

Who said "Gilbert and Sullivan" isn't popular anymore? All the tickets were sold though!

(Photo: L. Nijkamp)

"THE MIKADO"

The most popular Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Mikado" was performed in the School hall from Wednesday, 23rd to Saturday, the 26th of June. A large but not very responsive audience attended the first-night performance.

At 8.07 p.m. the lights dimmed and Mr. Jones, the conductor, appeared at a side-door. After a smile and a neat little bow, he went on his clambering way to the centre of the orchestra pit. This narrow pit, by the way, is an architectural monstrosity. The orchestra did not play the overture at all well. The drums and brass were very uncertain and some of the strings scratchy. Only the woodwind saved the orchestra from disgrace. The orchestra improved steadily as the performance progressed, except at times when it was not together with the singers.

The curtain opened on a beautiful scene, and one almost imagined "Paramount Films Presents" to be written across the snow-capped mountain in the background. The splendour of costumes and set would certainly have done justice to that famous Hollywood company.

Both choruses were excellent, but more of a climax could have been reached in the dramatic scene in which Katisha tries to reveal Nanki-Poo's true identity.

Len Nijkamp's voice lacks the round mellowness of traditional

Nanki-Poo's, but this is no drawback, as Nijkamp's voice is very pleasant and easy on the ear. His rôle does not give much scope for acting, but his stage manner is natural and relaxed. Peter Grobler's performance as Pish-Tush was adequate, although his voice did not carry very well. The general inaudibility, is however, probably due to the hall's bad acoustics.

Many people were apprehensive about how understudy D. Law would fare in the rôle of Pooch-Bah. Law must be congratulated for a fine performance under very difficult circumstances. He managed the rôle with surprisingly little prompting.

The "Three Little Maids from School" were very good, with G. Henning as Pitti-Sing clearly the best of the three. Neil Armstrong as Yum-Yum showed a fine soprano voice, but his inclination to go sharp caused expressions of silent agony to appear on the face of a certain member of the orchestra. Roy Bulkin was definitely miscast as Katisha, having neither the power of voice nor the physical stature to be convincing in the rôle. Bulkin's performance was reasonably polished, but Katisha could never have been described as "simply appalling."

Dieter Vogel as Ko-Ko and André Marais as the Mikado vie for top honours, with Vogel perhaps just having the edge. Vogel

has a fine mellow voice and a wonderful flair for comedy. His facial expressions continually had the audience roaring with laughter. André Marais as the Mikado gave a performance of fiery power, a feature of which was his blood-thirsty laugh. His performance was slightly marred by indistinctness in his songs.

The first-night performance had its weaknesses, but held promise of considerable things for the following performances.

The Opera should once again yield a good profit, but interest in Gilbert and Sullivan seems to be on the wane. Even some masters feel that it is time for a change. Chu Chin Chow, which was produced by St. John's College, Johannesburg, about twenty years ago is probably the most suitable if a change is to be made. This musical, written by Oscar Ashe and Frederic Norton, held the record for length of run right up to the time of "My Fair Lady." The show is colourful, the songs tuneful, and a large cast is required, including Ali Baba's Forty Thieves.

Footnote: Azar Jammine, as Pooch-Bah in the last three performances of The Mikado was magnificently haughty and had a powerful voice. His acting was relaxed and confident.

T. E. Volbrecht,

5A.

MRS. F. J. BROOKS

Mrs. Brooks was known to all as a kind, friendly person who always did everything she could to help others; her quiet disposition and lovely laugh radiated warmth and sincerity.

Mrs. Brooks was seldom actually seen about the House; rather, one sensed her presence, and her little kindnesses were continual reminders of her presence; her anxiety that a boy receive, soon and accurately, that message about meeting his parents on Sunday; or the innumerable cakes that she baked for boys away from home, on their birthdays and which arrived simply and unannounced with a small white square of paper on top saying, "Happy birthday, John," and somehow John's birthday was so much happier for that small touch of caring; or, again, the hot coffee with something to eat when the matrics were writing their final exams and they spoke about what was now behind and what lay ahead on the morrow at eight-thirty. And always there were words of warmth and encouragement, particularly appreciated then by boys going through the most trying time of their school careers.

On the 25th May there prevailed in Solomon House a strange, sad silence which has seldom been present. This day marked the passing of one dear to all, from the smallest new-boy to the oldest matric.

Solomon House extends its deepest sympathy to Mr. Brooks and to his family in their bereavement. Mrs. Brooks was indeed a wonderful person and she will long be remembered by her many friends and by all the past and present members of the House.

Compiled from Notes,
A. J. and N. G.

Len Nijkamp,
(alias Nanki-Poo).

Opera Season's Come and Gone

The opera season hit the school this year along with some very cold weather (these two seem to always occur concurrently).

The dress-rehearsal happened on the night of Saturday the 19th June and I saw many strange sights which kept me entertained for most of my time off-stage.

One thing that struck me as being rather unique, was seeing the orchestra being conducted, not with the conventional baton, but with a rather unconventional (and dilapidated) Japanese fan. Also seeing members of the 1st and 2nd rugby teams fussing over their make-up and their costumes was something that did not fail to amuse me.

In a very romantic scene, a slip-up in the dialogue proved to be very amusing. Ko-Ko asked Katisha (a lady with an extremely attractive left elbow and a right heel, which people travel miles to see) whether she had trouble in her soil (it should have been "soul").

On the first night (Wednesday, 23rd), I arrived at the School at about 6.25 p.m., and the School was deserted, but the dressing-rooms were the complete opposite. I went through the usual routine of putting my costume on back-to-front (how these Japanese people manage to get their clothes on the right way round every time is a

miracle to me), and then I was attacked by one of the make-up artists who was in the process of making my eyes up when the lights went out. Mr. Fair saved the day (actually the night) by bringing a gas-lamp which was duly consumed by the make-up artists and put to use in the make-up room, cum dressingroom.

That night I went on-stage with a pair of very un-symmetrical eyebrows and lipstick all over my chin.

The first performance commenced with the usual "first-night" atmosphere; but gradually the audience and the cast succumbed to the lilting melodies and the humorous situations which are manifold in this opera. Unfortunately, one of the members of the cast was ill and under the circumstances David Law put on an extremely good performance as understudy.

The scenery was something to marvel at (even though Mount Fujiyama collapsed during a passionate love-scene) and the costumes were (as usual) masterpieces (actually the ladies' committee under Mrs. Abernethy made them, but they still were masterpieces), every one of them.

? MAM TAFOD ?	? MUTTER ZUNGE ?
? MODER TUNGA ?	? MAE LINGUA ?
? MERE LANGUE ?	? MADRE LENGUA ?
? MAM TAVOS ?	? MOEDER TONG ?

?? AND THEY ALL MEAN ??

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THE BEATLE REVELATIONS

1. In the beginning there was silence.
2. In the middle of the reign of Elvis that was called Presley, in the valley of the River Mersey, there arose a great noise, as of the wailing of women.
3. And they called this noise the Mersey Sound.
4. Behold, in the city of Everton that was called Liverpool, there were four young men out of the tribe of Scouse.
5. There was Paul, the son of McCartney; George, son of Harrison; John, son of Lennon, and Richard the son of Starkey that did thereafter change his name unto Ringo.
6. Now three of these young men did take up the instrument of music that was called the guitar. But alas, none of them could play the guitar, and he that changeth his name unto Ringo did begin to beat on a drum.
7. Thereafter, the four young men did commence to shout that the sound of their guitars might not come to the ears of the people.
8. But alas, the people of the Great Britain were exceeding wrathful and did drive the four men over the seas to the land of the Germans.
9. Then did the youths let their hair on the heads grow long about their ears and they looked exceeding queer, then they all changeth their name unto Beatle that the people might call them the Beatles.
10. And it came to pass that the inhabitants of Hamburg had an affliction in their ears, and they did like the sound of the Beatles.
11. "Now", saith Paul unto his fellows, "Verily I say unto you, let us betake ourselves back to the land of our fathers, that we may make music for our people".
12. John answered and said unto him, "Yea", and Ringo said, "Yea" and they did all say "Yea, yea, yea".
13. And lo and behold, the young people that dwell in the land of Britain did like the Beatles and did scream and shout and did all manner of strange and wondrous things, except listen.
14. Then did the Beatles sing "From me to Thou" and "She Loveth Thee", and the Young people were exceeding "glad all over".

Peter Westmoreland,
Form VC.

THE 1965 DRAG-HUNT

Sunday, the 25th of April, the day for which the hunt was scheduled, turned out to be very cold. The generous stirrup-cup of sherry was much appreciated by all.

The hounds and masters arrived late because the trailer which was supposed to bring the hounds from Johannesburg had broken down. The hounds arrived in private cars and were so eager to get out that they tried to wriggle through the car windows.

At last all was ready and the hounds were let out. We trotted down a rough stony road until we came to open veld across which the trail lay. Over a low stone wall, through a donga and over a jump constructed of branches, went the hounds. We then cantered the sweating horses up a hard road and round a corner of a small eucalyptus plantation and onto the road beyond. Ahead of us we could hear the hounds "giving tongue" as they raced along through the veld and up the steadily rising slope until they came to a road where they were checked and taken for a drink of water at a dam which was very nearly empty.

We then went off, the horses jumping fences that had been covered with wood to protect the horses from being cut by the barbed wire, the South African horseman's curse. The mielie fields were continually being rounded as there were a large number of them. When there were patches of stony ground, many people were seen trudging in the direction the hunt had taken, while, further on, we encountered somebody bringing back a riderless horse. After a fair distance had been covered, we came to a halt at the second check, which was next to a large dam and the hounds enjoyed the cool water at its edge.

The hunt moved on over the grassed dam wall and once the other side was reached, we cantered over a field of stubs from the harvested mealies, much to my disapproval, as the horses could injure themselves. The horses went on over jumps, around fields and along roads, one of which had been half washed away. It was very difficult to see until one was on top of it.

When we arrived at the next check point, a fresh pack of hounds took over from the tired, but still eager, first pack of hounds.

On the hunt moved, until it came to a donga which it had to cross. There was no water in the bottom, but there was a ditch which tripped a horse, throwing its rider. Luckily neither was hurt. Now, although the horses had been ridden over a long and tiring course, they stopped sweating. We moved on through the veld which was littered with holes. The horses had then to jump up a steep bank and were off again with the hounds in full cry. Ahead loomed four high brush jumps over which the masters in their pink coats and their horses disappeared and reappeared as they went over the next jumps. For a moment it almost seemed as if the masters were "Redcoats" fleeing from the Boers.

After a short rest, the hunt carried on and went through a jumping lane and then we broke away and took our horses back to the stables for their well-earned rest.

After a few speeches of gratitude at the Hunt Breakfast, all settled down to devour the delicious food and to drink cool drinks or beer. It was a most enjoyable way of spending a morning.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE...

After seeing The Mikado, we are extremely jealous that only a small select group of girls are permitted to attend Boys' High. True, many of the delightful young things in the play did show signs of a certain ruggedness and lollipop stance, which engendered in our minds grave doubts as to the validity of sex as disclosed by their garb. However, once they opened their mouths, the dulcet tones which emerged in the purist of treble dispelled all doubts that they were in fact as portrayed. The Prima Donna had a truly delightful voice but we strongly object to her claim to be the most beautiful girl in the world, for we are firmly of the opinion that she resides across the railway line at Girls' High.

Seriously, though, those of us who have seen the play cannot but say "good show!"
Carol, Strelza and Penny.

A letter received by a Syrup manufacturer read as follows:

"Dear Sir,
Please send me my money back. After taking six tins of your Corn Syrup, my feet aren't any better than before."

DIE TJORRIE

Stadig brul ons die bult uiteinde-lik bo en dan skiet ons weer die lang afdraand af terwyl die voorste modderskerms soos twee vlerke van 'n aasvoël op en af fladder. Jan-nee, al is ons toeter buite werking, is hy nie nodig nie want alles wat binne 'n halfmyl van ons is, staan eenkant toe. Die rubbermat onder my voete bewe asof hy baie koud kry, en die spatbord dreig om op my knieë te kom sit.

Die arme mense in hulle mooi blink karre weet nie wat hulle in die lewe verloor om nie 'n lang reis in ons ou tjorrie te onderneem nie. Die sensasie van spoed is te wonderlik. Teen veertig voel dit asof die teer onder ons wiele wegsmelt en dat die wind wat tussen die baie gate en skeure instroom ons probeer uit die tjor slinger. Dit is heerlik.

Die voorste stamper tril sy eie deuntjie teen die dik staal van die outydse lampe. Die katebak wil wil uitval, maar die geroeste stuk draad hou dit goed vas. Gelukkig is daar vandag geen polisiemanne te sien nie, want anders sou ons weer mooi moes beduie hoekom ons met die tjor ry. Onder die gekraakte glas van die snelheidsmeter tril die naald teen die geelwit vyftig. Die syfers onder die naald behou die lang storie van die tjor se jong- en oumansdae.

Dit mag sy laaste rit wees — hierdie getroue ou tjor — want alles wil afbreek of afval. Sy soort is nie meer te kry nie. Ons gaan die laaste bult oor en voor ons lê die see. Die glad-geskaafde sitplek onder my het al lankal hard geword en ek sien uit na die vakansie.

S. M. Spitz,
5A.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE DEVIL

High, snow-capped peaks,
Beckoning.
A solitary climber,
Answering.

Tense nerves and muscles,
Strong fingers.
Aching, tired legs,
Straining.

The sound of rock
Falling.
The sound of death—
Screaming.

High, snow-capped peaks,
Smirking

N. Greenberg,
4A.

THE ALLEY

Sheer walls of concrete, steel,
pocked with windows,
glittering glass.
Shadows, long, eerie,
stretching over the far,
weary.
Footsteps echoing,
like the dim past,
returning.
The roar of the city,
subdued.
This is the alley.

N. Greenberg,
4A.

WHY LEARN?

The more you learn
The more you know,
The more you know
The more you forget,
The more you forget,
The less you know.
So why learn?

The less you learn
The less you know,
The less you know
The less you forget,
The less you forget,
The more you know.
So why learn?

M. Reilly,
1D.

MORE OF MAC

Remember that volcanic eruption of 1947? Well! (sigh) that was him. All 155 lb. of him.

He is an illustrious personality of Solomon House, with two years Form Four to his credit. His character is directly in accordance with his environment of avocados and Tzaneen. Nowhere in this tumult of city sucker life is there someone so ingenuous, humble and at such a loss. Thrust into the world of modern times this individual continues to chew his cud, regardless!

Faced with the problem of his progress, Solomon House has striven to awake his most hidden good points and educational capabilities. To do this we have waded through the densest jungle, crossed swift-flowing rivers, climbed precarious heights, only to reach a cave. In fact, at this moment he is bustling over my shoulder in ecstasies of delight over the fact that he has made such progress. Well, I suppose this can be expected of the poor minded soul, who is quite a household pet, although there are differences between him and Jerry.

Ingenuousness, humility and being at such a loss, are probably only a few of his best points. There are others we would like to mention, but as space is limited I would like to add that he is good natured, loyal, inconsistent, third's and fourth's rugby player, and to round off this season, a good master's league cricket player of of outstanding throwing ability.

Read about More of Mac, and you will always regret it.

P. Churchill,
5E.

OF BOUGHS MAJESTIC

The yellow waters of the Vattuba River moved along lazily. It had risen considerably and small waves reared their creamy heads above the swell of the span. Every now and then, the breeze tugged at the wood and debris that had fallen into the river.

It seemed to be strangely content, for the waters appeared to have a dignified air about them, as they rolled sluggishly on. For years it had travelled the same course, winding in and out through the plains, en route to the sea. On the banks where the noisy lap of ripples sifted through the bushes, reeds grew abundantly. Bullrushes pushed upwards and grass flourished thick and green.

Along the entire span, flat brown sandbanks showed their dull shapes. On some grew scanty vegetation, while others were deserted with an atmosphere like that of a desolate tomb.

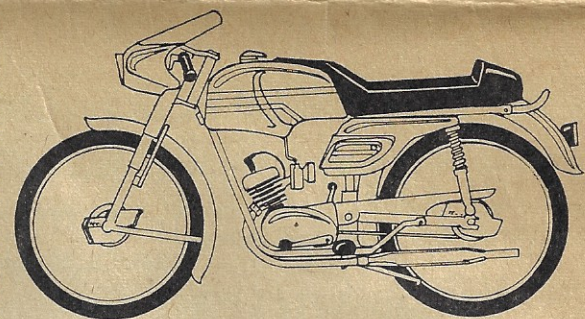
One sandbar was different. A long, bleak stretch of ground that had on it a few stunted bushes, reeds and a clump of bulrushes. A strange phenomenon about this small "island", was that it had growing on it a huge willow tree. Standing proudly, the great knotted branches reached for the sky. The gnarled old trunk was dark with age and had the grotesque appearance of an aged man grinning wickedly. Half of the base was embedded in the sand, while the other side lay in the river, the roots like long jointed fingers grabbing at the water.

It stood there, surveying its domain. The limbs beckoned, the roots lunged and the old man's contorted face leered unpleasantly.

Ian Allison,
4F.

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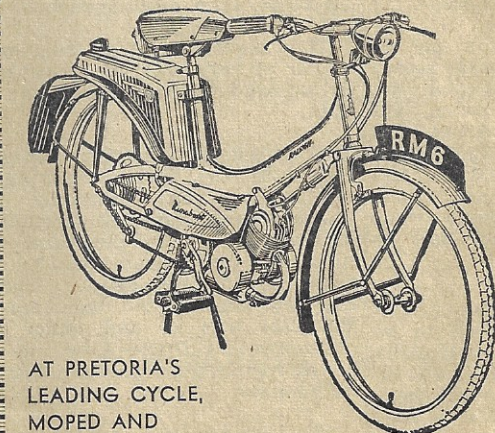


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Golf as a School Game

There are a few who describe golf as a game, while others make it a religion or adopt it as a profession. Some golfers earn princely sums of money, and recently a mere caddy received a tip equivalent to a teacher's annual cheque. Had we remained in the Commonwealth, a champion might have gained the enviable possibility of returning by Registered Post a medal gifted by the Queen of England!

And yet this form of sport — so alluring, so profitable and so honourable — is not accepted as a school game! At first sight it appears inconceivable! The golfing talent of members of the Staff could so easily be made both obvious and available, thus enhancing the prestige of the masters and the future social standing (and stance) of the scholars. The old argument about lack of ground can easily be demolished. What a wonderful course our sixty morgen could provide! Imagine driving from the tee beside the flagstaff over the swimming pool (a magnificent water hazard!) onto the tennis courts, and playing an easy iron shot onto the green in the middle of "B" field. From there over the Pavilion! The game (like other games in the school) being played largely by boarders, it would be the simplest matter, as any schoolboy knows, for house-masters to extract the cost of repairs to windows out of boys' pocket money. Moreover, any golfing master who happened to be refereeing or umpiring would be delighted to stop the game and seek cover at the first sound of "Fore!" (that is, if he were still able to do anything at all.)

So it can easily be proved that the objection to golf as a school game is not "Lack of Space" — it is "Teacher Shortage". Of course, boys may object that without the skill of a Bobby Locke or a Gary Player it is difficult to hit a master — even a sitting master. Nevertheless, if the game proved popular, the air might become super-charged with small round missiles and the chances of hitting someone might be delightfully good. And this is the snag. Other games with larger and slower balls might possibly claim the lives of the myopic or less mobile — but what headmaster, however tolerant, would countenance risking the lives of the more active sports masters on his staff, who are, after all, valuable and perhaps even irreplaceable?

A rather foolish objection to golf is based on cost. It is arguable, however, that provided no boy required more than ten clubs or objected to carrying them himself, the cost of golf as a school game would be little more than that of cricket. Moreover, if our boys were well coached by their masters in the True Spirit of the Game, the quantity of beverages consumed at the end of nine or eighteen holes would cause Tuck Shop profits to rocket and thus eliminate fears of financial difficulties.

But then, of course, there is the question of golfballs — quite an expensive matter — yet one which was handled in exemplary fashion by our Boarders in the Early Twenties — a time when Boys were Boys but Boarders were Men.

It all arose from the Collecting Instinct. Boys used to collect stamps, but someone suggested that the practice was educational — and that put an end to that. Some have collected blazer buttons (from the blazers of their companions). Others have collected coins — a hobby rejoicing in the name of "numismatics". One collected current coins from a companion and this led to his facing a detective in his housemaster's study and presenting his reverse (as numismatists would call it) in the headmaster's. How these collecting manias begin is hard to discover, but it is certain that while they last, they are fierce and all-absorbing.

Thus in some mysterious way began the collecting of golfballs, the largest and nearest source of supply being the lake beside the

golf course at the Pretoria Country Club. Towards midnight or later, in Brooklyn and Waterkloof (at that time but sparsely populated) stalwart boarders might be seen, clad only in bathing trunks and a small canvas bag. Along the untarred and dusty roads they ran, past silent houses and curtained windows behind which maidens shyly peeped to see the muscular and well-nourished torsos rhythmically moving and glistening in the moonlight. Into the dark, muddy waters of the lake the brave Boarders plunged; then, finding some lost golfballs, they placed them in the bags around their necks and ran back to school — all tendency to squealing on the part of others having been averted by threats of violence or promise of rake-off.

Then, as the individual holdings in Golf Balls began to increase, it was possible more and more to discern signs of Hoarding, Capitalism, Class Hatred and the Deceitfulness of Riches. Suspicion raised its horrid head. Trusting neither the honesty of his associates nor the safety of his locker, many a boarder carried about with him a string bag filled with golfballs — a cancerous growth about the size of a rugby ball — taking it with him into the classroom or down to the sports field. Fights, assaults and robbery with violence were rife. The weight of wealth lay heavy on many shoulders.

Then, in the midst of this distressing state of affairs, came a diversion. The umfaans who acted as caddies at the Country Club, representing Vested Interests and Private Ownership and exhibiting all the Righteous Indignation which a racketeer can command when dealing with Amateur Competitors who persistently muscle in on their particular ramp, rose in wrath.

"Have we not", they said in forceful and crystal-clear Sesuto, "have we not for years collected the golfballs of inefficient, careless, or very fat baases and sold them back to them at a profit? Have we not taken golfballs lying quietly on the fairways, thrown them into the black waters, and then in the darkness, fearing evil spirits and pneumonia, swum out to them and restored them to their white masters at the small charge of one half-crown? And now must we give up our dues, our rights, our property to these little —?" (Here they used a perfectly unprintable but most expressive word in the vernacular). "No! Rather let us fight! Blood, blood, blood!" and in savage ecstasy they marched westward along the road leading to Brooklyn and the School. The boarders, having heard rumours of these preparations, marched together towards Brooklyn and the Club.

The first and only battle of the Boarder-Umfaan War then took place at the gates of the Club. Both sides lost much blood but gained useful additions to already adequate vocabularies. The Umfaans had a definite advantage. They were working much nearer their base, they were better armed (one had an old driver and two had broken putters for close-in fighting) and they were definitely better equipped (at least one wore trousers). After a short scrap the boarders retired according to plan and consolidated their positions in the Houses.

Next morning blood-stained pillow-cases and wounds bandaged by Matrons told their tale. News leaked out and came to the ears of the authorities of School and Club. This led to a Summit Conference and both armies were confined to barracks for an indefinite period. The captured golfballs vanished from the public scene — either confiscated by the powers above or sold in the Black Market. Some were probably relegated to that mass of junk which forms an integral part of every happy House.

Then came the Easter holidays and according to our traditional way of life the whole matter was rapidly forgotten.

Mr. N. M. Pollock.

THE DANCE

The boarder dance held on the 12th of June was one of the most impressive that Boys' High has seen. Unlike last year, full use was made of the amenities of the new hall and a happy, easy atmosphere immediately prevailed.

The delightful Spanish theme was accentuated by a warm orange glow from the chandelier. The Form Five artists excelled themselves in producing bright posters and with the help of Mr. V. Henry the decorations were developed into something that will be remembered in future years.

Lively music was provided by the "Squares" and from the centre of the floor they did much in making the dance such a magnificent "olé" affair.

The presence of the masters enjoying themselves just as much as the boys, proved again the healthy relationship that exists between them.

Perhaps the highlight of the evening can be attributed to the cabaret artist who gave us such an excellent floor show. Her Spanish dancing added that extra bit that is needed to make any evening really worthwhile.

The dance of 1965 should prove a basis on which to plan dances for the future.

E. ESTERHUYSEN,
5A.

The judge read the list of charges, frowned heavily at the accused and asked: "Well? Is it true that you robbed the same house twice in less than a week?" Nodding sadly, the burglar replied: "Yes, Sir. Ain't the housing shortage terrible?"

ADVENTURE FILMS

During the second term two adventure films were shown in the School hall during school hours.

The first film was "Scott of Antarctica", which depicts the triumph and tragedy of Scott's last venture into unknown regions. Unfortunately, because the film is so ancient, it loses some of its dramatic feeling. The jerky, comical movements of the people on the screen made one recall the comedy of Charlie Chaplin films. Nevertheless, this moving story kept most of the audience enthralled.

It would be folly to criticize this film on its technical and artistic values, which are small, because it is an authentic record of endurance, of tremendous hardships, of the devotion of man to man, and the devotion of all to the cause they had embraced which drove the party through hazards and difficulties, until at last they arrived at the Pole. One can imagine the shattering, demoralising effect on Scott's men when they saw that Roald Amundsen of Norway had beaten them to the South Pole; and there has seldom been tragedy more intense than that which dogged the trudging footsteps of those five storm-battered, wearied, heroic men, as, bitterly disappointed but still undaunted, they struggled back until, one by one, they died in the agony of indescribable cold.

The story of the Terra Nova's fateful venture and of Scott's doomed journey is well known. The film etches in the memory the fine characters of the explorers. Extracts from Scott's diary showed him and his men to be courageous with an intense devotion to their country. When the end was near Scott wrote: "I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past. We have been willing to give our lives for this enterprise, which is for the honour of our country. And finally, with a blizzard shrieking and beating out-

side his flimsy shelter, Scott wrote: "For God's sake, look after our people."

This noble emotion of true patriotism is seldom heard of today in our hate-torn world.

The second film to be shown concerned the fabulous Galapagos Islands, and interest in the film increased a hundredfold by the presence of the French adventurer himself, Mr. Christian Zuber.

The delightful French flavour of Mr. Zuber's English gave added sparkle to his lively narrative. The colour photography was of breathtaking beauty and held everyone spellbound.

The Galapagos Islands are situated in the Pacific Ocean some 600 miles off the coast of Ecuador, South America. The islands lift their lava ridges out of the sea directly astride the Equator. But the tropical heat is moderated by the moist south-east trade winds and the cool Antarctic current.

Most famous visitors of the past to this tropical paradise were Charles Darwin and Alexander Selkirk, better known as Robinson Crusoe.

Galapagos comes from the Spanish word galapago, which means "tortoise". The great tortoises which inhabit the island are one of its most interesting features, and they are frequently seen in the film.

As Man has made few attempts to settle in the Galapagos, the animals and birds show little fear, and this enabled Mr. Zuber and his friends to get some wonderfully close shots of seals, flamingoes, sharks and many birds. There were also interesting shots of exotic sea-foods. The sight of giant iguanas basking like prehistoric dragons on the rocks seemed like an awesome anachronism.

Because every scene is so fascinating and unique it would take a book to describe them in detail. It is a film which will surely never be forgotten by those who have seen it.

T. Volbrecht,
5A.



THE OLD MUTUAL

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EDITORIAL

The manner in which the first edition of the newspaper was received was gratifying, and it is hoped that the second will be a considerable improvement on the first.

Among the constructive and destructive criticism levelled at the newspaper, was the suggestion that it be printed on greaseproof paper — as a wrapping for sandwiches, doughnuts etc. After much discussion, the idea was found to be too costly and was dropped.

The "Letters to the Editor" section is an important one, and we would like to see literally streams of letters pouring into the box in Room 21. The more contentious, the better. If you have a suggestion and would like to remain anonymous, do not hesitate to send it in. It must be borne in mind, however, that we cannot accept any responsibility for expulsion on the grounds of libel or defamation of character. So come on and air your grievances.

School photographers are sorely needed to immortalize those illustrious beings known as teachers. After all, what is more fascinating than a photo of a master in action? (a master out of action, perhaps?)

Now that the dreaded mid-year examinations are a thing of the past, the school can once more endeavour to return to as near as normal as can be expected of such a community. We need more articles — experiences of school life, matters of general interest and any form of entertaining short story.

It is our hope to heighten our lights until we infringe upon that territory recently inhabited by McDivitt and White. Our lunar (loonie?) reporter is awaiting the arrival of either an American or Russian rocket, and his exclusive interview with the second men on the moon will be published in the "Highlights" in full.

Naturally we have no control over where you place this, the second edition of the "Highlights," but please, not in the wastepaper basket!

PAUL BURGER,
5A.

Dear Sir,
I would like to discuss something which has puzzled me for quite some time. Why weren't the boys who were selected for the Northern Transvaal under sixteen soccer team openly congratulated on their wonderful achievement? Surely it is a praiseworthy accomplishment to be selected to represent one's province? In fact, I have heard through "reliable sources" that these boys were actually rebuked for playing soccer; they were asked why they didn't do anything for the school. Well, if they aren't being good ambassadors for the school by representing their province . . .

Something tugging at my memory stimulated my line of thought on this subject. I seem to remember that a boy was congratulated in assembly for winning the Transvaal heavyweight boxing title in his age-group. Is this not an extra-mural activity? Or is this achievement more praiseworthy than that of being chosen for the Northern Transvaal under sixteen soccer team?

The only conclusion that I can draw from this, is that this school is prejudiced against soccer. Why? Is it a crime to support soccer? If so, then countless thousands of people throughout this land of ours are guilty of this "crime".

Won't this school please review its biased policy towards a sport which, without a doubt, is a major sport of this country, and a game loved by many all over the world.

—Anonymous.

Please write your contributions in ink, legibly, on one side of the paper. If you can type, so much the better.

Dear Sir,

I think the BOYS HIGHLIGHTS presents a typical image of the news as does our local paper THE PRETORIA NEWS, because the important items of news are splashed over the front page and the local news in the middle, sports items at the back.

This paper is an encouragement to others who wish to see their articles in print and their names beneath it.

As you noticed, the first volume which was printed, had only four pages and was piled with advertisements to fill up the large gaps.

So don't forget the more articles you write, the more you will receive for only five cents.

D. Wright,
ID.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

We are lucky to possess an excellent choir which do no end of good for the singing of hymns in assembly. However, I notice some individuals who are actually in the choir missing from their reserved block and who are either sitting with their pals or seated in an unnoticed corner of the hall.

I also notice certain boys who are not in the choir and who have endeavoured to sing, possess very good voices. (Particularly in the senior school.)

Those of us who really wish to see an improvement in our singing should report such talent to our singing Masters and thereby increasing the volume of music in all things sung in hall.

Yours truly,
Talent Scout.

Dear Sir,

The school hall is definitely a pleasure to the eye but still does not serve the purpose for which it was built.

Our new Hall was going to seat all the pupils of this school but I notice that many pupils lounge against the walls or sit in the aisles and by so doing cause congestions as well as ruin their flannel trousers.

Is it not possible to add a few chairs against the walls and in the aisles? I also notice that the choir has a whole block of seats reserved, and within their block are a great number of vacant seats.

Would it not be possible to shift the choir onto the stage, and thereby making room for all those individuals who throng the walls?

I am sure that many boys agree with me and hope to see something done about the seating in the hall in the near future.

IVAN COLLINS,
IB.

Dear Sir,

I, representing the feeling of many boys in the school, would like to make a few constructive criticisms of our cadet system.

Our present cadet parades as they are now, are a mere waste of time. Unless this system is revised, it would be better to discontinue cadets. The attitude of most boys is the reason for the lethargic training on the cadet field, especially "B". Most seniors can't accept the fact that their own friends are giving them orders; either masters, or better still, instructors from the Force should fill the senior posts. Boys would then obey their orders.

The detachment might be divided into three sections, army, air force and navy, and boys should be able to choose their section. Even if they still do the same training, there will be scope for personal preference.

The training itself needs changing. Many boys who have been doing cadets for four, or even five years, march no better than first-year cadets. Shooting practice and route marches, accompanied by the band should be organised. Inter-squad competitions should be fostered and efficient cadets should receive some token of recognition, such as a "colours" badge. The status of cadets should be raised to that of other sports in the school.

If boys could be persuaded that cadets is not merely a waste of time there would be a much better outlook towards cadets and our detachment could only improve.

"Corporal" R. Behr.

Dear Sir,

I am shocked to see the public apathy shown towards the latest premeditated encroachment on our liberty. I refer to the extra five minutes that has been added to our school day. It is, of course, typical of the system under which we live that no explanation has been given for this unprecedented step.

It is time that five minutes has been added to the first break, but this is no compensation for the inconvenience caused to many people. Certain people who travel by train are obliged to leave five minutes before the end of the last period and thus lose valuable schooling time. Over a period of one month they lose 1½ hours of school and are therefore placed at a great disadvantage.

Possibly the intention is to provide less time in the afternoon for homework. If this is so, then the evil scheme has failed, because everyone is spending an extra five minutes on homework every day.

It is time we stood up for our rights and demanded an explanation from the authorities! "Man is born free but is everywhere in chains."

Pro Bono Ludo.

Dear Sir,

Why must we suffer from the cold when we have such a complicated system of heating? At great expense pipes were led all over the school. Holes were knocked through ceilings and drilled into walls.

Pipes run down walls, along ceilings and into large jagged holes, some never to appear again.

Why can't somebody start up the boiler and let us have some heat?

I am sure that the heaters which adorn our classrooms and provide hiding places for lunch papers, were not put in as ornaments.

P. Wanliss,
2C.

Dear Sir,

It is sad and perhaps unfortunate that boys of our school are so critical of other schools, especially on the sporting side.

One never fails to overhear remarks and heated arguments among our school sporting teams when they associate with other sportsmen from different schools.

These remarks are, I think, injurious to our school and even more to the pride of the "other" boys. "Look at their fields, their uninteresting buildings, their seemingly faded and opaque blazers." Such are the remarks which are overheard among boys with a very superior superiority complex. I think it is snobbish.

The first thing which we of this school should bear in mind is that it has perhaps the most beautiful situation, design and has the most wonderful sportsfields and other facilities than any other government school in the country. Naturally, when we see another school, we are immediately struck by the fact that our school is so much superior. But we must remember that chaps from other schools are also extremely proud of their grounds, as much as we are of ours.

I have not been to another school that has such beautiful rugby fields as our school. Boys coming to play on our fields are amazed and full of appreciation and praise. Yet when we go to other schools, what do we do? Degrade and criticize with contemptuous remarks. I admit that I am one of the critics.

So bear this in mind and remember that the boys at this school are supposedly the cream of Pretoria and that boys in other schools may not appear the same. This hint is intended for our sportsmen.

L. van Schaik,
4A.

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THE STORY OF "THE STAR OF AFRICA"

AT THE INTER-HIGH GALA

Thomas Cullinan was born in County Clare in Ireland. He came to South Africa and married Ann Harding in 1886 in Seymour, which is near Dordrecht in the Cape Province. She was related to Dick King, who rode from Port Natal to Grahamstown to relieve the English garrison in 1843.

Tom was very interested in alluvial deposits.

In 1889 he came upon a man digging on the farm Elandsfontein, near Pretoria. This man was looking for and finding diamonds of about 3 carats.

Tom Cullinan was interested and tried to buy the farm, but its owner, Mr. Prinsloo, would not sell it because he said that the land was made for farming and not for digging for diamonds. Mr. Prinsloo died during the Boer War and his son inherited the farm. Tom Cullinan later bought it from his son for £52,000 and started the Premier Diamond Mine, which turned out to be one of the greatest diamond mines the world has known.

On Thursday, 25th June, 1905, the hole at Elandsfontein was only 30 feet deep when Frederick Wells, the surface manager, saw what he thought was a bottle lying on top of a heap of sand; this turned out to be the Cullinan diamond weighing 3,024½ English carats. It was 4 inches long, 2½ inches high and 2 inches broad — a perfect blue white. Mr. Wells took it to the office and the manager of the mine, Mr. Jackson, after weighing it, said, "You are looking at the biggest diamond in the world."

The Premier Diamond Mine got £150,000 for it.

In 1907 General Louis Botha, representing the Government, de-

cidated to give it to King Edward VII.

Then the problem arose of how to get it to England.

Two men went aboard a boat sailing for England and they were supposed to have the diamond with them to carry in the custody of the captain. At the same moment in South Africa a man was sending a brown parcel by post insured for £5 to England; inside this parcel was the Diamond.

It got to England safely and remained there for two years guarded in a bank.

It was later taken to Amsterdam to be cut by J. Asher, one of the famous diamond cutters. Mr. Asher believed that it was only part of a bigger diamond. He studied it for many weeks for the planes of cleavage as it was too big to remain a single gem. He would have to cut it in the right places otherwise it would become valueless. The strain of this task was unbearable and he was forced to take a rest.

On February 10th, 1908, it was cut by Mr. Asher into 9 big stones known as Cullinans 1 to 9 and 96 smaller stones arising from the residue. On March 3rd, 1908, three craftsmen working 14 hours a day started cutting and polishing these stones and it took them 8 months to complete the job.

The four biggest were put in the National Regalia and numbers 5-9 and other big stones were made into the Trellis Pattern Collar for Queen Alexandra.

King Edward called the Cullinan diamond "The Star of Africa".

M. STEVENS,
Form 1C.



Photo: E. Braak

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah?

It's worth it — if you got it at

HAMILTONS

the store with a reputation for quality clothes

CAREERS

RESUME OF CAREERS TALKS

On Tuesday the 15th the School was honoured with the visit of various eminent guests who briefly outlined the various occupations or careers that they had chosen. Although hampered by a rather restricted time limit, their talks were extremely interesting and informative and were undoubtedly beneficial to boys as yet undecided.

The first speaker was Mr. Strauss, who is the manager of a large bank in Pretoria. Mr. Strauss gave an interesting description of the advantageous prospects the bank offered the country and the individual. He quoted as an example the usefulness of the cheque to the average housewife when paying end-of-the-month accounts. Mr. Strauss also outlined in brief the working of the bank.

The second speaker was Dr. Bernard Smit, a man eminent in his occupation which is entomology. Dr. Smit has in fact represented South Africa in several congresses overseas. Although retired, Dr. Smit continues his studies, and frequently aids concerns seeking his advice or experience. Dr. Smit described the numerous fields opened up by the study of insects, and went on to say that not for one moment of his life had his studies ceased to be interesting, for in the course of these he had gone on many explorations and experienced adventure and excitement in the process. From the interest shown in his talk it was evident that Pretoria Boys' High School has several budding entomologists.

The third speaker was Dr. Percy Yutar, a name which should be familiar with most boys, for Dr. Yutar participated in the recent Rivonia sabotage trial as the public prosecutor, from which it is obvious that his chosen occupation is law. Dr. Yutar recounted several of his experiences in the law courts and explained the significance of a judiciary in the

administration of a country. He stressed the fact that it was impossible for a graduate in law to be a failure, for if he proves unsuccessful in the law courts there are many firms and businesses eager to employ lawyers to protect their interests.

The fourth successive speaker was Dr. Naude, the group personnel officer of a large mining concern. Dr. Naude gave a general idea of all the factors involved in mining, and pointed out that the mines of South Africa were our most important economic stabiliser. He continued to discuss the various different occupations that went into mining:— engineers, geologists, architects and the medical profession. For those interested in mining the big companies offer numerous bursaries, and the opportunity for progression is excellent.

As the second last, or sixth speaker, we had the Reverend Martyn give us a vivid description of life in the ministry. The Rev. Martyn is a man who has a great understanding of man and his needs, and was a Padre during the War and a prison chaplain. Rev. Martyn described the trials and rigours which a minister has to undergo, remunerated by a meagre salary, but as the Reverend pointed out, such a calling comes from above and the remuneration is irrelevant. The minister as such must be a man of courage and fortitude to be able to endure the trials placed before him. Reverend Martyn left a deep impression on many of the audience.

Last, but not least, we had Dr. Horak, an old boy, address us. Dr. Horak, who is a veterinarian, began his career by a private practice but graduated to research work at Onderstepoort, where he is at the present moment. Dr. Horak too, pointed out the numerous directions in which this occupation might be pursued.

Altogether, I think the visit of these careers-men proved an undoubted success and aided many

of the schoolboys in their choice of a career, and as they proved so beneficial, we can only hope they will continue.

CULLINAN REFRACTORIES LIMITED

Cullinan Refractories, Limited, one of the largest refractory and Ceramic concerns in the Southern Hemisphere, was established in December 1902 by the late Sir Thomas Cullinan. The head office and works are situated at Olifantsfontein — halfway between Johannesburg and Pretoria.

Nearly 3,000 people are employed on the production of the whole range of refractory materials, salt glazed ware and electrical porcelain. A well equipped laboratory and research department examines new materials and processes, while improving existing products in order to keep up with the latest trends in steelmaking.

TYPES OF GRADUATES REQUIRED

The activities of the Company are of special interest to **Scientists, Chemists, Physicists, Metallurgists and Geologists**. Opportunities also exist in the Technical Service Department for graduates with some Industrial experience.

SALARIES AND PROSPECTS

Graduates straight from university fall in the Category R2,400 p.a. x R240 — R3,120 p.a. (i.e. 3 years) after which increments and promotion depend on merit. After a suitable training period in the laboratory, personnel may be transferred to the production side.

PENSIONS AND OTHER AMENITIES

A contributory pension scheme which includes generous life cover, is in operation, together with a medical benefit scheme. Employees work a five day week and have generous leave privileges. Attractive recreational facilities are available, including tennis, swimming, cricket and bowls.

THE THRILL OF IT ALL

One of the most exciting weeks I have ever experienced at school was the week in which I performed as Pooh-Bah — "Lord High Everything Else" — in the school's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado". It is a week that I shall never forget.

It was on Thursday night that my great excitement began. (I had missed Wednesday night's performance through illness). Firstly, I found it quite an experience to wear a huge cushion under my jacket so that I could look like the fat character, Pooh-Bah. When I looked at myself in the mirror, it reminded me of my younger days when I resembled a barrel!

Unlike my usual nervous self, I felt quite relaxed when I came onto the stage for the first time, and once I had realized there was nothing to be afraid of, I threw myself into my part. But very soon my first mistake occurred. As the music began for my first and favourite song, "Young man despair," I was supposed to toss my bag of money from one hand to the other. But, unfortunately, I had forgotten to put my fan into my pocket beforehand, and with my fan in the one hand and the bag of money in the other, I was required to perform a juggling act. It was, however, unsuccessful, and the bag of money fell to the ground.

There were many such incidents which occurred during the various performances, all of which added to the thrill of the opera. I remember how, on Friday night, during one of my songs, I brought my foot down onto the ground at the same time as the drummer banged hard on his drum, giving the audience a huge fright. Not only the audience, but I myself, burst out laughing.

When I look back at the past few months, I think of the many rehearsals, sometimes boring, sometimes very enjoyable, which I had, and the time which I spent studying my dialogue book in an effort to interpret the character of Pooh-Bah. But it was all worthwhile and thrilling, and I do not regret it one bit.

A. P. Jammine, 5A.

CHESS CLUB NEWS

The Chess Club meets on Monday evenings; some stalwarts have been unfading in keenness and regularity of attending, and there have at times been twenty-eight or thirty present — a rather inconveniently high number.

The standard of play is improving and it may shortly be high enough to justify competitions with other schools; some members, however, are a little slow to grasp the idea that the object of the game is not to take as many pieces as quickly as possible. Interest has lately been stimulated by play in a club competition. The winner will not be known till the end of the second term, but it is already clear that the most promising players are E. Baron (2E), W. Cowan (2A), D. M. Linton (3B) and L. Mill (1C).

Mr. Cheadle.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MOTOR CAR

"Good gentlemen, go your gait and let the poor Volk pass." — (King Lear. Act IV).

"... the poor mechanic." — (Henry V, Act 1).

"How he did lap me!" — (Richard III, Act II).

Finally the Jaguar to the Galaxie "I would I had thy inches." (Anthony and Cleopatra, Act III).

QUOTATIONS AND PHILOSOPHIES

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall. — Oliver Goldsmith.

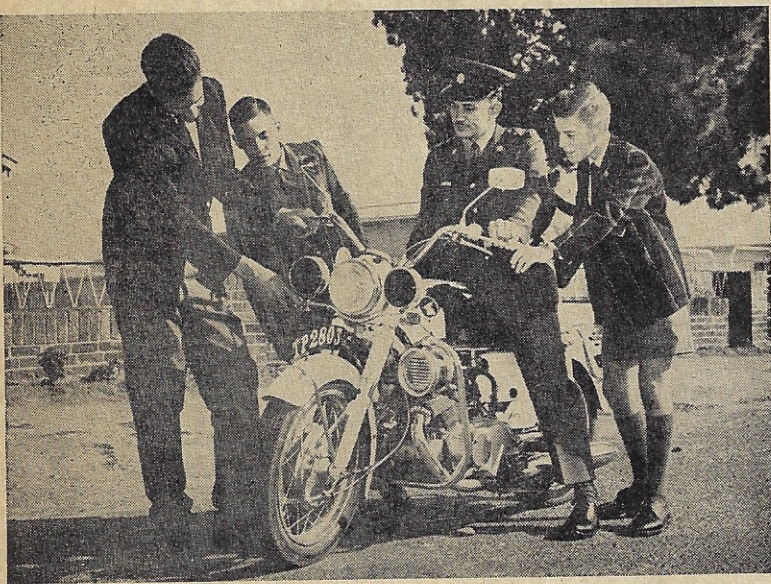
Love is a state of mind which considers the well-being of others as important as that of his own. — W. Stuart Nelson.

People are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges. — Joseph Fort Newton.

It is not the leap at the start, but the steady going on that gets you there. — John Wanamaker.

L. van Schaik, 4A.

ARE YOU COMPLETING YOUR STUDIES AT THE END OF THIS YEAR?



THE SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE OFFERS AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER TO SUITABLE YOUNG MEN WITH EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR ADVANCEMENT

A BASIC MONTHLY SALARY OF R90-00 IS OFFERED TO MATRICULANTS AND R85-00 TO NON-MATRICULANTS

FOR FULL PARTICULARS ENQUIRE AT YOUR NEAREST POLICE STATION



JUNIOR WISDOM

“SKIVI”

A new year of school and new boys are filtering into the boarding houses. They are very politely helped with their baggage by the prefects. That night the new boys are called into the house head prefect's study. There they are told all the rules and then house prefects pick their "skivies" like greedy wolves.

As a "skivi" you must next morning wake the prefect for whom you are "skiving" at 7 p.m. on the dot. You make his bed and tidy his locker. At breakfast, you get the books he needs for school. At lunch you fetch his milk and table sauces from the cupboard. After lunch you clean up in his study. At night you clean his shoes for him and fold his counterpane. At supper you get all the necessary sauces. After prep you put toothpaste on his toothbrush and then you open his bed and practically warm it for him.

The day before cadets you shine his kit. Next morning you help him dress, or rather, dress him. After lunch you battle for an hour trying to take his boots off for him.

R. Crocker.

A FORM ONE'S VIEW OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

The exercise commences. Arms wave wildly through the air. The exercise ends. Wrong-doers run gingerly to the front to join the straggling queue awaiting punishment. The rope swings monotonously back and forth stopping abruptly with a crack on a pair of P.T. pants. The victim hops back to his place amid mocking words from fellow pupils.

THAT is Physical Training (OR THIS)

Sweating bodies swiftly swing their tired arms through the air.

A boy is punished, he protests with "Gee — that wasn't fair."

An hour of these exercises, Boys galore all shapes and sizes, The masters' temper-ature rises,

Why MUST we do these exercises?

M. Strauss, Form 1A.

A STORM

One Saturday morning my brother, whose name is Mark, and myself went hunting for mushrooms in a meadow which was about one mile from our home.

When we reached the field we immediately set about gathering up the snow-white mushrooms. About an hour had passed before I glanced up at the sky. When we had started it was a brilliant blue, now it was a forbidding grey and mist was rapidly swirling down the hillside. As I called to Mark I heard an ominous rumbling and a blinding flash of lightning streaked across the now black sky. Mark and I ran to a nearby cowshed. Just as we reached its shelter, the rain came down in buckets. Gradually the storm passed over and sunshine broke through the heavy clouds.

As Mark and I walked home I thought to myself, "next time I go mushroom hunting I will consult the Weather Forecast before going." As the old saying goes, "Once bitten, twice shy".

P. Blignaut, Form 1A.

NO SWIRL

Do you believe that water runs out of a bath in a different way north of the equator to the south of the equator? I read a very funny story about this the other day. Apparently there has been much controversy about this in England.

On television in London, the announcer tried to solve the question as to whether the water swirls in a different way in baths north of the equator to those south of it, and what happens to those baths actually on the equator.

The commentator had a bath full of water on hand to let the viewers see for themselves. He pulled the plug out for the level to go down. But the programme ended with the water still in the bath — for the drainpipe was blocked!

D. Milstein, Form 1C.

ASSEMBLY

Assembly, I think, is one of the most destructive things in this school, and if it becomes anything worse, I will have to get a new pair of pants every term. Apart from that, you spend quite a long while polishing your shoes at night, and at assembly they get dirtied, which means they are ruined for the rest of the day. If we were allowed to sit on the chairs it would be fine as long as it worked on a system of first come, first served, and if the Form Two's didn't throw us off. But on the whole, assembly is quite alright.

The part about getting out is rough because everybody does the maximum pushing without being caught. On Fridays the stampede for the hall gives the effect of a herd of elephants in a desert, until it was stopped recently.

E. Shelwell, Form 1B.

FRIDAY ASSEMBLY

Every Friday, after the third period, a stampede occurs. It is the Form Ones going to assembly. Gradually the hall fills; everyone is discussing the events of the past week with his neighbour. A gradual hush falls on the hall as the Head Boy takes his place on the stage. Mr. Abernethy then casts his eagle-eye over the hall and you could hear a pin drop if you dropped one. The Head Boy makes a few announcements. After this there is a general whisper. As Mr. Abernethy stands, all is again quiet. He talks about a variety of things, some of which are funny. The hymn is sung and prayers are said. After the final Amen a split second of silence reigns over the hall. Then chaos breaks loose as each boy wants to reach the tuck shop first.

P. Blignaut, Form 1A.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

On the city of London's eastern boundary, looking across the River Thames, is the stout fortress that has guarded London's approaches from the sea since Norman times. This grim place has been a citadel, a palace and a prison. Many Royal heads rolled off the block on Tower Green. It is said that the ghost of Anne Boylen, the second wife of Henry VIII roams the tower with her head in her hands.

Wartime traitors and spies were confined within the walls and the most modern prisoner was the Nazi leader, Rudolph Hess, held after his flight to Scotland in 1941.

The Yeoman of the Guard in their colourful Tudor uniforms act as guides. The sights include the Crown Jewels carefully guarded in the Wakefield Tower; there is the Bloody Tower where Richard the Third was said to have murdered the Little Princess. There is also the tiny chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, founded in the reign of Henry the First.

Overlooking Tower Green, where ravens still patrol the site of the Headsman's scaffold, is the White Tower built between 1078 and 1100; in this Tower can be seen a wonderful collection of weapons and armour. There is also the Traitors' Gate which may be viewed from River Walk.

R. G. Austin, Form 1D.

WILY JACKAL

During my stay at my Uncle's farm, a local farmer told me why a jackal was cleverer than a dog.

He proved this by chaining a dog and a jackal in his back yard, and putting a piece of meat just out of their reach. He sat back and watched.

The dog tugged and pulled in vain to reach the meat, but it did not succeed. The jackal merely turned around, and got hold of the meat with his hind legs.

D. Kokot, Form 1C.

MR. T. MULVENNA

On my first day of school, the first period I attended, was maths. Mr. Mulvenna was our teacher. We all walked into the class very silently and took our seats. Mr. Mulvenna slowly lifted his head out of the book he was reading and stared at us over the rim of his glasses — he looked as though he had a face of stone. The stare lasted for about five minutes and at this stage we were all staring goggle-eyed back at him.

Suddenly his face broke into a smile and then he started laughing. We all relaxed and started smiling, and then as quick as it had started it stopped and his face turned back to stone — by now we were all confused and did not know what was happening.

He called up Tigue Payne to clean the board, and Chris Dickie to give out the maths text books.

Later on in the year we got to know him better, and he was more friendly towards us. One incident that happened at assembly in front of the school was when Kevin was sick and it looked like pickles — now Mr. Mulvenna calls him Pickles, Tigue Payne was Horse, Darrel MacInnes — Butler's Wife, Billy Christie — Bunter, because of his great similarity to Billy Bunter in the comics.

In my class last year, he earned the name of "central-heating". Mr. Mulvenna is an unpredictable person for one doesn't know when he is playing or when he is serious. On the whole, Mr. Mulvenna is a nice person.

Anonymouse.

THE PLOT FOR A NEW SISTER SCHOOL

The time has come for us to realise that we cannot change the ways of our sister school. We have struggled too long. If Girls' High is no longer to be our sister school, a substitute must be found. Meisies Hoër seems to be the most probable.

Everybody now asks what Seuns Hoër will think about this, but with a little bit of careful strategy and negotiation it should not be too hard to persuade them.

A deputation should approach Seuns Hoër and ask them if they would like to swap sister schools. The obvious answer will be "no". We must not be deterred by this, as it is but the first step in the plan.

After a month or two, the second part of the plan will come into operation. A story will appear in a newspaper entitled "Boys' High boy and Girls' High girl elope. The authorities encourage this, as it develops the girls' sense of adventure".

(N.B.—This must appear in an Afrikaans newspaper because: (1) it is less likely to be read by the Girls' High staff, and (2) it is more likely to catch the eye of our Afrikaans friends). At irregular intervals more news like this should be printed.

While the second part is in progress, the third part comes into action. For this, a number of emancipated girls will have to be recruited. They will be supplied with Girls' High uniforms and made to patrol up and down in front of Seuns Hoër.

As a result of the newspaper reports, Seuns Hoër will fall for the patrolling girls. Some bright one will remember our offer to swap sister schools. They will most probably despatch a delegation at once to re-open the swap talks. After much consultation among ourselves, we will undertake to swap sister schools.

If this plan works, I do not think we will be very popular, but at least we will have a more obliging sister school.

P. Wanliss, 2C.

REPORT ON HAIR

Hair is an interesting subject, and it is this subject which has caused a nation-wide uproar. The main cause for concern about long hair is that when innocently walking down a street and coming across someone with long hair, one never knows whether to address him as Sir or Madam. It is this fact that the article below deals with.

The idea of long hair was first started in the British Isles when jazzy groups such as the "Beatles" and later the "Rolling Stones" came into favour. And now the people wanted, instead of whipped back, greasy, nine-inch curly hair, "square" or "chop" cuts. From the Isles it spread all over the world, and schoolboys all over decided to join in the new craze. It is this which has so infuriated headmasters that they have gone to the extent of cutting the hair of their pupils.

Boys High is a school where it is typically manifested and to every period which you go, one gets a bawling out from the master. Walking through a corridor in the school ground one sees that every person is different and strangely enough so is the haircut. Sometimes you see someone long and thin with dry, blonde hair sticking out in every direction and looking as though it has not seen a comb in weeks. These contrasts are very interesting and often the nation-wide war between barbers, headmasters and teenagers begins and usually the teenagers come off second best.

I myself am not inclined to agree with long greasy hair, but on the other hand I disagree intensely with the haircut closely resembling a close-up of shaven pigskin which seems to be very popular among certain members of our farming community.

P. Gould, Form 2A.

GREETINGS FROM GLENN

On my desk at home there is a coloured portrait of John Glenn, the first American astronaut to orbit the earth. It is Mr. Holts-hausen I have to thank for this unusual treasure.

He set us the Easter holiday project of "The Solar System." I left the stars to my classmates, and chose myself the topic of John Glenn's exciting space flight.

Most of the pictures and facts I obtained from the American Embassy and the newspapers. But to complete my project I wanted the signature of the astronaut himself. So I wrote to him explaining the project and my need.

I didn't really expect to get a reply, knowing that there must have been tens of thousands of fans, like me, who wanted his autograph.

Imagine my surprise when a large envelope arrived from Florida. It more than a signature he had sent me. Across a superb coloured photograph of himself he had personally written: "To Malcolm — from John H. Glenn."

Malcolm Gill, Form 2D.

IF YOU KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT . . .

- ★ P.B.H.S. SPORTING ACTIVITIES
- ★ P.B.H.S. MASTERS
- ★ P.B.H.S. ACTIVITIES
- ★ P.B.H.S. GROUNDS

YOU WILL BE ABLE TO COMPLETE

The P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle

and WIN A PRIZE!

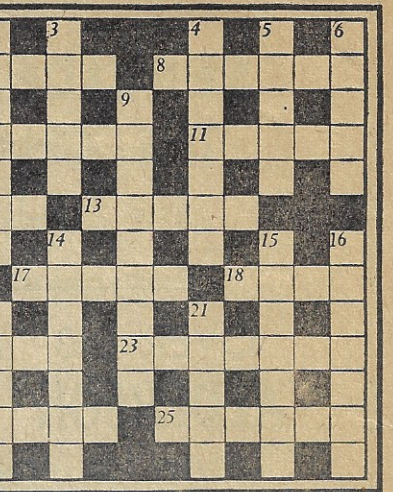
Two prizes, book tokens, each to the value of R1, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct entries drawn. Entries should be posetd in the letter-box in Room 21 — Mr. du Toit's room — before second break on the third Friday of the third term.

ACROSS

7. Boys in Rissik, School and Solomon must obtain these before they go visiting, to avoid being accused of bunking from the House (6) i.e. there are six letters in the answer.
8. A ridiculous school-boy mistake — is it made by the master who teaches Geography and Science? (6).
10. According to Mrs. Smith, the first thing to underline when you analyse a sentence (two words in the answer — 3 letters, 4 letters).
11. Higgo, the bowler, does this for the 1st XI. So does Edye (5).
12. "Swot" for this in May and December (4).
13. A number of streams like this would give you a Vice-Principal (5).
17. But don't ban the BOM! (5).
18. "Before" in the original Hofmeyrian language (4).
22. Six- or eight-ball? (5).
23. Graham's main activity in the 1st XV matches (7).
24. According to Messrs. Jones, Gevers, etc., it's hypotenuse over adjacent (6).
25. This Wicket Competition was introduced at P.B.H.S. in the first term of 1965 (6).

DOWN

1. Musical insects; has Miss Laredo records of their rhythmic activities? (7).



2. Mackenzie was this one's name in "Ten Little Niggers" (7).
3. Cross-Country runners say that Suicide Hill is very (5).
4. The wise man's House lies immediately south of Suicide Hill (7).
5. Judging by the colour of their sporting attire, all Arcadia players may be said to be full of these (5).
6. The importance of being a music master — a rather Wilde quotation (5).
9. Boss, chief or beak (9).
14. Seven every day at P.B.H.S. (7).
15. Certainly not outings in front of the Pavilion! (7).
16. May be Masters or Open Rugby or Tennis — it depends on why these groups draw together (7).
19. Could be Town or Sunnyside or even School (5).
20. "The Shropshire Lad" who plays at centre in the 1st XV (5).
21. Type of Greek column — possibly like Mr. Dorey's legs? (5).

SPORT

RUGBY

The School 1st, captained by Saul Spitz, has not enjoyed a very successful season, having won and lost six matches and drawn one. Despite their numerous defeats the side has never been disgraced and, in fact, have scored 202 points to their opponents' 122.

The season opened with the traditional game against an Old Boys' XV, who inflicted the first defeat on the School side to the tune of 19-14. A spate of three high scoring victories followed against Athlone, Clapham and Tech. College, before Hendrik Verwoerd and K.E.S. halted the run of successes. K.E.S. defeated us 18-8 in a hard fought game. Probably the best game of the season so far has been that against Parktown. After ten minutes the School went into a 6-0 lead via tries by Kelly and Graham. Parktown, using a speedy backline, replied with a try and a goal making the half-time score 8-6 in their favour. On resumption the School side took control and had it not been for poor finishing they might well have scored on numerous occasions. As it is Spitz and De Villiers scored, Frazer converting the latter try to make the final score 14-8. The highest scoring match was against Lyttelton Manor who we crushed 39-0, Mike Joubert running strongly to cross the line three times and Sandy Frazer bagging 21 points. The two touring sides Union High and Grey College from Port Elizabeth played lovely running rugby to outclass the School 14-13 and 25-8 respectively.

Sandy Frazer, the vice-captain, has proved himself the outstanding player of the 1st XV, and with accurate, reliable kicking and five tries to his credit has scored 93 points to date. His tackling and covering from the No. 8 position has been deadly and his backing-up brilliant. Lionel Higgo has been

very sound at full-back with his long, raking touch kicks and prodigious drop-goals being a feature of his play. Etienne de Villiers has improved with every game at the base of the scrum, while flanker Pierre Joubert has shown up as a tireless, fiery forward.

Gus Anderssen, despite only seven appearances, is the leading try scorer with six to his credit. He is followed by Spitz, Frazer and Mike Joubert with five apiece.

The School teams have been plagued by injuries, the most costly being those of Peter Edye, the 1st XV flyhalf and captain Saul Spitz. This, together with suspect tackling and erratic form, account greatly for our limited successes. One hopes that both these aspects can be rectified before the all important match against Afrikaans Hoër. 1st XV rugby coaches Messrs. Spies and Dorey would do well to establish a right frame of mind among the players for this big match, for all to often they suffer extreme stage fright. Afrikaans Hoër, like ourselves, are not too formidable this season.

The 2nd XV, captained by Jimmy Harwood and Gordon Hay, before both were promoted to the 1st side, have been more successful than their senior side, winning six of their nine matches. The forwards have played hard in the tight and loose, while the backs have handled well and scored with some fine movements. This was particularly true of the game against Parktown where, after losing centre Steve Goodwin in the first few minutes through injury and being 5-0 down a little later, the team rallied and won an exciting match by 16 points to 14.

The 3rd and 4th teams have also played enterprising rugby winning the majority of their matches. However, the Under 15A side captained by Robbie Cooper, have lost

five of their eleven matches, winning only four and drawing the other two. The Under 14A and Under 13A teams, captained by Fourie and Watters respectively have been the better sides in most of their encounters this season.

The House matches which take place in the very near future look to be very much Solomon House's piece of cake, although one never can tell in these bitter battles what is going to be the outcome.

T. Quirk.

TENNIS

In the Pretoria Boys' High School Senior "A" League the School entered two teams. The first team, represented by Ken de Goede, the captain, Burger, Walsh and Copley were fairly "successful" in winning four of their six matches, drawing the other two against Menlo Park and Afrikaans Hoër. This left the school second to Menlo Park in the league table.

The second team (Male, Blair, Bucke, Kelly), won and lost three matches and tied fourth on the league table.

The third team was entered in the senior "B" league where they came second, while the Under 15A and B teams played in the Senior "A" league. The Under 15 A team made up of Rogan, Cooper, Burger, Ellis, Funston, Baron, Bertrams, Katopedes, Dugmore won all their matches and head the league.

The big event of the season was the Northern Transvaal Inter-Schools Tournament held at Loftus Versveld on the 19th June. The School has won the cup for the last eight years but after having every chance this year they eventually lost to Menlo Park. The tournament was divided into three sections, the School being represented in each of these. However, the second and third teams were beaten in their sections, while the 1st team won its section and then moved into the semi-finals against Rob Ferreira of White River. Against strong opposition they excelled and thus qualified to meet Menlo Park in the fateful finals. Here they folded up and after being all square at the halfway stage they could only manage to win seven of the last 26 games. Not a very inspiring performance.

This term our seniors team up with Girls' High to play in the Pretoria Schools mixed doubles league, while the Masters league tennis also gets under way. This continues until the Trial Matriculation examinations at the end of August.

T. Bohlman.
T. Quirk.

GYMNASTICS

The gymnastics team commenced its training at the beginning of this year, as in previous years, in a happy and carefree tone. But as the cadet parade is now drawing near, there is a feeling of seriousness in the air. Perfection has to be achieved and exercises mastered.

This year it is hoped to stage an exhibition of daring with many new ideas coupled with those of the past to provide more interesting entertainment for the spectators at the Final Cadet Parade. The dive "pile up" will be replaced by the more spectacular somersault "pile up" which will continue until the height of the box plus boys exceeds the height obtainable from the spring board.

Unfortunately the time allotted the gymnasts at the parade is little more than ten minutes and consequently their tremendous scope and variety are limited.

M. Chapman.
T. Quirk.

HOCKEY

The School senior hockey side has not done very well this season due mainly to the unfortunate lack of penetration in the forward line. The defence has been solid with André Cronje, the captain, and Trevor Quirk proving outstanding. Ian Gedye has always been very safe in goal.



Rugby Captain, Saul Spitz, scores against Old Boys
(Photo: W. Hofmeyr)

The season opened with a match against Old Boys in which the School side excelled although going down 3-2. This was followed by a 1-1 draw with St. Johns. It was not until the sixth game that victory was finally achieved. This was against St. Alban's who, had it not been for some wild shooting, might well have gone down by a wider margin than 7-0. The most exciting game to date has been against Parktown who snatched victory from us with a good equaliser in the last second of the game. Probably the hardest match was that against Jeppe High where the School was unlucky to be held to 0-0 draw. The biggest disappointments were the 2-1 defeat by K.E.S. and the 3-2 defeat by the touring Kirsney College side from Natal. In this latter game the School went into a 2-0 lead after only ten minutes. However, Kirsney recovered and just before half-time reduced the deficit to 2-1. At this stage Funston left the field with a knee injury and a somewhat disorganised ten men let Kirsney in with two quick goals, making the score 3-2 in their favour. Although the last twenty minutes belonged to the School side they were unable to make up the leeway, many good shots just going astray. The School record

reads: Played 9, won 2, lost 4, drawn 3.

The chief goal scorers are Funston and Peter Clarke with five each. The most constructive forward has been John de Belleroche with Graham Funston, giving him the most support. However, the forwards in general have shown a regrettable reluctance to go hard and their shooting has been wild and ineffective. One hopes that this will not be the case in the remaining fixtures.

Four of the 1st XV were selected to represent the Transvaal school team in the South African Schools Tournament held in Klerksdorp. They were Andre Cronje, who captained the side, Trevor Quirk, Ian Gedye and John de Belleroche.

The 2nd XV, like the senior side, have not enjoyed great success, winning three of their seven matches while drawing and losing two. Lampbrecht and Clarke, when they were not playing in the 1st side, as well as Spotswood, Bunn, Vrba and goalkeeper Ramsay have been the stalwarts of this side. The third and fourth teams have also met with mixed fortunes, making this one of the poorer seasons in P.B.H.S. hockey.

R. Bunn, T. Quirk.

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