



## CRISIS IN EDUCATION

### ACTION NEEDED

Dissatisfaction with conditions of employment is nothing new, whether the people be Civil Servants, Railways or Post Office employees, Medical Practitioners or Teachers to mention but a few. Doctors are more fortunate as they are not dependent on some Government or Provincial authority to give their profession the status which they desire and deserve. The teaching profession, for too long already associated with the Civil Service, is dependent on dignified approaches to the Provincial Administration or to the Minister of Education by its various Teachers' Organisations, and for too long now the authorities have failed to secure for the future of their country, an education system worthy of all its inhabitants.

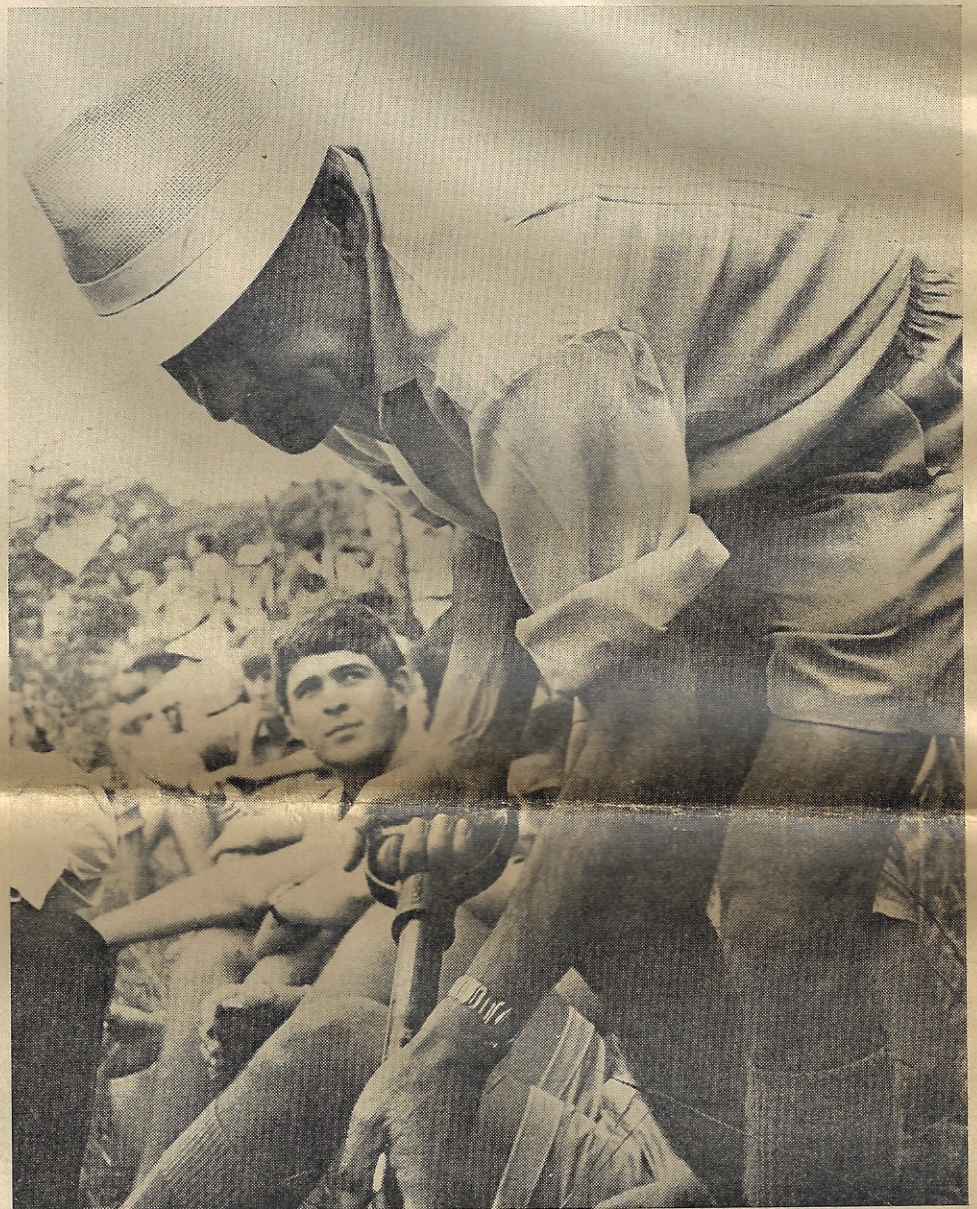
Although the current clamour for improvements in conditions of service may be regarded by some as a perennial "gripe", it represents dissatisfaction stretching far beyond a mere matter of more money. Perhaps the most distressing feature of our educational set-up today is the lack of able young men who are training to enter the profession as well as the number of capable men who are leaving to earn a more remunerative livelihood elsewhere. It is this very problem which is at the heart of the teachers' concern for the future of education, for without suitably qualified men who are devoted to their work, no education system can provide for its country the young men needed to maintain its standards.

#### 'B' STREAM

The problem has now reached the stage where, for lack of any one more competent, the Education Department has allowed men with 'B' Stream matriculation passes to return to school as teachers of 'A' Stream boys. This is a sorry state of affairs and the boys suffer as a result.

It is for these reasons that action by the authorities is very urgently required if South Africans wish, not only merely to survive, but also to continue making a worthwhile contribution to mankind. As it is, our schools are virtually obsolete. They cannot be allowed to get worse.

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### SMOKING: THE MOUNTAINED MOLE-HILL

An estimated 60 per cent of the boys in the school above Form III smoke outside the school at any rate, some with the permission of their parents. Society has almost completely accepted smoking among young people, but a departmental rule disallows it at schools. That there should be a double standard is ridiculous.

In post-war twentieth century, standards are so confused, that to create artificial and unwarranted standards is almost immoral. A few misguided adults even tend to regard schoolboy smoking with the same disfavour as they do such vices as drunkenness and free-love. There is a prejudiced point of view however, and out of all proportion to the seriousness of the smoking problem.

#### DOCTORS' OPINION

The only apparently convincing argument against smoking is put forward by the medical profession. Apart from causing a general decline in the health of the smoker, doctors suspect that smoking increases susceptibility to cancer and retards growth during youth. The authorities therefore, feel duty bound to discourage schoolboys from smoking. However, when one considers that one's health and one's very existence are affected by so many factors today, it seems pointless and unwise to make a scapegoat out of smoking. Death caused by motor accidents constitutes 33 per cent of all deaths, yet it would be ridiculous and neurotic to prohibit the use of cars as a

result. Present day eating habits are as likely to cause heart disorders as smoking is to retard growth or to cause cancer. Yet no one complains about eating habits; nor should they. Smoking deserves the same treatment.

#### PREJUDICE

The present day objections to smoking are derived more from blind prejudice than from logical reasoning. Is it not time the problem was seen in the right perspective?

### VICIOUS CYCLE

Alone he sat in the darkened room. Alone with his injured pride. Faintly he could hear the sounds of the radio downstairs and occasionally, a remark from one of his parents.

At the thought of his parents, the hopeless fury welled up in him again. Wearily he thought back of the scene in this same room a few hours ago. He remembered the angry words and the insult of the leather belt descending again and again. And because of what?

A small piece of cardboard which had such awful significance merely because it was known as a Cycle Card and because his bore several red rings. Couldn't they understand? Didn't they realize that the 90 per cent for Art was more important to him than anything else? Didn't they understand that Art was his life? When he thought of the punishment they had inflicted on him, a choked sob escaped from the boy. The cruel ban of not allowing him to practice Art at home.

NEIL JACOBSON,  
Form 4E.

# DIE MEISIES HOËR - BOYS HIGH SPECTACULAR

(From our own correspondent)

The annual debate with Meisies Hoër proved to be a spectacular success. The event was really a discussion on "The future of South Africa is in the hands of the youth".

There were, in addition to six main speakers, some exceptionally good, acts to illustrate the motion. Some poetry of a high standard was read by Mike Nixon and Leslie Shill as an added highlight to the evening. All six speakers spoke exceptionally well.

Interesting things were said, some of which brought murmurs of amusement and astonishment from the audience. Most of the Boys' High boys were amazed by the fluency of Meisies Hoër's English. Perhaps a lesson should be learnt from this fact.

Other items were a gymnastics display (in which J. P. Matthews took a prominent part), a ballet performance and some folk singing. The folk singers were Muff Walpole and Les. Shill.

## HUGH MILLER

The highlight of the evening was Hugh Miller's rendition of his own "Aphrodite Impression". Hugh's playing was magnificent in the extreme, and everyone marvelled at the splendid richness of his own themes. The applause that he received was thunderous for the number of people present. He fully deserved it.

## GREAT SUCCESS

The evening on the whole was a great success. It was enjoyed by all present. We were, however, a little shocked to see that only one of our staff was present. I am not sure that they all knew about it, but their absence caused some embarrassment for more than one person. This is not the first time that a school function such as this was not attended by our staff. They play a very important part just by being present at such an event. (Perhaps in the future they might attend this sort of function and add their bit to this aspect of school social life.)

Our thanks to the organisers of this very enjoyable event.

## Looking Back On The Republic

There was a poignant pause when the history of South Africa stopped, and then moved forward again, with the old Union now a Republic.

As the historic association with Britain ended, many people felt that by isolating herself further from the Community of Nations, South Africa could only suffer, while the British Commonwealth, having taken a stand against race differentiation, could only benefit.

South Africa's international reputation, attacked by politicians, intellectuals, newspapers and churches, had been dealt, or so claimed the pessimists, a grievous injury.

It is interesting to note that in this "New Commonwealth" the process of disintegration has continued in the six years since South Africa's departure, and countries such as Pakistan, India, Malaysia, Nigeria, Uganda and even Britain have been torn by race prejudice and religious strife, and the non-white countries have looked to countries other than Britain to realise their ambitions.

On the 31st May, 1961, I was ten years old, and had no interest in politics. Like most South African children, I chanted the oath of allegiance, and was presented with a round badge (which I duly lost) and a flag (with which I enthusiastically practised semaphore signals) otherwise the year was no different from the previous one.

To be honest, I remember very little of those early momentous years. I am dimly aware of a time of fear, strikes and riots, a time when "White Only" signs appeared in profusion, and when anxious faces were lined with the threat of sanctions and boycotts.

With the Republic I was growing up and as one is unable to see things objectively when one is young, so I could not judge my country. However, one conclusion I could draw was that South Africa as a whole, never suffered as pessimists and adversaries had thought and hoped she would.

There were many attempts to overthrow the stable Government in South Africa, but the faith and dogged determination of the late Prime Minister, and the consolidating loyalty of most South Africans, has carried us through the doldrums of impending economic depression to an era of increasing prosperity and confidence.

Economic development in the Republic over the past six years has been phenomenal. The growth of industries, the improvement of communications, advances in Science, the establishment of schools and universities, the Orange River Scheme, all indicate South Africa's potential. The progress made in agriculture, the provision of ships and aircraft, the drilling for oil and search for sea diamonds are all indicative of South Africa's forging ahead.

While South Africa carries on from strength to strength the rest of Africa, with a few exceptions, is as unstable as a dormant volcano, but this does not mean that she can be ignored, for the violent eruption could have devastating consequences for South Africa.

That South Africa's image is very low in international affairs is not strictly true, for the U.S.A. and Britain are inclined to support the Republic's claim in S.W.A. South Africa's prestige is rising high, especially with regard to advances made in the medical field recently.

South Africa is a diamond of many facets, some sparkling, some rough. She is a country of disturbing contrasts, where beaches are wonderful and hotels poor, where bilingualism is a must and Van der Merwe a good sport, where people of different colours live side by side, but separately. She is a country which has defied the world and is proud of her defiance.

ANDRÉ BARNARD,  
Form 5A.

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## THE PRISONER

He stood, shoulders slumped forward, gazing out of the small window. His view was obstructed by the three hated iron bars. Beyond them, the free world stretched as far as the eye could see, beckoning. In the distance he could see the river, a glittering silvery snake, as it wined its way to the sea. A white object skimmed over its waters, like a swan in flight; maybe it was a yacht, but he wasn't sure. Before him, the green fields as flat as a billiard table, stretched and stretched until they merged with the hazy purple mountains which stood like ponderous giants on the horizon. It seemed as if the giants had beards, for the mountain tops were swathed in white, wispy clouds.

He glanced over his shoulder at the walls of his cell. They too had once been white — just as white as the clouds — but now they were a grubby, grimy grey. His hands clenched the iron bars until his knuckles whitened and his shoulders ached.

Above his searching eyes, the sky was bluer than the sea which shimmered and sparkled in the distance like polished silver, and crashed and foamed onto the snow-white beach. The haunting cries of wheeling gulls, queens of the sea, reached his straining ears. Oh, how he longed to be free.

P. BLIGNAUT.

## JANNIE HUMAN

The tragic death of Jannie Human on May 17th, at the age of 17 years, came as a great shock to all who knew him.

Jannie had a quiet and friendly nature and a well developed sense of fun. He had firm opinions on matters concerning principle and probably only those near to him knew of his strongly held religious convictions. Jan was an all rounder, being a brilliant and serious scholar, a first class swimmer and an enthusiastic rugby player. His qualities of leadership naturally led to his appointment as a prefect.

We, his friends, mourn his passing and cherish a warm memory of a wonderful person.

To his parents and sister we extend our deepest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

## ROBERT MYBURGH

During the first week of May, the School was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Robert Myburgh, a member of Form 5C. While riding his motorbike, he was involved in a collision with a car in Duncan Street and, although he received almost immediate medical attention, he died six hours later in hospital.

Robert, who was born in Pretoria on the 10th of April, 1950, attended the Waterkloof Primary School. He entered P.B.H.S. as a "Form One" in 1963 but left at the end of 1964 to attend school in Windhoek. After two years, however, he returned to Boys' High and became a member of Form 4B.

Although he did not participate in many school activities, he was popular in his classes. He was extremely practical and enjoyed working on anything of a mechanical nature. He had a type of humour that is not possessed by many people and this, together with the quiet attractiveness of his personality, gained him many friends. They miss him greatly.

The Boys Highlights congratulates those responsible for the production of the Pretorian for the high standard of the magazine.

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# TOLD LIKE IT IS

*Attitudes are but of changing value, things of little importance, a sickness in youth, that should be killed before birth. Attitudes, in youth*

*become stubborn and should not be allowed to grow for, they are the death of life and the evil of good.*

I am a leech, a parasite and have been for my whole school career. Now I am suffering but I feel that the best I can do for the school is tell them what they should not do. I should know!

The boy was clean, good and a virgin. He worked and played well. He was a boarder and there were a few things that he had to get used to in the house but could not. He was independent, best left alone, used only to his own discipline and self imposed authority.

He asked them but they would not leave him alone, and soon he became filled with the desire to defeat the authority, a war of wits against the prefects, he hated getting into trouble but war is war.

Soon his dorm-mates started noticing him, because he was doing what they were taught was traditionally right and society enveloped him, mainly with attention. And so it was that he wanted attention, a complete contradiction of his former character. But he had to continue his war to maintain his attention. Sometimes he realized this was false and tried to break away but couldn't.

And the war began to grow and spread, and soon the young lad was fighting the world. But he also thought a lot and when he got an idea in his head it was always final and always the correct decision.

So when he decided he was not going to play cricket, because he did not like it, he was always prepared to fight. When the authorities showed opposition he really

became determined and he won and by so doing started his own defeat. From then on he steadily declined and soon the young lad became a leech.

This young lad was me, and now three years later (they should have been the best three years of my life), I have realized and admit that I was wrong and they were right. Now I am suffering.

I have realised what it means to give and not just take. It is a wonderful thing, especially when you realize that you are doing it for the benefit of your community. I have been selfish and now I stew in my own juice.

I have learnt that experience is the best medium to judge by and older people usually have more experience.

But above all, idleness is the breeding ground of parasites. Avoid this at all costs. Life becomes hollow when you are idle. It has no meaning. Try to have a full life by filling it with work. Devote yourself to something. While in school become part of the school and you will miss nothing.

This is what I have learnt through my mistakes and I wish I could undo what I have done.

Boys' High, I apologise most sincerely and thank you for your unselfishness. I hope there are no more like me.

T. SUMMERTON.



Representatives of the Boys' High boys who took part in the "Big Walk" receiving a token for the trampoline they won for the Best Team Effort, from the "Rand Daily Mail" Sports Editor.

## Big Walk 1968 SCHOOL WINS TRAMPOLINE

The Annual "Rand Daily Mail" Big Walk is a colourful and popular affair. This year 1,500 people took part, and about sixty were from Boys' High. We travelled to Johannesburg by bus early in the morning and started walking from the Wanderers rugby field at 7.30.

It was 50 Kilometres to the finishing post at Kyalami. Twenty-five of us finished and the others stopped at the end of the mini-walk, which was twelve and a half miles long.

### TRAMPOLINE

It came as a surprise to the boys of the school who entered, to read in the "Daily Mail" a few days later, that they had won a trampoline. The award was made to the school for the best team effort.

Many of the boys feel that it is a pity that the competitive side of the walk has been revealed, for they fear that the spirit of pure enjoyment which has prevailed in the past, may now be lost. However, I do not think anything could prevent people from gaining enormous satisfaction and pleasure from the Big Walk.

A. FRANZ,  
Form 5E.

### RUGBY RESULTS FOR 1968

1st XV:	
vs. Old Boys	won, 12-11
vs. Tech. College	won, 39-0
vs. St. David's	won, 12-0
vs. Parktown	won, 10-6
vs. Clapham	won, 25-0
vs. Athlone	won, 22-6
vs. C.B.C.	won, 14-0
vs. Potchefstroom	won, 11-0
vs. St. Alban's	won, 24-0
vs. Ermelo	won, 17-3
vs. St. Stithian's	won, 14-13
vs. Hen. Verwoerd	drew, 0-0

2nd XV:	
Played 7;	won 4; lost 2; drawn 1.

3rd XV:	
Played 8;	won 6; lost 2.

Under 15a:	
Played 11;	won 9; lost 2.

Under 14a:	
Played 10;	won 8; lost 2.

Under 13a:	
Played 9;	won 7; lost 1; drawn 1.

### ANSWERS IN EXAMINATION FOR AFRICAN HEALTH OFFICERS

(THESE ARE AUTHENTIC)

- Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backwards.
- Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, veins and caterpillars.
- A thermometer is an instrument for raising temperatures.
- To remove air from a flask, fill quickly with water, tip water out and put in cork quickly.
- A litre is a nest of young animals.
- The cuckoo does not lay its own eggs.
- Algebra was the wife of Euclid.
- Typhoid fever may be prevented by fascination.
- An aazion is a thing that is so visible that it is not necessary to see it.
- A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.
- By self-pollination a farmer may get a flock of longhaired sheep.
- A person should take a bath once in the summer and not so often in winter.
- For fainting, rub the person's chest, if a lady, rub the arm.
- For fractures, to see if the limb is broken, wiggle it back and forth.
- For nosebleed, put the nose lower than the body.
- To remove dust from the eye, pull the eye over the nose.
- For head colds use an agonizer to spray the nose until it drops into your throat.
- Blood flows down one leg and up the other.
- Parallel lines do not meet unless you bend them.
- A magnet is something you find in a bad apple.
- Geometry teaches us to bisex angels.
- For dog bite, put the dog away for several days; if it has not recovered, then kill it.

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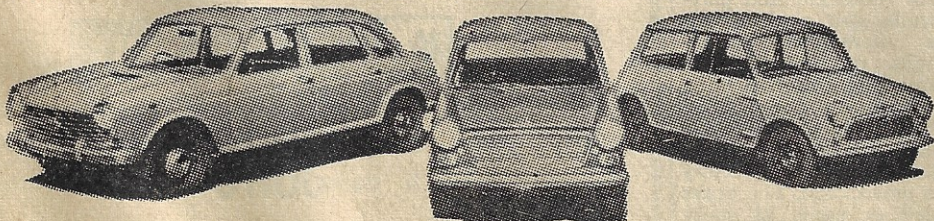
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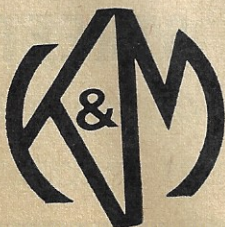
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the Editor Letters to the Editor Letters to the Editor

## EXAMS

Dear Editor,

I am inclined to think that our school exams could be bettered in many ways. This is supposed to be a project school and I think that our December and June exams should total 50 per cent and the other 50 per cent should be cycle tests and projects.

These last June exams were the limit, for Biology we had to write in the hall and therefore wrote slowly as our environment affected us and many didn't finish. If only we could write one examination per day and come to school at 11.00 a.m. More drastic action should be taken; teachers are rather lax and cribbing does occur; it rather burns me to see others cribbing while I have studied.

The syllabus is often not completed before the exams and the exam paper of that subject should be set accordingly, thus preventing cramming which more often than not leads to deceitful means of obtaining marks and usually a round about. If all these factors are taken into consideration and we have time to revise before the exams, then we can surely be happy.

Thanking you,

"ENMESHED IN EXAMS,"  
Form 4D.

HEAR, HEAR. — ED.

## POLITICS IN THE PAPER

Dear Sir,

The matter I would like to bring to your notice is an important one. We read in our newspapers today much about the political apathy of English speaking South Africans. Not many seniors of any of the high schools seem to realise that they are fast approaching the age of 18 years — the age at which they will be required to vote for the political party of their choice. It is sadly evident that many have never thought about the subject at all and are quite likely to abstain

or merely vote for the party in power, irrespective of its policies, which, if he really thought about them, might be totally contrary to his own principles.

I suggest therefore, the formation of a "Political Rostrum" in the Boys' Highlights, to which any boy can write, giving his own view on politics, or his own replies to the view of other boys. A column such as this would, I feel, definitely raise the standard of our own newspaper and would no doubt improve the impression made on readers outside the school itself.

P. K. OSBORN,  
Form 4D.

In the past the "HIGHLIGHTS" has always had a "political page" for exactly this purpose. However, space is limited at present and only a few articles of this nature can be printed. In any case response has not been very good and any political article is usually outdated by the time the "HIGHLIGHTS" appears. — Editor.

## CASUAL CLOTHES

Dear Sir,

Why is it so essential for boarders to wear nothing but school uniform over the weekend. Surely boarders should be allowed to wear certain casual clothes in the afternoons and during the weekends in the school grounds.

In most other boarding schools pupils are allowed a choice of clothing for their free afternoons. I think that is only natural for boys to wear the clothes of their choice after school.

The three boarding houses are for a number of years turned into the homes of numerous pupils, and I think to make the boarders feel more at home and less attached to the school in the afternoon, they should be allowed to wear the clothes of their own choice provided they remain in the school grounds.

Yours sincerely,  
R. SCROOBY,  
Form 4D.

## THE TOASTED CHEESE QUESTION

From the beginning of the year the new pack of prefects have been striving to bring about a change in the school. They are striving to bring about a change for good. A revolutionary change which will encourage the arising of new ideas and interests, in the form of squash courts, the bettering of relations between Girls' High and Boys' High, a new attitude to discipline, etc.

The main object in the squash court field is the acquiring of money for their construction. Many projects have been put forward and carried out for obtaining money.

Right from the beginning, the prefects have received little if no support from the masters. I think this lack of co-operation is mainly due to disinterest. Disinterest is not all that bad, but when it starts to hinder, the good work of the revolutionists it can be fatal.

A good example of this is the toasted cheese question. The prefects in the past have been selling toasted cheese sandwiches at a fantastic profit, which of course is a great benefit to the squash court fund. Suddenly at the end of last year, everything stopped, a loss of interest? The prefects have now tried to arouse interest again by starting the toasted cheese business once more. They are, however, refused permission to use the kitchen which has proved ideal for this purpose. No explanation was given. If a valid excuse was given, no one would moan, but we are still waiting for one.

R. VAN HIRSCHBERG,  
Form 3B.

## A Place of Tranquility

I adjusted my face-mask, checked my aqua-lung for the last time and then slipped silently off the barnacle covered rocks into the emerald green of the Indian Ocean.

A trail of bubbles followed in my wake as I descended into the murky depths. A shoal of mullet glided past me like so many shining needles, and skittered excitedly between the olive-coloured seaweed. Waving in the currents. A large octopus stared unemotionally from its home in the dark shadow of a rock. Its tentacles moved grotesquely in the water, waiting patiently for a morsel of food to come floating by.

Now at a depth of about thirty feet, the bigger fish began making their appearance. A large brindle bass swam unhurriedly towards me and I ducked to allow the shining belly pass over my head. I was temporarily wakened from my trance by the sight of a small shark, dashing away from me. Why? I pondered over this question as the movement of the water carried me over the rocks. A giant starfish and multi-coloured seaweeds. Could it be because it was afraid of me, a foreigner in his world? Perhaps.

A deep, dark tunnel appeared before me and I rolled over on my back and squeezed in. I turned on my waterproof flashlight and play it on the walls and roof of the cavern. Sea anemones, pearly-coloured shells of indescribable beauty met my eyes. Crayfish hung on the sea weed and crabs scuttled hastily in their simple, unaffected lives. A grunter, a large, silver fish, brushed past me and greedily snapped up a small crab. The crabs rushed around in panic as more grunter appeared. I could imagine the small animals screaming in terror as the unexpected disaster hit them.

I reluctantly surfaced, to the roar of a jet as it streaked across the sky and I realised with dismay that I had returned to reality and life.

T. ABERNETHY,  
Form 3C.

## THE CLASSICAL INTER-CLASS RELAY

(With apologies to Homer and Etienne Sochett)

**Prologue:** Dionysus, god of sport, sat sadly on his throne of imperishable gold on Mt. Olympus. Pallas Athena, noticing that he was sad, approached him.

"Great god", she asked him, "why are you so sad? When this world is progressing for the better and the Communists are being beaten by the noble Americans in Vietnam?"

"Pallas", he said, "tomorrow is the day of the great races at my favourite school, Boys' High — and I foresee rain."

Now Athena, goddess of Wisdom, comforted him:  
"Do not be sad, for I will ask Father Zeus to remove the clouds over Pretoria tomorrow".

The great day had arrived. Most of the school turned out to run or to cheer on their champions. I noticed a few of my friends and hurried over to join them. Then we sat and waited for the start.

While sitting, I noticed many a hardy runner. I saw the godlike Peter Cruse, Flower of Boys' High chivalry, and the peerless Peter Daniel. I also noticed the illustrious John McIver, favourite of the gods and the admirable Mr. Van Aswegen, although he did not run.

Of course, lion-hearted Michael van der Westhuizen was there to run the unlovely course. And Paul Somerville of the fleet feet, and Mr. Botha, the great runner.

Then the races started. Remarkably grand and imposing. I saw Etienne Sochett, that great Jewish character, very weary when coming round on his first lap, but his friends cheered him on and thus he ran. Next came Sturgeon, of the nimble wits. He needed little inspiration.

My turn came — woe the day. Iran as fast as my feet could carry me. It seemed as though my lungs would burst inside my noble chest. On the way I passed more athletes.

Driven on by their exhortations, I pressed on relentlessly. My heart was beating out its painful protest within me and I knew that I could not last for very long now.

"Athena," I cried, "Goddess of Wisdom and daughter of Zeus, help me on my way." Thus I prayed, and Pallas Athena heard and her heart was touched by my plight.

She breathed new life into me and I was exulted. I felt as though I could run another such course.

But I was not the only one favoured by a god. Turning round, I noticed the formidable Cecil Rowe hard on my heels. He had the war-god Ares to speed him on. Ares did this in revenge against me because I had previously neglected him. And so victory was snatched from my feet.

And so I was beaten, but I was glad to have finished the course.

ZORBA,  
Form 5B.

## COMPLIMENT

Tonight, coming out of the diningroom I heard an old lady who had just eaten, say to the proprietor of the hotel: "Vanaand se boontjiesop het my aan my oorleë ma laat dink. Dit was regtig lekker." In English, "Tonight's bean soup reminded me of my late mother. It was really nice."

I consider this a great compliment and I am sure if chef had heard it, he would really be proud of his soup; which, incidentally, I didn't even eat.

R. ODENDAAL.

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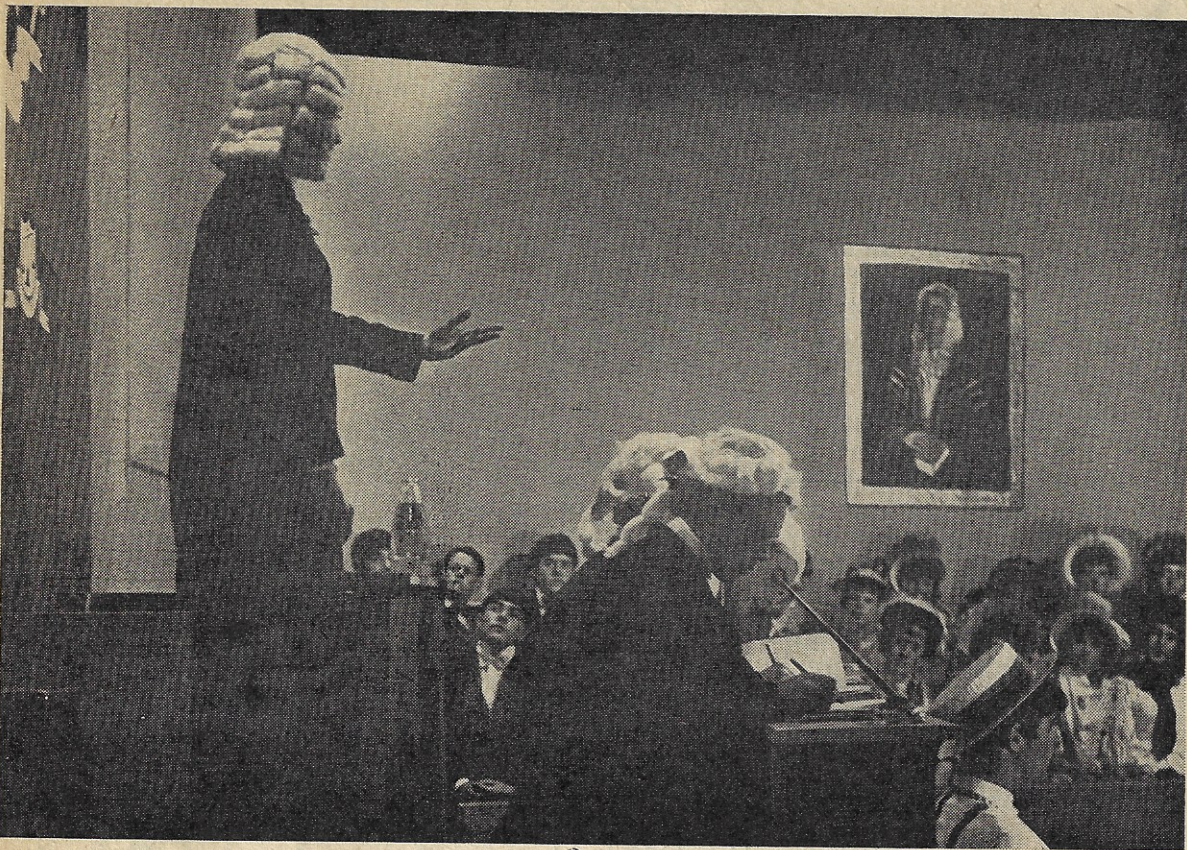
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Bulkin, as the Judge, in a scene from the opera.  
(Photo sponsored by the School Council.)

## “TRIAL BY JURY” A SUCCESS

“TRIAL BY JURY” must be one of Gilbert and Sullivan’s worst operas. The plot excites no interest and the music consists of nothing less than a string of Gilbert and Sullivan conventions, but in performance, the Boys’ High production was very impressive. For this “Bokkie” Botha and Vivian Henry are to be congratulated.

It was obvious that the actors enjoyed themselves and the choruses were very good. Individual members among them to excel were Paul Blignaut, Alan Dugmore, Herman Bernitz and Paul Kincaid among others. Of the lead singers David Edwards as Angelina gave the most impressive performance. Ray Botha was good, although at times indistinct, as Edwin. The other lead singers were all very competent but I felt Paul Frost often forced his voice.

The unusual opening was very successful in its effect. The only possible criticism of it is that the entry of the Jury was too protracted to sustain interest.

The orchestra was without a doubt the best it has been for a long time and the set and the costumes were very good.

It seems a pity that the high standard of production was not backed by more worthwhile lyrics and better music, for it was only by virtue of the quality of the production that the opera was made bearable. It is to be hoped that an opera which, in itself is more inspiring, will be produced next year.

## DAFT DEFINITIONS

**English:**  
A lot of awkward names and rules to help us not understand.

**Maths:**  
The Arabs started it — why didn’t they leave it to them?

**Science:**  
Banging, popping, fizzing fun!

**Geography:**  
Stones and other oddities.

**History:**  
Do they have to dig (by) up dead cows?

**Afrikaans:**  
Wish he would talk in English so I could understand.

**Biology:**  
I don’t believe I’ve got all that rubbish in me!

**AND ’cos I wish I could have taken it:**

**Art:**  
Tatty jeans, goatee beards, dark glasses and a beret.

D. LAMB,  
Form 3A.

## ART THROB ADVISES

Dear Art Throb,

My girlfriend insists in wearing black rugby boots to our dates, which is distressing me considerably. What do you suggest I should do?

Love from,  
JOSE’.

Dear Jose’,

I must agree, black rugby boots are terribly unfeminine. Buy her a pair of pink ones instead.

ART THROB’S SISTER.

Dear Art Throb,

Eating my peanut butter sandwiches in front of Solomon House, yesterday, I thought how nice it would be to have a puppy keeping me company. I am sure that the school would benefit immensely if it had its own private kennels with a dog for each boy.

WHY NOT?

Dear Why Not,

Why Not? Doggone it, what a good idea! However, the staff will probably say that you’re barking up the wrong tree. By the way, What did you put on your peanut butter sandwich?

ART THROB.

Dear Art Throb,

What must I do if my girlfriend keeps teasing me about my long nose?

Love from,  
“GROOT NEUS.”

Dear “Groot Neus”,

Change your religion!

ART THROB.

Dear Art Throb,

My girl friend loves swimming, but when I’m in my costume, I don’t look so good without my wallet. Now she intends to drop me. What should I do?

Yours faithfully,  
MISER.

Dear Miser,

Where do you wear your wallet?

ART THROB.

Dear Art Throb,

The other evening, when I arrived home late from work, my wife saw a blonde hair on my jacket, and accused me of going out with a blonde girl. The following evening I was again delayed, and seeing a brown hair on my jacket, that night, my wife accused me of going out with a brunette. So the next time I arrived home late, I made sure there were no hairs on my jacket, but my wife flew into a rage and accused me of going out with a bald girl! What must I do?  
VERY WORRIED.

Dear Very Worried,  
Own up!!  
ART THROB.

**Society is the mould of the individual and it is no use farting against thunder.**

T. Summerton.

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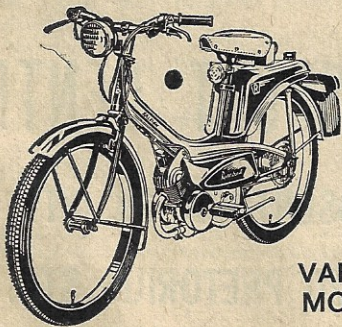
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SEUN'S HOER

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Boys' High 'A' Field

## BY THE BOYS FOR THE BOYS OF THE BOYS

The "Boys Highlights" is a vital part of life at Boys' High. Proof of our vitality is the fact that this issue has been produced by a committee consisting of boys only. No member of staff has had anything to do with its production and we are (I think rightly) proud of this historic issue. We regard this as truly being the **BOYS HIGHLIGHTS** — a mirror of Boys' High life and thought.

We appreciate the co-operation we have received and thank those people who have flooded us with articles. What we offer is only the cream of these articles and we trust that you will enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed producing it.

PETER CRUSE,

Editor.

### PEOPLE SAY THAT . . .

- Exams are obsolete.
- David Copperfield should be banned.
- Boys' High rugby team is the best for many years.
- Mrs. Erasmus is a groovy teacher.
- The new prefects are a good bunch.
- They are looking forward to seeing Oedipus.
- Boys' High is a snob school.
- Mr. Collocott hasn't had an accident for two weeks.
- Masters are too slow in making decisions.
- Mrs. Ball's chutney should be sold at the Tuck Shop.
- "Gom" is a new word.
- There's a cultural revolution in the school.
- Most boys are backward in coming forward.
- Bob Fair's in his thirties.
- The Boers chased Mr. Digby down Majuba.

### IN THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

This year the School Council has come close to being the democratic organ that it should be, and its voice has considerable effect on school life. Because of the interest of boys in the affairs of the Council, and the fact that the Headmaster for the first time replied to the important proposals of the Council in Assembly, one no longer fears the Council as at all insignificant.

#### HOMEWORK AND TESTS

At the first meeting of the Council we discussed at length the question of homework and cycle tests. It was decided that homework for senior forms be limited to a maximum of 40 minutes per subject. This would limit homework to 4 hours. There was widespread dissatisfaction with the way that we have the majority of our cycle tests crammed into the last week of the cycle. The Council voted in favour of there being Standard Tests in all subjects and also asked that the number of tests in learning subjects (History, Biology, Science, etc.) be limited to one per day.

#### FINANCIAL COMMITTEE

The status of the Council has been boosted by the establishment of the Financial Committee, which will handle minor financial matters within its scope, e.g. minor improvements to the school, costs of organizing functions such as film shows. The Committee consists of one member of the Executive, one Prefect, two Form 5's and one Form 4. The capital is to be limited to R50. The parking for the Test in the School grounds was organized by the Financial Committee.

In contrast with this, the fact that some of the masters refuse to give their classes time to discuss Council matters, seems quite pathetic. It was suggested that a ½ hour period be set aside before Assembly on Fridays for discussions.

The Council feels that there is still a shortage of material for discussion, and stresses that it will consider any appeal presented to the Council by anyone.



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R. NÄNNI  
Form 5F

The school appreciates the open-mindedness of the headmaster in allowing the question of dress to the social to be put to the vote.

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# Die Individu Op Pad Na Geluk

Elke mens is 'n soeker na geluk. Psigoloë hou dit as 'n basiese waarheid, en hulle help mense om meer gelukkig te wees, om beter by die wêreld aan te pas. Mense kry plesier uit baie verskillende dinge, maar hierdie geluk waarvan plesier net 'n weerkaatsing is, kom uit 'n mens se binneste waar hy alleen is met homself en daardie ander en grootste krag, God.

Ons tye is hedonistiese tye. Nooit tevore het die hele massa mense so na plesier gehunker nie. Maar nooit tevore het die massas so na geluk gehunker nie, want die twee is nie ekwivalent nie. Die kind wat die heeldag Simba-skyfies en Coke geniet, en twee of drie keer per week na die „flicks” toe gaan, is nie gelukkig nie. Maar die pikkanien met sy klei dolosse en naakte lyf in die winterson mag wel dood gelukkig wees. Daardie Coke-kultuur is nie riël nie; mens koop dit met geld wat geen waarde besit nie. Maar die pikkanien het sy speelgoed self gemaak; hy kry koud, maar as hy rondbaljaar, kry hy warm. Hy is van homself en sy kragte bewus, en van die krag van die aarde. Nie die kleintjie in die „flick-house” nie. Hy is opgevang in die massa-neurose, kan homself nie vind, kan die geluk nie vind nie. „The Spectator” in een van sy koerant-artikels van die 18de eeu sê: „Do not let your sons and daughters frequent masques, theatres and other passive forms of entertainment.” Die geluk lê nie daarin nie.

## HIPPIES

In ons wêreld is daar mense wat die geluk nooit sal vind nie, daar is dié wat dit amper gevind het, en dié wat gelukkig is. Ek voel die Hippies het dit amper gevind, maar het nog te veel oppervlakkigheid en onriële goed by. Hulle basiese filosofie van liefde en verdraagsaamheid is wat die wêreld nodig het, asook hulle beklemtoon op die geestelike. Maar om die Nirwana deur middel van verdowingsmiddels en „free-love” te bereik is onwaar. Was dit nie 'n feit dat 'n mens al die nodige kragte binne jou besit om sonder dagga of LSD die meditasies en superuitsig van die wêreld te behaal wat hulle bring nie, sou ek die gebruik hiervan ondersteun, soos ek vroeër gedoen het. Maar 'n mens is groter as dié dinge. En wat „free-love” betref is dit net 'n illusie. Mens kan nie so met jou emosies rondspeel nie; dit ook is 'n leuen.

## LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED

Dit lyk my 'n man moet werk en stry om die geluk te behaal, en jy kan dit nie in allenigheid vind nie. Mens moet jou in die see van die mensdom gooi om jouself te ontdek. Die geluk is diep in jou binneste, en tog is dit byderhand. As jy die geluk behaal, weet jy die Beatles het gelyk. „Love is all you need.” Dan eers is jy bewus van die grootheid van God. En as jy dit bereik, is dit jou plig om ander by hierdie Nirwana te help kom.

MIKE NIXON,

Vorm 5A.

## DIE DIREKTRIESE VAN DIE TEEKLUB SÊ HAAR SÊ

Mev. Louis Erasmus, enigste direkteuse van die personeel se Teekklub, asook onderwyseres wat in Afrikaans en Latyn klasse gee, het op die 13de Junie 'n onderhoud met ons „Highlights”-joernalis ingestem. Hulle was op pad deur Pretoria in haar roomkleurige Mercedes-Benz. Dit is tipies van haar vinnige lewenswyse.

### Mev. Erasmus, waarom het u by Boys' High kom skool hou?

Ek het vroeër by Meisies Hoër skool gehou na ek die Universiteit verlaat het. Maar ek hou nie daarvan om vir meisies skool te hou nie; hulle is glad te emosioneel. Seuns is nie so nie.

### Maar waarom juis Boys' High, waarom nie Seuns Hoër nie?

Omdat ek mnr. Abernethy as inspekteur geken het. Ek ken nie 'n gawer mens as mnr. Abernethy nie — nie as „onderwyser” nie, maar as „mens”. Ek het geweet ek sal hier met mnr. Abernethy as hoof my beste kan lewer as onder enige ander hoof.

### Enigiets anders oor Boys' High?

Ja, dit: Die onderwysers op Boys' High wat by geen ander skool gewerk het nie, besef nie eers hoe fantasties dié plek is nie. En dit is fantasties omdat mense hier waardering en nie kritiek lewer nie. Die seuns word ook nie, soos op ander skole, geregimenteer nie. Op party skole sit die leerlinge in alfabetiese volgorde! Hier leer 'n mens om alleen 'n saak uit te dink. Die verhouding tussen die seuns en die onderwysers is ook iets besonders. Dis soos die verhouding tussen 'n kind en sy ouers by die huis.

### Wat dink u van S.A. se jeug?

Omdat S.A. se klimaat mense na buite lok is daar min inhibisies by S.A. se jeug. Hulle kry dit alles uit hulle sisteme op die sportvelde. Daarom is hulle geestelik, asook liggaamlik, gesond. Dit baat ook vir Boys' High. As ek weer gebore word, dan kom ek weer by Boys' High onderwys gee.

### Mev. Erasmus, hoe aanskou u S.A. se wêreld-posisie?

S.A., met haar rasseprobleme, het 'n baie belangrike posisie in die wêreld. Ek voel ons is so beskik; dit het nie sommer gebeur nie. In ons land, met die son bo en die minerale onder, is alle mense bestem om 'n plek in die werk in te neem. Ons moet sover as moontlik, die ander rasse help. As die leiding reg gegee word, is ons op die drumpel van 'n leiding-gewende land.

### Hoe voel u omtrent die studente in Europa?

Heel onder die onrus lê die verdwyning van die individualistiese bestaansreg van die student. As 'n student hom deur 'n ander gelei laat word, is dit verkeerd. Dit is Kommunisties in die sin dat almal gelyk begin lewe en dink. Dit is verkeerd.

Jean-Paul Sartre het amper dieselfde gesê toe hy die Sorborne studente gevra het om nie geweld te gebruik nie.

Ek het niks teen geweld nie. As ons môre geweld moet gebruik, ja, goed. Maar mens moet daarin vas glo dat dit nodig is.

### Mag ek u verder uitvra oor ons rasse-situasie?

Ja. Kyk, ons mense, selfs ons immigrante soos dr. Kwas, die Hongaar wat olie soek, is trots op hulleself en op hulle kultuur. Daarom het ek soveel respek vir die Jode; jy sal baie selde 'n Jood

vind wat ligtelik uit sy ras trou. Dit is wat ons moet leer. Julle moet trots wees om Engelsprekendes te wees, Engelsprekende Suid-Afrikaners. Mens moet trots voel om 'n Afrikaanse Suid-Afrikaner te wees. Dit moet ons ook vir die Bantoe leer, en die Kleurlinge ook. Opvoeding is om 'n mens trots te laat voel dat hy as individu bestaan. Mens moet bewus wees van jou meerderwaardigheid, maar in alle nederigheid.

### Wat dink u van tieners wat trou?

Ek het niks daarteen nie. As mense op daardie ouderdom volwasse genoeg is, kan mens niks verkeerd vind nie. Kyk byvoorbeeld vir ons Staatspresident en sy vrou. Mnr. Fouché was 20 en mev. Fouché 19 toe hulle getroud is. Waar vind ons 'n gelukkiger paar? Ek glo dat daar 'n sekere tipe lewensmaat vir elke persoon is, en dat as iemand sy tipe vind, sal hy gelukkig getroud wees. As julle ongelukkig by mekaar is, kan julle nie skei nie. Maar as dit eers ander mense begin affekteer, moet julle skei.

### Ek hoor u gaan gedurende die eerskomende vakansie saam met u man die Verre Ooste besoek

Ons gaan Colombo, Taiwan, al vier die Japanese eilande en Hong Kong besoek. Ons gaan twee dae by Mauritius bly. Ek het alle dele van die wêreld behalwe die Verre Ooste en Suid-Amerika gesien. Een van die dae gaan ek na Suid-Amerika toe.

### Wat doen u na skool?

Ek word amper voltyds met liefdadigheidswerk besig gehou. Ek is organiserende sekretaresse van die Sunnyside-tak van die Vroue Federasie. Ons doen alle soort werk vir oues van dae, alkoholiste, weeskinders, ens.

Ek speel baie tennis, en gaan baie graag „flick” toe. Ek hou ook baie daarvan om te dans, ek is mal daarvoor.

### Watter soort musiek is vir u die aantreklikste?

O, alles! Klassieke, ligte, pop — alles.

### En u gunsteling filmster?

Dis moeilik om te sê. Nee, eintlik het ek geen gunsteling nie. Dis alles 'n saak van hoe die akteur die rol vertolk.

### Wat lees u?

Lees is vir my te lekker. Boeke met 'n geskiedkundige agtergrond, reisbeskrywings en sake van die wêreld-front is vir my die lekkerste. Op die oomblik lees ek André Brink se SEMPRE DIRITTO.

### Enigiets meer om af te rond?

Net dit: 'N MENS MOET JOU KOP EN HART VOLG. JOU HART LEI JOU, EN JOU KOP DINK.

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## THE COLOUR OF SAYING

I went to Cape Town,  
walked past the Houses,  
saw their black cars,  
saw their white guards,  
saw their photos in the paper,  
lived with them in a Parliamentary block of flats,  
and some of them aren't dead.  
So why do they just go into complete inertia in the House?  
Look,  
a body moving at a constant speed in a straight line has no force  
acting on it.

OK,  
so you are moving like that,  
but the tragic thing is that you all have  
the forces inside of you potentially to start  
breaking with your inertia.  
Hell,  
wouldn't that be great!  
A government bashing and clashing,  
sparking off fights and riots,  
and perhaps thought  
and perhaps even a joke!  
Perhaps the Opposition might be bashed,  
and then it would phut for its absence of guts.  
Helen Suzman could call on her friends and enemies  
and Parliament would be a groovy grope.  
Don't think,  
even if I've suggested this,  
that I think they,  
or rather you,  
are an Inertialist Party.

Hang,  
you have had members who could never inertialize.  
I just say that 80% of you are potentially alive.  
I want to see all you dash outside of Parliament,  
kick Auntie Vicky hard and her spanspek,  
and feed her to the pigeons.  
I want you to call on Christo Coetzee and Walter Battiss too.  
and they'll paint the House like a flying bird.  
Then Van Wyk Louw will come,  
and bless the house with wonder and truth.  
You will speak to your God a while,  
and then you get on with things.

MIKE NIXON.

### READING

The Flames — fantastic,  
brilliant, way-out.  
Charley absorbed in reading,  
Reading my poetic efforts.  
His overcast face  
Lost in thought.  
His brow is furrowed;  
Understanding what my mind  
has spilt on paper  
becomes difficult.  
The chain around his arm  
A savage addition,  
To what otherwise is the meekest  
of meek fools.

R. ODENDAAL.

### The Two Masai Warriors

I saw them from far-off,  
two figures on the hilltop.  
Erect they stood,  
facing the dying rays  
of a sun now set.  
The aquiline noses  
and graceful bodies  
were so majestic,  
The lonely hilltop  
surrounded by flat plains  
seemed to echo their despair  
and majesty.  
Their spears spoke of bygone  
glories,  
and their shields of a life that  
civilization and imperialism  
had destroyed.  
How sad.

LES SHILL.

### THE PEG-LEGGED MAN

Once he was young  
with a thinking mind  
and healthy body.  
He worked an honest job,  
and he was kind to man  
and beast alike.  
Then he was badly hurt,  
an accident, you see,  
and,  
because he just happened  
to be black,  
he is the one-legged  
man(man?)  
who begs a cent  
from passers-by  
and subsists  
with his badly-fitting peg,  
on what he is given.  
For him I cry.

LES SHILL.

### PSYCHEDELICATESSEN

On the craggy beach of Revolution  
fights Arthur for the evolution  
which has to come, now or later  
while fighting the holy crusader  
who remains seen but not heard  
by the Populace, that "docile" herd  
who cannot comprehend  
what's known as the End  
and rejects the sacraments  
with a satanic innocence  
and condemns to die, those  
who, clothed in wolf's clothes  
can save the World, but can't  
for Those, They with a hypocritic  
slant

dressed in a Sheep's hide  
slipped and slid, cried and lied  
that the wolf was about to bite  
and among the herd shone a light  
a light lit by the true Evil  
with eyes darker than Chlorophyll  
with a mash deeper than the mind  
and abitions that intricately wind  
along a path that only the  
"Heroes" dare  
along a path that passes the  
"dragon's" lair  
along a path that houses a young  
girl fair  
along a path that offers its rich  
share  
but the "Heroes" really don't care  
for they'd be losing their car and  
house  
their colour TV, pool and joust  
towards the Ultimate Rung  
and that's too much, for among  
the Accused and Condemned  
exists a happiness that can't be lent  
even to Daddy Warbucks  
who seems to have all the luck  
for even out on the highway  
there's a condition better than  
A-OK,

for even in the prisons  
there are Christians  
who really aren't and say so  
instead of those who don't and live  
low.  
No, lo and behold this I cannot  
uphold  
but I will join the Accused  
and let soon loose  
what I know to be Truths  
and stop living a Life  
which should be sent to Mack the  
Knife  
and let sink into the confines of  
the Past.

DANA AHLGREN.

### BLOW UP

My mind is gone  
to valley where stormy weeds grow.  
the bed,  
A boat in stormy sea.  
The sheets,  
A safety girdle to which I cling.  
My head,  
The centre of a universe  
or nucleus of an atom  
with bodies spinning round  
until I know not what I am.  
Slowly my body lapses into sleep  
but still my mind remains alive.  
I pray that I may fall asleep  
but still my mind keeps spinning,  
thinking, theorizing.

Then it breaks  
and I float away on darkening  
wings.

R. ODENDAAL,  
5B.

Far out in nature's everlasting  
reserve  
it is born.  
The ball of white light is its mother  
the meandering stream its father.  
The child is driving on  
a never-ending journey until the  
end.  
A slow yet sure infinity.  
As it approaches its goal it  
Swells becomes larger.  
A monster is bred from an infant  
child.  
Yet growing,  
Still swaying,  
It climbs, faster now  
reaching for the heavens  
its prismatic transparency  
disguising an awesome devil.  
Then with wind lashing  
against its face  
it spreads fingers upward in  
a last attempt to reach the sky  
Then it crumbles  
Yet ever moving forwards.  
Bucking, it arches its back  
in a vain attempt to  
straighten  
the smooth, lined back  
Yet the fingers reach  
ever upwards,  
clawing the air.  
The weight, being unbearable  
causes it to die.  
A white foam  
Yet ever moving forward.  
Then it reaches infinity in  
the minute mathematical blocks  
Perhaps to be born again.

TREVOR SUMMERTON.

### JOHANNESBURG

Shaft wheels  
driving,  
to the earth's core,  
and people,  
living inanely,  
and buildings,  
so tall,  
and neons,  
winking,  
once there was virgin veld here.

LES SHILL.

### BERLIN

City of two parts  
one good the other  
good too  
City of Bismarck  
and Hitler too  
You are still beautiful  
with your insane  
abstract wall.

LES SHILL.

### THE BACK OF GOD

I saw this morning a leaf in a  
stream  
flowing over brown and rounded  
pebbles.  
I saw this morning a flow  
with a dew-drop hanging.  
I saw this morning a grass-stalk  
bent  
at an angle bouyant on the wind.  
I saw this morning a spider fly  
in the wind  
on his spun thread floating.  
I saw this morning the back of  
God.

MIKE NIXON.

cube of amber ice  
crystallised from then  
keeps always now its insect.

MIKE NIXON.

### JOSEPH TURNER

Through the shimmering dawn  
The light of God  
Flickered in the water  
Throwing visions of beauty  
Into a mind  
Obsessed with only the real.

JONATHAN MEHL.

they've given me a number

6  
7  
3  
2  
5  
4  
0  
7

J

and that J probably signifies that  
like James Bond I'm now licensed  
to kill.

MIKE NIXON.

### AN OASIS

White adobe-type huts  
nestling between  
great green palms  
and making love with  
the sand.

LES SHILL.

die dood is net 'n duimpie weg,  
hy's om ons almal hier . . .  
die klokkslag  
wat die aard' laat beef . . .  
die dood is deur.

MIKE NIXON.

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# PROF. BARNARD VISITS SCHOOL

Fantastic, magnificent! are the only words that I can think of to describe Professor Barnard, and I am positive that the majority of pupils at Boys' High will agree whole-heartedly with me.

As you all know, our school was truly honoured by the visit of Professor Barnard, and what I found quite hard to believe was that a man, so talked-about in the world today, could be so very modest.

Professor Barnard's visit to our school really left a mark somewhere. It was inspiring to think that such a universally famous man was standing in front of us that day, as full of life as ever, heart beating strongly, with that characteristic flashing smile. Professor Barnard is really a man that South Africa can be proud of, and I mean really proud! He is, I think, rated among the top heroes of every schoolboy.

One of the many things that caught my eye about Professor Barnard was his fascinatingly mod-stytle of dress, especially his shoes. I feel eternally grateful to Mr. Abernethy for the time allowed for Professor Barnard's visit. We really appreciate it, Sir.

G. LAUBSCHER,  
Form 3B.

## On Professor Barnard's Visit

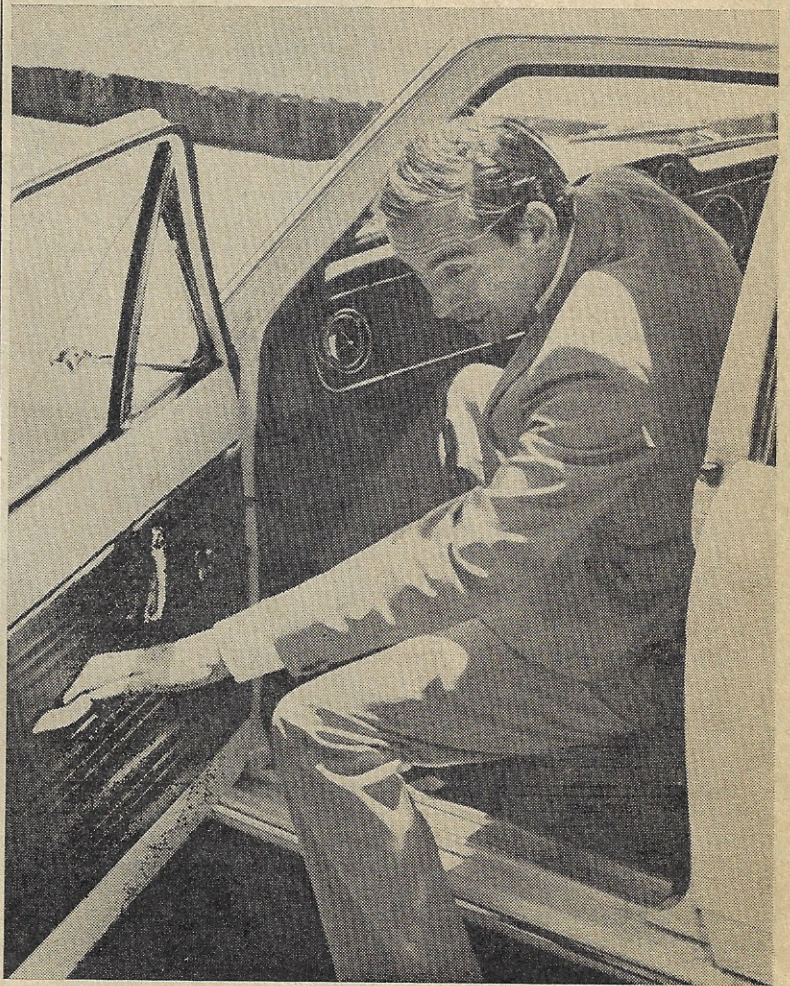
● The thing that struck me about Professor Barnard was his casualness. I was not very surprised when afterwards I heard a senior boy say, "I wouldn't let him touch my heart." For this is the kind of atmosphere he created.

His speech was very good and the reason for this was its sincere sympathy. (He probably did this so that the teachers could understand.)

R. ODENDAAL.

● One of the things which impressed upon me how modest this great man is, was the fact that when he spoke, he always used "we", referring to he and his team, and never in the singular "I...".

P. DANIEL,  
Form 5A.



Professor Barnard arriving at the school. His impact on the school was tremendous.

(Photo sponsored by the School Council.)

## RELIGIOUS VIEWPOINT

(A selection of ideas from boys in 5A)

### WHO IS GOD?

- God is my conscience.
- God is the Creator of the universe and the Giver of life, He is manifested in three persons: Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
- God cannot be a person.
- God does exist even though He cannot be seen.
- God is only a symbol because we need something to believe in.
- It is possible that He is an invisible person hiding up in the sky.
- Every person has his own idea of God.
- God is a figment of man's imagination.
- God is someone we worship in church.
- God stands for what is good and righteous.

- God is beauty; music is harmonious God; sculpture is frozen God; literature is frozen God.
- God doesn't think.
- There has to be some mind and plan behind all creation, God must be a thinking thing, something like a loving father with an eye over his children.
- I haven't been introduced to God, so I don't know.

### WHAT IS MAN?

- Man is the creation of God.
- Man is the most highly developed of the animals.
- Man has no soul.
- There is definitely more to man than flesh and blood.
- Man's object in life is to prepare himself for his meeting with the Creator.
- Man is a biological specimen.
- We were created to use and improve this world we live in.
- Man is superior to any of the other creatures, God has created;

he knows the difference between good and evil.

- Man is God's abortion: God experimented with man but it has backfired. Man is a hopeless mess — mentally and spiritually.
- Man is the glorious end product of evolution. The force behind this evolution is the Spirit of Christ pulsing beneath the affairs of man.

## On Rev. David Wilkerson

● I am sure that David Wilkerson moved the whole school, especially the senior boys; and I am sure that many boys who might be potential drug addicts have changed their minds altogether. Throughout the whole speech I was held "as if in a vice...".

R. ODENDAAL.

### RUGBY

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## LOWVELD EXCURSION

Having arranged to meet at School at 6.45 a.m., and having done so at 7.15, 15 boys and 5 masters set out in 5 cars on Thursday, 24th April on a four-day excursion to the Lowveld.

We arranged to meet outside Machadodorp and instructions were given to all drivers that we were to bypass the town. Four cars duly arrived at the rendezvous, and after 10 minutes the fifth, driven by Mr. Dentan also turned up. They had apparently taken the wrong turning and had consequently learned much about the topography of the Machadodorp district.

**PULP MILL**

The convoy continued on its way and at 10.30 a.m. arrived at the Ngodwana Pulp Mill. After refresh-

ments we toured the mill and then continued on our way with Mr. Dentan leading.

**LOST AGAIN**

We were to travel along the road to the Sudwala Caves, but were to turn off to Rosehaugh before reaching the Caves. Mr. Dentan again missed the turning and the last that was seen of him was a large cloud of dust settling over the Sudwala Road. He returned 15 minutes later with four extra miles on the clock.

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The owner of the Saw Mill at Rosehough is an Old Boy of the School, having been Head-Boy in 1949.

After a slap-up meal, during which each boy had half a chicken (Procter had one-and-a-half) and each Master a gallon of beer (Mr. Mulvenna had two) we toured the saw mill.

**SUDWALA CAVES**

Having taken our leave of our hosts we were conducted to the Sudwala Caves by Mr. Dentan, the only Master with previous experience of the route.

**MISSED TURNING**

After touring the Caves, the party set out for Nelspruit. We were to turn off at Mataffin, just before Nelspruit. Mr. Dentan, however, once again showing himself to be a rugged individualist missed the turning in the dark and accompanied by Mr. Sommerville, was last seen disappearing into the gathering gloom. Thirty minutes later they returned.

Mr. Cresswell at Mataffin organised billets for us with parents of Boarders, and each boy, for two nights, became a member of a Nelspruit family.

**BREATH-TAKING VIEWS**

The following day, Friday, we drove through breath-taking scenery to Malelane where we toured the Transvaal Suiker Korporasie Sugar Mill.

**PECAN NUTS**

From here we went back to Nelspruit and toured the H. L. Hall Citrus Estates. This tour will be remembered by its half-hour stop under the pecan nut trees, with citrus trees close at hand. We left with the cars full of pecan nuts and citrus.

Although the Estate has a network of dirt roads, there is no dust for the following reason: All diseased and rotten fruit is pulped and the juice is sprayed on the roads. The sugar in the juice binds the surface together eliminating dust.

**BARBERTON**

The next day we went Barberton where we toured the Cotton Ginney. After a very enjoyable lunch with the Sturgeons we went to a Cotton Farm. All members of the excursion, Master and boy alike were taken around the farm on the back of a 7 ton Bedford lorry. The sides of the lorry were 7 feet high on the inside. Riding astride the sides on the rough roads was a hazardous business as Mr. Dentan found out to his cost. He fell from his perch onto the floor of the vehicle with a crash which must have bent the chassis.

The highlight of the ride came when Nanni was hit in the eye by an orange hurled by an African herdbooy.

**MAGISTRATE**

From Barberton we went to White River where Neville Blum was in charge of the billeting. There was general amusement when it was learned that the Masters were to spend the night with the local Magistrate.

**LAST DAY**

We left White River early on Sunday morning and travelled to Graskop over Kowyn's Pass, possibly one of the most spectacular parts of the Lowveld and escarpment. After visiting various beauty spots along the Escarpment, we drove to Lydenburg for lunch. After a visit to the Trout Hatchery we set out for home.

Mr. De Beer got lost somewhere near Bronkhorstspuit, making it the seventh time on the expedition that a car had been lost. Mr. Hill's fanbelt broke and Procter spent twenty minutes under the car getting greased to the eyebrows.

It is hoped that this article will act as an advertisement to prompt more boys to attend similar excursions in the future.

## RELIVING HISTORY

History really became alive when a party of senior boys, accompanied by three masters, toured the Natal Midlands towards the end of May. The tour organised by Mr. Lewin, in conjunction with Atlas Tours, gave boys an insight into the difficulties and problems encountered by the British and Boer forces, during the two Boer wars of independence. We left immediately after school on Tuesday, May 21st, and full of high spirits we journeyed down to the motel at Fort Mistake which was to be our "home" for the next six days. Despite a minor disaster when Kingsley's case was crushed by a reversing bus, we settled in very comfortably and, worn out from the long journey, went to bed early.

As is usual in Natal, we woke up the next morning and found a thick mist enveloping the surrounding hills. After breakfast we set for Colenso, a thriving borough, full of historical interest. First we visited the "Koppie of Remembrance" where General Buller had pitched camp in the second Boer War. About nine acres of veld have been declared a national monument and scattered all over the koppie which overlooks Colenso, are a number of memorials to those who fell in the abortive attempt to capture the town. There we were joined by the Town Clerk who conducted an interesting tour of the area. He vividly pointed out the area where the famous naval guns had stood in the assault of the town. His description of the battle in which several Victoria Crosses were awarded was most interesting and informative. Near the old single-carriageway bridge is a new museum which is full of beautiful detailed maps and items found on the various battle fields.

of the historic mountain, we began our arduous climb. Needless to say the younger and fitter boys reached the summit long before the masters, who, however, climbed the 2,000 ft. remarkably quickly. The flat summit is an historian's paradise, and we were soon busy working out where General Colley had fallen and where the Boers, using the sparse natural cover, had climbed the mountain and surprised the British troops.

**DISAPPOINTMENT**

The last day was to have been one of the highlights of the tour and a visit to Rorkes Drift and Isandhlwana was proposed. Unfortunately the bus developed minor mechanical difficulties and we had to return to the motel while it was being repaired. To compensate for our disappointment, the motel manager allowed us to play snooker for unlimited periods and we spent the rest of the afternoon enjoying ourselves; a senior school team played Mr. Lewin and Mr. Henry and the laugh of the day was provided when the boys defeated the masters. While some boys were playing snooker, others climbed the hills around the motel and explored the ruins of the original "Fort Mistake". This was most interesting and those who braved the climb really appreciated it.

**RE-ENACTED CHANGE**

On Friday we climbed the hills around Ladysmith which the British defended during the famous siege. On Waggon Hill we explored the defences and discovered boulders on which the British troops had carved their names. After an engrossing hour we walked down to the lower plateau aptly called the "Disseboom". During the siege the Boers attempted to drive the British from their position but were foiled by a bayonet charge made by a detachment of the Devens. The Fairs were so enthralled at the thought of such a charge that they asked us to reenact it for them. When we had taken up the positions occupied by the Boers we charged in a long line and simulated the famous charge.

**CLIMBING MAJUBA**

After a picnic-lunch on the slopes

**BACK TO PRETORIA**

Unfortunately all good things have to end and so on Sunday we had to take leave of Natal, its beautiful scenery and magnificent battlefields. On the return journey we paused only to visit O'Neil's Cottage near Majuba and to have lunch at an hotel in Standerton. It was a tired yet happy and satisfied band of boys and masters who arrived back at Rissik House that afternoon.

P.M.G.F.

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# BOYS' HIGH BACK ON THE VICTORY PATH

## 1st XV STILL UNBEATEN

The First XV has proved to be a successful team this season and fitness has proved to be the deciding factor in determining the defeat of other teams. So far the team is still unbeaten and has defeated Old Boys, Tech. College, St. Davids, Parktown, Clapham, Athlone, C.B.C., Potchefstroom, St. Alban's and Ermelo.

The first match of the season was against Old Boys. This match has been the most exciting victory the first team have gained so far this season. The first team, up against a strong side which had many stars from previous years, proved themselves ably. In a very close, tense and exciting match, the first team won 12-11. This grand victory set the pattern for the following 9 games.

### LOOSE PLAY SPOILS PARKTOWN GAME

Unfortunately this match reflected rather a poor standard of rugby because both backlines had to kick too much and so there was very little open, running rugby. This resulted from the forwards' loose play. Boys' High proved to be the fitter of the two teams and when the ball reached the backline, they had the thrust which Parktown lacked. The final score was 10-6 and Boys' High points were scored by Jacobs (2 conversions), Matthews and Wegerle, who scored a try each.

### BOYS' HIGH AVENGE THEMSELVES

In an exciting game the 1st XV asserted their superiority over C.B.C., and thus avenging last year's defeat. Boys' High proved to be the better side from the beginning of the game and once again fitness played a great part. In spite of wet conditions the backlines handled the ball well and the Boys' High forwards were always on the loose ball first. At half-time Boys' High led 8-0 through a penalty by Jacobs and a try by Wegerle converted by Jacobs. After half-time Van Zyl scored a try after a good forward rush. During the last 10 minutes of the match Boys' High were awarded a penalty. Jacobs missed, but George Bell, backing up well, was able to gather the ball and dive over for another try, making the final score 14-0 to Boys' High.

### INSPIRED CAPTAINCY

Without a doubt the inspired captaincy of Brian Jacobs and the coaching of Mr. Ackermann and Mr. Hofmeyr have played a big part in the success of the first team. Jacobs has excelled himself and is at the moment the top scorer, having scored 91 points. Although the whole team has played well, special mention must be made of Martin Wegerle and Graham van Zyl who have excelled themselves in all departments of the game. No doubt the team's present success will be maintained for the rest of the season.

We wish the team luck and success for the tour during the July holidays.

We would also like to congratulate Les Shill on being selected to play for the Northern Transvaal High Schools team.

SPORTS EDITOR.

The finish of Boarders versus Dayboys run was history making. For the first time ever, two boys, Dave Fourie and Derek Jooste, tied for first place.

### INTER-HIGH

The 1968 Inter-High Competition was run at the University of Pretoria. History was again made when the Senior Team lost for the first time ever. The Lyttelton Manor side were very impressive and beat our team by ten points.

The race against K.E.S. took place the day after the Inter-High. Both the Juniors and the Seniors beat their K.E.S. counterparts.

#### Results at a glance:

Junior Social RUN: Fell (Rissik House).

Senior Social RUN: Fourie (School Boarders versus Dayboys: Jooste, Fourie).

#### Inter-house Competition:

Individual: Lowes (Arcadia).

Snior and Junior cups: Solomon House.

## SWIMMING 1968

### Promising Team

The only gala this year has been the one in February against Athlone. Both the "A" and "B" teams won. This was the only fixture, which is unfortunate, as we seemed to have a promising team. No less than nine boys managed to get into the Northern Transvaal team. They are: Jackson, Barnes, Hamman, J. van Niekerk, Blauw, Kuyper, Braak, Davey and C. van Niekerk.

### Braak and Davey

Two of our swimmers, Braak and Davey represented the Northern Transvaal senior team. They both received full N.T. colours. Braak distinguished himself by obtaining a third place in the 220 yds. Breaststroke and also a fourth place in the 110 yds. Breaststroke, his time being the same as that of the second and third places.

### Inter-House

Sunnyside House won the inter-house gala with relative ease. Town House was runner-up. Records were broken by Davey, Kuyper and a few other boys. Diving is improving as Duff, Marais and Botha obtained 1st, 2nd and 3rd places respectively in the N.T. Schools diving championships. Credit must go to Mr. Henry for his perseverance in this field.

### Inter-High

The inter-high gala was won by Boys' High in an exciting gala with Seuns Hoër as runners-up. Unfortunately Girls' High, our "sister" school, for the first time in years, backed out of the gala — for reasons best known to themselves. The new master in charge of swimming is Mr. Van Aswegen, who has taken over from Mr. Du Toit. The team would like to wish Mr. Van Aswegen every success.

### Colours

First team colours have been awarded to: Braak, Davey, C. van Niekerk, Kuyper, Hamman and also to the late J. Human. Half colours have been awarded to: Wegerle, Gibson, Cowie, Frazer, J. van Niekerk, Barnes, Blauw and Jackson.

### Our Thanks

Both teams wish to express their sincere thanks to all members of the mothers swimming committee, for all the refreshments and time given on our behalf. Also to all the masters who helped in training the team. Thanks must also be given to Mr. Van Aswegen for encouraging the water-polo team. This team has improved immensely and we hope to provide a strong challenge to Seuns Hoër next season, who returned victorious after this year's match.



John Matthews, the First Team fullback clearing for touch in the match against St. Stithian's. Boys' High won 14-13.

## SUCCESSFUL CROSS-COUNTRY SEASON

### SCHOOL LOSES INTER-HIGH FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Tim Hill, cross-country has become an important first term activity. This year the School produced good Senior and Junior teams.

About 450 boys participated in the Inter-House Competition. Jeremy Lowes was the winner in the individual section and Dave Fourie came a close second. The Senior and Junior Competitions were won by Solomon House in a brilliant double. To add to the Solomonite prestige Dennis Duff, their senior captain, was appointed School Captain.

## CRICKET:

## A GOOD START FOR THE FIRST XI

The season started off well for the First Team, with two good wins. The first game was against Jeppe whom we beat convincingly by 40 runs. Boys' High batted first and thanks mainly to an exciting inning of 65, consisting of 11 fours and a six, by the captain, John Matthews, and a solid 35 by Monson, we reached a total of 158. Jeppe went into bat, but thanks to a fiery spell of bowling by Mark who claimed 6 wickets for 32 runs, the were soon all out for 118.

### THE FIRST XI CHRASHES, BUT RECOVERS

Parktown beat Boys' High convincingly. We batted first, but were soon all out for 99 runs of which Funston scored 25 runs not out. Parktown went into bat and soon scored a whirlwind 211 for 2 wickets before putting Boys' High into bat again. Despite a whirlwind 47 by Matthews, we were soon in trouble again and were 108 for the loss of 7 wickets before rain stopped play.

Boys' High recovered some lost prestige with an exciting win against St. Johns. After a little rain. Boys' High sent St. Johns in to bat on a sticky wicket. After some poor fielding by Boys' High, St. Johns were dismissed for 208 runs and Boys' High went in to bat. Thanks to good batting by Lance, Matthews, Monson and Funston, we won, scoring the winning run with one minute to go.

### MCLEAN HITS OUT

Springbok cricketer Roy McLean hit a quick 71 against the school for Wilf Isaacs XI and with the aid of Springboks John Waite and Ken Funston Wilf Isaacs XI reached a total of 176. Previously Boys' High had been all out for 174 of which Monson scored a brilliant 81.

The school easily beat C.B.C., but drew with St. Alban's after rain had washed out play early in the afternoon. The match against K.E.S. was also washed out by rain. In a rather dreary match the touring St. Andrew's side played out a draw against Boys' High.

### THE 1st TEAM SLIPS UP

The first team accompanied by Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Mulvenna went to Natal to play against Maritzburg College. Maritzburg batted first and were soon 91 for 9. Boys' High relaxed and so enabled them to score 201 runs. A discouraged Boys' High team went in to bat and were soon bundled out for 54 runs. Boys' High were forced to follow on, but after some good batting had scored 113 for 3 wickets at close of play.

The 1st XI has played 8 games, won 3, lost 3 and drawn 2. Under the coaching of Mr. Hofmeyr and Mr. Mulvenna the team should mould into a strong side for the 4th term fixtures.

SPORTS EDITOR.

## STOP PRESS

BOYS' HIGH ... .. 8  
JEPPE ... .. 3

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