1950

The

MAGAZINE

of the

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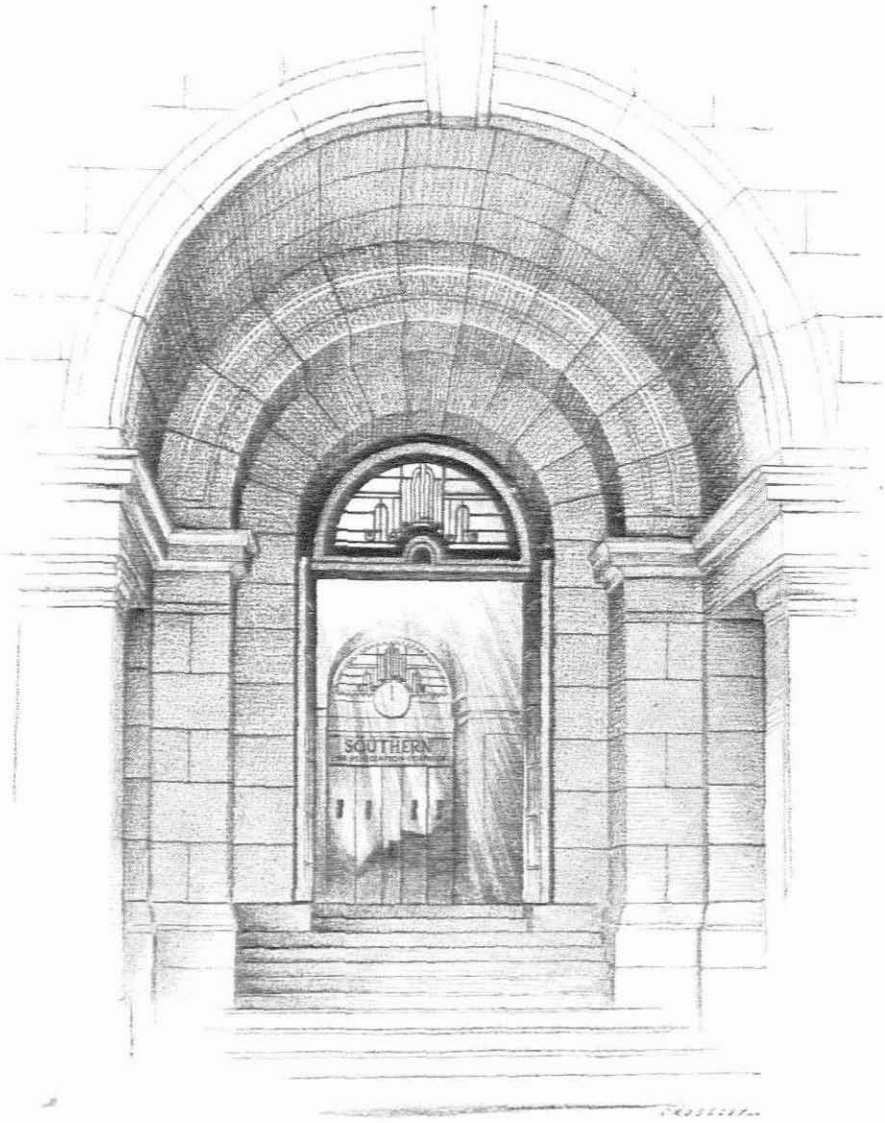

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Message from the Chairman of the College Council

ON behalf of the College Council, I wish to express my sincere appreciation of the efforts of the Magazine Committee in producing this very excellent Magazine.

It was most gratifying to my colleagues and myself to accept a recommendation from the Board of Studies that an annual College magazine should be published in which students could be given an opportunity of expressing their literary talents, and also in which all the social, sporting and other interesting events in the College could be reported.

In wishing the magazine every success I would like to give the assurance that it will receive all the support that my Council is able to give.

J. DREYER, Chairman.

FOREWORD

I HEARTILY welcome the publication of an annual Cape Technical College Magazine and congratulate you, Mr. Editor, and all those associated with you, on the production of this, the first issue.

In a College such as ours, with its branches and many departments, attended by thousands of full-time and part-time students of all ages and interests, it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to find common factors which can be used to bind the student body into one whole.

I feel that this magazine, if not the complete solution to the problem, will at least supply some links in the chain to bring and hold us more closely together.

It will give all a much better idea of what is going on in the College, and should create a stronger feeling among us that we belong to the same institution which in time we shall be honoured to look upon as our Alma Mater.

While this issue will be mainly of interest to the present student body, I am sure that many of the tens of thousands of past students will read its pages with interest, and I would suggest that in future issues, space be reserved for a "Past Student" section.

As the magazine is intended to touch on the life and activities in every part of the College, I should like to appeal to all to give the Editor and his assistants the maximum co-operation and support.

The publication and free issue of the magazine to all students would not have been possible had it not been for the generous financial support of the College Council, and the ready response of the many firms to our requests for advertisements. For this we tender our sincere thanks.

In conclusion, may I express the hope that the Cape Technical College Magazine will grow from strength to strength and that its annual appearance will become a red-letter day in the College calendar.

E. P. D. GNODDE,
Director.

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EDITORIAL

WITH a measure of diffidence we place before you the first issue of the Cape Technical College Magazine. This is a publication of modest proportions, but we hope that it will grow into something greater.

The year 1950—the middle of the twentieth century—has been a noteworthy year for the Cape Technical College. The publication of the Report of the De Villiers Commission a year ago aroused the interest and curiosity of almost everyone concerned with Education in South Africa. We, too, have realised many of its implications. A new awareness of the tremendous importance of Vocational, Technical and Adult education in any country has filled us with a desire to meet the demand for the services which a Technical College should really offer. The close of the last war brought thousands of people to the doors of the College clamouring for training for civil life and we are proud to know that, to a certain extent, we have played our part in assisting many to find their niche in the post-war world.

The lack of lecture-room accommodation became more pronounced than ever in the last year or two, with the result that two new wings had to be erected in the quadrangles. We take pride in these handsome additions, knowing that the improved facilities will contribute greatly towards further successful development in many spheres. The new gymnasium and Adult Education Hall in particular have already proved most valuable. The United Tobacco Company's factory in Kloof Street, having been proved unsuitable for College purposes, is again for sale. What the future holds for us regarding buildings is at present on the lap of the gods, but an entirely new building, planned on the most up-to-date lines, in the centre of the new Cape Town, would be an asset not only to the city, but to South Africa as a whole.

In his Annual Report read at the Prize-giving, the Director told of a year of successful consolidation and development in every sphere of the College activities. The Hon. the Minister of Education, Arts and Science, Mr. Swart, in his address impressed upon us the importance of a spirit of cheerfulness in these worrying times. Mrs. Swart kindly presented the prizes to those students who had particularly distinguished themselves in the 1949 examinations, while Mr. Heckroodt, the General Manager of Railways, specially commended the team which won the Sir Thomas Price Shield when he presented the trophy.

The Editor would like to express his thanks to everybody who has so kindly assisted in the preparation of this magazine. Without the aid of the Committee the task would, of course, have been impossible, but we are also greatly indebted to contributors, advertisers and printers for their willing co-operation. A wealth of interesting contributions of all kinds could, unfortunately, not be published solely because of lack of space.

And now, with this the first publication let us not be content. Our motto "Mente Manus Magistra" continually reminds us of our purpose in life. Let us strive ever to advance in the pursuit of our ideal.

VAN DIE MEDE—REDAKTEUR

DIT is seker 'n baie goeie ding dat die deursnee voltydse student aan 'n Tegniese Kollege nie bewus is van die feit dat hy met 'n mate van vooroordeel deur die universiteitstudent en selfs die hoërskoolleerling bejeën word nie. Die volgende opmerking het ek kort gelede van 'n dame gehoor toe sy 'n klompie seuns van die Hoër Tegniese Skool uit hulle klasse sien kom het: „Ek moet sê dat daardie seuns vir my baie ordentlik lyk, hoewel 'n mens dit nie eintlik verwag nie." 'n Mens kan wel sê dat dit maar een persoon se mening is en dat die persoon moontlik nie baie goed ingelig is nie, maar wanneer 'n mens met ouers gesels waaronder sommiges wat nooit die verskoning kan aanvoer dat hulle nie beter weet nie, kom jy tog tot die gevolgtrekking dat daar nog 'n algemene vooroordeel teen tegniese of vakonderrig onder die publiek bestaan. Opvoeding en onderwys (van na-primêre aard) word alleen met die gewone hoërskole en daarna met die universiteite assosieer. Vir hierdie mense is dit dus 'n logiese gevolgtrekking dat elke kind, afgesien van algemene verstandspeil, spesiale vermoëns en behoeftes, na sy primêre opleiding slegs na 'n gewone hoërskool moet gaan, en, indien fonse dit toelaat, ook nog na 'n universiteit om sodoende die stempel van wel-opgevoedheid vir hom te mag toe-eien.

'n Onrusbarende verskynsel is dat mense soos b.v. geneeshere, advokate, onderwysers, ens. in vervoering kan raak nadat hulle die werke van so'n pedagoog soos Kerschensteiner bestudeer het. Hulle wil dan met alle mag elke skool in 'n „arbeidskool" omskep, want, sê hulle, Kerschensteiner het tog bewys dat karakter en deug op dié wyse ontwikkel word. Waag iemand dit egter om na aanleiding hiervan te sê dat ons inrigtings vir beroeps-onderwys, soos b.v. Tegniese Kolleges, 'n pragtige geleentheid het om deur middel van vakonderrig karakter en deug te ontwikkel, kan sulke mense nie die logika in so'n argument sien nie. Die rede is nog maar 'n blinde vooroordeel teen Tegniese Kolleges en verwante inrigtings. Van hierdie vooroordeel is daar so-te-sê geen sprake onder sekere groepe in die samelewing nie, maar dit wil tog voorkom asof die plattelandse Afrikaanssprekende glo dat daar na standerd ses slegs een inrigting is waarheen sy kind gestuur moet word en dit is die provinsiale hoërskool. Beroepsleiding kan geweldig baie in dié verband doen om onbevooroordeeld die gewenste inligting aan leerlinge te verstrek en so ook indirek die ouer op te voed.

Veral moet die publiek aan die gedagte gewoond gemaak word dat 'n briljante universiteitsprofessor se seun nie noodwendig in vader se voetspore moet volg nie, maar miskien kan presteer in die Drukkersbedryf waarvoor hy die aanleg en die begeerte het. Vir baie sal dit moeilik wees om te glo dat 'n seun wie se vader 'n bekende arts is, 'n mislukking as geneesheer sal wees en 'n uitstekende handelsonderwyser kan word. Dus moet die volksmassas opgevoed word om die beginsel van individuele verskille tussen persone te verstaan. Volgens aanleg en begeerte sal die hoërskool die aangewese inrigting vir een tipe leerling wees, maar vir 'n ander leerling kan dit die Tegniese Kollege wees.

(Continued on page 24)

News from the Departments

The Administrative Department of the College

Mr. R. H. Lacy, Registrar

IT is more than likely that few people who enter the College are much concerned with the administration of its affairs. Students are interested in the subjects they study and the classes they attend, while the teaching staff must naturally be most concerned with the lectures they give or the examinations that always loom large on the educational horizon. Provided that the lecturers draw their salaries on the correct day and the students find their classes, examinations and other requirements properly organised, things are otherwise taken for granted.

On the other hand, the wise business man or executive knows that careful administrative planning is essential for the smooth running of any organisation. When it is realised that each week over eleven thousand students enter the College building, some conception of the tremendous task the administration has to face will be gained. Much of this work is in the hands of a band of stalwarts who have served the College long and faithfully, and we feel that our readers would like to know them a little more intimately.

Mr. R. H. Lacy, who has been Registrar of the College for the last twenty-four years, is a man of wide interests. In his younger days he gained Provincial honours at both cricket and rugby, but now finds a more calm delight in such peaceful pursuits as gardening and music. Financial affairs are under the control of Mr. C. Burgess, our Accountant, while Mr. R. J. Cox, the Assistant Registrar, living up to his name, helps to steer the Cape Technical College into safe waters.

Three of the senior ladies on the administrative staff are Miss Masters, secretary to the Director, Miss Hopkins, who is in charge of the office in the Engineering Department, and Miss Swann, who ministers to the needs of students all over Southern Africa by means of the Correspondence Courses. These persons have the able assistance of an army of clerks and typists who day by day, and often at night, nobly toil in order that the Cape Technical College may continue to flourish and be of service to South Africans in all walks of life.

STAFF JOTTINGS:

Acquisitions to the administrative and clerical staff up to the time of going to press are as follows:—

(Continued on page 19)

Building Department Notes

Mr. G. J. Birslup-Miller, Head of Department of Building

WE are always glad to hear news of former students. The staff take a paternal interest in their careers and like to feel that they have a share in their success. We often meet former pupils outside the College walls—sometimes in the train or on the bus—sometimes socially and sometimes on business; and we meet them in all parts of the Union, but wherever it is we find that they are equally as pleased to see us as we are them and that the erstwhile pupils have become our friends.

Both staff and students offer their congratulations to Councillor C. Bakker, who has been elected President of the Master Builders and Allied Trades Association of the Cape Peninsula. He was a member of the Cape Technical College Council during 1949. Congratulations also to Messrs. T. Pattullo and F. W. Buckland, who are Vice-Presidents of the Master Builders' Association. Mr. T. Pattullo is also the present member of the Technical College Council as well as Chairman of the Building Trades Apprenticeship Committee. We admire their public spirit in giving their spare time and energy so willingly.

We were very glad to hear that Mr. F. W. Buckland is well enough to take up the reins again after his serious accident, and we hope that he will soon fully recover.

Not all of our students are in the building trade, though they are usually associated with it. We hear that two of them are now Consulting Engineers—C. van der Vlugt (Civil Engineering) and A. F. Bisschop (Structural Engineering).

The present students are the prospective Master Builders and Engineers of to-morrow and it is pleasing to record that a large number of students gained successes not only in the National Technical Courses, but in the Advanced Courses. In the N.T.C. grades 120 gained full certificates, while in the advanced grades 18 passed Part I and 8 Part II, one of them with distinction. L. Thorpe, of the Building Department, was one of the team which brought back to Cape Town the Sir Thomas Price Shield, competed for in the November Examinations by teams of four railway apprentices from each of the principal colleges in the Union.

Highest marks in the Union were gained by 18

(Continued on page 24)

Chemistry Department

Mr. G. Leslie
Head of Department of Chemistry

THE major portion of work in the Chemistry Department is the training of Pharmacy apprentices and assistants. Over 100 of these students are attending the several Full and Part - Time Courses offered by this Department. Those who qualify as Chemists and Druggists are at present readily absorbed into Industry and Commerce. More and more of our ex-students are playing important roles in Pharmaceutical matters, e.g., Mr. F. Westbrook is the President of the Associated Pharmaceutical Societies of South Africa and Mr. H. Barnett is the Chairman of the Cape Peninsula Pharmaceutical Society. Some hold important positions in Hospitals—Mr. O. Pagan at the Groote Schuur Hospital and Mr. J. S. Linley (Chief Pharmacist) at the City Hospital in Portswood Road. In the Commercial and Industrial fields there are several old students occupying high positions.

Several changes in the training of Pharmacy students become effective in 1951. The Old Regulations governing the training and education of Pharmacy apprentices—Government Notice No. 514 of 1929 will be cancelled "in toto" at the end of this year, and a new set of Regulations (Government Notice No. 2643 of December, 1947) takes their place.

Some of the important changes are as follows:—

As from 1951 apprentices and students must be in possession of a Matriculation or Matriculation Exemption Certificate, and in addition must have passed Mathematics and a Science subject in this examination.

All Preliminary Scientific Courses will be discontinued at end of 1950.

An Intermediate Scientific Course embracing the four subjects, Physics, Chemistry, Botany and Zoology, will take the place of the Preliminary Scientific Course. Examination papers, both Theory and Practical, will be set in all four subjects. This Course may be taken by Full-Time study (one year) or Part-Time study (two years).

The Qualifying Course for Chemists and Druggists becomes a compulsory Full-Time Course of one year and an additional subject, Physiology, is added. No Part-Time Courses will in future be recognised by the Pharmacy Board.

To become eligible to sit any of the Board's Examinations, the student must secure a "Duly Performed Certificate" from the College. This displaces the old "Certificate of attendance at classes."

A fair proportion of our night work will fall away in 1951 when the Qualifying Part-Time Courses disappear. These night classes have been an important feature of our work since 1923. We have always been most fortunate in having excellent Part-Time lecturers to assist us at night. The services of some of these may no longer be required and I would like to express the thanks of the College and my personal thanks to them for all they have done for the College and for our students during these many years. Mr. H. E. Buxton has been a Part-Time lecturer in Pharmaceutics since 1923 and Mr. H. Green has been associated with our work both as a Full-Time lecturer and later as a Part-Time lecturer for a great number of years. We hope that their connection with the College will not be entirely severed by the changes in the regulations.

Most of the Pharmaceutical work will now be taken by Mr. Warlow, Senior Lecturer in this Department.

The discontinuance of the Part-Time classes may result in a fall in the total number of enrolments, but in a short time the number of student-hours should be up to normal.

The additional office accommodation and the additional two class rooms which have been allotted to this Department have considerably lessened the crowded conditions under which we have struggled during the past years. The new Zoology and Botany Laboratory is a very welcome addition. Equipment and materials for this Laboratory have now arrived and, under Mr. Sartin's care, students will have every opportunity of obtaining a sound knowledge in Biology, both theoretical and practical.

For non-Pharmacy students, Courses have been provided in Physics and Chemistry. We are awaiting the decisions of the Government on the De Villiers Commission Report and hope that these will result in a considerable extension of this part of our work. We hope to be allowed to train students for external University degrees in Science.

Dr. E. G. Prout, who has been on the Full-Time staff of this College, went overseas on long leave at the end of last year. He has now resigned from the College staff and is continuing his studies at the London University, and hopes to secure an additional doctorate degree by the end of the year. Dr. Prout, a brilliant scholar, a good teacher and popular with his students, will be greatly missed in the Department. Mrs. Prout is teaching in London. Mr. J. H. Robertson, who has been appointed as lecturer in Physics and Chemistry in Dr. Prout's place, will assume duty in July. He is a Cape Town University graduate and has had nine years' experience in Industrial Science. We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Robertson; we hope he will like his new work and that his association with the College will be a long and happy one. Mr. A. S. du Toit, who has been working as a temporary Full-Time lecturer in this Department during the first half of this year, leaves us in June to return to Stellenbosch University to continue his studies. We are grateful to Mr. du Toit for assisting us for the six months and wish him great success in his further work.

Owing to our students being in employment during the day-time and at classes at the College most nights, they have little opportunity of joining in organised sporting and social activities. The Pharmaceutical Students Association has, however, arranged football and tennis matches for them during the week-ends and many enjoyable games have taken place. The Annual Chemistry Students' Dance—one of the highlights of the year—is keenly awaited. The proceeds of these dances are given to charity, and last year a sum of £175 was donated to the Polio Fund. We hope this year's dance will be as successful as the ones held in past years.

G. LESLIE,
30th May, 1951. Head of Chemistry Department.

Department of Commerce

Developments in the Evening School of Commerce

OF the five sub-departments within the Department of Commerce, the largest and most varied is the Evening School of Commerce. Each year, in the Evening School, 2,500 students are enrolled; 2,500 individuals are interviewed, advised and given timetables of courses. En masse, they would provide an overflow meeting in the City Hall. Fortunately, however, for the supervisors this army does not advance in close formation on the College on any one evening. By means of an intricate interweaving of timetables, the pressure of this mass is distributed over the working week.

Mr. L. Small

Deputy-Director and Head of Department of Commerce

Formidable as the numbers undoubtedly are, they tell only part of the story of a big undertaking. Only when one examines the wide range of courses offered, does the magnitude of the task involved become apparent. Here within the Evening School one finds a cross-section of the European population of Greater Cape Town; at one extreme the juveniles, fresh from school, just placing uncertain feet on the lower rungs of the business ladder, and, at the other, the more self-assured business executives and professional men and women who know what they want of the College and make no bones about voicing their particular needs. We have learnt much from our adult students, many of whom have won success the hard way and can therefore often bring fresh views to bear on Further Education. We like to regard them as partners in a joint enterprise; we respect them as graduates of the "University of the World." It is with some of the newer developments within the adult section of the Evening School that I propose to deal in this article.

Among the earliest of our post-war ventures into less familiar fields of adult education was the attempt to provide really practical training in salesmanship. This development arose, almost spontaneously, from a realisation that in 1946 the sellers' market of the war years was a thing of the past and that commerce had to prepare for normal competitive selling. No longer would the salesperson be the autocrat dispensing favours to the mendicant customers. Once again selling was to become an art instead of a mechanical distribution of scarce goods among the privileged clients and the sufficiently grateful or the merely importunate customers. From the early attempts to teach the arts of selling by means of lecture-demonstrations given by experienced salesmen, evolved the classroom-shop, and a counter and shelving were installed. To the familiar hubbub of the traffic of Longmarket Street was added the clangour of washing-machines and in a steady stream all the paraphernalia of the stores in turn appeared in the College, served its brief purpose in the classroom-shop, and then went its way. Mercifully this phase has passed. To-day peace—or comparative peace—has been restored. Mahomet has gone to the mountain. The student-salesman has gone to the washing-machines, the radiograms and the electric cookers because the sales demonstrations have gone to their proper place—the stores themselves. Now we have "on-the-spot" sales demonstrations in the Cape Town stores after business hours. On the evening of Thursday, 27th April, 1950, the windows of one of Cape Town's largest stores were ablaze and the curious passers-by saw within the store a salesman surrounded by a group of most "attentive customers." The curtain had rung up on the first "on-the-spot" sales demonstration.

Practical selling caught the public eye, but other developments of importance to commerce took shape during 1947-48 in the field of Distributive Trade Education, including courses in Personnel Selection and Management, Textiles and Sales Management. Mechanised Accounting, Calculating Machine Operating and Costing and Budgetary Control are more recent innovations.

Developments in Adult Education have not been confined to the mainly practical, utilitarian kind. In fact, the greatest expansion has been in the Modern Languages Division of the Evening School. Here pride of place must be given to the Afrikaans classes for Adults attended by more than 300 students. The novel feature of this branch of adult education has been the attempt to supplement the more formal instruction in the classrooms by informal social evenings designed to link the Afrikaans language with Afrikaans culture. Social evenings have been held from time to time in the College, in the City Hall and even in the Hofmeyr Theatre, where last year more than 400 adult students of Afrikaans and their friends enjoyed a full-dress concert including a one-act play—and all in Afrikaans. Running parallel with this course has been the English for Foreigners course in which four classes for adult students are at the present time being conducted, supplemented likewise by social evenings with something of the continental manner.

Linked with the Modern Language courses are the courses in Journalism and in Business Correspondence. Though essentially practical in scope, both courses give training in the effective use of language. The journalism classes provide students with an opportunity of exercising their creative gifts and have high recreational as well as educational value.

Of an even more broadly educational nature are the Special Lecture Series for Adults, which range over a wide field embracing Child Psychology, Literary Appreciation, Law for the Layman and Public Speaking.

Courses in Dramatic Art and Toneelkuns are now established and should receive a fillip from the recent installation of a stage in the beautifully panelled Assembly Hall into which the new Adult Education Hall opens.

All these developments have not been the creation of one or two fertile brains; they are the manifestation of an awareness, a lively appreciation of the real function of the technical college by all the members of staff who have become involved in these new forms of service. While that attitude of mind persists, the field for further expansion will remain vast, for having put one's hand to the plough in the field of adult education there is no looking back.

Staff Changes:

At the end of the first quarter of the session, Mr. L. V. Möhr, B.Sc., M.Ed., Senior Lecturer-in-charge of the Day School of Commerce, left us to return to teacher-training at the Paarl Training College.

The loss of a senior officer is always hard to bear; it was particularly hard to lose Mr. Möhr, who had endeared himself to his colleagues and won the respect and liking of the teachers-in-training and the hundreds of other Day School students who came under his control.

A further depletion of the full-time lecturing staff is to take place at the end of the session when Miss R. E. Malan, B.A., is to leave teaching to take up nursing as her future vocation.

We can ill afford to lose such a popular member of the staff who possessed the rare combination of commercial teacher and language mistress. The nursing profession is indeed fortunate in obtaining a recruit of Miss Malan's calibre.

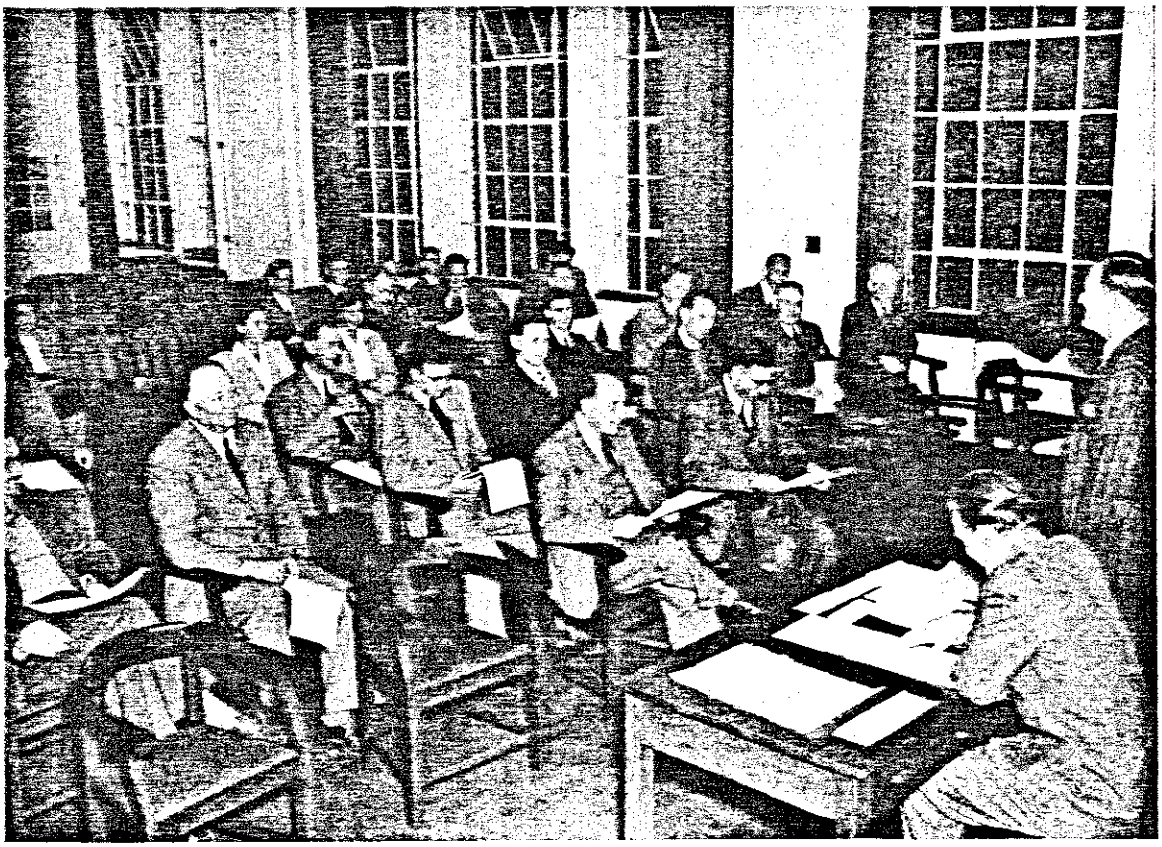
To both these colleagues we extend our very best wishes for future happiness in their new work.

Fortunately the staff records for the year do not all show as debit entries. After a prolonged absence, three former members of the full-time staff, Miss F. M. Cooper, Miss A. le Grange and Mrs. P. Clark, have returned to the College. We welcome their return and congratulate ourselves on this unexpected acquisition of strength.

The opening of the second College quarter saw a considerable change in the organisation of the department, when, following the resignation of Mr. L. V. Möhr, five Senior Lecturers exchanged "portfolios."

Mr. F. B. R. Weich moved from Evening School to Day School, Mr. D. P. J. Steyn took charge of Division A of the Evening School, and Mr. J. S. Craig took over the control of Division B of the Evening School. Mr. A. Geldenhuys became Senior Lecturer-in-charge of Branch Evening Schools, and Mr. W. H. Sceales relieved Mr. J. S. Craig of the control of the Correspondence Courses Department.

This sweeping change in organisation took place with most gratifying smoothness and has already borne fruit abundantly.



A Discussion Group in the new Adult Education Hall

AS OTHERS SEE US
IN THE T.H.S.
JHK

Jottings from the Department of Domestic Science

Miss K. JONES,
Head of Department of Domestic Science

Miss D. PEARSON,
Head of Department of Domestic Science.
1939—1949

BACON wrote, "The preparation of meats, and bread and drinks that they may be rightly handled and in order to this intention is of exceeding great moment, it may seem a mechanical thing and savouring of the kitchen and buttery, yet it is of more consequence than those fables of gold and precious stones and the like."

A completely erroneous idea is that women, all women, are endowed with the inborn faculty for doing everything necessary in the management of a home. She has but to step into a house and automatically she can organise and run the household smoothly, plan the layout of the house; devise meals and cook them; care for the children; clean, wash, iron, mend and make clothes, nurse, market, keep and meet accounts, furnish, decorate, control a staff if necessary, entertain and remain entertaining.

Some women are natural housewives, but this does not mean that they know instinctively the best and correct methods of doing everything in a home. Many women have acquired their knowledge by the process of trial and error, as many a hapless young husband could tell.

No one would think of applying for a post as a typist or a nurse, without having completed the necessary training for the work. How very essential is it then to educate women in the art of home-making! Domestic Science is a detailed study of the science and art of home-making, not merely housekeeping; even a well-kept house is not always a real home. Home-making is not merely an art to be learned by practice, but is based on scientific principles, involving accurate knowledge, experiment and critical observation.

Domestic Science has done much to prevent a more speedy and pronounced falling away of home life. It is a recognised fact that "the backbone of a nation is in its homes." Well-managed homes mean the stamina of a nation; good feeding, hygienic living, suitable leisure make for happy healthy individuals.

During 1949, 1,400 adult students attended courses in all branches of home-making—Household and high-class cookery; savouries and partyfare, icing, dressmaking, needlework, millinery, upholstery, arts and crafts. This gives a clear indication of the desire of the women of Cape Town to avail themselves of the opportunities which the Department of Domestic Science offers in adult education, and also of their desire to learn to use their leisure hours wisely; an important part of education in the widest sense.

On behalf of the Department of Domestic Science, I should like to pay tribute to the magnificent work of Miss Pearson.

It was her belief in vocational education, together with her outstanding leadership in the educational field, that contributed so largely to the development of Domestic Science in this country.

Under her guidance and control the Department grew to the largest of its kind in South Africa, and her contribution to the College will always be remembered.

We congratulate Miss Pearson on her appointment as Head of the Domestic Science College, Radbrook, Shropshire, England.

KATHLEEN M. JONES.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE DEPARTMENT OF THE COLLEGE

[Continued from page 14]

At the close of 1949 Mr. J. Santilhano commenced duties in the Fee Accounts Office, Mrs. A. S. Rabe was appointed Committee Clerk, and Miss M. A. Holden joined the College as Librarian.

During the course of the year Mr. Fourie was appointed as assistant to the Accountant and Miss J. van der Hoff as shorthand-typiste in the General Office. A hearty and sincere welcome is extended to all these persons.

* * *

Two of our young ladies, Miss D. Jessop and Miss E. Loxton announced their engagements last December. Hearty congratulations!

* * *

The administrative staff of the Commerce Department has been unfortunate in losing both Miss M. Beukes and Miss H. L. de Reede. Miss Beukes is to be married shortly, while Miss de Reede has decided to enter the noble profession of nursing. To both these young ladies we extend our thanks and best wishes for their future happiness.

* * *

An old stalwart, Mr. "George" Napier, an ex-Provincial cricketer and footballer, rendered valuable services in connection with advertisements in this magazine. The Magazine Committee are exceedingly grateful to him for his assistance.

Department of Engineering

Mr. D. S. Maclean
Head of Department of Engineering

THE "Sir Thomas Price" Shield is awarded annually on the results of the November National Technical Examinations to the centre, whose team of four Railway Apprentices gains the highest aggregate of marks as a team. Teams are entered prior to the examination and an N.T.C. III student can obtain a maximum aggregate of 400 marks; an A.T.C. I student, a maximum aggregate of 450 marks, and an A.T.C. II student can obtain a maximum aggregate of 500 marks.

The very meritorious achievement of the Cape Town team, in winning the Shield in the 1949 examinations, is probably even more outstanding when it is realised that the team—

Apprentices E. W. C. Rohland,
R. B. A. M. Ward-Cox,
L. Thorpe,
R. J. Cerff,

were all A.T.C. I candidates, and, as such, were unable to obtain the highest aggregate mark which would have been possible could they have entered as A.T.C. II students.

Our very warm congratulations go out to the team and, with our congratulations, our hopes that, with their higher A.T.C. II status this year, they may again be successful and allow Cape Town to retain the Shield for a further year.

Good luck and good hunting!

* * *

Students who enjoy the privilege of the "whole-day" classes are generally well satisfied with the arrangement and would like to see their less fortunate companions enjoy the same privilege. A step in the right direction by some of the more conservative employers would be heartily welcomed and would, we believe, lead to greater application on the part of the student and to greater benefit derived from technical classes.

* * *

We have been pleased to welcome Messrs. A. M. Lewis, A. Pittendrigh and J. Kobus to the full-time staff of the Department this year. We hope that these gentlemen will find that the students, with whom they come into contact, are prepared to benefit from their association with the new lecturers and that the benefits derived from the association might be mutual.

Mr. Pittendrigh, in joining the staff, is returning to his Technical "Alma Mater," for it was at Cape Town that he went through his "Tec" years. The more senior members of the staff remember him with much affection and extend a twofold welcome.

Messrs. Gosling and Meffan have enjoyed well-earned long leaves and it is good to see them back looking so refreshed.

* * *

We have always been very pleased to receive news of old students and to rejoice with them in their successes.

Their progress through universities; their appointments to posts of higher responsibility; their joys of achievements in contracts and jobs beyond the ordinary, all add to the lustre of the College and it is even more refreshing when we find them returning to the College as full-time lecturers, part-time lecturers and to the greater responsibility as members of the College Council.

The Forward Movement in Engineering

DURING the past few years, great strides have been made in many branches of engineering. Many of these innovations, owing to the exigencies of war, have not been made public and many, although more or less in general use, have not been given the publicity which such inventions merit.

The atom bomb and the atom-splitting mechanisms, rocket, jet and gas turbine propulsion are now well known, through the press, to all sections of the community, but such processes as the indestructible testing of materials (ultra-sonic testing of welds and so on), the use of pre-stressed concrete in the construction of bridges and other concreted structures, the use of castellated beams in structural work generally, the use of the single pair of wires which carries some three or four hundred simultaneous telephone conversations, the electron microscope and hosts of other such innovations which are of utmost importance to engineers generally, have scarcely reached the ears of an interested public.

It is not intended that this article should be a scientific diatribe, but these advances should be more generally known. Pre-stressed reinforced concrete allows so much greater loads to be taken that bridges built of some material look almost gossamer-like in their fragility when compared with the older form of construction. Castellated beams, too, carry much greater loads for the same amount of materials used. These things make more efficient use of the limited materials and, what is so important in these days of high consumption of materials, minimise waste.

The combined use of X-ray, the cathode ray tube, and high waves allow flaws in casting, incorrect heat and hardening treatments and other manufacturing processes easily to be detected without subjecting the materials to any extraneous forces which might otherwise damage them in some way during testing. It is difficult to predict any limits to which electronics, adapted to industrial processes, might not go.

Magnifications up to 30,000 and beyond with the electron microscope open a very wide field for research into the micro-structure of materials generally and of plastics in particular, and it has certainly opened the field of research in medical science and may even give the medical profession the "open sesame" to the cure of the common cold.

(Continued on page 24)

Department of Printing

VALUE OE TECHNICAL EDUCATION

(As applied to the Printing Industry)

Mr. W. G. Smith
Head of Department of Printing

WHEN the "man in the street" speaks of the Printing Industry, he may, perhaps, not realise that it consists of at least 15 designated trades, all of which require highly qualified men who have been specially trained during an apprenticeship of five to seven years. This gives a wide choice of trades to the youth who wishes to enter this highly organised industry, which all offer good prospects as a career.

As the fundamental principles of printing are the same throughout the English-speaking world—or, in fact, the whole world—he could, if he chooses, go to any of these parts and earn a good living when he becomes qualified. As a matter of fact, if he chose to be a Compositor or a Linotype Operator he could even choose a life at sea, as the large passenger ocean-going liners have one or more printers on their staff. The minimum age and educational qualifications for commencing apprenticeship are 16 years and the passing of Standard VII in some trades, and Standard VIII for others.

Before making a choice of any particular trade in the industry—which one could describe as a team of experts—a good deal of thought must be given by parents to ensure that the youth has an aptitude for the particular trade he chooses. For example, one who desires to become a compositor, or a linotype operator, should be good at languages and be thoroughly bilingual, combined with an artistic temperament if he should wish, later on, to become a display compositor. Whereas a youth who chooses to be a machine minder—Letterpress, Rotary and Lithographic—should have a mechanical turn of mind, with good colour sense and a keen eye for detail.

Opinions will differ on how an apprentice should be trained, but the majority agree that technical education is essential and beneficial to the apprentice. The purpose of technical education is to give the necessary theoretical instruction to aid and clarify the practical work, not to teach the apprentice his trade as some seem to think. Here in the calmer atmosphere of learning, tuition is given with a thorough grounding in the traditions and standards of the craft.

Experience has proved that technical education has, in the majority of cases, a beneficial effect upon students and stimulates ambition and a desire for progress.

Every apprentice should have at the outset the right mental attitude for apprenticeship, the realisation that it is a period of training, and that the training needs hard study.

The outlook on apprenticeship in the Printing Industry is growing wider, and this undoubtedly is bringing technical education more and more into the picture.

If an apprentice is to be successful, he must be prepared during this very important period in his life to set himself a hard pace. His future prosperity depends on present-day progress. Hard study now and in the next few years is repaid a thousandfold in the years to come.

(Continued from page 14)

D. D. KRYNAUW,
Winner of the "Downes" Floating Trophy for 1948.

W. B. EDGECOME,
Winner of the "Gerber" Floating Trophy for 1948.

H. B. HOLLOWAY,
Winner of the "Monotype" Floating Trophy for 1948.

ROZENHOF
EN
ANNEKS, EENDRAG
STELLENBOSCH

Die Kosinrigting is onder die bestuur van die Kaapse Tegniese Kollege (Stellenbosch-Tak), en is bestemd vir jong dames wat 'n Handelskursus of 'n Huishoudkundekursus aan die Kollege wil volg.

•

Die toon en gees in die inrigting is in alle opsigte Christelik.

•

Kos- en inwoningsgelde met wasgoed ingesluit is £82 p.j.

•

Ruim kamers, goed gemeubeleerd en binneveermatrasse in al die kamers.

•

TENNISBAAN OP GRONDE

•

Afsonderlike kamers met klaviere vir studente wat musiekklasse volg.

•

DIE KOSHUISE IS REGOOR DIE TEGNIESE KOLLEGE GELEE

Losiesbespreking is gewoonlik baie druk. Doen vroegtydig aansoek by:

Die Verantwoordelike Senior Lektor,
Kaapse Tegniese Kollege (Stellenbosch-Tak),
Posbus 59,
STELLENBOSCH.

VAN ONS STELLENBOSCH- EN WORCESTER-TAKKE

STELLENBOSCH-TAK

VIR baie jare het mnr. P. H. de Villiers 'n besigheidskool onder hom gehad. Na onderhandeling met verteenwoordigers van die Kaapse Tegniese Kollege is in 1940 besluit om op Stellenbosch 'n tak van hierdie inrigting te stig met die besigheidskool as nukleus en met mnr. de Villiers as hoof. Vanaf die begin is lesse gegee in Handelsvakke en in Huishoudkunde. Die getal ingeskrewe studente was in 1940 reeds 160.

Mnr. P. H. de Villiers, Verantwoordelike Senior Lektor, Stellenbosch-Tak.

As gevolg van die goeie uitslae in die eksamens behaal, het die aansoeke om toelating tot die Stellenbosch-tak vroeg reeds die beskikbare ruimte en losiesgeriewe oorskry. Die Stellenbosch-tak het die geluk gehad om die instemming van die Rozenhofbestuur te verkry om studente van die Kollege te huisves. In 1947 is Eendrag, en in 1948 Rozenhof *aangekoop deur die Kaapse Tegniese Kollege. In* die nuwe koshuise is losies dus verseker vir 76 studente. 'n Aparte woordjie van dank en waardering kom toe aan mevr. du Preez vir haar bekwame bestuur van die koshuise en haar simpatieke behandeling van die dames.

Vandag word studente uit alle dele van die land getrek. Die totale inskrywings is tans ongeveer 280 per jaar. Die getal dosente het as volg toegeneem:

In 1940 twee voltydse en een deeltydse in Handelsvakke en een voltydse en een deeltydse in Huishoudkunde; in 1950 ses voltydse en een deeltydse in Handelsvakke en twee voltydse en twee deeltydse in Huishoudkunde.

Die Hoof en die personeel van die Stellenbosch-tak kan met reg trots wees op die eksamenuitslae van die kandidate. Tussen 1940 en 1949 het 16 kandidate in die verskillende eksamens eerste in die Unie gekom. Jaar vir jaar was die uitslae van hierdie inrigting aansienlik beter as die gemiddelde van die Unie. As voorbeeld kan die uitslae vir die Junie- en November-eksamens vir 1949 kortliks as volg opgesom word:

Met die Junie-eksamens was ons gemiddelde persentasie van geslaagdes 94% waarvan 37% met lof, terwyl die gemiddelde persentasie van die Unie 61% was.

Met die November-eksamens was ons gemiddelde persentasie van geslaagdes 82%, terwyl die gemiddelde persentasie van die Unie 59% was.

Met besondere dank moet melding gemaak word van die jaarlikse donasies van die Munisipaliteit en die Afdelingsraad van Stellenbosch en die Stellenbossche Distriksbank.

Iets wat aparte waardering verdien is die uitstallings van die Afdeling Huishoudkunde wat byna elke jaar gehou is. Die publiek van Stellenbosch sowel as van elders het nog altyd met groot lof oor die gehalte van die uitstallings gepraat. In 1949 het ongeveer 1,000 persone die uitstalling besoek.

As mens terugdink aan die ontstaan en groei van die Stellenbosch-tak, dan moet enkele name met waardering vir hulle dienste genoem word, o.a. die van wyle mnr. G. A. Hutchinson en mnr. W. H. Hemer, vroeëre onder-Direkteur en Direkteur onderskeidelik van die Kaapse Tegniese Kollege, dr. Wilcocks, Rektor van die Universiteit van Stellenbosch, en wyle dr. du Toit, gewese Voorsitter van die Adviserende Raad van die Stellenbosch-tak.

Die huidige plaaslike bestuur wil hiermee mnr. de Villiers en sy personeel van harte gelukwens met die werk wat hulle gedoen het. Die Stellenbosch-tak van die Kaapse Tegniese Kollege het 'n blywende bate vir Stellenbosch geword, en die bestuur het alle vertroue dat dit die hoë standaard van werk ook in die toekoms sal handhaaf.

C. G. W. SCHUMANN, Voorsitter.
Adviserende Komitee, Stellenbosch-tak.

WORCESTER-TAK

DIE Worcester-tak van die Kaapse Tegniese Kollege is in 1941 gestig een jaar na die Stellenbosch-tak. Met die opening van die twee takkolleges is 'n begin gemaak met desentralisasie van Tegniese Kolleges na die platteland. Tot dusver was slegs die stedelike jeug bevoorreg ten opsigte van die Tegniese opleiding maar met die stigting van die twee takke kry die plattelandse jeug die geleentheid om hulle ook in die rigtings te bekwaam onder omstandighede wat vir hulle nie vreemd is nie.

Mnr. C. van Niekerk, Verantwoordelike Senior Lektor, Worcester-Tak.

Worcester het gedurende die afgelope 9½ jaar 3,040 studente opgelei d.w.s. 'n gemiddelde van iets meer dan 300 per jaar. Van die totale aantal studente is 47% afkomstig uit verskillende distrikte en 53% uit 138 verskillende dorpe. Uit die Afdelingsraad van Worcester self het nie minder as 1,790 d.w.s. 58% van die totale aantal studente gekom nie.

Afgesien van die departement van Handel het Worcester veral presteer ten opsigte van die opleiding van Gesondheidsinspekteurs. Die kursus word hier doseer vir die afgelope ses jaar en gedurende die tydperk het Worcester by elke eksamen die hoogste persentasie suksesse behaal in die Unie. Meer dan 100 opgeleide Gesondheidsinspekteurs is tans werksaam in alle dele van die Unie.

Wat die Departement van Handel betref is dit interessant om te vermeld dat daar tans 250 persone werksaam is in kantore in Worcester wat hulle voltydse opleiding in handelsvakke by die Tegniese Kollege ontvang het. Ongeveer 'n gelyke aantal is werksaam in ander dorpe en stede.

Met die toepassing van die Vakleerlingwet in Worcester is 'n aanvang gemaak met deeltydse klasse. Onderrig word verskaf vir Motorwerktuigkundiges, Bank- en draaiwerkers, Elektrisiëns en skrynwerkers. Na gelang Worcester op industriële gebied ontwikkel sal dié afdeling van die Kollege nog verder uitbrei.

Afgesien van Tegniese-en handelsopleiding word klasse ook gegee in Musiek b.v. Orrel, Sang, Klavier en Viool asook in Ballet.

Behalwe die goed-toegeruste Kollege-gebou is 'n nuwe dameskoshuis in 1949 in gebruik geneem. Dit verskaf *huisvesting aan 52 damestudente.* Manstudente word nog gehuisves in Asbes Rondawels en neem hulle maaltye by die dameskoshuis.

Die Studente Verteenwoordigende Raad het besluit om twee teerblad-tennisbane te bou. Die studente sal self help bou en die hoop word gekoester dat die bane nog in die loop van die jaar in gebruik geneem sal kan word.

PERSONEEL-VERANDERINGE.

Mnr. H. Boshoff wat gedurende die afgelope sewe jaar verbonde was aan die personeel van die Departement van Handel het 'n soortgelyke betrekking aanvaar in Kimberley. Hy begin sy werksaamhede daar op 24 Julie.

Mej. M. Calitz het met drie maande verlof oorsee gegaan gedurende die tweede kwartaal. Haar werk is tydelik waargeneem deur Mej. Zinn, derde-jaar studente van die Dept. van Opvoedkunde, Kaapse Tegniese Kollege.

DEPARTMENT OF PRINTING

(Continued from page 21)

Remember the apprentice of to-day is the Overseer, Works Manager, and Manager of to-morrow.

It is not generally known that three students of the Department of Printing won all three floating trophies in 1948. These trophies are awarded to students by the National Printing Apprenticeship Committee for outstanding successes in the Final Examinations.

It seems a great pity that the College has no facilities for placing such handsome trophies on view during the period that they are in the possession of the College.

* * *

Whilst the Printing students were not quite so successful in 1949, they nevertheless retained two of the trophies, which is no mean achievement.

Nine students obtained the highest marks in the Union in the final examinations in 1949.

* * *

SPORT.

Many of our students are very active in all branches of sport, and the latest to obtain honours are John Hastie, Tommy McKay and John Bingle, who were chosen to represent Western Province at Soccer against the Australians. Congratulations!

Stanley Hugo is becoming prominent in the noble art, and his performances in the ring will be watched with interest.

VAN DIE MEDE–REDAKTEUR

(Continued from page 13)

Die ou gedagte dat vakke met onmiddellike praktiese waarde geen of min algemene vormingswaarde het nie, behoort teen hierdie tyd uitgedien te wees. Afgesien van die feit dat die student voorberei word om 'n onafhanklike burger van die samelewing te word, word sy persoonlikheid ontwikkel, want die aankweking hiervan geskied veral wanneer frustrasie tot 'n minimum beperk word, m.a.w. wanneer die student 'n opleiding kry wat sy vermoëns, begeertes en behoeftes in aanmerking neem. Aldus kan die persoon hom ten volle uitlewe en 'n bate vir die gemeenskap word. Ons kan alleen hoop dat voornoordeel in verband met die meer praktiese soort van opleiding aan onderwys-inrigtings plek sal maak vir *'n objektiewe beskouing van feite en dat diegene* wat die publiek kan inlig hierdie feite sal aanvaar.

BUILDING DEPARTMENT

(Continued from page 14)

students in subjects ranging from Workshop Calculations to Building Construction. The staff and students may well be proud of this record.

A *two-year course leading to the Associate Membership* Examinations of the Institute of Structural Engineers was commenced this year and has been well supported.

An Examination for Building Inspectors has been instituted by the Union Department of Education. It is hoped that a number of our present students will next year take the course which is Post A.T.C.

The staff has been increased recently by the appointment of Messrs. Schneider, Pettey and Goodings, to whom we extend a hearty welcome.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING

(Continued from page 20)

The advent of the coaxial cables, allowing hundreds of simultaneous telephone conversations, may not only help to overcome the present-day difficulties and congestion of telephone traffic, but may even allow us to have television as an everyday entertainment.

But while so much has so far been done, there is yet very very much still to do and it is up to the coming generation to make its contribution to scientific research, development and progress.

—o—

Young man (who is taking girl out for the evening): Why on earth have you got those milk bottles?

Girl: When I get home early in the morning, I bang them about and Daddy thinks I'm the milkman.

* * *

"You're looking downcast, old man. What's on your mind?"

"A piece of my wife's."

* * *

Chairman of Council: "Gentlemen, what this town needs is a supply of fresh, clean milk, and the Council should take the bull by the horns and demand it."

LITERARY SECTION

Do Dead Men Speak?

IT was Saturday night and Mrs. Farmer, a 64-year-old widow, had decided to stay up later than usual to polish her silverware. Suddenly she paused and listened. It was unlikely that anyone would try to gain admission into her shop downstairs at that time of the night, but she was almost certain that she had heard somebody trying to slip the catch of the side window. There the noise was again. Deciding to go and investigate, she put down the vase she was then busy with and descended the stairs.

"Who's there?" she demanded on opening the door leading into the shop. She received no answer, but instead a gun was jabbed into her back.

"Get back upstairs," a masculine voice ordered.

The man followed her up the stairs, and on entering the lighted room she turned around and immediately recognised the intruder.

"Harold Preston, what is it that you want?" she inquired.

"Give me the keys of the safe," he ordered, but letting his sight drop to the sideboard, he saw them lying there.

"You won't get away with this, Bad (as was his nickname)," she said, remembering the money she had saved in the past thirty years.

"There won't be anybody to give me away," he answered, and by the tone of his voice she knew that he meant to kill her that night.

Preston then, after two unsuccessful attempts, managed to open the safe and set about cracking the cashbox, for the only person who had the key to the box was a clerk at the local bank.

Mrs. Farmer meanwhile busied herself with the vases; not in cleaning them, but to Preston it seemed as if she was only setting them in their former position, and he let her continue. On remembering her talk a few days previously with Inspector Davies, a plan suddenly struck her and she was now putting it into operation. When this was done, Mrs. Farmer thought of her present situation. She was not a bit scared, but whether she tried to escape or not she would die. To scream she knew was useless, for her nearest neighbour was a hundred yards away and the chances of anyone passing the shop, at that time, were very slim.

She decided to try to make her escape, but in this she failed, for just as she reached the door, Preston pulled the trigger of his revolver and, after falling to the floor, Mrs. Farmer moved no more.

Sunday morning found Inspector Davies and Sergeant Wright paying their weekly visit to Mrs. Farmer, but when they had knocked six or seven times and had received no answer, they became suspicious. Smashing the lock on the door, they entered and, after a few minutes' investigation, Sergeant Wright came across the lifeless body of Mrs. Farmer. On further investigation, Inspector Davies found the vases as the proprietress of the shop had left them on the sideboard.

"Stay here and don't touch anything," he ordered his friend, and with that he was gone.

The inspector made his way to Harold Preston's house and as he arrived there he saw Preston dropping a moneybox into a hole he had just dug.

"I want you," said the inspector, and Preston, taken by surprise, tried as best he could to escape, but Davies was far too clever for him and in a minute or two handcuffs were about the murderer's wrists.

It was nearly an hour later that Inspector Davies returned to the much-puzzled Sergeant Wright. After explaining where he had been, the Inspector took the Sergeant into the sittingroom.

"See how these vases are placed," he said, pointing to the sideboard. "There are three rows. In the first, there is a long vase, a short one, then another long and another short vase. In Morse code a long-short-long-short signal would be 'C.' In the second row there is a short and a long vase. That in Morse code would be 'A.' In the last row there is a long and two short vases. That would be 'D.' C-A-D-spell Cad. In taking a guess that it would be bad Preston, I guessed quite right, for I caught him in the act of burying the missing moneybox, and for what he has done he will swing."

With an exclamation of "I'll leave it to you, Inspector," the two policemen turned and left the shop.

G. GARZOLINI.

Wife (making her exit from large store): "Oh, John, dear, just look at that beautiful moon!"

Hubby (absent-mindedly, and laden with parcels): "All right, darling. How much is it?"

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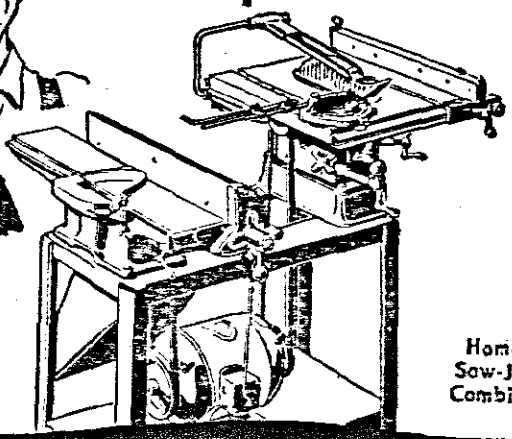

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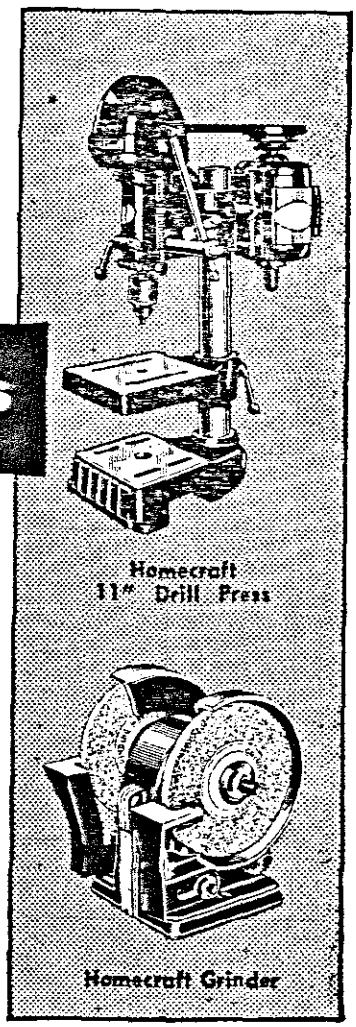

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„Mente Manus Magistra"

AANGESIEN etlike studente my al so dikwels genader het oor die betekenis van die Latynse woorde wat op die Kollege-wapen verskyn, sal ek probeer om hier net kortliks te verduidelik.

Die vernaamste simbool is die towerstaf van Hermes, een van die gode van Griekse mitologie (in Romeinse mitologie ook Merkurius genoem). Hy het die vredestaf in sy hoedanigheid as boodskapper en herout van die gode gedra. Hermes self is die god van Handel en, ongelukkig ook, van Bedrieëry en Sluheid.

Die vernaamste taak van die Tegniese Kollege, Kaapstad, is om onderrig in vakke te gee wat die handel en nywerheid raak, en dit word verwag dat die verbeterde kennis en bevoegdheid van die werker, wat hy aan so'n inrigting kan verkry, 'n verreikende invloed op die toekoms van Suid-Afrikaanse handel en nywerheid sal uitoefen. Dus sien ons die rede waarom Hermes se staf so'n belangrike gedeelte van hierdie wapen vorm.

Op die onderste gedeelte van die wapen pryk 'n skip wat die land op 'n lang reis verlaat. Die stel die lewe van 'n jongeling voor wat sy lewenstaak in een of ander ambag of beroep begin.

Die land stel die ouerlike huis voor, die skip, die jongeling, en die see, die lewe met al sy gevare en awonture. Die vuurtoring stel die wetenskap voor, wat ons lewenspad verlig.

Die toepaslikheid van hierdie gedeelte van die ontwerp lê in die feit dat die Kollege veral daar is vir mense wat die gewone skole al verlaat het, en wat graag vir hulle beter wil bekwaam vir hul besondere lewenstaak.

Die Latynse leuse „Mente Manus Magistra" beteken: „Die verstand is meester van die hand," met ander woorde, alles wat die hand doen, word deur die verstand bestuur, en om dus bekwaamheid van die hand te verhoog, moet die verstand ontwikkel word.

Dit is met hierdie doel voor oë dat die Tegniese Kollege sy werk aanvaar het, en wanneer die uitstekende werk en die snelle uitbreiding van die afgelope paar jaar in aanmerking geneem word, kan dit byna met sekerheid gesê word dat die wapen een van die vernaamste faktore was wat daartoe bygedra het om sulke vooruitgang teweeg te bring.

THE FLOWER SELLERS

A Verse by V. M. Hayward

"Flowers, Madam!" "Flowers for your lady, sir!"
Roses here, all fresh, all dew-bejewelled,
Scented, velvet soft and full of meaning;
Mountain lilies, plucked in rain for you, and
Heaven's blue in these delphiniums;
Colours! Fair carnations, gladioli,
Lemon, flame, and crimson deep—all
Breathing messages for one you love, sir!
Brown eyes beaming over blooms, and gnarled brown fingers
Tending bud and flower; brown hands loving sun and
Braving rain, or wind unbridled. . . . .
Flower sellers work with beauty, labour
To give loveliness; then stop and buy here,
Stop and breathe here, stop and wonder.

Billy rushed in to his father. "Dad," he called excitedly, "there's a black cat in the kitchen."

"Well, leave it alone," ordered his superstitious father, "black cats are lucky."

"This one is," agreed the lad, "it's eating the steak Mum got for your supper."

GOODWILL

This world of ours, or mother earth,
Has known wars since her birth.
The petty quarrels of mankind
Have marred her face until we find
In every country, in each land,
Wherever stalked a fighting band,
The country-side has scars which show
How its people fought their foe!

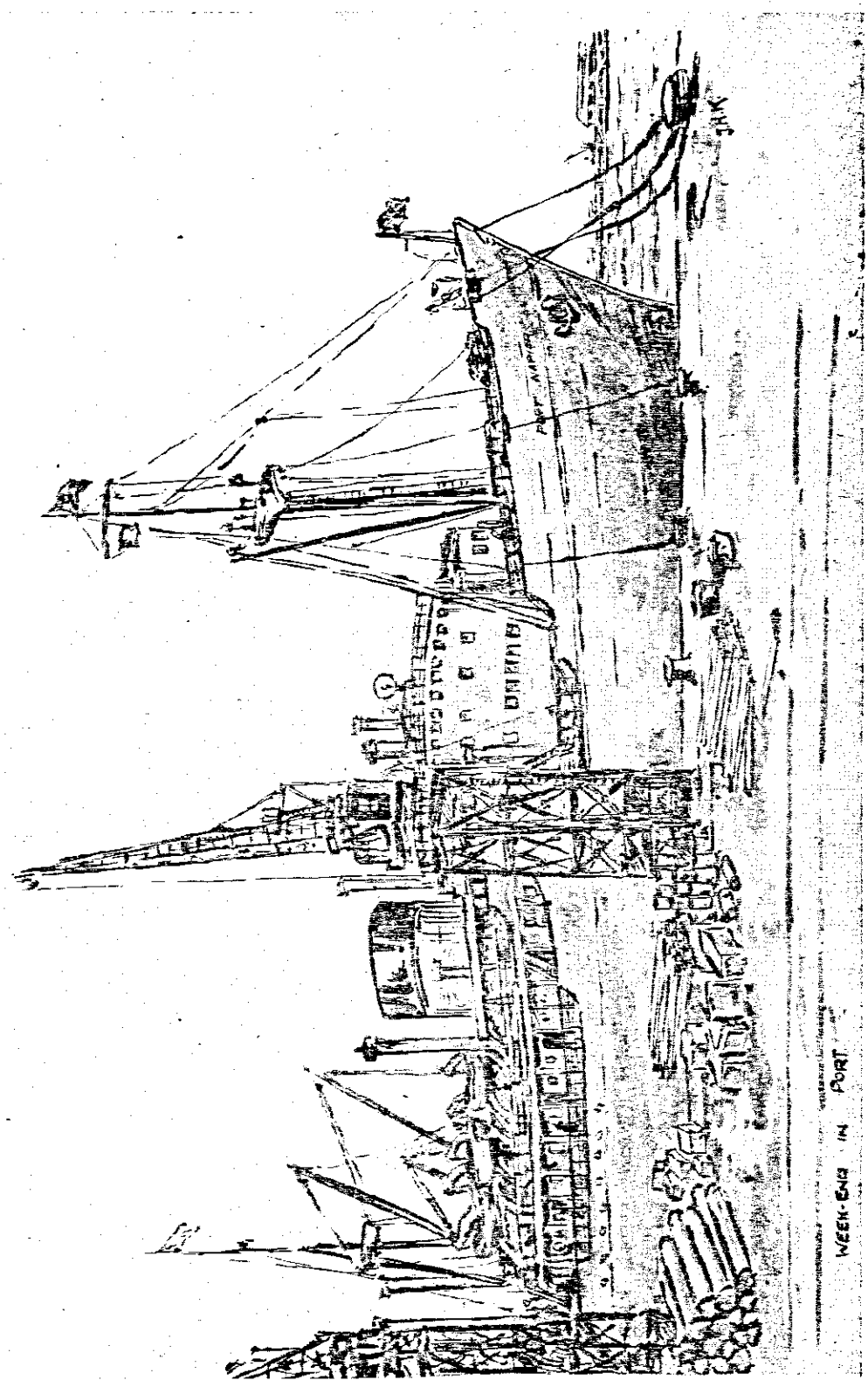
As the centuries passed away,
So the world in bloodshed lay
To try to stop this ugly strife
And let them lead a peaceful life.
The tired and weary populations
Formed a refuge—the United Nations.
The mighty sword must yield to pen,
Peace on earth, Goodwill to men!

L. A. HAIRBOTTLE.

Two absent-minded professors meet in the street.

First Professor: Was it you or your brother who died last week?

Second Professor: It must have been me, because as far as I know my brother is still alive!


WEEK-END IN PORT

[The following Letter to the Editor and article "College Steps at Five-Twenty" are to be read in conjunction with each other.—Editor.]

To the Editor.

I wish to make a suggestion that a common-room be made available for the men students of the College. I think this is very necessary as, seeing there is no such facility, the steps are being used in its place. I am quite sure something could be done without causing much trouble.

Yours faithfully,

M. N.

COLLEGE STEPS AT FIVE-TWENTY

L. D. Bland.

WHEN approaching the Technical College at about five-twenty in the afternoon, I always dawdle at the street corner, hoping that one of my women class-mates will join me. It is so much easier to seem at ease when one has someone to talk to!

The College stands impressively solid, its many windows open, symbolic of a house of learning. Even more symbolic is the mass of eager (?) youths that sprawl over the steps at the entrance, books in hand. Small groups discuss the rugby situation or gesticulate like windmills and describe the jiving antics of the latest girl friend; others sit and stare dully, the cares of learning heavy on their minds. The entrance belongs to them. Any other student who tries to edge up into the College is an intruder.

If no class-mate rescues me, I have to face the following few minutes alone, clutching my books and bag close to me for comfort. That schoolgirl feeling of being shy, alone and undefended in a crowd of boys overcomes me as I pass the overflow from the steps on the pavement. Embarrassment battles with adult dignity and unselfconsciousness as I mount and wind my way up the steps between these "he-men," acutely conscious of the sea of eyes behind me, and the occasional sounds both appreciative and disparaging. Cows at shows must feel as we women students do, and they also retain the immobile expression of serenity, seemingly oblivious of prying eyes.

Apparently calm I walk up the steps, seeming as unconcerned as possible, yet painfully trying to walk as if I had no hips, and hoping that my stockings are straight and my skirt hiding all my undies! I become aware of all my figure faults which my brothers spent years pointing out to me. They assured me that I resembled a pumpkin on two matchsticks, that it would be difficult to tell me from a bison, and that a stuffed bag of mealies had nothing on me. What my brothers saw, surely all these brothers of other sisters must see too?

On reaching the doorway, I am overcome by relief and daringly cast a backward glance. The assemblage on the steps is as before, not particularly amused or interested, just talking, or reading or dreaming! Where are the eyes that burned into my back, where the laughter, or whistles? They never were! Not one really noticed! And yet, when I face them the following week at the foot of the steps I pass through the same vexation of spirit!

Lentedag in die Kollege

SOOS 'n blom wat van sy nagslaap ontwaak, breek die goue dag aan. Dit is die 1ste September, beter bekend as Lentedag. Die luggie wat daar trek, is belaai met die soet geure van nuutontwaakte blomme en bloeisels. Die son werp sy eerste goue strale oor die vogtige Moeder Aarde en dit is balsem vir die siel om die panorama van groen wat voor jou uitstrek te aanskou. Die aarde het ontwaak uit sy lang winterslaap en is oortrek met 'n groen kleed.

Nie alleen het die aarde ontwaak nie, maar ook heers in die gemeenskapskamer van die groepie onderwysstudente groot opgewondenheid en bedrywigheid. Die kamer word versier met blomme en elke student het 'n ruiker voor die bors, party het selfs sonneblomme in die knoopsgat. Staflede wat die „naaste aan ons harte is," kry ook elkeen 'n ruiker, maar ek dink dit was net om die pad reguit te maak vir wat nog sou volg.

Die eerste twee periodes het ons soos soet kinders bygewoon, maar die volgende twee het ons in die Waldorf-kafee deurgebring, onsself op allerhande snoeperye getrakteer en na musiek van die orkes geluister wat aan ons spesiale versoeke gehoor gegee het. Net voordat die laaste periode van die dag moes aanbreek, het ons weer ons opwagting by die Kollege gemaak, en die verskillende klasse bygewoon. Wie gaan nou op Lentedag P.T. doen en dit nog op Nuweland? Die gevolg was dat ons almal „gebunk" het, afgesien van wat die gevolge miskien kon wees.

* * *

Dit is half-sewe en 'n groepie opgeruimde, lewenslustige studente staan voor 'n losieshuis in Kloofstraat en wag vir 'n vragmotor wat hulle na die braaivleisterrein moet vervoer. Om die heuglike dag mee af te sluit, moes daar 'n braaivleis gehou word. Daardie groepie studente was natuurlik ons. Op die bestemde plek aangekom, het die houtsoekery begin en gou het 'n heerlike kampvuur gebrand en kon die woorde van „Dit is weer Lente" gedra op die helder lug en begelei deur 'n trekklavier en ghitaar, gehoor word. Ons voorsitter is belas met die vleisbraaiery en 'n vriend het die koffie, gemaak in 'n paraffienblik, in gereedheid gebring. Nie te lank nie of elkeen staan met 'n stomende koppie koffie en 'n stuk braaivleis in die hand. Ag, was dit tog nie heerlik nie!

Kwart-oor-elf moes ons ons pret staak en begin aanstaltes maak om huis-toe te gaan. Op die rit huis-toe laat val ek maar die gordyn, alhoewel ek net hier kan byvoeg dat party van ons daardie nag as gevolg van die afwesigheid van busse, moes voetslaan, selfs so ver as van Kloofstraat na Duiwelskop.

Die volgende dag in die Kollege was bitter. Almal was vaak en moeg. In die groepvergadering het die lektor se stem eentonig geklink in die slaperige ore. Nietemin, toe die woorde „Mnr. W——ns, Kaptein Barber wil weet waar jy Woensdag was" gehoor word, het een en almal regop gesit, want niemand het aan die gevolge gedink nie. Maar Mnr. W—rns was nie daar om te antwoord nie. Die vorige aand was blykbaar te veel vir hom. Afgesien van wat verder gevolg het, het ons tog besef dat ons die dag ten seerste geniet het en ons vertrou dat dit in die toekoms 'n instelling in die Kollege gaan word.

J. J. SCHOLTZ (Studentonderwyser).

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„. . . Bukt zich een grijsaard naar den schoot
Der trouwe moederaarde.
Maar zag hem niet: 't is tijd van rust!
Schoon afgeleefd in iedren lust,
Hy hunkert nog te blijven: . . . . . ."

P. A. de GENESTET.

DIE middagstilte van 'n warm somerdag rus swaar op die plaas. In die huis is daar die gesleep van moeë voete en die swaar ou voordeur gaan stadig en krakend oop. 'n Rustelose ou grysaard nader die leunigstoel op die stoep; eers met bewende hande die leunings omklem en dan stadig sak tot op die kussing. So is die ouderdom wanneer dit kom met vele gebreke.

Vol verwagting staar hy vir 'n oomblik na die ooste. Netnou sal die boomtoppe hom vertel van die koms van 'n koel, lawende windjie. Dan sal dit ook weer tyd wees vir die arbeiders op die oesland om hulle taak te hervat.

Ja, so vlieg die dae snel verby. Ag, hoe verlang hy nie om weer self die sekel te hanteer nie. Hier moet hy nou sit terwyl die besef, dat hy niks meer vir die samelewing kan doen nie, soos 'n kanker daagliks dieper vreet. Om te droom en te mymer van vervloë dae, is nog al wat bly. Hier in sy eensaamheid herleef hy weer die verlede en sien homself.

* * *

'n Krulkop-seuntjie trippel-draf agter die ploeg saam met sy vader. Hoe groot die genot om sy kaalvoetjies in die los grond in te boor. Hoe grillerig was die krullende erdwurms tog nie.

'Met sy stokperd, waentjies en tolle het die dae ongemerk verbygeglip. Hy was 'n seun. Hoe gevaarliker, hoe waaghalsiger, des te groter was die plesier. Genot was in elke awontuur want dit was mos die ware lewe.

Sal hy dan sy jong dae vergeet? Met hoë ideale het hy die lewenstaak aanvaar. Die lewe was 'n oneindige lang pad wat wegraak in die dynserigheid van die verre toekoms. Sy plesier was in die uitvoering van sy daelikse pligte. Maar tyd het sy rol gespeel nog netsoos altyd.

Die swaar werk het voortgeduur terwyl die kragte dag na dag kwyn. Met groot teleurstelling het hy tot die besef gekom dat sy kragte afneem en bitter was die gevoel dat hy moes padgee. Sal die jongmense hom glo as hy ophaal van prestasies in sy dae behaal?

Hy was nie meer op die oesland nie, maar op die stoep. Stadig en met 'n sug sukkel hy orent. Weer staar hy oor die vlaktes die wye vertes in. Maar alles is nou so dof en flou. Vir hom kronkel daar nie meer die oneindige, lang witpad teen die verste rante nie. Voor hom en naby die huis sien hy egter nog die oesland. Slegs 'n paar weke gelede het die wind daarin gespeel en pragtige golwe het mekaar gedurig opgevolg. Nou is dit geel en ryp. Hoe lyk sy hare? Kan dit weldra oestyd wees?

Die sekels flits in die middagson terwyl die halms omkeer en dan in gespierde hande rus. „Geen halm oorslaan nie," was die bevel van die oubaas.

„Voorwaar, 'n geseënde oes," prewel die oubaas op die stoep. 'n Skielike dofheid voor sy oë, 'n kramp in sy bors, en hy sak neer om in die Hand van sy Maaier te rus.

C. T. van SCHALKWYK
(Leerlingonderwyser).

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HALMONY

LAST night I dreamed I went back to Halmony. The night was clear and cool, and I followed the road up the hill till I reached the house. I leaned for a moment over the gate, and I could smell Julie's coffee, and I knew that she had been baking honey-cakes again, those sweet brown morsels studded with nuts that Hal and the children loved. I pushed open the gate and it squeaked my arrival, and then, as I was walking up the path, the dream faded, and I woke, and I knew again that there was no Hal, and no Julie, neither were there any children. I was left with a handful of memories of a spring and of a *summer of two years ago.* . . . . . .

Spring came warm and sudden that year, and before we knew where we were, the air was sweet with the scent of lilac and honeysuckle, and we were putting away our warm stuffy clothes for thin cotton frocks and sandals. There was that stir in the village that comes with spring, and an even current of peacefulness seemed to flow through the days. That was when the Grahams came. Almost overnight it seemed they became a part of the village—they were never strangers, had never to contend with that ill-*concealed hostility that so many strangers to a small* country village are greeted with. From the start almost they were just Hal and Julie to us all.

I remember them on that first day. From my bedroom window I watched them move in. They chugged *up the hill past my house in their old open car,* Hal—tall and broad, and with a thatch of chesnut hair—behind the driving wheel, his fine strong hands guiding the car over the road made uneven by winter rains, and beside him Julie, slim and with lovely clean-sculptured lines. In the back of the car, Jay and Debby jumped excitedly around, now sitting, now standing, but chattering all the time. They stared at my house with curious eyes, but they didn't see me. I was shielded by the curtains. And then they caught sight of their own new home, and almost before the car had stopped, the children were out and running through the house, and exploring every corner of the unkempt grounds. I heard them laugh and shout, and there were cries of "Mother, Dad—look at this!" and "Come and see what we've found!" and I wondered how they could be so happy, *for the house was old and ramshackle, and the garden* was overgrown with wild plants, and almost a wilderness. Inside, the walls were damp, and the paint on doors and windowsills had blistered and peeled off in thin strips. They didn't see that though, for they saw the house through different and younger and more hopeful eyes.

That night I filled a basket with eggs and milk, and a loaf fresh from the oven, and walked up to their house to offer them help in the way one does to strangers. The broken gate squeaked as I pushed it *open, and the cool leaves of a rank creeper brushed* my face as I threaded my way up the path. I knocked, and there was a soft, quick pattering of feet over bare boards, and then the door opened. The bronze light of an oil lamp softly illuminated the room inside, and Julie stood, framed dark against the light of the room, in the doorway. She was very lovely: her skin was tanned to a delicate honey-gold, and her hair, fair ripe wheat, was swept softly back and tied with a velvet ribbon in the nape of her neck. There was a warmth born of happiness in her eyes, and laughter in the delicate curve of her lips.

For a minute I didn't know quite what to say. I felt rather stupid and gauche in spite of the fact that I was nearly twice her age, but then I said, "I'm Lucy Carter. I live just a little way down from here." And then holding out the basket, "I thought you might need these." She invited me in, and we sat down and had coffee. There was already a change in the house: the floor was scrubbed and shining, and in the corner of the room was a vase filled with delicate tangles of purple lilac; their scent had perfumed the whole house. Sparsely furnished though it was, with only a few old chairs and other odd pieces of furniture about, there was a homeliness and solid sense of comfort in every line of the room. It was already a happy home.

Next morning early Debby and Jay were at my door with my basket, and inside I found a bunch of violets wrapped in a large green leaf. They were yellow, and fragrant as only wild violets are. That was the first of a series of unusual presents from the children; they never visited me empty-handed—sometimes it was a crock of wild strawberries, a pocketful of nuts, a tangle of honeysuckle, but always it was something. And soon they were calling me "Carty," for they said, "We can't call you Miss Carter, nor Aunt, so we'll call you just—'Carty'." And Carty I was from then on. They were fascinating children—Jay was ten, and tall like Hal, and he had his auburny hair too, while Debby, a year or two younger, was just a smaller edition of Julie, even down to her funny quick gestures.

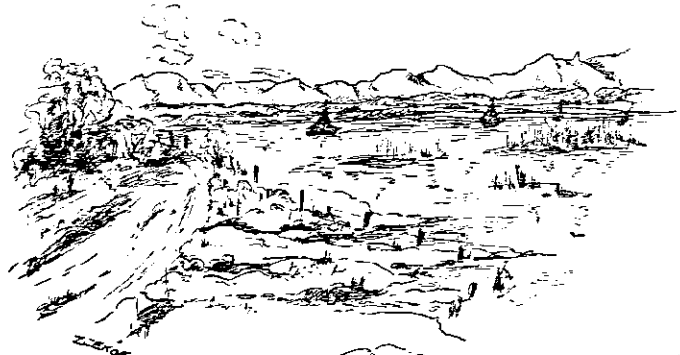
Everybody liked the Grahams, and there were always visitors at Halmony, but even so, they were never really intimate with anybody from the village. I think I was their most frequent guest, and they mine, but it wasn't until a few months after their arrival that even I learned why they had come to the village. One night after coffee, when Hal and Julie and I were sitting on the grass—it couldn't honestly be called a lawn—in front of the house, Julie said, "Hal composes, you know, Carty. That's why we're really down here, for peace and quiet. There are so many disturbances in the city somehow." She smiled. "*Now do you see why we called the house* 'Halmony'—from Hal and harmony." And then sometimes after that, Hal used to play for us at

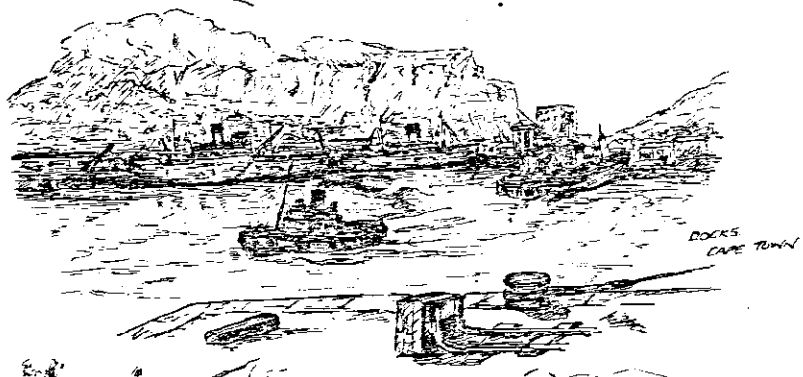
By VALERIE WEEDEN

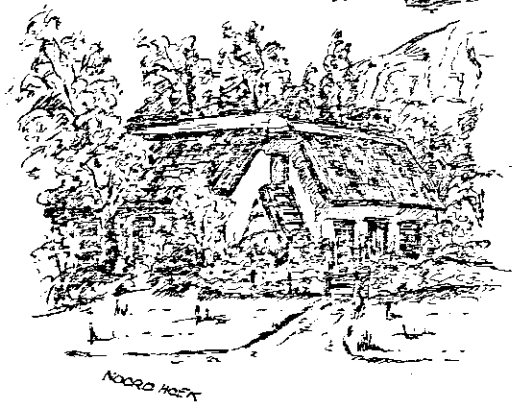
nights, soft haunting music with an undertone of sadness, and I used to watch his beautiful hands coax melodies from the piano, and the way his gold-flecked eyes would grow dreamy.

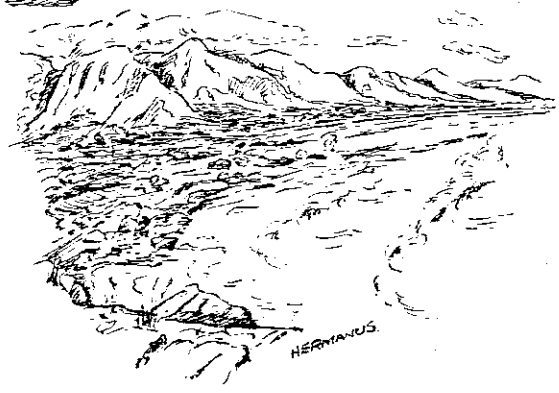
Those were happy days, informal and full of fun. We used to do crazy things; picnics every week, swim in the river a few miles from the village, or climb the mountain near by. Picture me climbing mountains *at my age—Hal used to pull me up, and the children* used to push from the back! It was a wild scramble, and we used to collapse half way up and laugh so much that we had to stop and rest, and then we never got any further; so we never climbed right to the very top of the mountain. Hal knew all the best spots for miles around; he knew where the sweetest wild strawberries grew, where the best swimming pools were, where the trees gave the coolest shade. I almost lived with the Grahams in those days. Often I spent days there on end—I'd just pop in after breakfast and then find myself spending the night;

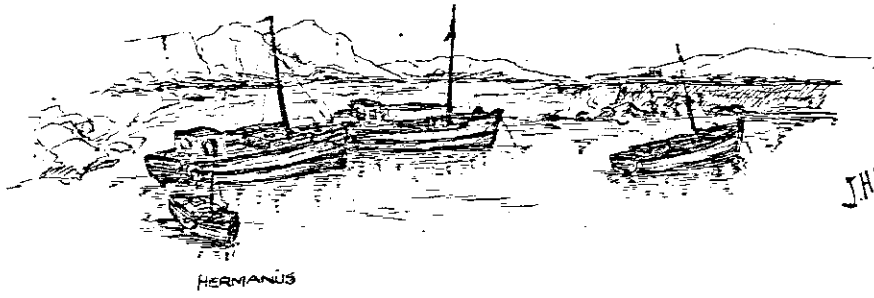
GLIMPSES
OF THE CAPE.











and so it went on. Soon I was almost a Graham myself.

And then suddenly, as they came, they left. One day they were there, the next they were gone. There were no conventional good-byes, no "Write soon!" It was all so very sudden. I was sitting in an armchair in the corner of the lounge one night, while Hal was playing the piano and Julie just toying with a book, when she looked up and said "Carty ——."

"Yes, Julie?"

She hesitated for a moment, trying to find words for what she wanted to say, and then she said, "Carty, we're leaving here to-morrow. We're packing and going back."

I said "Oh!" There was nothing else I could say. There was no point in asking why, or trying to persuade them to stay. I had known all along that eventually they would go, giving no reasons, as they gave no reasons for coming. And then the next day I watched them leave. I saw them drive down past my house, slowly this time, and Jay and Debby in the back were subdued and quiet. I wanted to wave from my window, but instead I stood behind the curtain and just watched them go.

That night I went to Halmony for the last time, and only then did I realise how dear I held all the little commonplace things—the squeak of the gate, the rose mallow beneath the window, Jay and Debby's swing in the garden. I pushed open the front door and went in, and there on the window-sill lay their last present to me. It was a little silver framed photograph of Hal and Julie, and Debby and Jay. I know now that some day they will come back to Halmony, for, had they wanted me to forget them, they would have left nothing which would have revived memories better forgotten. And until then I am content to wait.

—o—

HEARD OUTSIDE ENQUIRY OFFICE

Is that big man over there Mr. Small?

Which one, that one?

No! Gnodde, the other one.

* * *

Man, I'm losing a lot of fowls lately. I think I'll take up fencing lessons.

* * *

People say that our chief janitor is in love: "Uys of hearts."

* * *

Almost every day there is some argument about the door into our car park being locked: "quad wrangle!"

* * *

Room 218. Sargeant on duty.

"If there were five flies on the chair and I killed one," the teacher asked the class, "how many would there be left?"

"One," answered a voice from the back. "The dead one."

* * *

Angry Customer: The last coat I bought from you split up the back.

Tailor: That shows you how well the buttons were sewn on.

ADAM WORD GETEM

JANNIE, 'n seun van Onderste-plaas, se opvoeding het aan die einde van die jaar—'n veelbewoë jaar—ten einde geloop. Hy het sy Matriek-eksamen met onderskeiding afgelê en hy het nog verskeie ander onderskeidings ingeoes. Hy het sy begeerte om homself in die handelsrigting te bekwaam aan sy ouers bekend gemaak.

Deur sy liefdevolle ouers is daar kajuitraad gehou waarin hul besluit het of dit vir hul moontlik sou wees om, met hul geringe vermoëns, hul seun vir opleiding in die betrokke kursus na die Tegniese Kollege te stuur. Daar is deur noukeurige berekenings bepaal dat as hul dit sou kon regkry deur te bespaar, b.v. om ou klere langer te dra—en verdere uitgawes te besnoei, dit vir hul moontlik sou wees.

Met die geld wat Jannie se pa aan hom vir die eerste kwartaal gegee het (geld van 'n aantal varkies verkoop) is hy na die groot en onbekende Kaapstad. Soos maar van alle Japies te verwag is, het sy mond die eerste paar dae glad te veel oopgehang. Dit het eers oopgehang toe hy in die veel-geroemde Tegniese Kollege beland het want aan jong studente (dames) gepoeier en geverf, was sy plattelandse oë nie gewoond nie. Groot was sy verbasing toe hy, gelok deur 'n melodieuse grammofoonplaat, by die deur van die saal te lande gekom het om te sien hoe jong pare die verskillende "nuutste fratse op die maat van musiek" uitvoer.

Jannie is as handelstudent ingeskrywe.

Nou, dit het so gekom dat hy as enigste manstudent onder 'n aantal beeldskone jong dames beland het. Aan so'n klomp, en nog boonop so'n mooi klomp, was hy nie gewoond nie. Geen wonder dat hy vir die eerste week in die verste hoek van die klaskamer gaan sit het nie. Ek sal nie verdig as ek sê dat hy skoon ondergesit is en dat hy toe dikwels lus gevoel het om sy bondeltjie te vat en terug plaastoe te laat spaander. Maar die bloed van al die martelare van Holland en van Frankryk, het warm deur sy are gevloei. Die bloed het hom laat deurdruk.

Baie gou het hy ook uitgevind dat die niggies van die stad nie sulke gevaarlike skepsels is as wat aan hom deur sy pa voorgestel is nie. Hy het selfs al later geïnteresseerd geraak in die „new look" met betrekking tot sy metgeselle. Hy kon later met juistheid sê watter kleur rooisel by die of daardie Eva pas. Ja, hy was later 'n deskundige op vroulike gebied.

Verskeie van die jong dames met wie hy kennis gemaak het, is deur hom uitgeneem en voor die einde van die jaar was daar sprake dat hy „gekys" was met 'n sekere Mej. X.

L. LEWIN.

—o—

Teacher: "What is the plural of man?"

Bobby: "Men."

Teacher: "And the plural of child?"

Bobby: "Twins."

* * *

An order was sent to a general to send reinforcements as the army was going to advance. But when the general received the order, it read—

"Send three and fourpence, the army are going to a dance."

A Three-Minute Thriller

FILM STUFF

IN the study of his pleasant suburban home Mr. James Cayley sat far into the night, sorting, checking, and occasionally destroying papers in preparation for his pending departure on a long vacation. But for the pool of light from the reading-lamp that illumined the files on his desk the house was in darkness, for earlier in the day his wife and servants had departed to the seaside bungalow they were to occupy during his absence overseas. He himself was leaving for the North by aeroplane early the next morning.

As he proceeded methodically with his task a curious lightness of spirit possessed James Cayley. The preparations for such a holiday as he now contemplated had been intricate and difficult; but they were at last completed, even to the packing of his two suitcases, and when the last paper had been neatly filed in its appropriate cover or thrust carefully into the fire that blazed within convenient reach, he would be a free man, with nothing to do but indulge in the pleasures of anticipation. At either Cairo or Vienna Veronica would be waiting for him. . . . . .

It was nearing one o'clock in the morning when there came a sudden frenzied hammering on the french window and an agitated voice outside demanded admission. Through Mr. Cayley's mind flashed the thought of his neighbour Tomkins, who had no telephone and who on a previous occasion had called him from his bed with an urgent request for permission to ring for a doctor. With a curse for Tomkins and his meanness in not having an instrument installed in his own house Cayley drew aside the curtain and unlocked the french window.

It was not the middle-aged Tomkins who staggered breathlessly into the room, but a young man who seemed in the last extremity of terror and exhaustion. His jacket and collar were missing, his waistcoat was open and his shirt appeared to be almost torn from his back. His eyes stared wildly and the fingers of the hand wandering vaguely about his throat twitched spasmodically. His first act was to shut and lock the window behind him; then he turned on Cayley and croaked,

"It's attempted murder! Ring for the police at once!—it's a matter of life and death!"

Cayley scrutinised the other suspiciously through narrowed eyes, even while his hand went out mechanically to his desk telephone. He hoped this business was not going to interfere with his plans. Come what might, he must not miss that 'plane in the morning.

"What shall I say?" he enquired coldly.

"For God's sake hurry, man! Say it's murder, give your name and address and tell them to come here at once!"

Cayley dialled and gave the message in a few cool words. Then he switched on the remaining lights in the room and sitting at his desk produced a revolver from one of the drawers.

"What's the big idea?" he asked, "and who the hell are you, anyway—the victim or the murderer?"

But the young man became suddenly uncommunicative and sinking into a chair buried his face in his hands. In the silence the clock on the mantelpiece ticked noisily.

"He's play-acting," thought Cayley suddenly to himself; "what's more, I've seen him before somewhere. A mental case, possibly; if so, I'll be able to hand him over to the police and slip away without any bother. I **must** catch that 'plane. . . ."

The electric door-bell shrilled. The young man started up; Cayley rose, too, and gripped his revolver.

"Along the passage to the right," he directed. "You can open the front door yourself—I'll have the light switched on before you get there. And no monkey business, or—" he fingered the revolver significantly.

Two men stood outside, a detective sergeant in uniform and a plain clothes man. They came in and closed the door behind them.

By MICHAEL TODD

"Mr. Cayley, I presume?" said the uniformed man briskly. "You sent us an urgent telephone call ——"

"At the request of that young man there," explained Mr. Cayley, "whose behaviour has been most eccentric, not to say suspicious. I should advise you ——"

The sentence remained unfinished, for the young man suddenly flung himself upon the speaker and endeavoured to wrest the revolver from his hand. The subsequent melee, in which the two policemen joined, was exciting but brief. There was the click of handcuffs and the little party got slowly to its feet again. The uniformed officer spoke.

"James Cayley," he said, "I have a warrant for your arrest on a charge of fraudulent conversion of securities, the property of clients of your firm. Detective Jackson, who has been shadowing you, suddenly discovered you were planning a get-away and very cleverly took steps to frustrate your design. And I have to warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you. . . ."

—o—

Dr. L. HERRMAN and Mr. A. J. A. WILSON

(Lecturers in the Journalism Class)

A TRIBUTE BY VERA GLOVER

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

Two voices are there, one is of the Art,
One of the Technique, each a mighty voice:
In both from week to week we did rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Literature!

Slang was the tyrant, and with holy glee
They fought against him, and not vainly striven:
Thieves' Latin from our style at length is driven,
Nor break we Priscian's head incessantly.

Of cliches drear our pens have been bereft,
And cleave new-taught to that which pure is left.
Aspiring Muse, what sorrow will it be.

When Practice smooths the pens' uncertain store,
And Theory guides past jargon as before,
That we no longer of their class can be!

Portrait of a Man

THE lonely figure of a young sailor moved slowly up the busy Main Street of a large city. He looked, and felt, desperately unhappy.

He wanted somewhere to think. Somewhere quiet, out of the noise and bustle of the city. How he envied these people. They were not going away to-morrow, almost certainly never to return.

Somehow he wandered up a flight of broad stone steps and looked at a metal plate set in the wall between the two entrances.

"Art Gallery."

Nothing else. Oh well, he might as well go inside. It was sure to be quiet in there.

He walked slowly inside, and found the building deserted. His feet made no sound on the richly carpeted floor as he moved, looking aimlessly at the pictures.

Only one attracted him. It was a portrait of a man, a sailor like himself. Scarcely like himself, he reflected bitterly as he leaned his folded arms on the guarding rail and proceeded to stare at the fascinating picture intently.

"Scarcely like myself. . . . That portrait must be over two hundred years old, and that man was an admiral. I'm only an ordinary seaman, and not a very good one at that. I'll stake my life that he never dreamt about deserting. . . . Yet, perhaps he did, perhaps even he was once as scared and cowardly as I am. But that was a long time ago, and in those days war was not the great, terrifying thing it is to-day."

To-day? Or did he mean—to-morrow? He shuddered, and looked out of the window on the opposite side of the room. He wanted to see the country, to go to the country, and forget the terrible thing that had happened, that was going to happen to him.

But all he saw was a busy street, and, a little further down, the sea. He could see the ominous grey lines of a battleship. His ship. The ship that was to leave to-morrow, destination unknown, with him on board. Or was it? Was it possible that he could stay ashore to-morrow? But he turned back to the comfortable silence of the room, and the face of the other sailor.

The plate on the frame of the picture was blank, so he did not know who the face had belonged to. It was strange how this unknown admiral comforted him. It seemed as if the dark eyes were looking down at him kindly, although the face was stern and proud.

No, he decided, that man was never cowardly. He might have been afraid, might even have wanted to leave the whole business. But he had not, that was what mattered, and he had climbed up and up until he was an admiral, and had his portrait painted and put in an Art Gallery to comfort a lonely, frightened youth to-day.

Perhaps the same thing would happen to him. Perhaps even he might one day be an admiral. But the whole thing was laughable. Fancy thinking of admirals when he had not even a chance of becoming a junior officer. Certainly he could not expect to be promoted if he was not there. Even if he went with the ship to-morrow, he would be going to war, and would be exceedingly lucky if he ever survived.

He could not go back to that terrible ship. It was impossible. He was all ready to leave. He was to leave that night.

"What a coward I am," he thought.

The picture of the Admiral made him think of other great seamen. They had all been brave. They had gone into battle without fear. But had they? Were they not afraid too? If they were, they had been silent. He was sure the admiral on the wall had been afraid, and silent. He knew that this man had died a hero's death. He could see the last desperate battle in the old-fashioned, cumbersome ships, the battered crew fighting grimly, hopelessly. He could hear the noise and confusion, the reverberating boom of the cannons, the crash of wreckage as a missile found its mark, the groans of the wounded men, and the perpetual hissing of the angry sea pouring into the hold.

It was all so vivid and exciting. Then the admiral was hit. That, too, was painfully vivid. As the proud figure slumped on to the deck, and a nearby sailor in a torn and dirty uniform rushed up with a look of horror on his face, the picture faded, and he saw once more the portrait, still and silent on the wall.

If only he could die like that. He did not doubt that it had happened that way. It was too vivid, too real. Maybe he would die that way. He knew for certain now that he would stand more than a fair chance. For how could he run away with the memory of that face haunting him, calling him back to the sea.

KATHLEEN McCOY.

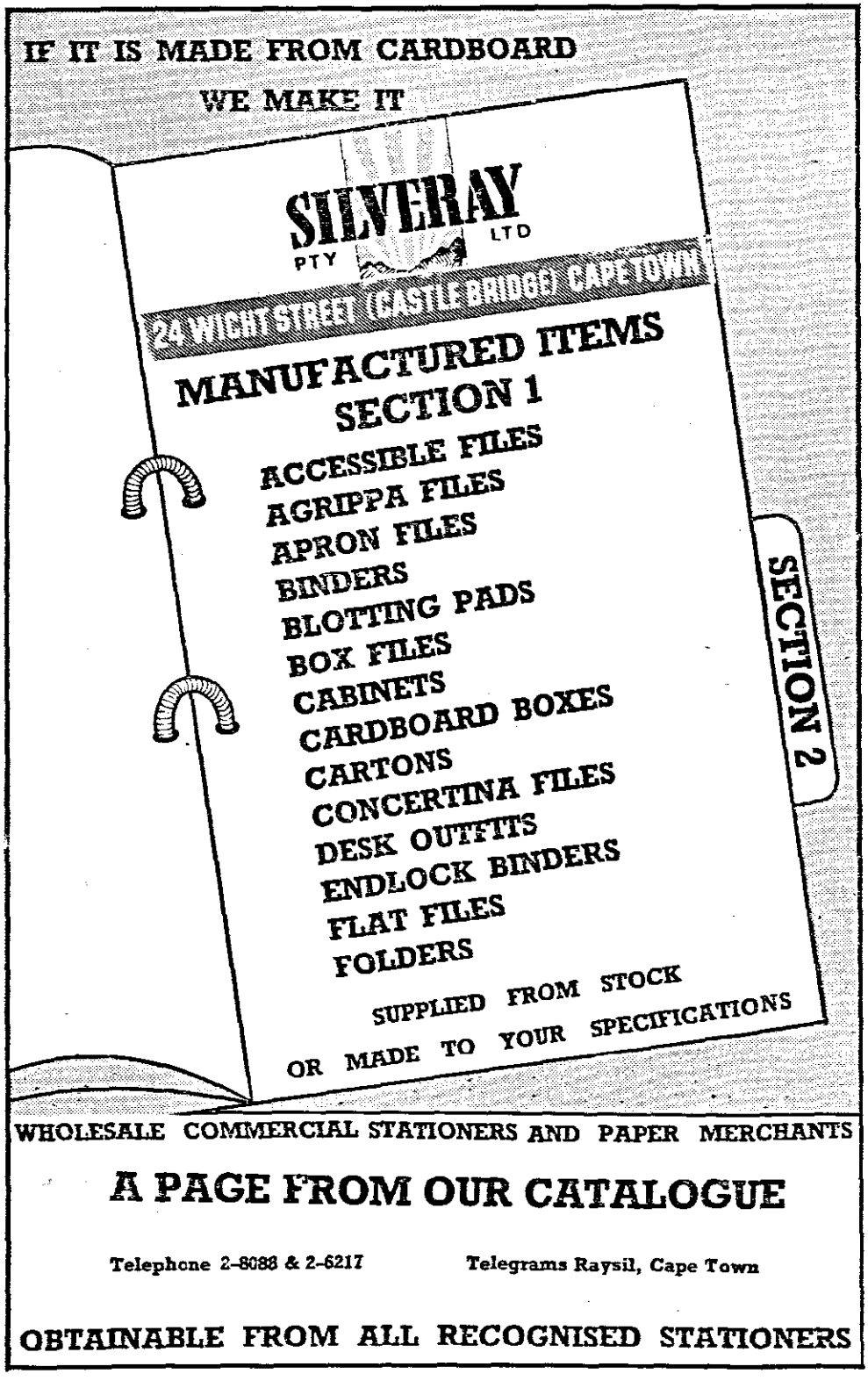
—o—

LABOUR QUESTION

Why are travellers so unreasonable
When the homework time is seasonable?
Think of those in trains who sit
And gaze at factories, or knit,
While I, with homework on my brain,
Must **stand** and work in bus or train.
Why do people never think
That one must sit, or spill the ink?
That when one's Maths. is still undone
One has to do the dratted sum.
They never think of teacher's looks
When, with his cane, he sees the books.
"Where is your work?" he'll roar politely;
"Why is your homework not done nightly?"
Why must they stare when, book in hand,
I study at the railway stand?
Why must they grin when, at the station,
I frown to see my destination?
Why do their heads rise with a jerk
To see me crib a schoolmate's work?
When work's not done, what can one do
But use another's efforts too?
They'd make a speech, say—"Education
Is the business of the Nation."
But would they dream to share a seat?
"No, no, I cannot use my feet!"
When they work hard, they get due fame,
We are not paid for "Overtaime."
They take up bookspace, sprawl and chat
While I get rows for this and that.

But these expressions give me fun,
I'd better get my homework done.

K. R. M.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DIE VRYHEID VAN DIE VELDE ROEP MY

DIT is nou al bykans drie maande wat ek daardie vretende verlange in my hart moet dra; daardie hunkerende verlange na die wye velde. Waar is al daardie heerlike dae wat ek saam met my maats op ons plaas deurgebring het? Waar is daardie dae, lankal reeds verby, deur almal reeds vergete, behalwe deur my; die heerlike, sonnige lente-oggende toe ons na die kloof, die pragtige ou boskloof, gestap het om nuwe soorte varings te soek. Daardie pragtige ou berge en klowe met die koel, verfrissende waterstroompie wat soos 'n vloeiende silwerlint langs die bosbegroeide berghange afkronkel, was vir ons 'n bekoorlike toneel.

Elke dag en elke aand op die plaas het sy bekoring vir my gehad. Ek hou van daardie stilte van die veld; want dan kan ek my gedagtes laat gaan, terug na die dae toe ek nog aan feetjies geglo het. Dan kan ek weer fantaseer. Dan glo ek weer aan feetjies en kabouters wat op maanligaande in die boomtakke piekniek hou.

Hier in die groot stad is daar nie so iets nie. Hier is net die gejaag na geld, met elke mens tot homself ingekeer, altyd besig met sy eie planne en probleme. Watter genot verskaf die danspartye? Watter plesier is daarin om saans as jy moeg gewerk is, in 'n bedompige bioskoopsaal te gaan sit? En as jy nie gaan nie dan voel jy eensaam en verlate, alleen in 'n groot massa.

Nee, gee vir my die vroeë môrestond op die plaas, of die koel, rustige aande. Dit sal vir my altyd 'n bekoring inhou. Dan kan ek droom van die toekoms of aangename herinneringe uit die verlede terugroep. Hier in die stad met sy hoë geboue wat jou inkerker, wat jou gesondheid ondermyn, hier het ek geleer om die vryheid van die velde te waardeer. Nou word my hart omklem deur die gejaagdheid van die stad. Ek neem deel aan 'n nimmereindigende wedloop, 'n wedloop wat geen louere aanbied nie.

Daar ver hoor ek die sagte geroep van die velde. Binne in my hart wel daar weereens die vurige begeerte op: Ek wil terug na die velde, waar daar vryheid en geluk te vinde is.

ELIZE KELLERMANN (Std. VIII).

—o—

VOOR DIE KAGGELVUUR

EINDELOSE waterbuie sak genadeloos neer op die sinkdak van ons huisie terwyl die wind woedend raas in die verte. Ag, ek voel so verlate hier in my eensaamheid. Dis net die flikkerende kaggelvuurtjie wat my laat dink dat daar nog êrens lewe moet wees. Maar selfs my ou kaggelvuurtjie is nie dieselfde nie.

Dis presies 'n maand gelede dat jy laas hier by my langs dieselfde kaggelvuurtjie gesit het. Hoe verlang ek nie terug na daardie aangename ure wat ons saam hier deurgebring het nie! Dit was vir my 'n besieling om my vingers deur jou glansende roesbruin hare te trek, of jou ore te trek as jy so ingedagte in die vuur sit en staar. Hoe menigmaal het ek nie gewens om te weet wat in jou gedagtewêreld omgaan nie! Ek wonder hoekom jy my so smekend, byna pleitend aankyk, net asof jy my iets wil vra; maar die vraag het nooit gekom nie. Jy het maar net met jou kop vertrouelik teen my geleun en jou oë toegemaak. Jou wonderlike groen-blou oë sal ek nooit vergeet nie. Soms as die kaggelvuurtjie daarin weerkaats, het ek gedink dat hulle bruin was, maar in die daglik, moet ek maar weer uitvind dat dit 'n onbeskryflike, byna onbegryplike kleur is.

Nou moet ek saans alleen my wandelinkie neem hier teen die bergpaadjie uit, maar daar is vir my geen vermaak in nie—want jy is nie by my nie. Hoe heerlik was dit nie om jou beskerming by my te hê nie! Maar nou is jy weg!

Die tyding van jou dood was so onverwags en ontsettend. Ek kon en wou dit nie glo nie. Verlaas het ek oor jou lewelose liggaam gebuk, verlaas jou naam genoem, maar jy kon dit nie hoor nie—jy was dood. Die glans in jou oë was nie meer daar nie, en jou lippe was bleek en stroef.

O Rex, my hond, waarom het die Noodlot jou van my weggeneem?

E. SWART.

—o—

THE TECHNICAL 'ITCH

ONCE upon a time there was a HANLEY-Paige motor, a very, very sad motor.

"Alas and alack," sighed the motor, crying, "woe is me. Once was my power the power of ten horse; now it is but that of an ass," adding, "and I don't want to be a donkey engine!"

So the motor was advised to make a PILGRIMage to the Mecca of Techs., the Cape Tech. And it journeyed passed the SACKS University and along ADDERLEY Street and came to the Cape Tech., where it was examined by the Head of the Department of Engineering.

Head: "What's your trouble?"

Motor: "O unhappy me. My BODY is willing, but my power is LOUW."

Head: "So you want more power, eh?"

Motor: "Yes. My KINGDON for a Horse Power!"

Head: "Well, let's see. Did you MACLEAN your plugs and tighten your SPOKES to-day?"

Motor: "Oh, yes."

Head: "H'm . . . . . ."

Motor: "Say not I have been sent on a wild GOSLING chase!"

Head: "No, no. How's your weight?"

Motor: "My WHAITES alright."

Head: "What's your make?"

Motor: " 'anley-Paige."

Head: "Ha. I've got it. You've dropped an aitch, that's your trouble. You're suffering from a Technical 'itch. I'll soon have you up to scratch again—take one bottle of Opkins Double H Oil."

So the motor took one bottle of Opkins Double H Oil, and lived happily Hever Hafter.

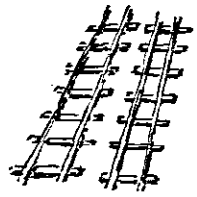
C. W. G.

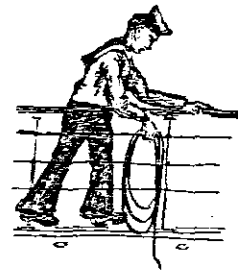
—o—

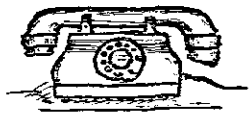
Rustic: Could you tell me what the powder in this bag is? Is it sugar?

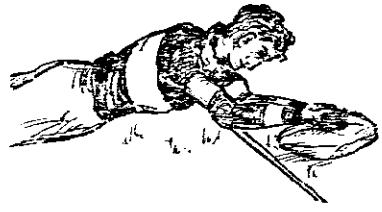
Chemist (tasting): No, it certainly is not sugar.

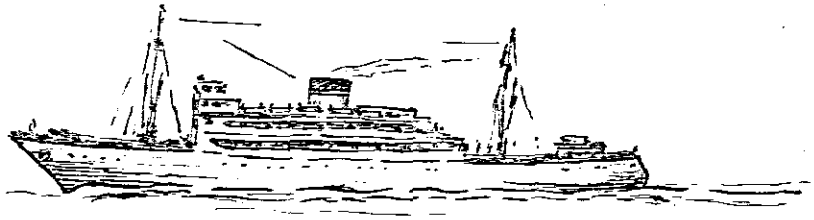
Rustic: Then my wife is right. It is the remainder of the rat poison.

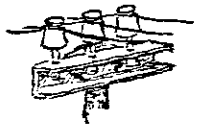


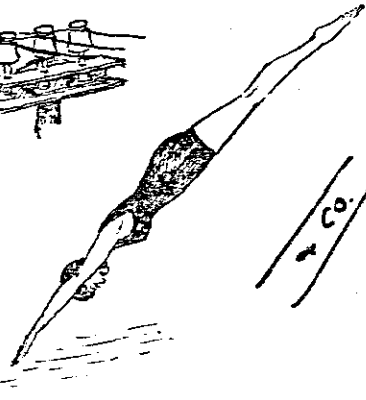


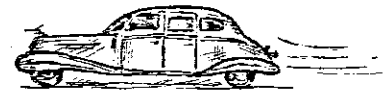


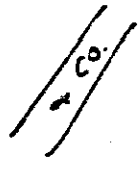




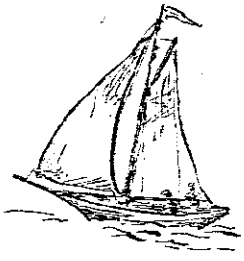


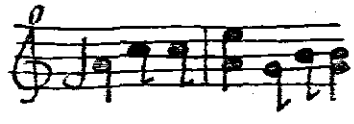






LINES !





JHJ.

CROSS WORDS

by

MARGARET PENROSE

(The scene is the sitting room of the Bryants' suburban home. It is pleasantly but not lavishly furnished. Although it is a summer evening Joan and Bob Bryant are sitting on either side of the fireplace, he immersed in a newspaper, she doing a crossword puzzle in a magazine. They are a young married couple and are not in a very cheerful mood.)

BOB: It says here that the rates may go up again.

JOAN: *(not looking up)* Not *again*, surely?

BOB: Yes. I've a good mind to go to the protest meeting.

JOAN: You should, dear. Do you know an Australian bird?

BOB: Kangaroo?

JOAN: No, only five letters.

BOB: Oh, is it a puzzle? Don't know how you can waste your time on them.

JOAN: It keeps my brain active. What would a woodcutter's nightmare be? Ten letters.

BOB: Listen, keep your brain active, if you like. I'm trying to relax.

JOAN: After a hard day at the office?

BOB: Well, I did have a jolly hard day at the office, as a matter of fact. Old Jenkins was in a foul mood. He says unless business improves they won't be able to pay a bonus this year.

JOAN: Oh, no, Bob! I'm relying on that bonus for all sorts of things. We'll just have to draw out.

BOB: We can't do that. There's hardly anything left in the bank, and that's for an emergency.

JOAN: But you're always moaning about the heavy insurance premiums you pay. Doesn't that cover emergencies?

BOB: You sound like an insurance advertisement, darling. Any minute from now you'll be telling me that the Eternity Insurance Company is man's best friend. Insurance policies don't cover everything. Anything to guide you?

JOAN: Something, A, something, D, something, something, something, I, something, G.

BOB: Doesn't sound very likely. Sure you haven't got something wrong?

JOAN: I don't know. *(She tosses the magazine away.)* What's the use? Oh, darling, we could have used that bonus.

BOB: Don't I know it? I got the bill for the repairs to the wireless to-day.

JOAN: How much?

BOB: Four pounds ten.

JOAN: Oh dear! And the grocery bill was more than usual this month. I don't know why.

BOB: I'm sure we haven't been eating more than usual.

JOAN: Don't forget Caroline. She eats enough for ten strong men. Butter has gone up again.

BOB: Ah, it's a racket.

JOAN: And vegetables are a wicked price.

BOB: That's another racket.
(Enter Caroline, the maid, a slovenly-looking female in outdoor clothes.)

CAROLINE: I'm going now, ma'am.

JOAN: All right, Caroline.

C.: Here's a letter for you.

JOAN: The postman can't have come now, surely.

C.: No, it came this morning, but I forgot it. *(Hands over letter.)* Good-night.

BOB: Good-night, Caroline.

(Caroline goes out and shuts door. Joan gazes balefully after her.)

JOAN: Oh, if only we had MONEY, I could get rid of Caroline.

BOB: Oh, come—life wouldn't be the same without Caroline.

JOAN *(Acidly)*: No, it certainly wouldn't.

BOB: What's your letter about?

JOAN *(Looking at envelope)*: Typewritten. It looks like another bill. *(She screams.)*

BOB: What's up now?

JOAN *(Jumping up and waving envelope under his nose)*: Darling, oh, darling—I can't believe it!

BOB: What?

JOAN: Look at the envelope. See—it is from the Crunchie Breakfast Food Corporation!

BOB: Surely we don't owe them anything?

JOAN: No—oh, it's too good to be true. I entered for their crossword puzzle contest and I must have won.

BOB: What! How much?

JOAN: The prize was five hundred pounds. Don't you ever say crossword puzzles are a waste of time again!

BOB: I say! That is a bit of luck! *(They dance round the room.)* Three cheers for the Crunchie Breakfast Food Corporation! I hope they aren't going to pay you in kind.

JOAN: What shall we do to celebrate?

BOB: Let's sit down and pay off all the bills.

JOAN: Don't be silly, darling. Five hundred pounds! We could buy a car.

BOB: We still couldn't afford to run it, though. I tell you what—we could pay off five hundred pounds on the house. That should make quite a difference to our monthly payments.

JOAN: Oh, Bob! We must do something exciting with it.

BOB: It's exciting enough in itself, surely.

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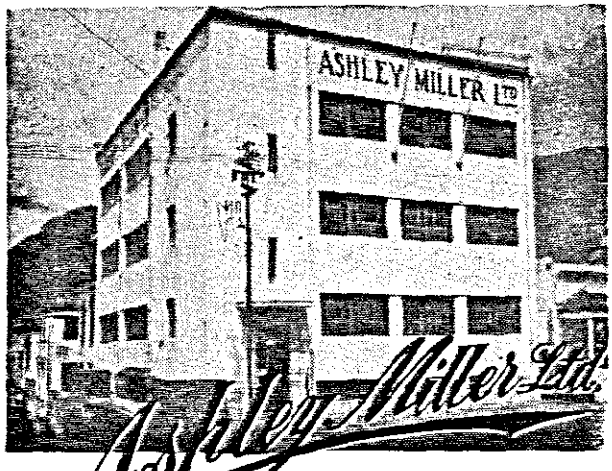

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CROSS WORDS (continued)

JOAN: I know what I want to do. Let's have a holiday.

BOB: We might do that with a bit of it.

JOAN: No, all of it. I've just had the most wonderful idea. Let's have a trip to South America. I've always wanted to go there.

BOB *(Indulgently)*: You've been seeing too many films.

JOAN: I like that! I haven't been inside a cinema for weeks. Could you get some extra leave, Bob?

BOB: Good heavens, you aren't serious, are you?

JOAN: Of course I am. It will be marvellous. Completely different!

BOB: Completely idiotic! It would probably cost more than five hundred pounds for one thing.

JOAN: I'm sure it won't.

BOB: And anyway, why South America?

JOAN: It sounds so romantic.

BOB: Romantic! Have you gone mad?

JOAN: It's nice to be mad sometimes. Don't be so prosaic.

BOB: I'm not being prosaic. I'm simply taking up a stand on the side of common sense. If you want a holiday, surely your own country is good enough for you. "See South Africa first," you know.

JOAN: Yes, that's all very well, but——

BOB: What's wrong with a week or two at Hermanus?

JOAN: Nothing, except that you'll fish all day and I'll have to sit on a rock, breathing in the bait and getting burnt to a frazzle.

BOB: Very well, then. Where do you want to go?

JOAN: I've told you. I want to go to South America.

BOB: Well, I'm certainly not going.

JOAN: Nobody asked you.

BOB: But I'll tell you this much—in my opinion you have no right to squander money like that.

JOAN: No right! Whose money is it? Who won the prize? You?

BOB: I probably told you half the answers.

JOAN: You didn't.

BOB: I bet I did. Do they give the solution there? I'll probably recognise every wretched word.

JOAN *(Throwing the letter at him)*: Look and see then. *(Bob opens the letter and reads in silence.)*

JOAN: Well? Don't they give the solution?

BOB: No. *(He crosses to her.)* Listen, I'm afraid we've made a bit of a mistake.

JOAN: What do you mean?

BOB: This letter says there were so many correct solutions they had to divide the prize and they have much pleasure in forwarding you a postal order for five shillings.

(Joan takes the slip he offers her and stares at it, uncertain whether to laugh or to cry. Finally she laughs and gives him a kiss.)

Sorry, darling.

JOAN: Not your fault. Come on, I'll stand you to the flicks with my winnings.

BOB: Good idea! What's on at the local?

JOAN: I'll look. *(She picks up paper and finds the place, then turns with a wry smile.)* It's "Road to Rio".

CURTAIN

LAWAAI, LAWAAI EN NOGMAALS—LAWAAI!!

NEE, my geagte vriend, dis nie wat ek nou gaan opskop nie, maar kom, luister 'n bietjie hier, miskien is daar 'n puntjie of twee waaroor ons twee heelhartig saamstem.

Jy ken tog seker 'n „motorbaaik" né? Nou ja, ek dink dis 'n verpeste ding as 'n man in die „Teg" sit en dit gaan of die duiwel in al sy boosheid losgelaat is soos die goed rondom die gebou wegtrek. Let wel, ek sê **rondom** die gebou want dit gaan byna of daar nie een enkel vierkante jaart is waar daar nie een van die tweewiel-gedoentes staan nie, elkeen besig om sy eie lawaai uit die binneste van sy „wese" te vervaardig.

Wat die onderwysers dan maak? Niks besonders nie, want as 'n onderwyser nog nie sy moses teengekom het, wat lawaai opskop betref nie, kom hy hier baie gou tot die besef dat sy keel nie bestand is teen só'n gerommel nie.

Nou sal ons vriende wat elk die trotse eienaar van so'n tweewiel-lawaaimaker is, vra, maar as die lawaai dan so vreeslik is, waarom doen die owerhede van die „Teg" dan nie iets daaromtrent nie. Wel, die antwoord is baie duidelik en voor-die-hand-liggend. Waar daar parkeerplek in die stad is mag enigeen enige voertuig enige tyd parkeer en die owerhede van die „Teg" het daar niks op te sê nie, nog minder het hulle die reg om die raasgoed rondom die gebou te verwilder.

Geagte vriend, die trotse eienaar, sal jy dan nie volgende keer dink hoe sieltergend dit is vir dié wat nog moet konsentreer, as jy jou tweewiel-gedoentetjie op hoogste versnelling die lug laat klief nie? Ek weet 'n man is saans honger as jy daar wegtrek, maar ai tog, daar is nog ongelukkiges wat met 'n naar gevoel op die maag nog hard moet konsentreer en dis daardie slag dat 'n ou gaan sit en so'n klaaglied aanhef.

—o—

Moses wanted to go to church, but did not have any shoes, so he asked his brother to lend him his new pair of shoes. So Moses went to church in these new shoes.

Later on, his brother Aaron discovered he needed them and went to the church to find Moses, but just as he got there he heard the missionary say, "And Moses ascended into heaven." "Well, stop him," shouted Aaron, "he's got my new shoes on."

* * *

"Is your boy friend popular with your father?"

"He certainly is; dad comes down every night just before twelve to see him off."

* * *

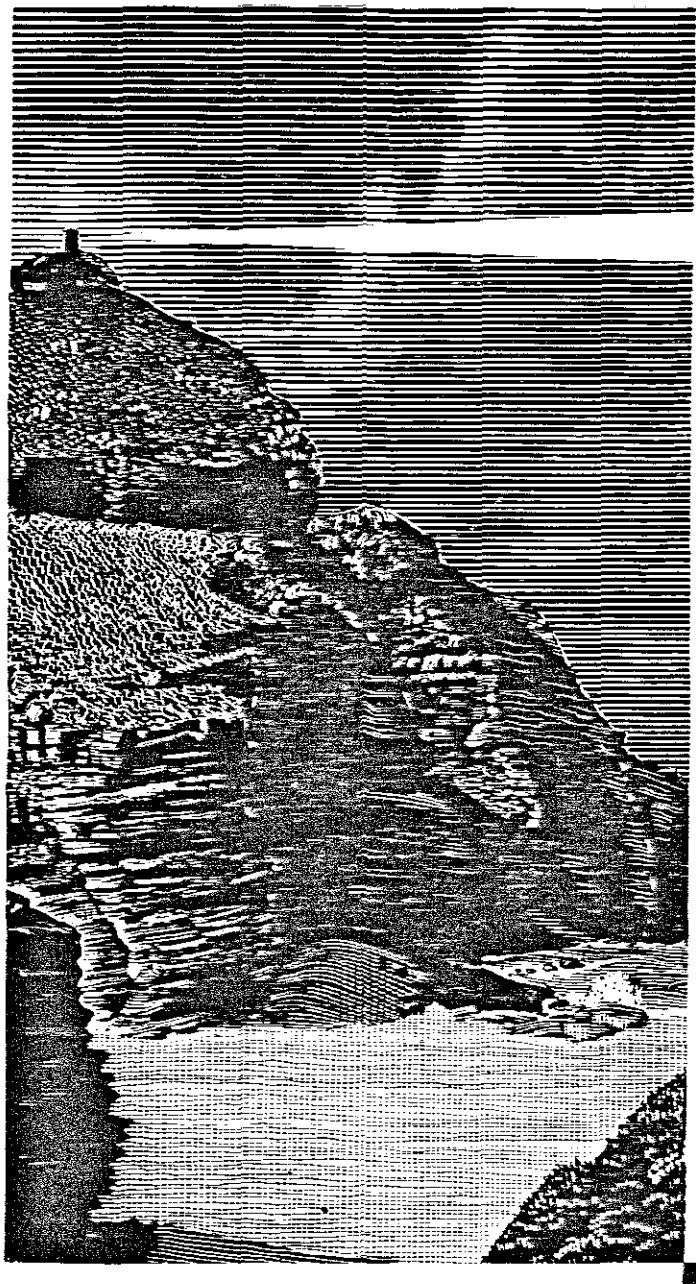
Estate Agent: "Here, my boy, where can I find your father?"

Boy: "In the pigsty, sir. You'll know him by his brown hat."

* * *

"You've pulled out three of my teeth. I wanted only one extracted."

"Yes, I know, but we gave you a bit too much gas and I didn't want to waste it."



Highest Lighthouse in the World

In the year 1860, the highest lighthouse in the world was erected on Cape Point although it is no longer in use, it is still standing in good repair, 816 feet above sea-level. In 1860, too, the first line of electric telegraph between Cape Town and Simonstown was opened and construction was started on the docks and breakwater in Table Bay. It was a year of great progress in the Cape.

1860 seems a long time ago, but in that year the "Old Mutual" had already recorded fifteen years of steady development. It was established in 1845, starting with a small office in Cape Town's historic Commercial Exchange. From such small beginnings it has grown into a great national institution with a head office housed in a building higher than any other in Southern Africa. There are also branches in all the principal towns of the Union and agencies throughout the country.

For over a century the "Old Mutual" has remained solid and secure, withstanding the shocks of various wars and world-wide depressions without even interrupting its triennial bonus declarations. It is one of the leading Life Offices of the world, with a bonus record outstanding in the annals of Life Assurance. The "Old Mutual" has been a friend in time of need to hundreds of thousands of South Africans; it will continue to assist many thousands more

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3202E

"Get"

ONE little word, but what a word! One of the most wonderful words in the language; certainly the most industrious and obliging. But how it worries me!

Somewhere, sometime, some master did sternly remark to me that the popular word "get" means "acquire or obtain" and that to use it with the sense of "become" or "go," for example, was slang, slovenly and horrible. It has worried me ever since, so I will "get up" and get a dictionary. This do I find.

GET. v.t. To procure, to obtain, to gain possession of, to acquire, to deserve; to meet with; to possess, to have; to earn, to gain by labour; to win, to induce; to put or cause to be in any state or condition; to receive; to learn; to commit to memory.

GET. v.i. To be a gainer, to profit; to arrive at any plan, state, condition, or posture; to go, to remove, to depart; to find the way.

As if this is not enough, combine it with almost any preposition and what a medley! "Get at, after, away, about, ahead, among, before, by, between, behind, back, beyond, down, in into, on, over, out, off, past, round, to, through, under, up and even with."

The delights of those who love slang, horrible and slovenly, are beyond measure.

"To get at; to get after; to get away with; to get about; to get ahead; to get among and all the other gets" get one a pain in the neck!!

And what of "got," its very near relation?

"I got up early this morning and after I had got bathed and shaved, I got my clothes on and got downstairs. I got through my breakfast as quickly as I could, got my hat and coat and got the train to Town. I got into a corner seat, got my paper out of my case, but got no chance of reading it as I got into conversation with a man, who had got on with a friend of mine."

Mein gott! Mein gott!! Meingott!!!

Let us try to speak got-less language when possible—and it is possible. Try it!

THE ROVER.

—o—

CHESS

EVERY chess player will readily agree that chess, that wonderful gift from the East, is not only the noblest and finest of games but, on the borderline between game, art and science, is undoubtedly one of the greatest intellectual delights.

To the best of our knowledge, chess dates back to the India of the fifth century A.D. Whether it was invented or gradually developed is not clear; most probably the latter. During the Middle Ages traders brought the game to Europe, where it became the most fashionable and respected pastime of the leisured class.

Kings and their retinues gave way to more modern forms of government and with the democratisation of life and the blossoming of civilisation the popularity of chess increased in proportion. By the middle of the 19th century chess centres had appeared in every large city on the continent, in England and the United States. In modern times chess is normally an integral part of our culture. Many important tournaments, not to mention thousands of minor club affairs, are arranged and widely publicised. Literature on all aspects of the game pours forth in an unending stream.

Dr. Tarrasch, one of the best players and one of the best writers on the game the world has known, prefaces his book "The Game of Chess" with the following words: "Chess is a form of intellectual productiveness, therein lies its peculiar charm. Intellectual productiveness is one of the greatest joys—if not the greatest joy—of human existence. It is not everyone who can write a play, or build a bridge, or even tell a good joke. But in chess everyone can, everyone must, be intellectually productive and so can share in this select delight. I have always a slight feeling of pity for the man who has no knowledge of chess, just as I would pity the man who has remained ignorant of love. Chess, like love, like music, has the power to make men happy."

H. A. v. S.

—o—

SUICIDE SÈANCE

My soul scuffled towards me across the carpet:
Dank eye regarded mine, with what reproach.
Measured by my mind my will contact
Drew my feet slow back
Till my shoulders felt the room corners cramp.

My soul scuffled towards me across the carpet—
Shriek I, shriek I, my horror of my soul's dank eyes,
Shriek I, confined to bleak room
Where no door can take me from my nearing soul.

My soul scuffled towards me across the carpet.
Dank eye regarded eye in shame,
Shame and lily-cankered sorrow,
I waited with my pikestaff in my hand
And as it cringing pleaded for a swift dismissal
Smote it in the fact therewith!
All on the ash-strewn Aubusson
Its ectoplasm and its slime spilt.

At once I felt release, and pleasure in my body;
And thereupon collapsed, in one last
Spasm of ecstatic suicide.

ELIZABETH ALBRECHT.

—o—

Jinks: You look terribly depressed, old man.

Binks: Yes, I quarrelled with the missus, and she vowed not to speak to me for a week.

Jinks: Well you must make the best of it.

Binks: I have, but the week's up to-day.

* * *

"Mummy is the devil a man?"

"No dear, it is worse than that."

"Is it a woman then?"

* * *

First Wife: I always say give a husband enough rope and he'll hang himself.

Second Wife: I always say give a husband enough rope and he'll skip.

CASUAL IMPRESSIONS
AT THE VINEYARD.
J.H.K.

Department of Physical Education

Capt. G. L. Barber
Head of Department of Physical Education

SINCE the beginning of this year the Physical Education Department has been fortunate in being able to use the small new Gymnasium, which has been completed by the College. Unfortunately, we must still wait for the full complement of Gymnastic Apparatus, such as beams and ropes, which have been ordered from overseas, but held up by import control. This has not deterred us from making full use of this smart little gymnasium, and most of our day-school students have already sampled their "daily dozen" in it. Apart from this, the use of this gym. has enabled us to branch out with more activities of a physical education nature for part-time students. We have started classes in Table Tennis, Apparatus Gymnastics (girls), Boxing, Body Building and Weight Lifting. It is a great disappointment to report that Wrestling and Self-Defence have fallen away owing to lack of numbers. The Table Tennis has got well into its stride and has a membership of approximately 30. Boxing, Body Building, and Weight Lifting could do with more members, but considerable surprise was shown when we discovered that girls appear to like apparatus gym. much more than boys. The girls' class has a membership of 15, whereas the boys' class has only just started through dearth of numbers. Wake up—boys! or we will be having the girls giving us a demonstration of Apparatus Gymnastics, while the weaklings (boys) sit as spectators.

Sports for Day-School Students.

All students should be fully conversant with the organisation of our Inter-House scheme of competitions throughout the year. Briefly, it is as follows:—The girls are divided into three houses and the same applies to the boys.

Boys' Houses.—Gearing, Hemer, McMillan.

Girls' Houses.—Plint, Mansbergh, Hutchinson.

Throughout the year organised Inter-House Competitions are held according to the interest shown by the students.

So far this year we have managed to hold a few competitions, viz.: Athletics, Tennis, Relays (girls) and Athletics, Cricket (boys), with Plint House leading in the girls' section and Gearing in the boys' section.

I would like to point out that the staff of the Physical Education Department are keen and eager to do much more for the students in regard to the development of games and sports, both from a point of view of Inter-House Competitions and games with other schools, but this cannot be done unless the students themselves show more keenness and interest and attend at the Sports Ground.

Without doubt we have one of the finest Sports Grounds in the Peninsula, but not enough use is made of it by our students.

As a matter of interest, in the last 4½ years, approximately 500 players have taken advantage of our Badminton coaching scheme, whereby we coach beginners who join the Club. We also run special lessons for those who wish to have more individual tuition. In 1949 we introduced lessons in tennis. Three courses were run and 50 beginners were started on the road to tennis stardom.

At a recent Sports Committee Meeting it was urged that strenuous efforts be made to arrange exchange visits for games of all types with the Stellenbosch and Worcester Branches of the Technical College. With this aim a letter was despatched to both branches inviting them to send teams to the College Athletic Championships. Worcester accepted, but Stellenbosch could not find a team. It was therefore very disappointing when the Athletics had to be postponed owing to rain and hurried arrangements made to complete it on a day not suitable to Worcester. However, we hope that both these Branches can get teams together to give our Day-School students matches. We can produce teams in the following:—

For Girls: Tennis, Rounders, Athletics, Netball, Hockey, Softball.

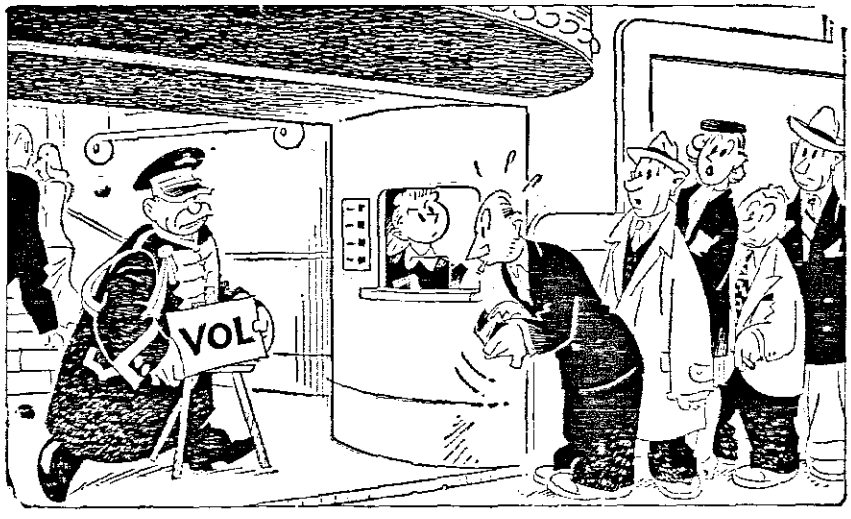
For Boys: Tennis, Athletics, Cricket, Hockey, Soccer and probably Rugby.

It is sincerely hoped that Inter-Branch games can be arranged in the future.

Sports Blazers and Badges.

This Blazer and Badge, supplied by Markhams, can be obtained by any member of a **Sports Club** of the College. He or she must have been a member for at least one year.

Teachers in training may purchase a blazer and badge during their last year of training.



BESPREEK U PLEK!

DIE man wat sy toekomstige welvaart sommer aan ,die geluk' oorlaat is soos iemand wat in die tou voor die bioskoop staan—hy HOOP om plek te kry!

Maar die man met 'n Lewensassuransiepolis is sekerder van sy saak, want sy polis verskaf hom 'n ,bespreekte sitplek'—'n waarborg van die geldelike sekerheid wat vir sy toekomstige welvaart so onontbeerlik is.

Vir die Student is dit veral van belang, want hy bestee soveel tyd, geld en moeite aan voorbereiding vir sy toekoms, dat hy dit aan HOMSELF verskuldig is om BETYDS seker te maak van sy ,plek.'

'n Beproefde middel daartoe is—

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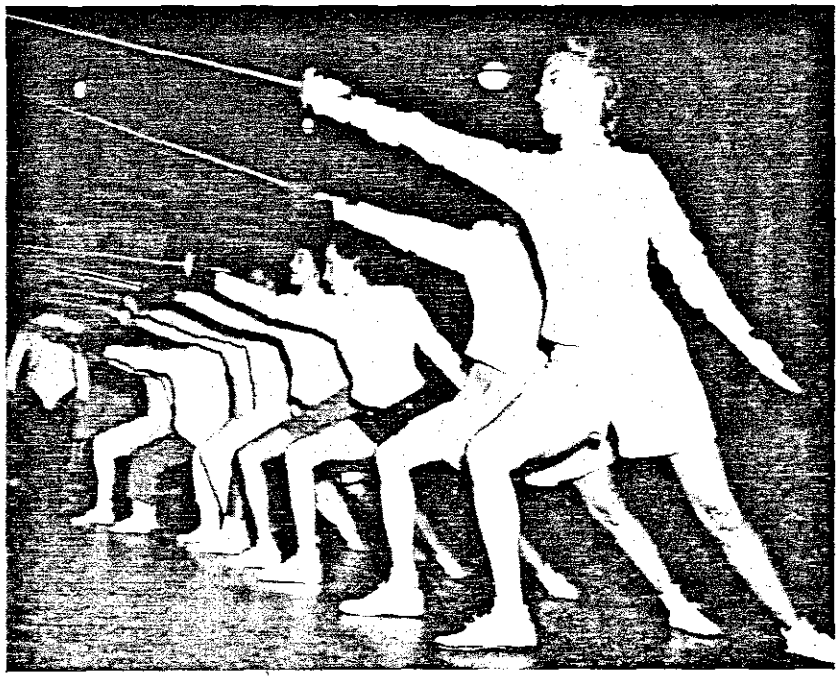

Technical College Fencing Club

EPEE OR PISTOLE!

By T. C. EALES

THIS is not a challenge to a duel, but merely an article informing you students at Tech. that duels are in fact fought in the College Main Hall every Monday and Thursday evening. Are you aware of this fact and, if so, what do you know about fencing and your own fencing club?

As a sport, fencing is suitable for men and women who have time only in the evening for their sport. It can be practised without fear of strain on heart or lungs and exercises the whole body. It imparts a suppleness gained from few other pastimes and is ideal for the cultivation of poise and balance. As an antidote for the brain worker it is excellent and has an advantage over the ordinary series of physical exercises, for it offers the competitive element which is so beneficial.

Under the able guidance of Capt. Barber, who is an ex-British Army Champion, and his assistant instructors, Mr. Mostert and Mr. Evonden, the Tech. Fencing Club has gone from strength to strength; witness the fact that four out of six titles were won by Tech. fencers at the last 1949 Cape Province Championships and Douglas Barber is the South African Sabre Champion and Champion-at-arms.

Herewith are the results of the main championships during the past year.

CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1949.

Ladies' Foil: Miss K. Barber.
Men's Foil: Mr. S. Alterthum.
Men's Epee: Mr. D. Barber.
Men's Sabre: Mr. H. Mostert.
Champion-at-Arms: Mr. D. Barber.

CAPE PROVINCE CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1949.

The Tech. Fencing Club did very well in the Province Championships, being represented in every final with results as follows:—

Ladies' Junior Foil.

Two of our members tied for first place. In the fight off, Miss J. Jewell beat Miss D. Katzeff by the odd hit, 4—3.

Men's Junior Foil.

Mr. Eales, of the Tech. Club, tied with two others for first place, but in the fight off he was beaten very narrowly by both the other competitors and thus came third.

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Ladies' Senior Foil.

This was won very convincingly by Miss K. Barber with Miss B. Knox taking 4th place.

Men's Foil.

2nd, D. Barber
3rd, G. McCaul } Tech. Club.

Men's Epee.

1st, G. McCaul
4th, D. Barber } Tech. Club.

Sabre.

1st, D. Barber
2nd, G. McCaul } Tech. Club.

Champion-at-Arms: 1st, G. McCaul; 2nd, D. Barber.

S.A. FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS, 1950.

The Tech. Club had four of its members selected to represent Province in these Championships, viz.: Miss K. Barber, Mr. D. Barber, G. McCaul and Mr. H. Mostert.

Results of Tech. Fencers were:—

Ladies' Foil: K. Barber, P. Slaney tied for 1st place; P. Slaney, of Transvaal, won the fight off.

Men's Foil: 3rd, D. Barber.

Men's Epee: 2nd, D. Barber; 3rd, G. McCaul.

Men's Sabre: 1st, D. Barber; 2nd, G. McCaul.

Champion-at-Arms: Mr. D. Barber; 2nd, G. McCaul.

THREE CHAMPIONS.

D. Barber, South African and Cape Province Champion.
Capt. G. Barber, British Army Champion.
K. Barber, Cape Province Champion.

Tennis — 1949-50

THE end of April marked the close of what can quite easily be considered the most successful season in recent years.

Three teams were entered in the Western Province competitions made up as follows:—

(1) One Men's Team in the Thurston Competition for the first half of the season, and

(2) Two Mixed Doubles Teams in the Thurston Competition for the second half of the season.

Although we were not fortunate to head any of the tennis logs, we more than held our own during matches.

Apart from League matches, several friendly games were arranged with various clubs in the Peninsula. These proved an instant success, and it is hoped that a similar arrangement may be made in the 1950/51 season.

Towards the end of the season a Club Championship Tournament was held.

This tournament, which proved an outstanding success with members of the Club, was played off over a period of approximately eight weeks. The results were as follows:—

Men's Singles: Mr. J. W. Bolton.

Ladies' Singles: Miss P. Walker.

Men's Doubles: Mr. D. Cork and Mr. L. W. Gibson.

Ladies' Doubles: Miss M. R. Knott and Miss P. Walker.

Mixed Doubles: Mr. D. Cork and Miss M. R. Knott.

Mixed Doubles (Handicap): Mr. L. Goldman and Miss M. R. Knott.

The following members of the Club were recommended for Merit Badges to the Sports Committee of the College because of their general keen interest in the activities of the Club, and also because of their good sportsmanship:—Miss E. Yates, Mr. E. F. Bergh and Mr. A. Chiat.

The badges were presented to these deserving people at the annual Sports Presentation evening held last October.

PITMAN BOOKS ON SPORT can be obtained from any Bookseller: they are invaluable to Players and Coaches

RUGBY FOOTBALL, by Cliff Jones. A new edition of a very popular book	11/-
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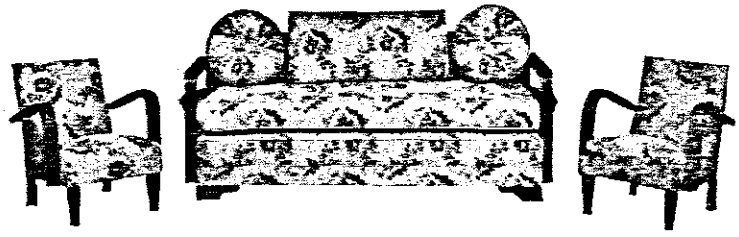

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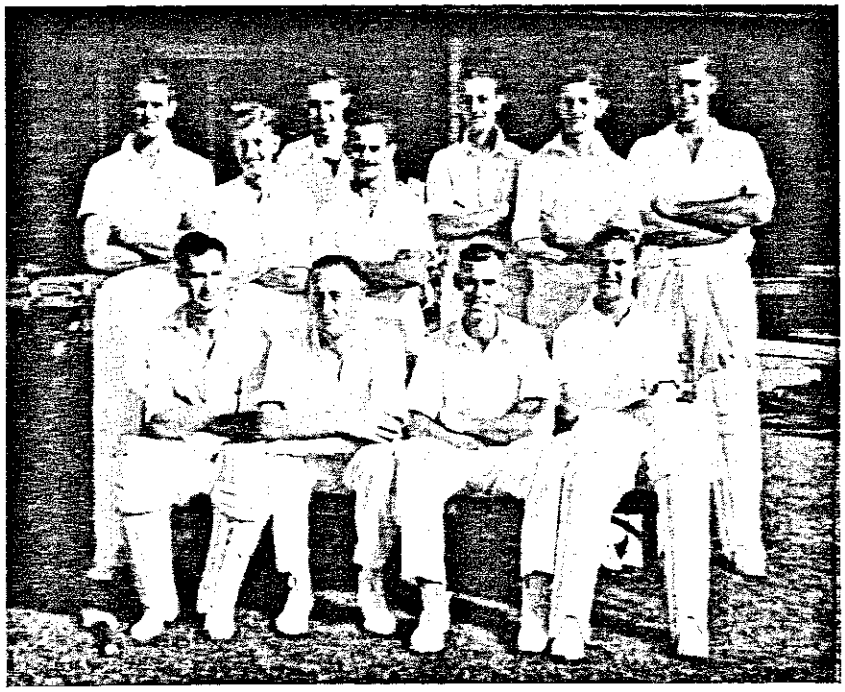


First Team

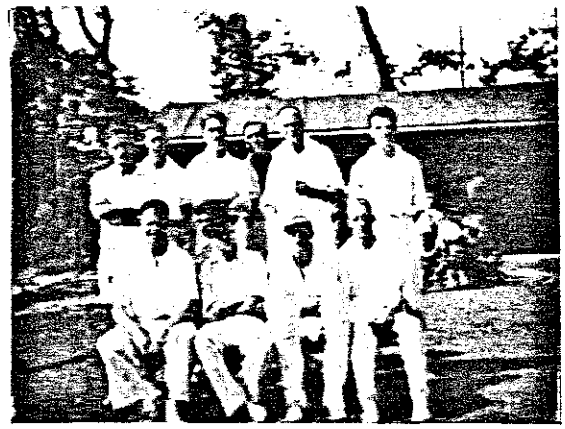
Cricket—1949-50

THE 1949-50 season could best be described as one of varying fortunes, as all the teams seemed to have spells of good and indifferent cricket. The First Team were a good example of this, inasmuch as they were heading the log right on to Christmas, but fell away in the second half of the season, to end up in fourth position. The bowling remained as consistent as ever, but unfortunately the batting fell away and even when opponents were dismissed for moderate totals the teams were unable even to reach these moderate totals themselves. In bowling, the Page Brothers once again proved to be the backbone of the attack, and A. Long is to be congratulated on scoring his first century in senior cricket. R. Arnot also played some valuable innings in the latter part of the season.

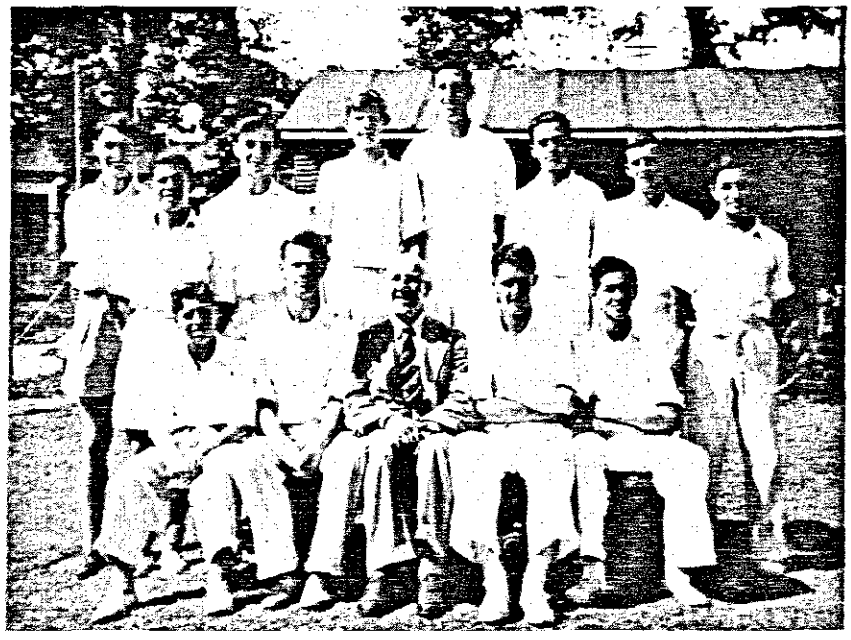
The Second Team proved to be the disappointment of the season. Although full of talent they did not come up to expectations and some of the younger members did not fulfil their earlier promise. The Committee wisely persevered with the policy of giving promising young cricketers the opportunity of obtaining experience in the Second Team, and it is to be hoped that the rewards of this policy will be seen in the future.

Young cricketers such as Fox, Fairall, Mansfield and Adrianzen are full of ability and in seasons to come should adequately fill the gaps in the First Team. It is pleasing to notice the welcome return to form of L. Schrauder, and it is to be hoped that the runs will flow from his bat in the future, as was once expected.

The Third Team commenced the season rather indifferently, but ended on a very high note, winning match after match. The batting of D. Whyte was outstanding, and it is to be hoped that he maintains his rate of improvement. Other promising young cricketers in this team are Mitchell, Jackson, Barber and Van Breda. G. Napier turned out for the Third



Staff Team



Day School Team

Team and his experience and all-round ability undoubtedly helped in a large measure the Third Team's success. The Third Team are also to be congratulated on their very fine team spirit.

The Director and Mrs. Gnodde at the match

During the season the Club was fortunate in securing the services of Cray, the Essex professional for coaching, and the Club is very grateful to Mr. Gnodde for arranging this. The Committee concentrated upon allowing the promising juniors to have the benefit of this coaching, and there is no doubt about its results when the improvement in the play of D. Whyte, Barber and Fox is seen. The Club's thanks are due to Mr. Gnodde and Captain Barber for their assistance and support at all times, thereby making the running of the Club ever so much easier.

For the first time in the history of the Club, it supplied two members to a Western Province Team, Alan Marshall and Victor Butler. When Ginger Keen, due to an injured hand, was forced to retire as captain from the Province Team which played against Border at Kingwilliamstown and Eastern Province at Port Elizabeth, Alan Marshall was chosen in his stead against both these centres. He did exceedingly well with the bat, carrying Province on those broad shoulders of his by making three scores of over fifty, and totalling 196 runs in four innings. In addition, he was elected to play for Western Province in the second game against the Australians, whilst Butler was the twelfth man in the first game against the Aussies, whilst 17-year-old E. Page, playing in a second or Junior Province team against South Western Districts at George, achieved remarkable success with the ball by taking nine wickets in both innings.

—o—

Teacher: Children, you should always respect your teacher. Now, Willie, tell me why you should respect me?

Willie: "On account of your age, miss."

* * *

Traffic Cop: Come on! What's the matter with you?

Truck Driver: I'm well, thanks, but my engine is dead.

Cape Technical College Ladies' Hockey Club

2nd RESERVE LEAGUE TEAM—JOINT WINNERS, 1949 SEASON

Back Row: E. I. Vaughan, E. Focks, B. Phillips, R. Allen.
Middle Row: E. McEwen, H. Hornby, C. G. Hopkins (capt.), D. Anderson.
Front Row: E. Slabbert, I. Bradley.
(Absent—M. E. A. Brink.)

ONCE more the hockey season is well under way, but before reporting on current events let us glance back briefly at our record for 1949.

Our Second Reserve team did very well to finish at the top of the log with Gardens A. Congratulations to all the players, as this was a very good effort. Beryl Phillips, Rose Allen and Ianthe Bradley deserve special mention, as they played a topping game throughout the season and contributed largely to the success of the team. Beryl and Rose were also selected for the Junior Peninsula Team, which is no mean honour, as this team is picked from all players in the Peninsula Second and Third Leagues. (Beryl, we have just heard, has been chosen to play for Matabeleland. Well done, Beryl—Rhodesian colours next!)

Our IIIa team finished fifth on the log, but the IIIb team had to withdraw before the end of the season owing to lack of players.

Merit badges for 1949 were awarded to Beryl Phillips and Pauline Dawes, and Ianthe Bradley was presented with a hockey stick for consistently good performance throughout the season.

We have again entered three teams in the same leagues as last year, but at present we are able to field a fourth team. As far as possible friendly matches are being arranged to give everyone a chance of playing.

At the Junior Inter-club tournament held on May 18th Rose Allen, our left half, was again chosen for the Junior Peninsula Team. Well done, Rose. Betty Vaughan, left inner, played very well throughout the tournament and although she was not selected she played in the Possibles/Probables match.

Miss Peirce, of the Western Province Club, very kindly gave us an interesting talk on hints on playing and also umpiring. Unfortunately, the attendance at this meeting was disappointing.

A match against the College Men's team was played on May 24th and certainly had its moments when some of our rather large "he-men" were seen rushing down the field, skirts a-flying, trying to score time and again, but being rather hampered by flapping garments and the dogged resistance of our goalie! However, we must congratulate them on coping so well.

Cape Technical College Men's Hockey Club

FIRST TEAM—1949-50 SEASON

Standing: D. Barber, D. Peters, D. Robertson, C. Gosling, T. Skivinsky, G. Barber.

Sitting: R. Fawcett, R. Foley, E. Holmes, A. van Biljon, C. Morison.

IN 1946 the above Club was founded mainly through the efforts of Capt. Barber and ex-volunteer students who were at the time furthering their studies at the College.

The majority of the players who constituted the team had not previously participated in this game and, under the guidance of "George B," they soon proved their worth in League games. The spirit of sportsmanship was most marked and as Hon. Secretary (and player) I can unhesitatingly say that that 1946 season was the finest of all to date.

Regretfully, however, I must mention that after that first season membership dwindled, enthusiasm began to wane and, at times, the Selection Committee could barely field a team. To those who loved the sport the position became critical and in 1948, in an attempt to revive the old spirit, I presented the College Authorities with a floating trophy (Luck Trophy)—in memory of my father—to be competed for annually by the full-time students. When once the day students had left the College I hoped that the majority would continue to represent the Club in League games. This has, to a large extent, not materialised, but I feel that support will be forthcoming from our present full-time students as well as those who will be attending in later years.

The registered colours of the Club are Oxford and Cambridge blues and old gold. The following players were presented with "honours" badges (for performance or meritorious services) at Annual Sports Prize-giving held in

1948—Mr. H. Luck, Mr. E. Negus.

1949—Mr. D. Robertson, Mr. E. J. Richardson.

I might mention that in 1949 our first team (2nd League) held the 3rd position on the log, whilst the second team (3rd League) was 4th. For so young a club this was no mean effort. Three teams have been entered with the W.P.H.A. for 1950.

In handing over the reins of the Hon. Secretaryship to Mr. Douglas Barber, I assure him of my wholehearted co-operation and interest in hockey in general, and College Hockey in particular. I wish to thank the Chairman, Members of the Committee and all players who have remained with the Club during these difficult years for their support, and to remind my readers that the College has a tradition unparalleled and one of which they can justly be proud. Our sportsground, situated in the most beautiful surroundings (Vineyard, Newlands), is, in my opinion, the finest in the Peninsula. I sincerely appeal to you to maintain this tradition, to be proud of the work carried out by this vast Institution and to take full advantage of the facilities offered you, both in the lecture-rooms and on the sportsfield.

H. LUCK (Former) Hon. Secretary.

Day School—Girls' Sport

THE year started well with Tennis Tournaments, Softball Matches and Athletic Championships.

Several Tennis Matches were played against Observatory, Ellerslie, Herschell and Rustenburg. The students put up a good fight and, although most matches were lost, we did not disgrace ourselves.

At the Inter-Schools Tournament Elizabeth Tennant and Margaret Impey were entered for the under 19 section and D. Lachenicht and A. Wilson for the under 16 section.

Following on this, many of the girls entered for a Tennis Tournament arranged for them at the College.

The following girls are to be congratulated on winning the following events:—

Junior Singles: E. Tennant.

Junior Doubles: E. Kuhn, N. Grendon.

Senior Singles: C. Kelly Patterson.

Senior Doubles: C. Kelly Patterson, E. Blaine.

The Staff match, played on March 25th, was a most enjoyable morning. However, the staff found the students strong opposition and went down to them rather badly. No doubt the staff should come out on Wednesday afternoons too!

The Inter-House tennis matches were won by Mansergh House in both section.

Mansergh House also won the Interhouse Softball, being followed closely by Hutchinson House and third Plint House.

This was the first season Softball was played at the College and the students showed a keep interest, and it is hoped that next season we shall be able to enter the Softball League.

At the Athletic Championships held on Wednesday, 29th March, the honours went to Plint House, who won the shield with 59 points. Hutchinson House was second with 47 points and Mansergh third with 22 points. Only one record was broken this year in the girl's events, and Shirley Coetzee is to be congratulated on winning the 50 yards in 6.4 sec., the old record being 6.8 sec.

The Netball and Hockey have proved very disappointing this year. The turnout on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings has been very poor. The 1st and 2nd Team Netball Match against Observatory we lost and also the Hockey Match by 5 goals to nil. However, against Springfield Convent we won 1—nil at Hockey. In this match the students played much better and it is hoped that they will play as well in all other matches.

"Your Honour," said the prosecuting attorney to the Judge in the Texas court, "your bull pup has chewed up the Bible, and we can't swear the witnesses. What shall we do?"

"Oh, let them kiss the pup," said the Judge.

* * *

"How is your brother getting along. You know the one who became a doctor?"

"Fine, thanks. He's so prosperous now that he can even afford to tell some of his patients that there is nothing wrong with them."

Badminton Club

AS this is the first Technical College Magazine, the Badminton Club must find its way into a small corner, and I am here to see this is done smartly and efficiently.

We have now been a club for a number of years and, although every year sees lots of new members, we have got the good old "die-hards" such as T. Hart, Vincent Solomon, Peggy Chapman, Ida Hart, yours truly and a number of others, who duly return to the fold year after year. We are one of the few clubs in the Peninsula who play all the year around—except, of course, for the six weeks' holiday when the Tech. closes, and I can tell you we old "die-hards" don't half miss our Badminton during this time. In the last quarter of the year we really have good practice, because only the enthusiastic members turn up and we have a lot of singles practice.

We do have fun on our Badminton nights, and most certainly appreciate the new hall in which we play—but, oh dear, we do miss the other court—once there were three, now there are two! And now we have to take such care of the hall—and no smoking either!

Presentation.—Honours badges were presented to: 1948—Capt. G. Barber, Miss J. Zeeman, Mr. V. Solomon; 1949—Miss P. Chapman, Mr. S. Walters.

THE HON. SECRETARY.

Athletics—Boys—1950

THE Annual College Athletic Championships were held at the College Sports Ground on the 29th March.

A very full programme was arranged, starting at 9.30 a.m. However, owing to bad weather, 16 events were completed by 12.30 p.m., and the meeting had to be postponed to Wednesday, April the 12th, at 2 p.m.

House shields and certificates to individual winners were presented by the Director at a gathering held in the College Hall on Wednesday, the 26th April.

A total of 35 events were completed throughout the meeting.

The Inter-House results were:—

First—Gearing House	... ...	96½ points
Second—Hemer House	... ...	54 ,,
Third—McMillan House	... ...	22 ,,

Four records were broken.

Under 15. 100 yards, A. Wallach, new record 11.8 sec., old record 11.9 sec.

Under 15. Cricket Ball, C. Hartzenberg, new record 232ft. 5in., old record 166ft. 6in.

Under 18. High Jump, L. Wahl, new record 5ft. 4in., old record 5ft.

Under 16. 4 x 110 Relay, Hemer House, new record 54.8 sec., old record 56.8 sec.

The all-round outstanding athlete of the meeting was A. Bester, who obtained 22 out of 96½ points for his house.

This was the third year that the competitions were based on the Inter-House system. It again proved a huge success. All the boys enjoyed themselves and congratulations to Gearing House and all winners of events.

TALL STORIES

HAVE you heard of the "Tall Story Club"? It meets in an office on the tallest storey it can find—in New York of course! You qualify for membership by telling a prize whopper, but beyond this and the fact that Bob Hope qualified recently, and also that membership is very limited—we can give little information to South African aspirants, but we can tell a story which is far from tall because it's true, and it's topical for it's the story of the tall storey.

When steel replaced masonry in the framework of Chicago buildings, Mr. Starrett had vision enough to realise that he had touched off something big in city architecture and the scene quickly shifted to New York where the steel fingers of several now familiar giants reached upwards to the clouds. This new era dawned rosily because Waygood-Otis were already ahead of their time in design and practice, and as buildings increased in height—they had the lifts to go with them.

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and the entire 1949 Team

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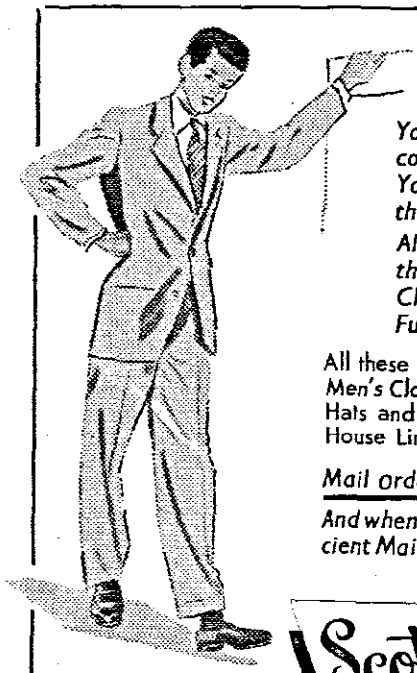

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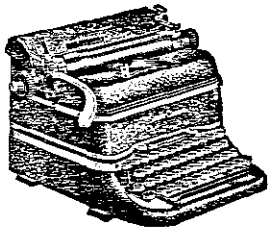

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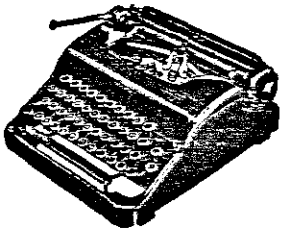

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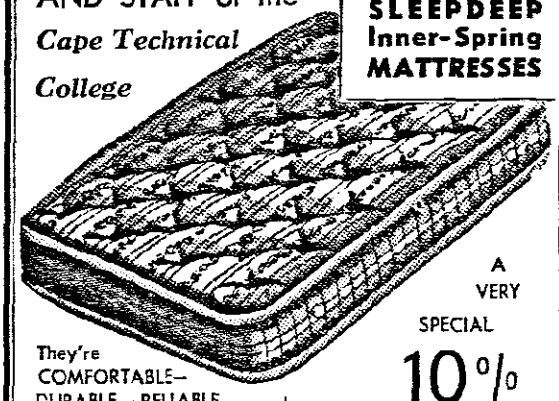

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