

A TRIBUTE PAID TO THE MEMORY OF A GREAT MAN

Gathered as we were in the hall on the solemn occasion, Mr. Fair paid tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd.

To a hushed assembly he said that he was not going to add to what had already been written and said by newspapers and over the air about the life of this great man but, instead said a few words about the ceremony itself and pointed out that this form of memorial service is as old and as universal as human society. All human beings are affected by the reverential fear of the mystery of life and death, and therefore we mourn, before the face of God, the passing of one of us, a fallible human being.

This is an act which stimulates the flow of goodwill, tolerance and charity and it also deepens our sense of the mystery of our life. By identifying ourselves with this person we are enriched and extended.

However, Mr. Fair also made it obvious that generalised emotional states can be dangerous. They are feelings which can seep away ineffectually, leaving us feeble, instead of stronger. Therefore, some definite act, on our part, to make more of ourselves and of life is necessary. A challenge faces us — A challenge to act upon a new impulse and to follow a clearer direction.

Mr. Fair offered his attempt to formulate a perennial meaning: he admired Dr. Verwoerd, but, in honesty could not pretend that he considered the late Prime Minister's vision as a final and sufficient one, although he recognised the boldness, sincerity, courage and intellectual energy presented in this vision.

He went on to say that to honour Dr. Verwoerd, we, as individual members of the Republic, must accept his ideal — the ideal of full development and freedom for South Africans of every colour and racial origin. This is our personal obligation.

The meaning of this assassination was, for Mr. Fair, a realization that each of us is a potential assassin. We may seldom reach the point of physical violence, but we do destroy something in ourselves — we de-humanize ourselves. The physical violence that kills is the experience of the emotional violence kindled by hate. Thus there is a message for us all:

"Hate no man, nor despise any, for contempt and hate are fellow assassins."

D. Beattie,
Form 5A.

TOO LATE

It is a great pity that virtually all of my five years at this school have been spent without much realisation of the value of its traditions and customs.

It is only now, with four weeks to go to the examinations which will bring my association with this school to an end, that an awareness of the permanency that surrounds all the school's activities has reached me.

A great sense of longing engulfs me when I recall the carefree life I have led under the wing of Boys' High, and this serves to make me savour to their fullest extent my last few days of boyhood.

W. Soulsby,
Form 5A.

REMEMBRANCE DAY — 11th NOVEMBER, 1966



... They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them.

Photo: E. Braak.

A PRIVILEGE AND A MEMORY

I have experienced something valuable. I have learned much from my experiences. I have found new friends. I have been lucky enough to be part of Boys' High School, together with all the very fine boys who have shared this privilege.

I will never forget what I have experienced and what I have learned and I aim to build on what Boys' High School has given me. Nobody could expect a finer or sounder foundation.

We are not being set free when we leave Boys' High School — we have been free since we spent our first day here.

Loyalty and school spirit and co-operation and hard work and straight play are all Boys' High School asks for before it gives rich memories, new friends, a deeper understanding, a true sense of good sportsmanship and above all, an opportunity for creating. I cannot think of an atmosphere more conducive to original ideas and lofty ambitions than the atmosphere at our school. And what was more important to us at school than to be given a true opportunity to prove ourselves for what we are? That unselfish group of men and women that comprise our staff has helped us to realise our ambitions, to say what we believed, do what we thought best.

I cannot say exactly how I will feel when I have written my final examination and walk out of the school buildings for the last time as a Boys' High boy, but I know that my feelings will be a mixture of sadness, gratitude and pride. Even as I sit here now and write, memories return and flood my mind. These are memories I shall treasure forever. Thank you — Boys' High!

P. J. Cooper,
Form 5A.

DO NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE

I am not normally sentimental, but there is one thing that I will always remember about Boys' High, even if I remember nothing else and that is the attitude of the Masters towards the Boys. I think it is true to say that in most cases the boys regard the Masters more as friends than as teachers. Most of the Masters are always ready to enjoy a joke with the boys and occasionally even tell jokes of their own. They do not try to keep themselves aloof from the boys and act with superiority; on the other hand they are not too familiar and remaining between these two extremes they gain and hold the respect of the boys.

All too many boys take this friendly attitude for granted and fail to appreciate how lucky they are. I can assure them that they will not find this attitude prevailing at many other schools. These days far too many schoolmasters feel that the only way to gain the respect of the boys is to make themselves feared or to appear terribly superior. They do not realise that this kind of attitude earns them contempt. On the whole I think that boys are far more responsive if they feel that a teacher is approachable when problems arise.

This is especially directed at boys in the junior forms, who might be inclined to take advantage of the tolerance shown by the masters.

Anonymous,
Form 5A.

CITY

Mile after mile of stretching concrete slabs, and faces too, somehow carved in emptiness. A metropolis of nothingness, reaching smoky tentacles to a distant horizon where (perhaps) Life is (or was) where (perhaps) men live and and love and die all out of place. The God just cannot touch them there. They are they. (Perhaps).

N. Greenberg,
Form 5A.

THE LAST TIME

My hand numb, still paining me now I pass out into . . . who knows? Here I am sheltered, comfortable and collected: No uncertainty in this stable building. During the last five years I've become accustomed to the racks and sharp edges in its fine surface. They look so small now as I peer at them and I sense pleasure despite the musty gloom which is still clouding my brain.

But I must pass out of this existence IMMEDIATELY. I really must see what is outside.

Out in the sun a familiar face — a wave, a blur — the last look — then quiet (until the next world). . . . I saw School.

Now that I realise I am soon to leave school, my feelings are too deep for words . . .

Anonymous,
Form 5A.

THE YO-YO

If you should see a weird thing, bobbing up and down, It seems to me most likely that the "yo-yo" is in town; I watched a boy playing yo-yo, The yo-yo he skillfully used, Until after many ups and downs I became utterly confused. I happened once to be in class, And I watched the tension grow, As a master caught a victim Playing with his yo-yo. Under the fiery stare, the boy did nearly melt, And very soon the masters came, Made its presence felt. I bought myself a yo-yo The tricks I began to try, But no sooner had I started Than the action went awry. I was very much disheartened, As 'tis plain to see, And I crushed it under my boot For it had made a fool of me. It was then that I observed Just what I had done, For I was thirty cents poorer Than when the craze begun.

R. Burn,
Form 1F.

IN THEIR OWN WRITE

THE HEADMASTER'S REPORT 1966

In a humorous, yet philosophical vein, the Headmaster painted a skeleton picture of the highlights, achievements, but also low ebbs of the school in the past year.

The school's sporting achievements once again won great praise. The Headmaster covered all aspects, both pleasant and otherwise. From the spectacular feat of the band in becoming the Republic's top school cadet band, he then appropriately and wisely referred to the school's Rugby tour merely as a "social success."

With a somewhat dejected look on his face, Mr. Abernethy ran through the list of the school's staff who would be leaving at the end of the year. This is a great loss, and every one of them, from the newly-wed Mrs. Ashton to the veteran Mr. Spies, will be sorely missed.

It was not surprising when the Headmaster began telling the assembled parents about how difficult it is to educate boys and about all the various obstacles. He sincerely thanked his able and enterprising staff for helping him in this somewhat difficult task of civilising boys.

Mr. Abernethy had enjoyed meeting the parents of the boys during the course of the year, especially the mothers (and not for the reason you are thinking). Mothers always know their sons better than fathers, who inevitably display a surprising lack of knowledge about their own sons.

However, the staff always managed to come out on top in the struggle to put the boys on the right road, and for this the Headmaster thanked parents too, for after all, they started the process.

The Headmaster's thanks also went out to the Governing Body, under Mr. Trevor Randall, the Parent's Association, led by Mr. Paul Kruger (a good name) and also to the industrious Mothers' Committee, under Mrs. Cooper. It is certain that without their assistance, the great machine of Boys' High School would not be able to function as smoothly as it does at the moment.

However, despite the difficulties and problems which boys posed, Mr. Abernethy had no doubt about the ability of the younger generation. Boys in the present decade, must suffer and bear with a lot more than the boys in the Headmaster's time (probably quite a while back). In those days, boys did not have to overcome the temptation of reading paper-backs with enticing covers, nor did they have the unfortunate opportunity of seeing so-called adult films. In addition, young men were in the dilemma as to whether they should grow their hair long, or longer.

The parents were to hear a piece of advice from the Headmaster that morning which warranted coming all the way from Naboomspruit. Parents should not abdicate and give complete authority and freedom to their sons at a young age.

Our Headmaster displayed an understanding of the young man's problems and showed a humane attitude towards them. The times have changed, but it is good to know that our Headmaster has changed with them.

F. Haralambous,
Form 5A.

THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY, HA HA!

Before exams — "I have confidence in confidence, in confidence alone."

Night before exams — "It's been a Hard Day's Night."

During exams — "Torture."

Exam room — "Sounds of Silence."

Passing — "Wishful thinking."

Results — "Sea of Heartbreak."

Failing — "I'm a nut."

Afrikaans — "Words, words, words."

Science — "Bang — Bang."

Form Fours of Girls' High.

THE END

When sundown daubs the western sky
With colours red and gold.
When crickets chirp a mournful cry,
The distant curfew tolls.

Then shall old men meet again
And dream of days gone by:
Then shall the young men reign,
The world that is to die.

The arrows flight will long be spent,
And powder's scent will not be smelt,
For now a bomb the earth will rent,
And this by all is felt.

And now there times will be when man
Will see the wrong that he has done.
And some who do with Him agree
Will fear what is to come.

And so with darkness and the End
That silently clouds man's mind,
It is for mercy and for Him
To stay, and save mankind.

A. Webb,
Form 5B.

THIS, MY WORLD

Age is wisdom, I am told,
I am still young, but even so,
With many a year afore I grow old
I look down on and I scorn this world.

Education they have given me
I am still young but even so
My eyes are open now, and I see
How vile and wicked is this world.

We're civilised, or so it's said,
I am still young, but even so
I'm made to live in dread
Of the possible annihilation of this world.

I hate this world, and all therein,
I am still young, but even so . . .

A. Webb,
Form 5B.

MCMXIV MCMXVIII

These Roman numbers are situated directly below the school clock above the main entrance to the school.

This particular school has a peculiar habit, it likes to remind everyone of its existence. Every fifteen minutes it chimes out a tune which is heard by all people around Boys' High — including our dear friends across the railway line.

The only time the clock does not chime is after some meddling youth has interfered with its wires. I would like to appeal to those few individuals to leave the clock alone because many people set their watches by our clock.

E. Robson,
Form 5B.

I SHALL MISS

I shall miss the cries of "Yea, Lou!" that greeted any verbal gem uttered by the Head Boy . . .

I shall miss the untiring efforts at karate by a certain English master who earned the cognomen "Oddjob" . . .

I shall miss that blonde Chap who always looked as though he had just returned from the First World War . . .

I shall miss the jaw . . .
I shall miss Matzos Haraperambu-later . . .
I shall miss the blush of D. van E. . . .

I shall miss Mr. Dorey's friendly pat-on-the-back, though I shall probably still carry the imprint of his huge hand . . .

Donald Duck is a Jew . . .
Andy Capp is an alcoholic . . .
Dr. Kildare has pimples . . .
James Bond was a stripper . . .
Grey Hofmeyr lacks tact . . .

N. Greenberg,
Form 5A.

SCHOOL IN SCOTLAND

When I left Pretoria Boys' High a little over a year ago, I never fully appreciated what a privilege it was to be a member of this school. With a sad heart I left South Africa, determined to make the best of my new school, Wishaw High, in Scotland.

When I arrived I was immediately struck by its overwhelming difference from Boys' High. The building appeared to be enshrouded in a veil of antiquity. Although its walls were black and dirty, it did, nevertheless have a certain air of refinement. It was amazing to think that the school had withstood the test of time so well for nearly two centuries.

My first hurdle was the introduction to the headmaster. This I overcame, but not without considerable difficulty: the language barrier presented a trying test for both of us.

As soon as I was placed in my class, I became suddenly aware of the vast difference between the methods of teaching in South Africa and those in Scotland. I found that it was left to the pupil to carry out research concerning particular subjects and that in the scientific and mathematical fields they were definitely more advanced.

One disappointment was the lack of sport and outdoor recreation. Unlike Boys' High, which enjoys a vast variety of sports, there was only one main sport — the traditional game of soccer. Many of the boys participated with tremendous enthusiasm and vigour, no matter what the climatic conditions were. As one kicked the ball about the muddy turf, one felt that it was a battle against the elements, rather than the opposing team.

The winter months were the worst. The days were short, cold and wet, and by the time school ended at four o'clock, it was already dark. I really missed the warm, sunny days and freedom one enjoyed in South Africa.

I have learnt a great deal from my overseas experience but, above all, I have learnt what a wonderful country South Africa is and now I can appreciate fully its unlimited attractions.

N. Bankier,
Form 4A.

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

The time has come when I realise with shock that my stay at Boys' High is rapidly drawing to a close. I say with shock, because I have never given much thought to the fact that I too will have to leave this sanctuary and find myself faced with "Life."

My five years at this school have been enjoyable ones. I fail to see how anyone can spend five years in a vital institution such as this without it having some influence upon him. The influence that it does have on the malleable characters of the youth I feel is definitely a good one.

As I look back over the past five years, many experiences are called to mind. Most are pleasant but there are inevitably some unpleasant ones. Perhaps one of the most vivid memories of mine is walking to the Loftus Versveld rugby grounds to witness the annual rugby match against Afrikaans Seuns Hoër with a tense feeling of anticipation and doubt. How will I ever be able to forget travelling to K.E.S. to watch the needle match of the athletic season in a bus crowded with excited school boys; or those enjoyable afternoons at the inter-high schools gala, when I was so intensely proud to be wearing the Boys' High Blazer!

To move away from the sporting field, I will always remember those frustrating evenings in Form Two when I tried desperately to learn

the art of playing Bridge, those academic evenings when we debated against each other or against another school and watching the annual school opera or play.

Boarding is another aspect of school life that has made an indelible impression on me. How well I remember those timid boys in Form One when I went about my "skivvy duties," terrified that I might do something wrong. The first day of term in my second year is one of those days which I will remember, because then I could watch "new boys" come in while I regarded myself as a veteran!

Yes, Boys' High has truly made some lasting impressions on me. My advice to those following is, make use of your opportunities and give something of yourselves to this school.

P. Farrant,
Form 5A.

DR. VERWOERD — A TRIBUTE

We know that in his unselfish devotion to his country and his people, Dr. Verwoerd established himself as one of the ablest statesmen in the world today.

Dr. Verwoerd displayed great integrity and diplomacy under the continual stress which our government finds itself. He said at the fifth anniversary celebrations of the Republic of South Africa in Pretoria: "Greatness is the ability to take defeat and build on it for the future — I am not dealing with the wreckers; I am speaking to the builders."

Hendrik Verwoerd was cast down at the pinnacle of his career. He had led his country from uncertainty to prosperity in the last five years. All that one can say is that Dr. Verwoerd has left his country a great future.

WISDOM FROM THE MONGOLIAN STEPPES:—

Not forever can one enjoy stillness and peace.

But misfortune and destruction are not final.

When the grass has been burnt
By the fire of the steppe,
it will grow anew
in the summer.

L. Van Schaik,
Form 5A.

OUTCASTS

Masters and boys alike are asking the question — is the so-called "school spirit" fading out of the lives of many boys in this school and being replaced by an interest in outside activities such as soccer, snooker and girls? To the pessimists that ask this question, the answer is that certain boys are no longer interested in the school and that these "lost souls" regard the school as a place where they have to take part in a number of academic activities. Their reasoning is based on the apparent lack of interest shown by these individuals in their support of school sporting teams and other extra-mural activities. Superficially this may be so but I would like to suggest that this is not altogether correct.

Obviously there are some boys who are in no way interested in the school and will never be. These boys are very much in the minority, but the unfortunate thing is that many other boys are unfairly classified in this category by the above-mentioned pessimists. These unfortunate boys are branded as "outcasts" when in actual fact they form a very real part of the school. These are the boys who cannot bring themselves to watch and enjoy a game of cricket for example. An illustration of this fact can be found in the band. Certain members of the band were regarded as "outcasts" for spending most of their spare time preparing for band competitions, but their efforts were of great value to the school.

Another example can be found in a small group of boys who are very rarely seen near the sports fields or at any other social functions, but who are usually unobtrusively working on the maintenance of the school. These boys are the handymen of the school, and I should hate to think what the school would do without them. Is it fair to say that they have no "school spirit" because they do not take an interest in sport?

Think again, and examine facts before you class a boy as an "outcast."

R. S. McAllister,
Form 5A.

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FROM SUNNY ENGLAND

After the usual period of strangeness and acclimatization in a new country, I started growing accustomed to my new surroundings and gradually began to lose the "square eyes" that this novel and exciting thing, television, had given me.

Soon the first day of the term in our new school, Emanuel, dawned, and we set off, embarrassed at having to wear caps for the first time. It was at this point, I think, that the full force of our move really hit me — Boys High seemed far away.

When the first few weeks of customary staring and muttering on the part of the Emanuel boys had passed, they accepted that I had not just swung out of the trees into their lives and I grew accustomed to their blue-white faces and strange accents. Anyway I was too busy "having a bash" (as we Pommies say) at "O"-levels — the exams, which are approximately the equivalent of Form IV and which I managed to pass.

The whole system, once you have broken through the upper crust of British protocol, is very similar to Boys' High in that it adopts a liberal attitude to education. If you want to work you have every opportunity; if you do not, you can leave at fifteen. Up to the "O"-level standard one just moves up into the next form each year without having to pass any exam at all.

But my initial impressions of the famed British Grammar School system are not very favourable, despite the fact that Emanuel is one of the best schools in London. Discipline is so bad that I found it hard to concentrate. Forms of organisation in the school seem to be done with the maximum of fuss and complication. Another thing which surprised and shocked me was the teachers. They were reasonably genial but did not put themselves out at all to try to help me catch up on my work. I struggled on alone. Boys' High was definitely not like this.

Houses play a really big part in the running of the school and almost every facet of school life is organised through them. This naturally makes for much greater House spirit than in any of the Boys' High day-boy Houses. At the head of each there is a prefect, and here again Emanuel is very different, for the prefects organise everything from punishment to sport; the masters only teach and coach.

I expected the standard of school cricket to be high but found that I quite easily made the House first XI, while I am sure that Boys' High third XI would beat Emanuel's first team. On the other hand, Emanuel has the best school rowing "Eight" in the country, having disposed of Eton, etc., with ease and won the Henley regatta from an American crew. Our tennis team, too, finished second in the British Schools Lawn Tennis Championships.

The English seem reasonably friendly on the surface, but they are really introverts and it is not easy to get to know them. I find them very amusing with all their peculiar and conservative ways. One gets the impression that they treat the changing of the times with a sort of reserved suspicion. But they are, after all, a very tolerant people.

I was very impressed with London. Once I grew accustomed to the rather depressing sight of rows and rows of identical double-storied Victorian houses, I could not help being influenced by the city's own particular charm. It is an electric sort of city and has real character. Perhaps this is because of the direct antithesis of the old world (which is so much in evidence) and the new one in which something is always happening; from the tube trains underneath and the vehicles on top, to the jets that whine over our heads day and night, one gets the feeling that the city is always pulsating.

So, as we begin to settle in and enjoy our new life, England is quite different from the idea that, I think, many South Africans have.

Its weather is not really so bad, but this is offset anyway by its countless other attributes. I like it.

For me, though, England remains merely a very good substitute for the place where I would really like to be.

P. G. Hain.

MEDIC

About seven Boys' High boys, of which I was one, were told to go to the Pretoria General Hospital for a medical check up; all of us were hoping to become teachers.

At eight o'clock we arrived at the appointed place. A very charming but reserved nurse met us, and handed us a very suspicious-looking glass receptacle. She then pointed at a door which said GENTLEMEN, gave us a knowing smile, and then left us. We quickly held a conference, and then entered the above-mentioned door.

We returned the glasses to the nurse, looking very proud of ourselves. We were then ordered to change into "checking-up" gowns, keeping a certain item of clothing on our person. We did so, looking very sheepish indeed.

Next we had our heights and weights measured by about four or five nurses whom we seemed to get to know in a remarkably short space of time. They worked fast, and soon we were on our way to the x-ray department.

Here again the pretty nurses seemed more interested in us than the x-rays. We soon put them in their places... We then had our eyes tested, not that the sister could see the letters herself anyway. Then came the greatest test of all. The doctor was going to examine us, one by one. This was my experience.

I was placed on a very hard bed, and then covered with a white sheet. I thought that I would look very convincing as a corpse so I decided to try it out. I shut my eyes, and lay as still as possible, occasionally peeping at the door. Solemnly the doctor came in, and looked at me as though I was a corpse. It was obvious I wasn't going to get away with it, so I opened my eyes and started breathing again.

He began examining me with the usual stethoscope, and placed it all over my chest. It was cold as death. I was about to tell him I was ticklish, but it was too late. I jerked, and trapped his hand with my arm. At the same time I grabbed the stethoscope. He reprimanded me and I regained control of myself.

Silently he continued the examination, probing here, knocking there. I was tempted to say "come in," but successfully restrained myself from doing so. Now I was faced with the last item on the examination.

"Cough!" "HAAARGHUMMPFF." For obvious reasons I could only do what I was told. When he had quite finished, he said: "You may drain the colour from your face. You are free to go." I heaved a sigh of relief, and went.

A. MARAIS, Form 5A.

DIE SLUIPMOORD VAN 'N HELD

Dis kwart oor twee, die klokke lui... 'n man geklee in groen en swart — 'n dolk wat skuil — rooi bloed wat vloei — 'n vrou wat huil — Hy sterf — die mat se groen word rooi...

Hul bring sy vrou — hul dra hom uit — ons land het hy help bou — Sy gang is nou gestuit... die hemel blou — Sy volk — ons rou.

Tony Boshoff, Form 5B.

OUR DWINDLING SENSE OF VALUES

One of the conflicting thoughts which has pestered me for some time now is the realization that we are rapidly losing our sense of values and that modern civilization is becoming a purely materialistic world — our environment losing its natural beauty to the depressing industrial virus.

This gloomy prospect seems to be increasing day by day. Man's artistic creativity seems to have suffered greatly. The crude, gawky splashes of bright paint reveal to us that man is continuously plagued by fear. Fear of total destruction, fear of the machine or fear of the Communists — it is all reflected in man's feeble attempt to portray his diversified ideas. Modern music is also a clear example of man's lack of moral understanding and his panic-stricken mental state finds outlet in the drugging effect of electric guitar music. I read in the paper that scientists inflicted the unpleasant sounds of "beat-music" on some poor animal and it soon went berserk. Man is also basically an animal but it is not the scientist who concoct the strange tunes, but groups of ignorant, shaggy-haired teenagers, who don't know better.

The dwindling appreciative qualities of man are I think, the result of one thing only — the prominence of materialism in our society. Material possessions are our first and last desires. Money, cars, radios, frequent travel, all take preference over music, poetry, art, literature and religion. Money nowadays is everything. The big money-makers run the world together with the corrupt politicians. Man's material possessions must not dominate his life. If they do, he is in danger of destroying everything he has created.

I don't say that no one is aware of man's position today. Many people are and they think that their solution is the correct one. They try to convince their neighbour, usually forcibly, that their way of life will solve all the problems. This is how imperialism is motivated nowadays and it virtually always ends in unnecessary violence and war.

Practically every wise teacher has stressed the fact that man must not lose his aesthetic sense — that he will cease to be a human being if he does and will either destroy his planet or become a scientific monstrosity.

L. van Schaik, Form 5A.

MICHAEL SIMPSON IN LONDON

On the 27th October, the Form Fives and Four were honoured in having Mr. Michael A. Simpson, an old-boy, address them. Mr. Fair had kindly invited Michael to speak to us and he delivered an exceptionally interesting, satirical and witty manifesto. Michael is studying medicine in London and works at the famous Guy's Hospital. He is editor of a seemingly scathing journal "PULSE" as well as being chairman of a Psychological Society and member of the British Medical Students Association — a very full and rewarding life.

Among Michael's patients are the Chief Beefeater of the Town, many temperamental drunkards, finicky bank-managers and a host of wild students. Referring to the "great Freeze" of 1963, Michael mentioned an incident vividly portraying the typical, correct Englishman, never without the traditional understatement: "It's rather fresh today," the Englishman said with an icicle dropping from his nose.

South African hospitals compare very favourably with British ones according to Michael's opinion, although our hospitals are more modern. British hospitals date back to 1820. My opinion is that Michael enjoys life tremendously and we wish him the best of luck in his future medical career.

L. van Schaik, Form 5A.

MOURNING

Watching the people sitting and standing on the pavement, a feeling of great sadness came over me. They seemed so simple and helpless in the hot sun. They had lost their leader and did not know where to seek guidance. I also felt helpless, like the child sobbing across the street. The child sensed the tragedy and so did the wizened old man under the neon sign.

When the cars and the soldiers and the carriage appeared, everyone stepped forward and turned their heads. The policemen pushed them back. A proud young soldier fainted and he was left where he fell.

It was very hot in the afternoon sun. It must have been hot in the black cars. They came like a flotilla of ships, their great engines beating a death march. Somebody waved from a backseat, but nobody could see who it was. I know the whole country was mourning. One could sense it.

L. van Schaik, Form 5A.

Mark's Epistle to "The Boys Highlights" Concerning The Matric Dance

Rosman says that form four boarders should not be waiters at Matric Dances. Their place should be taken by form ones who still have a bit of respect for their elders. Waiters with a high standard of ethics should be selected. This will eliminate the usual mysterious disappearance of food and women.

Rosman also says that the photographer should ensure that he has sufficient film to satisfy the demand. It is very frustrating for the vain and self-opinionated not to have a photograph of themselves. Rosman is frustrated.

Mark Rosman, Form 5A.

THE BATELEUR EAGLE

Magnificently he hovers, his black and red plumage rich against the polished blue heavens. He soars there, resting on the thermals and his wings, which carry him with the grace and beauty of a dancer. A flick and a twist take him to the valley far below a Bateleur Eagle the ruler of the kingdom of the sky.

L. Skill, Form 4E.

THE SNOW

The snow gently falls, bringing peace and serenity to all things. It's whiteness covers the dark earth and the red roofs and green trees masking their colours, but adorning them with an unmatched beauty.

L. Skill, Form 4E.

FOLK SINGERS

Folk-singers shout their protests! yet the blood of battle drips. If I don't kill you, you will kill me.

L. Pitt, Form 2D.

To Beatle or not to Beatle, that is the question.

G. Dyason, Form 2E.

Why don't you compile the next P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle and submit it to the Editor?

It's great fun! You'll enjoy doing it — why not try?

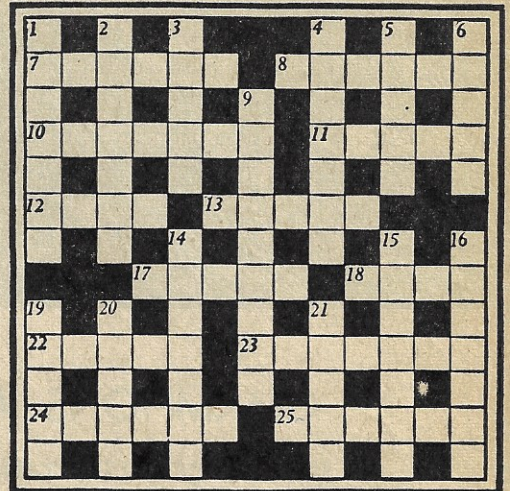
The P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle No. 5

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 2nd December, 1966.

ACROSS

- 7. She sounds like a tonic solfa but has a biological function at school! (6).
- 8. The pedagogue may be found in Christmas term (6).
- 10. Resaved makes this opposed to or hostile (7).
- 11. Standards (5).
- 12. Scatter nose for a long, long time (4).
- 13. Conventional, cyclonic and relief (5).
- 17. The good man is at home with an article for a blot (5).



- 18. He did 1 min 52.6 secs. in Bloemfontein (4).
- 22. Not sooner (5).
- 23. Seven with the Italian bring into bondage (7).
- 24. The band blow them (6).
- 25. The race meeting includes an arrangement of petals (6).
- 3. Sounds like an entrance to a room but means to love (5).
- 4. Giving six of the best (7).
- 5. Rents turn very serious and cross (5).
- 6. The outside of a piece of bread (5).
- 9. Tranquilizers (9).
- 14. Dart set got it going (7).
- 15. A section contains the monkey for a low wall of a bridge (7).
- 16. Levees get a compass point for arm coverings (7).
- 19. Pieces of chocolate or slate (5).
- 20. Actors perform on it (5).
- 21. Customary (5).

DOWN

- 1. Mrs. Ashton (nee —). (7).
- 2. You get this kind of 13 as well, which sometimes makes this in a car or even at golf, difficult (7).

Winner of competition No. 4 — MINNAAR, 4B.

Letters To The Editor

TENNIS COURTS

Dear Sir,

Let us end the fruitless and unnecessary wasting of money on sand tennis courts and invest in easily and cheaply run all-weather courts, which will infuse the tennis of P.B.H.S. with new vigour and life.

J.E.

STICKMEN

Dear Sir,

I am completely puzzled as to why "Cynic" of 4B went to pains to write the article which appeared in the last edition of the "Boys Highlights." He gave me the impression that he was too much of an armchair fanatic to be bothered with exerting himself in any constructive way. The article seemed so flat and pointless and after reading it, I immediately went on my knees to pray as I had never prayed before, that poor "Cynic" might be saved. I wonder if he is capable of lifting a broomstick above his head, even if it is painted blue?

It seems to me Mr. "Cynic", that you went to the rehearsals with the pre-meditated purpose of destructive criticism, that you are a bit of a pessimist not being able to see the good in something that is, in fact, constructive and healthy. Why don't you criticise the display the Form Ones give every year at the final cadet parade? You know you will be torn apart.

You could not give up two afternoons a week. That armchair must be very comfortable.

A. Marais,
Form 5A.

When it is announced in hall that some team or other is to be pinned on the notice board, a large crowd gathers round it at Break. People love mass crucifixions!

Anonymous.

It is not only the buildings which are beautiful, but there are other things, such as the teachers . . .

G. Bütow,
Form 1B.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

Dear Sir,

During the last year the idea was put forward that our school should start a dramatic society, but like many other suggestions it has come to nothing. If Girls' High is able to form two societies, why can't we form one? Maybe not many boys will support this, but why not call a meeting to see how many are interested?

I know of many boys who are very interested in a society of this kind.

Anonymous.

RUGBY AND CRICKET

Dear Sir,

I feel that it is time that more attention should be paid to other sports besides Rugby and Cricket. These two sports receive the most attention from the masters in the school. I, as a hockey player and spectator, feel strongly about it when a prefect walks into a class and inquires about the attendance of the class at the previous Rugby match. Not a word is said if nobody attends a hockey or tennis match. It is not that I have anything against Rugby or Cricket; I would just like to see more attention paid to other sports.

Anonymous.

THE CAPE METHOD

Dear Sir,

I am a new boy to the school and last year I was at a well-known Cape school where everyone sat in classes. Could this not be adopted in our school as well?

L. Boatwright,
Form 2C.

— We don't understand. — Editor.

CRICKET NETS

Down comes a swinging hand which propels a ball down the pitch, up comes the bat which sends the ball either screaming into the net or back to the bowler. Then a word from Mr. Hofmeyr and the bat faces the next ball with more concentration. This is cricket nets.

P. Ryan,
Form 1A.

ORANGES

Dear Sir,

I think that it would be a very good idea if, during next Rugby season, the provision of oranges at half-time was better organised. Far too often, during the past Rugby season, no oranges were served to the exhausted Rugby players. I am sure all Rugby-players would be most appreciative as there is nothing nicer than a orange during a hard game of rugby.

P. P. D.,
Form 3A.

RUGBY AND CRICKET

Dear Sir,

I would like to complain about the priority given to certain sports in this school. As far as most masters are concerned there are two sports in this school — rugby and cricket. Shooting, hockey and swimming are considered activities and with the exception of the masters in charge, few know much about these sports. During this year we have had five Transvaal Schools hockey players (one South African Schools), seven Northern Transvaal swimmers and one person representing the Northern Command in shooting.

M.E.K.,
Form 5C.

THE ELEVATOR

*It grows,
reaching for the sky.
The men
work
on the steel
web around it,
by day,
by night,
ceaselessly,
pouring,
shaping
moulding.
Then,
suddenly,
work stops
hundreds of feet
from where
it started;
the elevator
is complete.*

L. Skill,
Form 4E.

THE CHAINS OF YOUTH

*The glowing moon from the dark
clouds emerges
Scattering in the sky a trail of
silver ashes,
A bright shaft of moonlight slashes
the night,
and purges
the purple shadows with molten
light.
A warm breeze dances free,
Mocking me . . .
who sits . . . writing poetry;
The earth is crowned,
by shining stars,
But I am bound,
by homework's round.
The noises of the night
to me, in my sanctuary, are slight;
but intriguing.
I long to be
From my homework free.
But poetry is insistent,
and teachers say work must be
consistent.*

N. Jacobsohn,
Form 2C.

WHAT WILL I MISS

I am leaving Boys' High at the end of the year, and I will, of course, look back with many memories. But I do not think I will miss the school and the grounds very much; I will not miss the boarding house; I will not miss some of the masters. I will miss the boys. The boys have become such a part of me that to leave them seems unthinkable. It is my friends I will miss.

G. Hofmeyr,
Form 5A.

EDITORIAL

The newspaper has fulfilled its purpose — that of voicing the critical, appreciative, witty and philosophical thought of those who attend this school. The continuing success of the newspaper depends on you.

Another Form Five Group is leaving and once more the mixed feelings of shortlived joy, of sorrow and nostalgia are felt by the Leaving Group. We leave this institution which has seen us first as immature, innocent form ones and now as mature young men—not so innocent and happy. Whether we are great sportsmen, or scholars, prefect or pinballer, we all share one thing in common — Boys' High. We have made names at this school, we have found great friends, we have taken, given and shared together. This all makes us proud to have been a member of this school. I wish all the Matrics the best of luck in their examinations and in the years ahead. It has been a privilege knowing you and perhaps the day will arise when we can get together and ponder over the past. God bless you all!

Louis van Schaik,
Form 5A.

DESK HISTORY

One of the interesting things at school is studying history. Of course I don't mean those dreary history periods with Mr. . . . but instead the history of the school which you find etched on desks. One can find out many things by studying the ancient writings on the desks; for instance, if you look carefully you may see something like "1922 — J. van der Merwe." or "1941 — Ken Funston." Besides names there are also things like, "Ford G.T., E-Type Jaguar," and girls' names and "Beatles, Rolling Stones", etc. All the time as history is made, it is written down.

R. Emanuel,
Form 2D.

WHAT'S FOR LUNCH

The figure slipped silently down the aisle while in the background the droning voice carried on.

Occasionally a whisper competed with the drone. The atmosphere was hot and sultry. A hand slid stealthily towards a briefcase. A slight scraping noise issued forth as the case slid towards the figure.

The case was opened and something that rustled was removed. The case was closed and slid back.

The boarders had acquired some lunch.

N. Jacobsohn,
Form 2C.

NO MORE HISTORY

NO MORE MATHS

NO MORE LATIN

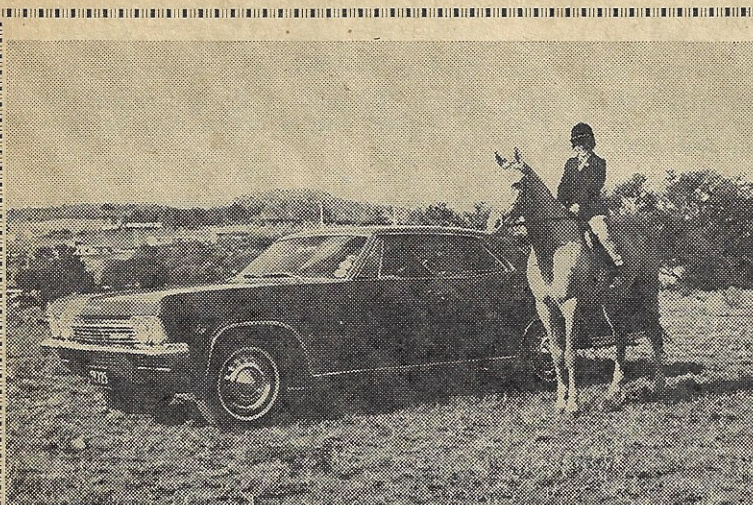
NO MORE SCHOOL

★

AND TIME NOW FOR PARTIES AND
SWIMMING, AND DANCING AND
READING, AND CHRISTMAS.

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Photo: E. Braak.

THE TIME HAS COME FOR PARTING

My son will be leaving Boys' High at the end of this year and an indescribable feeling seems to have settled deep inside me. I think it can almost be described as a feeling of grief; as if we are losing something which has been a part of us for so long.

He has been a part of Boys' High for a long time. I know his future will be secure. The love, the guidance and the understanding he has found there can only have made a man of him.

To Mr. Abernethy, Mr. Dorey, Mr. Petty and so many other masters I offer my thanks for all they have done for him. He will, and I know I will, miss them all very much.

Even the things which have sometimes seemed a nuisance I will miss.

I don't know why I shed a few tears when a few weeks ago he said, "Mom, it's our final cadet parade this week and I want my uniform to be tops." To think that there won't be the smell of Brasso and Nugget in my Kitchen on Sunday nights and we won't have to find room in the cupboard for the cadet, the cricket and the rugby boots anymore — size twelve can take up quite a lot of room!

I can never be as proud of the sports jacket that will replace his school blazer, and he won't be coming home for lunch at two o'clock any more. But he and I will always be grateful for the part Boys' High has played in his life.

BREAK

The bell rings, a charge of boys. "Eastward Ho!" The Tuck-shop.

A. Miskin, Form 1B.

FRUITLESS ARE THE FRUITS

To strive and to achieve; Twenty-two determined men — egged on by roaring thousands. Through the preliminaries, the final, and victory, the glory and honour — eleven heroes are the toast.

But the interest wanes, the taste of victory and defeat has come and gone. Soon, the heroes are forgotten — Now nonentities.

So too with life — Great ambitions are fulfilled, Momentary ecstasy — but inevitable death overtakes the victor, and all is forgotten.

Fruitlessly we strive, for all will seep into the earth as the body disintegrates beneath six feet of soil. "Lord, what fools these mortals be. The hopelessness of life they do not see!"

F. Haralambous, Form 5A.

LATES

The bell rings and everybody storms out of the classroom, whistling and shouting for it is the end of school for that day. I am the last to leave the room. I have to attend lates. I walk down to the class which is at the other end of the school. I am the only one that has to go that day and as I put my foot in the room, the Prefect in charge shouts at me for coming late, but I am no more than two minutes late. I take my seat and dig in my bag for a book to read but the moment it is on my desk, he shouts at me for opening the book and so I have to sit and stare for half an hour.

When the times comes, I dart out of the room and run to my bike. My forlorn bike is the only one left in the shed. It looks at me reproachfully.

D. Miller, Form 1A.

FROM GIRLS' HIGH

For a Girls' High girl I know remarkably little about the geography of the institution at which my brother is a pupil. During the holiday, while on a stroll in the vicinity of Boys' High, I decided to rectify this situation and set out to explore this edifice.

First of all I found the ladies' cloakrooms, I have always been too shy to enquire where they were when I attended a performance at the school.

I was overwhelmed by the maze of buildings. These, although de-

void of human presence, still seemed to vibrate and echo with life and laughter of thousands of boys who have trodden the stairways and corridors.

I was fascinated by the "rogues gallery" and as I scanned the ranks, I recognised old boy-friends grinning at me from their perches. I pictured my brother Piet in form one, glancing rather shame-facedly at his sporting and prefect cousins during anxious moments as he made one of his numerous visits to the "boss."

I soon discovered that I was not the only soul in the building

but that there was a conscientious Biology mistress who was wading through heaps of debris which I learned were Biology projects.

Wiping away the dust on the School House windows, I peered into the matrics' studies. I am very grateful to the inhabitants of these gloomy cells because you have set my troubled conscience at rest. I see that you had not taken your books home to swot for "mock" and you have no idea how relieved I felt when I recognised my old friends, "Van Jaarsveld" and "Swart Pelgrim." Thank you!

A Sister, (Sandra van der Byl.)

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AWAKENING

*O Youth, O Eternal Spring,
knowest not thou thy learning?
Thy fulfilment is an ebb tide
softly eroding sharp pebbles
on the beach on Olympus's side.
Giving and taking
honest bud,
thinking and making
chewing Nature's cud.*

*These are but wasted years
dormant in the thriving confusion,
suppressed patience shedding tears
of uncertainty and disillusion.*

*O, what have been moulded in the
furnaces
but wondrous thoughts.
Unacceptable, forming soft crevices
yet unable to be bought.*

*O what beauty is there in youthful
thinking,
pure as Bacchus's wine.
Knowledge is but an inkling
of body, soul and of mind.*

*Odes on Immortality,
of a world sought but lost.
Now is it Immortality,
to recompense at dear cost?
Oceans flooding the rustic
bridges of incorruptible iron,
condemned yet another mystic,
retreating, a courageous lion.*

*Opportunity to express
that which is born,
no longer to suppress
the ripe gold corn.*

L. van Schaik,
Form 5A.

LSD

Seeing himself before him
He gazes,
each nerve point stimulated to a
degree of sharpness, sharpening
yet again.

The bulb; his own sun, swings and
leaps towards a grabbing void
and does not move.
And yellow upon black, purple he
feels his racing brain.
His ears whine while whistling
The crashing, white-hot embryo
sound of life
misused and raped by Mind.
The organ peals within him the
carillon of time which is not;
diapason leaps into nowhere
and still he worships the neon
bulb.

C. Rose, Form 4A.

TENSION

The figure in the white coat
washed his hands. As I watched
I noticed what well shaped hands
they were, long and sensitive,
glossy with the continual washing
in disinfectant.

He entered the room and I followed
him. He saw his helpers
standing around the table. He
asked the nearest person the time,
12.30. Walking over to the table
I noticed the unusually small and
still patient. He prodded the ster-
num and nodded to himself; well
prepared.

The time 12.35. He made the first
incision, as he did this one of the
helpers turned to her neighbour:
"We always get my brother, he's
a surgeon you know, to carve the
Christmas turkey."

B. T. Paterson,
Form 2C.

A CLASS INCIDENT

A sharp prod in my back re-
veiled me from my slumber. As
I whirled round ready to attack
my unknown assailment, I saw the
whole of the form looking at me
and grinning. Suddenly I realized
this was the testing point for me.
During the first week in form one,
I realized I would have to hold my
own. I saw my assailant's gleam-
ing eye peering out of a shaggy
thatch of hair and with shock I
recognized the biggest boy in the
form. I sighed and prepared for
the battle. I thought to myself,
a flattened nose would be the
best warning, so I flattened it.

B. T. Paterson,
Form 2C.

P.B.H.S.

Interwoven among pines upon the
hill,
In the ghostly shadow before the
dawn,
The castle — peering out of winter
mist
Tri-towered
The School.

R. Frick,
Form 3C.

— 5.00 a.m. —

In the camp there is a restless-
ness. People are moving to and fro
in their tents and are silhouetted
against the sides by the gas lamps
which they have set burning. Sudden-
ly an engine erupts into life
and a large Land-rover sweeps out
into the deserted road in a cloud
of dust. Soon other engines come
to life and one after the other
the vehicles leave the sleeping
camp. Along the dusty, windy road
they speed to the estuary where,
along the eastern horizon the grey
light of dawn is beginning to lift
through the mist into the sky, to
replace the pale glow of a full
moon.

The men walk across the sand.
The ice cold dew that has sunken
into the sand, chills their feet to
the bone. There are no complaints
because they know that the warm
sea water brings relief to aching
feet. Except for the distant mur-
mur of the sea on the shore there
is no sound. In little groups, pairs
or even singly the members of the
party reach the shore. In an in-
stant the shore-line is lined with
men fishing, only just discernible
against the light of the early dawn.
The men stand tense with expecta-
tion, rods quivering. Suddenly, as
if an electric shock had passed
through him, a man strikes. His
rod bends double. After a consider-
able tustle, the victorious angler
views his silver prey. The other
men turn away with grunts of
satisfaction. Soon the fish are
being pulled in one after the other
with great rapidity. Yes — the
Shad are on the run!

Anonymous.

My Dad thought of leaving
Pretoria, but I said: "I don't care
where you are going, I am staying
at my school!"

G. Bütow,
Form 1B.

H-BOMB

He wandered alone in the cool
of the afternoon. The sweet smell
of newly mown hay met his nostrils
and placed over him a feeling of
passivity. The world seemed to be
a wonderful place. How beautiful
the crystal-clear stream looked —
the rippling water washing over
the white, round pebbles. He took
a stick and stirred the river bed,
watching with childlike interest the
cloudiness appear — only to vanish
again. The young trout were
sticking their noses out — cheeky
little creatures poking their heads
inquisitively in all the cracks in
the rocks. As the wind whistled
in the trees above, the chirping of
a summer bird could be heard.
"Where is my mate?" Seemed to
be the words, answered shortly
after. Whereupon the small bird
flitted off to join its companion.
Everything so calm so peaceful —
so beautiful.

Then a blinding flash; a roar;
nothing . . .

R. Payne,
Form 4A.

A P.T. PERIOD

We all troop down to the swim-
ming bath and get changed. We
all look forward to a nice period
of swimming. Mr. van Aswegen
comes out of his little office swing-
ing his rope and tells us to line
up for P.T.

Everyone moans and groans but
all in vain. We do P.T. till we
nearly drop and then we can go
and swim. But usually the period
is over and we have to get dressed.

W. Hodgkensen,
Form 1A.

CRICKET

The sky bright blue. The sun
burning down. White clad fielders,
motionless, dotting the fresh green
grass.

The run-up . . . a blur of red —
A thud — and the fielders leap into
action.

R. Dunseith,
Form 3C.

1415

Glory,
Death,
Death.
The silken banners flutter
unconcernedly
in the breeze of dawn;
It is warm; too much so —
I am cold.
Armour moves slowly; graduated
steps to hell.
Sweat on my brow, drips —
Glorious: The clashing chordant
trumpets.
The hum of my blade, singing me
to fever;
Before, and to either side
The green pasture that is France:
Trotting without rhythm under me.
The halo of electrons on the point
of a lance
Flashes.
No sound;
Sweet air, warm earth, my life,
and now
CHARGE!

C. Rose,
Form 4A.

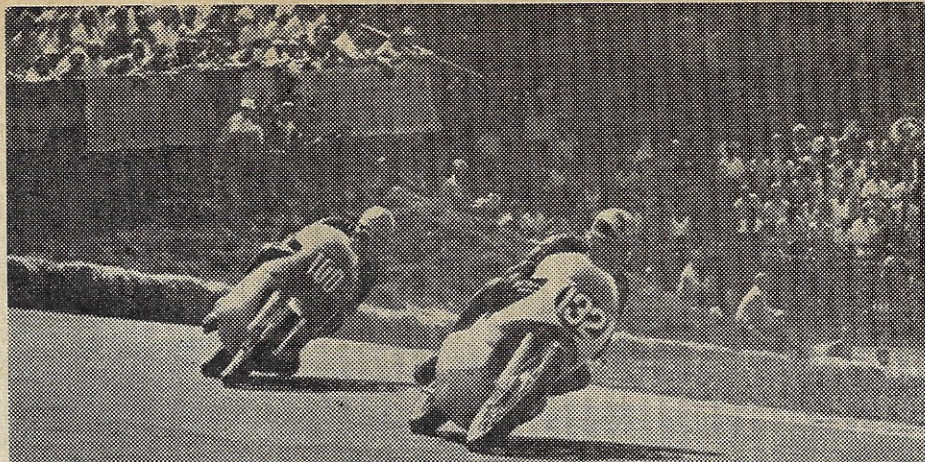
THE FOUNTAIN

The soft whisper of the water as
it trickles down the fountain into
the fish pond where the gold fish
lazily swim about . . . you can hear
the sounds of the birds in the trees
nearby and suddenly the beautiful
sounds are shattered by the chimes
as they begin to strike. These are
the noises at the fountain.

P. Ryan,
Form 1A.

BOER

As die droë winde waai,
en die meisies se rokkies styf om
die bene swaai
papiere kruis en dwars oor die
strate saai,
staan op die land alleen
'n man, en wag vir reën.
Maar die dwarrel draai nie los nie
en die maan gooi nie oor nie!
Die boer staan verstom,
die reën het gekom
sonder teken of tyd
sonder nadraai spyt.



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SINCE 1887

THE P.T. PERIOD

"Get into your lines! Right turn! Exercise number one! You Moron! Exercise number one! And onne, twoo, threee, fouurr. Come here!"

CRACK . . . "Phew — Ouch!!"

"Sir can I scratch my toe?"

"No!"

Rrrringg — Rrrringg — Rrrringg

"O.K. boys go and get dressed!"

"Hooray, yay!!"

M. Brown,
Form 1A.

THE CADET PARADE

I enjoyed the parade immensely. Two boys were posted at the bottom gate with clear instructions that no cars should enter by this gate. They became a bit bored and asked me to take over their duties for a while. A big dark blue car arrived and the driver had the cheek to hoot at me. I told him that he could not enter by those gates. With a slightly quizzical expression he drove off in the direction of the traffic lights, but to my amazement he made a U-turn and once again drove up to the gates. I was on the point of telling him to make tracks when a squadron-leader ran to the gates and opened them. He then told me that it was the Brigadier himself!

A. van Bergen,
Form 2D.

PETER KAAL'S AMAZING RUN

During the Athletic season the school went to Johannesburg to compete against K.E.S. The highlight of the day I think was the magnificent run by Peter Kaal.

As the starters gun went off, a K.E.S. boy sprang into the lead with Kaal not far behind. After about half a lap Kaal took the lead. I could see that the K.E.S. boy was determined to tire his opponent but Kaal was not to allow this to take place. Eventually the pace of the race slackened to almost a jog, while another Boys' High boy took the lead. This, I gathered was planned beforehand.

After waiting a bit longer, Kaal decided that it was time for an extra burst of speed. He pulled away from the rest of the competitors like a flash of lightning to finish up first. I think that we all agree that he ran magnificently and that he definitely deserved to win!

G. Laubscher,
Form 1F.

THE LAST NUMBER

Suppose you were to start counting and did nothing but count, day after day and night after night, for the rest of your life; would you get to the last number?

The answer is no, because there is no last number. People who study mathematics tell us that we can never get to the end of numbers by counting, no matter how big a number we think of, there is always a bigger number. This idea is a very important one in science, and it has a name which is commonly known as infinity. Scientists write infinity with a hundred zeros behind it.

The largest number that has a name is googol (True).

R. E. du Plooy,
Form 1F.

VIEW OF OUR SCHOOL SPORTS

Rugby: What a game! Just think of it:— thirty people all chasing after one inflated pig's hide, and in the process mauling each other. Everyone comes off full of mud, grass, and other refuse left on the field by the previous players.

Cricket: Tremble, tremble . . . it is nearly your turn to bat. When your turn comes you do one of the following:

Trip over your shoe-laces.
You faint dead away.

The pitch is 6,000 miles away. Eventually you get there. The bowler swings his hairy arm. The ball whizzes past you at a frightening speed, and your stumps fly half-way across the field; you are out. The distance back to the pavilion is now 6,000,000 miles. Everyone claps as you go off the field, but you are worried for even though they clap the team will get you behind the pavilion after the game has ended.

Hockey: This game can be quite wizard — before you get thrown off the field. You can charge around as much as you like, and are also in a position to clobber everyone you can see (Masters included — you are going to get "six of the best" anyway, so why not?) After about five minutes master/mistress (delete where inapplicable) sends you off the field permanently (i.e. on a stretcher).

Enough sport for now; the bell tolleth for me! Cheers!!

K. Rosman,
Form 1F.

THE MASTERS VERSUS THE BOYS — A GOLF MATCH

We cannot have golf as an officially recognised school game because we have no course on the school grounds and so the school cannot shoulder the responsibilities that would arise if we are to make use of any other golf course. However, occasionally the Masters get together and organise a golf match between Masters and Boys — such as they did during the third term and we think that this always turns out a great success.

For some weeks before the match members of the Masters' side, apparently carefully planning their strategy in the Common Room every Second Break, only had to be met in the corridors by members of the Boys' side before sarcastic comments were exchanged.

Every afternoon there were one or two cars parked at the Rugby fields and several members of the Masters' team were busy chopping off the new blades of green grass or digging out lumps of turf and soil with a number three iron. Occasionally a ball would become airborne on "A" field, but one had to watch for quite some time to see this happen. Sometimes the shorter handicappers amassed galleries of onlookers around themselves, but the general attitude of the interested ones usually tended to be rather sympathetic.

I must admit, however, that as the big day approached. Mr. Ackermann, who spent much time organising the match, did find some rather experienced golfers among the Masters — those whose game is invariably down the middle of the fairway — and some of the boys, seeing all the practice and preparation, decided that they should get their clubs out of the dust corner and have a practice swing or two the afternoon before.

On the actual day of the match, the Masters very kindly gave us lifts to the Pretoria West Golf Club. When we heard that certain members of their team had been around the course practising, we thought it quite a joke — until we saw the 18th hole winding alongside a stream, zig-zagging through willow trees, over mounds and through hollows. It was immediately obvious why there had been cricket net practice the afternoon before!

The trickle of "encouraging" comments increased to a steady flow in the changeroom and became a contest for the most original expressions on the first tee.

But this turned out to be one of the most enjoyable social-cum-sport events between Masters and Boys. Golf is a game which reveals true personality, character and temperament — and it is a game which, as most good games, demands good sportmanship before it can really be enjoyed, and I would say that this was one of the best lessons in good sportmanship that we could hope to have had at school. Although the competition was stiff, it made the match all the more enjoyable and the aspects of good sportmanship which the Masters taught us, were as a result more valuable. The resulting draw — "all square" — was a good reflection on the match.

The Masters and Boys each fielded eight players. Mr. Ackermann captained the Masters' team for which Messrs. Hofmeyr, Hendry, Harrop-Allin, Baris, Maritz, Anderson and Dentan played. The boys were represented by Funston, Spotwood, Cooper, Edwards, Jacobs, van der Merwe, Rogan and Cornelius.

I would like to express our thanks to Mr. Ackermann and the other Masters for making this match possible and for making it so enjoyable for us all. I only hope that next year and during years to come the seniors will have the same privilege and opportunity to experience and learn something worthwhile.

P. J. Cooper,
Form 5A.

André and Charles Marais 'A'

I have had some very pleasant days in my life. Then in contrast I have also had some rather unpleasant ones. Thinking of the latter reminds me of the first day of the first term in form three. It was then that I joined the elite by occupying a bench in the "A" class. I thought that it might get lost somewhere along the line but throughout forms 4A and 5A it kept its seat. I could not get rid of it and eventually we became practically synonymous among the other moranic "genii" in an intellectually brilliant class. Someone called us "Marais square": and try as I may I cannot square root us. "Ignore it and it might go away." However it could do without attention. It could be gentle if it wanted to, but I don't think it has wanted to.

"Marais how many times must I speak to you?"

"Sorry Sir."

"Sorry Sir." This time from the other end of the class.

Mind you, as I look back, it was quite a lovable pet. I mean pal. Tsk! Unforgettable, largish and most of all UNFORGETTABLE! I wish it luck.

"C",
Form 5A.

'C'

My gaze met his. He was looking at me with an expression of extreme sadness and pity. I snapped my teeth at him. His expression remained unchanged, except that the pity seemed to increase. I looked at him. He looked at me. I smiled. He gasped for fresh air then he too smiled. Those teeth . . . it was my turn to gasp for breath. The mouth closed, I could breathe again.

Suddenly his mouth opened again; this time he had a hungry look in his eyes. I felt uncomfortable. He was looking at me. I stretched out my hand to try to persuade him to eat something else. His teeth closed painfully on my fingers. I yelled. He grinned as best he could. I kicked him. He let go. Again we looked at each other, this time with silent accusation in our eyes. Then we were on our way to the next period . . .

This is the sort of life I have been living since Form 3A, with my namesake as companion. I found him interesting, perhaps not quite all there but an unending source of originality and amusement.

I wish him (or it?) luck.
"A",
Form 5A.

CLASSROOM 49

*Up on the Hill,
There is a class like an old run
down mill,
On the door there's a sign reading:
Classroom 49.*

*The crazy oversized windows make
one want
to laugh, Ho! Ho!
With a solid jail door
and dilapidated floor.*

*One's downcast heart beats
when sitting on those darn hard
seats,
for we are afraid of one main sin:
sitting on a drawing pin.*

*Spitballs round the classroom fly
and easily catch one in the eye.
Mr. Noble through his specks did
not see . . .*

*The massive one that just hit me.
Sir, with his tranquilizer
will soon tranquilize us
and without any fuss
he is the terror of all of us.*

*With his stick around he walks
and catches any boy that talks
for certain if you don't watch out.
You will receive a nice hard clout.*

*But never fear . . .
Time will draw near
when we'll be men
and then . . . ?*

R. Zikmann,
Form 1C.

ON LIVING IN A FLAT

Our flat does not possess a lift, nor does it have a roof from which one can survey the vast expanses of Johannesburg; by all accounts, these omissions should make flat life a bore — on the contrary, it is a pleasing social experiment. Take the neighbours, for example. (We live on the top floor, which is the third storey.) In the year that I have lived in "Glenheath," I have never been into anyone else's flat, nor have I met any of the seventy-odd inhabitants of the flats. I would find it impossible to describe any of our neighbours further than the tops of their heads, which appear occasionally on the balcony below ours; I do, however, know that there is a wide variety of motor-cars in the basement garage.

The most interesting, and often most flamboyant of the population around the flats are, naturally, the servants. My first experience of the cleaners (or dust-stirrers) was one morning at about seven-thirty. I was snug in the oblivion of my bed, dreaming the sort of dream that one dreams at seven-thirty in the morning. Suddenly the air and my sleep were shattered by a high-pitched roaring from the other side of the door. For a few moments I was incapable of logical thinking — then, the door flew open, and in marched an army of Africans. One urgently moved my bed; another raised the carpet, while all the time the dreadful noise was reaching an unbearable number of decibels: I was struck with disbelieving terror and anticipation. All that I can remember after that was the sight of everything in the room — dust, socks, paper and the curtains — being drawn towards an enormous vacuum-cleaner-cum-wind-tunnel that towered over its driver, who was doing his best to stand firm on the shaking floor.

C. Rose,
Form 4A.

SOUNDS

The first sound is the drone of motor cars or buzz bikes. And then the terrible sound of the school bell and the everlasting groan of some teacher.

The worst sound of the day is when one sees and hears maths tins opening for a day's hard work, but the day seems to pass by somehow.

And soon the most beautiful sound of the day, the final bell. Once you have reached the tarmac you hear a thousand boys' feet all beating down like a stampede of cattle.

Once more you arrive home to receive burnt offerings and hear the terrible sound of brothers and mother shouting at you.

D. Macaskill,
Form 1B.

CAMELS?

When a Master sets homework, no matter how little, every boy in the class immediately utters a mournful groan.

D. Charles,
Form 3D.

DEATH ON THE ROAD

He must have been travelling at about 70 m.p.h. when his motor cycle leapt into the air curving in a perfect pike. For a moment it seemed as if he was going to remain poised above the ground. But then suddenly, with a nerve-tearing rent, the rider and bike crashed to the ground. I could see the anguish on his face as the tar ripped the life from his young body.

C. van Schouwen,
Form 4E.

A Notice Dated 1803 Appearing on the wall of an English Public School

- Be Honest,
- Obedient,
- Diligent,
- Attentive,
- Neat and Clean,
- Civil,
- Silent in School,
- Cheerful and Good Natured,
- Meek and Modest.

Come Early Always. CWSH.

JACK NISSEN

(Pty.), Ltd.

33 BUREAU LANE

For

THE THREE R's

RECORDS, RADIOS, RECORD-PLAYERS

•••

PRETORIA BOYS' HIGH

For

THE THREE R's

READING, WRITING AND ARITHMETIC

SPORT

ATHLETICS

1966 will go down into the annals of the school as Peter Kaal's year. This soft-spoken athlete dominated the track at P.B.H.S.; he made it all look so easy, one could only gasp in amazement. His wonderful unselfishness was demonstrated in that he was content to finish in slow times, so that he could in some way help his team-mates; this team spirit inspired everyone who saw him in action. During the school Athletic Sports, he became Victor Ludorum by winning the mile, the 880, the 440, the 220, and the 100 yards, thus attaining the fantastic score of 25 points for the Hannan Cup. He broke the existing mile record by 19 seconds, in a time of 4 minutes 20.5 seconds, and the existing 880 yards record by 5 seconds, in a time of 1 minute 55.8 seconds. He was chosen to run for South African Schools against the West German team in Bloemfontein where he clocked a time of 1 minute 52.4 seconds for the 880 yards, thus breaking the South African Under 19 record; he is also holder of the Northern Transvaal Under 17 record.

Our own Sports was a fair success, with certain achievements brightening the darkening skies. Charles Marais was particularly outstanding. He ran in the Under 16 events although he could have run open. He won most of the Under 16 events and broke the 220 yards Hurdles record. Charles was chosen to run for the Northern Transvaal B-team during the season. Paul de Villiers equalled the U. 14 75 yards hurdles record and Gavin Meyer broke the record for Shot Put (open).

The results of the sports were as follows:—
1st — Sunnyside — 119½ points
2nd — Town — 81½ points
3rd — School — 73½ points
4th — Rissik — 72 1/2 points
5th — Arcadia — 48 points
6th — Solomon — 46 1/2 points.

In a Boarder versus Day-Boy Match, the Boarders triumphed by 99 points to 87.

The annual K.E.S. match was attended by about half of the School, who were treated to a fine display of sportmanship by their hosts. They gave Peter Kaal a standing ovation. He won the mile and the 880, and 4 minutes after the latter, he won the 440 in 50.7 seconds. K.E.S. beat us by 104 points to 70.

During the season there were far too many spectators and too few athletes; the Jeppe Match was poorly attended. We managed to win by 102 points to 72. Perhaps the blustering weather on that afternoon accounted for the scarcity of spectators.

Colours were awarded to Kaal, Kempster, Robson, Edwards and van Eeden. Half-colours were awarded to Cornelius and to Walpole, who arrived from England at the beginning of the season. Many thanks to Messrs. Mulvenna, Hill and other masters for their help during the season. Perhaps with a longer season and more matches, spectators will be more appreciative of one of the most interesting of spectator sports.

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THE BUGLE BAND

Four or five years ago our band would not have been regarded as anything extraordinary. But in the past few years it has gone from strength to strength. Last year it finished second in the national championships and this year it became the best band in the land.

During the past year I remember very few weekday afternoons when the band did not practise. There first success came early in the third term when they drew with C.B.C. in the Pretoria competition. Later in the term they beat C.B.C. and won the Northern Command competition at Voortrekkerhoogte. The way to the National Competition in Bloemfontein was paved. I was lucky enough to go with the band as a sort of reserve-reserve and I will never forget the few days in the Free State capital. We stayed in an army camp and ate (or tried to eat or didn't eat) army food.

The first few days were spent practising. All the time one could feel the excitement mounting. On the Saturday the atmosphere was tense, especially during the inspection and the parade. It was a proud moment for Boys' High supporters because the band played and marched perfectly. The applause of the spectators was considerably louder than for any other band.

The results were announced that night. The huge Free State pavilion was packed and the administrator, Mr. du Plessis, was also present. Boys' High had won the competition by thirty points.

Besides winning the competition, the Band members behaved in an exemplary way. Every band member realised that our school was on show.

R. J. Cooper,
Form 3A.

THE SENIOR SPECIAL SQUAD

Under the suspicious eye of Commandants Hendry and Dittberner, the steady, piercing gaze of field-cornet Denton and the rigid unrelaxing discipline of field-cornet Viljoen, the senior special squad was thoroughly drilled. True, their drill on the Boys' High parade ground was not always something to rave about, but they gradually improved until they practically reached perfection. The display given by them at the competition at Voortrekkerhoogte, however, by far exceeded all expectations.

Commandant Hendry made the comment that the squad that beat Boys' High in turn-out, would win the competition. It so happens that Boys' High was not beaten in turn-out. The squad extends its thanks to the masters mentioned for their advice and expert training (both of which were given very freely).

A. Marais,
Form 5A.

RUGBY

The third term started off with a promising 15-3 victory over Menlo Park, to whom we lost last year. Peter Edye scored a host of tries which were all converted by Jacobs. Boys' High definitely had the upperhand throughout the match, and the victory was well deserved.

The annual K.E.S. match always proves to be a hard struggle full of keen competition. First's lost 12-16, but until the end it was touch and go. This game, together with the Parktown game, proved to be one of the most exciting in this year's season. It was 3 all, then 9 all, then 12-13 until at the last minute K.E.S. went over for a try. K.E.S. lock, Mullins, excelled himself in scoring three tries. New-comer Matthews, on the wing, played brilliantly and scored a series of tries. All in all it was a most enjoyable game and a true reflection of Boys' High rugby.

Not so with the game against Seuns Hoër. For three-quarters of the game Boys' High lacked determination and never looked dangerous. By the last ten minutes we awoke and showed amazing fire. McMillan opened our score by a try, converted by Jacobs, then Meyer went over, followed by Matthews. It was a late effort and Seuns Hoër held their victory.

The last match of the season against St. John's was an enjoyable but rather uneventful game. Firsts won 3-0, through an unconverted try by McMillan.

The House matches once again resulted in a keen struggle between Solomon House and whatever opposition they faced. Solomon House won the Senior Competition for the fourth successive year. School House won the Junior Competition and Sunnyside House the Sub-Junior Competition. The day-boy Houses lack support in House Rugby and all day-boys should show more interest in their houses. One usually finds a great deal of spirit amongst the boarding houses on the rugby fields.

In the last three matches of the season, the Second Fifteen was rather unlucky. We were beaten by a better K.E.S. side and we only managed to draw against St. John's after establishing a six nil lead in the first half. We were narrowly defeated by a mediocre Afrikaans Hoër side, 6-5, again after leading 5-0 at half-time.

The 1966 Rugby season was a most enjoyable one. Our First team, although a very promising and talented side, did have their off days, but they still managed to play excellent rugby at times. The Matric rugby players leave school rugby with a feeling of sadness. The years of P.B.H.S. rugby have undoubtedly been very enjoyable and exciting. We say farewell to those rich years and thank all the masters who coached and helped us, especially Mr. Spies and Mr. Dorey who have contributed so much to Boys' High rugby, as coaches and teachers. Best of luck to them and may we always remember their sound advice.

L. Van Schaik,
Form 5A.

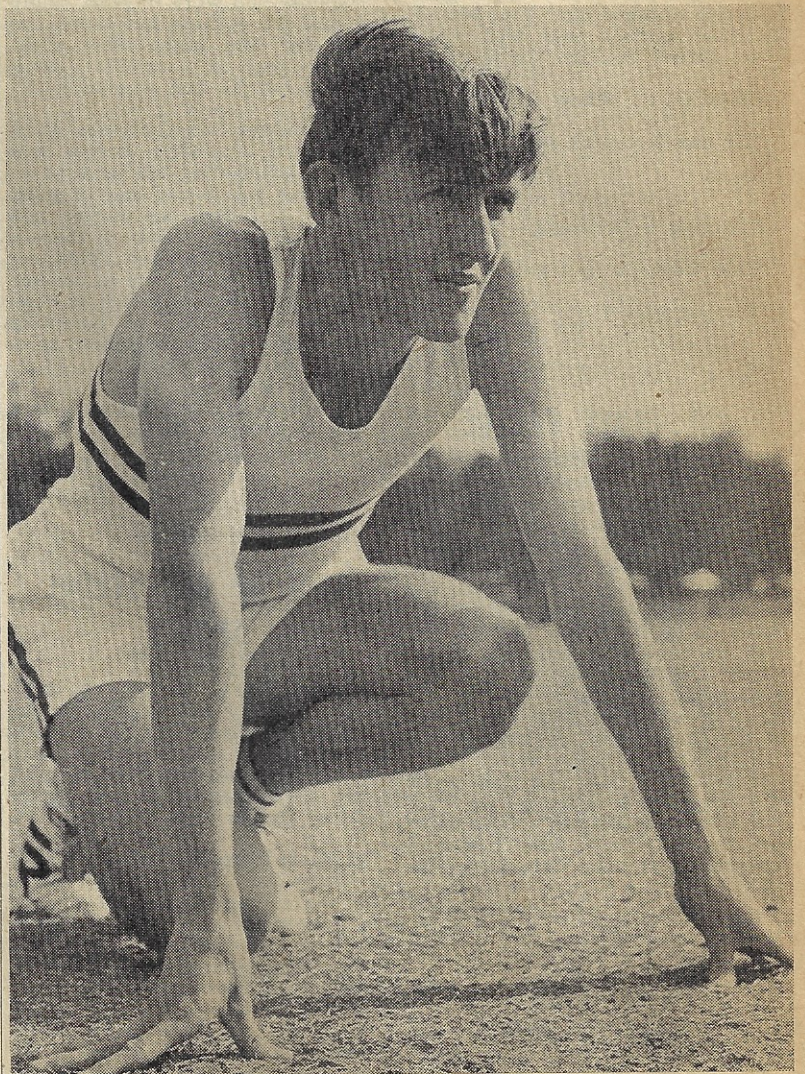
SWIMMING

The new season started off well for our swimming teams. Both the "A" and the "B" teams have won the three galas they have swum. In a triangular gala, Jeppe, Potchefstroom and our "A" team competed.

The scores were 69, 29, and 124 points respectively. Our "B" team scored 128 against Jeppe's 89 points. Since K.E.S. was the only school which beat our "A" team during the first term, we were pleasantly surprised when, after an extremely exciting gala, in which the final races were decisive, the score stood at 105½ to 116½ points in our favour.

The "B" teams score was 118 against K.E.S. who scored 98 points. The last gala of the year was swum against Parktown Boys' High. The "A" team had an easy victory by scoring 127 points against Parktown's 97.

PETER KAAL



VICTOR LUDORUM, 1966

Photo: E. Braak.

It was the "B" team's turn to have good opposition and they managed to beat Parktown by a mere 6 points. The final score was 105 to 111.

Despite the fact that a number of form five boys have stopped swimming for the school during this last term, both teams have done extremely well. The standard of swimming is particularly high for the beginning of a season and we can expect an excellent half-season next year.

T. C. Robinson,
Form 4B.

TENNIS

During the third term the first team (Blair, Bucke and Jelly) and the second team (Kelly, Cooper, Rogan) played in the mixed doubles league. Although neither team was particularly successful, it was good experience and most enjoyable tennis.

The under 15 team did not have any scheduled league matches, but gained good match experience from a number of friendlies played against Afrikaans Hoër, Menlo Park and mixed doubles with Meisies Hoër.

The House matches proved to be as close and unpredictable as ever. In the senior section it was taken for granted that Rissik (Rogan, Cooper, Ellis and Cornelius) would walk away with the cup. However, this side narrowly missed defeat at the hands of Arcadia, led by John Bucke, in the semi-final. Solomon House (Soulby, Jacobs, Blum and Reid) distinguished themselves by beating the second seeds Town, in the semi-final to meet Rissik in the final, but in the closing rounds Rissik managed to pull through to win, by only two games.

In the Junior Section Rissik (B. Sturgen, C. Jones, R. Sturgeon and Dugmore) beat Town in the final, by eleven games, to complete the Rissik success story.

Half colours were awarded to Kelly Rogan and Cooper and full colours to Bucke, Blair and Jelly.

SHOOTING

The Shooting Teams — both Junior and Senior — took part in a number of competitions this season and met with a good deal of success.

The season opened for us with an easy walk-over against Clapham High School. Both Juniors and Seniors won by a margin of at least thirty points.

At King Edward VII High School — a warm, sunny day — a further win. Our Junior and Senior teams won by four and seven points respectively and a "100" by Derek Wetzlar made the day seem even sunnier.

But it was not to be like that all the time. The Pretoria Schools' Competition held at the "Heights" was most unenjoyable. With the cold weather and our rifles jamming at awkward moments, life was made rather difficult and winning the competition came as a surprise.

Subsequently we represented Pretoria in the Northern Command Competition, also held at the "Heights." This competition proved to be the acme of our run of this season: the Senior team D. Beattie (capt.), W. Soulsby, D. Wetzlar and T. Robinson won the competition becoming the best Senior team in the Northern Transvaal. At this competition Derek Wetzlar won the individual section, so becoming Northern Transvaal's Senior Champion. That was great.

Soon after this the Inter-House Competition was held. The Senior section was won by Solomon House and the Junior by Rissik House. The Senior individual award was won by W. Soulsby of Solomon House (99) and the Junior by Barnes also of Solomon House (94).

And finally — we, the team, are all greatly indebted to Mr. Keith Isley for the way he has trained and encouraged us this year — and, for that matter, the past few years.

D. Beattie,
Form 5A.