



## SISTER SCHOOL IN TROUBLE

### WHO IS OUR SISTER SCHOOL?

Many people will answer without thinking, "Girls' High", and seem most surprised that the question was even asked. It is true that for the past forty years Girls' High has been traditionally known as our sister school. It is, however, painfully obvious that this relationship is merely traditional.

American educationalists, who are way ahead of those in South Africa, favour the co-educational system of schooling. Surely the next best is a close relationship between two schools of different sex. A close relationship between our two schools would prove invaluable as far as spirit is concerned. In the cultural field the possibilities are unlimited; a united dramatic society would enable us to pool our talents and produce operas and plays of a much higher standard; bridge evenings and debates and music evenings would all prove beneficial to both schools.

#### What is the problem?

The basis of the problem is the conservative policy of Girls' High. The 1920's were over forty years ago and the more people who realise this and make an effort to change with the times, the better it will be for the youth of to-day.

The most successful educationalists of to-day are those people who are in step with the developments and ideals of the younger generation. It is essential that every teacher should acquire the complete confidence of his or her pupils. This can only be done if they are prepared to trust them and to show confidence in them.

The function of any school is to produce girls and boys who are able to cope with life once the sheltering hand of school has been released. Girls who have had their social life limited to a minimum are more prone to the modern problems of social life.

#### Head-Boy's opinion

The Head-boy of P.B.H.S. says that he is sorry our relationship has sunk to a non-existent level but with the present policy of Girls' High there is no way of creating a new spirited relationship. His request to discuss relations with the school was turned down on the grounds of being totally unnecessary.

#### Change needed

This could well be the end of our long traditional relationship unless of course a rapid change of policy is undergone by the school. We at Boys' High need the support of a sister school and unless the girls of Girls' High are officially allowed to attend and support our functions we will have to find another sister school.



*-But isn't it now about time for the go-ahead?*

(Photo: E. Braak.)

## THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Once more the school has successfully endeavoured to produce a Gilbert and Sullivan Opera. On this occasion the popular "Pirates of Penzance", was the choice and it was given an amazingly polished look by our schoolboy performers. After a faltering start, it blossomed forth into an accomplished performance. First-night nerves were replaced by professional confidence and the show carried merrily along to a rousing finish.

The many hours of hard work put into the Opera by Mr. Jones, Mr. Botha, the mothers, the artists and the cast, reaped success and they can be very satisfied with their work.

The female parts were most admirably played by the boys and it prompted one member of the audience to ask, with a marked degree of surprise, whether "Girls High" were taking part as well!

The pirates, resplendent in their colourful costumes, proved to be a fierce lot of brigands, and the Pirate King (Brian Savage), seemed to be made for the part.

He soon overcame his nerves and his ferocity and audaciousness increased reaching a climax towards the end of the second act, when he burst forth with an ear-shattering roar upon Major General Stanley (Charles Rose) and his beautiful bevy of buxom daughters.

The Pirate King's Lieutenant, Samuel (Peter Otto), was a perfect foil for the King and although he gave a polished performance, he seemed rather subdued at times and a larger part would perhaps have enabled him to display his acting abilities more thoroughly.

Frederic (Andrew Cornelius), the unhappy apprentice to the pirates, employed his amorous qualities to the full and was well supported in the beginning by Ruth (N. Anderson), his nursemaid, and thereafter by his beloved Mabel (R. Pentelbury), whose falsetto voice contrasted sharply with her rather deep talking voice. Nevertheless she played an important role with confidence and ease.

The Sergeant of Police (J. Allison) and his simple and cowardly band of subordinates, brought most of the laughs from the audience with their silly antics and knock-kneed expressions. Allison gave an accomplished vocal performance, with some very good acting.

The brightest light however, came from the pompous Major-General Stanley, excellently portrayed by Charles Rose, and his brilliant performance thrilled the audience.

Although his extra weight seemed rather superficial, his acting was excellent, while his diction and his vocal performance were both outstanding.

The end seemed to come all too soon, with the whole cast bringing the performance to a rousing climax.

Plaudits must go to Mrs Abernethy and the Ladies Committee for the beautiful costumes, and to Mrs V. de Villiers and her Committee for the make-up, and to Mr Glen and his Art Department for his décor.

However, the main plaudit should go to Mr Edmund Jones for his excellent production and Musical Direction. Without his enthusiasm and professional knowledge, this Opera would undoubtedly not have been the success it was.

I. Dresner,  
5A.

### WHY GILBERT AND SULLIVAN?

Why is Boys' High busy with yet another Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera? The plot, as with all the Savoy Operas, is weak. The music is intricate and difficult, and there is not a singer available in the school with the necessary experienced voice. With any school opera there is always the problem of the voice that is going to crack. For the producer there is the gargantuan task of handling

choruses of up to a hundred. No school should ever tackle an opera.

Instead we should present plays. There are always talented young actors in every school, and for anyone intending to make a career of drama it is wonderful experience. There is an enormous number of dramas that could be produced: Shakespeare, Edward Albee, Marlowe, John Arden, Oscar Wilde, T. S. Eliot, Shaw and Bertold Brecht are a mere handful of suitable playwrights.

The main problem is that of finding a producer in sympathy with the playwright's aims. But surely we could find producers among the staff, or among the boys. We could found a Theatre Workshop, as other schools have done.

One might argue that more boys take part in an opera than in a play. However, there are the Greek tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles and Eschylus which require large choruses. And they are among the easiest plays to produce.

Above all these arguments is the fact that there exists at Boys' High a large group of boys intensely interested in drama, who would like to experiment with it. They should have their chance.

M. J. Nixon.

# IN THEIR OWN WRITE

## 'RED COALS ON THE KOPPIE'

White shafts of sunlight filtered through the green foliage above his head, splashing over his arms and knees. The exhaled smoke cut into the beams of sunlight momentarily "solidifying" them before rising swiftly into the undergrowth. Opposite him sat others; some relaxed, and some dazed, while a column of off-white smoke rose steadily . . . .

The stark sound of people threshing through the undergrowth heralded the arrival of the "law-enforcers" — deftly, and with no haste, cigarette coals were snuffed out, but with a good deal of cursing and head shaking. Seconds later a frog-like head peered through the foliage, followed closely by another, rather mousy-looking. A little smile of triumph flitted across his features as he expertly slipped out his small notebook from his top pocket. With a deft flick he turned the page . . . . "Name," he said glancing at one. The process was repeated several times, amidst complaints and laughter while he wrote furiously, if not feverishly. After another triumphant, perhaps arrogant look, he turned and followed by a smiling companion went in search of further "victims".

B. de Kock,  
5E.

## THE HOME-COMING

Silently, gently the white birds flew  
Into the arms of the tree they knew.  
Noisily chirping their goodnight call,  
Content, they settled, peace reigned over all.

G. Henning,  
3B.

## NIGHTFALL

In the distance, a bark far, far I hear.  
It is growing dark,  
and I cannot bear to see night fall.

G. Bütow,  
1B.

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PRETORIA BOYS' HIGH

For

THE THREE R's

READING, WRITING AND ARITHMETIC

## THE LOWVELD

A line of natives, winding in single file along a path, appeared silhouetted against a colourful sky, the sun's last rays glinting on the mens' burnished assegais, and showing up their white ox-hide shields. Then came the women, swaying rhythmically as they walked and gracefully balancing their loads upon their heads.

As the darkness closed in, the flicker of our camp fire played higher on the surrounding trees. The air was soft and warm. The natives had moved off and only the sounds of the bush prevailed. Somewhere in that vast wilderness a hyena whooped and jackals began their barking, heralding the night.

It was with a feeling of content and peace that we relaxed, revelling in our surroundings. All seemed so right in the world and I began to think. How wonderful the Lowveld is, to a city dweller or to the simple native farmer!

R. J. Cooper,  
Form 4A.

## GAZER

Dark velvet  
bespattered with shining tear  
drops —  
unattained blueprints of pearls.

Stars,  
gazed upon when time began,  
by what now are fossils,  
the same stars of Thisbe,  
pharaohs,  
and prophets —  
all enduring sky.

Who can copy the canvas of  
moon,  
what light sweeter than these  
lights?

Behold they adore you  
these men on earth,  
still worship you with their eyes  
Hiding barbarity with telescopes.

Orion,  
Scorpio,  
Virgo —  
Oh that you would burst into a  
swirl,  
sweeping skies  
and soaring around me,  
I,  
reach Orion's sword,  
and touch it.

J. R. H. Charlton.

## ONTROERING VAN 'N BOER OP DIE TRANSVAALSE VLAKTES

SMART:

O, die droogte op die vlakte,  
Die stof rooi gebrand deur son  
en wind,  
Riviere: droog en wyd . . . en  
vol burste.  
O, Transvaal, die Transvaal so  
beminde,  
Wat het jy om te offer?  
Jou streke, so wreed en hard;  
Jou asem, so warm en vurig;  
Jy offer Dood;  
Jy offer Smart.

HOOP:

Dit is oggend.  
In die Ooste brand die lug soos  
'n vuur:  
Die vuur van vreugde;  
Van die skoorsteen kom die rook.  
Die ketel sing op die stoof  
waarin die  
kole gloeiend lê, en warmte aan  
ons  
huis en siele leen.  
Die hane kraai;  
Die koei ontwaak;  
Die boer en boervrou begin  
gretig die hand aan die ploeg te  
slaan.  
'n Windjie waai  
reeds effens.  
Die son is nou bo in die hemel.

ANGS:

O, God, wees met ons gedurende  
hierdie dag.  
Gee ons vreugde;  
Ag,  
Laat ons tog die ontberings van  
gister mag vergeet.  
Laat ons ons siele verbeter.

DOOD:

Dood — Jy wat so 'n swart  
sluier dra,  
Ek het respek vir jou,  
Maar dra my nie so gou na die  
Ewigheid nie.  
My dae is vernietig,  
Maar nie voltooi nie;  
So, spaar my lewe.

SLOT:

O, Vlaktes, jul  
offer maar min:  
Smart, siekte, angs en Dood  
Aan die hele gesin.  
Maar met hierdie offering moet  
ons maar  
in Vreugde lewe.  
O, Genade,  
Ek smee jou,  
Gee my jou hand.  
Ek sal vir jou wag;  
Ek sal waag om jou te vind;  
In my sal die ewige vuurtjie van  
Hoop brand, totdat ek in my  
Oorspronklike vorm sal rus —  
Stof . . . en Sand . . . .

Hugh Miller,  
4A.

## WEEK-END MEMORIES

It's Tuesday morning first period, maths, and the period has only just begun. The fogs of a nearly sleepless, but nevertheless very enjoyable, weekend, still hang over me very heavily and through these mists I catch fleeting glimpses of incidents during the weekend, 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.

## IS IT, OR ISN'T IT

The party was going very well, perhaps you had been enjoying yourself too much to notice her before. In the middle of a dance you look up and there, across the room, is the girl of your dreams: Long blonde hair, big blue eyes, a beautiful face and an attractive figure — right there in front of you. You suddenly notice that she's looking at you. Your heart gives a joyful skip and then thumps, almost audibly, against your chest. You look away. Sometime later you steal a sidelong glance in her direction, and, to your delight, catch her in the act of doing the same.

That was the beginning. You have known her for many months now and she seems to have become even more beautiful as time passed. She still fascinates you, even more than before, and yet the fascination has become infinitely deeper — an emotion which seems to warm your heart and make it glow and which is something you have never experienced before.

You can recall the first time when you tried to hold her hand and how delighted you were when she gave you that reassuring squeeze. It was such a simple act, and yet it was beautiful and meant a lot to you, because it gave you confidence in yourself, and her. That first kiss was important too, almost as important as the one you had had after the quarrel and made up again, because it was a little symbol of affection — affection that was somehow different to that which you felt for your dog or the love you felt for your mother. It was something new and exciting, which stirred you to the very depths of your emotions.

Now, as you sit in your hard old school-desk, trying to listen to some master or other, you close your eyes and think of her. She seems so real in your imagination that you can almost smell a faint touch of her perfume or feel her next to you. You wonder what has happened between you and her these last few months. What has drawn you so close together? Is it love — or isn't it? It doesn't really matter now, because it's there and very real. You suddenly feel that it is wonderful to be young.

Peter Cruse,  
4A.

## TYRANT TRAINING

With mixed feelings and feeling slightly nervous I took up my position in front of the squad.

I was now "required" to teach the squad (which consisted of lethargic, dissinterested boys) the stand at ease position.

"Now pay attention here," I began, "I am now going to teach you the stand at ease position — I mean the stand at ease position." These words of wisdom uttered rather faintly were only the beginning. As I progressed I became more tongue-twisted and entangled.

"Calm yourself," I told myself, "take it easy".

Then — "That's enough, thank you," came the cold unsympathetic voice of the examiner.

I then came to attention and walked smartly back to the squad to take up my position and watch other prospective officers instruct. Indeed, an exam like this is a rather unnerving experience and I believe that every boy should attempt an O.T.C. exam for many people are inclined to take the cadet-officers for granted.

Trevor Hurwitz,  
5A.

## IN MEMORIAM

The placid pool reflects,  
the green trees sway,  
leering death arrives  
heralded by a cold  
that sweeps in  
over the water  
and under the trees  
to hang like mist  
outside.

Come,  
the Hour is at hand;  
the warmth leaves  
(and life with it)  
in an icy gust.  
The Soul flees before Death  
to the bosom of its Creator,  
gone  
gone  
gone . . .  
I am left  
with only a lifeless shell,  
my own sadness  
and the memories,  
the priceless memories  
of a life gone by.

Leslie Shill.

## CAPITAL COLLEGE

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# IN THEIR OWN WRITE

## THE WAR PATH

*Frenzied men chant and dance,  
Painted figures leap and dance,  
High voices ring out shrill,  
Sharpened assegais wait to kill,  
On and on goes the big drum beat,  
Higher and higher they lift their feet.*

*On and on they dance not showing fear,  
For the time of battle is coming near.  
Slowly they begin to don their gear,  
Women see them off with pots of beer.  
On they run with spirits high  
Even though they know that death is nigh.*

*At last the town comes into sight,  
Fast they bear down on their sorry plight,  
On and on rages the big, big fight,  
Loudly battle cries ring out through the night,  
Slowly the town's people drive them back,  
A warrior falls at a rifle crack.*

*Many days later, while most are sleeping,  
Women lie awake, sadly weeping  
For there are none to get their weeping,  
Those they had loved died for nothing.*

R. Burns,  
2A.

## SECRET AGENT

"The whole thing was very interesting and so forth," came the drawled-out words. The fair haired youth threw back his fringe of hair and gazed at the master with a twinkle in his blue eyes. "Of course it agrees completely with Freud's theory of the ego and the id". The master looked back, nodding his head vigorously, hoping that it would disguise his ignorance.

Naturally, of course, the subject was changed and another topic of general interest was pursued. Our friend, Secret Agent J, once again dominated the conversation. It seems as though the A.F.S. are making their agents tougher and tougher.

Trevor Hurwitz,  
5A.

## HEOU MAAI KÉT TRAAID TO KETS FIESJIES

In our neighbourhood is an Afrikaans-speaking girl whose English is rather poor. This is her story:

De other day maai cét was verry nótie. But dèt cét was ólso sillie, bekòs he wanted to kèts de fisjes in de fisjpond. Sou hie lookt ét dose fisjes end traaid to jump in end grèb a fiesjie. De stewpitt! Hie didn't nou dèt de fiesjies was slippry. Sou hie fell ien de pond end hie nelly dreound.

Sou hie decaided to kèts de bujie ien de kaij. But dèt kaij was too haai for hiem to reech, sou hie hē to claaim òn a lèddr. Wen hie was òn tōp òf dèt lèddr, iet slippt. Sou hie hēd to hēng òn de kaij biekòs ief hie fell, hie wood daai. But wen hie hēnged òn, de bujie in dèt kaij did baait hies tous, end hie did craai, biekòs iet was sò. Den hie let gou end hie did fòl, but hie didn't daai.

Neou dèt kèt hēs hēd kietsies, end dose kietsies ies littl. But dose kietsies nous dey musn't traai to grèb fiesjie wat are gould-fiesjies, biekòs dey ies slippry, òr traai to kèts bujies ien haai kaijs.

Hugh Miller,  
4A.

## ATFER THE RAINS

*I am as a newborn child  
thrust to the world from the  
cradle of vision of life.*

*I watch the sight of lily leaves—  
layers of peeling green paint  
bobbed by the dappled water  
of their fountain.*

*I see the trunks of aged pine-trees  
mocking with grandeur  
my childlike pen.*

*Brushed by a grass thread  
after rain*

*I marvel at the life awakened,  
like myself.*

*My eyes are opened  
and the fog is cleared  
and I praise the common newborn  
world.*

J. R. H. Charlton,  
5A.

## THE SCHOOL CHIMES

The car rolled to a halt in front of Solomon House. I got out and looked in awe at the majestic buildings in their picturesque setting. At that moment the chimes in the bell-tower began to ring.

Since then the chimes have alternatively haunted or helped me in my life here. Hardly a moment seems to go by without my hearing them. At this very moment, as I am writing this essay, I can hear them striking the half hour. They have become, for me, the symbol of Boys' High and when they are not working, life tends to become rather monotonous and dreary, as if the essence of it is missing. At other times, however, as I turn fitfully in my bed, trying to sleep, in the early hours of the morning, I curse them with all my heart for keeping me awake, and invent terrible ways of destroying them.

What really gives the chimes their mystic quality is their setting. Perched in the bell-tower, surveying with contempt, the City of Pretoria and the jets whistling by over-head, and performing the task of telling the midget humans around them the hour, with the disdain and pity that befits them who have tolled sixty years of school life, through war and peace, they become almost human and assume an air of dignity befitting their age.

So far this essay has taken me half an hour. I know this because the chimes have just struck the hour. I suppose they will be ringing as I finally take my leave of this school . . . .

G. M. Andersson,  
4A.

## POUSE

Die derde periode is feitlik verby en skielik, sonder ooglopende rede, word die hele klas onrustig. Die vooruitsig van 'n twintig minute lange pouse buite in die vars lug, weg van die onderwyser se streng oog, is die rede vir die onrus.

Plotseling word die skril gehuil van 'n klokke gehoor, 'n klokke wat altoos daarin slaag om lewe en vreugde op te tower. Met onstuimige ongeduld en veel spektakel verlaat almal haastig die klaskamer.

Elke seun het sy besondere plek op die skoolterrein waar hy saam met sy maats toebroodjies in die warm sonskyn kan geniet. Hier word meestal heersende politieke probleme, bromponies, motorwedrenne en mooi meisies bespreek. Soms verander hierdie klam besprekings ook in hewige argumente.

Dikwels kan 'n mens ook 'n seun sien wat lyk asof hy van al die ander seuns verstoot is, maar by nadere ondersoek word vasgestel dat hierdie arme vent 'n krampagtige poging aanwend om 'n paar moeilike Geskiedenisfeite, of iets dergeliks, nog voor die toets te leer.

Diegene wat nie lui-lekker op die grasperke rondlê nie, het gewoonlik ander „pligte" om na te kom. Hierdie „pligte" kan meestal veilig op die koppie bewerkstellig word.

Die einde van die pouse is altoos uiters onwelkom en word met gemengde gevoelens opgeneem. Terwyl die een dit as onvermydelik aanvaar, sal 'n ander al knorrend en brommend teësinning terug sloer, asof aan hom 'n groot onreg gedoen word, maar uiteindelik plof almal tog maar geduldig en gedweë terug klaskamer toe, om vir twee verdere periodes die woorde van wysheid aan te hoor.

W. Penzhorn,  
4A.

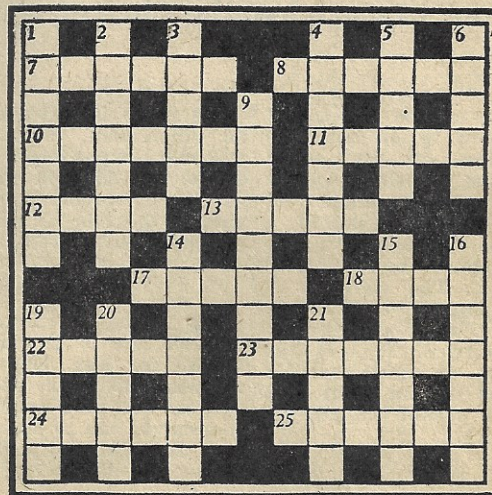
Why don't you compile the next P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle and submit it to the Editor?

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

## The P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzel No. 7

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 3rd August, 1967.



DOWN

ACROSS

- |                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                      |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. and 18 Across<br>Devices to catch insects by the sound of it but essential for success at the summer game (7, 4). | 7. Wandered (6).                                                                                     |
| 2. Latest fashion street (7).                                                                                        | 8. $\pi$ plus relative speed of a man from Penzance (6).                                             |
| 3. Looked at from either side it is a flat surface.                                                                  | 10. Take from the relish or seasoning and rearrange to blame or censure (7).                         |
| 4. Turret of a mosque (7).                                                                                           | 11. Men in the present time change (5).                                                              |
| 5. Are in doctor of divinity — braced (5).                                                                           | 12. Able to reverse for an island (4).                                                               |
| 6. Physical jerks which are painful to deep sea divers (5).                                                          | 13. Five is seen in seen for another number (5).                                                     |
| 9. A very sly way of bowling in cricket (5 - 4).                                                                     | 17. Sounds like money but only a store of food (5).                                                  |
| 14. Drape as the cadet detachment have them (7).                                                                     | 18. See 1 down (4).                                                                                  |
| 15. Literary pseudonym (3 - 4).                                                                                      | 22. Rope for a musical drama (5).                                                                    |
| 16. Climbs (7).                                                                                                      | 23. Sounds like a refusal to very short skirt but is my suggestion for a candidate for election (7). |
| 19. Organ for the Head boy (5).                                                                                      | 23. Short doctor with fever disagreed (6).                                                           |
| 20. Found in never getting to the edge or border (5).                                                                | 25. Put a border around (6).                                                                         |
| 21. Vehicles reverse for clever or well groomed (5).                                                                 |                                                                                                      |

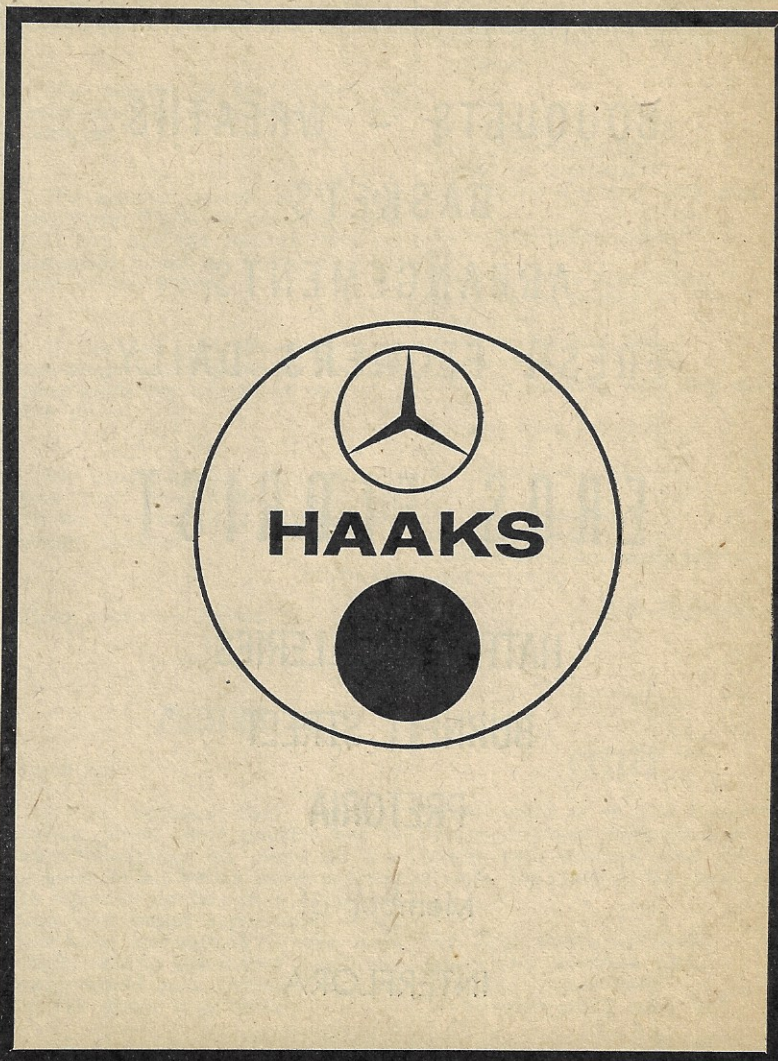


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# IN THEIR OWN WRITE

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B. de Kock,  
5E.

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flew  
Into the arms of the tree they  
knew.  
Noisily chirping their goodnight  
call,  
Content, they settled, peace reigned  
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G. Henning,  
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## NIGHTFALL

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far, far I hear.  
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and I cannot bear  
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R. J. Cooper,  
Form 4A.

## GAZER

Dark velvet  
bespattered with shining tear  
drops —  
unattained blueprints of pearls.

Stars,  
gazed upon when time began,  
by what now are fossils,  
the same stars of Thisbe,  
pharaohs,  
and prophets —  
all enduring sky.

Who can copy the canvas of  
moon,  
what light sweeter than these  
lights?

Behold they adore you  
these men on earth,  
still worship you with their eyes  
Hiding barbarity with telescopes.

Orion,  
Scorpio,  
Virgo —  
Oh that you would burst into a  
swirl,  
sweeping skies  
and soaring around me,  
I,  
reach Orion's sword,  
and touch it.

J. R. H. Charlton.

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PRETORIA BOYS' HIGH

For

THE THREE R's

READING, WRITING AND ARITHMETIC

## ONTROERING VAN 'N BOER OP DIE TRANSVAALSE VLAKTES

SMART:

O, die droogte op die vlakte,  
Die stof rooi gebrand deur son  
en wind,  
Riviere: droog en wyd . . . en  
vol barste.  
O, Transvaal, die Transvaal so  
bemind,  
Wat het jy om te offer?  
Jou streke, so wreed en hard;  
Jou asem, so warm en vurig;  
Jy offer Dood;  
Jy offer Smart.

HOOP:

Dit is oggend.  
In die Ooste brand die lug soos  
'n vuur:  
Die vuur van vreugde;  
Van die skoorsteen kom die rook.  
Die ketel sing op die stoof  
waarin die  
kole gloeiend lê, en warmte aan  
ons  
huis en siele leen.  
Die hane kraai;  
Die koei ontwaak;  
Die boer en boervrou begin  
gretig die hand aan die ploeg te  
suaan.  
'n Windjie waai  
reeds effens.  
Die son is nou bo in die hemel.

ANGS:

O, God, wees met ons gedurende  
hierdie dag.  
Gee ons vreugde;  
Ag,  
Laat ons tog die ontberings van  
gister mag vergeet.  
Laat ons ons siele verbeter.

DOOD:

Dood — Jy wat so 'n swart  
sluier dra,  
Ek het respek vir jou,  
Maar dra my nie so gou na die  
Ewigheid nie.  
My dae is vernietig,  
Maar nie voltooi nie;  
So, spaar my lewe.

SLOT:

O, Vlaktes, jul  
offer maar min:  
Smart, siekte, angs en Dood  
Aan die hele gesin.  
Maar met hierdie offering moet  
ons maar  
in Vreugde lewe.  
O, Genade,  
Ek smeek jou,  
Gee my jou hand.  
Ek sal vir jou wag;  
Ek sal waag om jou te vind;  
In my sal die ewige vuurtjie van  
Hoop brand, totdat ek in my  
Oorspronklike vorm sal rus —  
Stof . . . en Sand . . . .

Hugh Miller,  
4A.

## WEEK-END MEMORIES

It's Tuesday morning first period, maths, and the period has only just begun. The fogs of a nearly sleepless, but nevertheless very enjoyable, weekend, still hang over me very heavily and through these mists I catch fleeting glimpses of incidents during the weekend, 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.

## IS IT, OR ISN'T IT

The party was going very well, perhaps you had been enjoying yourself too much to notice her before. In the middle of a dance you look up and there, across the room, is the girl of your dreams: Long blonde hair, big blue eyes, a beautiful face and an attractive figure — right there in front of you. You suddenly notice that she's looking at you. Your heart gives a joyful skip and then thumps, almost audibly, against your chest. You look away. Some-time later you steal a sidelong glance in her direction, and, to your delight, catch her in the act of doing the same.

That was the beginning. You have known her for many months now and she seems to have become even more beautiful as time passed. She still fascinates you, even more than before, and yet the fascination has become infinitely deeper — an emotion which seems to warm your heart and make it glow and which is something you have never experienced before.

You can recall the first time when you tried to hold her hand and how delighted you were when she gave you that reassuring squeeze. It was such a simple act, and yet it was beautiful and meant a lot to you, because it gave you confidence in yourself, and her. That first kiss was important too, almost as important as the one you had had after the quarrel and made up again, because it was a little symbol of affection — affection that was somehow different to that which you felt for your dog or the love you felt for your mother. It was something new and exciting, which stirred you to the very depths of your emotions.

Now, as you sit in your hard old school-desk, trying to listen to some master or other, you close your eyes and think of her. She seems so real in your imagination that you can almost smell a faint touch of her perfume or feel her next to you. You wonder what has happened between you and her these last few months. What has drawn you so close together? Is it love — or isn't it? It doesn't really matter now, because it's there and very real. You suddenly feel that it is wonderful to be young.

Peter Cruse,  
4A.

## TYRANT TRAINING

With mixed feelings and feeling slightly nervous I took up my position in front of the squad.

I was now "required" to teach the squad (which consisted of lethargic, disinterested boys) the stand at ease position.

"Now pay attention here," I began, "I am now going to teach you the stand easy position — I mean the stand at ease position." These words of wisdom uttered rather faintly were only the beginning. As I progressed I became more tongue-twisted and entangled.

"Calm yourself," I told myself, "take it easy".

Then — "That's enough, thank you," came the cold unsympathetic voice of the examiner.

I then came to attention and walked smartly back to the squad to take up my position and watch other prospective officers instruct. Indeed, an exam like this is a rather unnerving experience and I believe that every boy should attempt an O.T.C. exam for many people are inclined to take the cadet-officers for granted.

Trevor Hurwitz,  
5A.

## IN MEMORIAM

The placid pool reflects,  
the green trees sway,  
leering death arrives  
heralded by a cold  
that sweeps in  
over the water  
and under the trees  
to hang like mist  
outside.

Come,  
the Hour is at hand;  
the warmth leaves  
(and life with it)  
in an icy gust.  
The Soul flees before Death  
to the bosom of its Creator,  
gone  
gone  
gone . . .  
I am left  
with only a lifeless shell,  
my own sadness  
and the memories,  
the priceless memories  
of a life gone by.

Leslie Skill.

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# School Turns Down Smoking Room

## WHY DROP IT?

Is there reasoning behind the decision of the senior-school to abandon the idea of a smoking-room?

Rules are sustenance of society: that are created to promote the smooth running of the social system and thus to bring security and happiness to the members of the society. Therefore, before a rule may be introduced into society there must be a logical necessity for it. The converse is perhaps more important: if a rule exists without a basis of logic then it must be hurried. This is the greatest failing of most societies today — God forbid that the society of our school should fall to such a misery.

A system of rules has one further criterion: the law must be carried out — the lower the friction caused by defaulters the higher the efficiency.

We are told that the main reason that schoolboys should not smoke is because it has been proved that smoking causes lung-cancer. Any imbecile who smokes knows that it is doing his health negative good, but why then does a boy smoke?

For the act? Perhaps yes; for pleasure? Rarely; but most definitely because that is the example set for him by his elders, his parents and the masters at school, people whom he respects and in whose paths he will walk, people whom he wishes to emulate and surpass, now. His greatest delight is in testing the conventions of the previous generation so he cockroaches off onto the koppie and has a smoke, for the sake of defying those knowing hypocrites, rather than for the sake of a smoke.

His name is Newman and he is an adolescent. For reasons of personal experiment he has a smoke and finds it unenjoyable so he doesn't smoke again — he has made it clear in his own mind that it simply isn't worth it.

His name is Tradite. He is ordered not to smoke because it is bad for him. But Tradite will do with his own body what he wishes and not what hypocrisy commands him to do, so he smokes and develops a taste for it, or rather, for destructive rebellion.

Let's face it, at one time or another every boy has his little puff; that is natural, but what is more important is that he should get as little pleasure out of it as possible; in other words there must be neither the element of risk nor of defiance. These two elements can only be removed by taking away dominating sanctimony and putting in its place trust. A trust which will develop honest men — honest to themselves and proven in their viewpoint.

Please don't think that this is merely a theoretical system. It has been put into practice in Germany and there succeeded in lowering the smoking rate. Obviously introducing such a system is not without risk, but if our rulers have insufficient confidence in us then disillusionment and doom are at the doorstep of this great school.

J. Ellis,

5A.

## ARE ACHIEVING NOTHING

First and foremost I wish to state that if a boy really wants to smoke then he will always find a time and a place.

After many years of chain-smoking one's health will begin to deteriorate. But I am quite sure all boys who reach high school are mature enough to know what they are taking. What they do is on their own head. Moreover I should like to point out that a boy of sixteen or seventeen, in the prime of his life is in a better condition to take the harmful affects of smoking than a middle-aged man.

If a boy is forbidden to smoke while in his teens, he is simply going to make up for the lost time when he is out of school. Since most people become habitual smokers until the day they die — which total something like 50 to 60 years — why quibble when he smokes during his last 2 or 3 years at school. Thus it can be seen that in the long run teachers and prefects are achieving nothing by forbidding smoking.

T. Neethling,

## FURTHER OPINIONS

### WHAT ABOUT SMOKING?

Modern science has demonstrated beyond any shadow of doubt that one of the most dangerous habits anyone could acquire is smoking. Recently evidence has piled on evidence that it is one of the major destroyers of health. When all facts are assembled it may well be said that while liquor has slain in its thousands, tobacco has killed in its tens of thousands.

If any of you boys cannot give up this habit I will be sure to attend your funerals forty years hence.

A. Barnard,

4A.

"I feel nothing for a smoking room — I don't smoke at school."

D.L.

... Smoking in any form or at any time is as far as I'm concerned a waste of money and good health. However, when the youth is questioned as to why he smokes, the answer is inevitably: "I started smoking to impress people and it is a habit that can't be broken."

If the youth, however, insists on smoking, give them their way. It is, after all, his lungs and his money. Sometimes I wonder if smokers have ever thought of the money they burn. If five packets a week is his average and he starts at the age of fifteen, by the time he has reached the age of thirty he would have spent R720. This is more than enough to deposit on a new motor-car . . . .

... I'm sure that a girl (not a cheap one) will admire a boy who doesn't smoke . . . .

... What is the point of spending money on smoking when all that you get is lung-cancer at an early age . . . .

... I do not believe that smoking can be really and truly enjoyable. Let it worry their own conscience that they are destroying their own health . . . .

... I think most people know that school-boys smoke, so I don't see any point in trying to prevent it at school . . . .

... This thing of people trying to rule someone else's life is absolute madness or even insanity.

# In the School Council

## SENIOR SCHOOL

There is no more vital body in the school than the school council: it is the greatest creator of school spirit as through it the school is made the concern of the boys.

### Power of Council

That was one of the topics brought up for discussion at the senior school council meeting: that the council should be given a more direct say in the affairs of the school. For instance, the money raised through the efforts of the boys should be spent according to the wishes of the council. Many methods of raising money were suggested: a fete with a stall from each form; a dance at Old Boys Club; an autocycle raffle; a street collection.

### Smoking room drama

The main item on the agenda was, however, the smoking room. A heated debate flared for an hour before the representatives were asked to vote on behalf of their forms. The motion was turned down by three votes. But it was by no means defeated; it was suggested that the smoking room did not really concern the form three's and that the votes of the forms fours and fives should thus only be considered. Of the eleven votes, five were for and five against, there being one abstention. The discussion continued with unabated ferocity until it was decided to solve the deadlock by asking the representatives to vote impartially according to the points which had been illuminated during the debate. The motion was carried by a majority of five.

### Reply from Headmaster

It was also pleaded that the Headmaster either present his reply in writing to the suggestions brought forward in the council or else make himself available to a form or section of the school to explain his attitude.

### Luncheon

Thereupon the representative of 5D suggested that in future meetings be held after lunch; the meeting was adjourned.

## JUNIOR SCHOOL

The Junior School has not met as often as it has done previously because, as Peter Rogan said, whenever the Council meets this year it will meet not just to discuss things which can be done and may materialise; but it will meet to discuss things which have to be dealt with and which must materialise.

### Fund-raising

The Council met this term to discuss ways and means of obtaining money for the building of squash courts.

It was suggested that the school make its hall available for a radio programme. As there is no charge for these shows the proceeds would go to the school.

Another good suggestion was the holding of a fete. Each form would be responsible for its own stall. This may help to improve form spirit. As a further attraction one boy has offered to organize an air-display.

### Films

The hall could be put to further use by showing films of general interest in it. A small entrance fee could be charged for these films.

### "Parking lot"

Money could also be raised by charging all those coming to watch a rugby match at Loftus Versfeld if they wish to park in the school grounds.

### School support

If we want these squash courts we must all co-operate and help with the raising of funds. It is only in this way that the suggestions put forward by the School Council can materialise and succeed.

Correspondents:

J. Ellis,

P. Ryan.

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**GIRLS' HIGH**

Dear Sir,  
First of all, I would really like to sympathise with the girls of Girls' High. I am sure that they are striving for closer collaboration between Girls' High and Boys' High, just as we are. Somehow, however, all their efforts are turned down somewhere along the line. I get the impression that it is definitely not the fault of the girls themselves, and that is why I sympathise with them. They are blamed for not trying to improve the situation and I think this accusation against them is completely unfounded.

When we leave school we have to mix freely with members of the opposite sex and, since Boys' High and Girls' High are not co-educational, surely it would be for the good of all concerned if we were to have more social gatherings with Girls' High. I cannot think of any really valid reason for the prohibition of Girls' High's attendance at our sports meetings or other social events.

If members of the staff are willing, and I think that every member of the Boys' High staff is, I feel sure that this tragic situation which prevails could soon be overcome. Then relationships will be as they should be between brother and sister schools. So good luck, Girls' High. We hope that your efforts will someday be rewarded.

R. J. Cooper,  
4A.

● Sympathy is one thing — results are another. — Editor.

**OPERA**

Dear Sir,  
If you have seen one Gilbert & Sullivan operetta, then you've seen them all.

As we have already had more than this due, let's abandon stunting tradition and produce something worthwhile.

I. Baillie,  
5B.

**BOYS HIGHLIGHTS**

Dear Sir,  
I think that the "Boys Highlights" is not all that it could be. At the moment it consists of 8 pages of none too bright articles which made their appearance 6 weeks late.

I understand that there is a financial difficulty, but surely the price could be raised to, say 10c? Many boys think nothing of spending 20-30c a break at the tuck-shop, but when it comes to a collection for community-chest or something similar, they violently plead poverty in between mouthfuls of doughnut.

Surely with this increase of funds a few more pages could be added? I also think that the sports pages at the back should be revised. Most boys already have fixture cards, and therefore do not want to know that "the 1st team played against so-and-so on Saturday on the such-and-such of April and lost by so much". I was pleased to see in the 1967, 2nd term edition of the 1st term newspaper, that this had somewhat improved.

I also suggest that a collection for the year's newspapers be made at the beginning of the year, and so avoid the difficulties of collecting each term.

We hope you enjoy this issue. — Editor.

Anon.

**GIRLS' HIGH**

Dear Sir,  
At present a very sad state of relationships exists between Girls' High and Boys' High. Social contact between the girls and boys of the two schools is almost non-existent in the sphere of the school. No co-operation or communication exists between the two schools and yet Girls' High is supposed to be our sister school. What has gone wrong?

We are physically separated from Girls' High by a little railway-line and yet that line is as effective as an "iron curtain" for it separates us from them both socially and intellectually at the same time. Whose fault is it? Is it the headmistress and teachers of Girls' High who are to blame or is it the fault of the boys of Boys' High in that they are not co-operative enough? Perhaps we are both equally guilty; the fact remains that our relations are at the lowest level.

One aspect of the whole affair that is so ironic and unfortunate is the fact that the inmates of the two schools are very happy and friendly together during holidays and week-ends. They mix freely at parties and dances and even go out together in some cases. Yet immediately the girls of Girls' High come under the influence of their school, their attitude towards us becomes very formal and cold. This is wrong. After all we have sisters, friends and girlfriends at Girls' High so why shouldn't we co-operate in all other spheres as well? It is obvious that a move in this direction would benefit both schools.

P. Cruse,  
4A.

● Some things are possible — others aren't. — Editor.

**SOCCER**

Dear Sir,  
Association Football is played in 136 countries in the world. Rugby is played in less than ten countries in the world on international standard.

P.B.H.S. could have a very strong soccer team and would be able to enter a team in the Transvaal High School Competition and would, next to rugby, bring the school a good deal of prestige. Many boys would participate in the sport and it would keep them away from bioscopes and non-educational activities.

Soccer is far more popular as an additional sport to rugby, than hockey ever will be. It was proved in other high schools in this country that rugby and soccer could be played without this childish jealousy between the two and that the number of boys that took part in sport was at least doubled.

It is a pity that a world sport, such as soccer, cannot be brought into the school. Many boys who at the moment play their beloved sport outside are now called "The Dead Wood of the School". I would like to see soccer as an additional winter sport introduced into the school.

K. den Dulk,  
5A.

**GIRLS' HIGH**

Dear Sir,  
However valiant the attempts to restore brother-sister school relationships between Boys' High and Girls' High may be, while the administration of Girls' High remains as it is, they are futile. Discipline may be a good thing, but carried to the other extreme it often produces the opposite effect to what those enforcing it desire.

It is amazing that the attempts to bring Girls' High and Boys' High closer together persist, when all those involved know what the end result will be. The whole business has become an annoying

and dull one and the sooner Girls' High allows its unfortunate pupils to discard its Victorian image, the better.

The fault does not lie with the girls themselves, as many have come to believe, for when their school uniforms disappear, they do usually become natural beings and not well disciplined pawns reacting to commands as Lord Nelson's sailors used to do.

One can only hope that a day will come when the continued shouts and clamours will somehow manage to penetrate the iron curtain and when they do, the hitherto deaf ears will have opened. Girls' High must realise someday that civilization does advance and that the Dark Ages took place some years back.

B. Sturgeon,  
4A.

**MEISIES HOËR**

Dear Sir,  
Girls' High is supposedly our sister school but does it support us and fulfil its role as a sister school? Meisies Hoër support us far more than Girls' High do — perhaps that is why Meisies Hoër are generally more popular than Girls' High.

On whom does the blame lie? I feel sure that it is not on the girls. Often I have asked Girls' High girls why they do not come and support us at our rugby matches. They usually answer: "We were never told" and yet a definite invitation was sent.

To me it is no wonder that Meisies Hoër are more popular than Girls' High. We have very successful debates with Meisies Hoër and Meisies Hoër usually support us much more than our so-called sister school.

A. J. Gill,  
4A.

**SINGING IN ASSEMBLY**

Dear Sir,  
The singing in the Gallery, as considered by us, is comparatively pathetic.

We see no reason at all, that the Form Fives do not sing, after all, they are the Seniors who are supposed to set an example to the rest of the School.

If the hall and the stage were not singing, you probably wouldn't hear anything, except, of course... the piano.

We hope that this will soon stop, and that The Gallery will sing louder than both the Hall and The Stage together.

Form 1E.

Hear, hear! — Editor.

**POLITICS**

Dear Sir,  
It is obvious that everyone should know about politics and be able to express his views on this subject. What better place is there to learn to do this than at school, and what better opportunity do we get than by writing to the Boys Highlights? I think that a political page would be a valuable addition to the Boys Highlights.

R. J. Cooper,  
4A.

**MR. SOMERVILLE**

Dear Sir,  
This year we lost one of our master, Mr. Somerville. Just after we had become friendly with him and got into his ways of teaching, the Transvaal Education Department decided to move him to another school.

We really were sad at the loss of this master as he was our Form Master as well.

I hope that, in the near future, Mr. Somerville will return to this school.

M. Smuts,  
4E.

**BOARDERS**

Dear Sir,  
Praise is all that anyone can give the boarders. Everyone loves the boarders; such school spirit, such gentlemen, such absolute paragons.

For once I would like to stick up for the day-boys. Everyone tells them that they have no school spirit and are considered as "dead wood". Granted, some of us are, but taking an average it will be found that just as many boarders follow the same evil ways.

The boarders are forced to attend sport, and the day-boys are not. This is an unfair advantage because of out of school entertainment.

One day we should swop and the boarders could become the day-boys and vice-versa. Boy-o-boy, then you'd see what rebels the boarders are, I assure you.

Before criticizing the day-boys think what you would do if you were in their position.

Anon,  
4E.

... et Virgo caede madentis ultima caelestrum, terras astraera reliquit

*In greyness,  
Were these men once  
(Lying in the mud)?  
Was there life and love and joy  
once,  
were these jellies gems?  
Man,  
Could he have done this  
(Lying in the mud)?  
Blow wind,  
Wind of ice and age  
Freeze them.  
There is nothing here but desolation  
Nothing here but grey.  
Men,  
Men they were once —  
Now  
the shapeless shapes  
of empty mud —  
Fashioned so by empty men  
upon a leash.*

J. R. H. Charlton,  
5A.

**CYCLES**

"How much is it this time?" comes the voice from the hall.  
"Only one hundred and fifteen." Shouts the father "Is that all?"

"Oh Dad, that's not bad," comes the terrified plea.  
"Not bad — not bad?"  
"A boarder you'll soon be."

Anonymous,  
4E.

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# U.N. Helps The Soviet

## A Plea for Firmness

One fact made obvious by the current Middle-East conflict is that the United Nations — an impressive, but alas, misleading title — is an organization of no power and no efficiency. Its efforts to ease the tension to preserve the peace are ludicrous. They have in fact the opposite effect.

### Roots of the trouble

The main cause of the struggle was the U.N.'s intervention — instigated by U.S.A. and Britain — after Moshe Dayan had overrun the Sinai Peninsula in 1956. This victory would have strengthened Israel and ensured a peace — even if a peace made in fear. The U.N.'s intervention preserved the tension which was bound to erupt in an Arab-Israeli war.

The general concern in the beginning was the welfare of the small state of Israel, who found herself surrounded by Arabs united with the common aim of destroying Israel — a motive sparked off by greed and jealousy.

### Russia's interest

Soon it became clear that the numerous Arab forces were no match for the resources of Israel. A new force was at work: judging by the sudden concern of the U.N. and Western powers, it seemed a very serious, almost insurmountable problem. The focus had centred on Russia who had suddenly interested herself in the Middle-East.

When the Israeli forces penetrated deep into the surrounding Arab territories, Russia voiced her protest in an effort to stop the triumphant Israelis. It was obvious to the Soviet that a gain of territory for Israel would result in increased opposition to Russia and her subtle extending of influence in the East. She expressed her support for the Arabs but daring Israel — or perhaps her brilliant leaders who saw through Russia's threats and selfish motives — continued her penetration.

### Soviet calls for peace

The Soviet Union requested the U.N. to call for peace, objecting to the "aggression" of Israel, and to her "suppression" of the Arabs. She proposed that Israel be forced to retire to the borders occupied before the clash; in other words, all previous gain of the war would be nullified and the tension restored.

This was an undisguised effort on the part of the Soviet to protect her interests and an attempt to undermine the influence of her rival powers. The very indecision of the U.N. gave Russia a chance to gain considerable ground diplomatically, politically and prestige-wise.

### Russia using U.N.

It is obvious that Russia is using the Middle-East question as a means of preserving her interests and restoring her waning prestige as a premier world power.

BAD OFFICIALS are elected by good citizens who do not vote.—George Jean Nathan.

AS I HAVE come to understand men, it is clear to me that there is much more goodwill in them than appears. As the waters of visible streams are small compared with those that flow below the ground, so also the visible idealism of men in comparison with that which they cherish within them un-revealed or barely so.—Albert Schweitzer.

The fact that she is merely capitalising on the weakness of the U.N. and the lack of insight on part of Western leaders is verified by the Soviet policy of political, but no material, aid for her Arab allies.

Houari Boumedienne, Prime Minister of Algiers, recently made a visit to the Kremlin. His aim was to try and secure active Soviet support, using the sudden decrease in Russian prestige among the Arabs as his "blackmail". He has seen and realised the true aims of the Soviet — gaining influence over the Arabs — and played upon this desire in an attempt to gain Soviet support. The Soviet leaders did not take kindly to his accusations and demands.

Boumedienne has been unable to obtain any assurance of help from the Kremlin: there is no determination to concert Soviet-Arab actions. From this it can be seen that Russia is very willing to further her aims by sly political use of the Middle-East crisis but that she is unwilling to deeply involve herself in the current strife.

The U.N. should realise this, but they do not. Only one American politician, Arthur Goldberg, has seen the Russian demands for what they are, together with, of course Eshkol, Dayan and Isban.

The U.N. should — and she would if she had any ability and insight — make a very firm stand against Russia and her political pretexts for interests in the welfare of the Arabs. America and Britain should be firm in their view of the blocking of Soviet pleas and demands. The attitude of the U.N., with the support of a firm America and Britain, should be such that Russia dare not interfere in the Middle-East crisis. This firmness would strengthen the West's position in the crisis. The brilliance of the Israeli leaders that, if left alone, they would find the best terms for the crisis and firmly establish a peace not likely to be disrupted by trivial disputes.

I believe that the powers interested should strive to exclude any outside force disturbing the situation. Firmness in this view is essential.

If the Israelis are allowed — as they now intend — to have direct talks with the Arabs, they will, I have no doubt, negotiate in such a way as to establish lasting peace and eradicate tension. From all indications Israeli leaders are the most advanced and brilliant of the current leaders: if not weakened in their aims by Britain and America, they will find the ideal solution.

N. W. Armstrong,  
5A.

SMALL children have many more perceptions than they have terms to translate them. Their vision is at any moment much richer, their apprehension constantly stronger, than their prompt, their at all producible vocabulary.—Henry James.

HIGH heels were invented by a woman who had been kissed on the forehead.—Christopher Morley.

Dear Sir,

The idea of bringing politics into the school newspaper will not be as easy to implement as many people seem to think. We all have our own political outlooks and if these were made public it might cause a certain amount of friction.

We see enough of politics in the daily newspapers — to such an extent that at times it becomes confusing. It would, therefore, be unnecessary to print the political ideas of our school and the space set aside for politics could be put to more constructive ideas — short stories, articles, ideas of improving the standards of the school, and more interesting articles. This, I'm sure, would prove to be of much more interest to the school.

D. Caten.  
4G.

The decision to introduce politics into our school newspaper has not been a hasty one. All the pros and cons have been carefully considered and it has been decided that politics is something which should appear in a school newspaper. "The Boys Highlights" is intended to be a representative voice of the school and a medium through which boys can express their ideas on all subjects which interest them. Politics is one of these subjects. As you say, everyone has different ideas and "policies" and boys can thus use this newspaper to express their views. As for "creating friction", this a characteristic of all newspapers. Someone always opposes the ideas of a particular newspaper so this is nothing new. Anyway, the other pages of this newspaper are all devoted to "short stories and boys' ideas on improving the standard of the school.

P. Cruse, 4A,

## MR. SMITH OBEYS MILITARY ORDERS

*The riders have gone,  
Mr. Smith,*

*They have gone —*

*Only Famine and Death ride now.*

*The sun is as black as a funeral  
pall,*

*The moon is red with blood,*

*Half the stars have fallen from  
the sky*

*All fruits are blown down by the  
gale.*

*The rich and responsible hiding  
below*

*— Beg death to greet them.*

*Fiery hail, mingled with blood  
Leaves burnt a third of the earth,*

*Live-rotting men seek water in  
the now-dry river beds:*

*The last life-gasp struggles with  
the parchedness.*

*Death's silence rules the sea —  
The earth is shocked.*

*Yes, Mr. Smith, it is so  
(but you were ordered to do it).*

J. R. H. Charlton  
5A.

## THE END

*A shudder, a blur of white,  
The ball moves rhythmically in  
flight.  
It rises sharply,  
Tension,  
A snick,  
A catch,  
He's out!*

G.W.G.,  
4C.

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## PHOTO REQUIREMENTS

ETC.

### THE MIDDLE-EAST CRISIS

Last week a seemingly small and insignificant Israel proved her greatness to the world by routing the combined forces of thirteen Arab states in a war that lasted mere hours. The war was only a repetition of the 1956 war when Israel did exactly the same thing but took less time to do it in. How was it possible for a small country like Israel to defeat a country like Egypt with all its allies, when the Israelis were outnumbered in men, armoured vehicles, aircraft and warships?

### The reason for victory

Israel was faced by several hundred thousand Arabs as well as a formidable array of weapons, all supplied by Communist countries, including more than a hundred ground-based missiles and she succeeded in overcoming her opposition. The reason is that the morale and courage of an Israeli is far superior to that of an Arab. This has now been conclusively proved.

The Israeli's only advantage lay in the fact that they are a united nation having a common national purpose whereas the Arabs were a disunited rabble with no real national purpose. To the Arabs this was just one of many "holy" wars they have been called to fight.

### National heritage at stake

To the Jews, however, it was a fight for survival — the survival

of both themselves and country. They knew only too well that if they lost the war they would lose their national identity and a homeland; this made them even more determined to win. The Jews' struggle to escape persecution has always been a tough one. They faced this war with admirable determination and have once again emerged victorious.

### Now what?

What happens now? Israel has conclusively beaten the Arabs and has doubled her former size with all the territory she has gained. The Arabs are sitting bootless in Cairo and vowing revenge knowing full well that there is nothing they can do about it. One fact is certain: Israel will never give up Jerusalem. This is her most highly prized gain and is far too important to her religion to be surrendered.

### Problem not yet solved

The war is now over, at least for the present, but the problem is by no means solved. The Arabs have been taught a hard lesson, but they deserved it. I only hope they learn, even if it is the hard way, from past mistakes. Perhaps they will decide for themselves that Israel is too a tough nut to crack. Only then will the Middle-East once again return to a peaceful state of co-existence and perhaps even mutual co-operation.

P. Cruse,  
4A.

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## Voice of the School

To-day marks the beginning of a new era in the short history of the Boys Highlights. We have produced a paper which we hope the school will find more interesting and more entertaining than any previous edition. Most important of all we feel that this paper is a truer reflection of the school. As far as possible we have tried to prevent boring accounts of events which the majority of the school already know about and have replaced these by constructive criticisms.

In our opinion the Boys Highlights must be the voice of the school. A well produced paper could become a powerful weapon which, if used properly, could clarify certain shortcomings and if justified, lead directly to their being remedied. Use this paper as an outlet for your emotions and ideas, thus sharing them with the rest of the school.

This is what we hope to achieve and it can only be done successfully with the co-operation and initiative of every boy in the school. We appeal to all those persons, both masters and boys, who care to criticize either the production or contents of this newspaper, to forward their criticisms in the form of a letter to the editor.

THE EDITOR.

Right: Andrew Cornelius and Richard Pentelbury in a scene from "The Pirates of Penzance."

(Photo: E. Braak.)



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R. J. Cooper,  
4A.

### JOAN

She was running up the hill  
a simple figure clad in white,  
Her black hair flying in the breeze,  
which blows from atop the hill.  
I tried to catch her—  
that figure disappearing among  
the trees.  
A sudden laugh from behind a tree  
and we met in warm embrace.

G. Henning,  
3B.

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WITH  
INTEREST THE  
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(IF ANY)  
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### FORM IN A HEAP OF SAWDUST

The lion sleeps  
silent,  
unmoving —  
Frozen still in warmth.  
Blessed the silence that he reigns  
The star would gleam o'er his  
mane —  
Sawdust in a pile on the earth.  
Great lion,  
Here you reign  
and He it was who struck thy  
chain  
with a clink,  
inaudible.

J. R. H. Charlton,  
5A.

### REVERIE

In the corner the record-player  
emitted various kinds of songs.  
Oblivious to the sound of it, I  
danced, shuffling my feet, slowly  
swaying, standing still, to try and  
keep to the tempo of the music,  
but not always succeeding.

My partner seemed to be in the  
same dream-like mood as I was  
and on and on we danced for  
record after record. I was wonder-  
ing what the time was but did not  
have the energy to look at my  
watch.

Suddenly, "Wakker-word" shrilled  
through the room and bleary-  
eyed I awoke out of my reverie  
and wearily hauled my "Spelboek"  
out of my bag.

In the distance "Die idoom vir  
vandag is . . ." "What a life!" I  
said to myself angrily.

D. van Eeden,  
5A.

### THE CAT-WALK

Stretching out along the edge of  
Fish Hoek Bay for almost a mile,  
the Cat-Walk presents a picture-  
que sight at any time of the day.  
Here, holidaymakers and locals  
can be found, soaking up the sun  
and relaxing on the rocks or a  
grassy patch.

The Cat-Walk caters for all  
tastes. Many of the elderly folk of  
Fish Hoek sit on the benches  
provided in secluded nooks and  
exchange the local gossip. But  
they are far outnumbered by  
teenagers who throng the Cat-Walk  
during the day. Many of them  
during the night as well). From  
the Cat-Walk a magnificent view  
of Fish Hoek and False Bay can be  
had. It is no wonder that it forms  
the subject for so many photo-  
graphs, as it is a most colourful  
spectacle.

The atmosphere is one of care-  
free laziness, and above all,  
friendliness. It is so pleasant to  
be in this atmosphere after being  
in the harsh, tense atmosphere of  
the cities of the Highveld. One can  
completely forget all the trials and  
tribulations of life and enjoy many  
pleasurable hours spent on the  
Cat-Walk.

Without the Cat-Walk, Fish Hoek  
would never be the same to me or,  
I doubt, to anyone else.

R. J. Cooper,  
Form 4A.

### THE BOYS HIGHLIGHTS

I've racked my brains for some-  
thing to write  
to this newspaper — so bright  
In fact, I've sat up quite late at  
night.  
But alas — my literary art  
Also hindered the start  
As I couldn't come up with any-  
thing right  
I'd thought I'd leave it to others  
to write  
about their views  
To our newspaper "The Boys  
Highlights".

L. Sloan,  
2D.

### THE SCHOOL

Every morning at ten to eight,  
My father drops me at the west  
school gate,  
Up the hill I stroll until,  
My dreams are shattered by the  
school-bell shrill.

Every morning after eight,  
There awaits for us a gruesome  
fate,  
first we have the dreaded maths,  
when there's no time for play or  
gaffs.

When we sing our Friday prayer,  
Noise is little and very rare.  
When dismissed we leave the hall,  
It's time for lunch for one and all.

'Tis English, German, Biology  
. . . History, Shakespeare, and then  
P.T.  
To make us brighter still each day,  
The games of school are there to  
play.

The buildings big, the buildings old,  
with many stories to be told,  
of painters, wasps and firemen,  
of teachers, students and gentle-  
men.

Some trees are short and some are  
tall,  
The clock looks down upon them  
all.

The fountain near the grass so  
green  
And other views are to be seen.

Boys come from near and far  
And walk upon the tar,  
Some boys will leave and some will  
stay  
With happy thoughts, we sincerely  
pray.

Bud Berg,  
2B.

### THE DOVE

Clouds loom menacingly above,  
Silhouetted, a white dove.  
Tall, green trees, contrasts of  
green and grey.  
A flash of lightning; a bluegum  
shatters on the ground.  
The thudding rain is the only  
sound  
Nests, branches and leaves all  
around.  
Swooping above, it calls in vain  
Its cries are drowned by the falling  
rain.

G.W.G.,  
4C.

### MOTH

Large, heavy, drumming wings  
throbbingly send pulses through  
the night  
to echo from the spaces of the  
dark.  
Through the milky moon-washed  
night it swims  
in slow and heavingly throbbing  
flight  
to gather fallen moon-dew  
from waxen, fragrant flowers.

The moth he sees  
The air he smells —  
and then a flicker flame of sight . .  
Amazed,  
Afraid,  
He draws back into his glare house  
and shuts the sweet night out.  
All the beauty's gone to him  
whose soul he's emptied bare,  
but just outside the empty house  
a throbbing  
throbbing flight  
throbbing flight  
sends pulses of the star-swept  
night  
in rippling flight  
to bounce against the emptiness.

J. R. H. Charlton.

### THE FOUNTAIN

A picture of serenity,  
Water crystal clear,  
bubbling o'er in tiny droplets,  
Alone — alone I'm sure — ere  
there comes a thirsty bird  
who pauses there to bathe and  
drink  
in the warm night air.

And then an intruder . . .  
A larger bird; one perhaps of prey.  
The smaller bird takes just a look  
and quickly flies away.

The larger bird drinks and it too  
disappears  
The fountain is again left alone —  
forever shedding tears.

C. Weitz,  
3B.

1.38 P.M.

About three minutes after the  
bell has rung, a strange, ominous  
silence descends upon the class-  
rooms and corridors in the school  
building. There is a strange silence,  
except for some muffled shouts or  
the sound of dying footsteps in  
the corridor. It is amazing how  
quickly the school can be vacated  
after the final bell has rung.

Anonymous,  
4E.

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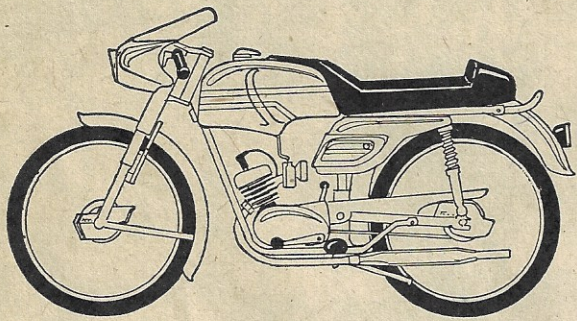
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### AIR FORCE INVASION

In the distance could be heard a low mumbling, gradually becoming louder and more resonant. Then for a few seconds there is complete silence, but a tense, expectant, silence. Suddenly they are on top of us, in our ears, all over. One, two, three jets scream overhead. A slight lull following after each one while the sound dies slightly and then rises to a crescendo again, reverberating in everybody's ears and threatening to burst countless ear-drums.

The sound dies away slowly until there is complete silence again, but this time the silence is different, calm and peaceful, the jets have passed over once again.

D. van Eeden,

5A.

### EVENING SONG

*Folded sheet of sapphire  
against the light—  
What light shines there  
and washes out the night?  
I gaze there through a mile of ice  
and sit beside my song.*

*I see the shining eye of symmetry  
build all from light.  
Transparent leaflets burst with  
green  
and blacken with the deepening  
sky.*

*The world is something under sea  
that climbs and falls and falls,  
shade darkening  
made of mystic blue florescence  
lived in by the spirits of all sight.*

*I listen as the day wheels far away  
(He's cradled in this light).*

J. R. H. Charlton,

5A.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Those who are under the impression that the Debating Society is for people who take an interest only in the academic side of school life, and think that debating is a waste of time, are missing out on a very, very valuable aspect of life.

When in Form 2, I did not have any interest in the Debating Society, but early in my Form 3 year, after attending one or two debates and being asked to speak at one, I soon realised the value of belonging to the Society.

There are many occasions in our lives, and there will always be many more, when we will have to listen to another's views critically and also express our own opinions publicly. I can truthfully say that debating can teach us these qualities, and it is now, while we are still at school, that we should learn them. Not only is debating educational and informative, but much enjoyment can be had from it. I have found it extremely interesting to hear the views of others and have found that after listening to the ideas of others, I have a much broader outlook on life. Narrow-mindedness, in my opinion, can be dangerous.

It is very pleasing to see so many Form 1 and 2 boys at the debates. This is a very promising sign for a prosperous future for the Society. I think that they should be given every encouragement to attend debates and to take part in them, as they are the foundation of the Society for future years.

I hope to see the Debating Society flourish at Boys' High. Its popularity is growing slowly but surely, as many boys are learning the values of belonging to it, and I hope that many more will learn the same.

Much credit for the establishment of the Society should go to Mr. Anderson, whose enthusiasm has helped tremendously. Recently, we have had Inter-School Debates which have been most enjoyable and very interesting. This, I feel, promises a happy future for the Society which, I hope will flourish in the years to come.

R. J. Cooper,

4A.

## GIRLS

see page 8

## IMPRESSIONS

Running boys . . .  
Happy faces . . .  
1.35 p.m.

Falling leaves . . .  
Russet colours . . .  
Autumn.

Worried face . . .  
Fearful gaze . . .  
New boy.

Marriage starts when he sinks into  
her arms,  
Marriage ends with his arms in  
the sink.

Napoleon said there is no such word  
as "Can't", but did he ever try to  
fly?

R. Burn,

2A.

## RESULTS AT A GLANCE

### RUGBY

#### FIRST XV

Wed. 19:4 vs. Old Boys: Lost 11-6.  
Sat. 22:4 vs. K.E.S.: Lost 8-17.  
Wed. 26:4 vs. Clapham: Won 18-11.  
Sat. 29:4 vs. Athlone: Lost 9-11.  
Wed. 10:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Lost 0-11.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Parktown: Lost 8-16.  
Wed. 24:5 vs. Tech. College: Won  
27-3.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. Jeppe: Lost 5-19.  
Sat. 3:6 vs. Potchefstroom: Lost  
12-17.  
Wed. 14:6 vs. C.B.C.: Lost 8-11.

#### SECOND XV

Sat. 22:4 vs. K.E.S.: Lost 0-11.  
Sat. 29:4 vs. Athlone: Won 15-3.  
Wed. 10:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Won 5-3.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Parktown: lost 3-13.  
Wed. 24:5 vs. Tech. College: Won  
9-0.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. Jeppe: Won 9-3.  
Sat. 3:6 vs. Potchefstroom: Lost  
0-11.

#### THIRD XV

Sat. 22:4 vs. K.E.S.: Lost 0-11.  
Wed. 26:4 vs. Clapham: Won 33-0.  
Sat. 29:4 vs. Athlone: Won 6-0.  
Wed. 10:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Lost 6-8.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Parktown: Lost 0-3.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. Jeppe: Lost 0-5.  
Sat. 3:6 vs. Potchefstroom: Won  
8-6.  
Wed. 14:6 vs. C.B.C.: Lost 6-8.

#### FOURTH XV

Sat. 22:4 vs. K.E.S.: Drew 6-6.  
Sat. 29:4 vs. Athlone: Won 23-0.  
Wed. 10:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Won 19-0.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Parktown: Won 20-8.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. Jeppe: Won 21-8.

#### UNDER 15A

Sat. 22:4 vs. K.E.S.: Lost 6-11.  
Wed. 26:4 vs. Clapham: Won 52-0.  
Sat. 19:4 vs. Athlone: Won 29-3.  
Wed. 10:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Lost 0-6.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Parktown Won 13-5.  
Wed. 24:5 vs. Tech. College: Won  
48-0.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. Jeppe: Won 8-6.  
Sat. 3-6 vs. Potchefstroom: Won  
39-3.  
Wed. 14:6 vs. C.B.C.: Won 9-8.  
Wed. 17:5 vs. Settlers: Won 48-0.

#### UNDER 14A

Sat. 22:4 vs. K.E.S.: Lost 0-11.  
Wed. 26:4 vs. Clapham: Won 36-0.  
Sat. 19:4 vs. Athlone: Won 37-0.  
Wed. 10:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Lost 0-6.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Parktown: Lost 0-6.  
Wed. 24:5 vs. Tech. College: Won  
30-0.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. Jeppe: Drew 6-6.  
Wed. 14:6 vs. C.B.C.: Lost 3-8.

## UNDER13A

Sat. 22:4 vs. K.E.S.: Lost 0-26.  
Wed. 26:4 vs. Clapham: Won 37-0.  
Sat. 19:4 vs. Athlone: Won 17-0.  
Wed. 10:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Won 8-0.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Parktown: Lost 0-3.  
Wed. 17:5 vs. Settlers: Won 10-0.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. Jeppe: Lost 10-11.  
Wed. 14:6 vs. C.B.C.: Lost 8-14.

## HOCKEY

### FIRST XI

Fri. 14:4 vs. Glenwood: Lost 0-1.  
Sat. 22:4 vs. Boksburg: Won 3-1.  
Sat. 29:4 vs. Parktown: Lost 1-2.  
Wed. 17:5 vs. Old Boys: Lost 0-1.  
Fri. 12:5 vs. Clapham: Drew 0-0.  
Sat. 13:5 vs. Potchefstroom: Lost  
0-1.  
Sat. 20:5 vs. K.E.S.: Drew 0-0.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. St. Johns: Won 1-0.  
Sat. 7:6 vs. Jeppe: Drew 0-0.

### SECOND XI

Sat. 22:4 vs. Boksburg: Drew 1-1.  
Sat. 29:4 vs. Parktown: Lost 1-2.  
Fri. 12:5 vs. Clapham: Won 9-0.  
Sat. 20:5 vs. K.E.S.: Lost 0-2.  
Sat. 27:5 vs. St. Johns: Won 5-0.  
Sat. 17:6 vs. Jeppe: Lost 0-1.

## TENNIS

Fri. 28:4 vs. Menlo Park 2nd: Won.  
Fri. 12:5 vs. Lyttelton 1st: Won.  
Fri. 19:5 vs. Hendrik Verwoerd:  
Lost.  
Fri. 16:6 vs. Seuns Hoër 1st: Lost.

### 2nd TEAM

Fri. 12:5 vs. C. R. Swart 1st: Lost.  
Fri. 2:6 vs. Seuns Hoër 2nd: Lost.  
Fri. 9:6 vs. Clapham 1st: Lost.  
Fri. 16:6 vs. Menlo Park 1st: Lost.

### UNDER 15A

Fri. 28:4 vs. Seuns Hoër A: Lost.  
Fri. 12:5 vs. Seuns Hoër B: Won.  
Fri. 19:5 vs. Clapham A: Won.  
Fri. 9:6 vs. Lyttelton A: Won.

## SHOOTING

### SENIOR

vs. Seuns Hoër: Won.  
vs. Clapham: Won.  
vs. K.E.S.: Lost.

### JUNIOR

vs. Seuns Hoër: Lost.  
vs. Clapham: Won.  
vs. K.E.S.: Lost.

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## SPECIAL OFFER

# OLD BOYS BLAZERS TAILORED AT R17-95

# SPORT

## Aimless Meanderings

P.B.H.S. 8 — K.E.S. 17.

The K.E.S. team outshone Boys' High in almost every aspect of this match — they made us look like a primary school team.

Our forwards were cumbersome and the line seemed tied up in efforts to run anywhere at all. The team as a whole did not once move efficiently and K.E.S. overwhelmed any effort that may have been made.

We saw a spark of light in the dark mess when Joubert dummied beautifully and passed to Matthews, who scored; but the team seemed to regard this as enough progress for the whole match and immediately laxed into their previous slovenly pattern.

The score is a genuine reflection of the afternoon's play, and this match should be used as an example of bad play by an unfit team, rather than forgotten in haste.

## Drastic Changes In First XV

P.B.H.S. 8 — PARKTOWN 16.

This match, the advent of an almost brand new Boys High team, was one of surprises. At last we saw a team which synchronized, with scrum-half Brummer as the spearhead.

Brummer played a vital first game, and instilled new life into the team with his neat play. Our forwards battled bravely in the face of a heavier Parktown pack.

After P.B.H.S. temporarily gave up tackling, Parktown scored under our posts, giving them a goal. This, however, inspired Boys High, and, after a tremendous effort by the forwards, Brummer scored from the blind side of a scrum on the touch-line.

The surprise of the day was when the referee disallowed a Parktown try, after their fullback had thrown a line-out to himself, run half the length of the field then passed it to a teammate who scored. The referee realised that it should have been a Boys High line-out in the first place.

## Stop Press

P.B.H.S. 13(5) — Union High 8(5).  
P.B.H.S. 21(3) — St. Alban's 11(3).

## First Team Overcomes Goal Famine At Last

P.B.H.S. 1 (0) — ST. JOHNS 0 (0)

The first team forward line showed their first glimpses of a return to form when they beat St. Johns College 1-0 in an even match.

The first half was rather disappointing with Boys High lacking cohesion and the forward line once more failing to capitalise on defensive errors. At the other end the defence once more did some sterling work to keep the score sheet blank at half-time.

In the second half, the spectators were treated to an improved display by the first team and it seemed only a matter of time before they netted. Finally that elusive goal came when Dresner

on the right wing miss-hit a centre which was luckily missed by the opposing centre-half and centre-forward, Repton, latching onto it, fired home (1-0).

By now Boys High were well on top and several easy chances were missed. Dresner hit the post, while Repton's shot was fortuitously scrambled away by the harassed St. Johns defence.

The match ended with Boys High still on top, but with no further addition to the score.

Once more the defence was outstanding, with right-back Whitley showing greatly improved form, while the forward line showed glimpses of what was to be expected from them.

## Olson and Le Sueur Keep Score Down

P.B.H.S. 1 — PARKTOWN 2

A rather ineffective and disappointing display by our first team, highlighted only by brilliant defensive displays by the captain and left-back, Olsson and goalkeeper Le Sueur.

Parktown were undoubtedly the better side and their stick-work and interpassing was a delight to watch.

The score at half-time was Parktown 1 — Boys High 0 and although everybody looked forward to better things to come in the second half, it was not to be. Some "powder-puff" shooting by our forwards left the defence to foil in vain. Le Sueur, the goal-keeper brought off some spectacular saves, while full-back and Captain Eric Olsson saved his side time and again when everything looked lost.

However, their combined efforts could not stop Parktown from scoring again to make the score 2-0.

Boys High managed to score a consolation goal through centre-forward Funston a few minutes from time. However, even after that, Parktown remained on top and a disappointing match for us ended in a 2-1 win for Parktown.

One clear fact emerged from the match; our forwards will have to show more thrust and cohesion before we win more games.

## First Win for School

P.B.H.S. 3 (1) — BOKSBURG 1 (1)

After a rather uncertain start, in which the first side conceded an early goal and had a penalty-flick brilliantly saved by goalkeeper Le Sueur, they gradually got on top of the opposition with some resolute tackling and crisp passing and equalised through Edkins just before the interval.

For a short while in the second half our first team remained on top, and after an interpassing movement down the right flank they took the lead when Repton, the inside-right, scrambled in a goal (2-1). A few minutes later they went further ahead when a shot

from the left-wing Funston was deflected into the Boksburg net by an unhappy defender.

Boksburg desperately strived to level the scores, but their forward-line was excellently held by our powerful half line of Hagerman, Lance and Spotswood.

The final whistle blew with Boys High again on top and the final score was a deserved 3-1 win for the school.

## BRUMMER, THE NEW 1st XV SCRUM HALF IN ACTION



## THE TERM'S SPORT

As far as results are concerned — played 10, won 2, lost 8 — the First XV has not had a very successful season. The team has always tried its best and has therefore not let the school down. Under Messrs. Dorey and Ackerman they have concentrated on running with the ball and resorting to kicking only when on the defensive. The Tackling of Joubert and Canny has been one of the highlights of the season. Captain David Ladds, despite a light pack in support, has always got the better of his opposing hooker. Pete Haak has excelled himself as a lock-forward being particularly noticeable in the loose scrum. Andrew Cornelius has distinguished himself as the fittest forward on the field and as a result is always up with the loose ball. Brummer, Wegerly and Van Zyl who were brought in half-way through the term, have all proved to be capable and intelligent players. In the first few games the team lacked the drive and penetration which have been so outstanding in previous years. However, after a series of drastic changes, they have settled down and on a number of occasions have been

very unlucky not to win. A disappointing feature of the team has undoubtedly been the lack of fit players. This was clearly shown in the C.B.C. match when after pushing C.B.C. off the ball in the first half, our forwards were unable to hold the opposing pack in the last 15 minutes. In the remaining four games we hope the First XV will be able to end off the season on a victorious note.

Seconds, Thirds and Fourths have all had a successful season up to date. The Fourth XV, captained by Charles Rose, under Messrs. Anderson and Hofmeyer, have played excellent rugby and are unbeaten this term. Well done Fourths!

The under age teams have showed that there is much potential among our younger rugby sides. The under 15A side under Paul de Villiers is having a particularly successful season, losing only 2 out of 9 matches.

The first hockey side, captained by Eric Olsson and coached by

Mr. Gibbs, has had an enjoyable season, but results-wise not a very brilliant one. The defence, in particular goalie Le Sueur and left-back Olsson, has stood out in the face of defeat. The forward line however, often proved itself incapable of carrying out the good work of the defence and of taking advantage of defensive errors on the part of the opposing defence. We congratulate Derek Spotswood and Clifford Le Sueur on being selected for the Transvaal Schools' side.

The first tennis team captained by Brain Blair, has had a reasonably successful season, winning 2 and losing 2 of their matches. With the courts in their present sandy condition, it is virtually impossible to play a decent game of tennis. The new all-weather courts which are due to be laid down in the July holidays, will be welcomed by all tennis players. Perhaps it was the poor conditions of the courts which led to Boys' High only coming second to Hendrik Verwoerd in the Northern Transvaal Schools' Competition.

## Foul Play Mars Game

P.B.H.S. 5 — JEPPE 19.

Here was a match of lost chances and despair. The Boys' High team played hard and intelligently against a team of veterans, but on the small field they did not pick up as quickly as was necessary any of the openings that were thrown before them.

The game was marred by dirty play, and this, combined with the lack of success on our part, quickly filled all the team with despair — except Van Zyl who kept a smiling face all through the game.

Jacobs started a spectacular movement on the 25-yard line, where he drew the opposition and then passed to Joubert, who scored for Boys' High. Van der Merwe, the full-back, converted, giving us our only points of the day. The Boys' High team showed a good deal of potential and we hope this will be the last of a long series of defeats.

## IN A NUTSHELL

What has happened?  
Where has all the fire gone in our rugby?  
Gone to C.B.C., perhaps Parktown or even Athlone?  
But make no mistake it's gone somewhere.  
What I would like to know is, where?

Anon.

Remember . . .



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