

THE PRETORIAN

1970



The School at Night — the photograph was taken by Mr. Tony Engelenberg.



THE PRETORIAN

1970

THE ANNUAL MAGAZINE OF THE PRETORIA BOYS HIGH SCHOOL

FROM THE HEADMASTER'S VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

If in your education here you have gained some sense of freedom from limitation, then something precious has happened to you! If you can believe nothing is impossible to man because he is made in the image and likeness of God then you are big enough to do anything; you can "walk tall" and have great expectations of good to come into your experience.



I have read recently a statement by a man with some grievance, who was leaving South Africa for good, that education in the Transvaal is the poorest of the four Provinces. Don't you believe that! Examine the motive of that man and then judge the value of the statement. I wonder why people make sweeping generalisations, speaking in headlines to draw attention and then not even speaking the truth Education in the Transvaal today is of a very high standard in those schools that are adequately staffed. It has never been better. English, History, Mathematics and Science have made tremendous strides.

The danger I see is that the standard can become too high catering for the prospective University student and ignoring the needs of the ordinary boy whom I once referred to as the "forgotten boy".



A recent article by an eminent educationist attacked the kraaling off of English and Afrikaans speaking children into separate schools and advocating dual medium education. Now in theory this sounds good. Under such a system your boy would be taught say three subjects through the medium of English and three through the medium of Afrikaans. This would not then be an English Medium High School. The staff would be English and Afrikaans speaking men; (which it actually is at present!) the boys would be English or Afrikaans speaking (which they are at present!) The end product would be, one hopes, South African boys with complete control over both their languages. I have thought about this and I must admit that it is an attractive ideal. But I remember that this very same experiment was put into practice in the Transvaal many years ago and it was a failure. The standard of instruction dropped alarmingly because the letter was obeyed but not always the spirit; because it was just impossible to carry out the experiment with the available staff. But there are also flaws in the premise. It works best in a 50-50 community which we haven't got. The Headmaster, who must be the guiding spirit in a school, will be either English or Afrikaans. Now there is a difference between the approach of the English speaking man and the Afrikaans speaking man to education. We for instance have our very good neighbours and friends, Afrikaans Hoër Seunskool. There is a sincere mutual respect between the two schools, but anyone who is an educationist will know that there is a very big difference in approach between the two schools, and yet each has much to offer! After all, education is concerned with the individual and his identity much more than with the group and I really do not think I could do justice to an Afrikaans speaking boy whose parents desired an Afrikaans orientated



education (they have a right to that!) and I don't think that my neighbour could do justice to an English speaking boy, and yet we can both produce a good South African citizen. Well, what would I do if I were Minister of Education? Leaving politics out altogether I would advise all parents to give their children a primary school education in their mother tongue. I would maintain separate English Medium and Afrikaans Medium High Schools. I would give parents *their right* to select a High School for their child, English Medium or Afrikaans Medium. And what might the result of this be? Pretoria Boys High School would have many more Afrikaans speaking boys enjoying the experience of being on the other side of the fence and Seunshoër would have English speaking boys who have been given the freedom to leave their kraal and roam into a different environment. Boys would be in the High School of their choice and no one would then say that they had been forced into their separate kraals; and the right of the parents would have been recognised. I am sure that the barriers that at present frustrate us would gradually disappear, given time! It must be a slow process.



One hopes that by now you will have realised how much more there is to your education than a knowledge of English, Afrikaans, Mathematics, Science, History, Geography, Latin. We hope that you know enough to be able to stand up to advertisements, to weigh up things for yourself and not to accept the printed word as gospel, to think and work independently. We hope that you are more tolerant of others, more compassionate, more courteous, more thoughtful, more honest, more disciplined from within. We hope that your identity has been preserved. We hope that you will now be able to move on.

"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving . . . We must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, — but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor".

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ORDER OF CEREMONY

INTROIT
HYMN

Scripture Readings

A. T. FOURIE — Hebrews 11
H. FALKSON — Psalm 19

ANTHEM
HYMN
PRAYER
BENEDICTION

PRESENTATION AND SPEECHES
BY MEMBERS OF FORM V

R. J. BURN
E. CAMERON
P. McL. V. RYAN

THE HEADMASTER'S ADDRESS

ADDRESS BY THE GUEST OF HONOUR
PROF. A. KOTZEE

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE GOVERNING BODY
MR. D. SMITH

"FORTY YEARS ON"

1970 LEAVING GROUP

Braak G. H.
Bucke R. J.
Cameron E.
Christie D. J.
Douglas A. S.
Dunseith P. R.
Fine G.

Hedenskog N. A.
Hummel D. B.
Jones E. J.
Lamb D.
Leinberger M. J.
Marais N. W.
Mobbs C. J.

5A

Newby J.
Novellie M. P.
Oosthuizen D. S.
Peberdy N. J.
Rosman K. D.
Ryan P. Mc I. V.
Salmon J. F.

Schady J. M.
Schultz C. R.
Sole M. C.
Van Breda A. V.
V. D. Merwe R. B.
Zweep B. J.

Andersson N. R.
Berg H. A.
Bormann H. K.
Bosman W. J. P.
Bunbury R. D.
Butow G. A.

Cheney C. S.
Douglas G. B.
Edge A. R.
Fourie A. T.
Haskins S. J.
Joubert F. A.

5B

MacGillivray A. G.
Marais E. R.
Miskin A. G.
Novozenetz L.
Raff A. L.
Rowe A. C.

Stockwell A. N.
Tullues R. L.
Van Alphen J. A.
Van Niekerk J.
Weich S. H.

Adams A. H.
Addis D. G.
Baron C. M.
Burn R. J.
Burton A. N.
Cordes A. C.

Davison N. T.
Engels A. F.
Haynes-Smart B. C.
Haynes-Smart D. C.
Kaufmann N. M.
Laubscher G. C.

5C

Levitas D. I.
Levy G. R.
Lombard K.
Mark M.
Matheou C.
Puffett A. J.

Shand I. R.
Shaw F. A.
Sloan L. C. K.
Van Niekerk W.
Van Rensburg D.
Van Rensburg J. J.

Addis J. A.
Ashton M. W.
Barnard P. M.
Clarence R. J. D.
Davey J. J.

Dixon D.
Dorkin J. J.
Heystek L.
Hibbard B. H.
Jones K. A.

5D

Lambert P. D.
Le Sueur P.
Mendelsohn J. M.
Montgomery J. H.
Ovendale B.

Rosser D. W.
Schnetler P. T.
Van Rensburg D.
Von Hirschberg, R. F.
Wegerle S. V.

Basson J. E.
Dellow M. C.
Douglas H. S.
Falkson H. D.
Gillig G. K.
Hattingh J. G.
Hintze K. H.

Jablonski M. R.
Lakier R. H.
Leith G. A.
Levinson C. A.
Matthysen V.
Mastoroudes C. C.
Peters B.

5E

Potgieter E. J.
Procter G. I.
Robson S.
Romanos G.
Sheasby R. W.
Snoek-Henkemans G.
Stedall G. J.

Stevens R. B.
Swanepoel C. R.
Tunmer R. K.
Webbstock B. P.
Weber N. P.
Zikmann E. I.

Barker I. R.
Barnes A. H.
Bernstein G. R.
Blignaut J.
Brown M. C.
Crooks M. D.

Crowder A. G.
De Kock Q. S.
Henderson A. J.
Henkel M.
Jooste D. J.
Kaplan C. R.

5F

Koekemoer J.
MacIvor P. B.
Maree P. B.
Pentelbury R.
Sirakis T. P.
Smook M.

Sterley G. S.
Theodosiou A.
Thompson H. A.
Von Prince T. H.

Blignaut P. A.
Bosch A. S.
Creswell A.
Crosson G. C.

Finkelstein A.
Friedman M. J.
Godwin P.
Jones C. E.

5G

Karagornas G.
Murray N. G.
Murray W. E.
Rautenbach D. R.

Sboros G.
Sheasby A. H.
Williams D. M.

Cockrell M. R.
Cole C. A.
De Klerk A.
Eales K. J.

Isaacson D.
Kubicek B. L.
Kuyper O.
Levy B. N.

5H

Loubser J. J.
Miller D. R.
McMurray M.
Pretorius R.

Riley A. J.
Tulloch R. D.
Wentzel R. S.

STAFF NOTES

New arrivals on the staff in January were Mr. I. Baris (who was with us for a short time two or three years ago), Mr. R. Buwalda, Mrs. J. Botha, Miss Ferreira, Mrs. N. Human, Mr. T. Mulvenna, Mr. Obermeyer, Mr. E. Penzhorn and Mr. F. Seady. Both Mr. Buwalda and Mr. Penzhorn are Old Boys and former prefects. Mr. Mulvenna, who was formerly on the staff for many years, has returned as Senior Assistant after three years away as Vice-Principal of Sunnyside Primary School, and Mrs. Human is an old friend who has helped us before, on the relief staff. Mr. Seady has returned to the country of his birth after some years in Australia.

Relief teachers during the year were: Mrs. Bakkes, Mrs. B. De Wet, Mrs. M. Fourie, Mrs. E. Hurry, Mrs. C. Johnson, Miss I. Le Roux, Miss E. McGillivray, Mrs. M. Moore, Mrs. V. Viennings and Mr. D. Schaefer.

We have reluctantly said goodbye to the following:

First term Mr. Baris, Mr. V. Viljoen.

Second term Mrs. Botha, Miss Ferreira (then Mrs. Prinsloo).

Fourth term Mr. B. Dickson, Mr. J. Harding, Mr. J. Horak, Mrs. Human, Mr. M. Hurry

Mr. J. Lewin and Mr. J. Strydom were seconded for other duties

During the absence of Mr. Abernethy on overseas leave in the second term, Mr. Fair acted as Headmaster. This term Mr. Cheadle was also absent on overseas leave, and Mr. Digby was on study leave.

Bruce Dickson, John Harding and John Horak are all true schoolmasters, men interested in boys as persons as well as in their performance in the classroom or on the playing fields. Bruce Dickson will be remembered by all those to whom he taught science with such conviction and enthusiasm, and by the many others in whom he kindled a passion for the arduous and excitements of the outdoors, especially those parts of it that are rocky and steep or deep and damp. To everything he undertook he gave himself fully. He is now infusing the department of science at the new Sandown High School with his zest.

Although John Horak has resigned from the service of the T.E.D., he is destined, we hope, to return to us some day when he can wrench himself away from the hold that London has on him. He has a great deal to give. During his brief stay he involved himself in many spheres of school life. His going created an appreciable vacuum.

John Harding, alas, has turned away — for a while? — into the wilderness of commerce, after having clearly demonstrated, in his two brief intense years in the classroom, that he was a 'natural'. However well he may do in his new life, and he is bound to do well, he can never do better than he did here. He enlivened everything he tackled.

Like the daffodils, Bruce and the two Johns stayed all too short a time.

Michael Hurry, after returning to us two years ago and adding great strength to the English Department as Senior Assistant, has been appointed lecturer at the Pretoria College of Education. We wish him every happiness and success in his new post, but are very sad that he has gone. The English Department, where his insistence on being precise in speech and writing, and on exercising the critical faculty in reading was constantly stressed, will be the particular loser, but he will be much missed too on the squash court, at the School Bridge club tables, and at the Staff Room Billiard table. Maybe Michael will some day complete the hat trick, and join the P.B.H.S. staff for the third time!

The results of enthusiasm are greatest when enthusiasm is combined with a willingness to sacrifice one's own time and effort: this was the particular contribution which Vivian Viljoen made to the School during his years here as an assistant housemaster in Solomon House, as pioneer of the Biology department, as a tour

organizer and most memorably as O.C. Bugle Band. He it was who coaxed, cajoled, trained and inspired the members of the band who succeeded in attaining the premier position in the Republic-wide competitions over a number of years. He is an exception among staff members who have left the Shcool in that he is not likely to return to us — his present post as Personnel Manager of a Johannesburg firm provides considerable scope for him to use his many talents of organization and administration. His going is a serious loss but we shall watch his no doubt successful business career with real interest.

Finally, to end on a note of optimism, we record with pleasure and congratulations two weddings and two births: those of Eddie Penzhorn to Marie-Louise Venter and of Miss Ferreira to Mr. Prinsloo; and the arrival of Kerith, a second son for Romaine and Keith Gibbs; and of Jacques, son and heir to the worldly treasures of Mr. and Mrs. Frans du Toit.

Transvaal Secondary School Examination

Barnes, A. H.; Blignaut, P. A.; Bosch, A. S.; Bosman, W. J. P.; Brown, M. C.; Burton, A. N.; Clarence, R. J. D.; Cockrell, M. R.; Cole, C. A.; Cresswell, A. J.; Crosson, G. C.; Crowder, A. G.; Davison, N. T.; de Klerk, A. A.; Douglas, H. S.; Eales, K. J.; Finkelstein, A.; Fourie, A. T. J.; Friedman, M. J.; Godwin, P. M.; Hibbard, B. H.; Issacson, D.; Jones, C. E.; Jones, K. A.; Joubert, F. A.; Karagornas, G.; Kubicek, B. L.; Kuyper, O. K.; Lambert, P. D.; Levy, B. N.; le Sueur, P.; Maree, P. B.; Mark, M.; McMurray, M.; Miller, D. R.; Mistkin, A. G.; Montgomery, J. H.; Murray, N. G.; Murray, W. E.; Ovendale, B.; Pentelbury, R. F.; Peters, B.; Pretorius, R.; Rautenbach, D. R.; Riley, A. J.; Robson, S. H. C.; Romanos, G.; Rosser, D. W.; Sboros, G.; Shaw, F. A. (German); Sheasby, A. H.; Sirakis, T. P.; Smook, M. J.; Stevens, R. B.; Stockwell, A. N.; Thompson, H. A.; Tullock, R. C.; van Rensburg, D. J.; Webbstock, B. P.; Weber, N. P.; Wegerle, S. V.; Wentzel, R. S.; Williams, D. M.;

University Entrance Examination

Adams, A. H.; Addis, D. R.; Addis, J. A.; Andersson, N. R.; Barker, I. R.; Baron, C. M.; Basson, J. E.; *Berg, M. A. (Afrikaans); Bernstein, C. R.; Blignaut, J.; *Bormann, H. K. (Afrikaans); *Braak, G. H.; *Bucke, R. J. (Physical Science); Bunbury, R. D.; Burn, R. J.; Butow, G. A.; *Cameron, E. (English Higher, Afrikaans Lower, Latin, Mathematics, Physical Science, History, Commerce); Cheney, C. S.; *Christie, D. J.; Cordes, A. C.; Davey, J. J.; de Kock, Q. S.; Dellow, M. C.; Dixon, D.; Dorkin, J. J.; *Douglas, A. S. (Mathematics, Science); Douglas, G. B.; *Dunseith, P. R. (Latin); Edge, A. R.; *Engels, A. F.; Falkson, H. D.; *Fine, G. (Latin,

Mathematics, Science); Gillig, G. K.; Haskins, S. J.; Hattingh, J. G.; Haynes-Smart, B. C.; Haynes-Smart, D. C.; *Hedenskog, N. A. (History); Henkel, M. C.; Heystek, L.; Hintze, K. H.; *Hummel, D. B. (Mathematics, Science); Jablonski, M. R.; *Jones E. G. (Latin, Mathematics, Science); Jooste, D. J.; Kaplan, C. R.; Kaufmann, N. M.; Koekemoer, J. M.; *Lakier, R. H.; *Lamb, D. J. (Mathematics, Science); Laubscher, G. C.; *Leinberger, M. J.; Leith, G. A.; Levinson, C. A.; Levitas, D. I.; *Levy, G. R.; MacGillivray, A. G.; MacIvor, K. M. de F.; Marais, E. R.; *Marais, V. W. (Mathematics, Science, History, Geography); Lombard, K. Mastoroudes, C. C.; Matthysen, V.; Mendelsohn, J. M.; *Mobbs, C. J. (Mathematics, Science, Biology, Geography); *Newby, J.; *Novellie, M. P. (Science, History); *Nowosenetz, L.; *Oosthuizen, D. L. (Mathematics, Science); *Peberdy, N. J. (Latin, Mathematics, Science); Potgieter, E. J.; Procter, G. I.; Puffett, A. J.; *Raff, A. L.; *Rosman, K. D. (Mathematics, Science); Rowe, A. C.; *Ryan, P. Mcl. V. (Mathematics, Science); *Salmon, J. F. (Mathematics, Science); *Schady, J. M. C. (Mathematics, Science); Schnetler, P. T.; *Schulz, C. R.; Shand, I. R.; Sheasby, R. W.; Sloan, L. C. K.; Snoek Henkemans, G.; *Sole, M. C. (Mathematics, Science, Biology); Stedall, G. J.; Sterley, G. S.; Swanepoel, C. R.; Theodosiou, A.; Tullues, R. L.; van Alphen, J. A.; *van Breda, A. V.; *van der Merwe, R. B. (Afrikaans, Mathematics, Science, Biology); van Niekerk, J. W.; van Niekerk, W. R. H.; van Rensburg, J. J.; van Rensburg, J. D.; von Hirschberg, R. F. A.; *Weich, S. H. (Science); Zweep, B. J. (Afrikaans, Mathematics, Science).
*First Class Pass.



Welsh Rabbits

Months ago we arranged to hire the cruiser, and here at last we are on the bank of the Shropshire Union Canal. A mile to the south are the Hurleston locks, gateway to the Llangollen Canal, which winds its enchanting way for 442 miles through 114 bridges across North Wales. The speed limit varies between 2 and 4 m.p.h., and we must reach Llangollen within six days. No time to be lost! Landlubber born and bred, neither of us would think of admitting our inability to distinguish stern from bows or port from starboard. I step determinedly to the edge of the quay, nonchalantly crasp the first convenient upright of the "Lady Lucille", place my right foot on the gunwale and, with the arm that is not carrying a suitcase, haul firmly but ineffectively upwards. Loosely moored, though tethered fore and aft, the craft obeys the laws of science and slides slowly away from the bank. My left foot clings hopefully to the edge of the quay for a surprisingly long time . . . Ah well, canal water is not quite as dirty as we had been told!

Immediately ahead the canal swings 90° in its approach to the Pontcysyllte aqueduct. To our right, through the spring foliage that lines the steeply descending bank into the valley of the River Dee, we glimpse the nineteen arches of Telford's masterpiece. They carry the canal in an 8' wide cast-iron trough, with towpath and handrail on one side, across the valley, 126 feet above the river. Now we are round the bend (prophetic phrase!), and with little time to marvel at our own courage of beginning the 1007-foot crossing. I hang on to the wheel and peer over the 6" gunwale. The top of the trough being 12" below the gunwale, there is nothing between me and the Dee, 42 yards — 38.77 metres — a twelve storey building — below. My partner has sought the illusory safety of cabin walls. A spring gale gusts down the valley, the nineteen arches quiver, the 7' cruiser responds to the trembling hand on the tiller by clanging from side to side of the 8' tin bath. With grim resolve I accelerate to 2 m.p.h., reflecting that a bridge has stood since 1805 may just possibly stand for a few more minutes. It does. On the far side a Welsh ancient helps us moor while he expounds lovingly the wonders of the aqueduct, "The greatest of its kind in the world". Most of his statistics we have forgotten, but are not likely to forget that the joints of the tin bath were sealed with "Welsh flannel and lead, dipped in boiling sugar", or that the stones of the piers were bound with "ox blood and lime.

In the course of 44 miles 107 roads and lanes are carried across the canal by arched bridges, 7' to 9' above water level. Passage through these almost circular holes is by no means without peril. Real excitement, however, is reserved for the seven "Lift-up" bridges which allow minor tracks to cross the canal. A lift-up bridge is essentially a drawbridge, a foot above water level, hinged at one end. Pivoting on 12' high posts at the hinged end of the bridge, a massive wooden frame projects over the bridge and over the road behind the posts. At its free end



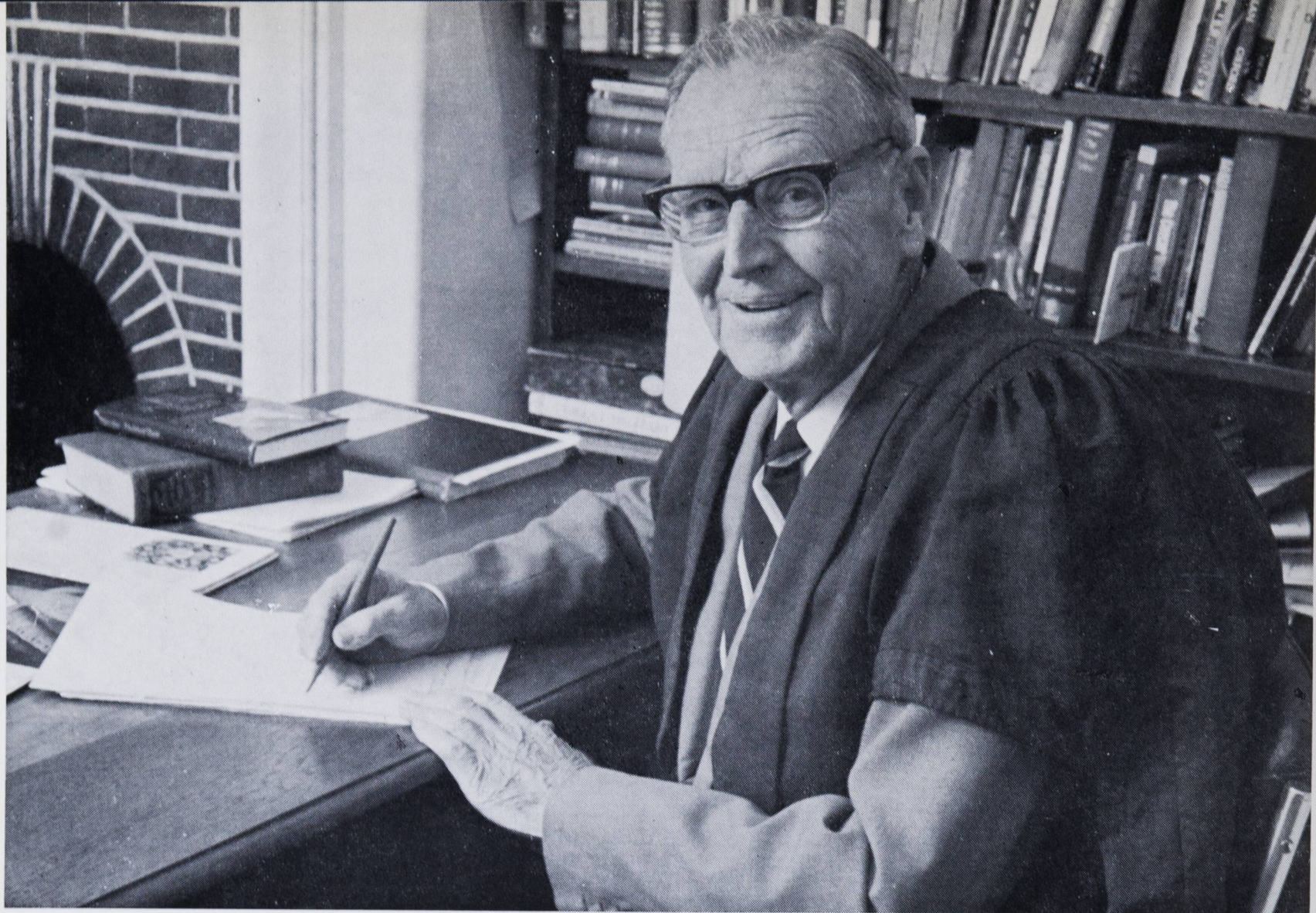
the bridge is linked to the frame above by heavy chains. At the opposite end of the frame hangs loose another chain. The principle is simple: swing on the loose chain and the human body, remembering its school lessons on levers, will lift many times its own weight — the bridge. But these bridges are old, stiff, evil-minded and bad-tempered; having hauled on the chain hand over hand as the frame grudgingly descends the unwary operator is apt to find it is no longer descending but rising, and he with it. In no time at all he is suspended many feet from the ground, clinging apelike to the rusty links. Now you understand the expression of anguished foreboding.

Long ago (ten days), when we were novices, entering a lock was a frightening experience. Many a gate bears the imprint of our bows, and the small boys of North Wales will long be in funds after salvaging the innumerable plastic fenders whipped off by unsympathetic quaysides. We never noticed at the time — there were other things to think about, such as the roaring Victoria Falls to the left, where a weir enables the canal to bypass the lock. The cruiser must approach the quay to the right at just the right speed and angle, so that one's partner, who is poised gracefully where the bowsprit would be if a cruiser had one, may leap nimbly ashore at the exact moment of impact and save the boat and husband from being swept to the weir.

But these difficulties are of the past. We have negotiated too many devilish bridges, tunnels and shallows to be daunted by a mere lock; we should be through this one in five minutes. With coiled rope the crew stands alert in the bows as approach with perfect timing. We have just enough way to reach the quay, not too much so that we'll go crashing into the gate beyond, and not too little so that we'll be carried weirwards. Beautifully done! Slip deftly into neutral. Tiller slightly to the right. That's it. Couldn't be better. The bows gently touch the quay, and the crew leaps ashore. But she doesn't! The beauty of the Welsh countryside has entered her soul; she stands entranced, gazing rapt to the horizon, musing on the nostalgic call of a distant spire.

Our engine is powerless against the force of the current, but providence is merciful; the "Lady Lucille's" draft is greater than the depth of water foaming over the weir; we are just indefinitely marooned. Better put ear plugs in and the kettle on!

— W. N. C



REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER

— **Dr. T. F. Gevers**

Born the son of a missionary in the Western Transvaal four years before the close of the previous century, the writer attended schools in Natal, Germany, and Cape Town, where he also graduated and qualified as a schoolmaster. His first permanent appointment was at Potchefstroom High School for Boys, where he spent 24 pleasant years with South African youth. He was fortunate to begin his career under a very fine Headmaster, C. D. Hope Esq., and a fine body of devoted schoolmasters. From them the writer learnt that the aim of education is not just the teaching of mathematics, but rather character formation, becoming a gentleman, dependability, helpfulness, comradeship and healthy interaction of personalities between masters and pupils — in the classroom, in the houses, on rugby and cricket fields, on the athletic track and the parade ground and in school camps. With gratitude the writer honours the names of his first Headmaster and colleagues.

Pleasant are the memories of many hard-fought battles in clean, healthy, but tense competitions; pleasant are the occasional meetings with Old Boys later in life, when the schoolmaster receives rewards for his endeavours by hearing statements of gratitude, and of success in careers, living through experiences enjoyed together, when the Old Boy was a Present Boy; pleasant were the tours and school camps at the coast undertaken so enthusiastically, even the time when a "fag" had left the writer's suitcase (with his clothes and the boys' pocket money) standing on a Johannesburg platform (fortunately retrieved halfway through the trip); pleasant the Old Boys' annual dinners, where a jovial spirit and comradeship are evident — the old schoolmaster being affectionately addressed by his nickname

and he in turn recalling feats of prowess in sport and mathematics and of mischievous escapades.

Two years of vice-principalship at an Afrikaans medium school were followed by ten years of Headmastership at a parallel medium high school in Pietersburg, where it was very rewarding to experience the loyalty of staff, boys and girls — especially after the Headmaster, early in his first year, managed to capture an intruding burglar shortly after midnight. The pleasure of occasionally meeting Old Pietersburg Pupils is thrilling indeed.

The writer obtained much pleasure from serving on the Executive Committee of a Teachers' Association (being granted Honorary Life Membership) and on the Federal Council of all South African Teachers' Associations.

Mathematics masters do not retire, although they go on pension and the writer was allowed to join the staff of Pretoria Boys' High School, where in his first two years of pensionhood he had the audacity to coach the ninth and tenth rugby teams. The fifteen years of a pensioned mathematics master have been pleasant indeed, blessed with fine friendships and comradely association with staff and boys, for which the writer cannot be thankful enough and feels proud to have begun his teaching career under a fine Headmaster and to have ended it under an equally fine Headmaster, D. F. Abernethy, Esq., as well as having been associated during 52 years with very fine specimens of South African youth. Such a rich life of a schoolmaster has, indeed, been worth while.



REMEMBRANCE DAY — 11th NOVEMBER, 1970

While our generation is, I believe, playing its part in building a greater South Africa and we have shown progress, particularly in the material sphere, it will be left to you to face up to and solve the great problems of the multi-racial society into which you were born.

The fight for peace is in many ways as fierce and demanding as the fighting in war.

— Col. A. Johnstone, D.S.O.

1914-1918

<i>Bean, O. L.</i>	<i>Baxter, E. A.</i>	<i>Gordon, N. L.</i>	<i>Meester, H.</i>
<i>Bourke, J. B.</i>	<i>Bean, R. C.</i>	<i>Gray, F. C.</i>	<i>Meyerson, I.</i>
<i>Chilcott, R. D.</i>	<i>Bisset, V. C.</i>	<i>Gritten, R. E.</i>	<i>Miller, R. D.</i>
<i>Cross, H. H. G.</i>	<i>Blair, I. F.</i>	<i>Hargrave, R.</i>	<i>Neser, B.</i>
<i>Crossley, L.</i>	<i>Blanc, J. P.</i>	<i>Hargrave, R.</i>	<i>Pole, T. R.</i>
<i>Dey, J.</i>	<i>Botha, E. P.</i>	<i>Harrop-Allin, H.</i>	<i>Ritchie, T.</i>
<i>Farmer, P. D.</i>	<i>Bryant, R. A.</i>	<i>Hartley, S.A.</i>	<i>Roberts, M. A.</i>
<i>Graham, P. D. H.</i>	<i>Buyskes, N.</i>	<i>Hartman, G. A.</i>	<i>Robertson, F. A.</i>
<i>Harrington, J. R.</i>	<i>Campbell, N.</i>	<i>Hawke, H. N.</i>	<i>Rogan, H. E.</i>
<i>Johnston, E. H.</i>	<i>Carswell-Smith, J.</i>	<i>Hinton, A. D.</i>	<i>Rogan, H. E.</i>
<i>Lowden, J. H.</i>	<i>Church, A. W.</i>	<i>Holmner, A. I.</i>	<i>Rogan, M. S.</i>
<i>McCallum, D.</i>	<i>Clark, B. E.</i>	<i>Howitson, J. H.</i>	<i>Rogers, N.</i>
<i>McIntosh, B. V. de M.</i>	<i>Clark, B. E.</i>	<i>Howitz, L. O.</i>	<i>Sarcki, E.</i>
<i>Murray, R. R.</i>	<i>Clayton, A.</i>	<i>Israel, L. O.</i>	<i>Saunders, P.</i>
<i>Millar, P. C.</i>	<i>Cohen, S.</i>	<i>Inglis, H. M.</i>	<i>Seaward, E.</i>
<i>Page, J. H.</i>	<i>Cotton, D. M.</i>	<i>Jacobs, G. R.</i>	<i>Seel, I.</i>
<i>Palmer, L.</i>	<i>Creighton, B. W.</i>	<i>Jones, L.</i>	<i>Shepperson, K. O.</i>
<i>Prentice, J.</i>	<i>Cullingworth, D.</i>	<i>Kemsley, K. C.</i>	<i>Simpson, R. A.</i>
<i>Rodda, T. E.</i>	<i>Deas, W. I.</i>	<i>King, A. C.</i>	<i>Smith, A. F.</i>
<i>Russel, D. McK.</i>	<i>De Greef, G. J.</i>	<i>Kirstein, P.</i>	<i>Smithers, H. M.</i>
<i>Scott, C. F.</i>	<i>Delaney, B. A.</i>	<i>Klompje, J.</i>	<i>Southgate, V. B.</i>
<i>Shackell, C. J.</i>	<i>Denny, R. H.</i>	<i>Lane, J. D.</i>	<i>Stotesbury, D. B.</i>
<i>Slade, L. S.</i>	<i>Denny, R. H.</i>	<i>Lane, J. D.</i>	<i>Thomsen, A. M.</i>
<i>Smith, A. J.</i>	<i>De Villiers, L. S.</i>	<i>Lawler, D. M.</i>	<i>Van Heerden, A. G.</i>
<i>Tennant, F. H.</i>	<i>Deëter, P. G.</i>	<i>Lea, C. E.</i>	<i>Van Uitvanck, I.</i>
<i>Tennant, L. D.</i>	<i>Dorfan, M. S.</i>	<i>Leith, G. O.</i>	<i>Van Winkel, L.</i>
<i>Veale, H. C.</i>	<i>Durkin, D. P.</i>	<i>Louw, F.</i>	<i>Warden, J. S.</i>
<i>Wilson, A. W.</i>	<i>Evans, L.</i>	<i>Lyall, J. D.</i>	<i>Warwick, L. D. G.</i>
	<i>Falkson, J.</i>	<i>Maclaren, H. G.</i>	<i>Wimble, H. E.</i>
	<i>Ford, G. W.</i>	<i>MacWhirter, C. J.</i>	<i>Wocke, E.</i>
	<i>Gebhardt, E. A.</i>	<i>Marlin, W.</i>	<i>Woods, L. B.</i>
	<i>Geyser, P. G.</i>	<i>McNair, R. B.</i>	<i>Yaldwyn, R. H.</i>
	<i>Gordon, K.</i>	<i>McIndoe, J.</i>	

1939-1945

Allen, L. C.

***Tranquil You Lie Your Knightly Virtue Proved
Your Memory Hallowed In The Land You Loved***

CLASSMATES OF 1913

by

George S. Findlay

The 1913 matriculants were unique in a way. They had all, and as young children from family settings, seen something of the Boer War. Youngsters between five and seven are well able to sense the strains, the hatreds, the anguish and the sorrows of a war period. And they emerge from it not much impressed with patriotism. They perceive that it merely cloaks animosities. Of course they like the gallantry and parade of soldiery — but they come to be disillusioned even in that when they see it on both sides of tragedy.

That freedom from, and a growing distaste for patriotic blah was definitely a characteristic of all the 1913 classmates. We did not like nationalism, or competitive nationalism, of any kind.

Once when Jimmy Lang, a strict and imposing master started telling us how ill we compared with boys overseas in Britain the class did not like it. Not that we thought we were better. That was not the point. We did not like this grouping. Louis Larkins, a determined sensible boy, stood up at the back of the class and said in firm tones: "Look here Sir, stop this stuff. We are here to learn. Get on with the class." To his credit be it said that Jimmy did not take this as insolence. His response was: "Good God, how delightful. I see you've got guts after all."

However we did not admire guts as a part of group antagonisms. Not only did we know about the war but we were from two schools which had just been brought together. I was one of those who came from the Eendragt School. In both schools the medium was English. We learnt Hollands as a language course, like French or German, and there was no such thing as Afrikaans either before or after the amalgamation. Indeed Afrikaans came in much later. But the grouping of the two schools which were amalgamated was clearly political. The Eendragt was the pro-Boer group.

Once we were at the Boys High the leaven of integration began to work. We were not required to admire each other, thank heaven. Nor yet were we required to have a sense of competition. We were simply allowed to realise what strange, but real, interesting and valuable people there were on both sides of the line. And it did not matter what kind of line there was. Indeed we had begun to forget that there were any lines of division. And we knew that the absence of these divisions was an enriching thing. Young people in these matters are far quicker and wiser than their parents.

We were of course a mixed lot. There were some fellows with a German background. There was for example Otto Kahl, a gentle natured steady and reliable fellow. With all our wars, against Germany and so on, he has alas vanished from my ken. Others again had a strong Hollands background. There was Jan de Ridder, for example, who became a highly regarded doctor at Brits in later years. I used to walk to school with him from the end of Esselen Street across the almost entirely open fields. There was Louis Hiemstra, a lad of small stature but of a determined and lively mind. He is now in the newspaper world in Bloemfontein. Theo. Boezaart had also a Hollands background — a clumsy but spirited and likeable fellow, in later years a well-known attorney in Pretoria. Jopie te Groen whose father made Eureka Cigarettes; Jan Schurink of the well-known Lydenburg family; G. A. J. de Jong, and a number of others.

The parents of these Hollands fellows were usually strict — sometimes, I think straight-laced. But then parents are prone to be odd like that. You have to take them as they come.

There was of course the usual spattering of Jews among us: Julius Lonstein who later became an excellent architect at the Cape, A. Taback, a dentist in Pretoria, and some others. We did not like the discrimination which compelled us to attend prayers in the morning, while they arrived later or lolled about in the cloisters. The discrimination we did not like. We of course did not care a hoot about the religious differences. We knew that those things did not matter at all. And we did not feel they were different kinds of chaps.

The boys from the very English homes were probably freer and easier than most of us — easy-going and amusing fellows like Syd Barlow, Paddy Moorehead, and Colvin Moore. I kept touch with Colvin to some extent, in Northern Rhodesia where he farmed, and latterly functioned on the airways, and wrote challenging articles to the press about Rhodesian affairs — but the rest! They have largely vanished from my view. I can only remember them as an agreeable and merry lot.

There were many of course whom I regarded as perhaps more "acclimatised" South Africans: people like Dan Wessels, good at sport, full of wit, with a fine intellectual home background; Turner Newham, a boy of great taste, aesthetic insight; and an eye for what was amusing; Ernest Haupt, a good-looking able chap; Jaques Krige, gifted as a boy (and later) with a zeal for academic precision and academic insight; Koos Marais, a heavily-built fellow, full of smiling jollity and quick understanding.

I do not know how many of all these survive. If they are still with us I hope they will overlook and forgive my references to their boyish qualities.

Well, such were the groupings in our 1913 class. The important thing was our comradeship. It readily and easily went beyond all our differences. Indeed we liked each other not only because we were thrown together by the accident of history, but because we felt our differences of character were something valuable and enriching to all of us.

A PLACE I SHALL REMEMBER

Next to the swimming pool is an old, badly painted, wooden structure. This is the school gym and is a favourite and frequent haunt for many boys like myself who enjoy using our muscles to the full. Every afternoon at about five, various sounds can be heard in the gym, the rattle of barbells on a rack, the creak of the supporting timbers, the squeak of metal against metal, the heavy breathing of someone performing his exercises before the mirror and the friendly and chatty conversation of two weight-lifters discussing the merits and drawbacks of their training. For half an hour everyday I have sweated and panted, gasped and grabbed at my various exercises. The feeling of sweat running down one's temple, over one's chest and stomach together with that of deep breathing and heavy exertion against a 120 pound weight is self satisfying. A feeling of accomplishment and pride concludes one's daily routine at the school gym. An unspoken but mutual agreement of competing against your friend, trying to push more weights than him, causing one to work even harder, exerting your tired muscles against the inhibiting force of a heavy weight. Such is life at the school gym.

— J. Schady, 5A

The small section of grass behind Solomon House has a special meaning to me. Each first break I make my way there to join up with my circle of friends. Paul Godwin faithfully brings me my cup full of steaming hot tea, in return for one or more sandwiches depending on what's between the two slices of bread.

There are usually six of us and the first thing we find out is "who's got any money today."

We then pool all our copper and silver coins and the resultant is spent on a doughnut and orange drink for each of us.

We swap jokes and it is very comical to see certain chaps' reactions to a 'hat' or weak joke.

By the time second-break comes along it is time for a change of scenery and company and I make my way to Solomon House's Reading room, where 'Gornas and his cronies are either spinning discs or listening to L.M. radio or are stretched out on the floor, oblivious of the worries surrounding them.

— A. Sheasby, 5G

The Headmaster's study is another place which I never will forget. Fortunately I was never sent there by any master or punished there for any wrong. The few times I visited it, however, to enquire about something, it had an atmosphere which immediately made me nervous, although I am not a person who gets nervous easily. To what is this atmosphere attributed? After all, Mr. Abernethy is a fine man and we have no reason to be nervous. Anyway, I suppose one day when I look back, it might become clear to me . . . I'll miss the school . . .

— D. Rosser, 5D

In our school we have approximately 200 boys in a form. One of the most wonderful features of this school is that there is always something for all those 200 boys to do. If one is not intellectually successful it is always possible to exercise your capabilities somewhere else e.g. back-stage work for one of the many school plays, the art society, hobbies club, acting, singing and of course, sport. At P.H.B.S. one is not judged by what one can't do, but by what one can accomplish.

— D. L. Oosthuizen, 5A

Often in late evening we have stood somewhere along the tarred portion of Jacoranda and gaped unseeingly at the murky darkness about. The only conscious awareness was that of a fiery tiredness and the insistent voice of the trainer demanding greater effort, more drive, more speed. We would stare along that avenue of bluegum trees; hear the mocking laughter of the breeze in the waves; feel the hard tar thumping underfoot — and always ahead was the dull yellow glow of the arclamp at the top of S-bend. Then everything would blur in the numb pain of breathing and moving, in weak exhaustion, but always that persistent voice following us in the darkness. When we had finished for the evening the joking and searching for the answer to why we were doing it and the warm pleasure of exhaustion, enclosed in that world of dark brooding trees and a solitary light.

— V. Marais, 5A

If one was to walk about the school at almost any time during the morning, one would be sure of hearing rocifuous cries of amusement from some classroom or other. Closer examination might reveal a class deep in discussion of the latest teenage idol, or of religion or the nine-hour race at Kyalami, or even of a part of the syllabus. The class is relaxed, thinking, and not at all concerned with the requirements of an education department. The master offers little protest, for although his class is rowdy, yet it is also disciplined, and he welcomes the chance to free his charges temporarily of the drudgery of school-work. Thus does this school become, instead of a building in which six subjects are taught to each boy for five years, a window on the world at large, through which the boys might observe, and thus be better prepared for the no-holds-barred melee that is life.

— K. Rosman, 5A

Sweat, exhaustion, but a deep feeling of achievement and enjoyment. I shall never forget our 1st's and 2nd's rugby practices. The beginning of the season was a bind, we had to get fit, but towards the end, being fit and wanting to get fitter, I did not want the practices to end. There was a spirit of complete friendship and the feeling that we were one unit. The practices were hard, especially the ones we had as extras, but this is what we wanted. Everyone knew that he could shirk the training, nevertheless it was done properly. Ending off the practices with winders was sheer hell. Twenty of them, but on completion, there was a feeling of achievement and satisfaction. One could go home knowing that the next game against another school would be more enjoyable.

— R. Bucke, 5A

During the last half of the year, a group of us decided to spend our breaks in the Solomon House reading room. This is the one place I don't think I shall ever forget. Everyone who comes into the reading room at break always has his mind at rest even if he's just been caned by the headmaster. There is a cheerful air in the room at break with music blaring from the hi-fi set. Everything is silent except for the music and the boys turning the pages of magazines. Occasionally this silence is interrupted when someone has read something amusing and wants everyone to hear about it. One really feels at home in the reading room sitting in a comfortable chair with a nice cool breeze coming in from the windows.

— G. Crosson, 5G



Parachuting

To be a "jumper" you have to belong to a parachute or aero club. Persons under the age of eighteen are not allowed to be members of a parachute club. A member must be physically fit and needs a medical certificate to prove this. The club provides the "jumper" with all the facilities required for parachuting. A qualified instructor shows the prospective jumper the correct techniques required for jumping. This is called the ground training stage. When the jumper has completed the ground training stage he is ready for his first jump. This is the most difficult part of being a parachutist. It is the most nerve-wracking experience possible and it is also the most enjoyable experience. Falling through the air in the beautiful silence is the most exhilarating sensation. The first jump does not require much skill. The jumper only has to jump out of the aeroplane and land correctly. After the parachutist has completed ten jumps he gets his "A licence." He may now use a better parachute. This means that he has to pull the ripcord of the parachute in order to open the parachute. After a few jumps his confidence increases and he may then start preparing for his first free fall. After thirty jumps he is called a B licence jumper. A C licence jumper is the most difficult stage. The jumper is required to do a free fall, a water landing, a night jump, a link up in the air and various other tricks in the air. He may also do target jumping. A night jump is very difficult because the jumper has to use his experience to judge when he is going to hit the ground. He has to take temperature, wind currents and altitude into consideration. For a water jump the parachute has to be released from your waist thirty seconds before you hit the water surface. These jumps require great skill. Target jumping requires the jumper to land as close to the centre of a cross on the ground as possible. The parachutist has to manipulate his parachute into position by pulling the many cords attached to his parachute.

To be a D licence or instructor a parachutist has to fulfil the requirements of an A, B and C licence jumper, have over four hundred jumps to his credit and must have taken part in competition jumping. The D licence is the most qualified position a parachutist can accomplish.

Parachuting is one of the greatest sports. It has so much to offer. It is exciting and can give the jumper much pleasure and satisfaction. The feeling of flying through the air is a wonderful experience. It offers any person whether he is a business man or bricklayer a form of escapism from everyday life. It is a way to get rid of one's emotions. It offers you a wonderful silence, a feeling of being alone and a sense of achievement once you have successfully completed a jump.

— D. B. Levitas, Form 5c

How I Came to Be What I Am

It all started in form three when Aubrey Victor suggested that I try my hand at judo.

Without a second thought I approached a local club.

It was the most frightening experience of my life when I addressed the other members without removing my socks. In fits of laughter they made it quite clear to me that judo was done with naked feet.

Immediately I felt despondent and disappointed at the whole idea, and regretted ever appearing at this club.

However I stayed on, saying to myself that I should give it a good try before deciding whether I should leave.

It was three weeks later that I was informed about the open Northern Transvaal Championships which were due to be held quite soon and thinking myself capable I nervously entered my name on the proposal form. It was the biggest mistake of my life, because I lost within the first ten seconds of the fight.

Prodding myself, I made up my mind to beat this boy and decided that hard constructive training would be to my advantage. This I did without fail.

My period of training lasted for two weeks, and it was this training which boosted my morale. Not making a mistake a second time I beat the same character on points. It was at this moment that I realized I could go right to the top. Determination and a good fighting spirit were all I needed.

My instructor was a German who had been studying judo for fourteen years, and with his experience, he wasted no time in preparing me for the closed Northern Transvaal Championships 1968.

I had graduated to yellow belt when I took part and made a great success of my bouts, becoming Northern Transvaal Champion under a hundred and ten pounds.

I felt so proud of this achievement and wished that I had set my heart on this sport from the age of five. My parents were only too pleased for my sake, and did not place any obstacles in my way. I had a clear run.

My complete existence centred around judo.

During my judo career of two and a half years, I have represented Northern Transvaal nine times in provincial bouts. I have also received my Northern Transvaal colours and was rated at the end of 1968 as the most improved judoke in South Africa.

In my short stay at Dave's Studios I was also awarded my first dan in Ju-jitsu and purple belt in Karate which I took part in during my spare time.

Unfortunately I have had to devote most of my time to the matriculation examinations at Pretoria Boys High School, but will continue my training overseas where I plan to stay with my sister before returning to South Africa.

— A. J. Riley, Form 5A

My Reasons for Scoring for 3rds XI

I have many reasons for scoring for the 3rds XI. Below are a few:

- No. 1 It doesn't really matter what team I score for.
- No. 2 I score because of the food you get, cold meats, and appetising and delicious pudding. Tea three times a day (not actually tea, but cool-drinks, cakes, biscuits etc.)
- No. 3 At the house you have to watch cricket and I think it is much better watching cricket and doing something useful instead of just watching.
- No. 4 You do not have to do gardening at 3.30 p.m. because the bus only arrives back at the school at 5.30 p.m.
- No. 5 You don't have to do skivvy duties.
- No. 6 You don't get bullied (or getting taught how to respect your elders as they call it) because you are just not around.

And, excluding all these things, I enjoy scoring.

— M. Van Os 1A (1971)

The Greatest Sport

The sport from which I have received the most, is undoubtedly the sport in which I have given the most of myself, and that is amateur wrestling. I started this barbaric form of entertainment at the tender age of nine. And I took to it like a duckling taking to water, or so I like to think! The reason for entering the arena at this early age was my father. In his time he had been a very successful Springbok wrestler, collecting a silver medal at the Olympic games. But, like the wise old codger that he is, we were not pushed along or forced to participate in any competitions until we (my brothers and I) reached the better side of fifteen.

My father began to demand a bit more as his seemingly infinite patience was slowly running out. He began to expect more from us and in return I'm afraid we were a bit of a flop. The trouble was that we were rather heavy for our ages and therefore we met much more older and experienced opponents who weighed the same. And the result was disastrous. One defeat followed another and as well as having a physical effect it also had a psychological effect.

But then suddenly the 'sleeping giant in us seemed to be awakened' and we slowly began to gain the upperhand over the local grapplers and made a bit of a name for ourselves. Wrestling is unknown in English circles and therefore the Afrikaners were very surprised to see that three 'rooinekke' were just as tough and as durable as they themselves.

The hard work and heartbreak began to pay dividends as we captured local titles and were an asset to our club and province. There was no one prouder than my father: he was the possessor of three sons in the Northern Transvaal Junior Wrestling team. To this day I still believe that this was the best treatment possible for his arthritis-ridden back. It seemed to make the pain easier to bear. To the reader of this article wrestling must be something of an unknown quantity, therefore I shall proceed to clarify it.

One wrestles on a foam rubber mat covered with canvas measuring about eighteen feet by eighteen feet. There are three judges, one referee and a mat president who is in charge of the legal aspect of the bout, i.e. the rules.

And of course there is a time-keeper. The duration of the bout is nine minutes with an interval of one minute between the three, three minute rounds. The object is either to beat your opponent by gaining a fall, i.e. holding him in such a manner that both his shoulders make contact with the mat for three seconds; the alternative is to gain a victory by a greater tally of points. To accomplish this you have to out-think and out-manoeuvre him. One does not have to be Samson to achieve this but the answer lies in the scientific aspect of the sport. I believe in this aspect of the game and it gives me great satisfaction to dispose of opponents who think because they are strong as oxen and Sannie is out somewhere in the audience watching with bated breath, they can easily soften you up. They keep on coming forward at a great pace and the dopes do not realise it, but this is the stage when you are completely and utterly off balance. He suddenly wonders why he is flying through the air like an acrobat, but he receives a nasty shock when he comes down to earth and through glazed eyes he sees the referee counting him out.

Your first opponent to overcome before a fight is your nerves. One consolation is that you know that your opponent feels much the same way. Your stomach does uncalled for turns and your temples throb and sweat comes down in streaks. At this stage you start chewing your nails but the opening bell mercifully puts an end to this.

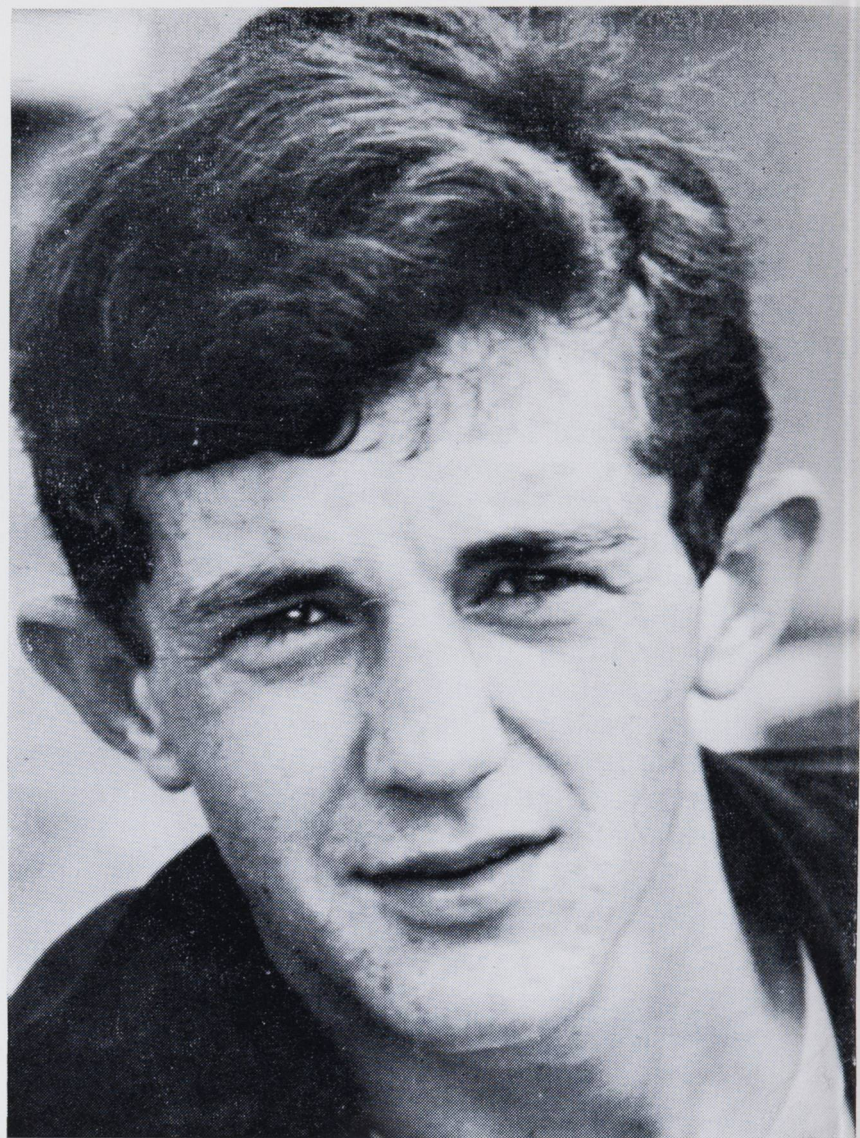
All these trials and tribulations are worthwhile after a victory.

— A. Sheasby, 5G

The Golden Age of the Bi-plane

Like there has been a golden age for Steam engines and Stage coaches, there was a golden age of bi-planes and now, with the advent of the jet, piston engined aircraft. The old 'planes with piston engines were far more beautiful than today's jets, biplanes with their frail wings, struts and undercarriage with that look as if it were going to disintegrate any moment. The fine workmanship in its wood/canvas wire structure.

When you climb into the cockpit there is none of the spaciousness and luxury you



will find in a modern jet fighter. The space in front of you is occupied by your joystick, dials, twin gunmountings and your compass. Your elbows touch the canvas sides and apart from the wind screen in front of you, your head and shoulders are at the mercy of the elements.

When the engine is started the whole plane throbs and vibrates with life. Sitting as you are, you feel that the plane has a life and mind all of its own, and you are there for the ride, asking this animal of the sky about you want out of it through the joystick and rudder bar. As the plane takes off it does so with an absolute grace of movement,

that only a bird can achieve. As you gain speed the wind plucks at your face, trying to pull you out of your seat, as you gain height you feel the wind toying with your steed, and you realize that you are not a man and a machine, but a union of the two making a great bird that is fighting gravity and wind for superiority of the air, the plane is part of you and you are part of the plane. You feel a great pride in that this fragile animal you are commanding is able to do something that man, despite his physical strength, is unable to do.

As you bring your steed down you are frightened that should you land too hard you might hurt this animal of the air, but, you bring it down so softly that you do not feel the bump through the wood and wire bracing. You want to get out of the plane because you are cramped and yet you do not want to desert your newly found friend.

This feeling can not be felt except by those who rebuild these old aircraft or replicas of them. The Golden age of bi-planes is now almost over, but, as in the past, it is kept on by those few who really know what flying is like.

— P. Reardon, Form 3

The Day I got into a Fight

Last year at about the end of the term I was in a fight with a boy who was always acting and looking for trouble with me. We decided to fight at second break and found a spot where the teacher on duty wouldn't be able to see us, but as usual a big crowd of children stood around to watch and the teacher saw us fighting.

We were taken to the headmaster who told us to come to his office the next day. We went and he got a pair of boxing gloves each. We went into the quad and started hitting one another. To me it was almost like a dream except that when I got hit it hurt. The one time I dropped my guard and all of a sudden I saw a black thing hurtling at me and before I could turn, it hit me on the jaw. My whole jaw was jerked backwards and for a split second everything was black. I hit him a couple of times on the jaw and chest and once in the eye.

This is a fight I will never forget because for quite a few days after that he walked around with a half-closed eye and I walked around with an aching jaw.

— Anon, Form II



Effective Karate!

The amount of hold-up's had increased by about seventy-five per cent. I decided it would be beneficial to me (both physically and financially) if I took up karate as a safety measure.

I went to a well-known karate school and immediately disliked it. There everybody was kicking and punching everybody else — it wasn't my sort of game (I prefer rugby). After that lesson I gave it up rather tail-between-my-legs style. However I managed to learn a very good tip that night. That was whenever you assailed the opponent you let out a blood-curdling shout. This they said causes your gland to secrete (something?) and then various other processes (unknown) occur and this eventually makes you physically and psychologically stronger. This is probably rubbish but it nevertheless deters the opponent. Thus I came out with a brilliant theory: which was that if I could perfect shouting bloodthirstily, I would defeat anybody (just about) without laying a toe on him. This however, I was told wasn't that brilliant and so 'the correcter' taught me a new trick.

Now normal hold-ups happen down dark dead-ends when somebody sticks a gun in your back. This is where this trick comes in. If this happened to me I would first remain absolutely motionless, then slowly clench my fist, brace my arm, my right leg and back, count one, two and then swing round with my arm using my elbow to cause a certain amount of unexpected pain in my assailant's solar plexus. After this rapid action, I would turn around and knock the hoodlum out, and drag him to the nearest police station. And so I began to practise this movement until I was able to crack a couple of bricks in one go. After that I decided I was ready to face anybody (barring a few).

So what I did was walk down the darkest dead-end at night with ten rand notes sticking out my picket — hoping. It happened on the twelfth night. I was walking down the alley (near the police-station) when I felt the jab of a gun accompanied with a "Hand it over." I went through my perfected ritual and swung round and missed — it was a midget!

"Look buster, don't get funny or I'll blow your knee-cap off!"

I gave up and moved to a new suburb.

— G. Beckwith, 3A

The Word is 'Scuba'

Floating in the waves, in the lovely warm Indian Ocean I can hear the noise of jets, motors, people screaming and the world making its usual din. I then jack-knife into the calm serene world of the coral below: A world within a world. Around me swim thousands of little fish, not in the least disturbed by this intruder who has so rudely entered their own world. All I hear now is the cracking of the minute hermit crab. This is my life. I virtually live to "go down to the sea again" and dive.

What should a sport have to offer to the individual? To my mind it should offer a challenge not only to beat your opponent but a challenge to beat yourself, to test your will-power. It must offer you a physical challenge as well as a mental one. But the most important thing is it must teach you to be a sportsman and to take a beating like a man. SCUBA diving has all this to offer you. Every aspect of this sport is a challenge, you are challenging the sea, and at times it can be a mighty competitor. What does SCUBA diving entail? Well, the word SCUBA means Self Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus. This means that you have your own supply of air with you. The air is compressed into a cylinder at a pressure of two thousand four hundred pounds per square inch. As you can see, one has enough air to keep you floating among the coral reefs for a long time.

There are a lot of dangers attached to this sport. A danger everyone avoids is the diving sickness called the "bends." This is due to the high nitrogen content in your blood stream. This all seems so complicated to the non-diver but in actual fact it is not. Our main danger is sharks.

I would like to tell you about some of my experiences I've had while diving. We were diving off a point on the Mozambique coast in about fifty feet of water. We anchored over the reef and I put on my "gear". We had decided to go and take some photographs of the reef underwater so all I had with me was my underwater camera. My two "buddy" divers dived off the boat and I was last to enter the water. We were diving in a current and so I hung on to the anchor rope slowly letting myself down. I heard a warning sound

behind me but I took no notice of it, thinking it was my demand valve giving me trouble. I then saw a school of fish swim past me and due to the limited vision you have with a mask I turned slightly, to see them swim away. I then noticed my buddy taking a whole lot of photographs of something behind me. I watched him for a long while and I noticed that he was taking photographs of one thing only. I then decided to turn a full hundred and eighty degrees around and I looked straight into the jaws of a ragged-toothed shark. It was twelve feet away from me lying dead still in the water. Only then did I realise that I did not have a gun or a knife. There it was — this massive creature with these massive dorsal fins and a terrible looking mouth. Its eyes were set on me and I could sense that this was to be my last swim ever. It then slowly turned and looked at the chap taking photographs, who was still happily clicking away while I faced this monster. I then looked around for the other diver who had the shark gun, which incorporates an explosive head, but he was nowhere to be seen. The shark slowly began to swim around me and slowly tightening up his circle around me. Then like an angel from heaven my friend with the shark gun dived down from the surface and stopped within feet of the shark and shot it in the brain. It was killed instantly and floated a matter of inches past me on its way to the bottom. We managed to drag it to the boat, haul it over and took it to shore — it weighed two hundred pounds and was eight feet long . . .

Now one can see the challenge this sport offers and in actual fact every single sport offers a challenge, I have just picked the one that can determine life or death. To my mind if every person in this society today took part in some kind of sport there would be no drug taking, drinking and permissiveness.

All one needs is an interest which will involve you utterly.

I can recommend my sport to any person who is fit to take a great challenge—not only to dive with sharks but to face all the mental and physical challenges it offers you.

— V. Matthysen, Form 5E

The Greatest Sport

Cross-country will always be my favourite activity. I love this sport for varied reasons. To me a sport is not enjoyable to play and partake in. It must contain something more. It must have tremendous physical exertions and be enjoyable at the same time.

Cross-country is a constant physical strain and however stupid it may seem I enjoy this. At the moment I run by myself out of school and for the school. I find two different kinds of enjoyment in these activities. When running by myself I run further and at a slower pace. I try to run the most strenuous courses consisting of uphill running. This is mainly a stamina run. During training at the school, shorter flatter and faster training is done. At the beginning of a season of running I normally have periods of stiffness and suffer from painful joints, but when I start reaching a state of physical fitness I begin to enjoy running the most.

Experts say that running is the most strenuous and exacting sport. In cross-country not only must a person's legs be in perfect condition but also their arms and lungs.

The variation in a run never makes it boring. One may run through veld, forests and over, through, and under obstacles. There is always a new problem to face and triumph over in cross-country. I find my body like a living machine.

Like all runners of longer distances I run by the heel toe method but unfortunately I run on the sides of my feet. A runner must adjust his steps, breathing and whole running mechanism on different slopes.

On a downward stretch longer paces are taken with deep long breaths, this is usually the time of recovery after an uphill stretch which if run fast is the most tiring kind of running. In uphill running the body should lean forward and short sharp steps and breaths should be taken.

I love the push in a race. When running against another person the one runner is constantly forcing the other to new and greater efforts. As in boxing the race begins with testing. He tests you by running faster and slower seeing if you will pass or lag behind.

A further reason why I love cross country is its fairness. In cross-country the best man always wins. Unlike many other sports where the take-it-easy natural sportsman becomes the star, cross country is dominated by the fittest.

There is always a new sphere to explore in cross-country. It consists of races from two to fifty miles, although some people like to call the twenty-six mile and over mark or marathon a separate event.

After a race I am either on top of the world or depressed. If I have run a good race and pushed myself until I sweated and groaned, I am happy. On the other hand there is always that nagging question, Could I have pushed myself further?

Lastly cross-country is for everyone. I take myself as an example. I used to be fat, overweight and lazy but I grew to love cross country, it was my introduction into the wonderful world of sport and I soon obtained a physical sense of well-being.

I would say the most important requirement for cross country is a love for it.

With this, the ordinary person will become a world champion.

— K. M. McIvor, Form 5F

Golfing Etiquette

The greatest sport in the world is golf. This is as old a sport as soccer or tennis and is played all over the world. Golf can be a sport or a profession but I am going to discuss the game as a sport.

Golf is unique because those who play it range from twelve to eighty years of age. Most of these people are termed weekend golfers as they play only over the weekend. Both young and old are taught what the word "etiquette" means. This plays an important part in the game of golf, for every minute of the game one has to be well-mannered towards one's fellow golfers. You have to be quiet when your partner hits his ball. If you lie in front of him you have to let him hit first. If he wins the hole you must always walk behind him as you cross a bridge etc. and you do not play the ball if the foursome in front

of you are still on the green. Nor do you stand behind a fellow if he is about to address the ball.

It is a game of dedication, as only the dedicated get anywhere close to realising their ambitions on the golf course. This means that a person has to get onto the practice tee and practise his shots for hour after hour until he or she has eradicated the fault in the shots. Only the dedicated golfer is the successful one. Hard work is the key to success. If a person is not prepared to spend hours working at the game he is considered a drop-out by the golfing community. Just as you have a goal in life, you have a goal in golf and in both of them only true dedication and hard work will see you through.

Honesty is another key word in the game of golf. There is frequent opportunity to be dishonest in the game of golf, but as you play you get to know that honesty is the best policy. For if you are dishonest in your scoring you yourself lose out as your handicap will be lowered and you will not be able to play to your handicap, and because you have been dishonest you will lose some money as one of the traditions of golf is that on each game you and your partner have a small wager with your opponents. One of golf's great traditions is that the winning pair buys a round of drinks for the other two.

Golf also teaches you the true meaning of comradeship. For example, if your partner is lying well, you must play safe and go for the bogey and let him go for the birdie even though you might have got a birdie yourself. Golf is one of the best sports for keeping a person fit. You walk about seven miles during one round of golf and you exercise all the other muscles as well. The game of golf is also one of the best social activities you will find.

I think you now see why I think golf is the best sport, for no other sport, as much as golf teaches you to be well-mannered, honest, a true comrade, dedicated, fit, honour obligations and traditions, work hard towards your goal and meet many people. The sport of golf teaches you all these things and once you are doing them on the golf course, it must follow that you will start doing them in other aspects of your life.

— G. K. Gillig, Form 5E



... There is only one place in the school that one day in the distant future I would like to see again. It is situated behind Rissik House in the lower half of the koppie. Here under the trees is where, during breaks, some friends and I congregate virtually every day. It is a pleasant spot, and here we discuss little things like exams, and big things like autocycles, motor cars and other items in a schoolboy's fantasy. Here where the pines are tall, the blue gums large and the undergrowth thick and coarse, is where schooldays were the best. One thing that I will always remember is the dirty, foul smell that drifts around this area coming from what we established as the Rissik House dump-heap, the foul odour coming from the boarders' left-overs from breakfast.

— P. Le Sueur, 5G

Colours

At 6.30 a.m., in the Kruger National Park, we came upon a clearing but at that time of day it was a very strange clearing, for the golden-red sun had illuminated the grass which had silvery-white flowers. The stalks of the grass were a lively orange, and the silver tops were aflame with blood-red fire.

The fox's back in the middle of the clearing made a sharp contrast to the "hot" colours, as his black was black with two streaks of white hair, as if a painter had run awry with a paintbrush on his back. His large pointed ears perked up, and his long snout immediately jerked up. His brown, soulful eyes looked at us, and then he turned, as if in disgust.

It looked very beautiful, the deep blue, cloudless sky overhead, the green trees flecked with gold, the clearing burning in its bright red glory, the fox's ears cocked, his back piercing the flames so distinctly . . .

— A. Jablonski, 1E (1971)

Discotheque

It was that night that I met Sue, a real cute kid, with short blonde hair and she had a great sense of humour. Her graceful body moved in time with the music, our conversation flowed easily with the dim lights wrapping us in a private world of our own.

The next thing I knew she was in my arms, but it was natural and we were at ease, I didn't feel like a naughty school-boy as I had with other girls; she was soft and warm, calm and smooth like the intimate music being played. We were suited like record and record-player, together forming a harmony.

We walked out-side, away from the discotheque, the air was still warm, holding the heat from the day, the ground moved beneath our feet the silhouettes of trees floating past and the stars swirling in the heavens, my mind was moving too, but it was dulled, and just holding hands seemed insufficient, it was as if

Sue had read my thoughts but I knew it was just right, natural, and our lips sought each others, her lips were as I had imagined, warm, moist and soft.

I don't know for just how long we were like that but we started back for the disco' with warmth flowing through us, Sue wasn't going to be a one-night-stand — she was for keeps.

— B. G. M., Form 4

Visit

I walked into his study, my heart beating fast. I was guilty and I was not the only one that knew it. He knew it just as well as I did.

"Bend." His voice sent shivers down to my knees, my heart pumped even faster than before.

I bent, my head knocking the desk, my hands rested on my knees, trying to stop them from knocking together. My pants were pulled tight and I knew that this was going to help it sting more.

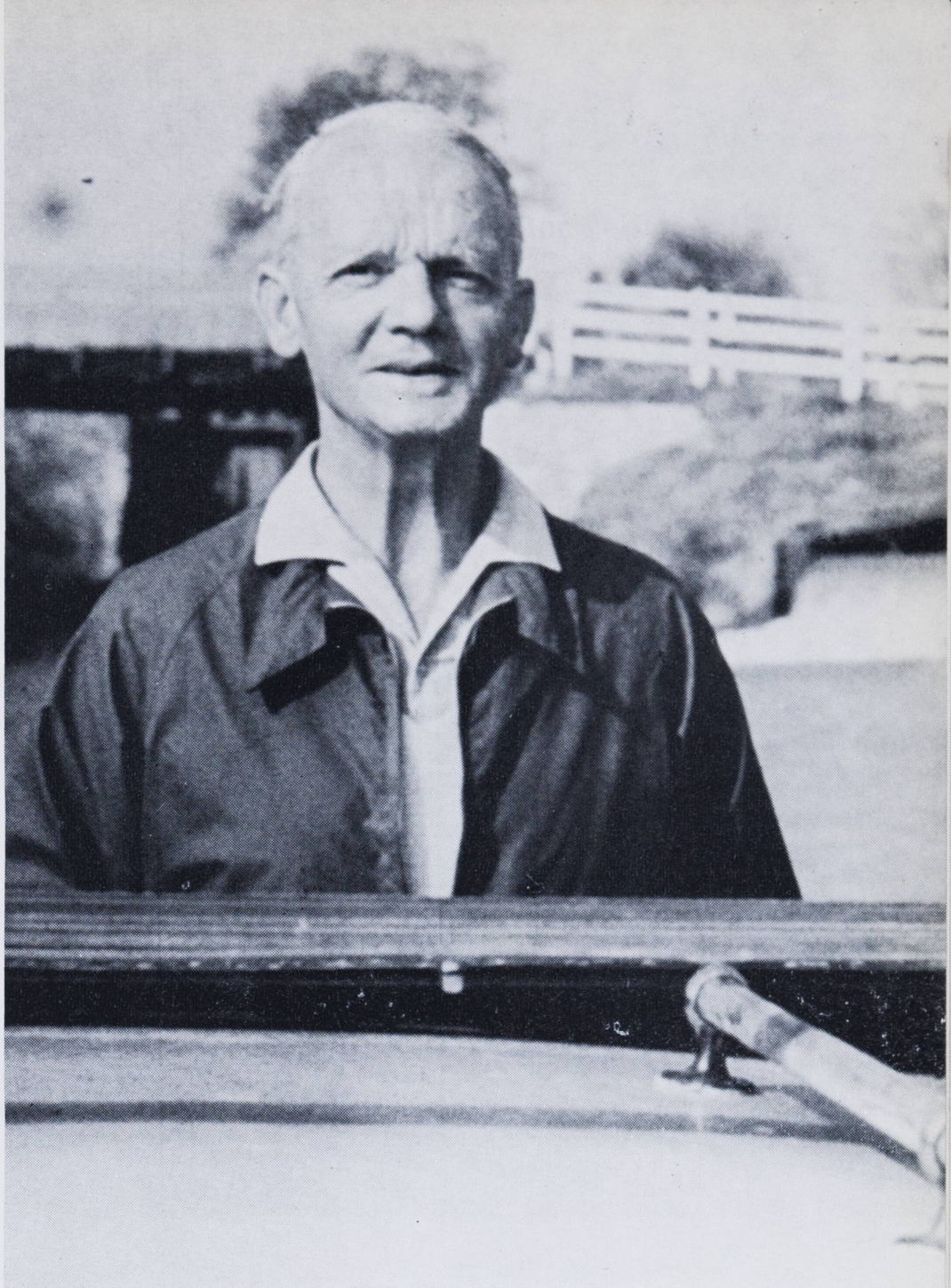
The cane was in his hand. I knew this because I could not pull my eyes away from the cane, no matter how hard I tried. Just then the door opened, the door-opener saw me, said 'Sorry', and waited outside.

Again I bent, my hands on my knees and I waited. The sweat was dripping down my forehead. His hand stretched back, the cane came down fast. I felt the first sting, five more to come.

After the third blow I felt numb, and then I lost count. Suddenly he stopped hitting, I waited for the next one, unable to stop my hands from rubbing, I turned to see him putting the cane away.

"You don't want anymore, do you?" I realised that he had finished with me. I walked out of the prefect's study, smiling at the masses; it was all over, but my knees were still shaking.

— R. Day, 4



... The darkroom adjoining Mr. Brooks's laboratory holds in memories that I will long remember. It was here that my interest in photography developed and where I spent many hours in the afternoon in attempts to improve my skill in the art of developing and printing photographs.

I will never forget the day the air-conditioner was installed. The heat was unbearable before and chemicals were too hot; XPELAIR solved the problem. Long after it had been installed, I still noticed the difference. GOOD LUCK, PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

— D. Rosser, 5D

... The front lawn and steps at Solomon are the places in this school which I shall always remember. Year in and year out there is always some kind of game going on over there, usually cricket or soccer or rugby. I would always join the cricket games or else the touch rugby which seemed to go on all afternoon. I think the main attraction the front of the house had for me, was the fact that so many others like myself gathered there to listen to the remarks made by the house clowns, who are usually in form five. The chaps would always seem to be in high spirits, and so the game would be so much more enjoyable.

— A. Cresswell, 5E

My First Fight

I remember my first fight. It was an unnecessary fight but perhaps I saw myself as another Tom Brown fighting "Slogger" Williams, or a Teddy Lester conquering some cad or other. I remember being rather disappointed — there had been nothing admirable or noble in the fight — it had merely been a common brawl that didn't last long and which resulted in the pair of us getting dirty and dishevelled.

My greatest enjoyment of school life came when I played rugby for the first fifteen. I was accorded some measure of prestige and my secret ideal was to some extent fulfilled.

The rugby itself was always highly enjoyable. One of the biggest thrills of my life was running on to the field with the team to the accompaniment of the roar from the spectators. The feeling of mutual comradeship the feeling that "we're all in this together mate," has been my greatest experience during my years at school.

Enough of myself. Let us consider some aspects of the school itself. I have noticed that the masters who take a personal interest in each boy they have dealings with receive correspondingly more respect. Some masters are inclined to overdo this and consequently lose some of their status. There are a few masters, a very small number, who do not seem at all concerned with the welfare of their pupils. These are almost universally detested.

One aspect of school which I like is the dignified Friday assembly. When something funny is said one can feel the full-throated virile laughter from the school. Should something faintly amusing be said a titter will always pass through the ranks of boys. The time when it was announced that Miss

Matthews was leaving (she was very popular among the boys) a universal sigh of disappointment rose up from the school and almost everyone turned and grinned at her. It is at these assemblies where one can feel the spirit of the school which, some people claim, doesn't exist.

— R. D. Bunbury, 5E

The Silent Rebel

Since my entry into this school, a new type of boy has emerged to replace the typical schoolboy figure. I choose to call him the silent rebel, and he is the result of this society, not of this school-system. It is, however, the duty of the teacher to adjust, to enable himself to meet this new pupil on his own ground, and I cannot help but feel that few masters have achieved this. Perhaps it is just that I have become more aware in these last few years, but I feel that the standard of discipline has gone down. It is not due to a lack of corporal punishment, merely a lack of understanding, of communication between boys and masters, and to return this school to its previous high disciplinary standards, this gap must be bridged, this feeling of animosity gently doused.

However, a school's condition is created by its occupants, not its buildings. Boys in their adolescent years need a guiding hand, and I can only conclude that this school's greatness is the result of its staff and, in particular Mr. Abernethy. I would like to salute this man, for in the three valediction services I have attended it has been revealed to me that he has true understanding and that this school is the result of his work and that of his three predecessors.

— A. Burton, Form 5A

... One of the many places I will remember is the gallery in the school hall. It took quite a few years to get there, and you often envied the form five boys who sat there. And eventually, just before the validation the form four's are allowed to go and sit upstairs and take their places. One of the many things I enjoyed in the gallery, was listening to stories which were told on Monday mornings. The thing I did not enjoy were the uncomfortable benches.

— G. Sbaros, 5G



... The Prefects Room, to me, has been my place of seclusion. It was a place where I could go to whenever I felt I just couldn't face the rest of the school. It was a place that saw me before, during and after school many times. The radio-gram playing soft music; the sink filled with dirty cups; a notice above the sink "PLEASE WASH YOUR CUPS"; the battered old fridge; the unforgettable, mind-filling posters; and last of all my favourite old dilapidated armchair. This is a place I shall always remember!

— K. Jones, 5D



An Appreciation of New York

A field of daisies dancing in a summer breeze — the never-ending flow of yellow taxis, the clanging of metal upon metal in the underground, the smell of diesel fumes, perfumes and newfumes . . .

When one arrives in New York you are greeted by an atmosphere, it appeals to your senses, yet you cannot describe it, it is with you all the time, reminding you that now you are in New York in a heart pulsating with life.

Your first experience of a true New York citizen is the cab-driver who subjects you to all known hazards in your ride from the air terminal to your hotel. You cannot miss him for he drives a bright yellow taxi, he is clothed in a dirty white shirt and grey flannels and the inevitable cigar that he was almost born with, hangs from his lips.

He knows no courtesies on the roads or to other people. Chewing on his cigar, his arm out the window, he will begin interrogating you.

"Where ya from?" You answer politely and even before you have stopped he has told you that it is a great country and far better than the dump he lives in. The ride, a mere sixty miles per hour leaves you shattered.

Your next encounter with the same species is at the reception desk of your hotel, you quickly brush up on your sarcasm and vulgarities and ready yourself for another kill, but this one takes you by surprise and you can only answer him with your mouth agape. He was friendly to you, you think wide eyed and still with the same shocked expression on your face. You walk into the streets of the city.

The streets are either small veins or tunnels cut through the vast masses of concrete, steel and glass or they are narrow openings overcrowded by concrete steel and glass. People like you have never seen in your life, walk the streets of Manhattan, people of every colour, size and smell. Suddenly everything hits you, you hear noises and you realise that it's only the traffic, you look around feeling insecure, you grasp for reality, the sky, your resort, you look up and up, "By God it's gone!" you think, for all you see is grey buildings,

panic grips you, for a time you imagine that New York does without the sky. At last you see it, not even a square foot of it but it is enough to sustain you.

Tired and worn out after walking Maddison and Forty second avenues you stop to rest and think. Why was New York built, for people, for civilization? No, those are too remote from human nature, it was built for money, for those inevitable green dollars. When you look at all those faces; so many of them lifeless, totally unaware of their surroundings, the experience of life is lost with them. Now they only exist as mindless vegetables. Now you are even more sure that New York belongs to no human, it wasn't built by them, it is only occupied by their bodies; and their minds? Buried in some quaint graveyard for dead minds all you feel like doing is placing a few daisies on those graves and leaving them as a token of your contribution mankind.

— D. R. Addis, Form 5D

One Sunday

When I was walking through Hillbrow one Sunday I looked into a small cafe and saw a typical hippie.

He was sitting with four of his friends and they were all sharing one cup of coffee. He was of medium height, with long brown frizzy hair. It came about a quarter of the length down his back and was extremely dirty and unkempt. His beard grew into his hair. Under his thick brows were a pair of bloodshot eyes and he had a long straight nose.

He was dressed up like all hippies and wore a weird shirt which had a great big tear in it.

Beneath all the dirt I could see large purple, red, and pink flowers. The neck was made of frilly material. His pants were bell bottoms made out of what looked like leather and he had a pipe sticking out of his back pocket. On his feet he wore wooden sandals with leather straps. On his hand he had a tattooed sign. The language he spoke was out of this world.

— G. Hellinghot, Form 1

... Besides enjoying the scenery of the tall pine trees reaching for the clouds, I very much enjoy sitting in Mr. Fair's class, and listening to the flow of water.

— A. Finkelstein, 5G

Rider in the Rain

My eyes opened. My mind was half asleep. Time? — six twenty. The weather was awful — to most people; to me, I like the rain. I stared at the dismal gloom through the slats of the venetian blind, 'It's gonn'a be 'tit' fun riding in the rain.'

I got up, stumbled into the bathroom and washed. I came and dressed, then went for breakfast. Time? Six fifty.

For breakfast — Pro Nutro, toast. 'Mm, same every morning, except over weekends.' I finished breakfast, put my lunch in my bag, and went to get my bike. It was pouring. Good. I put on my rain coat, rather, duffel coat, and strapped my bag on my carrier. Time — seven fifteen. I'm just about to go — harsh words of warning from the "old man". Heck, what does he think I am, a kid? I said goodbye and left, with a piece of toast in my hand.

The rain was coming down, I had finished my toast. Little pellets hit my bare legs, and it was nice. I pedalled along thinking of nothing in particular, just concentrating on the wet road ahead. Turn right here. Time? — seven thirty. 'What's that — a couple of birds from Girls High — not bad,' Turn right here, up this hill and 'home James'.

I pulled into the grounds and locked my bike under a tree. The rain had made me thoughtful and silent, but it was good to ride in the rain — do it more often.

— A. du Plessis, Form 2

Ambitions (Everchanging)

This subject is a very controversial point and is never really constant, amending itself on an average of once every six months. Starting in 1960 I wished to become a chemical scientist. Next was the urge to become a Golf Pro. After that I wished to study Astronomy and become an astronomer. Next I wished to become a professional photographer. After that I began to wish I could run in the Comrades

marathon and all the other cross-country races. Then I decided to become a chess-master and studied many chess books. Now I wish to become a captain on a famous ocean racing yacht ad infinitum (I hope).

— A L, Form 2

That . . . Fluff Beard

When will I be able to shave in peace? The 'Oldman' yells: "Are you shaving again? I never shaved until I was eighteen!" Then the 'Oldlady' says to the 'Oldman': "That's only because the sergeant told you to get that . . . fluff beard off."

How I would like to switch on my razor and enjoy a shave, without a dreadful feeling of guilt. Of course I could set a record and grow the first . . . fluff beard. Then again, I might get Mr. Fair remarking: "Your hair is too long again, but your . . . fluff beard looks even worse."

— N. Reilly, Form 3C

Convention

I am anti-convention. Why?

Everybody drinks out of cups, with saucers.— Why? I don't if I think there's an easier and more patent or comfortable method. Everybody rides either racing bicycles or the ordinary bicycles with thin wheels. I buy myself a "Zoot" bicycle and get a lot of rude remarks about it. I can tell you its much more comfortable and stronger than an ordinary bicycle — its not cheaper either. Just because the Americans do something immediately everyone does the same in their own way. Be original, have your own ideas and make sure that you don't just wear your hair short or long because your friend does. Or not to like classical music because all your friends do. Or be mean to one bloke in your class because all the "strong boys" are. Be your own example. You may laugh at something different but don't say it's wrong or no good before you enquired about it and studied it properly.

— D. Hartig, Form 2

Boeing Travel

Plans
Tickets
Luggage
Airport
Boarding Pass
Luggage weighed
Goodbye
Exit Gate
Tarmac
Excitement
On Board
Seat belt
Great moment
Movement
Noise
Runway
More Noise
Speed
Take-off
Ground falls away
Height
Relax
On Your Way

— E. Armer, 3A



Sounds

A sound which I love is that of a cricket bat striking a cricket ball. It is a sweet mellow sound of the usually well-oiled willow against leather. One day while watching cricket I began to doze off under the shade of a huge oak tree with the sound of bat striking ball in the background. I was awakened suddenly by the sound of five or six players shouting "Howzat" and looked up to see one of the batsmen trudging back to the pavilion. The sound of the players shouting had been unforgettable because it had broken the monotony of what had been about an hour of dull cricket. The sound of cricket no matter whether it is the sound of ball against bat or ball against wicket is usually very thrilling.

— M. Mark, Form 5C

My Father and I

If I consider my feelings towards my father I would say I have a great deal of respect for him and that he is a very wise man. My relationships with my father have been good at times and a little sour at other times. My father is well-educated and when I am discussing a subject with him I know that what he is telling me is fact. I see faults in my father that, by some hereditary process, have become part of me. I am sure there are faults which I have developed which he disapproves of and this might be the cause of some of our disagreements.

My father was the first son of a poor Russian immigrant who settled in Pretoria and opened a little dingy hotel in Gezina. There were days when my father came home from school only to find that there was no food at home. There was no one to take or fetch him from school and he had to walk the four miles to school and back everyday. For his matric photograph my grandfather could not even afford to buy him a suit and so he had to lend him one of his suits which was too small for my father. Nevertheless, although he was faced with all these problems and hardships, my father went to college and graduated as a Chartered Accountant. He worked very hard and gained a lot of ground in his field. Today he has his own practice and has also opened up a branch of a large American leasing company in South Africa. My father is a very well-respected man.

One thing which I dislike about him is that he is always throwing back his past in my face. When he wants to argue with me he tells me that I take everything for granted; the lovely house we live in; the three servants we employ and the fact that we have a swimming pool. He told me that he would not buy me a car because he only got a car when he could



... There is a certain place in the school to which I have become very attached during the past year. This place is the quad behind Solomon House where the boarders keep their bicycles. Somehow this quad has become part of my routine school life. It was here that I had my cup of tea during first break and the occasional puff from a cigarette behind the old condemned desks which are now stored there. I will remember this quad as the place where our group met each break to discuss the past or future weekend, or the school or everything in general. When I think back to this school, I am sure these meetings will very easily come back to my mind. It was here that I discovered the happier aspects of school life.

— A. Bosch, 5G

... He stands with the world at his feet. The horizon is his limit, and with him he carries the qualities of wisdom, honesty and courage.

These are the qualities which are moulded at this school. He has learnt to treat people according to their merits and that life is indeed a wonderful gift.

The above ideas and thoughts are those with which I associate the statue of "The Boy" on top of our main dome.

Every single boy who leaves this institution after five or more years has been given the opportunity to develop these qualities, and if he leaves without any form of impression being made on him, then he has only himself to blame.

— P. Schnetler, 5D

afford to buy it himself. These things irritate me and when he mentions them I get very annoyed and we usually end up having a fight. Another thing that makes me cross is the fact that my father dislikes the "modern generation" with their long hair and fashionable clothing, their rebellious attitudes and modern language. So when I go and buy clothes he must come with me to see that I do not buy something which might look ridiculous and uncouth. A haircut every four weeks is a must and this is the source of some of our most violent arguments. My father does not like rebellion against his principles.

Besides these bad points which my father possesses his many good points drown his bad points. He is a very reasonable person and will always solve a disagreement like a court case and a problem as logically as possible. He has many wise philosophies which have helped me lead a better and easier life. He always encourages me to study and helps me along when I've got problems. He is always at hand when I need him and will never put off anything that can be done now, for tomorrow. This is one of his philosophies and is one which I highly approve of because when I need him he is willing to drop everything he is doing to help me. I love my father.

— A.K., Form 5

Depression

Like a cold, clammy fog
It envelopes your whole being
Deadening senses and reasoning
Leaving you broken and defeated

— T. W., Form 2

Shall I Read to You?

"Shall I read to you?"

"Yes, sir!" shouts the class in unison, and aside, "Now I'll be able to do that science."

"But you must do nothing else gentlemen. Don't fidget."

The English master has changed while he stood there — he is no longer a neurotic man in a suit who likes setting ridiculous homework: he is a friend in a suit — even though one cannot even chew pencils while he reads.

In form one our English master read South African writing to us and a Scot in the class was flabbergasted. In form two our English master read from "The Decline of the English Murder and Other Essays," "Nineteen Eighty-Four" and weird stories from poetry magazines about youth gangs in Mocambique or peculiar companions in a compartment. Later, we heard pieces by Damon Runyon, H. H. Monroe or Dylan Thomas. Our present teacher likes reading about the Glass family of J. D. Salinger. By their reading they have entertained and opened out minds to vivid writing.

Immediately the classroom becomes silent and settles down into the rectangular T.E.D. chairs. I feel balmy in the back of my head. We are carefree. Then he begins reading like those artful announcers who read short stories on the radio. Sometimes he looks up, scratches his knee and says a whole sentence before glancing back into the book — probably quoting his favourite nicety.

My mind begins to wander. The window sill is not quite parallel to the stairs outside. I tilt my head and they are parallel. Interesting! Who threw that tyre on the roof? I see a box labelled "Roll-o-flex-Extra volts to the metre." I read and re-read it and then recite it until I

... It is commonly known as "our pad". The origin of its name is unknown but it has come to mean something special to us. We have seen new faces at the pad, which I might add, is only inhabited at breaks. These faces come and go like the seasons of a year.

We moved in last year and since then we have seen the trees loose their leaves and come out again in a solid wall of green splendour.

Our seating accommodation is rather primitive but nevertheless comfortable.

The pad has been the origin of many an interesting discussion whether it be music, art, politics or even people in general.

The tranquility is seldom disturbed and, if it is, a human is held responsible.

What a place — I shall miss it.

— J. Addis, 5D

have to shake my head to forget it.

"What are you doing you miserable boy? Give that pen here." He throws it craftily out of the window so that it lands on the sill and slides off into the gutter.

Now I attend. But it is peculiar how much more artful this type of reading seems than when I struggle through it at home. The piece has atmosphere. I notice witty phrases like "fire green as glass" and the whole class shows its approval: we enjoy the plots and humour — and the slang.

English masters have an uncanny sense of timing. Their readings end seconds before the bell rings — and they make the rest of the day a joy.

— M. Coetzee, 3A

Many Elements go to the Making

Friendships are usually very important to young people and as they mature, mean much more to the person concerned. Parents today believe that one should not get involved with other people too much and that minding one's own business a very good policy. This is wrong in my opinion. If one does not involve oneself with other people and their lives then how can one possibly experience different ways of life. I like to get involved with different nationalities because one meets so many new friends (different kinds of friends) and facets of life. Friends are very important because they introduce one to the different elements of life and always present a challenge.

— J. Dorkin, Form 5D

Dried Figs and Bread

Ibrahim was twelve. It was a good age to be in those days. His work was not hard because keeping goats was not hard. He kept goats out of other people's pastures and looked for wild animals that might do harm to his herd, for the parts and hills outside of Jerusalem were still wild.

The day was a bright sunny one, with a ghost of a breeze disturbing the dusty leaves. Ibrahim, named after an Arab who had saved his father's life, lay back, watching the cloud flecked sky. He became aware of a bird high above, a strange silver bird. He looked harder. It was not a bird. It was a ball of silver. "God!" he thought with a fluttering heart. He lay still, averting his face from the descending disc.

He heard a voice. A strange husky voice. A man's voice. A strange tongue. Greek? Latin? No, a strange tongue. A hand touched his shoulder. He turned white, shivering with fear. The man spoke, a foreign tongue, but gentle, uncanny.

Ibrahim turned, and saw something which he was never to see again. The man had on a helmet, as if he were a fighting man. His clothes were not robes, but were tight fitting pants and a shirt. Behind the man was a sphere, of a hardness that one could see through, but not walk through. The man smiled and lifted him up. He moved his hand, and signified that he wanted some food. The boy gave him some dried figs and bread.

The man entered the transparent sphere, and ascended into the sky. Ibrahim ran home, shrieking that a man-god out of the sky had met him. His parents laughed, and his master beat him for losing the goats. No one believed that he had seen a time traveller!

— A. Jablonski, 1E (1971)

The Lazy Years

My senior years were rather lazy ones. Although my cycle marks improved. I did not exactly strain myself in mental and physical activities. Perhaps it was old age. Not being very modest I can say that I would have been fairly good in athletics, swimming and rugby if only I had tried hard enough. In school I took the week as it came without making much effort. Now as I stand on the threshold of a new life I look back and regret all that, but will have learnt something from my folly. Looking back on my school career as a whole I realize that I have settled for a rather mediocre sort of existence, which I regret more and more each day.

— P. Lambert, Form 5D



... My aim had always been to see and explore every nook in the school buildings. Up to this year I had been everywhere except up into the roof of the hall and central part of the building. I have now achieved this.

Walking along the dusty rafters in the roof I spied a small hole knocked through the wall. I proceeded towards this source of light with a pounding heart.

The hole was so small that I had to climb in feet first and once standing on the other side I looked around me.

What I saw before me sent waves of excitement flooding through me and I had to lean against the wall to steady myself. I soon realized that I had climbed into the main tower of the school.

It seemed to me at that moment as if I had blundered into a huge tomb with only the ticking of the clock for company. The rafters of the dome arched high above my head and I sat down in awe at all this splendour of woodwork.

— N. G. Murray, 5D

A Tuesday Morning

It was a Tuesday morning. I stepped out of my apartment and walked into the street. There were many jobless people who were standing around bins full of coal trying to enjoy the warmth of the glow.

At the end of the street there sat a hippie. This hippie immediately caught my attention. He had a fishing rod projecting from his stomach. It was held by a hand full of wrinkles. The line was taught. The hook was fastened in a trash can.

Next to him lay his catchings for the day, a boot, a sock and an opened tin.

I crept up slowly, not wishing to disturb him. My camera in hand, I set the shutter speed.

I thought the only way to keep him in place was to speak to him so that he would not be startled and return to this world and drop his rod.

"How many you caught?" I said without a smile and clicked the camera.

He looked at me and said: "You're the tenth."

A New View of the Koppie Classrooms

I have always regarded the koppie classrooms as dreary old things that look out of place in their present positions. Especially the corrugated iron shack that still exists. This is really quite a relic.

Well, the other day I saw this building in a different way. I was sitting in Room 35, the art room, when I looked out of the big glass doors towards the koppie classrooms. Just at that angle I saw the corrugated iron building,

trees in the background and grass stretching away in front of it. Immediately my mind travelled and in this view I clearly saw a typical old farm school overlooking a shallow valley containing many farms. It had to be a fertile valley with many trees and fruit orchards. I could see the fields of lucern spread out on the hillside, overlooked by the single building which was quiet. The scene was in the afternoon. Of course, it could never have looked the same during mid-morning.

Unfortunately, my wandering thoughts were disturbed by some boy nattering about some book or other. But that scene stayed with me and for the rest of that day I felt quite happy.

— E. Armer, 3A

Sense and Sensibility

The following year took the same patterns as the first, except it was worse. For during this year I became someone who would adhere to no discipline what-so-ever. The reason for this was because I was grouped in a class with boys who had an outlook similar to mine. During this year I did no work at all and consequently found myself repeating form three, although this time in the "A" stream. Sometime during my first year in form three, I remember some master saying to me, "... you will one day be a complete failure if you don't pull up your socks now." Usually I would have stooped down to pull up my khaki stockings, but this time I did not. That master I thank, for he made me realize a little that then was the time to build a foundation for my future life.

— A. Bosch, 5G

... There are quite a number of spots in this school that have come to mean something to me. I will remember sitting on the lawn in front of Rissik House under the shade of the huge pine tree during breaks. We are always joking there, discussing exploits at home or at a party, or future exploits in school. In every year of my hostel life I have had to sweat and toil up and down the back field to help make it look like it is today. It reminds me of perspiring under a glaring sun with the sounds and shouts of the 'labour gang' about me.

From the windows of the present form one dormitory one can see the lights of the city just above the pines. Many a time when I felt moody and depressed I would look out and wish I was out of boarding school or out of school.

— P. Lambert, 5D

A Man and His Guitar

A man walked on to the stage before a half a million people. As he appeared the people started shouting and screaming, almost like animals. All the man had with him was a simple box guitar: one man and a guitar to entertain half a million people for over an hour.

He sat on a stool and started to come alive. His fingers moved like lightning, making it look as though the strings were hot. As he started playing he was still tuning his guitar, his fingers flashed to the keys and adjusted them in an amazing flow that looked almost natural. The man's guitar seemed to come alive in his hands as he played with all his concentration. He was sweating now although it was quite cold. His foot was also beating to his music.

As the guitar music died down slightly his

voice came into the music and made it sound even better than it had before. His eyes were closed and his foot looked as though it was trying to go faster than the beat of the music. It looked as though he had difficulty in singing, he was in agony as he sang, his guitar still vibrating as it produced the fantastic sound. He looked almost like a machine which was playing the music, the speed at which he was moving his fingers was almost inhuman. The sound he produced would be loved by many.

As he played the last note on his guitar the crowds burst out in a loud roar, he turned round to walk away, his clothes were a darker shade than when he had come on, they were wet. The sweat was dripping from his face.

— M. Horn, Form



The School After 1.35

At 1.35 when the bell rings, boys run off. Teachers with books to mark and their robes draped over their shoulder walk away. The school empties like a bowl of water — only drops of classes who are kept behind stay in the bowl.

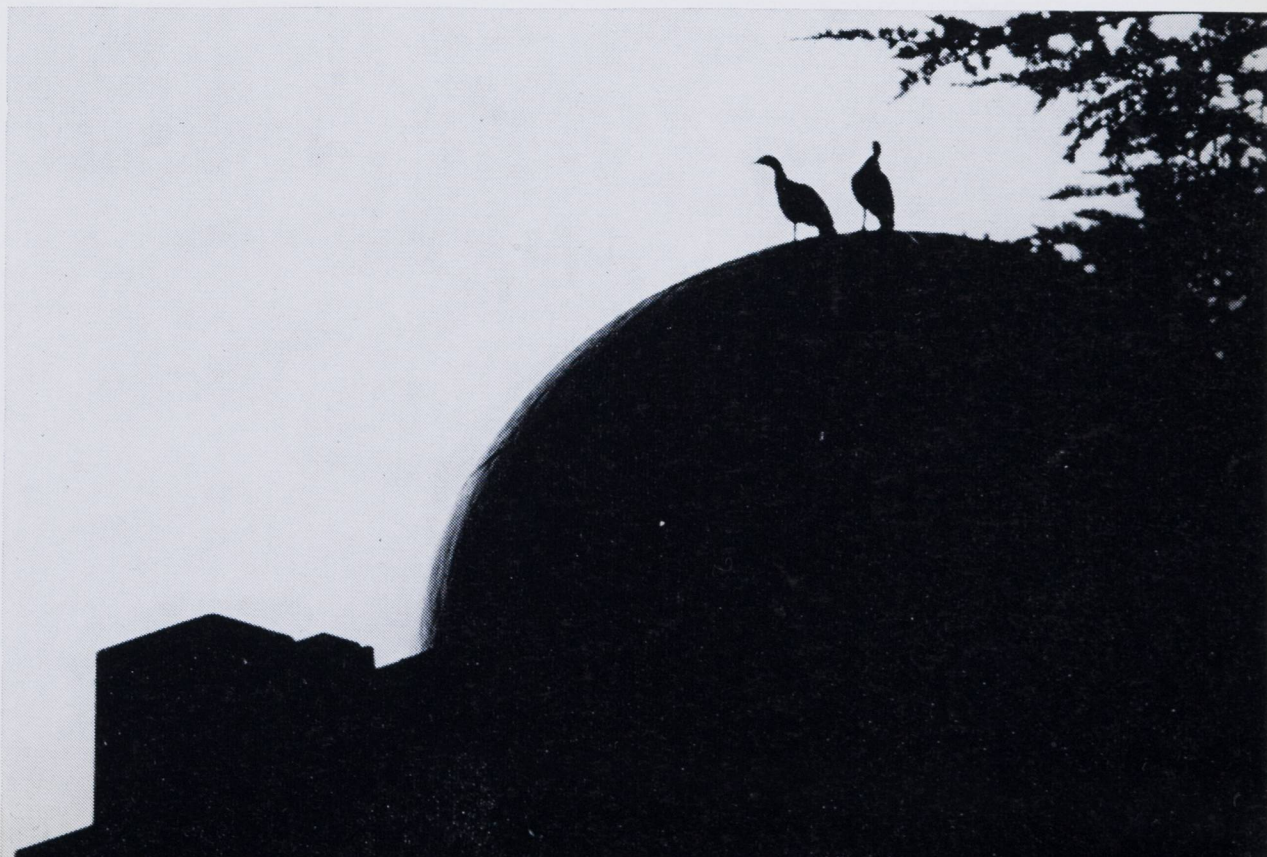
The school becomes as frightening as an ancient ruin. It echoes like an empty bowl. The windows are empty — no faces peer out through them. Perhaps what is strangest is that the shadows lie in the opposite direction to what one is used to. The classrooms are eerie. Orange sunlight lazily filters in through dusty panes and where the boys sat, are empty characterless desks. Only on the teacher's desk are there dreary piles of books. It is like waking from a dream — now there is only a shell of a classroom where I wrote a test this morning.

But it is not entirely deserted. A boy usually plays Brahms in the hall. Drummers practice on desks in Room 7. Boarders play table tennis in a shadowy quad. Now and then a dove glides over and a person enters or leaves the library. In the library people glare silently as someone enters, and ones shoes sound like oars grinding in rowlocks. A bird flies into a window and the sun irritates one.

At night the school becomes a place where Edgar Allan Poe's characters haunt. Every quarter of an hour ghosts with chains dance in the bell tower before the bell peels a hollow supernatural peel.

But when it strikes eight in the morning the shadows are back in the right position and the school is dewy-fresh and friendly.

— M. Coetzee, 3A



HOUSE NOTES

School House

HOUSE MASTER: Mr. D. F. Abernethy.
ASSISTANT HOUSEMASTERS: Mr. V. G. Henry, Mr. T. Hill, Mr. R. Buwalda and Mr. P. Digby.

MATRONS: Mrs. M. Willers and Mrs. van Rooyen.

PREFECTS: C P. Ryan (Head Boy), P. Schnetler (Vice-Head) M. Crooks and A. Puffet.

NEW BOYS: G. Allen, R. Blake, B. Bolton, D. Bovell, A. Brumner, P. Cook, K. Deats, J. Dickerson, T. Gibbs, R. Hodgson, R. Livingstone, F. McCarter, A. Melle, N. Murray I. Murray, B. Nielson, A. Shand, R. Strike. A. van Dalsen, H. van Dalsen and O. Wright, Inspired by Peter Ryan and his Prefects, 1970 proved to be a most successful year in School House.

It was a year of fine sporting achievements. The House's senior team led by Peter Ryan were runners-up in the inter-house cricket competition and again in the rugby, losing by only one point in the closing stages of the game.

The house squash team under the leadership of Michael Mark excelled itself winning 119 out of the possible 125 games played.

The swimming team was in good form, again finishing ahead of the other boarding houses at the gala.

Mr. Hill joined us just for the second term, while Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy were abroad sampling the delights of Ireland. Mr. Hill especially helped the house in the sporting sphere.

In the third term, Mr. Digby joined us as assistant housemaster after having spent two and a half years at Solomon House.

At the excellent House dinner the year came to an end. During this year the house progressed in all respects and perhaps the greatest achievement of the prefects and masters was in making everyone regard the house as a second home.

Solomon House

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. E. Jones.

ASSISTANT HOUSEMASTERS: Mr. V. Viljoen, Mr. L. Van Heerden, Mr. R. Rademeyer, Mr. P. Somerville, Mr. K. Ilsley, Mr. S. Rogers.

MATRONS: Mrs. C. Visagie, Mrs. Farr, Mrs. Kenmuir.



PREFECTS and FORM FIVES: Peberdy (Head), Davison (vice-head), Anderson, Ashton, Cole, Cresswell, Godwin, Hintze, Jooste, Lakier, McMurray, Meiring, Pentelbury.

NEW BOYS: Basset, Cary-Smith, de Boelpap, de Scally, Gilbert, Grobler, Marais, Katzenellenbogen, Miles, Neethling, Pentelbury, Schmidt G., Schmidt S., Smit, Smith.

The year was generally cheerful, although nothing much was achieved either in sport or scholastic activities.

However, led by Jooste and Cole, the house won the Senior cross-country with some enthusiastic help from Hintze, Godwin and van Bergen. The Junior team, led by Cairns was not as successful.

In cricket there were no real victories but there were some fine displays by O'Brien and Cresswell. The latter captained the side.



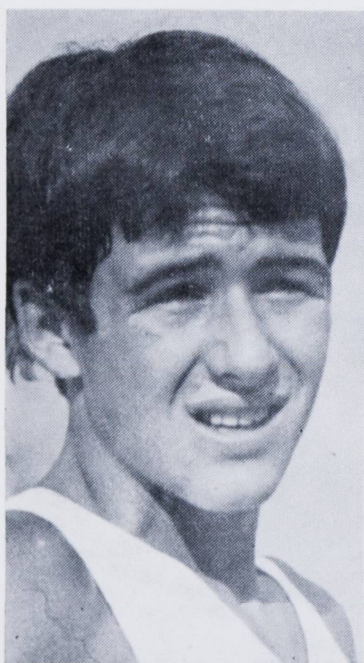
Our Senior rugby team, led by Davison did not manage to get a place, but the sub-juniors led by P. Smith, won the competition for the first time in history.

Jooste the house athletics captain, and Davison, the school captain, managed to bring the team to 2nd place. Davison managed some fine feats in breaking the school record for the hurdles and almost equalling the high jump record. Jooste, due to ankle trouble, could not give of his best.

As for swimming, the house showed that it has very little talent in this field. In the 4th term, an "extra" was arranged. Solomon took 1st place against Rissik in a bicycle race which was held in the backyard.

The year came to a very sad end with the loss of one of our members, Ashley Jacobs, who died tragically in a motor accident.

P.P. and K.S.



Rissik House

HOUSE MASTER: Mr. R. S. Fair.

ASSISTANT HOUSE MASTERS: Mr. J. Lewin, Mr. B. Dickson, Mr. J. Horak.

MATRONS: Mrs. Kritzinger, Mrs. van den Bergh, Mrs. Hattingh, Mrs. Kruis, Mrs. McClelland.

1970 was a challenging year for Rissik House. Under the leadership of Alan Crowder and his prefect-body, affairs gradually quietened down following a rather chaotic first term. Mr. Fair and his assistant house masters are to be thanked for their active support of this body throughout the rest of the year.

At the end of the year we reluctantly parted with both Mr. Bruce Dickson and Mr. John Horak, both these masters leaving Rissik House a better place for their efficiency. We also took leave of Mrs. van den Bergh, Mrs. Hattingh, Mrs. Kruis and Mrs. McClelland. We thank these matrons for the part they played in the smooth and efficient running of the House.

Both our senior and junior tennis-teams excelled themselves in winning their respective sections of the annual Inter-House tournament. We were also fortunate in that the Inter-House Squash tournament saw our Senior team, consisting solely of Form Fours, as runners-up to School House. Our sub-junior cricket team, contrary to popular expectation, won their section. In all the other major sports, although not with the same success, the basically solid foundation of the House was brought to light.

In conclusion 1970, although not a particularly outstanding year for Rissik House, did have quite an interesting programme of events.

Isaac Makena

I shall always remember Isaac's smile. It was a lovely thing to see. I remember the many times when I returned to Solomon House at the beginning of a new term: Isaac was always one of the first people one saw and as he moved towards you he radiated welcoming and pleasure. I remember his simple, trusting handshake; but most clearly of all I remember his smile. Spontaneous, joyous, generous, it flooded his whole being. And somehow, although the holiday was now behind you, the term that lay ahead was stamped in that moment with promise and goodwill.

I knew Isaac well. When I arrived as a junior house-master in Solomon in 1956, he had already been there for a good number of years and when I left eight years later Isaac was still there. He was the *major domo* of the House, having taken over this office from old Jinks whose portrait in oils by Walter Battiss hangs in the dining room. This was now Isaac's realm and there he served at the boys' and the masters' tables. His particular concern and interest however was the welfare of the junior house-masters. He was unfailingly kind to us and ever attentive to our needs. But his courtesy and warmth extended to all—to his fellow workers, to the matrons and to the boys, from the head prefect of the House to the smallest, most unhappy new-boy. Never once did I witness one breach of courtesy on the part of any boy towards Isaac. His dignity made such behaviour unthinkable. For the boys knew of his concern for them and his pleasure in their activities and achievements. His self-appointed task was to keep their trophies of the hunt gleaming on the sideboard—the Bermeister Cup, the Hannan Cup or spoils from the cadet parade ground.

His great friend and his accomplice in innumerable laughter-filled situations was Jakob, known also as Fish, he of the gap-toothed chuckle, whose sense of the ridiculous was so delightful.



One never had to ask Isaac for anything or remind him, for he anticipated one's needs. Things had to be done in the right way, without ostentation, efficiently and with simple good taste.

Isaac had never seen the sea and I had planned, when I returned to the School, to take him and his wife on holiday with me to a cottage at the sea. Now it is too late. Isaac Makena died in 1970, in May, and his House, Solomon, and this school, are immeasurably poorer.

But we who knew Isaac will remember him.

— T. M. A.

PRETORIANS

Congratulations to **ABE GETZ** on his election to the Senate, where he joins Bill (J. L.) Horak to become our second Old Boy senator. While at school, and later at Pretoria University, Abe was a prominent athlete and after his middle distance active running career, he gave much time to coaching and administration — one of our few athletic wins against K.E.S. was in great measure due to his assistance. Abe was commissioned in the S.A.A.F. in 1940 and on his return to Pretoria in 1945, he resumed his legal activities which had been interrupted by the war.

PIERRE VILJOEN, managing director of a marketing agency, is the first South African to be appointed to the board of a major international advertising agency.

WULF JACOBSON has been appointed organising secretary of the Pretoria Chamber of Commerce. He has had a long and distinguished record in the Chamber of Commerce movement in South Africa, having been president of the Pretoria Chamber three times and a member of the Executive Committee for the past seventeen years. He has been a vice-president of Assocom twice and represented Assocom on the Coinage Board which planned South Africa's change-over to decimalisation; and on the Metrication Advisory Board which is now responsible for the switch to metric units.

PETER VAN LINGEN, captain of P.B.H.S.' victorious Inter-high School Tennis team of 1961, and now at Roberts University, is ranked number one in Kentucky, U.S.A. He has been nominated as one of the outstanding College athletes of America, and one of the leading collegiate players in the States. He has victories over professionals Ray Moore and Chuck McKinley to his credit. He recently won the singles crown at Fort Worth Thanksgiving invitation tournament which attracted eighty players, of whom fifteen were ranked in the U.S.A. or abroad.

NOEL POLLOCK and his wife spent some time with the Rev. and Mrs. Geen during their 1970 visit to Britain.

Dr. HASSO REISENER, a practising consulting engineer, has been elected president of the South African Institute of Welding, a 600 member body with headquarters in Johannesburg and active branch institutes in Capetown, Salisbury and Bulawayo.

STANALY BAKER has been national president of the S.A.A.F. Association for the past year and is but one of many Old Boys — *inter alia* the MacRoberts (Norman and Mello) John Leppan, and Abe Getz — who have made valuable contributions to this ex-serviceman's organisation.

Two former members of Solomon House have recently received top-billing in the cinema world; **TOS ("Chris") DU TOIT** for his leading role in "Sien jou môre" and **SCHALK JACOBZ** for his big part in "Zebra". Tos is at present a senior lecturer in English at Pretoria University while Schalk (who as a young boy "hated to enter and loathed to leave Pretoria Boys High") has decided that acting, rather than architecture, is his profession.

In world cricket, **EDDIE BARLOW** has again been prominent. Chosen as a member of the Rest of the World Eleven, he achieved distinction as batsman, slip-fielder and bowler: his 4 wickets in five balls in the second test against England constituted a cricket record. Eddie has been appointed vice-captain of the Springbok team to tour Australia, and captained Western Province, runners up to Transvaal in the 1970 Currie Cup competition. In inter-provincial cricket, Alan Hector and Elton Chatterton played for Transvaal, the winners of the "A" section. Jackie Botten and Rodney Falkson captained North Eastern Transvaal throughout the season with Trevor Quirk, Graham Funston and Bill Steytler members of the side which finished well up in the "B" section.



ETIENNE DE VILLIERS

Joint Rhodes Scholar for the Transvaal in 1971

ETIENNE DE VILLIERS, a distinguished scholar and athlete of the School from 1961 to 1965 and a member of the first fifteen, has been selected as Transvaal Rhodes scholar for 1970 and will proceed to Oxford in 1971. Etienne graduated in engineering at Pretoria University and represented his university in the first cricket and the under nineteen rugby teams. He is the twelfth Rhodes scholar from P.B.H.S. and follows George Laurence, Rhodes Scholar for 1969 who is now in residence at Oxford.

MAURICE GEEN, history master at P.B.H.S. until he joined the S.A.A.F. for the duration of the war, and thereafter headmaster of Clapham High School, took Holy Orders after his retirement and was for some years stationed at St. Helena. He is now a Church of England priest at Creditor, near Exeter, Devon and was asked to preach the sermon in Exeter Cathedral at the Battle of Britain Anniversary Service on 20th September.

ANTON JOUBERT was selected as wicket-keeper for both the South African Universities team and the South African Country Districts team — with Rupert Hector also a member of the latter team.

The Northern Transvaal senior men's life-saving team who set up a new record of 6 min. 26,6 sec in the 400 metre rescue relay at the South African championships included three Old Boys — Pieter van Niekerk, "Oubaas" Braak and Roy Gottschalk.

TONY CANNY who matriculated in 1967 was awarded an American Field Service scholarship and spent a year from July 1968 at Rock Island school, Illinois. On his return to South Africa he commenced his B.Com. studies at Witwatersrand University and has this year been awarded the Chamber of Mines bursary for the completion of his course. While overseas, Tony gained prominence as an outstanding middle-distance schoolboy athlete.

In Memoriam

H. F. HAYMAN

The death of Harry Hayman came as a great shock in educational circles in Pretoria. He had just recently returned from an extended overseas trip with his wife and was full of plans for his retirement next year. He was particularly looking forward to being an "ordinary" member of a school staff and to enjoying teaching again — and, as a teacher, he was greatly respected.

Harry matriculated here in 1927, and, after graduating at Pretoria University, returned to his old school as assistant house master. At the outbreak of war, he joined the S.A.A.F., saw active service with No. 2 Bomber Wing

at Foggia, Italy; was affectionately known as "Harry, the Hawk" and was mentioned in despatches. After the war he returned to teaching in Pretoria and held posts as headmaster first of Hatfield Primary school and later Clapham High School. He was a member of the Teachers' Association and of the S.A. Council for English Education and an office bearer in his Church. He was deeply concerned with the welfare of young people of all ages and he willingly and capably rendered honorary service in many spheres, our own Memorial Endowment Trust being but one of these. Harry gave willing and capable help unstintingly to all.

Dr. WERNER SCHIFF

"Doc" as he was generally known to the recent generation of schoolboys, died in Pretoria after a serious operation during the Easter vacation of 1970. "Doc" came to South Africa in 1939 from Germany where he had graduated Ph.D. at Freiburg University and concentrated on chemical research. He served with the S.A. Medical Corps from 1939 to 1945 and after the war joined C.S.I.R. in Pretoria for a short period before qualifying at Pretoria University a teacher. He threw himself wholeheartedly into his new career as school master at Pretoria Boys' High until his retirement in 1967. Few, if any, of his pupils will forget his science teaching — his willingness to assist in solving personal difficulties whether they were domestic or scholastic — his liberal contribution of time and energy to the extra-mural activities of the school, particularly hockey which he coached and administered with enthusiasm and efficiency. Despite these heavy demands on his time, he was an active committee member of the Irene Homes and of the S.A. Legion — a man who gave liberally, unostentatiously and frequently to many.



STANDING (left to right): Mr. C. Mulvenna, G. Wegerle, A. Mostert, W. Morris, K. Verdoorn,
D. Edwards, Mr. W. Hofmeyr.
SITTING (left to right): G. Crosson, S. Wegerle, P. Ryan (Captain) M. Mark, C. Jones.

CRICKET FIRST XI

1st TERM 1970

vs Parktown:

School: 131 (G. Wegerle 34, S. Wegerle 31, Ryan 31).

Parktown: 132 for 6 (S. Wegerle 3 for 49, Crosson 2 for 22).

vs Jeppe:

Jeppe: 126 for 3. Rain stopped play.

vs St. Johns:

School: 161 (G. Wegerle 44, Edwards 29, Morris 22).

St. Johns: 138 for 6 (Mark 3 for 40, Morris 2 for 17).

vs C.B.C.:

School: 236 for 6 declared (Wegerle, G. 62, Mark 60, Ryan 27, Verdoorn 24 not out).

C.B.C.: 94 (Crosson 3 for 5, Morris 2 for 8, Jones 2 for 16).

vs St. Albans:

St. Albans: 166 (Mark 6 for 47, Jones 2 for 31, Crosson 2 for 39).

School: 168 for 5 (Ryan 60, Kaufmann 49).

vs K.E.S.:

K.E.S.: 66 (Mark 5 for 20, Jones 3 for 4, S. Wegerle 2 for 16).

School: 76 for 6 (Verdoorn 28 not out).

vs Maritzburg College:

School: 114 (Kaufmann 43, Edwards 24).
College: 87 for 1.

vs Hilton College:

Hilton: 163 for 4 declared.
School: 128 for 9 (G. Wegerle 28, Kaufmann 22, Mostert 21).

4th TERM:**vs K.E.S.**

School: 198 for 6 declared (Mark 72, Verdoorn 52, G. Wegerle 24 not out).
K.E.S.: 146 for 6 (Crosson 2 for 15).

vs Jeppe:

Jeppe: 219 for 6 (Crosson 3 for 47). Rain stopped play.

vs Mr. Isaacs XI:

Isaacs: 227 for 5 declared (Crosson 3 for 60).
School: 151 for 3 (Mostert 75, Ryan, 56 Mark 20 not out).

vs Parktown:

Parktown: 221 (Crosson 4 for 46, Jones 2 for 37).
School: 35 for no wickets (Ryan 21 not out).
Rain stopped play.

vs St. Albans:

St. Albans: 97 (Mark 4 for 26, S. Wegerle 3 for 33, Verdoorn 2 for 14).
School: 209 for 2 (Ryan 123 not out, Kaufmann 46, Mostert 35).

vs St. Johns:

St. Johns: 170 (S. Wegerle 5 for 46, Mark 2 for 48).
School: 138 (Verdoorn 37, Kaufmann 34, Mostert 24).

vs Old Boys:

School: 175 (Crosson 39 not out, G. Wegerle 26, Kaufmann 25, Mostert 25, Jones 23).
Old Boys: 161 (Jones 6 for 60, S. Wegerle 3 for 30).

The following were awarded cricket colours:

First Team Colours

G. Crosson, D. Edwards, C. Jones, N. Kaufmann, M. Mark, W. Morris, A. Mostert, P. Ryan (Captain), K. Verdoorn, G. Wegerle, S. Wegerle.

Second Team Colours

S. Blair, P. Brauer, R. Clarence, A. Cresswell, C. Hobbs, K. Jones (Capt.), G. Maiten-Casalis, A. Meek, D. O'Brien, P. Schnetler, P. Theunissen.

Third Team Colours

I. Barker, C. Bernstein, R. Canny, D. Christie, K. Hintze, I. Murray, N. Murray, K. Shand.

Peter Ryan and Michael Mark were chosen to represent North Eastern Transvaal at the 1971 Nuffield Cricket Week, Peter Ryan was vice-captain of the side.

SECOND XI**1st TERM:****vs Parktown:**

Parktown: 91 (Schnetler 3 for 10, O'Brien 3 for 28).
School: 96 for 6 (Verdoorn 32, Schnetler 27 not out).

vs Jeppe:

School: 172 for 7 declared (Brauer 69 not out, Jones 26, Schnetler 25).
Jeppe: 100 (Theunissen 5 for 36, Henderson 2 for 13).

vs St. Johns:

School: 71 (O'Brien 19, Blair 18).
St. Johns: 202 (Hobbs 2 for 9, Meek 3 for 31)

vs St. Albans:

School: 206 for 9 declared (Hobbs 41, Jones 34, Cresswell 32, Blair 29).
St. Albans: 58 (Schnetler 6 for 7, O'Brien 3 for 15).

vs K.E.S.

K.E.S.: 93 (Casalis 7 for 36, O'Brien 2 for 15).
School: 107 for 2 (Hobbs 50 not out, Jones 39 not out).

4th TERM 1970**vs K.E.S.**

K.E.S.: 236 for 7 declared (Jones 3 for 33), Clarence 2 for 36).
School: 228 (Schnetler 70, O'Brien 45, Graver 41, Jones 32).

vs Jeppe:

Jeppe: 108 for 7 (Clarence 3 for 22). Rain.

vs Parktown:

Parktown: 178 (Murray 4 for 31, Jones 4 for 38).
School: 116 (Schnetler 30, O'Brien 22).

vs St. Albans:

School: 221 for 4 declared (Brauer 102 not out, Hobbs 58, Cresswell 32 not out).
St. Albans: 91 (Jones 3 for 2, Casalis 3 for 18, Schnetler 2 for 11).

vs St. Johns:

St. Johns: 212 for 8 declared (Clarence 3 for 38, Jones 2 for 32, Schnetler 2 for 33).
School: 173 (Hobbs 67, O'Brien 62).

vs Old Boys:

Old Boys: 218 for 5 declared (Brauer 2 for 27).
School: 225 for 5 (Brauer 68, O'Brien 56 not out, Jones 55).

THIRD XI**1st TERM 1970****vs Jeppe:**

Jeppe: 122 (Edge 2 for 13, Canny 5 for 19, Murray 2 for 27).
School: 112 (Christie 27).

vs St. Johns:

St. Johns: 112 (Christie 4 for 34, Canny 3 for 22).
School: 218 (Shand 51, Cheney 42, Barker 33, Le Sueur 23).

vs C.B.C.:

School: 100 (Bernstein 20, Christie 20).
C.B.C.: 101 (Stanford 5 for 19, Christie 3 for 19).

vs St. Albans:

St. Albans: 64 (Stanford 4 for 20, Christie 2 for 9, Murray 2 for 17).
School: 194 for 4 (Shand 53 not out, Bernstein 45 not out, Le Sueur 40, Peberdy 39).

vs K.E.S.:

School: 264 for 9 declared (Le Sueur 152, Matthews 40 not out).
K.E.S.: 193 (Murray 3 for 32, Clarence 2 for 58).

vs K.E.S.:

4th TERM:

School: 149 (Bernstein 57, Murray 25 not out).
K.E.S.: 71 (Stanford 4 for 25, Murray 3 for 15).

vs Jeppe:

School: 278 for 7 (Canny 68, Matthews 53, Murray 44). Rain stopped play.

vs St. Johns:

St. Johns: 135 (Canny 5 for 32, Wain 2 for 18).
School: 154 (Canny 46, Shand 20).

vs Old Boys:

School: 153 for 5 declared (Canny 38, Matthews 28, Bernstein 27 not out).
Old Boys: 122 for 9 (Stanford 3 for 6, Canny 3 for 19).

UNDER 15 CRICKET RESULTS

1st TERM 1970

vs St. Johns:

School: 105 (Leinberger 47 not out).
St. Johns: 135 (Jones 6 for 25, Grant 2 for 30).

vs C.B.C.:

C.B.C.: 65 (Viljoen 4 for 11, Grant 2 for 10, Papas 2 for 21).
School: 101 for 8 (Beckwith 45).

vs St. Albans:

School: 113 (Jones 43).
St. Albans: 47 (Leinberger 5 for 5, Grant 3 for 19).

vs K.E.S.:

K.E.S.: 239 for 5 declared (Jones 2 for 35).
School: 90 (Jones 23).

vs Maritzburg College:

School: 84 (Meek 35).
College: 122 for 5 (Roberts 3 for 19).

4th TERM 1970

vs K.E.S.:

K.E.S.: 229 for 6 declared (Grant 2 for 35).
School: 143 for 8 (Leinberger 34, Grant 31 not out, Jones 25, Cilliers 20).

vs Jeppe:

Jeppe: 147 (Viljoen 3 for 22, Jones 3 for 29).
School: 12 for 2 wickets Rain stopped play.

vs Parktown:

Parktown: 216 (Grant 4 for 49, Jones 2 for 35).
School: 175 (Roberts 38, Cilliers 36, Collins 24, Beckwith 24).

vs St. Albans:

St. Albans: 89 (Jones 4 for 18, Roberts 2 for 13, Viljoen 2 for 26).
School: 102.

vs St. Johns:

School: 78.
St. Johns: 117 (Roberts 5 for 29, Grant 2 for 29).

Under 14A Cricket Results

1st TERM

vs. Parktown

School: 35.
Parktown: 88 (Melle 4 for 26, Klem 3 for 27, Bolton 3 for 9).

vs. Jeppe

Jeppe: 74 for 8 (Kaplan 3 for 28, Melle 2 for 8) Rain stopped play.

v. St. Johns

St. Johns: 137 (Melle 4 for 29, Macdonald 3 for 35).

vs. CBC

School: 182 for 7 (Van Putten 77 not out, Melle 43 not out).
CBC: 79 (Kaplan 6 for 31, MacDonald 4 for 11).

v. St. Albans

St. Albans: 137 (MacDonald 4 for 20, Kaplan 3 for 30).
School: 141 for 5 (Brown 41 not out, Harwin 36).

vs. KES

Kes: 226 for 9 declared (Kaplan 3 for 74, MacDonald 2 for 42).
School: 98 (MacDonald 28 not out).

4th TERM

vs. KES

Kes: 215 for 3 wickets declared (Murray 3 for 67).

School: 93 (Nielson 46).

vs. Jeppe

School: 101 (Farham 15, Murray 15).

Jeppe: 14 for 0 wickets (Rain stopped play).

vs. Parktown

Parktown: 152 (Kaplan 3 for 41, Murray 3 for 49).

School: 76 for 2 (Nielson 30 not out, Harwin 21, Brown 21 not out). Rain stopped play.

vs. St. Albans

St. Albans: 26 (Murray 7 for 13, Melle 3 for 9).

School: 91 for 5 (Murray 34 not out).

vs. CBC

School: 85 for 6 declared (Bernstein 37).

CBC: 54 for 8 (MacDonald 6 for 15, Murray 2 for 17).



STANDING (left to right): Mr. T. Hill, H. Falkson, N. Davison, J. Montgomery, M. Mark, M. Leinberger, N. Murray, D. Christie Mr. W. Hofmeyr.

SITTING (left to right): P. Ryan, D. Hummel, A. Mostert, G. Levy (Captain), R. Sheasby, A. Bosch, R. Bunbury.

FRONT (left to right): V. Coetsee, D. Carrol.

RUGBY

1st XV Results:

vs. Old Boys	W	9-6
vs. Prince Edward	L	9-19
vs. Technical College	W	43-0
vs. Parktown	L	16-19
vs. C.B.C.	W	9-5
vs. Hendrik Verwoerd	W	18-12
vs. Potchefstroom	L	8-15
vs. Glenwood	L	3-16
vs. Athlone	W	30-21
vs. St. Albans	W	27-3
vs. St. Stithians	L	16-18
vs. Jeppe	W	16-0
vs. Graeme College	W	8-3
vs. St. Johns	L	11-23
vs. A.H.S.	L	3-33
vs. K.E.S.	L	3-13
vs. Settlers	W	34-10

Results

	P	W	L	D	Pts.	Pts.
					for	against
1st XV ..	17	9	8	0	263	216
2nd XV ..	9	4	4	1	66	52
3rd XV ..	11	7	4	0	110	41
4th XV ..	8	6	2	0	142	42
5th XV ..	8	8	0	0	177	20
6th XV ..	5	4	1	0	110	11
U15A ..	11	6	5	0	54	45
U15B ..	9	6	2	1	140	51
U14A ..	10	6	3	1	100	59
U14B ..	9	4	4	1	72	73
U13A ..	11	5	5	1	106	68
U13B ..	9	5	3	1	59	32

HOUSE MATCHES

Seniors: Arcadia 11, School 10.

Juniors: Town 3, Arcadia 3.

U14: Solomon 8, Sunnyside 3.

Colours:

1st XV:

A. Bosch, R. Bunbury, D. Christie, N. Davison, H. Falkson, D. Hummel, M. Leinberger, G. Levy, M. Mark, A. Mostert, N. Murray, P. Ryan, A. Sheasby.

2nd XV:

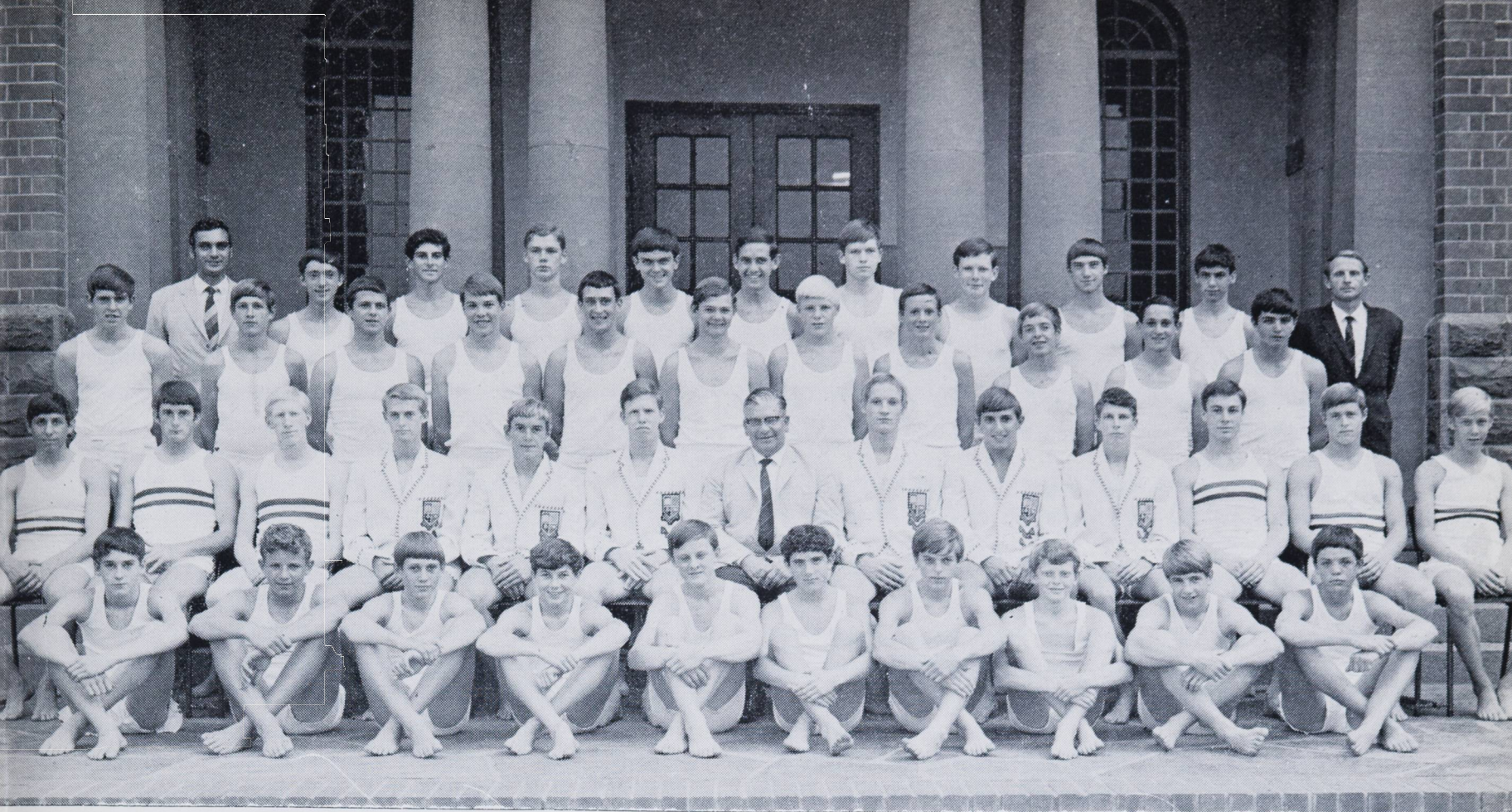
S. Blair, R. Bucke, D. Carroll, V. Coetzee, C. Cole, H. Davey, J. Engelbrecht, D. Hattingh,

O. Kuyper, P. Lambert, J. Montgomery, S. Mostert, D. Oosthuizen, B. Robson, P. Schnetler, R. Sheasby.

3rd XV:

J. Blaauw, H. Bormann, G. Braak, P. Brauer, G. Bristow, R. Canny, D. Celliers, A. Crowder, Q. de Kock, W. Geach, K. Jones, P. Maree, D. O'Brien, A. Puffet, J. Salmon, R. Stevens, T. von Prince, W. Wain, J. Zweep.





BACK (left to right): Mr. J. Lewin, M. A. Brevtenbach, C. Bernstein, D. Cilliers, P. Godwin, R. Clarence, F. van Schaik, D. Metclaf, G. Bristow, M. S. Lewin, Mr. T. Hill.

SECOND ROW (left to right): B. R. Beamish, P. R. Fell, K. F. Smit, A. Viljoen, B. Papes, A. Meek, C. Ross, F. L. Vrba, M. Voigt, A. M. Abrahams, K. Verdoorn.

SITTING (left to right): P. Brauer, N. Murray, C. Cole, M. Laubser, R. Voigt, N. Davison (Captain); Mr. C. Mulvenna, D. Hattingh, G. Sterley, G. Jones, T. von Prins, B. Wain, R. Frohling.

FRONT (left to right): D. Venter, A. Melle, M. Gafner, L. Cochrane, P. Smith, B. Kaplan, P. D. Richardson, G. Saayman, S. Brown, C. Walters.

ATHLETICS

Results of Inter House Athletics Meeting held on Saturday 29th August 1970.

Event 1: 100 Metres Under 14:

1. Smith (Sol); 2. Brown (Sch); 3. Melle (Sch); 4. Gibbs (Sch.); 5. Gaspar (Sa).
Time: 12.4 secs.

Event 2: 200 Metres Open:

1. Sterley (Su); 2. Lucy (Su); 3. Hanna (Su); 4. Engelbrecht (A); 5. Pentlebury (Sol).
Time: 24.0 Secs.

Event 3: 100 Metres Hurdles Under 16:

1. Cilliers (Su); 2. Wegerle (Su); 3. Mann (Su); 4. Crocker (R).
Time: 15.3 secs.

Event 4: 800 Metres Under 15:

1. Frohling (A); 2. Voigt (Su); 3. Abrahams (T); 4. Gray (Su); 5. Hawker (Sol).
Time: 2 mins. 9.4 secs.

Event 5: High Jump Under 14:

1. Beamish (Su); 2. Melle (Sch); 3. Dennison (T); 4. Crawford (A); 5. Bucke (Su).

Height: 4 ft. 10½ ins.

Event 6: 400 Metres Under 16:

1. Brauer (A); 2. Van Schaik (Su); 3. Metcalf (R); 4. Lewin (Sch); 5. Fouche (R).
Time: 55.3 secs.

Event 7: 100 Metres Open:

1. Sterley (Su); 2. Von Prince (R); 3. Levy (Su); 4. Borman (T); 5. Crooks (Sch); 6. Ryan (Sch).
Time: 11.8 secs.

Event 8: 400 Metres Under 13.

1. Walters (R); 2. Dawes (Su); 3. Coetzee (R); 4. Campbell (T); 5. Widdicombe (R).
Time: 63.2 secs.

Event 9: 800 Metres Open:

1. Laubscher (Su); 2. Voigt (Su); 3. Jones (Sol); 4. Cole (Sol); 5. Godwin (Sol); 6. Leinberger (Su).
Time: 2 mins. 3.2 secs.

Event 10: 90 Metres Hurdles Under 15:

1. Papas (R) ; 2. Viljoen (Sol) ; 3. Savage (T) ; 4. Melle (Sch).

Time : 13.7 secs.

In heats for this event B. Papas set up a new school record with a time of 13.2 seconds.

Event 11: Inter House Relay Junior:

1. Arcadia ; 2. Town ; 3. Rissik ; 4. School ; 5. Sunnyside.

Time : 1 min., 47.0 secs.

Event 12: 70 Metres Hurdles Under 14:

1. Cochrane (T) ; 2. Richardson (Su) ; 3. Cornelius (R).

Time : 11.6 secs.

Event 13: 70 Metres Hurdles Under 13:

1. Saayman (Su) ; 2. Champion (R) ; 3. Newham (A) ; 4. Harwin (Su).

Time : 12.2 secs.

Event 14: 400 Metres Open:

1. Sterley (Su) ; 2. Mostert (A) ; 3. Jones (Sol) ; 4. Voigt (Su).

Time : 53.3 secs.

Event 15: 1500 Metres Under 16:

1. Brauer (A) ; 2. Fell (R) ; 3. Voigt (Su) ; 4. Snyman (R) ; Abrahams (T).

Time : 4 mins., 33 secs.

Event 16: 100 Metres Under 15:

1. Schmidt (Sol) ; 2. Verdoorn (A) ; 3. Frohling (A) ; 4. Papas (R) ; Grant (Sch).

Time : 12.0 secs.

Event 17: 200 Metres Under 13:

1. Walters (R) ; 2. Gafner (T) ; 3. Campbell (T) ; 4. Luyt (T) ; Crosson (A).

Time : 28.0 secs.

Event 18: High Jump Open:

1. Davison (Sol) ; 2. Hattingh (T) ; 3. Crooks, J. (Sch) ; 4. Crooks M. (Sch) ; 5. O'Brien (Sol).

Height : 6 ft. 0 ins.

Event 19: 100 Metres Under 16:

1. Hanna (Su) ; 2. Bristow (Su) ; 3. Van Schaik (Su) ; 4. Breytenbach (A) ; 5. Livingstone (Sch).

Time : 12.0 secs.

Event 20: 100 Metres Under 13:

1. Gafner (T) ; 2. Walters (R) ; 3. Campbell (T) ; 4. Luyt (T) ; Lane (A).

Time : 13.8 secs.

Event 21: 200 Metres Under 15:

1. Verdoorn (A) ; 2. Frohling (A) and Schmidt (Sol) ; 4. Smith (Sol) ; 5. Flint (T).

Time : 24.8 secs.

Event 22: 100 Metres Hurdles Open:

1. Davison (Sol) ; 2. Wain (Sch) ; 3. Crowder (R) ; 4. Canny (Sch).

Time : 14.1 secs (New school record).

Event 23. 400 Metres Under 14:

1. Brown (Sch) ; 2. Richardson (Su) ; 3. Gaspar (Su) ; 4. Melle (Sch) ; 5. Smith (Sol).

Time : 59.4 secs.

Event 24: Inter House Relay Senior:

1. Arcadia ; 2. Solomon ; 3. School ; 4. Rissik ; 5. Town.

Time : 3 min., 54.5 secs.

Event 25: Long Jump Open:

1. Von Prince (R) ; 2. Wain (Sch) ; 3. Bernstein (T) ; 4. Davison (Sol) and Sterley (Su) ; 6. Wegerle (Su).

Distance : 19 ft. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

Event 26: 800 Metres Under 16:

1. Brauer (A) ; 2. Lewin (Sch) ; 3. Fell (R) ; 4. Blignaut (A) ; 5. Schumann (A).

Time : 2 mins., 12.4 secs.

Event 27: High Jump Under 15:

1. Meek (T) ; 2. Ross (T) ; 3. Abrahams (T) ; 4. Vrba (T) ; 5. Savage (T).

Height : 5 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

Event 28: 1500 Metres Open:

1. Voigt (Su) ; 2. Jones (Sol) ; 3. Laubscher (Su) ; Godwin (Sol) ; 5. Clarence (Su) ; 6. Cole (Sol).

Time : 4 mins., 19.3 secs.

Event 29: 400 Metres Under 15:

1. Frohling (A) ; 2. Papas (R) ; 3. Voigt (Su) ; 4. Smit (T) ; 5. Gray (Su).

Time : 55.1 secs.

Event 30: Long Jump Under 16:

1. Crooks (Sch) ; 2. Bristow (Su) ; 3. Wegerle (Su) ; 4. Nordin (R) ; 5. van Reenen (Sch).

Distance : 18 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

Event 31: Long Jump Under 15:

1. Verdoorn (A) ; 2. Papas (R) ; 3. Mey (Su) ; 4. Grant (Sch) ; 5. Schmidt (Sol).

Distance : 18 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

Event 32: 3000 Metres Open:

1. Voigt (Su) ; 2. Jones (Sol) ; 3. Fell (R) ; 4. Godwin (Sol) ; 5. Cole (Sol) ; 6. Laubscher (Su).

Time : 9 mins., 32.4 secs. (new school record).
Result of Meeting

1st Sunnyside 123 points ; 2nd Arcadia and Solomon 65 ; 4th Rissik 59 ; 5th School 45 $\frac{1}{2}$; 6th Town 44 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Victor Ludorum : G. Sterley (15 points).
Runner-up : R. Voigt (13 points).

In a match against Jeppe Boys High School our team had a comfortable win by 102 points to 90.

The under age groups (16, 15, 14, 13) had a match against C.B.C. which we won rather easily.

Results of the Thirty-sixth Annual Athletics Match against King Edward VII School held on Wednesday 16th September 1970 at KES.

Event 1: High Jump Under 15.

1. Meek (P); 2. Vrba (P) 3. Ross (P).
Height 1.52 metres.

Event 2: Long Jump Under 16:

1. Johnson (K); 2. Wegerle (P); 3. Bristow (P).
Distance 6.41 metres.

Event 3: 3000 Metres Open:

1. Godwin (P); 2. Jones (P); 3. Clarence (P).
Time: 10 mins. 8.5 secs.

Event 4: 100 Metres Open.

1. Friedland (K); 2. Murray (P); 3. Klerk (K).
Time: 11.3 secs.

Event 5: 100 Metres Under 13:

1. Monik (K); 2. Fensham (K); 3. Walters (P).
Time: 12.9 secs.

Event 6: 800 Metres Open:

1. Stein (K); 2. Laubscher (P); 3. Cole (P).
Time: 2 mins 0.3 secs.

Event 7: 1500 Metres Under 16.

1. Brauer (P); 2. Fell (P); 3. Lewin (P).
Time: 4 mins. 38 secs.

Event 8: 100 Metres Under 15:

1. Schmidt (P); 2. Joseph (K); 3. Verdoorn (P).
Time: 12.1 Secs.

Event 9: 100 Metres Under 14.

1. Friedland (K); 2. Smith (P); 3. Carty (K).
Time: 12.3 secs.

Event 10: 100 Metres Under 16.

1. Stricker (K); 2. Breytenbach (P); 3. Firkser (K).
Time: 11.8 secs.

Event 11: 200 Metres Under 13:

1. Monik (K); 2. Fensham (K); 3. Walters (P).
Time: 26.0 secs.

Event 12: Long Jump Open:

1. Klerck (K); 2. de Reuck (K); 3. Von Prince (P).
Distance 6.3 metres.

Event 13: High Jump Under 14.

1. Carty (K); 2. Melle (P); 3. Hodgson (K).
Height: 1.52 metres.

Event 14: 100 Metres Hurdles Open.

1. Davison (P); 2. de Reuck (K); 3. Wain (P).
Time: 14.3 secs.

Event 15: 100 Metres Hurdles Under 16:

1. Williams (K) and Clingman (K); 3. Cilliers (P)
Time: 15.0 secs.

Event 16: 800 Metres Under 15:

1. Frohling (P) 2. Williams (K); 3. Voigt (P).
Time: 2 mins. 10.3 secs.

Event 17: High Jump Open:

1. Hattingh(P); 2. Davison(P); 3. de Reuck(K).
Height: 1.75 metres.

Event 18: 70 Metres Hurdles Under 14:

1. Hodgson (K); 2. Cochrane (P); 3. Muller (K).
Time: 10.9 Secs.

Event 19: 70 Metres Hurdles Under 13:

1. Kaplan (P); 2. Williams (K); 3. Fensham (K).
Time: 11.9 secs.

Event 20: 1500 Metres Open.

1. Stein (K); 2. Jones (P); 3. Voigt (P).
Time: 4 mins 12.6 secs.

Event 21: 90 Metres Hurdles Under 15:

1. Papas (P); 2. Joseph (K); 3. Viljoen (P).
Time: 13.6 secs.

Event 22: 400 Metres Under 14:

1. Greenspan (K); 2. Smith (P); 3. Harmes (K).
Time: 57.5 secs.

Event 23: 400 Metres Under 16.

1. Stricker (K); 2. Johnson (K); 3. Williams (K).
Time: 53.3 secs.

Event 24: 400 Metres Open.

1. Arnison (K); 2. Klerck (K); Cole (P).
Time: 51.1 secs.

Result of Meeting K.E.S. 99 points.

Pretoria Boys High School 93 points.

Athletics Colours

Full Athletics Colours:

N. Davison, D. Hattingh, G. Jones, G. Laubscher, G. Sterley, R. Voigt.

Half Colours Athletics

P. Brauer, C. Cole, R. Frohling, N. Murray, T. Von Prince, W. Wain.

Cross Country Results 1970

INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION
SENIORS

				Points
1.	Solomon	46
2.	Sunnyside	61
3.	Town	125
4.	Rissik	127

JUNIOR

1.	Town	192
2.	Sunnyside	287
3.	Solomon	318
4.	Rissik	404

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

Senior:

1. Jooste (Sol) (18 min 1.8 secs) 1. Fell. P. (R);
3. Leinberger (Su); 4. Voigt R. (Sun); 5 Cole C. (Sol).

School record: P. Kaal 17 min. 0.1 secs.

Versus Kearsney College

Junior:

1. Abrahams R. (T); 2. Sotiralis S. (A);
3. Salmon P (T); 4. Grey (su).

1. B.H.S.	23
2. Kearsney	34

INTER-SCHOOL COMPETITIONS

Versus King Edwards

				Points
1. B.H.S.	24
2. K.E.S.	71
Juniors:				
1. B.H.S.	25
2. K.E.S...	68

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

1. D. Jooste; 4. M. Leinberger; 5. Potgieter;
6. Mclvor; 7. Fell.

Colours awarded to:

Full: D. Jooste (Capt). M. Leinberger.
Half: C. Cole, P. Fell, K. Mclvor, E. Potgieter,
R. Voigt.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Gavin Beckwith, John Metelerkamp, Michael Voigt

EDITOR

Mr. T. M. Ashton

who wishes to thank

for their cheerfulness and labours, the three-man Editorial Board;

for the bulk of the material in this magazine, the boys of Pretoria Boys High School;

for preliminary work on the magazine, Mr. Vivian Henry, the retiring editor;

for the cover photograph, Mr. Tony Engelenberg;

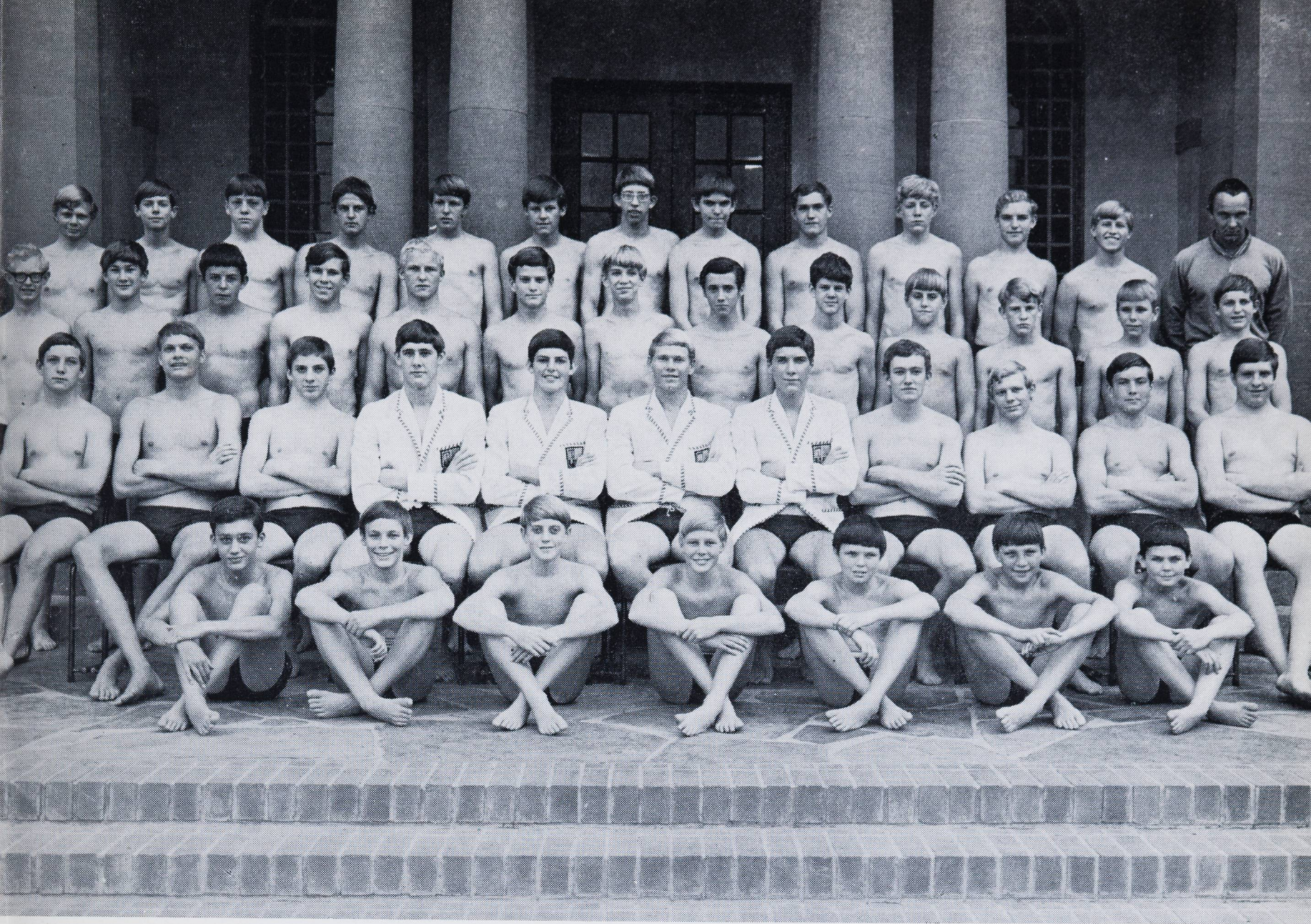
for technical assistance, patience and off-the-record comments about life in general,
Mr. Klaas van Ruler

for special articles, Mr. George S. Findlay, Mr. Norris Cheadle and Dr. T. F. Gevers;

for photographs

page 3 — Boarders' Chat, Mr. Bob Fair;
page 8 — The Bridge, Mr. Norris Cheadle;
page 10 — Up, up and away, presumably Mrs. Joan Cheadle;
page 12 — Dr. T. F. Gevers, Constance Stuart;
page 13 — In the beginning (Sylvester and Webb, 1971), Mr. John Perks;
page 19 — The Vigilant Scrum-half (Mark von Broemb-sen), Mr. John Perks;
page 22 — The Philosophical Fossey, Mr. John Lewin;
page 23 — Crosson reaching new heights, photo-grapher unknown;
page 27 — Graham Laubscher breasting the tape, Mr. John Horak;
page 31 — Gary Levy, Simon Allen;
page 32 — The staff in a moment of confusion, and for all team photographs, Messrs Martin Gibbs;

page 36 — A game of cricket, Mr. Bob Fair;
page 37 — D.F.A., Mr. John Lewin;
page 40 — Insight (Paul Hefer), Mr. John Lewin;
page 42 — Weighing the possibilities (Robert Ras), Mr. John Lewin;
page 43 — Birds on the belfry, Mr. Bob Fair;
page 44 — Young man with a Purpose (Stephen Blair), Simon Allen;
page 45 — Among Hellenic Splendours (Mr. John and Peter Brauer), photographer unknown;
page 46 — '12.1?' (Bruce Tate), Simon Allen;
page 47 — Isaac Makena, Mr. Bob Fair;
page 56 — Andrew Mostert, photographer — and his motives — unknown;
page 63 — The Concept (Mrs. Louis Erasmus) Constance Stuart;
page 68 — Mist, Mr. Bob Fair.



BACK (left to right): D. Barnes, D. Jackson, P. Serfontein, R. Stephens, M. Macaskill, R. Johnson, J. A. Simpson, M. Travers, W. Bucke, A. Miller, A. Vlag, Mr. T. Van Aswegen.
STANDING (left to right): I. Smith, R. Douglas, J. Metelerkamp, P. Blake, S. Lightbody, D. Murray, T. Bucke, M. Gavshon, T. Sole, H. Jackson, K. Dennie, D. Faure, G. Allan.
SITTING (left to right): J. Kok, J. Radel, P. Tabone, P. Novellie, O. Kuyper, G. Braak, R. Bucke, H. K. Bormann, B. Barnes, T. de Beer, F. Levy.
FRONT (left to right): B. Levy, W. J. Downer, K. S. Weir, G. Smith, B. P. de Beer, A. Brits R. de Beer.

SWIMMING RESULTS 1970 **Inter-House Gala**

Event 1: 100 yds Butterfly Stroke Open.

1. Davey (T) 2. Novellie (A) 3 De Beer (A).
 Time: 61.5 secs.

Record: C. van Niekerk, 59.8 secs., 1968.

Event 2: 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Butterfly Stroke U 13:

1. Jackson (A) ; 2. De Beer (A) ; 3. Smith (Sol).
 Time: 22.2 secs.

Record: C. van Niekerk, 20.6 secs., 1964.

Event 3: 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Butterfly Stroke U 14.

1. Dennie (Sun) ; 2. Gavshon (T) ; 3. Dely (A).
 Time: 22.2 secs.

Record: J. Human, 19.4 secs., 1965.

Event 4. 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ yds. Butterfly Stroke U15.

1. Jackson (A) ; 2. De Beer (A) ; 3. Smith (Sun).
 Time: 44.4 secs.

Record: A. Barnetson, 39.6 secs., 1967.

Event 5: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ yds. Butterfly Stroke U16.

1. Vlag (R) ; 2. Metelerkamp (A) ; 3. Levy (Sol).
 Time: 44.3

Record: C. van Niekerk, 37.5 secs., 1967.

Event 6: 100 yds Back Stroke Open.

1. Kuyper (T) ; 2. Barnes (T) ; 3. Green-shields (A).
 Time: 59.8 (Record)

Old Record: O. Kuyper, 61.3 secs., 1968.

Event 7: 200 yds Free-style Under 16:

1. Johnson (T); 2. Miller (Sun); 3. Loub-scher (R).

Time: 2 mins. 22.4 secs.

Event 8: 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Back Stroke Under 13:

1. Weir (A); 2. Nielson (Sch); 3. Schmidt (Sol).

Time: 23.8 secs.

Record: P. Ettin, 21.6 secs., 1961.

Event 9: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ yds. Back Stroke Under 14.

1. Faure (Arc); 2. Weyers (Arc); 3. Angelopolu (T).

Time: 44.8 secs.

Record: P. Ettin, 43.5 secs., 1962.

Event 10: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ yds. Back Stroke Under 15.

1. Serfontein (Sun); 2. Meek (T); 3. Blake (T).

Time: 45.8 secs.

Record: O. Kuyper, 41.0 secs., 1968.

Event 11: 100 yds. Back Stroke Under 16.

1. Vlag (R); 2. Miller (Sun); 3. De Jager (T).

Time: 74.3 secs.

Record: O. Kuyper 64.9 secs., 1969.

Event 12: 100 yds. Free-Style Open.

1. Davey (T); 2. Novellie (A); 3. Wain (Sch).

Time: 55.3 secs.

Record: J. Davey 53.7 secs., 1969.

Event 13: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ yds. Free-style Under 13.

1. Jackson (Arc); 2. Hurrell (Sun); 3. De Beer (Arc).

Time: 41.1 secs.

Record: A. Barnetson, 39.9 secs., 1955.

Event 14: 200 yds. Breast Stroke Open

1. Braak (T); 2. Radel (Arc); 3. Bornman (T).

Time: 2 mins. 35.7 secs., 1969.

Record: G. Braak, 2 mins, 27.3 secs., 1969.

Event 15: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ yds. Free-style Under 14.

1. Faure (Arc); 2. Gavshon (T); 3. Martens (A).

Time: 39.1 secs.

Record: J. Davey, 36.7 secs., 1966.

Event 16: 100 yds. Free-style Under 15.

1. Jackson (A); 2. Stephens (Sch); 3. Bucke (Sun).

Time: 59.2 secs.

Record: A. Barnetson, 56.6 secs., 1957.

17. 100 yds. Free-style Under 16.

1. Blaauw (Arc); 2. Kok (Sch); 3. Simpson (Arc).

Time: 60.6 secs.

Record: C. van Niekerk, 53.8 secs., 1967.

Event 18: 200 yds. Free-style Open.

1. Kuyper (J); 2. Peters (A); 3. Greenshields (A).

Time: 2 mins. 3.9 secs. (Record).

Old Record: E. Grobler, 2 mins. 16.5 secs., 1966.

Event 19: 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Breast Stroke Under 13

1. Hurrell (Sun); 2. Levy (Arc); 3. Bolton (Sch)

Time: 25.5 secs.

Record: A. Ballantine, 22.7 secs., 1958.

Event 20: 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ yds. Breast Stroke Under 14

1. Douglas (A); 2. Downer (T); 3. Dely (A).
Time: 53.1 secs.

Record: A. Ballantine, 46.5 secs., 1959.

Event 21: 100 yds Breast Stroke Under 15.

1. Meek (T); 2. Lightbody (Sun); 3. Collins (Sch).

Time: 82.2 secs.

Record: A. Ballantine, 72.8 secs., 1960.

Event 22: 100 yds Breast Stroke Under 16.

1. Johnson (T); 2. Levy (Sol); 3. Blaauw (A).

Time: 78.8 secs.

Record: B. van den Berg, 69.4 secs., 1969.

Event 23: 500 yds Free Style Open.

1. Braak (T); 2. Bucke (Sun); 3. Peters (A).

Time: 5 mins. 45.2 secs.,

Record: J. Davey, 5 mins. 39.5 secs., 1967.

Event 24: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Medley T.R. U 13.

1. Arcadia; 2. School; 3. Solomon.

Time: 1 min. 35.7 secs.

Record: Town, 1 min. 29.4 secs., 1966.

Event 25: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Medley T.R. U 14.

1. Arcadia; 2. Town; 3. Sunnyside.

Time: 1 min. 28.8 secs.

Record: Town, 1 min. 24.7 secs., 1966.

Event 26: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds Medley T.R. U 15.

1. School; 2. Arcadia; 3. Sunnyside.

Time: 1 min. 24.7 secs.

Record: Sunnyside, 1 min. 18.3 secs., 1966.

Event 27: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Medley T.R. U 16.

1. Arcadia; 2. Sunnyside; 3. Rissik.

Time: 1 min. 22.7 secs.

Record: Town, 1 min. 17.7 secs., 1968.

Event 28. 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Medley T.R. Open.

1. Town; 2. Arcadia; 3. School.

Time: 1 min. 1.48 secs. Record.

Old record: Town, 1 min. 16.5 secs., 1965.

Event 29. 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Team Race U 13.

1. Arcadia; 2. Rissik; 3. School.

Time: 1 min. 21.8 secs.

Record: Town, 1 min. 19.9 secs., 1963.

Event 30: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Team Race U 14.

1. Arcadia; 2. Town; 3. Solomon.

Time: 1 min. 19.0 secs.

Record: Town, 1 min. 12.2 secs., 1966.

Event 31: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Team Race U15.

1. Arcadia; 2. School; 3. Town.

Time: 1 min. 14.7 secs.

Record: Sunnyside and Solomon.

1 min. 9.8 secs., 1966.

Event 32: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Team Race U 16.

1. Sunnyside; 2. Arcadia; 3. School and Solomon.

Time: 1 min. 11.4 secs.

Record: Town, 1 min. 7.8 secs., 1966.

Event 33: 4 x 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ yds. Team Race. Open.

1. Town; 2. Arcadia, 3. School.

Time: 1 min. 5.4 secs (Record)

Old Record: Town, 1 min. 6.1 secs. 1956.

Result of the Inter-House Gala, 1970

Arcadia	107
Town	63
Sunnyside	37
School	29
Rissik	13
Solomon	11

COLOURS

Full Colours:

G. Braak, R. Bucke, O. Kuyper, J. Davey, P. Novellie.

Half Colours:

B. Barnes, J. Radel, B. Peters, J. Blaauw, D. Faure, R. Johnson, D. Jackson.

Outside Matches

The Inter-High Schools' Gala was won by Pretoria Boys High School.

v. Athlone: Athlone, 140; PBHS, 274.

v. St. Davids: St. Davids, 203, PBHS, 126.

Triangular Meeting v. KES and Parktown: KES, 185, Parktown, 135, PBHS, 99 — first match held on 31st January, 1970;

KES, 131, PBHS, 122, Parktown, 89 — second match held on 17th October, 1970.

v. Athlone: PBHS, 288; Athlone, 130.

v. KES: KES, 196; PBHS, 123.





STANDING (left to right): B. Mitton, C. Beamish, M. Blair.
SITTING (left to right): R. Sturgeon, Mr. V. Henry, A. Fourie (Captain).

TENNIS

First Team:

A. Fourie (Captain), R. Sturgeon, C. Beamish, B. Mitton.

Second Team:

P. Dunseith (Captain), G. Casalis, R. Voigt, D. Levitas, V. Coetzee.

N. Transvaal League Results

Winners: Afrikaans Hoër Seunskool.

Runners Up: Pretoria Boys High School.

N. Transvaal Inter Schools Tournament

Team: A. Fourie, R. Sturgeon, C. Beamish, B. Mitton.

Results: The first team were narrowly defeated by Afrikaans Seuns Hoër in the finals.

S. Transvaal Inter Schools Played at Ellis Park, Johannesburg.

Team: A. Fourie, R. Sturgeon, C. Beamish,

B. Mitton.

Results: P.B.H.S. were defeated by Afrikaans Hoër Seunskool in the finals.

Over 12 Mixed League Results

Winners: Afrikaans Seuns & Meisies Hoër Skool.

Runners Up: Pretoria Boy's High School & Girls High School.

Under 15 N. Tvl. League Results.

Team: M. Voigt, T. Widdicombe, H. Esterhuysen, A. Cilliers.

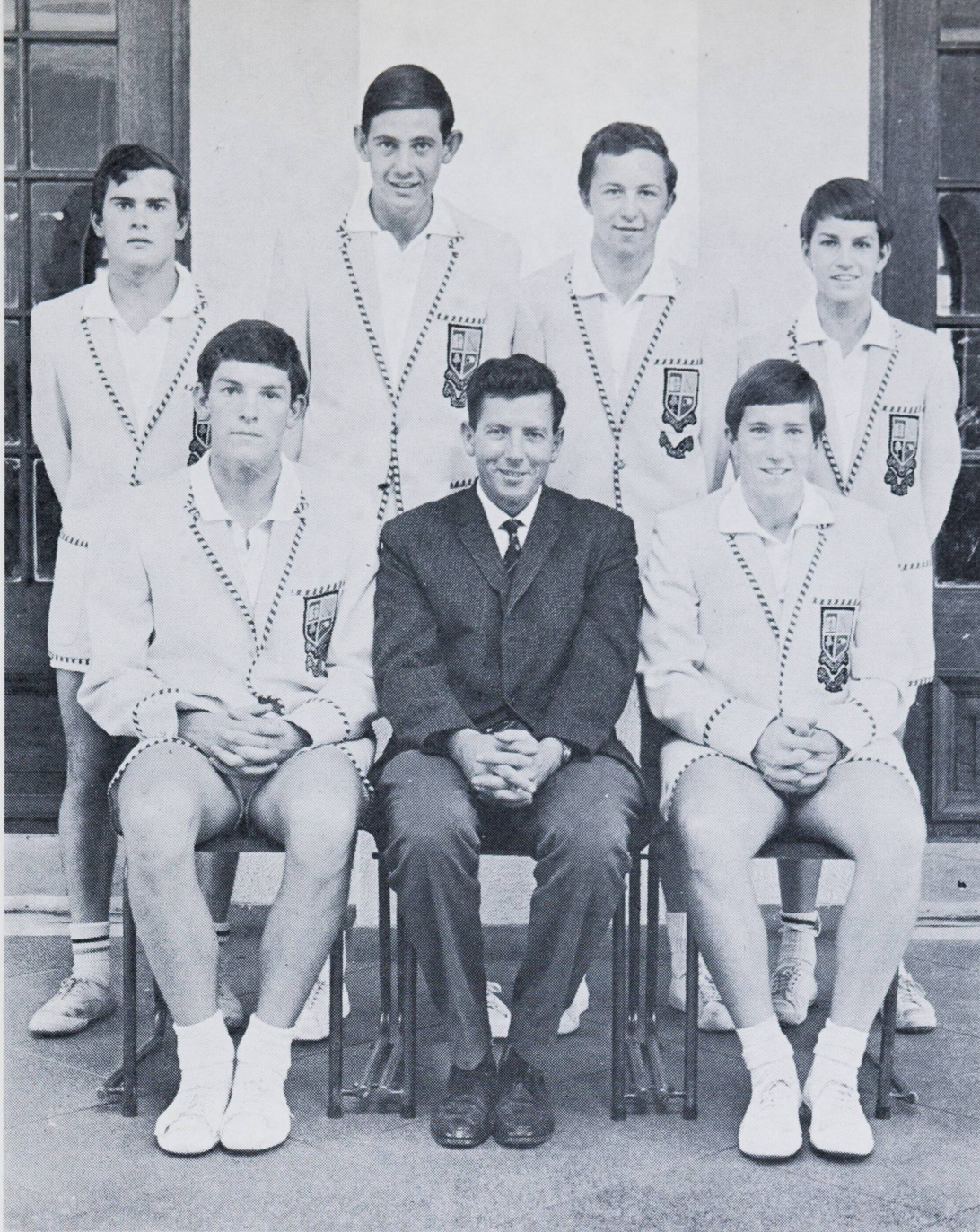
Winners: Afrikaans Hoër Seunskool.

Runners up: P.B.H.S.

Colours awarded to the following:

Full: A. Fourie, R. Sturgeon, C. Beamish, B. Mitton.

Half: P. Dunseith, R. Voigt, G. Casalis.



STANDING (left to right): D. von Hirshburg, R. Clarence, A. Raff, G. Stanford.
SITTING (left to right): M. Mark (Captain), Mr. M. Hurry, P. Ryan.

SQUASH RACQUETS

School Matches

31st July	vs St. Alban's	Won	4-1
21st August	St. John's	Won	3-2
26th October	vs St. John's	Lost	0-5
28th October	vs St. Alban's	Won	4-1
The 1st and Under 15 teams toured Natal and the results were as follows:-			
8th August	vs Kearsney	Won	5-0
8th August	vs Hilton	Lost	1-4
9th August	vs Michaelhouse	Won	4-1

Interhouse Competition

Seniors:

1st:	School	119 points
2nd:	Rissik	75 points.
3rd:	Solomon	66 points

Juniors

1st:	Rissik	104 points
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JUNIORS

1st:	Rissik	104 points
2nd:	School	90 points
3rd:	Sunnyside	77 points.

Senior Individual Championships:

Winner: M. Mark

Runner-up: P. Ryan

Junior Individual Championships:

Winner: C. Rorich

Runner-up: R. Weinstein

The school first team also played in the Northern Transvaal 2nd League and won 10 out of 15 matches.

Full colours were awarded to:

M. Mark, P. Ryan, R. Clarence, G. Stanford, R. von Hirschberg, A. Raff.

Half colours were awarded to:

K. Gerhardt, C. Rorich, R. Weinstein.



*STANDING: (left to right): J. Rosman, B. Roodnick, P. Newham, P. A. du Plessis, K. Griffiths, B. M. Sturgeon.
SITTING: (left to right): B. Kirsten, D. Hummel, P. Novellie, Mr. J. Strydom, K. Rosman, A. Murray,
M. Jablonski.*

CHESS

1970 was a very successful year for the Chess Club, under the guidance of Mr. Strydom. The team managed to push its way through its section of the Pretoria High Schools' Chess League undefeated, the most important match being the 62 — 32 victory over Seuns Hoër. However, this rival of ours obtained more points from the other schools than we managed to, and both teams finished with 72 points. In the return match, we lost by half a point.

Four boys represented Boys' High in the Lubowski tournament held in July. Paul Novellie, captain of the team, took first prize, and Andrew Murray, fourth. The other two boys who participated were David Hummel, and Birger Kirsten.

The last term witnessed some interesting events. A "kriegspiel" tournament was organised by Mr. Strydom which was won by Roodnick. A staff team was arranged and

lost to the school team 32 — 62. The traditional match against Meisies Hoër also took place, in which only half a point, from the twelve games, was given to them.

Arcadia House won the inter-House competition, losing only two points to Rissik House, who were the runners-up with 14 out of a possible 20. Arcadia's victory was expected as it consisted of first team members only — first, second, third and sixth boards.

In the S.A. Schools' Championships, P. Novellie came 17th, and A. Murray 13th. Boy's High was one of the few schools who were allowed to enter two players.

A great loss to the Chess Club was the seconding of Mr. Strydom to Sannieshof, and the departure of P. Novellie (first board), K. Rosman (third board) and D. Hummel (fourth board) who are now doing their military training.

GOVERNING BODY

D. Smith, Esq. (Chairman), R. C. Abbott, Esq. (Vice-Chairman).
T. D. C. Randall, Esq., E. Todd, Esq., C. G. Ritson, Esq., The Rev. D. Martyn,
E. de V. Stegmann, Esq., I. J. D. Wentzel, Esq., T. Duff, Esq.,
R. Cowie, Esq., V. Schmulow, Esq., S. Bam, Esq.

THE STAFF

Mr. D. F. Abernethy,
Headmaster
Mr. R. S. Fair,
Deputy Headmaster
Mr. W. M. Hofmeyr,
Vice-Principal
Mr. C. W. S. Hendry,
Vice-Principal
Mr. R. J. Brown
Mr. R. Buwalda
Mr. W. N. Cheadle
Mr. J. L. Dentan
Mr. B. J. Dickson
Mr. P. K. A. Digby
Mr. H. R. Dittberner
Mr. F. H. du Toit
Mr. K. E. Gibbs
Mr. P. A. Glen
Mr. J. W. Harding

Mr. V. G. Henry
Mr. T. B. Hill
Mr. J. Horak
Mr. M. Hurry
Mr. K. G. Ilsley
Mr. E. Jones
Miss S-M. Iaredo
Mr. J. Lewin
Mr. McCrindle
Mr. M. P. Moore
Mr. C. Mulvenna
Mr. T. Mulvenna
Mr. B. W. Obermeyer
Mr. E. H. Penzhorn
Mr. J. Perks
Mr. R. B. Rademeyer
Mr. P. O. Sommerville
Mr. B. Strydom
Mr. W. T. van Aswegen

Mr. P. J. L. van Heerden
Mr. V. V. Viljoen

TEMPORARY

Mrs. E. Bakkes
Mr. I. Baris
Mrs. J. C. Botha
Mr. W. C. Brooks
Mrs. L. H. Erasmus
Mrs. M. Fourie
Dr. T. F. Gevers
Mr. A. W. Gill
Mrs. F. J. Human
Miss A. Le Roux
Miss S. Louw
Mrs. S. Prinsloo
Mr. F. A. Seady
Mr. J. P. Steynberg
Mrs. N. van Etten

OFFICE STAFF

Mr. A. Wilkes, Mrs. J. Cuppleditch, Mrs. K. Le Sueur, Mrs. G. Cooper,
Mrs. A. Seton, Mrs. C. Trendler.

GROUND STAFF

Mr. and Mrs. T. van Leeuwen.

PREFECTS

P. Ryan (Head-Prefect), E. Cameron (Vice Head-Prefect).
A. H. Berg, H. K. Bormann, G. H. Braak, R. J. Bucke, R. D. Bunbury, D. J. Christie,
A. G. Crowder, N. T. Davison, H. D. Falkson, N. A. Hedenskog, D. B. Hummel,
K. A. Jones, O. Kuyper, M. Laubscher, M. J. Leinberger, G. R. Levy, M. Mark,
V. Matthysen, M. P. Novellie, D. L. Oosthuizen, N. J. Peberdy, K. D. Rosman,
J. F. Salmon, P. T. Schnetler, R. K. Tunmer, R. B. v.d. Merwe, J. C. v. Niekerk,
T. M. v. Prince, S. V. Wegerle.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

Swimming: G. H. Braak

Tennis: A. Fourie

Athletics: N. T. Davison

Hockey: S. V. Wegerle

Rugby: G. R. Levy

Cricket: P. Ryan



