



The School Council

The School Council, which was started in 1964, set out, as understood, to improve the school as a whole. It was to be a means of giving the boys a say, an outlet for their feelings and views on the running of the school. Thus it aimed to make the school more democratic, to improve the way of life and help in the running of the school, in order to make it generally more efficient.

Now, looking back in 1966, has it achieved all it appeared to set out to do? This is a question on which most boys have very fixed feelings which are probably based on misconceptions.

I think that, in the first place, the whole concept of a School Council was incorrectly explained to the boys. The impression given the boys was that the School Council would be a representative body through which they would be able to have their views on the running of the school implemented, and so revolutionize school life. Consequently the boys gained a distorted and emotional impression of the Council; they expected, overnight, to see the changes they had requested.

But when they saw that the suggestions they were submitting were not being adopted and that nothing concrete was being done, their enthusiasm began to wane until finally the stage was reached during 1965 when the Council was treated as a joke and meetings were not taken seriously. The boys had lost faith in the idea of a Council, which was tragic.

What should be done about this? Should the Council be scrapped?

No. The Council has a valuable function to perform in enabling the Headmaster and his Staff to keep their fingers on the pulse of the school by hearing the authentic views of the boys directly from their own representatives. I think that during Assembly the real purpose and functions of the council should be explained to the boys. In this way things will be put into their proper perspective and the Council can look forward to greater efficiency and status.

And of course, though the Staff is under no obligation to act upon the scholars' views, no sensible Staff would fail to take heed of reasonable views when they are obviously strongly held by many boys. After all, that is how a democracy works.

P. G. Hain, IVA.

THE SCAVENGERS

The vultures watch with beady, bleary gaze while unconcerned the leopard eats his fill, ripping sinew and striped flesh asunder.

The crunch of bones, the grunts of satisfied content, mingle with the calls of jackals, the hysteria of spotted tramps.

At last the killer yawns, stretches, makes off into the bush.

The scavengers descend, devour the remnants of destruction.

Then they, too, go, the cleaners of the veld, the antiseptics of the brush.

N. Greenberg, 5A.

1.36 P.M.



The end of the School day has arrived. The sun shines with all its might on the heads of the boys as they leave. Some of them are lost in thought, others in animated conversation. I walk alone, happy. Boys' High has gone to my head and to my heart. I am proud of my school . . .

Photo: E. Braak, 4A.

R. F. Pentelbury, 1A.

The Top Twenty

- Mr. Abernethy — A must to avoid.
- Mr. Pollock — Yesterday man.
- Dr. Schiff — 19th nervous breakdown.
- Mrs. Erasmus — She's not the little girl I once knew.
- Mr. V. Henry — Hungry for love.
- Mr. T. Mulvenna — We can work it out.
- Mr. Dorey — Thunderball.
- Mr. S. Hendry — These boots are made for walking.
- Mr. Bennet — Turn, turn, turn.
- Mr. Jones — Mr. tambourine man.
- Miss Laredo — Where have all the flowers gone?
- Mr. Hill — Roadrunner.
- Mr. Du Toit — In the misty moonlight.
- Mr. Denton — Little tin soldier.
- Mr. Van Heerden — Long tall Sally.
- Mr. Noble — Wind me up.
- Mr. Harrop-Allin — Walk tall.
- Mr. Ackermann — Money.
- Mrs. Van Niekerk — The singer not the song.
- Mr. Anderson — A Scottish soldier.
- Mr. C. Mulvenna — Liquidator.
- Mr. Dittberner — The ballad of the green beret.
- Mrs. Hope — Mrs. "Brown" you've got a lovely daughter.
- Mr. Hofmeyr: Tobacco road.
- Mr. Van Aswegen — Road hog.
- Mr. Spies — Ghost riders in the sky.
- Miss Cleaver — Help.
- Mr. Gibbs — Leader of the pack.
- Mr. Fair — Keep on walking.

QUOTES

Edmund Burke once said: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing."

P. G. Hain, 4A.

When arguing with a fool, make sure that he is not doing the same thing.

Good judgement comes from experience and experience comes from poor judgement.

R. Jelley, 5A.

EDITORIAL

1966 has come and we, the Committee of "The Boys Highlights", look forward to another year of literary success. Our newspaper enters its second year of publication full of confidence and teeming with the fresh wit and wisdom that lurks in the imaginative minds of the populace.

This time last year the Committee was wondering with some trepidation how the new project would be received. Now we are assured of the support of every pupil, and our main aim this year is to get Girls' High School to play a larger part in our publication, which has already become a firmly-entrenched Boys' High tradition. We hope that the apparent shyness of our literary giants has worn off and that they now can fully reveal their creative talents. Don't be disillusioned! If one of your efforts failed to convince the censors, do not give up hope — start anew.

We assure you that this year's Highlights are going to be better than ever — some of us, as a matter of fact, have already risked our lives for the Cause by travelling in Mr du Toit's vehicle to the printers. That's what is known as dedication!

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A home swimming pool, encountered a few years ago only in the gardens of the suburbs inhabited by the more well-to-do citizens, has lost its prestige status and luxury tag. New building methods and the changing attitudes of building societies, who are regarding investment in a pool as a worthwhile improvement to a property, have made the acquisition of a home pool possible for many more householders. In the U.S.A., where home swimming pools and ancillary equipment constitute a big industry, by far the greater number of pools are of "gunite" construction. In 1962 a survey by the National Swimming Pool Institute revealed that the preponderance of gunite pools was as high as 60 per cent and it is estimated that this proportion has since increased.



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IN THEIR OWN WRITE

TO MY SON — THE TEENAGE DRIVER

"My first responsibility is to see that you are protected from any and every kind of harm from any and every source."

"My second responsibility is to make sure the community is protected from you."

"Now that you are a driver, my responsibilities become acute."

This article, excerpted and condensed from the book entitled "My son, the Teenage Driver," by Henry Gregor Eben, is a father's letter to his sixteen-year-old son on the day he gets his driver's licence. Eben believes that it will help other teenagers to live in peace and understanding with their cars. It is as eligible to the South African teenager of 18 as it is to the American teenager who gets his driving licence at the age of sixteen, and for whom Gregor's words were intended.

"You have recently obtained your driver's licence since reaching your sixteenth birthday. This afternoon you had your first solo drive in my car, without realizing how far that eight block trip really took you — you may never take a longer ride than this. You seemed surprised when I let you take my car, but I couldn't deny you the trust the community has in you. After you had proved to the highway patrol examiner that you are a competent driver, it became my duty to abide by his decision.

I trust you alone in a car because the community compels me to, because I want to, as you are my own son, and because I know that you want to be trustworthy. The question hovers in my mind — the community and I believe you are an adult behind the wheel, but how long will it take before you believe that you are an adult behind the wheel? Nevertheless you will be treated like an adult now that you are a driver.

As a man driving your car, you cannot afford to carry as passengers your former childish attitudes of revolt, hostility and aggression. To all boys under sixteen you are now one of us. Inevitably we will clash over your behaviour with and towards cars, and I might be forced to pull my rank. I would rather have you boiling mad because I underestimated your maturity and good sense, than in trouble or dead because I over-estimated them.

I have always been responsible for your safety and behaviour — now my responsibilities become acute. You might be angered at my concern over you, but I am also concerned at the destruction you could cause with your car, and I warn you that I will be harsh on you. If you think it is "chicken" to drive carefully to live, you had better be "chicken" to retain your right to drive. I don't expect you to be a perfect driver — I must allow for you to make some mistakes of inexperience or immaturity. What I concede to you is the right to be wrong while trying to be right. If you fail me, I will lower the boom.

Driving is an act of faith — yours in others and others in you. There is always proof in an accident that someone broke faith and cheated. When one drives at high speeds in factory produced cars not designed for it, one is cheating on the cold, hard facts of driving life. Driving is also an act of faith in your own integrity, intelligence and understanding of all the factors involved in good driving.

Each car safely passed is an example of faith in your respect for the law and on your skill and judgement. Time will tell if you can keep the faiths of lawfulness, skill and common sense. The human race is on your side — the inhabitants of this city stake their lives on your faith. What greater faith and trust could any boy ask of his fellow-men?"

Suggested and condensed by:
A. Witherden,
5D.

THE DAY BOY MANIFESTO

(With apologies to P. Retief)

- We despair of saving the school from those evils which threaten it by the turbulent and dishonest conduct of schoolmasters, who are allowed to infest the school in every part; nor do we see any prospect of peace or happiness for our children in a school thus distracted by employees of the Education Department.
- We complain of the continual system of plunder which we have ever endured from the boarders, and particularly by their last invasion of the school which desolated our lunch-boxes.
- We complain of the unjustifiable odium which has been cast upon us by interested and dishonest schoolmasters under the cloak of education, whose evidence is believed in the Headmaster's office to the exclusion of all evidence in our favour; and we can foresee, as a result of this prejudice, nothing but the total ruin of the school.
- We are resolved that wherever we go we shall uphold the just principles of liberty; but whilst we shall take care that no one will be held in a state of suppression (90 minutes "lates"), it is our determination to maintain such regulations as may suppress and preserve proper relations between master and pupil.
- We solemnly declare that we quit this school with a desire to enjoy a quieter life than we have heretofore done. We will not molest any schoolmasters nor deprive them of the smallest property; but, if attacked, we shall consider ourselves fully justified in defending our persons and effects to the utmost of our ability against any educationalist.
- We purpose, in the course of our journey and on arriving in the university in which we shall permanently reside, to make known to the lecturers our intentions and our desire to live in peace with them.
- We quit this school with the full assurance that the Board of Education has nothing to require of us, and will allow us to educate ourselves without interference in future.
- We are now quitting the barren land of our schooling, in which we have suffered enormous losses and continual vexation. By the authority of the day boys who have quitted the school.
Gavron, Jaffe, Taylor,
4B.

TRAMP

*He sits forlorn
a bedraggled figure
in the driving rain,
and thinks of times gone by
the wonderful hours of yesterday
when all was good.*

*He remember other years
when he was unafraid.
Oh, then he lived.
Now his existence is no matter.
He sees it all in a shining pool at
his feet.
Then a sudden car shatters his
dream
and the present leers at him.*

L. Shill,
4E.

ESSENTIAL FOR LIFE

"But why does the team have to assemble a week before the championship here in our own town?", I argued with my club secretary.

"There are two words which will explain your question and they are 'TEAM SPIRIT,'" said my club secretary clearly.

Only then did I realise that team spirit was not only essential for sporting teams, but also for other units such as the army and laboratory teams. I also feel team spirit is essential in life, for without it the world would be unhappy, unco-operative and terribly backward. Consider a major operation in a hospital without team spirit. If doctor and nurse did not work together harmoniously the patient would probably die.

Without team spirit there would be no decent spectator of sports, and most important of all, no fun and comradeship. This school teaches us the importance of team spirit on the cadet field and sports ground.

Boys High is especially known for the large number of well-mannered boys. It also has other very commendable qualities, but I feel that team spirit is one of those which has not particularly stood out during our school days. Yet it has appeared a few years later. For example: Eddie Barlow, that brilliant batsman, has contributed more than his share to the South African cricket team successes. Not only from the bat, but also because of his leadership and team spirit, talents which have grown and become mature since his early training here at Boys' High.

I discussed the subject with a Transvaal rugby player and this is briefly what he said:

"Team spirit cannot be what it is until every chap in the team or unit fully understands this essential ingredient of a successful team. I feel team spirit is something which just does not come initially and by itself. It usually is evident in a team in which the new have had experience for a couple of years. That is why high school sport is so important, for here is where the seed of team spirit is planted, which later becomes mature and essential for one's sport and country and life. And if there is team spirit there will always be happiness."

Peter G. Kaal,
VB.

For more Serious Moments

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." — Isaiah 30:15.

The business of some people is the evasion of a challenge. People often keep themselves busy to avoid entering a period of quietness, as they are too scared to face the challenge of realizing their own imperfections and sins.

The quietness does not challenge, but if we have the courage to develop and dwell in the Silence of God, we find life sorting itself out. We then see our hidden weaknesses and fears.

Meeting with God in quietness gives to man confidence for daily living. By meeting with God in quietness, a person can go out and meet the world with a joyful heart, and feel the ever-present Divine Love within him.

A life possessing the knowledge born in the silence of God should be so full of confidence that, possessing greatness of vision and depth of character, it can be a master of life.

Prayer: Help me to take time off to be quiet, and in the quietness, to feel Thy love taking complete control over my life, making me able to live life as Thou wouldst have me.

Amen.
Joe Kruger,
5E.

ODE TO A LONG LOST SOUL

*O for a smoke on the koppie,
Among the grass and the green;
For the taste of the fresh toasted
Lucky,
In a private den unseen.*

*The lazy languor of my first smoke;
for the morning.
The quiet atmosphere which stays
unbroke;
except for yawning.*

*But this cannot be for an hour,
And the master has caught me
napping.
So it's off to the head in a hour,
Instead of my smoke it's a flapping.*

D. Dambe,
4C.

VELD FIRE

*The needled grass
Strewn across the dusty veld;
The fire like hungry wolves
engulfs the plain below.
And when the pack has passed,
The plain lies forgotten.*

A. Castel,
2B.

HUMOUR IN PHILOSOPHY

*The Bible charges us to love our
neighbours and our enemies, prob-
ably because they are usually the
same people. — G. K. Chesterton.*

*Ninety per cent of the art of living
consists in getting on with people
that one cannot stand. — Sam
Goldwyn.*

*There are two tragedies in life:
not to get what the heart desires;
the other: to get it. — G. B. Shaw.*

L. van Schaik,
5A.

MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES

It is Monday morning in School House. Everyone is tired and moaning, trying to recover from the weekend which has passed like a flash of lightning. The prefect is moaning because his fag has not cleaned the one buckle on his anklets, and as he tightens his boot lace it snaps, and for the rest of the day he is grumpy and always complaining.

Last bell goes and everyone leaves the House, down towards the different fields where they will embark on various activities.

All form I's are on C rugby field. Mr. van Aswegen is in rather a bad mood and is swinging his rope around quite freely. We pass the rest of the period doing exercises and then up to the pool we go, thinking of a lovely swim in the pool to cool ourselves down. We change into our swimming trunks only to find that we have to do more exercises.

After P.T. we go to Maths where Dr. Gevers is in a good mood. At the end of the period he is in just the opposite mood from the one in which he greeted us.

We then have the "Afrikaans lees" which sometimes passes very happily with Mrs. Johnson. Then science, where Dr. Schiff is not in the best of moods either. The class is then separated because it is an optional period, and I therefore go to a Latin class with Mrs. Erasmus.

After break we have Miss Cleaver, who for a change reads us a story of some madman of whom I can't remember much. Then we all troop down to Mr. van Heerden's class, who, to crown the day, will give us a map of Italy or Africa.

This is how my Mondays pass.
P. Schnetler,
Form 1.

CADETS

Once a week, the school goes down to the parade grounds to play a game of soldiers, called cadets. (More commonly known as "cops 'n robbers"). Everyone has fun and games, until the squad gets tired of looking at the officer's tonsils (or perhaps his jaw?) Perhaps I could be of a little help? Officers, you are slacking! Why let your squad pick up all the five-cents which you could have picked up? Rather let them mark time until they look like toothless hags who have been brought back twice from the dead. (After all, your squad is a reflection on you!) Then, just to freshen them up, make them go for a short eight-mile trot, holding their rifles above their heads. After that, they will not only be ready to start the drill, but they will also shine your kit for you.

Now some advice for the cadets themselves: when the officer bares his fangs (or his jaw), and disturbs the air with something vaguely resembling LEFT! you are supposed to put down your left foot, and swing your right arm (unless you prefer left) at shoulder height, etc., etc. (N.B.: Army left and army right). The same complicated procedure is followed when he shouts RIGHT! except that right is read left and vice-versa. Following this advice, you can never go wrong.

However, Cadets has been made much more interesting by the introduction of rifles (pity you can't load them, isn't it?) and the changing of the agenda from week to week.

Hurrah for the M.O!
General Rockjaw.
(A. Marais,
5A.)

SATURDAY'S GALA

After the gala a Meisies Hoër girl winked at me. It gave me great pleasure to wink back. And so I decided to attend the other gala next Saturday.

D. Rosser,
2D.

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HEAT

I have lived long enough in this country to know that summer can be extremely hot and dry, but never before have I experienced such a scorching summer as the present.

Leaves become green, flowers blossom, birds sing and the whole world is transformed into a lush, exotic garden, when a normal Spring season arrives. However the picture which confronts one now is one vast dustbowl. The leaves behave as if they enjoy another Autumn, the grass is burnt a deadly yellow by the merciless sun and the flowers wither away into opaque nothingness. Nature cannot cope with such intense heat.

To many of us the sun is a huge orange, fiery ball that appears at about six in the morning. It then rises higher and higher into the blue, cloudless sky, its radiant heat increasing all the time, until at mid-day it is a god of heat, hell and destruction, enveloping the whole earth with its bright, intense and merciless heat. The scorched earth offers no resistance as the ground is forced to digest these terrible rays. All moisture is drained from life. Every available drop of precious liquid is snatched hungrily away into the vast void of space, leaving everything dead and tired.

Insects, birds, animals, reptiles, humans and supermen become strangely affected by the heat. The incredible energy of the ant disappears, the bird is unable to fly or sing, lizards and snakes dare not bask in the sun, dogs, cats and wild life are strewn about the landscape like abandoned corpses, scarcely daring to breathe, so indefatigable is the energy of the sun.

Humans mumble, grumble, complain and curse the heat. Nerves become taught, tempers frayed, and irritation rises to dangerous levels. Meanwhile the rivers become dry, reservoirs become lower as thousands and millions of gallons of water are greedily consumed by the thirsty populace of some urban areas. Water! Water! How precious this insignificant compound is!

Late in the afternoon the clouds begin to bank up on the horizon and anxious, hopeful eyes regard them fixedly, fully realizing that this might be their salvation. But only to be disillusioned as the clouds disperse and the sky remains void of any rain. This frustrating procedure continues for weeks, the heat becoming quite unbearable as days, weeks and months of mortal torture pass.

Suddenly, instinctively, there is a breeze that stir up the dead leaves, a breeze that increases in force, a breeze that brings with it the black, menacing rain clouds. This time the clouds remain, growing more intense all the time. Then there is a sudden lull. Nothing moves. A drop, another. And within seconds the clouds release all the latent water on the world, like a starved dog that has been unleashed.

The whole world shouts for joy, the wonderful, exhilarating odour of fresh, fragrant rain is inhaled by every living thing. It is a world transformed into moist beauty. Birds sing, insects dance, wild life simply remain in the open, letting the cool refreshing rain run down their dusty flanks and nostrils and marvelling at such a wonder of nature. Human morale is raised and the great feeling of living descends upon mankind.

And the heat? It is gone, gone forever, drowned by the benevolent rain and by the overwhelming elation of everyone and everything.

L. van Schaik, 5A.

THE CHOIR

There was a young boy in a choir,
Whose voice went up higher and higher.
Till one Sunday night
It went right out of sight.
They found it next day in the spire!

W. Thomas, Form 1G.

WOULD YOU WEAR IT?

(By a dedicated follower of fashion)

How much further can fashion progress? Where do we go from here?

Twenty years ago, women would never have dreamed of wearing topless dresses. Today, although they have never caught on, they are accepted. This is said to be a great advance in fashion. However, topless were worn in the court of Charles II. Pin-through shirts and elastic sided boots — both have been dragged out of the past, rejuvenated, and sold to the sheep by the millions.

Dior, and many designers, have raised fashion's hemlines to two or three inches above the knee. There is, it would seem, a competition at present to see who can design the shortest dresses. Jean Shrimpton arrived at the Melbourne races wearing a white shift four inches above the knee. Female racegoers were shocked.

Dresses are showing more and more back, and necklines are high. Colors become brighter and brighter and deck-chair prints are joining the fray. Saucer-shaped, diamond-shaped and queer-shaped holes have been "in" with the mod crowd for quite a time. Trouser suits came in with Sonny and Cher.

Bathing costumes are a favourite fighting-ground of designers and manufacturers; one of the latest ideas is to enlarge zips, hooks and rings until they become the highlight of the suit. Also popular are the semi-transparent "veils" which are designed to be worn over swimsuits, but which silhouette everything underneath.

The Rolling Stones are the greatest male fashion trend-setters the world has known. These five long-haired musicians rose to the heights of their profession dressed scruffily, with an attitude (or apparent attitude) to match. Once having succeeded, their mode of dress changed. They took a pride in their appearance; they were never seen in scruffy clothes. They started setting clothes trends.

Brian Jones began to wear long-sleeved, wide-striped beach shirts — these are now popular all over the world. Since Mick Jagger began to wear coloured sneakers, imported from America, British sales in these shoes have rocketed to incredible proportions.

The Rolling Stones seldom wear ties. This has such an effect on the population that manufacturers implore them to wear ties, before business was ruined.

People say that the Rolling Stones are untidy, unkempt and dirty. This is completely false; although they have long hair, it is always neat and well-groomed, the most important feature of being well-dressed. The Stones buy R40 worth of clothes each from Carnaby Street every week.

Where do we go from here?

THE "STABLE"

(A teenage den I have loved)

Girls and boys
and feet
on chairs
and sounds
on smoke;
a soccer-ball
somewhere;
empty cans
of beer;
a guitar
strummed
with loving care;
a voice;
a pipe.
A Place.

N. Greenberg, 5A.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

Since a man will spend about half his life at work, it is desirable that he should enjoy his employment. A person who is dissatisfied with his work will not only be unhappy; but probably inefficient as well. It is therefore very important to parents and employers that a young man should choose the right career.

Most parents are very anxious to do as much as they can to give their children a good start in life. Usually they take the headmaster's advice about how long their child should stay at school to take full advantage of the teaching there. Some parents try to choose their child's employment and future. In cases where the father has chosen his own work and enjoyed it, it is understandable that he should wish his son to have a similar satisfaction by doing the same work. If the son enjoys the same interests as his father, he may indeed enjoy the same career and he probably will have an interest in the work, because he has watched his father, or has listened to his talk about the work. In many families there is a tradition of a long line of business or profession.

Parents are often aware of their child's abilities and their advice may be good. But some parents try to push a child into certain employment because of the social status or wage connected with the work and in this case they may be causing their child a great handicap. In most cases the parents cannot see the child's hidden talents and these are not given a chance to develop. Today there are certain tests, intelligence tests, which measure the child's ability to deal with knowledge and not the amount of knowledge itself. In many cases the child is unaware that he has certain talents or gifts. He may have a talent for handling machinery which has never been discovered because he has not been allowed to take his bicycle apart. At present, private firms test children for a small fee and give advice on their employment. This is only necessary if the child and parents are unsure of their son's future. But such analysis of pupils has two benefits. It helps to make sure that the boy himself is happy, as he never could be in an unsuitable career; and it ensures that his employers will gain a satisfactory worker.

A.C.R., 5C.

DEATH OF A NEON POOL

In a shimmering pool
the neon lights
reflect reversed.
Red.
Or blue.
Or green.
On. Off. On. Off.

A car
shatters the moment,
scatters the image
into a thousand parts,
each a was-light,
each a pearly globule
of translucent life.

Separated they lie,
unforgettable jigsawed,
eternally crushed.
The beauty
is destroyed.
The wonder of light
has gone.

N. Greenberg, 5A.

MOUNTAIN

Stark against the night,
jutting towards the sky,
a mountain.
The mountain of the night,
a silhouette,
over-shadowing all.
A sudden change
and a bright eruption,
reds, yellows and blues
are sprayed o'er the land
and a dull roar adds to the spectacle.
Mountain of the night no more.
It is now mountain of the day.

L. Shill, 4E.

THE FALCON

Wheeling, soaring in ultimate rings;
He floats far fathoms on quivering wings —
While the wind through his feathers softly sings.

The falconer through his cupped hands calls;
He responds at once to the sacred laws —
Alights, clasping the glove with crooked claws.

Ian C. Allison, Form 4F.

NOODLOT

Hy staan daar,
bedoord,
geduldig,
afwagend.
Voor hom staan die soldate,
die beslissers
van sy lot.
Die offisier skree die bevel
en die stilte
word deur die gewere gebreek.
Hy sak na die grond . . .

L. Shill, 4E.

LET THEM ALL DIE

Life coursing its way through the veins of eternity.
Rising, falling.
Reaching a climax, plunging to blasting, tearing oblivion.
Men like bustling ants, building, repenting.
Generations learning, loving, knowing, wanting.
Adoration turns to love, love to hate.
The last straw is lowered, deliberately.
The back breaks, suddenly, quietly.
Down back into the burning oblivion, the ground.
Dammed men crawl in the choking dust of death.
Die, let them all die.

G. McFarlane, 4G.

LANDLOOP

(CROSS-COUNTRY)

„Hy buig vooroor soos hy weg-spring en vinnig by die ander verbysteek op 'n stywe draf. Party van die ander volg hom drawwend. Party ander draf-stap en slaan dan oor tot 'n kort draffie.

Hy versnel sy pas sonder dat hy weet, en dit is nie vér nie of die sweet beklad die hemp op sy rug. Sy mond raak droog, en 'n pyn knyp hom in die sy, maar hy draf so al wat hy kan.

Hy hardloop vinniger, vinniger, vinniger . . . Hy breek af en stap, draf-stap en hardloop dan weer, vinnig, halfblind van die uitputting. Net-nou sal hy daar wees.”

(Uit „Swart Pilgrim.”)

W. Lown, 5D.

SOLVITAMDAT

Rays of sunlight slowly creep away.
Fear, insecurity remain.
The yellow ball quietly settles beyond the distant, opens new horizons of pleasure, the whistling wind whispers the coming.
Elsewhere, far, far away, Life creeps over the undulating hill-tops gently heralding the arrival of a day, new, mysterious.
Daylight is here sure, safe, secure. A small hand wipes the sleep away from his big, brown eyes, half closed.
The sun high up, smiling, radiant, and jovial, expectantly awaits his little playmate to come outside.

F. Haralambous, 5A.

(Continued on page 4)

SERVICE . . .

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● **BUICK**

● **CHEVROLET**

● **VAUXHALL**

CHARITY

Sir,

What is the school council trying to do to us? Suggestions of late have been quite preposterous, e.g. forming an organization to help old people. A high school is not a charitable organization. We already give to charity through the Community Chest. If everybody is willing to give more money, then why not to the school, for the audio-visual room or a school intercom?

L. Shill,
4E.

THE CYCLE TRACK

Sir,

I would like to make a suggestion about improving the cycle-track leading to the bicycle sheds. Every day, together with scores of other boys, I ride along this cycle track, through dust, gravel and hundreds of rocks. Punctures are frequently caused by this rough track.

Not only do we spend valuable time mending these punctures, but, as most of the Std. 6 boys have new bicycles, we are sad that our new tubes are being ruined in this way.

I am sure that I speak for many boys when I say that if a specific time was set, we would not object to clearing this track ourselves.

I trust that this request will receive your favourable consideration.

Yours faithfully,
John Salmon,
1G.

IN APPRECIATION OF FLOWERS IN THE HALL

Sir,

Every schoolday, including Saturdays and Sundays, some type of interesting flower arrangement is to be found on the stage of our hall.

I imagine much work, time and trouble goes into these arrangements. It also lends a homely atmosphere to the assembly.

Some may think this thoughtful enterprise goes unseen, but it is noticed. Mrs. Fair is to be thanked for this generous gift and we are truly very grateful to her.

J. E. Griffiths,
5E.

THANK YOU TO GIRLS' HIGH

Sir,

On behalf of all those concerned I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Gall and those members of the Form Four boarder group of Girls' High School for the enjoyable tennis social. It was undoubtedly a great success and was appreciated by all those boys who attended the social.

Thanking you,
B. Forbes.

GOLF

Sir,

As you may well know, there are many promising young golfers in our school. Would it be possible to start a golf club here? I am sure that it would be well-supported as golf is a very popular game.

I do not think that there would be any difficulty involved in obtaining the permission of the Country Club for us to play there one afternoon of the week. I suggest the day that we play be preferably a day that would coincide with senior rugby and cricket activities.

C. van der Merwe,
4A.

SOME SHEEP

Sir,

I suggest that the grass around the sports fields and elsewhere within the grounds should be cut shorter, otherwise it will be a fire-hazard during the winter. The tractor does not keep it short enough and if the school purchased a few sheep it would be better! Outside the Roper Street entrance the grass is so long that if one is in a small car, one cannot see any oncoming traffic.

R. Clarence,
1B.

TABLE TENNIS

Sir,

As I am a very enthusiastic table tennis player, I would like to give a few reasons why I think a table-tennis club should be started at Boys' High.

Here are only a few, in no particular order:—

1. Table-tennis is an athletic sport, valuable for keeping fit.
2. It demands quick thinking and instantaneous reactions. It aids these desirable attributes.
3. It is the truly international sport with the exception of perhaps soccer. Over 120 countries are affiliated to the International Table-tennis Federation.

4. It may be played all the year round, but the official season in South Africa is winter.

5. It offers exercise and entertainment to the whole family, young or old, as well as to physically handicapped people.

6. Table-tennis helps one's tennis: Chuck McKinley, the former Wimbledon champion, claims that table-tennis helped him to become a number one player. England has produced many Internationals at both tennis and table-tennis. I would like to quote Dan Maskell, the famous lawn tennis coach, who says:

"I find that a pupil who has already learnt table-tennis, has a distinct advantage over those who have not."

7. Many Pretoria schools enter for the annual Northern Transvaal Schools League. Boys' High could enter a strong team in this tournament.

8. If even a dozen boys who do not participate in any other school activity play table-tennis at Boys' High, then surely a club at the school will have been justified.

Theo Heffer, who is seeded No. 3 in South Africa, Wally McCann, and several other N. Tvl. Committee members are doing a lot to encourage the youth of Pretoria to play table-tennis and is there a better way than starting in the schools?

B. Hattingh,
4G.

SQUASH

Sir,

Squash has become a very popular sport in this country within the past decade and it is surprising that no squash club has been formed in a school the size of ours. Squash is an ideal game for schoolboys in that it develops a sense of timing and co-ordination. It is fast and tiring and is one of the best exercises for building up general fitness for other sports.

There are many boys in the school who play squash extramurally, and a squash club, if inaugurated, would find keen supporters. A major obstacle is the accessibility of a suitable squash court and it would be most convenient if one could be built on the school grounds — I am certain that active enthusiasm would overcome the obstacle of expense. A squash court on our own grounds would attract many beginners — it cannot be denied that ample talent exists among a thousand boys.

A few years ago a small squash club, using the Hillcrest courts, was in existence and a silver trophy was donated by Mr. Liebman, the father of one of the boys. I am quite sure that the club could easily be revived under the leadership of a few keen seniors, and would meet with much success.

J. N. Kempster,
5A.

MOPEDS

Sir,

Will it perhaps be possible to allow moped-riders to ride up to the shed between 7.30 and 7.45 a.m.?

A Form Five.

IN THEIR OWN WRITE

(Continued from page 3)

THE FAIRER SEX: THE TEACHERS OF P.B.H.S.

I like the habits and the friendliness of the teachers here. Miss Cleaver is very friendly and knows "Macbeth" and other Shakespeare plays well. It seems to me that she knows quite a few languages and often uses the words "Mamma Mia, what a noisy class!" To the Greeks in class she speaks a sentence or two in Greek, and knows a bit of German.

Mrs. Erasmus, our Form teacher, is also quite friendly, but the only thing I do not like about her is that she is always subtracting cycle marks. She often uses the words "minus one," or even "minus five," then the victim says, "Oh no, Miss!" It is quite a struggle to keep one's head above water when you forget your books.

A boy from 1B,
or better, 1Z.

HAPPY ATMOSPHERE AT BOYS' HIGH

Going to high school from primary school is quite a big change in itself — but imagine how I felt having to change from an Afrikaans primary school to Boys' High. I felt very nervous. It was an entirely new environment and I did not know a soul there.

But what a pleasant surprise. I had not been there an hour, when I became aware of the happy atmosphere at Boys' High. It was a bit frightening and exciting, meeting all the new masters and being introduced to all the new class subjects. However, all the teaching staff were so friendly that within a couple of days we "New Pots" felt thoroughly at home.

Everyone at Boys' High seems to be so happy and I think it is the friendly feeling that exists between the staff and the scholars that makes for the happy atmosphere at school. I am proud to be a scholar here and it is the greatest thrill of my life to be seen in public wearing the Pretoria Boys' High uniform.

R. Pretorius,
1G.

THE FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

When the first day was over I felt as if I had survived a world war. I was rather proud at having completed one day. One thing I was not so proud of though was that we had homework. Little did I know what was in store for me at Pretoria Boys' High School.

R. Clarence.

My Life and Hard Times — A Tale of Boys' High Teachers and Me

On the 18th January, 1966, I became a pupil at Boys' High School. Life until that fateful day had been rather pleasant, but now I found myself drifting from class to class, being told what a stupid, irresponsible little boy I am by more than one fierce-looking teacher. My life is now a battle with the staff, who seem to be winning in every field. My marks are terrible, my cycle is horrible, and my parents not very understanding. But at least I have one consolation — the staff are also nearly at their wits' end!

N. Hedenskog,
1A.

CRICKET SCORING

To some the words "cricket scoring" may conjure up ideas of long hours of monotonous boredom. To me, however, these words suggest something more pleasant.

I enjoy watching cricket and I am prepared to lay aside my Saturdays and indulge in this apparently uninteresting pastime.

There are times, however, when scoring is not particularly interesting, for cricket is not always pleasing to watch. At other times, however, scoring may become almost chaotic. One finds oneself writing down that Jones has just scored six, that the bowler has just bowled a no-ball and at the same time answering questions on the batsman's total.

As far as I am concerned, from a boarder's point of view anyway, scoring is an enjoyable and constructive way of spending Saturdays, which are otherwise very often boring and uneventful.

B. Sturgeon,
3A.

THE GALA

The "gala" is another word for the annual Boer War which is waged at Hillcrest Swimming-pool. This year we managed to induce our school staff to supervise the gala, so we won ...

O. E. Scharf,
3F.

THE MASTERS

I would like to tell you what a fright I got when I arrived in the class.

We walked in and sat down, all very quiet. We sat for at least ten minutes. Then a large figure with a black robe emerged from a door. Not the same one through which we had entered.

This was a master. Six feet two. He went up to his shelf, took out a couple of sheets of paper and started taking the names.

As I heard these names I felt I was present at a gathering of animals. Some of these were Mole, Salmon, etc.

This was the first period, so I was dreading the next. The next was found not to be as bad as the first.

The next day we lived through a different kind of welcoming. This welcoming was from a small person, very nice. The other masters were quite normal.

G. T. Myers,
1G.

TAIL-PIECE

One extremely cold night a man put a rug over the front of his car. When it started at once the next morning, he congratulated himself. Then came the realization — the car had its engine at the rear.

* * *

A cannibal chief to tourist: "Stick around for the festivities tonight. You will be profoundly stirred ..."

* * *

One cannibal to another, spotting big-game hunter in sleeping-bag: "Ah, good! Breakfast in bed."

* * *

Question: What is the difference between a schoolmaster and an engine driver?

Answer: One trains the mind, the other minds the train.

M. Hughes,
2A.

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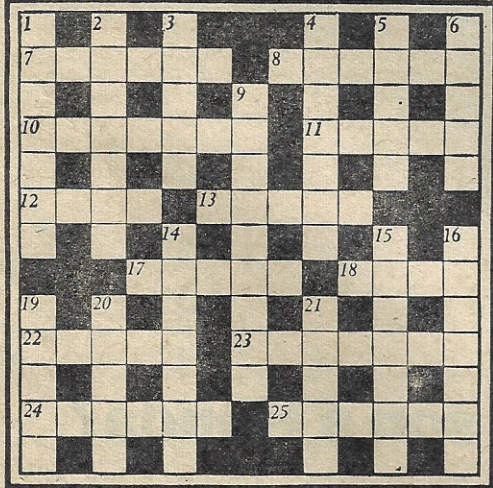
The P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle No. 3

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 close on May 6th, 1966.

ACROSS

7. First team scorer (6).
8. See 24 across.
10. Each led to the English master (anagram) (7).
11. Found in 4 down's room? (5).
12. A big test (4).
13. . . . , tens and hundreds (5).
17. Many of these are set for a cycle (1, 4).
18. Some play it on horses, we play it in the water (4).
22. Genuine thousand for a kingdom (5).
23. Head boy in 1955 (7).
24. and 8. Joubert does this job in the First XI (6, 6).
25. Sounds as though we hit the lady, but it is certainly frowned upon in this school! (6).



- DOWN
1. This insect is in season during first and fourth terms! (7).
 2. Sounds as though he starts the alphabet, but he makes money out of honey! (1, 3, 3).
 3. Frames of mind in Latin and English grammar (5).
 4. Ten bent in the woodwork room is as hard as 11 across (7).
 5. Only a fool would not know this month (5).
 - 6 and 16 down. Sounds as though he is annoyed with the land, but Mr Hill is usually very calm about it! (5, 7).
 9. Mr Harrop-Allin keeps this between him and his opponent! (6, 3).
 14. This is one of the ways 24 and 8 can get you out (7).
 15. This ex-headmaster should open the bowling (7).
 16. See 6.
 19. Some good swimmers certainly do not when they are doing this (5).
 20. The month for cadets? (5).
 21. Pretoria's steelworks (5).

Winners of competition No. 2: A. Vos and F. Haralambous.

HUNGER!



Photo: E. Braak

"COME BACK, MR BIRREL — IT'S ONLY FIVE TO FIVE! MR BIRREL . . . !"

D. Murray, D. van Eeden and T. McCusker "running" in the cross-country.

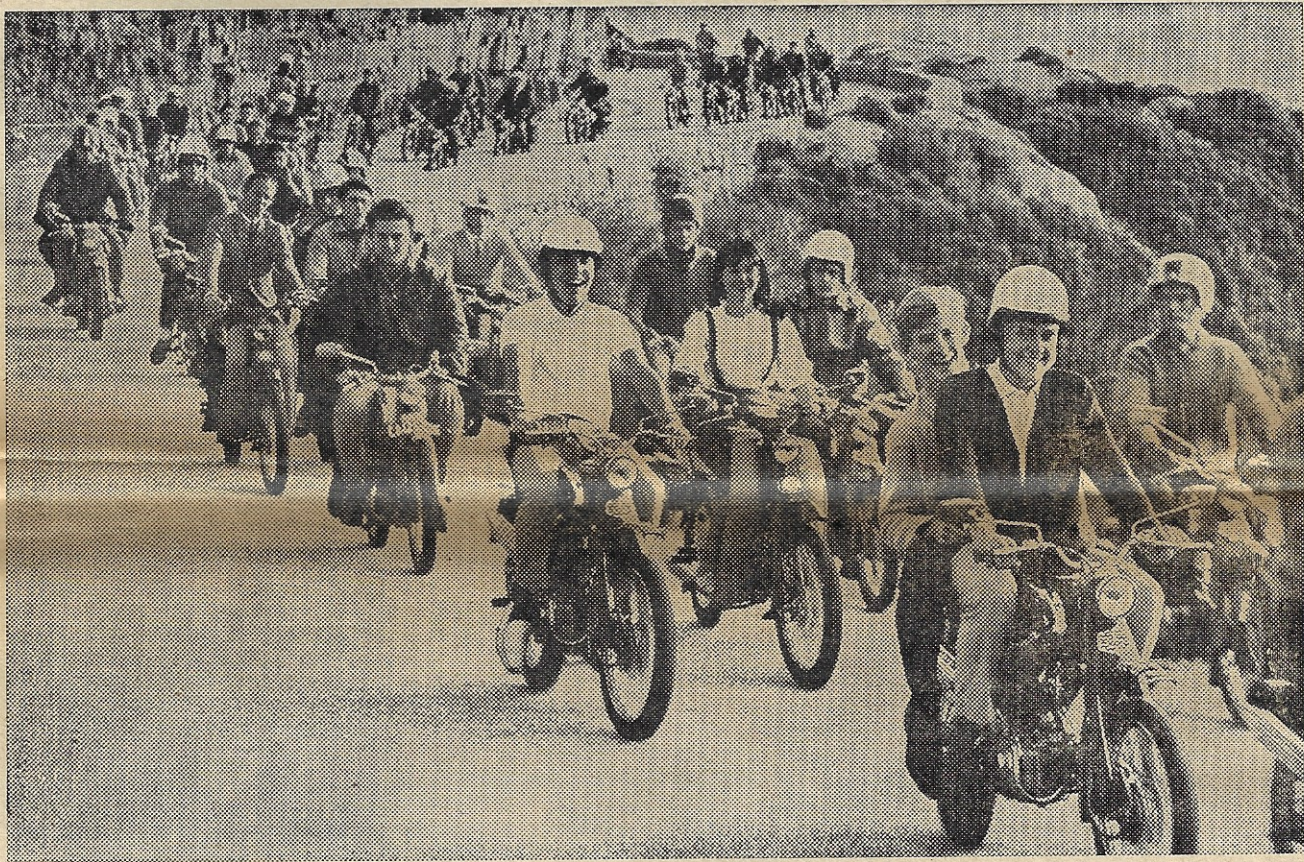
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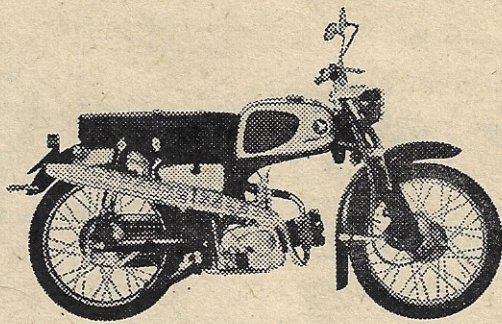
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TABLE MANNERS

Manners are defined by comparative ethics as the rules and conduct of man's beliefs about what is good or bad, right or wrong, in life and behaviour. It proves the accepted fact that good manners are the refined products of culture founded on civilisation.

Table etiquette is a very essential contributor to every enjoyable meal, especially when just the mentioning of eating brings on pangs of hunger to young healthy boys.

The normal procedures in a family home at mealtimes are for all to gather around the table. Each member usually occupies his or her own particular place. Only after grace has been said, can the process of eating commence, the first few minutes being spent in quiet eating. The only interruption may be, "Please pass the salt."

Gradually, as the edge of the appetites dwindles, conversation will become more frequent. Table etiquette requires that everyone present at the beginning of a meal should remain seated until everyone is ready to leave, unless someone asks to be excused.

As individuals, people differ in manner, speech and conduct. We receive lasting impressions from different sources, and as we are the product of our thoughts, it proves that outside influences play an important part in creating character. Manners are nothing but a mental pattern, a picture of doing something adopted from some admired personality; this becomes apparently natural to one's behaviour and automatically comes into practice where acts of courtesy, conduct and consideration are needed.

Eating, where no table manners exist, would be a time of chaos, where the strong would survive. It demands little imagination to visualise the squabbling and tears that would dominate such a meal.

As anything of importance should not be left to chance, it is imperative that great care be taken in adopting manners that will be a credit to parents, teachers and society. It is a debt we owe to civilisation for the many privileges we enjoy, that are made possible by existing present-day manners.

F. B. Shaw, 2E.

CRICKET

Cricket is really quite simple. You have two sides. One out in the field, one in. Each man on the side that is in goes out in turn to have his innings, and when he is out, he comes in and the next man goes in to bat until he is out. When all are out, it ends the innings and the side that is out in the field comes in. The side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out. Sometimes of course, you get men who are still in and not out. When both sides have been in and out, including not outs, that's the end of the game.

A. STIEMENS, 2D.

MY FIRST DAY AT P.B.H.S.

My father drove me to school and dropped me at the main entrance where there were hundreds of new-boys or "newpots" as we were later called. My first impression was one of awe. The endless grounds, colossal domes and the tall dominant pillars fascinated me.

The first teacher I saw looked very fierce and forbidding as he strode along with his black gown flying out behind him. In fact they were, I found later, very pleasant and kind, being completely different from what I thought they would be.

B. Gage, 1B.

SUPERSTITION

As far back as men can remember it seems as if people have accepted in some form or other an unreasonable belief in supernatural powers.

During the dark ages and mediaeval times, many lives were sacrificed through superstition and no one doubted the existence of the hideous nations which were conjured up by superstitious imaginations. These beliefs were not only accepted by the illiterate but also by the educated and well-known scholars of those days.

Many beliefs were derived from biblical teachings. The idea that spilling salt brings bad luck is derived from the book of Numbers, chapter 18. The ill-luck reputation associated with Friday the 13th originated from the number of people assembled at the Last Supper prior to the crucifixion which took place on a Friday.

It has been noted that many beliefs still existed during the 19th Century, when people were accused, condemned and executed for being in league with the devils who caused crop failures or disease among cattle, by means of the evil eye. Through their credulous attitude towards magic and witchcraft, a 16-year-old girl was publicly beheaded in 1840, after she was found guilty of witchcraft.

Unfortunately through lack of Christian progress there still exist among our Bantu people many superstitions and a strong belief in witchcraft often resulting in ritual murders. In our scientific era with all its progress and advancement, we know that a virus or microbe is the cause of illness, that accidents occur through unfortunate or careless circumstances and not through evil spells.

Yet in spite of our logical acceptance of circumstances, we often see good luck charms.

It seems that superstition has become part of man's nature, and has proved the truth of the later translation of the word superstition — super (above), stare (to stand or survive).

F. A. Shaw, 2E.

THERE'S SOMETHING ON IN THE DORM TONIGHT

There's something on in the dorm tonight, 'tis a pre-organized pillow-fight. "C" dorm versus "D" dorm — The lads are going to perform.

There's something on in the dorm tonight, Quieten down! 'tis time to put out the light. Hush now fellers! until ten, Then it's time to get at them.

There's something on in the dorm tonight, It's now ten o'clock sharp, Come on, that new boy Harp! Give them the sign that we are ready — Creep on now fellers, don't hurry, steady!

There's something on in the dorm tonight, We are now creeping on for the fight. Our leader, Van der Steller, Rushes at a "D" dorm feller.

There's something on in the dorm tonight, We're now engaged in a full-scale pillow-fight! The terrific din awakes Mr. Havenlin.

There's something on in the dorm tonight, The boys, hearing the footsteps, Retreat in fright.

There's something on in the dorm tonight — I'm sure it's an electric light.

C. du Plessis, 2D.

A MORNING OF MR. JONSOG'S HOLIDAY

It was five o'clock in the morning when Mr. Jonsog opened one of his eyes to see the alarm clock on his bedside table. He closed his eye, turned over and went back to dreamland. It was seven o'clock when he woke up and looked at the clock again. He sprang out of bed, cursing the alarm clock for not waking him up. He somersaulted over the bed, landing on the bedroom mat, and crash-landed into the cupboard. In his anger he hurried a shoe at the cat, missed by feet, and ended up breaking the mirror. He grabbed his trousers, putting them on inside-out as well as back-to-front. He rushed into the bathroom, and in trying to shave, cut himself four times. Dressed, he hurried downstairs looking like a tramp, tripped over the umbrella stand, and landed on the floor, scraping a layer of skin off his chin. Rushing into the kitchen, he saw to his amazement that last night's washing had not been done. Red with anger, he hurled a knife at the dog which had just woken up on hearing all the noise. He missed as usual, and it landed out of a window which had accidentally been left open all night. He then ran out to the garage and as he opened the door, a rat raced out between his legs.

After fainting for a minute after his hair-raising experience, he jumped into the car, which would not start. It received a boot from Mr. Jonsog's bare foot. Howling in pain, he hopped into the house, onto the chair in the lounge.

Then it struck him what all the rush was about. It was the first day of his holiday.

J. Mann, 1F.

THAT "EGG-SHAPED" BALL

When I came to P.B.H.S.

The winter sport for me was football.

Although I already had watched a test,

I knew nothing about that game with the 'egg-shaped' ball.

To me a scrum was the same as a line-out,

A penalty the same as a try,

But I knew that gafe with the 'egg-shaped' ball.

Raised many a spirit high.

The first practice was an experience new.

I played that day like a new-born ewe;

With boys all sizes from short to tall

Turning out to play that game with the 'egg-shaped' ball.

And now I look forward for the winter season to come,

For the line-out, the penalty, the try and the scrum;

I look forward to K.E.S., Seuns Hoër and all,

Against whom I'll play that game with the 'egg-shaped' ball.

D. Weiner, 2D.

NEWSPAPER COMMITTEE, 1966

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A special word of thanks to our advertisers, Mr. Mulvenna and Mr. Ashton for the crosswords, N. Greenberg for reading the proofs and E. Braak for the photographs.

SPORT

CROSS-COUNTRY

The 2.7 mile Senior Social Run saw the Cross-Country season in. Robin Reid, although he had not trained much, romped home to win, putting up a noteworthy performance. David Fourie of form 3 ran well and left all but three of the senior boys trailing. Derek Carstens was the surprise, coming third — not far behind Neil Edwards. Town and Rissik Home, with four runners each in the first ten, shared the honours and emerged the strongest contenders for the top position on the final day. Coetzee won the Junior Social Run, which was run a few days later.

Then came one of the highlights of the season as far as spirit was concerned — the Inter-Class Relay. Form 5A (represented by van Eeden, Ovendale, McMillan and Edwards) finished over three minutes ahead of their nearest rivals. An untimely injury to Peter Kaal unfortunately robbed 5D of his services, leaving the reigning champions to retain the place virtually unchallenged. The Form 3C team, captained by Stork Halford, are to be commended on their fine enthusiasm — not only did they break the form 3 course record, but they also entered six teams into the race. In all, over two hundred boys competed and imparted a keen spirit to the proceedings, making this event one of the most enjoyable to date. The Junior Class Relay was marked by a like co-operation and zest. The foremost team was form 2B.

The Juniors then had a very full week — on the Monday they ran the Junior handicap, a punishing race, followed by the Class Relay, already mentioned, in mid-week, and finally there was the 4½ mile run on the Friday for all who fancied their chances of making the school team for the Inter-High School Cross Country to be run later this month at Lyttelton.

This long course was the most tryin' race yet run this year, because of the extra stamina it demanded. About a mile from the end, Peter Kraal stormed away from his nearest rival, van Eeden, steadily increasing his lead until he crossed the tape well ahead of him, finishing a very fine race. It was encouraging to see that Angus Ovendale, whose leg had been broken in an accident, seemed to have recovered and was running with all his former vigour.

Many prominent runners did not enter the 3 mile Handicap, probably because it was not long before the final event. Neil Edwards and Derek Carstens started from scratch and the former turned the tables on his Rissik House rival to win the race on time. Head-boy Louis van Schaik was ninth on time, showing that he is fairly fit. Henning was the first runner to cross the tape.

The final-day Cross-Country was a great success — more than four hundred boys started the race and nearly all finished it. Peter Kaal was again the foremost individual in romping home to win by a long way, and indeed bettered his own record of 1965 by twenty-two seconds to complete the course in 17 minutes 1 second. Derek van Eeden ran second, followed by Robin Reid, Neil Edwards and Derek Carstens. The tremendous spirit and enthusiasm of the boarders triumphed this year — Rissik House won the Senior House competition and School House the Junior competition. There was much excitement when six or seven masters took part — but they were given a start!

It is to be hoped that the standard is as high when the school runs against King Edward VII School, and in the Pretoria Inter-High School Cross-Country, both scheduled to be run after the time of going press.

SWIMMING

Our season opened with a triangular meeting against K.E.S. and Jeppe. Our invincible team was beaten by K.E.S. with 116 points to 88 but satisfaction was reached when at the same meeting we beat Jeppe, who only scored 18.

At the Northern Transvaal championships (junior) our swimmers did exceptionally well and our congratulations go to our captain Evan Grobler, as well as Terence Downes, Carl van Niekerk, G. (Oubaas) Braak, J. Dowe and O. Kruger for making the team. "Oubaas" Braak swam well to set up two new South African school records for the under 13 breast stroke and individual medley.

Then, at another meeting against Athlone and Parktown, our team proved worthy of their reputation by scoring 203 in reply to Parktown's score of 187 and Athlone's of 57.

The inter-house gala went off exactly as arranged with our old friend, the rain, chasing everyone home at interval. The remaining events were swum during the fourth period the following Tuesday. The winners were Town House.

SHOOTING

There have been no competitions this year as the programme for the meetings is being arranged for the second and third terms. This opportunity should, therefore, be taken to enlighten some of us upon the development of the sport.

Shooting has only recently been restarted at the school because of the interest and determination shown initially by Mr. Iisley and secondly by the boys concerned. The coming into being of the shooting team seems to have followed a set pattern.

In the beginning there were "the dark ages", where one guide was followed by a flock of shaky novices. Everyone was aiming high, but success was not abounding. There was then a period of hard work and improvement: "The Middle Ages" — also known as "The Pregnant Silence".

Then 1965 gave birth to success. The potential had quickly been cultivated and the time of practice started to pay dividends. Three members of the team qualified for the Northern Transvaal team and competed against the finest shots in the country at Bloemfontein. As a result Boys High was made known in yet another sphere of sporting activity.

The first team last year was indeed a noteworthy one and the season ended with six of its members receiving colours. It is sometimes difficult to judge the standard of a shooting team, but there can be no doubt that last year's team will be remembered as one of distinction.

This year there are many new faces appearing at the shooting range and, in fact, difficulty is being experienced in thinning the numbers down. The Junior School is continually being encouraged to take part in trials in order to have a team hatched which will guarantee the success of the future years.

At the inter-zone gala on Saturday the 12th, we were placed in zone B with Meisies Hoër, Hendrik Verwoerd and Lyttelton Manor. Our swimmers were brilliant. The zone B A team, consisting of only Boys' High in the boys section, won comfortably. This led to us beating our old friend and enemy, Seuns Hoër, by a clear 32 points. P.B.H.S. 82, A.H.S. 50.

On Wednesday the 23rd our representatives of the Northern Transvaal swimming team left for Cape Town. We wish them good luck.

SPORT

CRICKET

Our first team has, since last year's tour to Pietermaritzburg, gone from strength to strength. It was on this tour that the school team proved what a formidable team they can be. Owing to the fact that six of the most promising of last year's players returned to the school this year, a high standard was expected by all. With one game still to be played they have a most creditable record. Of the six games played they have won three, drawn one and lost two — one of which was a powerful Isaac's eleven.

The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the victory over K.E.S. This was a great occasion as the last time we beat K.E.S. was in 1960. However, the ever-determined K.E.S. turned the game into the hardest and yet the most enjoyable of the season. This game welcomed the return of form of the 'old man' more commonly known as Peter Edye. It was the latter with 38 and Cornelius with 36 who formed the basis of a memorable innings. After Edye had been dismissed there was a collapse and we found ourselves with the meagre total of 159 for 9 at lunch. After lunch, however, David Kelly and John Matthews took the score to 283 before Matthews was stumped for an excitingly fast 41. Meanwhile his partner had kept up his end with surprising confidence and had ended up with a praiseworthy 9 not-out.

Throughout K.E.S.'s innings there was always a possibility of them making the runs; but Matthews, with 3 for 24, made certain of our victory by clean bowling their last man and so making us victorious by 61 runs. Peter Edye bowled extremely well for his 4 for 43. There was nothing but praise for the atmosphere on and off the field.

The most exciting game of the season was without doubt the match against St John's. The home team elected to bat on a lively pitch. 96 Minutes later St John's found themselves back in the pavilion after having made 70 runs. Gavin Meyer did the damage by taking 5 for 20. What seemed an easy target suddenly became rather distant when the school team found themselves in an awkward position, being 2 down for 3 runs and then 5 for 26. Edwards and Edye redeemed the position slightly and the total at lunch was 49 for 5. After lunch, however, Edye was out to the third ball he received for an attacking 21. The score was now 49 for 6 and victory seemed well within our grasp. However, when Edwards fell to Van Oettingen for 32, making the score 63 for 6, the biggest collapse of the season set in. Van Oettingen then proceeded to claim two more wickets with the last two balls of his over. Six more runs were taken off the next over making the score 89 for 8. A cold silence swept the ground as Von Oettingen ran up to bowl the first ball of his twelfth over. No trouble to cool headed Van Oettingen. He proceeded to clean bowl our last 2 batsmen with his first two balls, thereby giving St John's a glorious victory in the closest match in many a year. Indeed perhaps even Mr Hofmeyr would have to scratch his head to recall a match where the school had lost by the ridiculously small margin of one run.

Although the game against Parktown ended in a draw, there was always a chance of victory for both sides. Batting first, the school declared at 216 for 8, of which Funston made 75 not out and Edwards 50. Parktown replied with 190 for 9. 'Run out' was our best bowler, claiming 5 wickets.

C.B.C. were dismissed for 42, owing to some enthusiastic bowling by Meyer, who took 6 for 20, and Matthews, with 9 for 12. At the close of play the school had made 103 for the loss of 2 wickets. Top scorer was Edwards with 59 not out.

Batting first against Jeppe, the school declared at 218 for 7, of which Funston made 68, not out.

The Jeppe batsmen did not provide much opposition to our bowlers and were easily dismissed for 113. Kelly, with 5 for 27 was the chief wicket-taker.

The strong Isaac's eleven, owing to a typically exciting Funston innings of 65, declared at 208 for 7. In reply the school crumbled to the bowling of Lance and were all out for 111. (Nelson was not playing for Isaac's XI). Mr. Isaacs with his 'clouders' took 3 for 99.

This term saw yet another set of House matches start and finish. There was not much day-boy spirit in the Junior and Sub-Junior sections. There was, however, the usual boarder spirit and Rissik House turned the tables on Solomon House and won both sections. This year there was surprisingly a good deal of spirit amongst the senior day-boy sides. Sunnyside, whose team included 5 first team players, won all their games and in both spirit and potential they were one of the strongest house teams in many a year. The final positions were:

First Sunnyside with 16 points, second School with 13 points, third Town with 12 points, fourth Rissik with 8 points, fifth Solomon with 7 points and sixth Arcadia with 4 points.

The Second XI had a very mediocre season, having played four games, won two, drawn one, and lost one. The first match was cancelled after it was heard that the Parktown pitch was two inches under water, and under those circumstances it would have been difficult to play. The first match, against St John's, was disastrous — the team displayed a lack of enthusiasm in batting, bowling and fielding. Only Kleyweg and Parker managed to score a few for a total of 91, in reply to St John's 205. Kleyweg took five for 63. "Van der Merwe's day" was against Jeppe, as he took 5 for 36 and made 71 not out. McMillan (captain) came back to form with 63 to make the total 136 for 6 in reply to Jeppe's 135. The St Alban's match was unfortunately a repetition of the spiritless St John's game, and the team scraped a draw, van der Merwe and Levy adding 46 and 40 respectively to the total of 129. The opposition failed by only 5 runs to pass this total. This was another poor effort in all respects. Then Seconds triumphed in undoubtedly the best game of the season, with a victory over K.E.S. — a fine success. Peter Cooper came right back on form with a good 60, van der Merwe made 39, McMillan made 34 and Levy made 44 not out, for a total of 211 for 5 declared. K.E.S. only managed to reply with 101 all out. Van Zyl and Cockerell were the outstanding bowlers, each taking 4 wickets. It is hoped that Seconds will do better during the fourth term, and that Mr. Spies will not have to warn them that they are the cause of his bad language and muttering from the shootingstick at square-leg.

THIRD TEAM CRICKET

The Third team, coached by Mr. Temple, was a particularly strong side this season, winning four out of their five matches. The cricket was bright and entertaining and was played in the typical happy-go-lucky third team spirit. An example of this was against St Alban's when one of our batsmen was given out lbw. After the match the umpire told him that it was a very doubtful decision, but in any case he had batted long enough! The best individual batting performances were: Shenker 101 not out against St John's; Rogan 74 against Jeppe; Armstrong 51 against K.E.S.; Moerdyk 56 against K.E.S.; and Soulsby 43 against C.B.C. The best bowling performances were: Lance 3 wickets for 9 runs; Nourse 3 wickets for 24 runs; and Glen 3 wickets for 22 runs.

The Under 15A have had a fair season, but have lost two good players, who were promoted to the 2nd XI. Mr. Ackermann did the coaching and Mr. Denton helped out with umpiring. The match against CBC was easily won, Summerton taking 8 wickets for 6 runs

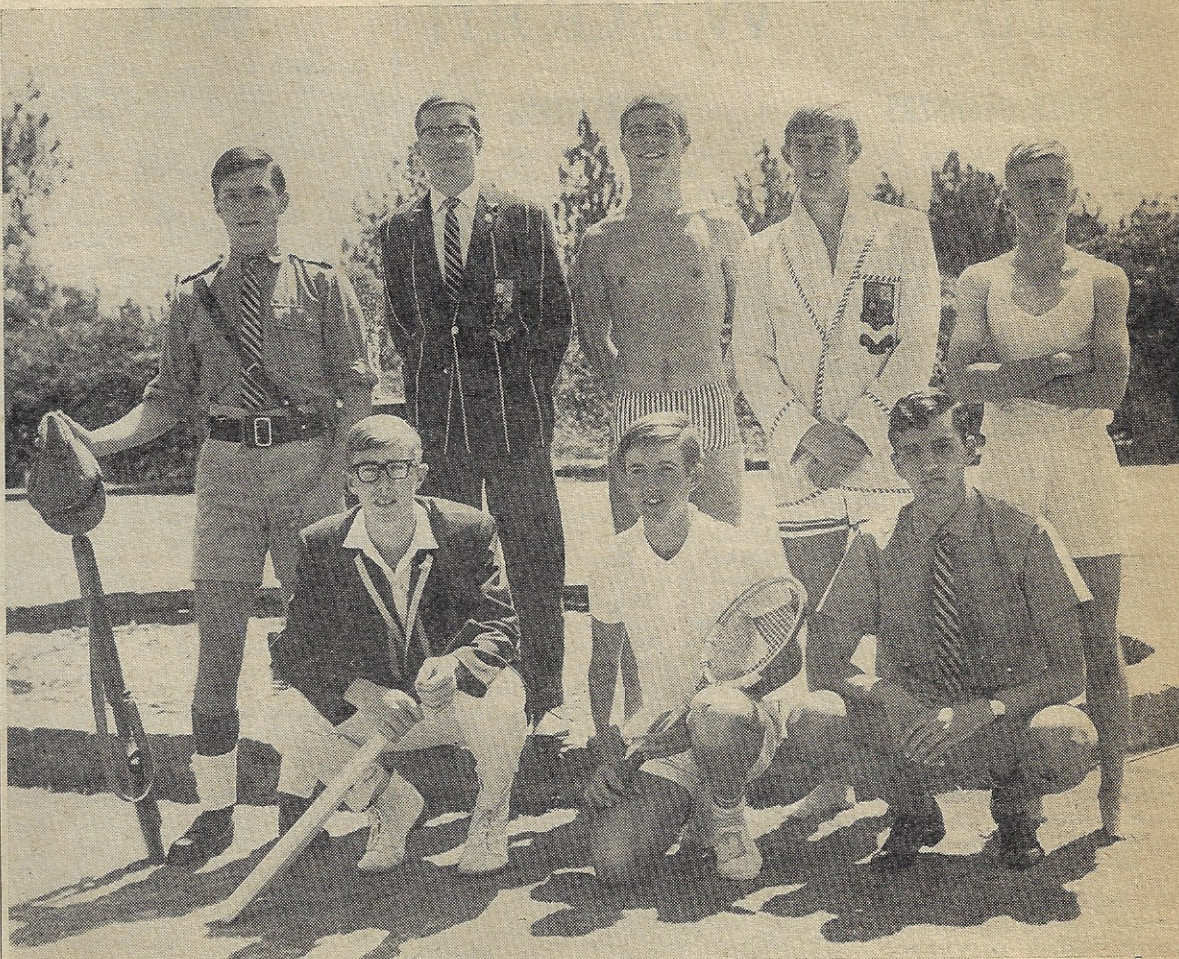


Photo: E. Braak, 4A

Standing: D. Beattie (Shooting captain), L. van Schaik, (Head prefect), E. Grobler (Swimming captain), P. Kaal (Athletics and Cross-country star), D. van Eeden (Cross-country runner).
Sitting: N. Edwards (Cricket captain), J. Bucke (Tennis captain), F. Haralambous (Chairman of the Debating Society).

Absent: D. McMillan (Cross-country captain), P. Edye (Rugby captain).

in 8 overs. But St John's proved a different proposition — Dickie Cooper, the captain, was top scorer and van Zyl took 4 wickets, but St John's gained a convincing victory. The team scraped a draw against Jeppe, who fielded a team of boys of whom at least five were much larger than Mr. Denton. Van Zyl made a good 72 on a field with grass of three inches high. St Alban's suffered a heavy defeat when Katopodes and Summerton put their heads down and made 95 and 63 respectively, but the team lost to their main rival — K.E.S. Summerton, Katopodes and Cooper bowled well, while Fourie made 39.

The Under 14A, consisting of 1st and 2nd XI players of the future, is a very good side this year. Mr. Gibbs has taken over the coaching and Mr. Hofmeyr is also present at net-practices. All matches have been won. (Parktown, C.B.C., St John's, Jeppe, St Alban's, K.E.S.) — the opposition was completely crushed in some cases. Blignaut, Jones, Funston, Mark and Wegerle proved to be the outstanding all-rounders, while the captain, de Villiers, and Ryan batted very well. This is another of those promising under 14A teams with excellent potential.

On the other hand the under 14B have not had an over-successful season as far as results go. Of their six matches they lost to K.E.S., St John's, W.H.P.S. and C.B.C., defeating only Parktown and Jeppe. The batsmen making runs have been Cresswell (captain), Sammy and Cheyney, and the bowler claiming most wickets was Blignaut.

TENNIS

As league matches are scheduled to be played during the second term, there have not been any matches this term. However, next term should bring to light some bright and sparkling tennis, as the opposition has in the past always proved to be strong.

On Friday, 11th March, the school's first two teams played in a friendly match against Seuns Hoër. Owing to some bright tennis on the part of Boys' High, we managed to gain a convincing victory over them.

Sunday, 13th March, was a day when the up and coming boarder tennis stars (and charmers) had

their chance to prove themselves in more ways than one. The Girls' High Form Fours organised a tennis social to which all the senior boarders were invited. The day proved most successful and the boys all had a wonderful time. However, the coldrink did not last very long, but trere again, nothing that is tasty lasts long when there are boarders around. As one boarder friend came to me and said: "I go just for the graze."

Boys' High boarders should also think about organising a tennis

social and inviting perhaps . . . Meisies Hoër?

The question has been put to me many times. "Why don't we have all-weather courts, like the other schools?" I feel that if we have all-weather courts, the standard of tennis and the keen enthusiasm of the boys would certainly increase considerably. At the moment the courts are in such a state that the slightest bit of rain could deface them almost completely. All-weather courts last for a long time and would save many man-hours of labour.

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SCIENCE, MATHS
AND HISTORY, AND
A HOST OF OTHER
SUBJECTS. OUR
NAME? VAN SCHAİK'S
BOOKSTORE