



AUTOCYCLES DISDAINED BECAUSE OF IMPRESSION

There is an uncountable number of people today in South Africa who would gladly travel hundreds of miles to come and watch, if autocycle rides were to have a bonfire of their machines. Their hearts would miss a beat and their faces would forever radiate an expression of perfect peace as they saw the vast collection of notorious noise- and trouble-makers explode in a brilliant orange flame. If one made a careful observation of the spectators, hushed in perfect silence, as sure as there is a sun in the heavens, one would see practically all our masters staring in utter fascination at this awe-inspiring sight.

I have heard many boys casually pose this question to one of their friends: "Why are teachers at this school so prejudiced against our bikes?" They then continue by saying that they just cannot understand it. Well, if you took the trouble to meditate upon the matter for a few minutes, you would soon have quite an insight into the strange mind of a master, that poor, frustrated example of humanity that expounds knowledge to delinquents. If you have thought about the matter seriously, you will have noticed that he bases his hatred on the impression that is formed in his mind by an autocycle.

If one of these words is uttered by a boy, "aut", "bike", "moped" or "autocycle", and the sound waves thus produced fall on the eardrums of a master, the result is always the same. He conjures up an impression of a sub-moronic adolescent sitting hunched up over the handlebars of a machine that makes a noise that drives him up the wall. There are a few extroverted specimens that fit this description, but quite frankly I cannot think of many such individuals in our own school. The majority of autocycle riders in our school are just like other boys, except that they are extremely fortunate to be in possession of a reliable and economical mode of transport.

Once, while speaking to the headmaster, I asked him this question: "Why are you prejudiced against autocycles?" In my mind I thought I knew his exact reply, but I was quite pleasantly surprised. He said that he had no objection to motorcycles themselves, but that he was concerned for the safety of the boys that ride them. He told me of an accident that happened a few years ago near the school. A boy was knocked off his autocycle in a collision with a car and was killed instantly. This, according to Mr. Abernethy, came as a terrible shock to him, especially since he was rather fond of the boy concerned. Thus I understand why he regards it as a lethal weapon.

Another common argument of the master is that the autocycle interferes with the boy's academic career. This statement is true to a certain degree in some boys; but, then, has it never happened that someone has spent more time on sport, the cinema, reading or a hobby than he should have on homework? I think it would be far better if all boys exercised discretion as far as homework and their interests are concerned.

Every year, all the major motorcycle manufacturers in the world spend hundreds of thousands of rand on the development of their racing machines. From these racing engines they are able to produce more efficient and reliable production engines. In their facto-

ries and development centres they employ highly trained technicians and engineers, some of whom have already attained professorships at the world's major universities. And yet you will get a mere Boys' High master trying to tell you that you are a waste of time, a blob of humanity, fit only for being sown as a cabbage seed. Were it not for the fact that most people have not been influenced by the opinions of lesser mortals, I am sure there would be very many frustrated delinquents enhancing Boys' High School.

G. K. Loveday,
4D.



First Day

(Photo: E. Braak)

JULIE CHRISTIE vs. KING NEPTUNE

Imagine the animated fight that would take place if Julie Christie, Earnest Hemingway, Beau Brummel, Emmilene Pankhurst, King Neptune, Batman and Julius Caesar all claimed the right to the sole parachute in a doomed plane. This very scene took place when the school's debating society met for the first time in 1967.

The meeting was exceptionally well attended and the staff room was crowded. The first claimant for the parachute was Emmiline Pankhurst.

In spite of her appealing speech, of her bestowal of human rights on almost half the world, and her selfless suffering in the cause of female suffrage, one thing became immediately apparent — the majority considered that women should no more have the vote than drive, or the less prejudiced thought that her work was of little importance.

Caesar then stood up and pointed to modern barbarians — he would drive them out and civilize all the world. At this Neptune insisted that he should have the parachute. What would happen if he should perish and the sea be left untamed? It would surely overwhelm the land. The waves that are so cut about by ships would lose their tempers and cause ships to sink if his pacifying influence were absent. "Everyone, therefore, should sacrifice their lives to a greater cause," he said. And since Neptune had caused it to be high tide at Cape Town at a recent test match, causing the Australians to win, Bobby Simpson was the next speaker.

"Who," he said, "among you all has made three hundred runs in one innings and one run in a hundred minutes?" What is more, he intended to reform cricket by making the rule that batsmen should be allowed to disregard the umpire's decisions since the batsman is closest to the ball. He took the occasion to remind South Africans that he preferred to play against a team than a team and an umpire. He mentioned that since the Australians felt so strongly about the matter, Kidson might even be assassinated. He mentioned that not only was he of importance to cricket, but also to advertising and he was thus very important. Since Kidson was now leading the test series 2-1, he would be greatly needed by his side.

Batman spoke next and pointed out what sorrow and suffering small children would experience if their hero were to die. He was not a coward, but he wanted the parachute. Julie Christie then pointed out that she was desirous in this passionate and emotional world of ours. She entertained as well as making magazines sell and was in great demand on earth. Hemingway pointed out that his work was far greater than anyone else's, since they were even translated into Eskimo. After someone had asked him whether the literary side of his writing had made him so popular, he sat down and Beau Brummel began to speak.

He said that he had influence over the youth and the youth will make the world of tomorrow. He asked whether anyone else could transform a serene group of teenagers into a mob of screaming hooligans. He demanded the parachute — and he got it, with Bobby Simpson as his next closest rival.

The debating society meets every Friday evening at seven-thirty. Under the direction of Mr. Anderson, it is one of the school's most thriving societies.

WHAT MONEY CAN BUY AND WHAT IT CAN'T BUY

A Bed — but not sleep.
Books — but not the ability to read.
Food — but not the ability to be hungry.
Cosmetics — but not beauty.
A Car — but not the ability to drive.
Medicine — but not health.
Friends — but not friendship.

R. Tullues,
2A.

TO VALEDICTION

The sound of singing rises in his ears, and somewhere in his mind a distant chord is jangled;
A quick-to-be-forgotten thought begins its struggle to the fore. But long before a concrete image can be formed.
His thoughts are turned again by all about him sitting down. Yet later on he shall come to see how short those "Forty Years" can truly be.

R.N.T.,
5D.

IN THEIR OWN WRITE

AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT

Water!
Gushing, rushing, flooding.
Swooping far out over the wall
An avalanche of liquid power . . .
Tons upon tons of water
Crashing far below . . .

A hundred million drops of spray
Throwing out a rainbow
Arching across the gorge.
Midst the low rumble of thunder
Water is once again wetting the
banks
of South Africa's rivers.

R. Dunseith,
4E.

ON LOOKING AT A BRONZE ENGRAVING OF A BATTLE

Oh we'll remember them alright —
But as men of flesh and blood?
The frozen battle stands in bronze
To stand for frozen time.

The war,
The courage,
The advance
The men with fury rush ahead
"Pro patria mori!"
That shining battle meets our
gaze —
But they?
Their ancient swords
Do rust
And fall
And cut their feet —
Their shields fall clanging to the
and ants do come
and kiss their wounds.

J. R. H. Charlton,
5A.

THE RIVAL

Puffing like a steam engine,
kicking at my heels,
Racing fast up S-bend
like a man on wheels.

Wheezing like a cart horse,
treading on his heels,
Racing slow down S-bend,
Trying not to reel.

Dashing round on A-field,
heels falling, falling heels.
Panting on the green grass,
tasting juicy orange peels.

D. Dambe,
5E.

Commenting about the assignment
on Australia, the Biology
master told the class: "And of
course, it must be very Aboriginal."

W. Cowen,
4A.

INTER-HIGH

Probably one of the most
spectacular, colourful and enjoy-
able functions in the school year
is the annual inter-high gala.

It is a most impressive sight to
see the different Pretoria and
Country District Schools grouped
together on the grandstands at
Hillcrest. It is at this gala that
the school spirit seems to reach a
climax, and some of the war cries
heard from various schools are
particularly impressive. In this
field, Meisies Hoër seems to domi-
nate the scene entirely.

The cheerleaders of the various
schools also add colour and
glamour to the proceedings. Some-
times they are ingeniously decorat-
ed and stand out vividly against
the background of their colleagues' uniforms.

For many, it is a source of great
amusement to hunt for rosettes.
It is a common sight to see a boy
pleading with a very stubborn and
adamant girl to get her precious
rosette. The boy usually wins in the
end however, whether by means of
flattery or gentle persuasion.

It is a great pity that this most
informal and happy occasion
should be marred by the rigidity
with which the Girls' High girls
have to behave. This seems to have
a bad effect on the relationship
between Boys' High and Girls'
High which should be an important
factor, especially between brother
and sister schools.

R. C.,
4A.

BREAK

The most brilliant idea ever con-
ceived to make school bearable is
the "break". This relaxation period
lasting a mere twenty minutes
provides the average scholar with
a period of mental relaxation and
a time to enjoy his sandwiches,
while in some cases it provides
adequate time for a walk to a
secluded spot where a quiet ciga-
rette may be enjoyed.

Trevor Hurwitz.

THEY SAY . . .

That the dog is man's best friend,
but have you tried borrowing
money from one?

That an echo is the only thing
that can cheat a woman out of
the last word.

That glasses can change a man's
personality — especially if they are
emptied too often.

That old blondes do not fade —
they just dye away.

That there is no fool like an old
fool — you can't beat experience.

M. Russell,
4E.

SCORERS

I sympathize with those boys
who are prepared to spend their
spare time scoring for various
cricket teams. Many, unthink-
ingly, say that they could not bear
to sit and score all day, but if
everyone took that attitude, there
would be no scorers. One can just
imagine how chaotic a cricket
match would be without anyone to
keep the score.

So, I would like to congratulate
those few who are scorers. I know
that they never get any recognition
from their team or anyone else
and I think it is about time that
they were recognized.

R. J. C.,
4A.

"The stronger sex is the weaker
sex, because of the weakness of
the stronger sex for the weaker
sex."

CROSS-COUNTRY

The course is 3.2 miles long. I
have only 3.1 miles left to run,
which is some consolation. But
as I plod along, more and more
boys pass me. They all look so
energetic. Why can't I be like
them? Anyway, I'll just carry on
and, at least, finish the race.

Up S-bend, and a smiling spec-
tator sarcastically calls out "four
hundred and one". I am com-
pletely and utterly demoralized, but
Mr. Hill's advice, to have deter-
mination, comes to my mind, and
I carry on wearily.

Twenty minutes later, my side
feeling as though a hot knife is
being stuck into it, I flop down
S-bend towards "A" cricket field.
The feeling of achievement is
almost conquered when I am told
that I have come four hundredth,
but the attitude of my colleagues
soon cheers me up again. No one
teases me. All I hear is "Well
done", and it makes me feel won-
derful.

This was my experience in the
inter-house cross-country. Although
I did not do too well, I thoroughly
enjoyed myself. To think that I
was hesitant to enter horrifies me
now. Next year I will definitely
enter, and, maybe, do some train-
ing as well.

R. J. C.,
4A.

GUESS WHO?

The gentleman, whom I am
depicting, does not seem to walk,
but floats sideways along the
corridors. In his class I have had
hilarious fun. No coughing, blow-
ing of noses or sneezing is allow-
ed. If you do this you are imme-
diately told to have a walk around
the school, which most of us enjoy.

He is a very spic and span
person who hates his class to be
untidy. His cupboard is always im-
maculately tidy. Scratch in this
and you are bound not to go to
English for a month. His house
too shows his neatness. Hours are
spent tending his very much loved
roses.

To him Boys' High is one of
the best schools in the world and
I whole-heartedly agree.

Graham van Zyl,
4E.

THE WHOOZLE NUMBER

Boys often have the difficulty
of assessing their girlfriends ac-
curately. One boy finds a girl
pleasant or attractive, whereas
another boy finds the same girl
uninteresting. This is because they
both consider different physical
and mental characteristics of the
girl. Naturally, they are bound to
disagree.

For this reason I have invented
the Whoozle Number with which
a girl can be judged accurately by
her Whoozle percentage. For the
sake of uniformity five physical
and five mental attributes of the
girl are considered. Thus she may
be physically attractive but men-
tally dull—the dumb blonde type—
or vice versa, and she would thus
only have an average Whoozle
number. Consequently a girl who
gets a Whoozle number of around
70-80 would be considered a good
prospect — a complete all-rounder.

Physical attributes to be taken
into consideration are: hair, face,
figure, eyes and legs. Each of these
counts ten marks. The mental at-
tributes are: intelligence, sense of
humour, ability to make conversa-
tion, personality and maturity.
Each of these also counts ten
marks, giving a grand total of a
100 or a percentage.

Once you have broken your
loved one down into these ten
categories, you will soon realize
that she is not as wonderful as
you thought she was. A girl who
scores highly and has a high
Whoozle number is certainly a girl
worth knowing.

P. Cruse,
4A.

AUTUMN

Walking on an Autumn evening,
In the evening air,
Looking up towards the trees;
And suddenly a gust of wind comes
There; a shower of leaves come
falling
Like an avalanche
Red and green and a vast variety
of colour;
These are the leaves
Falling from the trees,
On an Autumn evening.

A. Miskin,
1B.

MY GREATEST FIGHT

I watched wearily and unin-
terestedly as he climbed to his
feet, lurched a little, and then,
quite suddenly came in for another
onslaught. I struck at him, but
missed, and then had to protect
myself with all my strength, as
his blood was up now, and he
would stop at nothing. I managed
to fend him off with my arm, and
he retreated to a safe distance,
to think out his next move.

We circled each other, watching
each other's movements warily,
waiting for an opportunity to dart
beneath the other's guard, and
making sure that one did not give
the other the opportunity. I
noticed that he was limping
slightly, and decided to make use
of this weakness.

Suddenly he rushed in, and I,
taken unawares, leaned back, and
in doing so, lost my balance. I
fell on a small table, breaking the
vase of flowers on it, and spilling
water on the carpet at the same
time. As I fell I managed to kick
him with all my might, with my
right leg, more by luck than by
skill and he staggered back, evi-
dently hurt. I quickly followed up
my advantage, scrambling to my
feet and chasing him as he moved
towards the door. I could see that
I was gaining, and, running faster,
finally cornered him.

He turned round, looking more
vicious than ever, like a fox sur-
rounded by hunters, knowing that
he is going to die. He bared his
teeth at me, and his eyes glared
hated. I knew that if I did not
get him then, he would do his
best to kill me, and, therefore, put
all my strength into the blow.

I hit hard, and heard the sound
of breaking bones. He lay in his
own blood, squashed flat, and with
the same look of vehemence and
hate on his face, which I had seen
moments before, when he was still
alive.

I looked at the clock on my bed-
room wall, and saw that it was
twelve o'clock. We had been fight-
ing for two hours, for it was at ten
o'clock that I had been disturbed
by the intruder. Then I looked
at the mosquito. He had been a
tough fighter, a very tough fighter
indeed . . .

G. M. Andersson,
4A.

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A SOUTH AFRICAN'S NAIVETÉ IN UNCLE SAM'S COURT

Apologies to Mark Twain.

I have just returned from Tchaikovsky's "The Queen of Spades" (story by Pushkin) which was held in the most magnificent and most beautiful building I have seen, the New Metropolitan Opera House in Lincoln Centre. The immortal grandeur of the opera, the dazzling chandeliers, the imposing murals and the young, dynamic conductor were to me the very essence of the stimulating environment in which I have lived for the past nine weeks.

When I stepped out of the gleaming silver bird, into the biting, freezing air, I knew that this was how an adventure begins. With an air of expectancy I seated myself in the bus which was to take me from Kennedy Airport to New York City. Passing endless rows of apartments and houses, factories, cemeteries and advertisements, I suddenly perceived, through the smog and light snow, the icy spires of Manhattan and lord of them all, the Empire State Building. It was a magnificent sight and I knew this was the New World — a world which I have come to love, a world which represents every trait of human character, achievement and failure — New York.

New York is the most diverse city in the world, it is also the most fascinating, fabulous, fantastic and frustrating "melting pot" ever to exist on this good earth. To the free world it is the symbol of capitalism, of freedom and of the American spirit and to the lost child scuffling down the cobbled streets of Harlem, it is a cruel master. I have come to love the glitter of Broadway and the misery of Broad Street; the glory and wealth of Fifth and Park Avenues and the Bohemian life of Greenwich Village. I have admired the cultural beauty and sophistication of the Art Museums and Carnegie Hall and I have admired the furious activity of Wall Street. Rich and poor, big and small, love and hate all thrive side by side to make New York the city it is — fourteen million

people manage to exist in various ways in an area not much larger than Pretoria.

Poetry and prose would both appeal to me in describing New York to you, but this would require space and time — both these requisites are denied to me, so please accept a brief synopsis of what I have experienced during the ten weeks I have spent in the United States.

The Programme which I am on is called the World Youth Forum, financed by the largest afternoon daily in New York City, the "World Journal Tribune". I am one of thirty-five delegates from all over the world, each representing his or her country in the U.S. for a period of three months. We arrived in New York City around Christmas (I arrived three days before Christmas and was fortunate enough to shovel the deep snow on Christmas Day). We, the delegates, spent one week at an exclusive girl's college in Bronxville (north of the city), attending lectures by our director, Mr. Robert S. Huffman and meeting each other and discussing current issues that concerned us and our countries. This was a fascinating orientation period and the great friendships which now exist between the delegates began to develop. I shared a room with Jacob Akindele of Nigeria, who proved to be a wonderfully stimulating companion — an extremely intelligent and humorous African with a remarkable understanding of our South African problems. The Kenyan delegate is also highly intelligent (a member of the Kikuyu tribe). For the first time I became acquainted with Socialism — socialism (do not mistake socialism for communism) plays a very important part in the lives of the European youth. Most European countries, even the United States, are becoming more and more socialistic. The power of labour unions in these countries is quite unbelievable. A bricklayer in the States earns from \$6,000 onwards p.a. Teachers suffer the same humiliations all over the world!

Anyway, to get back to the point. After spending this most interesting and enjoyable week with the delegates, we taped an introductory T.V. programme (my humble profile was transmitted throughout the country). We then celebrated Old Years Eve with Pistachio nuts from Turkey, Spanish dances from Latin America, God Save the Queen from Mother Hen, and her speckled brood, including recent non-conformists, a Maori dance from New Zealand and wine from the local drugstore. Then we proceeded to

our first host families, with whom we stayed for four weeks. I stayed with a very charming family in Maplewood, New Jersey. Here I attended Columbia High School with about 1,900 students of both sexes. The standard of education, the subjects and how they were taught and the intellectual atmosphere were far superior to P.B.H.S. American teenagers read far more extensively than South African teenagers; high school students here are continually striving to improve themselves mentally — there is very strong competition amongst the students and to enter a university is a nerve-wrecking procedure. During my stay in Maplewood, I was exposed to some public conflict with the local press, who thought they could create a controversy of sorts by publishing articles on me headed "South African Expounds Racial Theories" and "South Africa — Slave State". Even though I am trying my best to win some more support for the Progressive Party, certain anxious individuals refuse to believe that South Africans are moral humans.

Next stop was Nannet, a small, semi-rural community on the Hudson River and about 25 miles north of the city. Here I attended Nannet High School with the charming delegate from Costa Rica, who gets very temperamental when you refer to the U.S. as "America". During the three weeks spent here in Nannet, I was fortunate to visit the New York Stock Exchange, the 60 story Chase Manhattan Bank, the Federal Reserve Bank where the world's gold is stored and Franklin D. Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park. I also accompanied a group of merry students into the snowy, wooded Catskill Mountains, where I underwent my first skiing lessons. After much clambering up slippery slopes and rubbing of frozen fingers in the sub-zero temperature, I managed to ski five yards and then collapse in a frightful mess after losing my balance. I bent three ski-poles and dislodged several joints — but it was great fun.

Then on February 26th all the delegates met in New York and off we went to Washington D.C. (about 300 miles south). Here we spent a fascinating four day period in the capital city of the United States. Washington D.C. is simply beautiful — it was designed by a French city-planner and the similarity between Washington and Paris or London or Rome is remarkable. Broad tree-lined avenues, beautiful buildings (none any higher than the State Capitol) and the most magnificent national monuments ever constructed by man. The Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial and the George Washington monument are overwhelmingly imposing. We were completely free to do what we pleased and with twenty dollars to spend on food, we set out to explore the wonders of Washington. My delegate friends and I toured the famous Smithsonian Institute, where the first aeroplanes can be seen and countless other examples of man's genius. The most wonderful experience was to saunter along the corridors of the National Art Gallery. I was thrilled to see original Renoir, Manet, Picasso, El Greco, Rembrandt, de Vinci and literally thousands of other masterpieces. I could spend a lifetime in that museum.

After a tour of the White House and State Capitol (both very charming and grand buildings), we were exposed to some U.S. foreign policy propaganda at the State Department. I unfortunately missed L.B.J. and Dean Rusk, although I was told they were in adjoining rooms. Several delegates including myself gave broadcasts on Voice of America, which might have reached South Africa. One of the announcers at V.O.A. had lived in Pretoria for three years and I spent a most enjoyable evening with him and his wife, chatting about that old warrior Uys Krige and Jan Rabie and Geoffrey Jenkins. Our last night in Washington was spent running around Georgetown, the oldest part of Washington D.C. (founded in 1608) and the bohemian section of the city. At three in the morning Sweden, Chile and South Africa arrived dead-tired at their hotel.

After Washington, we travelled to Charlottesville, where the University of Virginia is situated. Touring the historic campus, I came across a room once inhabited by the famous American poet, Edgar Allan Poe. From Charlottesville we proceeded to Monticello, where Thomas Jefferson built and designed his own magnificent houses. Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, was a philosopher, statesman, astronomer, historian, architect and President of the U.S.A. Monticello is an immortal monument to this great man.

We spent the following three days in Richmond, the capital of Virginia. Here I visited the Huguenot High School and was exasperated by the Southern drawl and overwhelmed by the Southern hospitality. American society is absolutely fascinating. You move one mile, fifty or a hundred and there is a marked change in the pace of living and in the political thought. People in Virginia are very different from New Yorkers and New Yorkers differ from Bostonians and Deep Southerners differ from Mid Westerners. Many a time I could have been in a South African city — there are so many Negroes all over. In New York you will find a Negro occupying a position no matter where you may be. The Negro and the Civil Rights Movement are both very powerful and dominant parts of American society. The Negro is fighting for his rights and he is slowly but surely receiving them. You have strange and flamboyant characters like Islam Clayton Powell.

Americans, too, are deeply concerned with the Vietnam War. Every male teenager knows that when he finishes college his chances of going to Vietnam are without a doubt very high — and who wants to fight in the stinking swamps against a handful of cunning Viet-cong? Americans are quick to criticise Johnson and his administration — "stop the bomb-

ing," they cry. Robert Kennedy is the most influential opposer to L.B.J.'s foreign policy. R.F.K. is heading for the Presidency, this is obvious — he certainly is very intelligent and capable, but perhaps lacks experience. The American political bureaucracy is also a fascinating set-up and young Americans play an important part and take a very keen interest in politics. There is an overwhelming amount of freedom of expression in the States and I have heard the most biting forms of satire on T.V. and radio and the printed word contains outspoken viewpoints — Right or Left.

But back to Richmond. We all enjoyed a dinner at an hotel where the Mayor addressed us, as well as five of the delegates. Then we moved our cramped limbs to the haunting sounds of a Negro group "The Soul Setters" — by the way, American girls are extremely charming and beautiful and also very frank about certain basic facts!

I had the privilege of attending a political banquet in Richmond, where Barry Goldwater (the notorious 1964 Republican candidate) met the press. If I remember correctly, Barry Goldwater was the favourite in South Africa during the 1964 elections. Well, certainly he is a very pleasant, good-looking man, who has said and still says some of the most absurd and ridiculous things any politician has ever said. (Thank God he never became President!) I witnessed some of these statements, which no sensible person could take seriously — renew atmospheric nuclear — at least he supports Ian Smith!

Now, after enlightening you about some of my experiences, I will inform you where I am right now — in Woodmere, Long Island, 40 minutes away from the city. Again I am staying with very

Continued on page 5

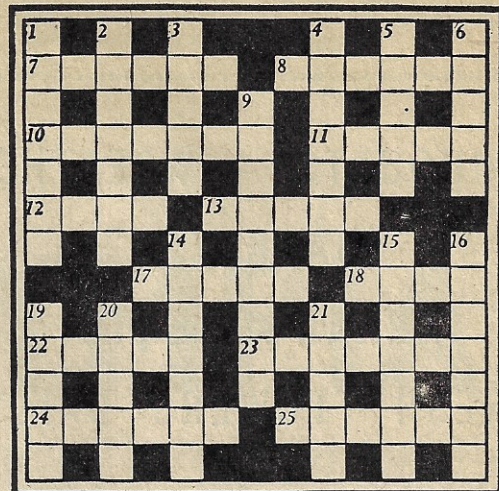
Why don't you compile the next P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle and submit it to the Editor?

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

The P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle No: 6

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 5th May, 1967.



ACROSS

- 7. To sham is a welcome return as a Maths master (6).
- 8. This offer is far from tough (6).
- 10. An American animal give its name to a town in the state of New York (7).
- 11. One over this is tipsy (5).
- 12. Near sighted however contains the apparatus for hearing (4).
- 13. Chalcedony for an entrance (5).
- 17. Could be a political group or as social gathering (5).
- 18. Rush backwards for this ruminant (4).
- 22. Sounds like a vegetable worth its weight in gold (5).
- 23. Short reserved with edge is in any angle (7).
- 24. Sounds as though she is a gain for the First XV, but she works in the secretary's office! (6).
- 25. Cut with a compass point is very strict (6).

DOWN

- 1. Bust bed and hurt your toe in the process (7).
- 2. Study the business and corroborate (7).
- 3. This Texas city loses fifty, and goes back to uncooked vegetables at a meal (5).
- 4. Less, etc. makes chooses (7).
- 5. The present era plus the length of a life gives a proverb (5).
- 6. Trace changes into a box (5).
- 9. Old gun tie for a meridian (9).
- 14. Hymn 372 says "Nor . . . , nor wasting, thou rulest in might" (7).
- 15. A young hare. Ever is contained in permission for this (7).
- 16. Cheques and t's should be to make them presentable (7).
- 19. Sounds as if it is visible but all part of the act! (5).
- 20. Colour of the 1962 Rugby Captain (5).
- 21. Part of a log lesson; looks at (5).

Consult

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Letters To The Editor

Dear Sir,

I think that this school pays too little attention to its extra-mural activities. In all sports such as cricket, rugby and swimming, to name but a few, we compete against other schools and great importance and prestige are attached to the boys who play for sporting teams. This is all very well, but I think more attention should be paid to other extra-mural activities of this school.

I suggest that we arrange bridge and chess competitions against different schools, and, if this is impossible, inter-house matches. I am sure that there would be no lack of interest in this, and it would surely be a success. By doing this, surely a higher standard would be attained, and the boys would enjoy themselves more.

P. Novellie,
2C.

GIRLS' HIGH

Dear Sir,

Girls' High is our sister school, no matter what some traitors say. They have always been our sister school and I hope that they always will be. Those poor boys who support Meisies Hoër are sadly misinformed for the latter school already has a brother school — Seuns Hoër. Therefore, Girls' High is our sister school and they are a very worthy school at that. There is nothing wrong with Girls' High girls; they are only subject to a type of discipline different from that at Meisies Hoër. This is not their fault, so let's support the girls of Girls' High because they are wonderful girls — vive la Girls' High.

Peter Cruse,
4A.

THE CHOIR

Dear Sir,

In how many churches do you find the choir at the back? Why must we be an exception? Caruso.

CADETS

Dear Sir,

The Cadet Detachment No. 141, is very good; the band is the best in the country; the shooting team is very efficient. However, there is one section that needs improvement — the Senior Special Squad. They should start early and try to win. They could easily beat the best squad in the Northern Transvaal, and not come fourth, as they did last year.

Disgusted.

BOUQUETS — WREATHS

BASKETS

ARRANGEMENTS

FRESH FLOWERS DAILY

EROS FLORIST

HATFIELD GALLERIES

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'N OPE BRIEF

Geagte Heer,

Graag wil ek 'n paar gedagtes kwytraak en het besluit om dit deur middel van u blad te doen. Noem dit 'n loflied as u wil, weet net dit kom met opregte bedoelings.

Ek wil by 'n ieder en 'n elk wat u blad lees, tuisbring dat dit vir my as onderwyseres aan die Boys' High elke dag louter genot is om met die seuns van hierdie skool te werk. Die respek en agting van die manne in my klasse, die vriendelikheid van die seuns wat nie in my klasse is nie en wat ek in die wandelgange ontmoet, maak dit so aangenaam. Dan noem ek nie eers die personele en die aangename omgang in die personeelkamer nie.

Ek noem graag 'n paar voorbeelde en dan sal u verstaan waarom 'n dame so lekker lewe in die manswêreld hier.

Etlike jare gelede stap 'n verdwaasde groepie standerd sesse my kamer binne. Dit was die laaste periode van hulle eerste deurmekaar dag aan die begin van die jaar. Dit was duidelik dat hulle tuis voel by 'n dame na ses lange periodes onder die strenge heerskappy van sterk, fris, vreesaanjaende mansonderwysers en omring van honderde groot fris seuns op die speelgrond en in die gange. Dit was soos in die ou dae op laerskool by 'n ou juffrou. Dit was 'n Latyngroep en ek het tot die beste van my vermoë probeer uitwei oor dié taal van weleer en die mense, wat dit gepraat het. Heel agter teen die muur — sy rooi koppie skaars bo die bank — vol sproete van oor tot oor, het hy gesit. In sy ogies was so 'n verafkyk. Hy was in 'n droomwêreld van sy eie. Hy het rondgevoel met sy boeke nadat die laaste klok gelui het. Almal was reeds weg. Ek het gewag. Met groot vasberadenheid het hy nader getree: „Miss, are you by any chance a relation of old Miss Brown?”

„Miss Brown, did you say son? Who is she?”
„Well you see, Miss, it's like this. You see, she was my teacher at primary school in Joburg.”
„Oh I see.”
Ek het geamuseerd gewag en toe maar gesê-vra:
„But what makes you think that Miss Brown and I . . .”
Hy het moed geskep en my haastig in die rede geval:

„Well you see Miss, if I may say so, Miss you are the spitting image of Miss Brown, Miss.”

„Oh I see”, het ek maar weer probeer geselskap maak en toe maar ewe ernstig laat volg: „Well, no, I don't know Miss Brown, but if that is the case, then Miss Brown must be a very pretty lady.”

En toe kom dit, net so pront en spontaan soos dit slegs van 'n sproetgesig standard sessie kan kom, so met al die oortuiging van sy siel:

„Oh no Miss, she wasn't, you see, she looks just like YOU!”

Daar was ook die keer toe mnr. Dittberner weer vir drie weke met verlof was op 'n offisiërskursus. Die dametjie wat in sy plek waargeneem het was nou regtig iets vir die oog. Loshangende blonde hare. So 'n effense swaai van die heupies. Kort rokkies. My matriekseuns het gesit-lê in hul banke. Dit was warm. Ek het geswoeg met „Die osse stap aan deur die stowwe . . .” Toe klik-klak haar spitskakkies verby. Almal sit penoerent en staar haar leep-oë agterna. Een man kon dit nie hou nie.

„Is dit 'n student, Mevrouw?”

„Nee, sy is net vir drie weke in mnr. Dittberner se plek.”

„Nou waarheen is hy dan?”

„Hy gaan mos elke jaar op 'n offisiërskursus. Julle manne weet mos. Hy is een van die dae 'n brigadier.”

Daar het lig vir hom opgegaan. Dit het uit sy siel gekom:

„Aag Mevrouw, is daar dan nie vir ou onderwyseresse ook so 'n kursus nie? Dan kan jy een van die dae 'n brigadieres wees.”

Daar was ook die seun wat gepraat het oor: „Wat ek eendag wil wees”. Hy wou gaan boer. Noord-Transvaal. Beeste. Toe hy terugstap na sy bank toe vra ek of hy darem aan sy ou juffrou sal dink so in die winter met biltongmaak geleentheid. Baie opreg antwoord hy: „As ek my oudste seun na Boys' High stuur sal ek vir u biltong saamstuur. Dit wil sê as u dan nog siklus-punte gee vir 'chocolates' en biltong.”

Ek was moedeloos.
„Dan is ek lankal afgetree.”

Daarop het hy my skaam-skaam vertel dat sy pa altyd sê onderwyseresse moet aftree solank hulle nog kan tree.

Nou ja, daardie wenk van sy pa — nogal een van ons land se gesiene regters, sy pa . . . sal ek seker vroeër of later moet neem, maar seer seker nog nie solank ek dit elke dag steeds geniet in hierdie stimulerende en aangename atmosfeer nie.

„Viva le Boys' High.”
(Mev.) L. Erasmus.

N.B.: Tydelike dames kan geen promosie ooit êrens kry nie!!!

THE LIBRARY

Dear Sir,

We have in this school a large library, with a great number of books packed neatly on the spacious bookshelves. We even have a librarian to tend these books. Yet, for some strange reason we have rarely seen our library function as it should.

I have pondered, long hours, searching for some creditable reason for this, but, as yet have found none. Could someone please relieve my mental agony?

4A.

INTER-DEBATES

The Editor,

Often I have wondered why the school has so little in the way of external debates and why we never participate in debates at our sister school especially. This would certainly make life for the boarders less monotonous.

A. Pienaar.

MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD-PREFECT

The first term of every year is always a period of unsettlement. Boys are testing the different attitudes and ways of the new prefect; masters are getting to know their classes and trying to win their confidence — the boys in return are seeing just how far they can take their new teachers. It is only when each individual has summed-up his various leaders and teachers that the school can settle down and run smoothly.

In a school of this size there are many characters, each with his own peculiarities. As a result there are bound to be a few with wrong or undesirable attitudes. Some boys have the wrong idea as how to enjoy their school-life. If you set out to break as many rules as possible and to abuse everything the school offers, you will never be respected by anyone and your life at school will be a misery to others as well as to yourself. If, on the other hand, you accept the fact that the rules are for your own good, and if you contribute to the school by playing sport and by supporting societies, you will gain tremendous satisfaction.

To achieve anything worthwhile, the school as a body must be animated by a lively spirit. Boys should turn out to support the school's teams when they are playing against other schools.

The first hurdle is always the hardest to clear, but having cleared it successfully, the school can now maintain its pace and look forward to a very happy and enjoyable year.

Peter Rogan,
5A.

SEATING IN THE HALL

Dear Sir,

It has already been mentioned in a previous Boys Highlights that it would be appreciated if something was done about the “booking” of seats in the hall. One morning I came into the hall and asked a person if he was “booking”

the empty seat next to him. He of course said that it was “booked”, and then I had to sit on the floor. During assembly I noticed that nobody came to sit in the place that was supposed to have been “booked”. So, please, Sir, can't something be done about that?

R. Tullues,
2A.

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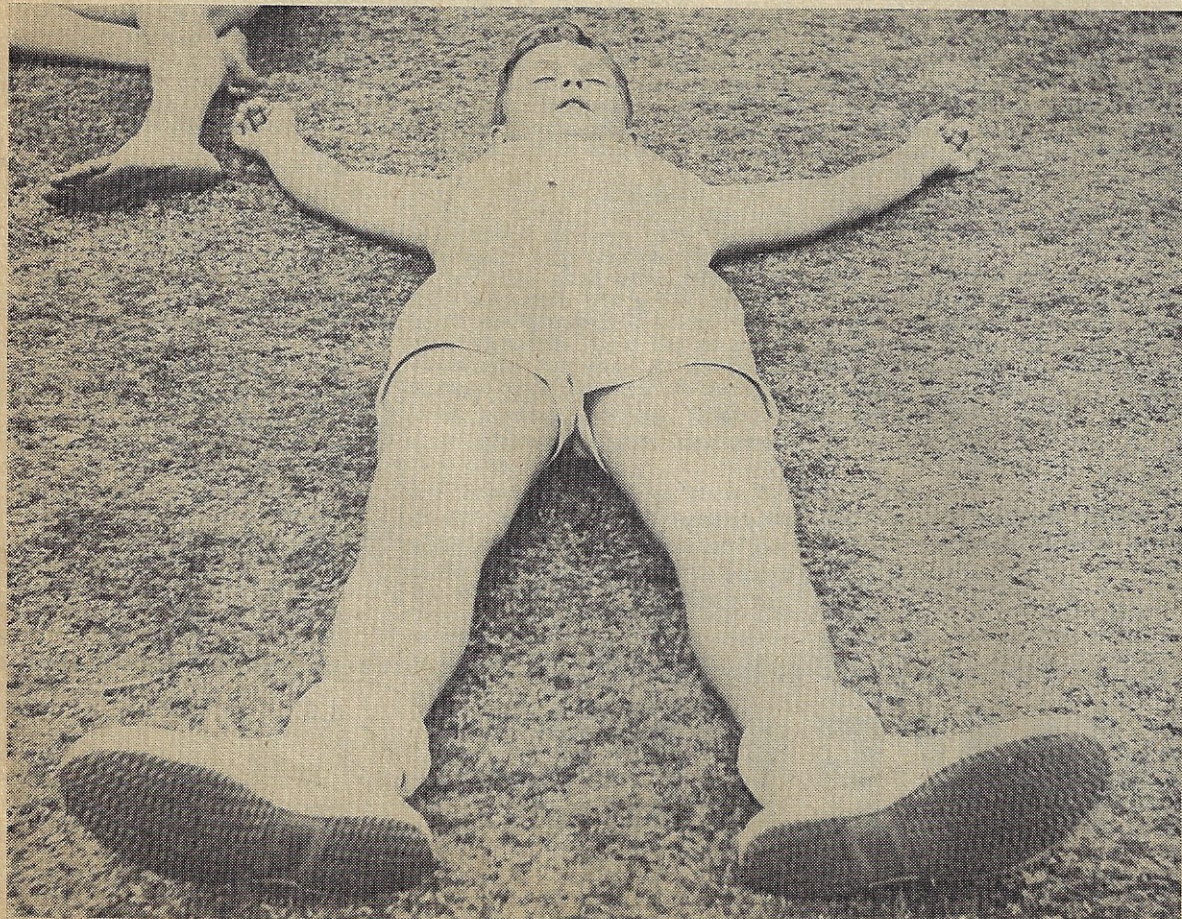
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(Photo: E. Braak)

(Continued from page 3)

kind Jewish people. Americans, although extremely informal, are very genuine and friendly towards foreigners and nothing is too much trouble for them. I am attending G. W. Hewlett High School, which also has a very high academic standard. So far I have not participated in any of the outlandish American sports and consequently feel out of form — but the army, I trust, will see to my physical recuperation!

In two weeks time the climax of our Youth Forum will take place in Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Centre. Lincoln Centre, I must explain, is a new cultural complex up on 60th Street and it replaces the old Metropolitan Opera House with a new one, plus a Philharmonic Hall, two theatre auditoriums and a music conservatory. Here at Lincoln Centre, we will give a performance (type of variety show) including talks on our respective countries. This final meeting will also be the last time we will be together and I know we will all be heartbroken to part — I have never made such close friendships in such a short time and with such a group of diverse people. This I know is and will be the most wonderful experience I have experienced in my life so far and I will always look back to the exciting and stimulating experiences I have undergone in the three months in this wonderful and proud country — the United States of America. I thank Dr. Argus Tresidder, that old friend of our school, and Mr. Abernethy and all the other people who made it possible for me to be here in the United States. I only wish that they too could have shared what I have experienced. (I managed to see Dr. Tresidder in Washington and he and his daughter send their regards to the Headmaster and School.

I could ramble on for another thousand words, but that would most probably bore you, so I will conclude. I wish all of you at Boys'

High the very best in the future, in your examinations, in your aspirations. I was fortunate and you are fortunate to be part of P.B.H.S. I do hope to visit you when I return in April (before I commence marching up and down the Karroo flats) and tell you something more about America and Americans. Never fail to grasp hold of any remote opportunity that will lead to travel, meeting new people and seeing new things — a whole new life unfolds before you.

Louis van Schaik.

DIE STORIE VAN MY HONDA

My ghriesbesmeerde hande speel nog met die tande van die uitgeslypte rat.

Nou rek my broue as ek kyk na die voue van my nuutvervaardig' klep.

Dan maar nog 'n paar van die ou „baffles” weer uithaal om die spoed te vermenigvuldig.

En nou nog net die modskerms om met alle erns die Nortons aan te pak.

Hier brul die Honda so weer, Reg vir die stryd sonder enig' kwis van tyd.

A. Oosthuizen, 4A.

AS VOICES OF THE DEAD AND LIVING

Sing, O, empty grains of sand polished by wind, Sing with the wind your mournful song and the wind will bear it away.

J. R. H. Charlton, 5A.

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TABLE TENNIS FOR BOYS' HIGH

Once again, I have been asked by a high-ranking Northern Transvaal official (who is also our best player), to submit another appeal for Table Tennis to be started at our School.

This game, as we all know, is a very interesting and exciting game. To be able to play properly, one must be both physically and mentally fit. To excel in the game, it requires not only these two essentials, but also keenness.

Recently, it has been proved that there are many boys who are very keen that Table Tennis be started at Boys' High. The game does not require very expensive equipment, and the Northern Transvaal Table Tennis Association is always ready to help a school in this respect.

Table Tennis was once a popular sport in our School, but this, unfortunately, was a very long time ago. It has since died out, and

I see no reason why it should not be re-introduced.

The game is at a disadvantage, in that it is not regarded in the same light as cricket or rugby. If table tennis wishes to claim its place among the other sporting activities, then it has to be provided with the same, if not stronger, encouragement as the other sports receive.

Admittedly, there are a few minor reasons for a club not being formed at the school, but, with a little enthusiasm and consideration, they can easily be overcome.

I am not alone in my efforts — fortunately, five or six masters support the introduction of Table Tennis here. The Northern Transvaal Table Tennis Association is as keen as I am to see a truly great game prosper in a truly great school.

B. Hattingh,
5C.

WEEK-END MEMORIES

It's Monday morning first period, maths, and the period has only just begun. The fogs of a nearly sleepless, but nevertheless very enjoyable, week-end, still hang over me very heavily and through these mists I catch fleeting glimpses of incidents during the week-end, of her, the dancing and the evening stroll in the cool night air. My eyes close slowly as I relive those moments over and over. Perhaps she is thinking the same things as I am.

Then a voice seems to pierce the ecstasy of my thoughts and I hear snatches of x and y being solved simultaneously. Suddenly I realise my eyes are closed and my head is flat on the hard desk and with an effort I quickly snap out of my daydream and concentrate on the task of making notes and listening.

I wonder whether she's also half asleep and dreaming

D. van Eeden,
5A.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Curiously enough I had the honour of speaking against the motion "Man is the cruelest of animals," during the Debating Society's second meeting. It was a rare pleasure to see so many boys attending one of the school's intellectual extra-mural activities. (This bit of information I gleaned from the chairman of the Society.)

After completing my part, I took my seat near the "chair" to listen to some other opinions. I was quite amazed to see how many form one boys, with very little show of ill ease, stood up and delivered, with a fair amount of confidence, their views on the topic. Although their actual views were not completely centered on the topic their courage to stand up and express their views was very impressive.

How often have we heard the headmaster tell the Fives: "From you the form ones will take their example." Possibly it is the other way round!

NEW YORK-MANHATTAN

Cranks and cranes
The heart of this great city,
The bulks of buildings battering
the air:

The cold grey gaze of frozen eyes
is fixed upon you,
The man-masked faces of the city
streets

are metal sheets of iron.
And from above, the bulwark
stares New York at you—
The selfish, breathless city
stiff in Arctic ice.

And then the brutal boisterous
buffs
of all the city, shone with neon
lights,

its flashing stars.
The Cocoa-Cola calls
and with its stern cold hand
that flickers now, dictates to you.

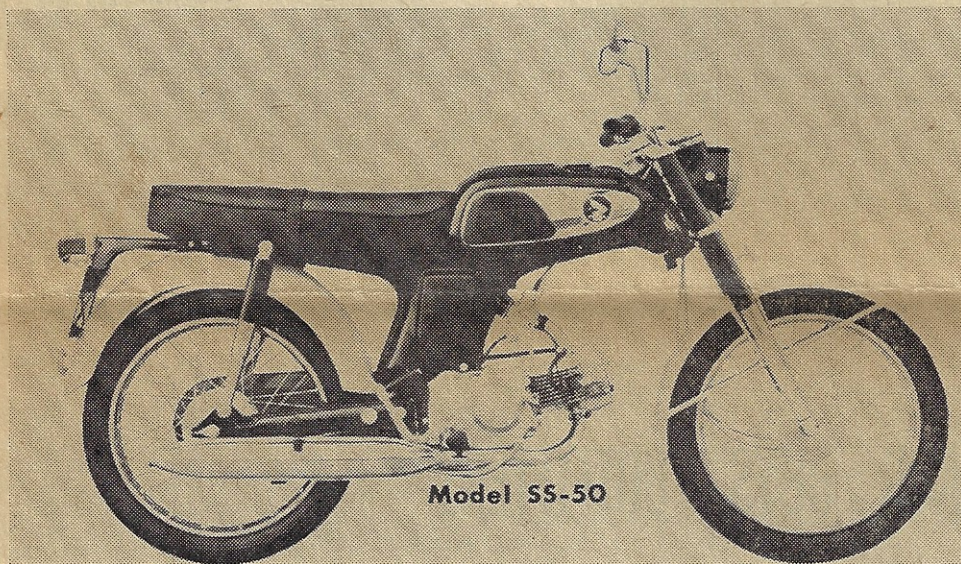
"And where is he,
The man,
In this?,"
I asked.
He pointed to the form inside
The oyster shell.

J. Charlton,
5A.

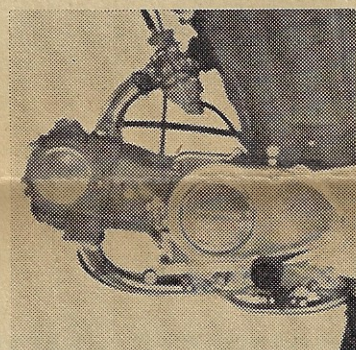
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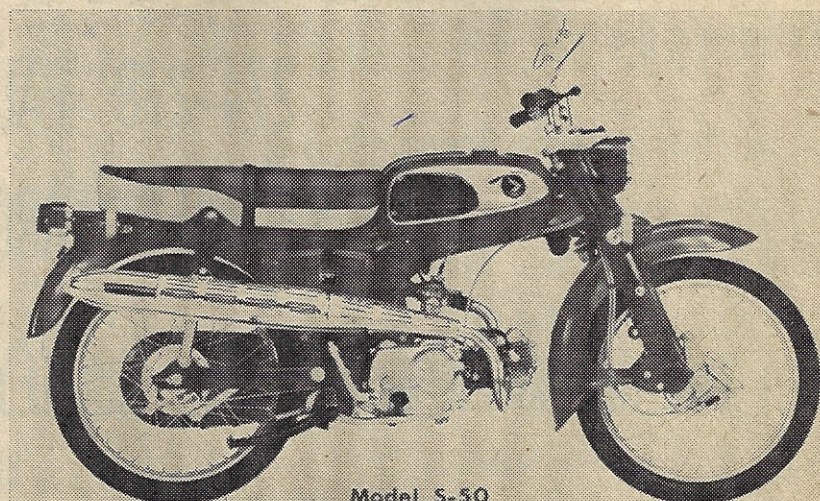


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Model S-50

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LONELY HEARTS COLUMN

Dear Art Throb,
I am a pupil of Girls' High and every day when I leave school, I am followed by a boy in a Boys' High uniform. On the last block home, I have to run to get away from him.

What must I do?
Out of Breath.

Dear Out of Breath,
If you ran a little slower, I would probably catch you.

Dear Art Throb,
My girlfriend got two Valentine cards this February. I am most disturbed to think that there is another man in her life. What should I do?
In Agony.

Dear In Agony,
Wait until next year. If it happens again, then it will probably be too late to do anything, anyway.

Dear Art Throb,
I am 15 and in love with a girl of 19. She is a typist and I have visited her in her office. I have also been to the drive-in with her but I do not seem to be getting far. Every time I make advances she seems to find some way to get out of my reach. Do you think I have bad breath?
Bewildered.

Dear Bewildered,
No, you do not have bad breath, just bad technique.

Dear Art Throb,
I am 19 and have been married for two years to my 20 year old wife. Over the last six months, she has tried to kill me six times. Once I found powdered glass in my evening milk and twice I have tasted arsenic in my coffee. She has shot at me and stabbed me and I am just back from hospital after severe ptomaine poisoning. Does she still love me?
Unsure.

Dear Unsure,
Do not blame your wife. She obviously loves you but is testing your love for her.

Dear Art Throb,
My mind is in a turmoil and I am heading for a nervous breakdown. I am madly in love with the most gorgeous of all females but there is one snag to our future happiness. She is a Beach Boys fan. I am an ardent Trog follower. What should I do? Should I secretly break all her Beach Boys records and give her a Trog LP for her birthday?
Troglydte.

Dear Troglydte,
As I am a Rolling Stones fan I can only ask you to break her Beach Boy and your Trog records.

MY POLITICAL OUTLOOK

Politics is, or should be, the process whereby nations adapt themselves to changing circumstances, but in South African Politics we are failing to move with the times. Politics in South Africa has become one of those dreary things which comes to life at elections once every five years and then recedes into the background again. In other Western nations politics is a vital part of national life whereas in South Africa it concerns only a few people and little interest is shown in it except at election-time. This I feel is wrong. We in South Africa should wake up so that we can adapt ourselves to changing circumstances more wisely and not make the same mistakes as others have made.

A few years ago, the dominant issue in South African Politics was Afrikaans-English relationships, but circumstances have changed rapidly since then and the paramount issue now is the relationship between Blacks and Whites. This is a very dangerous subject for the contrasting feelings of Blacks and White Nationalism are very strong in South Africa. Nationalism is a very powerful form of patriotism and is a weapon of great potential if used correctly by the right men. Napoleon and Hitler both used Nationalism to their own advantage, but nationalism was also a contributory factor to their downfalls. Thus, we in South Africa, both Blacks and Whites, should learn to control our Nationalist aspirations before they become forces which can lead to the downfall of our country and of ourselves.

The only way to control our white nationalism is to disagree with the Racialist Policy of the Nationalists. Apartheid is undeniably racialist. It is immoral, unchristian and very unfair. Separate development is permissible enough in theory but in practice is downright unfair. Let me put it to you this way. You are a Welshman but have lived in South Africa all your life. You have no relatives in Wales nor have you ever been there. In fact you were born here and are only a Welshman because your parents are Welsh. Everything dear to you is in South Africa. Your friends, relatives, family, job and everything else. Suddenly a Government official says to you: "You cannot live here, this is not your area. You don't belong here. Go back to your 'Welsh-Stan' and live there happily among your own people and enjoy your own Welsh customs and traditions, and you will be happy. We have built you a house and found you a job in a border-industry between England and Wales." This is exactly what is being said to the African of today. The nationalists of South Africa expect a modern, sophisticated urbanized African to renounce his civilization and go back to some remote tribe in a Bantustan which he has never seen. Surely this is unfair?

Another proof of this unfairness is the division of the land of South Africa into "Whitelands" and "Bantustans". The Whites constitute a mere 20% of the population whereas the Blacks, Indians and Coloured constitute 80%. Yet the total area of the Bantustans set aside for these people is only 13%! Surely this is ridiculous: 13% of the land for 80% of the people! This is undoubtedly a scatter-brained scheme. It is completely illogical, and for these reasons I do not support it.

I cannot condemn a man because of his colour. This is unchristian. I therefore judge a man on his merits. Surely if the best man for the job, irrespective of colour, had the job, the country would benefit as a result? This is not the case in South Africa. Thousands of uneducated, incompetent whites are doing jobs which could easily be done better by the Blacks. This is not doing the country any good, in fact it is doing it harm. I am not advocating "equal rights" or "one man — one vote". I am merely saying that it is wrong to condemn a man because of his colour. Judge him as a fellow-human being — on his merits, and not his colour.

P. Cruise,
4A.

FAIR? 007

'Twas four nights after a burglary
And right through the place
Not a creature was stirring
There wasn't a face
But a so sleepless gentleman
Lay tossing in bed
Why he should be so restless
Did not enter his head
So finally at the grey break of dawn
He decided to fathom why he was so worn
To the spot of past crimes
He returned with much haste
To check up on all
There was no time to waste
Then back to his car
He finally strolled
Worn-out, exhausted — and feeling quite cold
Then in his rear mirror
He could detect
Some car was trailing him
What was the bet?
He drove home SO slowly z z
And kept ever so calm!
He wished that he could
SEND OUT SOME ALARM!
Arriving at home
His pursuer did too
And then from their auto's
The two gents withdrew
What I would have given
To have been there that morn
NO — it isn't sadistic
Or even just scorn
But to see the expressions
On those gentlemen's faces
When they both realised
The extent of their paces!
His gun he returned to his dressing
gown pocket
The other gent said: "I was sure
I had locked it!"
Shot for you Bob you're a wide
awake tec
But what would have happened if
you'd shot our SEC!
Anonymous.

ETON AND P.B.H.S.

While reading an essay on Eton, by Maurice Baring, it occurred to me that there is a close relationship between the thoughts of Baring regarding Eton and my thoughts regarding Boys' High. Baring writes of the happiness he found at Eton, even though now and again he was in trouble. I, too, have had my ups and downs at Boys' High, but to me these will always be the happiest days of my life.

Baring says in his essay that Eton is not changing, has not changed and will not change. To me Boys' High is the same and will always be the same. Like Eton, Boys' High also gives a higher praise to a first team player than to a boy who has attained distinction in six subjects.

Baring says that any Englishman would be proud to have been mistaken for an Etonian. I am sure that a South African would be flattered to be mistaken for a Boys' High Old Boy.

"Anon",
5E.

LIFE AS A BOARDER

I looked at the brown object before me in distaste. I wondered whether it had indeed fallen on the floor or been used as a cricket ball, as its looks implied, or whether it had simply gone through the normal procedure like everything else. I looked at the expressions on the faces of the boys around me and saw that they were but a mirror of my own. I began to wonder about the problems of survival, to wonder whether this was really necessary. It probably did not have any calories away...

I decided that I would do my best to eat it. After some trouble, I cut off a small piece with my knife and put it into my mouth with my fork. I chewed for about five minutes and then decided that it was not edible. I swallowed it anyway.

The Head Boy knocked on the table and we stood up. "For what we have received may the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen," he said.

G. M. Andersson,
4A.

GRAND PRIX?

There is a screech of tyres and the smell of burning rubber as the car screeches to a halt. For a second or two there is silence, followed by the revving of an engine and the grating of gears. There is the screaming sound of tortured tyres as the car takes a corner at a speed which is very unsafe. Once again the sound of tyres, brakes, gears and an engine can clearly be heard. These agonising sounds continue for a couple of minutes before my next door neighbour finally gets her car reversed out of the garage.

P. Daniel,
4A.

Wind,
A rustle,
A flutter,
A mass of purple snow;
This is Jacaranda Season.
David du Plessis,
2C.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

This year the photographic club has, at last established itself. We have had a dark room full of equipment for some time now, but not enough interested boys. However, more boys and masters have shown interest and the club has become much stronger.

For the benefit of those who don't know, photography is an interesting and exciting hobby. Those wishing to learn how to use the dark room, should ask Mr. Hill, who, we are sure, will organise an afternoon for doing so. It is very much more profitable to develop and print one's photos oneself, and this may also be done at the club. So why not join the Photographic Society and help us and yourself go from strength to strength?

Athol Franz,
4E.

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SPORT

CRICKET

The First Team has had a very successful and enjoyable season. In all games the standard of cricket was good and most important of all it was played in a true cricket spirit. The season was characterised by bad starts and some very spirited recoveries.

The two matches played against adult sides, Wilfred Isaac's XI and a Harlequin-Jesters team both ended in draws. The powerful Isaac's team including Roy MacLean, Athol McKinnon and Chaka Watson, hit up a total of over 200 but were unable to bowl the Boys' High Team out. Roy MacLean thrilled everyone present by hitting a brilliant 101 not out in just over an hour. In the Harlequin-Jester's match Trevor Goddard, former Springbok Captain, fielded with the first team, helping Anton Joubert with his field placings and bowling changes. He impressed upon the bowlers the importance of finding out a batsman's weak spot, and continually bowling at it. The match ended in a draw but was of great value to our team.

Of the eight inter-school matches played we lost to K.E.S. and Hilton, drew with St. Alban's and St. John's, and defeated C.B.C., Parktown Boys' High, St. Andrew's, Bloemfontein, and St. Stithian's.

Parktown and St. John's were undoubtedly the most exciting games of the season. Parktown were put into bat and due to some fine in-swing bowling by Repton who claimed five wickets, they were soon back in the Pavilion with only 113 runs on the board. Boys' High started disastrously losing Joubert, Shain, and Monson for only 11 runs. Levy and Van der Merwe each played very responsible innings and together took the score to 70 before Van der Merwe was LBW. Cornelius, with some fine attacking shots took the score to 111 for 4. Then came the collapse. After two overs the score was 111 for 7. Amidst much tension Rogan hit the last three runs to give Boys' High a well deserved victory.

The match against St. John's proved even more exciting. The School was once again saved by the Levy-Van der Merwe combination, each making 40 and 60 respectively. Boustead added a fine 37 not out in the last wicket stand to give the school a total of 176. St. John's batted well and at tea-time seemed set for victory with their score at 70 for 1. However, after tea Boys' High banking on the time factor slowly came back into the game. With one over to go St. John's were 169 for nine. They need 7 runs off the last over, which was to be bowled by Matthews. After 5 balls the score was the same. The last ball caught the inside edge of the bat and missed the leg stump by a fraction of an inch to go to four runs, the game thus resulting in a draw.

Hilton, up from Natal for the week-end, defeated the School by 3 wickets. It was a most enjoyable game producing some very good cricket.

The opening attack excelled itself against St. Stithians and C.B.C. In the St. Stithian's match Matthews took 8 for 21 in a brilliant spell of bowling. Against C.B.C. Matthews claimed 6 for 4 and Repton 4 for 3 to bowl C.B.C. out for 11 runs.

The last match of the term played against St. Andrew's Bloemfontein, proved to be an easy victory for Boys' High. St. Andrew's batted first for a total of 76. Van Zyl bowled very accurately to take 5 wickets for 11 runs off 13 overs. Boys' High reached their score with only one wicket down to gain a nine wicket victory. Joubert batted extremely well to score a fine 67.

The Second and Third teams had a very successful but disappointing season due to rain. Throughout the term the Second team was only able to play three matches winning 2 and drawing 1. Piet Moerdyk, Ian Dresner and Paul de Villiers were the most successful batsmen.

From the results of the under age matches it would seem that there is a lot of potential amongst our up and coming cricketers. The under 15A team captained by Paul Blignaut lost only 1 of their 6 matches. Those who distinguished themselves were Blignaut, Cresswell and F. Joubert. The under 14A team also had a successful season, winning four out of six matches. Wegerle, Edwards, Barker and Ryan were all amongst the runs. Gerhardt, a new boy off-spinner, was the most successful bowler claiming over 20 wickets. The under 14B team won five of their six matches. Savage, Blignaut, O'Brien, Burnstein and Stanford put up good performances.

School House and Sunnyside House once again dominated the Inter-House Cricket Competition. In the final round School played Sunnyside on A field with either side needing victory for the cup. School batted first and were bowled out for the small total of 76 mainly due to the accurate bowling of Repton. A confident Sunnyside went into bat, but, at the close of play on the first afternoon, were struggling at 44 for 5. The following week Sunnyside started confidently, taking the score to 67 for 5. After three devastating overs by Matthews, Sunnyside were in trouble with the score at 73 for 9. However, School were unable to gain the last wicket and Sunnyside took the cup for the second successive year.

Finally, a word of thanks to Mr. Mulvenna and all masters involved in cricket, for their patience and the amount of time they have so willingly given up to Umpire and coach the various teams.

SWIMMING

Both the A and B Teams have had a very successful season. The galas in which they participated have brought credit to the school.

On Saturday, the 11th February the School swam against Jeppe Boys' High. Under the able Captaincy of Geoffrey Strike and Vice-Captaincy of Gavin Weir the A Team won the gala easily by 150 points to 72 points. The team also had the rather incredible record of losing only two individual events to their opponents and winning all of the relay races. In Johannesburg the B Team under the Captaincy of Trevor Robinson also had a successful gala, beating Jeppe by more than 50 points.

On the 25th February the School swam against King Edwards. In Johannesburg the A team was beaten by a superior K.E.S. side by 40 points. However, in Pretoria the B team won comfortably by a margin of 20 points. On Saturday evening, 4th March, the eagerly awaited Inter-House gala was held. For the first time in many years it did not rain and the gala proceeded according to plan. As usual the day boy houses proved superior to the boarders, Town winning with Sunnyside as runners-up — this despite the enthusiastic war cries of the boarders. School House came first out of the boarders with Rissik not very far behind.

The following Saturday the Inter-High Swimming gala took place at Hillcrest. In the past this has always been one of the highlights of the swimming season, and this year proved no exception. Under the competent direction of Mr. Vivian Henry our divers had been trained to a very high standard and excelled themselves at the diving competition. During the early stages of the gala Afrikaans Seuns Hoër and Boys' High were neck and neck. Seuns Hoër started the team races after interval with a one point lead over Boys' High but our teams proved far superior and eventually ran out victors by 20 points. The swimmers were undoubtedly encouraged by the spirited war cries of the school.

Congratulations to Carl van Niekerk, Owen Kuyper and Oubaas Braak on being selected for the South African Schools' Team to tour England in July.

The success of the swimming season, to a large extent, was due to the masters who very kindly gave of their time to organise the galas. Our very sincere thanks go to Mr. Tos du Toit, Mr. Vivian Henry, Mr. Stewart Hendry and Mr. Iisley, all the swimmers who took part, and of course to the Mothers' Committee who provided us with such delicious teas.

Correspondents

P. Daniel.
P. Cruse.

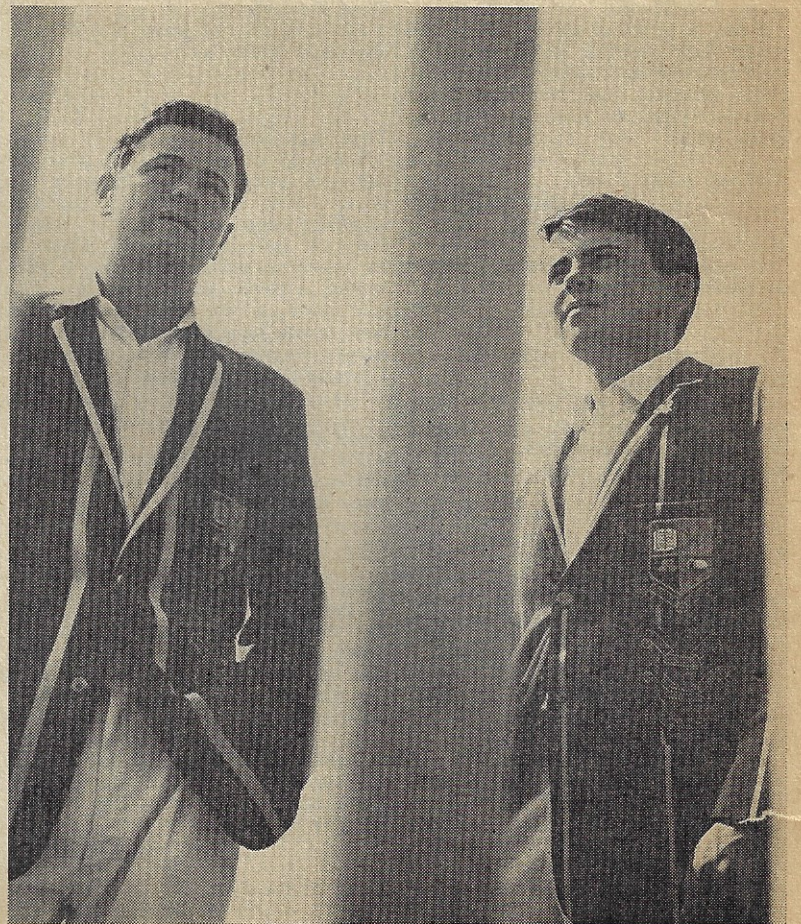
CROSS COUNTRY

Because of the short time available in which to train, Mr. Hill started the season by holding a meeting, at which he advised runners on training methods. The boarder houses started training with their usual enthusiasm and the Day-boy houses held meetings with the idea of stimulating an interest in school sports: training sessions were held, but they were poorly attended.

The season started off with a bang for the Junior Cup, the first event being the Junior Social Run, which was won by Coetzee of School House. The second position was taken by Jooste, and third by Oosthuizen.

The Senior Social Run was held on the next day, over a course of 2.7 miles. 180 boys lined up for the start, in overcast weather. The first to be home without much opposition was Derek Carstens in a relatively good time of 14 minutes 9 seconds. A keen struggle ensued for second place, which was filled by Fourie, with Levitas third. Franz and Reinecke filled fourth and fifth places respectively.

CRICKET CAPTAIN AND HEAD PREFECT



The Bloods

(Photo: E. Braak)

The Junior Handicap, run over 2.5 miles the next day, surprised many of us. Fell of Rissik House, held the best time, breaking the old record by 8 seconds.

The Senior Handicap was won by Blair, but Carstens had the best time of 17 minutes 12 seconds. Second and third fastest times were held by Van Niekerk and Duff.

The Inter-Class relays have now become a great favourite among the major school sports, and this year, this again proved highly successful. In the Senior Inter-Class Relay it was a Form Four class that came in first, doubling their victory by breaking the Form Four record. First home, therefore, was Form 4E (Duff, Franz, Haworth, Scott) followed by 5B and 4F. The senior class which entered the most teams was Form 4A.

The Junior Inter-Class Relay was a great success and most exciting. The winning class was Form 2B, 2A finishing second. The form best represented was Form 1A, with a turn out of 7 teams, which was the school's best represented class. The climax of all these races for endurance, was the Day-boy versus Boarder race. The Junior Race was held, and proved to be a great victory for the Boarders. First home was Jooste, second Jones, and in third place was Oosthuizen.

The Senior race of four miles was easily won by the Boarders with an excellent team. Carstens: Halford: Duff: Franz: Cole and Tate. The day-boy team consisted of Levitas: Hosking: Megens: Cowie: Potgieter and Levitas, D. Individual placings were: Carstens first, in a very good time of 22 minutes 25 seconds; second was Halford and third Levitas, with Duff fourth and Hosking fifth. Both Senior and Junior races were cut by half a mile, and they thus became records.

The last race of the season, the Annual Inter-House Run was extremely well attended. Approximately 500 boys lined up on B field, all keen to start running. Then when the chimes struck four, Mr. Hofmeyer set us off. Carstens again proved his supremacy by easily winning in 18 minutes 13 seconds. Van Niekerk passed Halford in the last mile thus coming second, with Halford third; fourth was Franz with Levitas fifth.

The first Junior home was Lowes who ran brilliantly. Second was Cole and third Coetzee. The Junior Cup was won by Sunnyside, under the captainship of Paul de Villiers, while the runners-up were Rissik House. In the Senior Race, School House won the cup, with Sunnyside the runners-up.

The school team, consisting of ten Juniors and Seniors, was chosen to run the remaining two races: against K.E.S., and in the Inter-High. Derek Carstens was chosen as the Senior Captain, and Castell as the Junior Captain.

The race against K.E.S. on Friday, 17th March, proved an overwhelming victory for Boys' High. The Seniors took the first four places, with the first K.E.S. runner taking 5th place. Derek Carstens was the overall winner, the others who scored points for Boys' High were Van Niekerk, Halford, Fourie, Hosking and Levitas.

The Juniors obtained the impossible, namely of filling the first ten places, thus an overwhelming win in their favour. First Junior home was Lowes, who beat many Seniors.

There remains but one race this season, the Inter-High on Wednesday 22nd, at St. Alban's, and we wish the Senior and Junior teams and the Captaincy of Carstens and Castell respectively a successful season.

Senior Correspondent:
M. Levitas.
Junior Correspondent:
A. Marais.

MARTIN GIBBS

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