes my master, the farmer, comes and looks at me with his head on one side. There is many a tale I could tell him if only I could talk.

— : o : —

A NARROW ESCAPE

by Denis Nicol (Std. II)

ONE sunny afternoon I went down to the river to play. My dog Rover came with me. I found an old basket among the reeds. I pushed the basket into the water and climbed into it. It drifted down the stream and then toppled over. I was frightened as the water was deep and I could not swim. When my dog Rover heard my cries for help he swam towards me, grabbed me by the back of my collar and pulled me to the river bank.



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ANYBODY'S LITTLE BOY IN GRADE TWO

THE day has begun for seven-year-old Chris—and successfully too! He has taken fourteen marbles off Tim and he waits in line with his class-mates ready to go into the schoolroom.

His first lesson is Christian Doctrine. Miss Smith asks him who Jesus' closest friends were and he answers with confidence, “those impossible people” (The Apostles). He is duly corrected and is certain to know better some time.

After this Chris has Arithmetic. He thoroughly enjoys roaring out his tables until asked to be quieter and then does sums. He carries, he borrows, he spits on his finger and so rubs out. A black spot on the exercise book, but, perhaps, Mrs. Jones *may* not say anything. Chris's hopes are shattered. Mrs. Jones says quite a deal.

“Little Play”: now for that tin of cake, that bottle of milk and another chance to swipe some of Tim's marbles.

The day goes on. Reading. Mrs. Jones clucks and clicks and makes prunes and prisms and really sounds like a Xosa when she teaches Chris and Co. their “sounds”. Thank goodness, that's over, and now for Spelling. Hurrah! all six words written down correctly—a “star” on the wall-chart and a bull's eye to suck. “Not now, please,” says Mrs. Jones, though she does feel that a mouth filled with a large bull's eye is a silent mouth.

Drawing follows and Chris enjoys drawing a beautiful ship. He also enjoys colouring it and Mark's shirt sleeve a bright blue.

Poetry is in unison, some say it louder than Chris, but he is hard to beat.

During “Big Play” Chris manages to get his hands a lovely chocolate brown—soap and a little water will repair most of the damage, the classroom towel will do the rest, poor towel!

But what is this? Chris is crying. “Simon tripped me up,” sobs Chris.

“Simon, you naughty boy, come here.” Mrs. Jones deals firmly with Simon who is now more than penitent.

Now the joys, trials and heart-aches of the school day are over. All the boys are packed up to go their various ways—to tennis, to soccer, to play with a pal, to home by bus, car, bicycle or just plain walking. Mrs. Jones, exhausted, but suddenly lonely when bereft of her large, joyful, impish family wends her way home.

JUNIOR SCHOOL ATHLETIC RESULTS

60 Yards

Beginners:

<i>1st:</i>	<i>2nd:</i>	<i>3rd:</i>
J. Fraser	J. Venter	D. Morley
	<i>Under 6A:</i>	
T. Lavery	G. Simaan	C. Fontaine
	<i>Under 6B:</i>	
L. Pilliner	J. Norcott	P. Noble
	<i>Under 6C:</i>	
R. Hutton	P. Knezovich	R. Neilson
	<i>Under 6D:</i>	
A. Harrawyn	R. Holmes	J. Hutton
	<i>Under 7A:</i>	
B. Dorrestein	P. Moni	J. Curtin
	<i>Under 7B:</i>	
B. Jarvis	J. Watkins	C. Blane
	<i>Under 7C:</i>	
S. Cairns	M. Gilroy	P. Gerard
	<i>Under 8A:</i>	
D. Robinson	T. Coghlan	A. Wickens
	<i>Under 8B:</i>	
O. Lecointre	B. Stott	G. Damatta
	<i>Under 8C:</i>	
D. Worman	M. Waspe	T. Rosenberg
	<i>Under 8D:</i>	
J. B. Jones	A. Merlin	P. Fraval
	<i>Under 9A:</i>	
C. Terreblanche	A. Iglauer	J. Williams
	<i>Under 9B:</i>	
G. Lamon	A. Canning	C. Morley
	<i>Under 9C:</i>	
R. Lavery	R. Money	R. Cells
	<i>Under 9D:</i>	
T. Ellis	J. Abbot	C. Hilson

Sack Race

Under 6:

<i>1st:</i>	<i>3rd:</i>	<i>2nd:</i>
J. Fraser	J. Venter	A. Morley
	<i>Under 7:</i>	
T. van der Donk	A. Rezek	J. Norcott
	<i>Under 8:</i>	
J. Watkins	M. Smith	B. Stott
	<i>Under 9:</i>	
T. Coghlan	E. Morley	J. MacDonald

Marble and Spoon

Under 6:

<i>1st:</i>	<i>2nd:</i>	<i>3rd:</i>
J. Venter	D. Morley	J. Fraser
	<i>Under 7:</i>	
G. Simaan	G. Fraval	T. van der Donk
	<i>Under 8:</i>	
B. Stott	K. Peel	J. Curtin
	<i>Under 9:</i>	
J. Eastert	A. Worman	C. Morley

Wheel Barrow Race

Under 6:

<i>1st:</i>	R. Morely and H. Abbot.
<i>2nd:</i>	J. Fraser and M. Day.

Under 7:

<i>1st:</i>	M. Smith and B. Dorrestein.
<i>2nd:</i>	Lavery and Knezovich.
<i>3rd:</i>	D. Wright and D. Winkler.

Under 8:

<i>1st:</i>	B. Stott and T. Knezovich.
<i>2nd:</i>	K. Peel and P. Morley.
<i>3rd:</i>	P. Gerard and P. Rezek.

Trophy Winners

<i>Under 6:</i>	J. Fraser and J. Venter.
<i>Under 7:</i>	J. van der Donk.
<i>Under 8:</i>	B. Stott.
<i>Under 9:</i>	A. Iglauer.

JUNIOR SCHOOL SWIMMING RESULTS

15 Yards Splash

<i>1st:</i>	<i>2nd:</i>	<i>3rd:</i>
	<i>Beginners:</i>	
J. Caplette	D. Dumant	
	<i>Under 7:</i>	
J. Hultquist	M. Beaumont	P. Gerard
	<i>Under 8:</i>	
A. Merlin	B. Stott	C. Wilson
	<i>Under 8B:</i>	
J. Curtin	E. Herbermann	J. Walker
	<i>Under 9:</i>	
R. Townsend	R. Hutton	A. Iglauer
	<i>Under 9B:</i>	
J. Curnow	J. Abbot	G. Lamon

15 Yards Breaststroke

<i>1st:</i>	<i>2nd:</i>	<i>3rd:</i>
	<i>Under 8:</i>	
A. Merlin	A. Alvera	J. Walker
	<i>Under 8B:</i>	
B. Stott	O. Sherry	W. Krause
	<i>Under 9:</i>	
M. Beaumont	J. Curnow	R. Townsend
	<i>Under 9B:</i>	
G. Lamon	P. Jackson	J. Loughlin

15 Yards Backstroke

<i>1st:</i>	<i>2nd:</i>	<i>3rd:</i>
	<i>Under 8:</i>	
A. Merlin	A. Pitman	J. Walker
	<i>Under 9:</i>	
R. Townsend	A. Iglauer	J. Abbott

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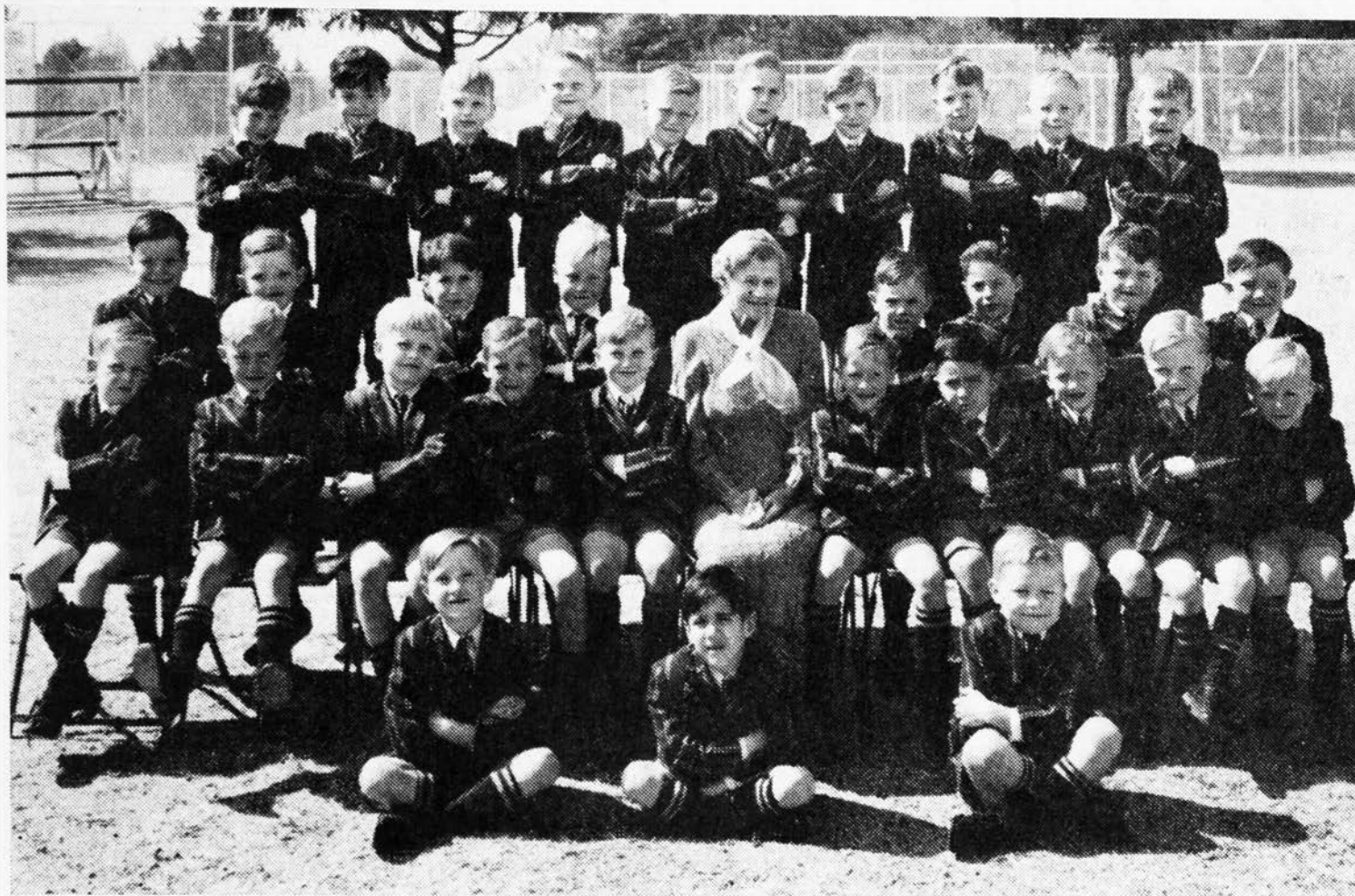
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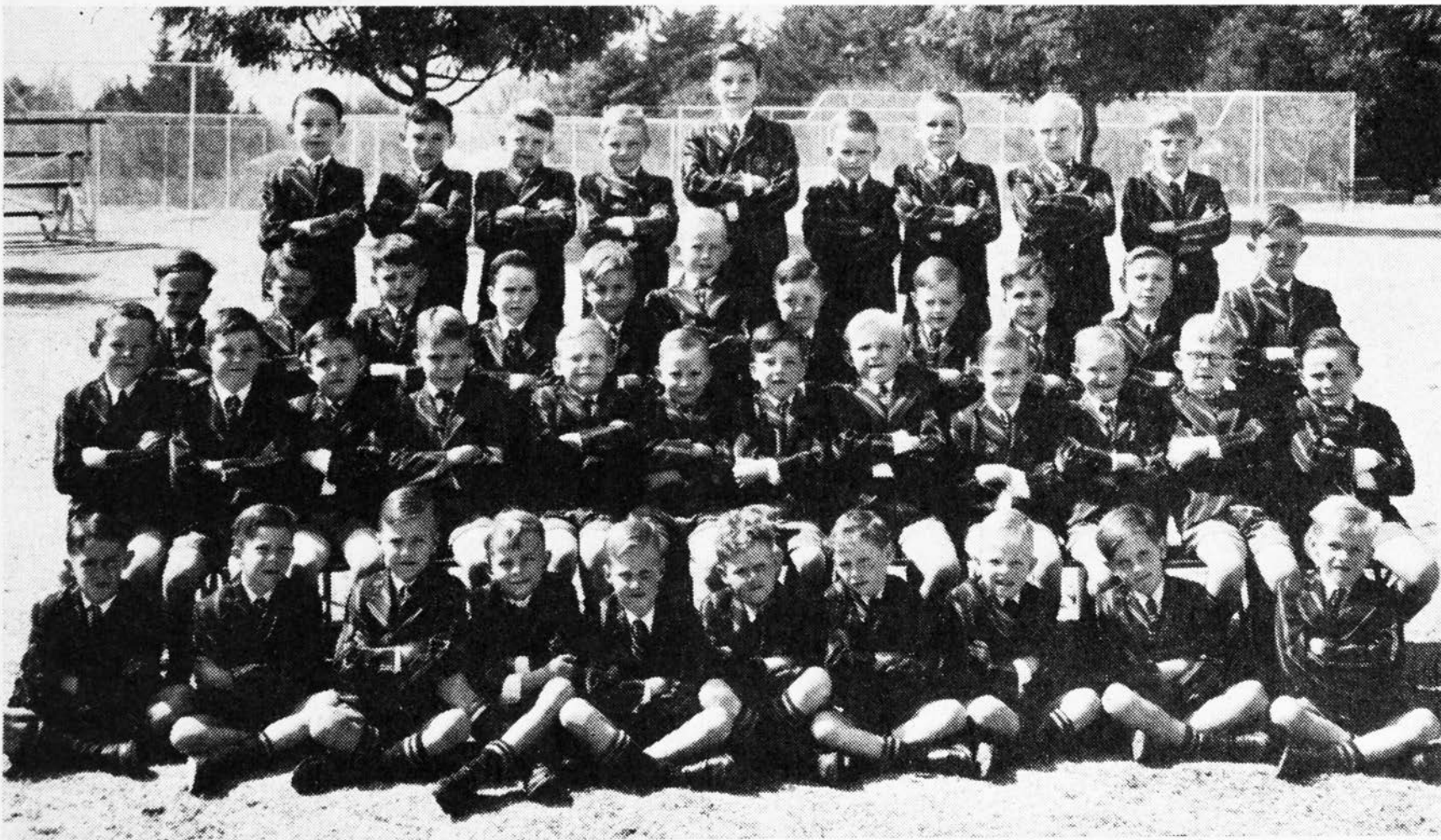
GRADE ONE

Front: K. Neilson, A. Gundelfinger, L. Pilliner.

1st Row: B. Kearney, R. Ogilvie, M. Day, D. Schroombie, D. Morley (Miss J. Brick), J. Hutton, A. Rezek, R. Hutton.

2nd Row: J. Caplette, J. Wilson, J. Schlamm, H. Abbot, G. McGurk, G. Simaan, J. Fraser, R. Joubert.

Top Row: B. Richardson, A. Harrewyn, M. Kortlucke, J. Norcott, J. van der Donk, T. Lavery, M. Swart, R. Ashby, P. Wright, P. Knezovich.



GRADE TWO

Front: G. Damatta, C. Hultquist, P. Noble, J. Schmitt, K. Peel, M. Brennan, S. Toner, A. Wright, M. Beaumont, C. Parker.

2nd Row: J. Buckley-Jones, M. Irwin, M. Smith, M. Leahy, P. Ellis, B. Jarvis, D. Adam, B. Dorrestein, K. Reineke, P. Gerard, M. Larkin, R. Phillimore.

3rd Row: N. Pietersma, S. Cairns, J. Klugman, R. O'Farrell, A. Webster, J. Chisholm, W. Phillips, A. Waterkeyn, M. Nettmann, J. Evertse.

4th Row: N. Plumley, J. Watkins, R. Holmes, N. Fraval, P. Moni, C. Blane, J. Curtin, D. McGurk, W. Krause.



STANDARD ONE

Front Row: D. Robinson, P. Rezek, M. Truter, F. Lia ckman, B. Scott, H. Reiner, V. Horton, R. Duckles.

2nd Row: K. Ferreira, H. van Jaarsveld, C. Watkins, J. Richardson, Mrs. Brophy, C. Le Cointre, P. Fraval, A. Mirlin, B. Ballenden.

3rd Row: J. Adam, C. Morley, J. Knezovich, M. Dineen, B. Benson, D. Wilkinson, M. Sherry, A. Wickens, R. Slater-Jones, M. Janusz, B. Smith.

Back Row: J. Dineen, D. Worman, Q. Davis, G. Ott, T. Ray, A. Canning, T. Coghlan, M. Waspe, M. Pietersma, G. Cairns.



STANDARD TWO

Front Row: W. Dunn, C. Hilson, W. Harris, J. Curnow, C. Wilson, R. Cells, N. Magni, E. Rota, B. Nicol, P. Jackson, P. Parker.

2nd Row: J. Abbot, C. Heldzingen, R. Blower, G. Evertse, Mrs. King, E. de Roche, R. Townsend, R. Hutton, H. Haen.

3rd Row: R. Lavery, O. Le Cointre, G. Lamon, G. Canning, J. Barnett, J. Pollicutte, M. Janssens, I. MacRitchie, S. Spencer, K. Lintott, G. Dahlmann.

Top Row: H. Osler, R. Blake, J. Barnett, C. Terreblanche, M. Parker, G. Joubert, G. Lamon, J. Williams, G. Walker, A. Walker.

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