

= Page 1 =

= Page 2 =

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Cover Photo: The School at night Photo: Mr /. Hitchcock
Back Cover: School House at night Photo: Mr /. Hitchcock

= Page 3 =

THE PRETORIAN

The Annual Magazine of Pretoria Boys' High School

THE PRETORIAN

3

= Page 4 =

The School Prayer

O Lord, God of Truth, Whom to know is everlasting life, and to serve is perfect freedom, grant that we may draw near to Thee in thought, word and deed.

Inspire us with the love of Thy creatures and Thy laws, that in all humility and teachableness, with patience and understanding, by honest and earnest labour, we

may seek after knowledge as a blessing that cometh from Thee.

Whether it be our part to teach or learn, to rule or obey, make us feel Thy presence in

our several duties, filling us with reverence for the beauty and wonder of Thy universe,

and pouring on us a spirit of justice, gentleness, and mutual goodwill.

Thus by Thy grace, may we use this house of learning, that we may prepare our

powers of body, mind and spirit, to advance the good of man and the Glory of God.

Through Jesus Christ Our Lord, Amen.

THE 1982 LEAVING GROUP

Form 5A — Mrs Noble

Bench G J	Hancock M J	Mulaire E	Tarling G A
Bosch O A	Khoury G P	Roberts D W	Taylor M A
Chami G M	Kinsey D G	Roos G N	Turner S E
Corlett A D	Lee C J	Scholtz MAG	Van Rooyen J P
Ehlers M J	Leslie P G	Shapiro A	Voortman T C
Findlay G H	Moore S D	Steyn P O	Yuill M J

Goldberg D S

Form 5B - Mr L Smit

Beaton G M	Donaldson I A	Meiring A R	Pienaar F H
Blacking V	Fanjek R J	Milton B M	Smart W
Brick D	Figueirinhas F	Morley G F	Smith G G
Caiger J	Ford S	Neethling N D	Van der Merwe H J
Chantler G M	Harper W L	Peacey A W	Van't Slot M
Davidson D S	Holtzhausen L	Phillips R L	Yates B C
De Waal D J	Mahoney S W		

Form 5C — Mr. T Mulvenna

Albers H W	Gibson A J	Hoog A C	Papageorgiou S
Beylefeld J	Gordon B S	Hyde F B	Potgieter R R
Botten A J	Guthrie G R	Kinnear K W	Rimell P A
Cleland A C	Guthrie N M	Kondos P	Rindel A
Clement V E	Henry A K	Krummeck D	Stanley G C
Dick D	Herbert B	Leask A N	Stead A D
Dorlas H C	Holtzhausen N	Olivier N	Strange M D

Form 5D — Mrs Lynch

Askam G D	Du Preez A J	Hanne G W	Price D W
Barkley R	Ferreira A D	Jones P	Richards J P
Blount R W	Fourie J N	Joubert G W	Van der Merwe K H
Brown S B	Fourie G P	Le Roux D J	Venn R H
Christofides E	Fraser C J	McHeath G C	Walkley D K
Dalton E R	Gerber M	Nowosenetz G	Williams G M
Dean P E	Glasgow D	Pretorius P	Willis P M

Form 5E — Mr. J Steyn

Cook J	Hammond M A	Judson W H T	Sigalas P
Dean D S	Harvey R D	Katzef S K	Spies A B
Everitt A J	Hodgson A J	Olivier H C	Swirsky M I
Gilbert J E	Holzen S B	Preece W E	Wheeler G
Gol ke G M B	Ingham D S	Rabinowitz G	White S R
Hagerman W A	Janse van Vuuren A		

Form 5F — Mrs Nathanson

Addison P C	Coetzee A H	Keramianakis L	Neser D A
Batley A F	Du Toit H P	Koen G M	Pama P
Bradfield C	Glatthaar M A	Krige N J	Rush ton AW
Brown C W	Gorringe V M	Kuhn A W	Scott A N
Buchinger K	Hack J P	Kyriacou N	Skinner D C
Chambers I A	Halkas A C	Lauryssen C	Verhage E M
Cleaver B A	Hyde G E	Molin N G	

Form 5G — D Smuts

Algra P E	Figueirinhas A P	Le Roux A J	Purchase R H
Beirao A M	Garde J S	Liston J B	Seekings D W
Blake G R	Goodman M B	Marias K	Steynberg A L
Cartwright P A	Harverson H	Mulligan M J	Stipmovich A M
Chiistodoulou A	Haswell G M	Pfeifer M P	Stroud A M
Dalton T J	Hunter R H	Poletti R A	Thorpe B P
Davis A L	Jakins D J	Powrie M O	Turnbull R J
Ferguson I D			

= Page 6 =

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Photo: Mr Armstrong

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VALEDICTION

I i :ETORIA BOYS HIGH SCHOOL

Monday 25 October 1982

ORDER OF CEREMONY

INTROIT	God be in my head	
HYMN	IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise	
BYBELVOORLESING	Noel Olivier	
ANTHEM	Blessed are the pure in heart	
READING FROM THE SCRIPTURES	Sean Moore	
SCHOOL PRAYER	LORD S PRAYER	BENEDICTION
SPEECHES BY MEMBERS OF FORM V	George Findlay	
	Donal Skinner	
ADDRESS	The Headmaster	
PRESENTATION BY THE HEAD PREFECT	Angelo Stipinovich	
ADDRESS BY GUEST SPEAKER	P de Lange	
FORTY YEARS ON		

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 7 =

THE HEADMASTER'S VALEDICTORY ADDRESS 1982

Young gentlemen of matric 1982, Valediction is always a memorable and meaningful occasion, full of pomp and ceremony, of reflection and anticipation, of relief and anxiety. It is of course, an evening in which you are really the guests of honour. It is dedicated to your past at Pretoria Boys High and it is dedicated to your future that lies ahead. I welcome you on behalf of the school to your Valediction Service.

Now, there are a number of people here tonight who have taken a very special interest in you, namely your family who gave us the basic material to work on; a welcome to you and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your wonderful support that you gave your son and the school during his stay with us.

I should like also to welcome to this ceremony those very good friends of the school who are on stage and two who should be with us on stage but were unable to do so. A person who is not with us this evening due to pressure of work, is Mr Brian Stewart, the Chairman of the Pretorian Trust, who is a member of the Governing Body, the Governing Body representative on the School Fund Committee and a foundation member of the 75th Anniversary Campaign. He is an old boy whose dedication to the welfare of the school, is limitless. I would like to welcome Mr Tertius Spies the Vice-Chairman of the Old Boys Association. We have a wonderful relationship with the Old Boys — my thanks go to the Chairman, Gordon Hay and the Vice-Chairman Tertius Spies and the hard-working committee they have.

Then on my right, is Mr Mark Rushton, Chairman of the Parents Association for the past 2 years. He has been associated with this school as a parent since 1976 during which time he has worked tirelessly for the school. Next to him is Mr Roger Cleaver, a member of Governing Body since 1974, and Chairman of the Governing Body since 1978. His is another old boy who is fully committed to the welfare of this school and then on my left, of course someone I don't need to introduce to you, the Deputy Headmaster, my right-hand man, Mr Vieyra.

Finally I should like to welcome to Valediction our guest speaker, Prof de Lange and Mrs de Lange. We are fully aware, Sir, of the tremendous calls that we know are made on your time and we deeply appreciate the fact that you came along to address us this evening.

Donal Skinner, who made one of the Form V speeches tonight, mentioned the feature of this year's Valediction which will become a permanent feature of the school and that is this magnificent organ. I want to say to this year's matrics that you have woven yourself in an additional way into the fabric of the school because this is your organ. Assemblies will never be the same again. Apart from everything else you have done for the school and it has been tremendous, you have succeeded in turning this beautiful hall into a cathedral. On behalf of the generations that will follow you, I should like to say thank-you.

Now Donal also mentioned another significance of this year, it is an historic one in another sense. Its a watershed year in that by December we will have lost the services of three loyal and capable stalwarts on the staff. At the end of Term I we said farewell to Mr Heine Dittberner after 35 years of service at this school and at the end of Term II we said farewell to Mr Stuart Hendry after 36 years. It is impossible to measure in realistic terms their contribution to Pretoria Boys High School. At the end of this third term Ted Jones retires, also after 35 years; three gentlemen who between them, have given over a century of service to Pretoria Boys' High. We shall be taking leave of Mr Jones later but I should like to take this opportunity to say a few words about him. You have heard the sweet sounds emanating from the Gallery, Ted Jones is responsible for that and for 30 years he has trained the Choir and prepared them for a regular anthem at assembly every Friday. He has looked after the grounds, planted aloes, helped with sport, run the Chess, been Housemaster of Solomon House, Vice-Principal, Maths teacher par excellence, a Christian philosopher, with an integrity that is frustratingly beyond corrosion. Ted, the school will miss you; no one more than I. Thank you for your selfless and invaluable contribution to Pretoria Boys High.

I said earlier that tonight is a time for reflection and I invite you mothers and fathers to cast your minds back to the start, in fact the 13th May 1978 when we had the New Parents' Meeting at which I talked to you of your little boys who were keen, unspoilt, spontaneous, natural, naïve and innocent. I don't know if they are still naïve and I wouldn't be too

sure of their innocence but there is no question they are still keen and spontaneous and natural. At that time I talked of the trauma of entering high school. Donal has mentioned some of it. The huge grounds, the confusing buildings, the wide range of activities, that they would now have twelve teachers, they would change classrooms, there were big boys, there was an absence of girls, there was a greater volume of work and a greater difficulty of work and mother and father were unable to help. All that they took in their stride; so much so that boys taking German have survived eight German teachers in the last 18 months. I said on that occasion that your sons would spend 5 to 6 years here and we hoped that they would be happy and constructive. We hoped that not only would the school play a significant part in their lives, but that Pretoria Boys High would be the focal point of theirs and yours. I said that our aim was to produce, with your help, well-informed, well-balanced, well-mannered, self-disciplined, independent thinking, articulate, tolerant citizens. This group as a whole, now in 1982 as a matric group, have gone from strength to strength in every facet of school life,

THE PRETORIAN

7

= Page 8 =

sporting, cultural, academic and I'm not going to boast about it. I'd love to, but I want to mention I think their greatest strength and that is their academic strength. In June 1978 after their exams, I read to the school the best results. All those who had an average of over 70. There were 26 boys in total and the Dux Scholar had exactly 80%. Anyone connected with a high school will know that a boy's graph of achievement tends to go downwards and its not because he has stopped trying, its just a natural downward graph. This group of matrics, in their last report, the second cycle of 1982 — remember there were 26 in Form I — had 42 boys with an average of over 70 and 14 with an average of over 80 and 5 of them 85 and better; 36 boys got their best result in their whole high school career for their last report; so they have gone from strength to strength.

But to achieve our aim, to produce these citizens we promised that we would expose them to a wide range of thoughts, ideas and people. I don't intend to speak to you about what they were exposed to in the classroom, you may have got some garbled accounts of that; it is the exposure outside the classroom that I wish to draw to your attention. Some of these occasions involved the whole school, others concerned Clubs and Societies with open membership that were thus available to everyone, and I had assumed that the boys would have forgotten about this but I noticed that Donal actually mentioned some of them this evening. I shall mention some of the exposure these boys have had while they have been at Pretoria Boys High.

On that memorable occasion on the 23rd June 1978 when the School was declared a National Monument, the Minister for National Education, Dr Piet Koornhof addressed them. We had a ceremony here for the presentation of a Silver Medal to a Maths Olympiad winner and we had an old boy, Prof D.M. Joubert, present Rector of the University of Pretoria. We had another old boy, Dr Botha de Meillon, one of the world's eminent scientists, who has virtually eliminated malaria from Africa, honoured by the World Health Organisation, speak to them. We've had John Chalsty, expatriot South African, now an investment banker in Wall Street, New York; Deon Fourie who was then the Commanding Officer of the Pretoria Regiment who spoke to us about South Africa's position in relation to the continent, the West and Russia. We had a man called Richard, of Alcoholics Anonymous who spoke to us about the danger of alcohol. We had Basil O'Connell Jones a paraplegic, seriously injured as a member of the Security Forces in Rhodesia, who stumbled up on to the stage and held us entranced for half-an-hour while he told us what his experiences had done to him spiritually. We had Geoffrey Jenkins. We've had Alan Paton. We had a man called David Hall, another old boy, an eminent biologist from Kings College London. We've had the Bishop of Pretoria, Michael Nuttall at a Remembrance Day service. We've had Michael Ranthro of the Urban Foundation, we've had the Transvaal leader of Inkatha, we've had Franklin Sonn, the leader of the Coloured teachers, we had Jaques Rabie, formerly of the Coloured Representative Council. We had Hans Strydom, news editor of the Sunday Times speaking to the boys about the Super-Afrikaansers and the Broederbond and we had the Secretary of the HNP speak to us about the philosophy. It was quite interesting at question time. We had sir John Leahy, the British Ambassador and we had Spike Milligan, who came to this school because some boys had written to him in England and said "When you come to South Africa you must come to Pretoria Boys' High". Ultimately he did, because one of his best friends in London is an old boy and features in the 1936 Rugby team. We had another old boy, Prof Jack Spence, who is Deputy Vice-Chancellor of Leicester University; the Rev Junod, for many years Prisons Chaplain at the Pretoria Central Prison. We've had the Administrator of the Transvaal, Mr Willem Cruywagen. Another old boy, Dr H.H. Munroe, one of the country's leading scientists in insectology, who left the school in 1910, came to speak to us. We had a hypnotist, he hypnotised some of the boys — I'm not sure all of them snapped out of that, but it was interesting. We had Prof Jeffrey Butler, brother of Prof Guy Butler from Wesleyan University, USA; a Conservative British MP, Bob Dunn, from Dartford in Kent. We had the head of the Africa Desk from the Department of Foreign Affairs who spoke to us about South Africa and Black Africa. We've had Prof Kleynhans analyse the results of the General Election. We had the Apostolic Delegate to South African, Archbishop Cassidy, talk about the Vatican and International Affairs. We've had talks on urban terrorism, Prof van Jaarsveld on the growth of Afrikaaner Nationalism; and Prof P.J. Nienaber, the great Afrikaaner and collector of Afrikaaner literature. We've had Heiner Kruger, member of the Executive Committee of the Transvaal and an old boy of this school. We've had Heine Kruger, member of the Fair and a former Headmaster, Mr D.F. Abernethy. We've had Mrs Foxcroft, a White Russian who escaped during the Revolution in Russia in 1917. She spoke on an exile's view of Russia, looking back. We've had a talk from Roger Cleaver on the South African Judicial system and some boys went to visit the Supreme Court for a child murder case. The boys have visited Laudium, they have visited Tembisa. Just after the massacre in West Beirut we had the Israeli Legation Officer come and talk to the boys about that. We've had the Air Force band, recitals by a flautist, brass players, pianists and last week a lovely organ recital. They have visited game parks, a cheetah farm, museums, theatres, and have been to concerts, lectures and selected cinema films.

Now I think you will agree that your sons have been exposed to a considerable range of human experience and opinion but I want to emphasise this, that the only limitation placed on their exposure is the very considerable

limitation place on a government school by Departmental regulation. We would like to give them even greater exposure than they have had.

= Page 9 =

Finally, we believe that it is the duty of this school to provide experiences, educational and otherwise, that stimulate the highest degree of personal growth for each boy, physical development, social responsibility, aesthetic appreciation, growth in ethical human relationship and the development of spiritual awareness. It is our earnest hope that in some measure we have succeeded.

Thank you.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS OF THE GUEST SPEAKER PROFESSOR J.P. DE
LANGE RECTOR OF THE RANDSE AFRIKAANSE UNIVERSITEIT, CHAIRMAN
OF THE HUMAN SCIENCES RESEARCH COUNCILS INVESTIGATION INTO
EDUCATION AND EDITOR OF THE DE LANGE REPORT

Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr Armstrong, Mr Cleaver, Young Gentlemen. For a moment I thought that Mr Armstrong, the Boss, is that what you call him, was going to restrict me to speak on education and I value the escape from having to speak on education, so I'm going to address you on something else.

First of all, it's my great pleasure to be with you at this school with its proud tradition of service in South Africa. It is a real monument to what can be achieved through education. I have been wondering as I was sitting here listening especially to the achievements of the present Form V group, which instead of a downward curve has had an upward curve, whether boys at boys' schools achieve better than boys at mixed schools. There is a very strong tendency in our society for the female of the species to become intellectually emancipated. In discovering her own emancipation we have unleashed academic talent in the female which is becoming dangerous to our society. This goes beyond a joke; let me give you a small statistic. This year the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research awarded its six top doctoral bursaries in South Africa, that's from all universities. Five of them went to women in the Natural Sciences, so I thought the male of the species was on the downgrade, but you have reassured me that, at least at Boys High, this is not happening. I'll keep away from the subject of boys' schools from now on. I was at a boys' school myself so I have some inkling of your experiences. I thought I would address you on what can be termed, realities of our time and opportunities arising from those realities and these are extremely hard realities from which we cannot escape. I will be short on them because I think most of them are well-known. I'm trying to summarise a few that I think are basic realities.

The first is the economic reality of our time. We have moved in what is popularly called a downward economic curve into a recessionary period. The length of this recessionary period, increasingly it is thought, will be fairly long. Even the economic, the most optimistic economist now-a-days, tends to move the upswing at least until late in 1984. A description I heard the other day brings together a lot of sophisticated economic thinking into a simile, our economy is more or less, in terms of the lead-factors which you can recognise, like an aeroplane on the runway. It is moving but it hasn't taken off and it is quite possible that before in fact it does take off, it might hit an oil slick. And this is a hard fact for South Africa to face. At present, 200 companies are going bankrupt per month as opposed to last year, at the same time when it was 36 companies. This means increasing unemployment, and increasing unemployment will mean strained relations in this country. Strained, if we are not very careful, to the point of explosiveness and this is the world you young gentlemen will be entering. You are entering either further studies or the army or the life of work in a recessionary period and at best when the up-turn comes it is going to be a very slow up-turn extending over a long period of time. That is the best economic knowledge or projection at present available and these are extremely dicey times, looking into the future, especially the economic future. That is the first reality. I'll come to the opportunities later on.

The second is the reality of the very involved human relations in South Africa as between Afrikaans and English speakers and Blacks and Coloureds and Indians, with all their sub-groupings. It is probably one of the most complex human relations situations into which you will move and in which you will have to take part and establish the quality of those human relations. And as I have just indicated from the economic point of view, it is quite probably that these relations will become strained, through economic reasons, quite apart from other reasons. But it is a fact which we cannot escape that in this complex situation of human relations, we have to find our way and either promote good relations or destroy good relations, or try to live as if these relations are not necessary, which some people try to do.

A third area of reality is the area of politics and I'm not going to speak to you in terms of party politics. The fact, the reality, at present, is that South Africa is in a situation of change politically, and there is no way in which this changing political situation can be brought to a stop. It is a fact of history that when a society is in a phase of fundamental political change, that society is at its most exposed. It is vulnerably exposed, because the readjustment, political readjustment, is a situation of high emotion, of polarization and this leads to temporary, if not long term, divisions which weakens, for the moment, that society until the political change has, in basic terms, concluded itself so that there is again stability in the political life of that society. And you are as young gentlemen entering a more responsible phase of your life in the situation of basic political change. Again, I'll speak about the opportunities this creates later on.

The fourth reality — I could mention many more aspects of reality in South African life, but I'll restrict myself to four — is the reality of the diverse aspirations of our society some of whom have no political power-base, some who do not fully participate in the division of the riches of this country, but their aspirations, real as they are, may be realistic or very unrealistic, but they are facts with which we have to deal and which we have to accommodate. Perhaps I should tell you this short story. I took the wise decision not to play golf any more about 12 years ago, when I discovered I did not have the time for this game and since then I have played twice, and the second time I played was a few weeks ago at Pretoria Wingate Park. It was a form of madness somebody convinced me to undertake. And I had a caddy, black, young, extremely intelligent, and as we progressed, he was giving me instructions, and sympathising with me, and so on, in excellent Afrikaans. Then I asked him, "What do you want to become!", and he said "A manager". I asked him what standard he was in. He said standard 7 and he was obviously a highly intelligent young man and it seemed to me that eventually he would become a manager. So I asked him, "More or less when do you want to become a manager?" He said, "The moment I finish Standard 10". Now you can laugh at this unreal expectation, this aspiration to become a manager on completion of standard 10, but this illustrates the aspirations living and motivating many of our peoples and they are real and if we cannot create a society in which the justified aspirations can be accommodated we will have a society exploding from within.

This is the world you young gentlemen will be entering. A world in which aspirations are real, they are facts, as this hall is a fact, of life in South Africa and we have to help create a society which accommodates it. Now let us look for a short while at the opportunities these four realities create for you as young entrants to adult society.

The economic reality which I described in a cursory and very short way, calls for skills. There is no doubt that the economic future of South Africa is dependent upon the skills which we as South African people have and develop. You are at the stage where your skills have been formed to such an extent that you have a platform to stand on and no more. Your intellectual skills have been sharpened, your vocational skills still have to be developed. Your skills in relationship with other people, your communication skills, have been developed up to a stage. They have to be developed further with the hard reality of South Africa. And may I express the hope that the young gentlemen matriculating from Boys High will as in the past, Mr Armstrong, form a very important segment of that core of upper-level skills which this country so much requires.

But skills are seen here in their broadest meaning: not skills serving the individual in his life but serving his society in all its complexity and these skills are acquired in the end only through two means — further study and experience in the vocation you have chosen. The fact is that we can never stop developing these skills. It continues, in fact, until death.

Regarding the relationships in this country, the complex relationships, the opportunity it creates is the opportunity for tolerance. And how extremely difficult it is to be tolerant of the other chap and how even more difficult it is for one group to be tolerant of the other group, even across the colour line and the demands that our society makes on tolerance, is to my mind unknown in history. And yet despite this extreme demand on our tolerance, we cannot achieve a future without it. And we will have to accept this opportunity, this challenge for this high degree of tolerance.

This brings me logically to the third reality of politics. Our political situation which as I have indicated is changing fundamentally, calls for commitment, involvement of every person. It does not call for involvement of those who would seek political change through revolution, whether it be the Right, the Far-Right or the Far-Left. I'm excluding those, but from Left to Right it calls for the optimal involvement and commitment, political commitment of also you young gentlemen, because political involvement in its basic meaning indicates the following. That through your political involvement, your political thinking, your political ideal, you are in fact trying to envisage a future state of the society towards which we should be moving. And ideal state or a more ideal state that the present one, more ideal at least in terms of its ability to deal with the real questions of society, and this cannot be achieved unless we are politically involved, excluding these extreme forms which call for change through might, through terror, whether it be Rightest terror of Leftest terror. And may it be true again that the Boys High matriculants of this year will prove themselves to be politically involved in the future of this country and make the great contribution which so many Old Boys have already made, and hopefully a greater contribution that they have done in the past, because our times calls for this.

however, the aspirations, the different aspirations are often clashing aspirations in our society, but are the basis for hope in our society. And I, in my own mind, am convinced that this is the most fundamental ingredient for creating a worthwhile future. This creation, is the nurturing, the development and the realisation of hope in the hearts of all the peoples of South African because. If a segment of our society becomes hopeless, it tends to destroy the whole fabric of society and may it be given that you, as young gentlemen entering this world of ours, will be creators of hope and not destroyers of hope in our society.

I have of necessity in a very cursory manner mentioned the four areas of opportunities, skills, tolerance commitment and hope. Another opportunity now arises and it relates to what I previously said about the political aspect and that is balance. And I'm sure, Mr Armstrong, that if Boys' High can be proud of one thing, it is the fact that it has given a balanced education over the years and also to this matriculation group of young people, because this need for balance in this turmoil of our society is as necessary as the other elements which I have indicated.

I want to conclude by, I think I have every right to do this, by welcoming as it were, these young gentlemen into the next phase of their lives. May I express the hope that in this next phase of their lives, they will achieve what they hope for in their own lives and also what their parents hope for, because what their parents hope for is only the best, for you. And may you, in achieving what you hope for, do this in a way in which individual responsibility is never avoided but always

accepted. Translated into economic terms, free enterprise which is promoted in such a way that we have free enterprise with social responsibility.

May God bless you all.

HEADMASTER'S THANKS TO GUEST SPEAKER

Ladies and Gentlemen

Prof de Lange is an Afrikaaner and I think you will agree with me that he is an Afrikaaner with vision, insight and courage. More than that, he is a great South African who sees beyond the narrow confines of culture, language and traditional conservatism and is able to observe objectively the human condition and then suggest with wisdom how we should provide for man's future.

Front Row (l to r): W.J. van Aswegen; P. O'C Sommerville; J.L. Dentan; D.B. Wylde; C. Mulvenna; P. Vieyra (Deputy Headmaster); E.M. Armstrong (Headmaster); E. Jones; T.B. Hill; J. Oehley; T. Mulvenna; Mrs L. Erasmus; P.K.A. Digby
Second Row (l to r): E. Dorey; Mrs M.L. Penzhorn; Mrs D. Michell; Mrs A. de laager; Mrs E. du Toit; Mrs C.R. Viljoen; Mrs C. Nathanson; Mrs E.O. Williams; Mrs R.B. Bigalke; Mrs T.R. Noble; Mrs G.P. Staegemann; Mrs M. van Staden; Mrs H.I. Davis; Mrs L. Lynch; Mrs E.M. Douglas; J.L. Smit
Third Row (l to r): Miss S.C. van Rooyen; Miss G. van Niekerk; Miss V. Haese; Mrs S.A. Zwick; Mrs C.J. Gliddon; Mrs C. Trendler; Mrs P. Corbett; Mrs S. Newman; Mrs G. Bloemink; Mrs A. Lawrence; Mrs S. Gibson; Miss C.A. Preece; Miss T.L. McCully; Mrs L. Augustine; Miss I. Ritchie
Fourth Row (l to r): P.N. Anthony; R.B. Rademeyer; A.R. Wilkes (Secretary); R.D. Hoggan; D.J.S.P. Smuts; N.E. Sandnes; B.C. Moles; J. van der Vegte; A.B. Olivier; A. de V. Minnaar; P.A. Glen; J.R. Hitchcock; I.A. Biddulph; A.A. Steyn; M.E. Gen is

= Page 12 =

DIGNI LAUDE

OUTSTANDING SCHOLARS FOR 1981

	Form V	Form IV	Form III	Form II	Form I	
English	Damon Galgut	Pieter Steyn	Angelo Pantazis	Paul Theron	John Eliastam	
Afrikaans	Ian Steyn	Andre Coetzee	Johan van Graan	Chris de Klerk	Andre Phillips	
Mathematics	Neil Davidson	Donal Skinner	Alexander Junod Andreas Salamon	Michael Lindstrom	Cleave Gass	
Science	Neil Davidson	Ferdinand Pienaar	Grant Schaffner	Paul Theron	Harry Harka	
Biology	Gaig Morris	Kenneth Buchinger MacClements	Johnathan			
Latin	Neil Davidson	Neil Molin	Ewald Muller	Chris de Clerk	Andre Phillips	
Geography	Peter Theron	John Garde	Julian Kuisis	Mihaly Zsadanyi	Harry Harka	
History	Neil Davidson	Angelo Stipinovich	Angelo Pantazis	Paul Theron	Harry Harka	
Music		Angelo Stipinovich	Mihaly Zsadanyi	Cleave Gass		
Woodwork	Alan Courtney	Andre Leask	Grant Schaffner	Graeme Warren	Martin Parsons	
German	Milan Oleksak Ian Hyams	Alex Kuhn Clements	Johnathan Mac	Michael Lindstrdm	Andreas Salamon	
Accountancy		Andreas Christodoulou	Ewald Muller	Paul Theron		
Art	Ploutarchos Panoussis	Munroe Swirsky	Darrel Wratten	Andrew Banks	Andreas Salamon	
Dux Scholars	Neil Davidson Donal Skinner Pieter Steyn	Kenneth Buchinger	Alexander Junod	Paul Theron	Andreas Salamon	

Photo: A. Christodoulou

12

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 13 =

HEINE DITTBERNER January 1948 - March 1982 B.A. TTD.

Heine Dittberner had an interest which became a hobby that became so interesting it finally became his vocation and the school played a major part in this development, ultimately, of course, to our own disadvantage.

It was things military that fascinated young H.A. Dittberner when he arrived at P.B'.H.S. in January 1948. After two years of teaching on the Reef. He had already been appointed as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Cadet Corps and he immediately became involved at P.B.H.S.

He was associated with the Drill Squad of 1952 that was adjudged the best in South Africa at the van Riebeeck Festival held in Cape Town in 1952.

Over the years he, Stuart Hendry and George Batty built up the standard of Cadets at the school through the extremely well-run Officers' Training Courses they conducted. Because the Boys' High Detachment was affiliated to the Pretoria Regiment, Heine was asked to volunteer as a Citizen Force Officer with them which he did in November 1948. He progressed through the ranks and finally left the Regiment in 1970 after being its Commanding officer for five years. Subsequently he qualified as a Staff Officer in the SADF and since June 1973 he has been called up annually for two to three months military service mostly in the Operational area in South West Africa. For his services to the Army he has been awarded: Good Service Medal (Gold), the John Chard Decoration and the Pro Patria Medal.

Col. H.A. Dittberner resigned from the TED in March this year to become a Permanent Force Officer on the Directorate of Staff Duties (Chief of the Army) at Defence Headquarters.

THE PRETORIAN

13

= Page 14 =

Heine started at P.B.H.S. teaching Afrikaans under "Stokkies" Joubert and German under Dr Dolf Menge. By 1953 he was head of the Afrikaans Department which he ran with impeccable efficiency until his transfer to the SADF in March.

Extra-murally his contribution to the life of the school was tremendous. Not surprisingly he was involved in shooting and again with Stuart Hendry he raised the standard to the high point where the Northern Transvaal team of 12 for the Inter-Provincial Bisley had 8 P.B.H.S. cadets in it.

He was heavily involved in school swimming. For 20 years he was on the Northern Transvaal High School Swimming Association (6 years as chairman) which body organised all the Inter-High Galas and Junior Inter-Provincial competitions. For many years he was stage Manager of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas and as coach he had a happy association over nearly 25 years with the 5th and 6th Rugby Teams.

Heine Dittberner gave so much to the boys of the school, but he made a great contribution to every member of staff through his compilation over the last 26 years of that peculiar document the Nominal Roll which is the P.H.B.S. equivalent of the Yellow Pages.

It is a pity that we shall not be able to use his talents and experience for at least three months of the year as the Army did when he was on our staff.

C.W.S. HENDRY BA TTD - January 1947 to July 1982

Stuart Hendry matriculated at P.B.H.S., graduated from the University of the Witwatersrand and took a diploma in education at the Johannesburg College of Education. After being demobilized at the end of the Second World War, his first year of teaching was at Parktown Boys High in 1946. He joined the staff of P.B.H.S. in January 1947 where he taught until July 1982 ending up as Vice-Principal and Head of Department.

The years 1939 to 1945 were very significant years historically and they were particularly significant to this young history teacher for he spent them in the South African Air Force, piloting Tiger Moths and Spitfires. These wartime experiences had a profound effect on Stuart Hendry as generations of history scholars were to discover. In fact the Spitfire was to provide them with a diversionary topic of great interest and stimulus. They were also fortunate that the newer History syllabuses wisely included under Modern History, events leading up to the Second World War and beyond to very recent times. This happens to be Stuart Hendry's speciality and his handling of this era with his classes has resulted in their having an abiding interest in his subject. The atmosphere of his classroom added in no small measure to this.

Stuart Hendry gave unstintingly of his time enthusiasm and energy to the school. Perhaps his major efforts were in the field of cadets where with Heine Dittberner he ran the Officers Training Courses (OTC) to such good effect. For many years he was OC Cadets, reaching the rank of Commandant. In 1974 he was invited to revive target shooting in the school, an activity that had been dominate for many years. In his customary thorough manner he set about his task to such good effect that P.B.H.S. once more became a major force in the Northern Transvaal, winning both the Junior and Senior Trophies for inter-school competition for the last four years in a row. In addition in 1976 the school won two national competitions, the Prime Minister's Trophy and the Counaught Shield. Because shooting had become so important as an extramural activity the school took the initiative in breaking down the old range and armoury on B field and with the help of parents and Old Boys, built a new and revolutionary 16 point range on the koppie West of Rissik House. The Department has since provided the school with a splendid new armoury.

Stuart Hendry's contribution to the life of the school extended way beyond his interest in cadets and shooting. For nine years he was an assistant housemaster in School House. After which he became head of Town House. He coached and umpired at cricket and over an extended period looked after the 5th and 6th Rugby teams, again with Heine Dittberner. He helped in the Opera and at Athletics and with his eye and concern for detail he proved to be excellent as a master of the ceremonials namely the Annual Remembrance Day Service and Valediction.

He and his good friend and colleague Heine Dittberner shared a number of admirable qualities; both were heat in appearance punctilious about time, meticulous about detail, thorough in all they did, and absolutely reliable.

Also, like his friend, he is returning to the military sphere and will be taking up a position in the SAAF associated with the Air Force Museum.

EDMUND JONES
Member of Staff since 1947;
Housemaster of Solomon House
1966-1975 and Vice-Principal and
Head of Department 1974-1982

EDMUND JONES B.Sc UED B.Ed.

That Ted Jones ever became a teacher we have to thank an unknown Army Officer in World War II who gave a talk on the banks of the Suez Canal to a group of graduates in the Union Defence Force on the urgent need for teachers back home after the war.

A product of Potchefstroom Boys' High, he graduated from the University of Potchefstroom with a B.Sc in Mathematics and Physics in 1940. He then joined the South African Air Force and served as a Lieutenant until he was demobilised in 1945. He returned to Potchefstroom to take his teaching diploma (UED) at the University.

He started his teaching career at P.B.H.S. in 1947 and retires at the end of this year after 35 years of service, the last eight as Vice-Principal (Head of Department). That he was placed in Rissik House as an assistant housemaster to Mr Noel Pollock had very happy consequences for in December 1955 he married his mentor's daughter, Jenny. The reception took place in the delightful School House garden, Mr Pollock having become headmaster in 1950 and moved to the traditional residence.

THE PRETORIAN

15

= Page 16 =

There is something symbolic in the reception, for Ted Jones has displayed a passion for gardening throughout his life. It was while he was housemaster at Solomon House from 1966 to 1975 that he developed the lovely lower garden across the road from the hostel. Further he was the driving force behind the Aloe Garden that surrounds the Squash Courts. For many years he was in charge of the School grounds to which task he applied himself with his usual enthusiasm, thoroughness and knowledge.

Like all good schoolmasters he gave of his services willingly wherever help was needed, to Athletics, Rugby, Cricket and particularly to Chess. But it was to the realm of music that he directed his talents. Like gardening, music is a passion with Ted Jones and he was very active at various times with the School Military Band, and the Orchestra. For over 30 years he has been training the Choir which has enriched our Friday Assemblies, Valediction, and Remembrance Day Services.

Every Old Boy, of course, associates Ted Jones with the Opera, i.e. Gilbert and Sullivan. He can remember producing at least 13, — The Gondoliers, H M S Penzance, Iolanthe, Mikado, Pirates of Penzance and Ruddigore twice each and The Yeoman of the Guard once. His productions have always been fun for the players and a delight to the audiences. He has thereby enriched the lives of generations of schoolboys and of their parents. On each occasion he has assembled and trained an orchestra comprising of friends of the school, parents, Old Boys, Staff and pupils and he has always been helped at the piano by his gracious wife, Jenny. When boys have forgotten all else they did at school they will recall with pride and pleasure that they took part in an opera.

It is an occupational hazard for teachers of long standing to become somewhat bored with their subject, and this is understandable. Not so Ted Jones. Ever excited and exciting, he presented his lessons with the gusto and enthusiasm of a novice. He started serious work in the first lesson of the year and invariably gave a test in the last. He thought and cared deeply about his subject and so his teaching was always innovative. His recent experiments in presenting the

syllabus at what he calls a 'comfortable' (accelerated) pace to those who can cope has had very promising results at school and particularly at university level. A true professional to his fingertips, he is a Mathematics teacher par excellence.

The foundation on which his every endeavour has been based is a practical Christian philosophy and an integrity that is frustratingly incorruptible.

led tones doing ground work — a few years ago when the SRC decided on the laying of a cycle path as one of their projects

16

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 17 =

TRUIMPH - VIRATE

It is relatively easy to pay tribute to the measurable contributions that these three gentlemen have made to the school during their long and valuable service with us. What cannot be assessed in material terms is the impact their lives and endeavours have had on our boys through their sterling qualities of personality and character. In the last resort one cannot measure dedication, enthusiasm, loyalty, and integrity. However, there can be no doubt that the quality of their service to this community has rubbed off on to the young and added a depth and breadth of vision to their lives.

Staff and boys will miss these three men. We thank them sincerely for all they have done and wish them good

health and happiness for the days that lie ahead.

GWEN COOPER

Another stalwart to leave during the course of the year was Gwen Cooper. She has been on the secretarial staff for 15 years and had long connections with school.

Her late husband was a prefect here in 1932; her brother-in-law had been Head Prefect and Captain of Cricket; she attended Pretoria High School for Girls; and her three sons were all prefects. Furthermore she plays bowls for the Old Boys Club.

Gwen Cooper went about her work with quiet efficiency. Her great charm and dignity endeared her to boys and staff alike.

It is difficult to think of her in terms of retirement but she insists her facts are correct. We wish her good health with which to enjoy her leisure. We shall miss you Gwen.

E.M.A.

THE FRONT OF THE SCHOOL

The Semicircular building, the copper red coloured bricks enclosing our hopes for the future, a dedicated clock with its hands sweeping past the minutes, the face, bell towers on either end, chiming out the periods with its crystal clear voice, the odd shaped protruding windows like the eyes of a large insect looking out from its perch on the wooded hill top-out over Pretoria, the green grass stretching out like a sea in front of the School this odd shaped building conjurs up lots of different aspects in my mind and makes me feel the way I do about it.

Michael Els 11D

Mr W.C.Brooks Vice-Principal/Deputy Headmaster
1950-1967
Housemaster of Solomon House 1946-1965
Member of Staff 1922-1974

(Born Grahamstown 20 July 1902 — Died Pretoria 1 September 1982)

"No reputation is more than snowfall. It vanishes." These words of a young poet of our time, reflecting as they do a truth universally recognized, would need to be qualified in respect of many of the masters whose lives have been spent at PRETORIA BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL. Their reputation is not quite as fleeting. It survives longer and more significantly than that of most other professional men. No master's reputation, good or bad, vanishes in the lifetime of his pupils. Often it survives as a family tradition into the second and third generation.

Sixty or seventy years after this, the year of Mr Brooks's death, Old Boys of the School will still be recalling with gratitude and pleasure the fact that they had been taught by, or coached by 'Willy' or 'Bill' Brooks, or had been a member of one of his teams, or a boy in either School House or Solomon House under him, or just a boy at school during his Deputy Headmastership.

There are many now living, Old Boys like myself in their seventies, in whose hearts for the past sixty years the personality and influence of Willy Brooks have been a tonic force. We remember his first days as a young master, so young and so slight of stature that the older boys were inclined, when they passed him on the stairs or in the corridors, to ignore him, seeing in him just another 'ou'.

'Ikey' Gold, a robust senior who had distinguished himself in athletics and rugby, passing him on the stairs near the Science Department a few days after his arrival and bumping into him by accident, challenged him. "Who are you?" asked 'Ikey'. "I'm the new Science master" replied Mr Brooks. "Oh, pleased to meet you," returned 'Ikey', "I'm the new Latin master." No serious rupture of relationship followed. Indeed the new Science master and the bogus Latin master soon became firm friends. We all remember how soon and how permanently this young master established himself as a man to be reckoned with.

= Page 19 =

Inevitably, my memories of Bill Brooks as a school-master during my days as a scholar have become fused with a thousand later memories of my association with him as a colleague and a friend. To my own impressions of him as a man have been added in recent years the recollections and comments of a diversity of other, ranging from striplings barely out of school to old men already released from harness. All they say, illustrates and reinforces a common theme : this was a man whose diminutive stature belied the splendour of his spirit, the soundness of his character, and the high level of his performance in all the spheres in which he operated.

To Jack ('Shadow') Botha, now near 70, who was coached by 'Willy Pants' — to use his own endearing nickname for Mr Brooks — in his 1 stXV years, nearly fifty years ago, Bill Brooks was the super coach. Not one to shout at boys from the touchline and tell them what to do, but to demonstrate in practice, he would get out into the mê/ée of the game, throw himself into the scrum, tackle and get tackled, often, because he was a master and light of weight, more viciously than was decent. There was never a reprisal in the classroom next day. Wentzel, Smith, Botha, or whoever might have overplayed his hands at Willy's expense, were not victimized.

Donovan Webb, mere fledgling of a few years, saw in Mr Brooks the prototype and embodiment of the essential scientist, completely, almost zany, dedicated to the cause of science. "All his experiments worked," says another. "He never left anything to chance; everything had been meticulously prepared." His classes were not entertained in the way science classes expect and love to be entertained, by demonstrations going awry, or experiments producing heavy odours instead of a clear blue flame, or whatever. They were entertained, and enlightened, by seeing how phenomena behave when scientifically controlled. Discipline in his classes never faltered. Boys never tried to take the mickey out of this science master.

Not a man who wore his heart on his coatsleeve, nor one diffusing a superficial bonhomie, in fact one who was often difficult to approach, brusque even, he was, ultimately, always accessible. If you went to him with a problem, even if his own attitude was the problem, you were received courteously and encouraged to be frank. "He was everybody's friend," says Jack Botha. "You could always go and discuss anything with him. He was a thorough gentleman."

= Page 20 =

In all formal matters and relationships he was impeccable. He never spoke out of his turn, or excessively, or with too much fervour; but he did not hold back his opinion or viewpoint when it was appropriate for him to speak. He could show anger, but not loss of control. He was the most loyal of colleagues. What you confided in him was sacrosanct; your attitude or behaviour would not be discussed with others. Whatever he undertook to do was done thoroughly and on time. As coach, Cadet officer, teacher, Housemaster, Deputy Headmaster, Captain in the Meteorological Division of the Air Force during the war, Secretary of the Old Boys' Association for many years, secretary of the Memorial Endowment Fund, Bill Brooks played his part with unobtrusive efficiency and quiet distinction. For more than fifty years, from 1923 to 1974, he contributed steadily to the shaping of the destinies of the boys of the School. Full well did he deserve the title of SCHOOLMASTER EXTRAORDINARY bestowed on him by Terence Ashton in the charming and perceptive appreciation that he wrote of Mr Brooks for the 1974 PRETORIAN.

The gentle warmth and kindness of Mr Brooks's nature was known to every boy in Solomon House who was ever ill or in need of consolation; his sense of fun, enjoyment of play, his droll wit and his love of pointed language were evident in all his dealings with boys on those occasions when duty was not the ruling principle. These qualities, and others, like hospitality, generosity, considerateness, tenderness were known also to those whose privilege it was to be his friends and to have come to appreciate the great and good man behind the innate shyness and reserve that were an inalienable part of his social disposition.

"At the time of this writing 45 years have passed since I first met him. He is still the same 'gentleman' that he always was, and I, for my part, continue to worship the ground on which he treads, although our paths seldom cross these days. 'Bless you, Mr Chips!'" With these words of Ian Moore's written for private circulation several years ago, I close this inadequate tribute to a man I loved.

Our sadness at his passing is qualified and sweetened by our affection and regard. To his widow, Ethel, and to all members of his family we extend our deepest sympathy.

Bob Fair

William Judson VE

20

THE PRETORIAN

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= Page 23 =

On Friday 20th August, 1982, Walter Battiss one of South Africa's best known artists died at the age of 76. He joined the staff of Pretoria Boys' High School in January 1936 and with a few spells away from P.B.H.S., continued to teach art at the School until 1964. In the words of the 'Pretoria News': "For about ten years in the 1950's and early 1960's Boys' High had probably the most outstanding art department in any South African School with Walter Battiss (who later became Professor of Fine Art at Pretoria University) and Larry Scully, now Professor of Fine Art at the University of Stellenbosch." In the Editorial of the Pretoria News, three days after Walter Battiss' death, he was referred to as "A colourful and flamboyant personality, a crusader for art free of censorship, and his work while continually changing in concept to meet the driver of a limitlessly imaginative mind, often challenged convention. Walter Battiss, artist, philosopher and a most lovable character, enriched South African art and culture. He and his talent will be sorely missed." Because of the great impact Battiss made on the cultural life of the School, Pretoria and South Africa and the influence he had on countless artists, a number of them pupils of his at the School, this edition of the Pretorian will feature several tributes to him.

EDITOR

A MISCELLANY OF MEMORIES BY AN OLD BOY OF THE SCHOOL, ROY DEVENISH,
CHIEF REPORTER OF THE PRETORIA NEWS:

Schoolboy rumour had it that Mr Desmond Abernethy, then headmaster, waged a relentless battle against his long-haired art master to trim his hair to at least shoulder length — while schoolboys were taken to task if it touched their collars.

There was always some or other project under way in his classroom, and in the middle stood a rickety 'throne' and 'the lazy man's switch'.

It was an old-fashioned brass light switch attached to a plank of wood.

On the plank were the instructions: 'Pull switch: if nothing happens it is in perfect working order. If something happens get it fixed.'

But possibly my most lasting impression of Professor Battiss as an art teacher was that regardless of your talent, you were made to feel someone special.

This was echoed by Mr Abernethy who said Professor Battiss had not been the conventional type of art master.

'Once I remember standing with him in the corridor on the second storey looking down at bicycles parking in the East Quad. 'I said I found it a horrible sight, and Professor Battiss said: 'I find that beautiful; I see all sorts of beautiful lines in that scene.'

Not all Boys' High teachers shared Professor Battiss's views on art. Mr Abernethy recalled that Professor Battiss had once painted a picture of the school swimming pool, with boys poised about to dive in. 'It was hung in the staff common room and one of the masters — Piet Moerdyk, I think — took it out of the staff room and hid it. After some weeks of inquiry there was still no sign of the painting. I think Walter Battiss was hurt, but he solved the situation in his own way. He spoke to the staff and said if it was not returned he would paint another. The painting was returned.' (With acknowledgements to the Pretoria News).

NORMAN CATHERINE, A FRIEND OF WALTER BATISS AND COLLABORATOR IN HIS SPOOF
"FOOK ISLE" WROTE:

WALTER BATISS was a lovable person, contributing more to South African art than any other artist has ever done.

He inspired and influenced many South African artists with his unconventional yet humble approach. His art was never static and developed until his death.

Young people and artists were drawn to him and, there was never an age gap. He was as freethinking as a child with an adult perception of the world. People felt at ease with him, and he never had a superior attitude as many other artists seem to display.

He was always on the look-out for new ideas and talent travelling overseas frequently, meeting artists all over the world and bringing those ideas back to South Africa to discuss with artists here. He always shared these ideas with others and where possible got young artists to assist him in various ways.

We have been friends for 12 years, in which time I learned a great deal about art and have been influenced by his attitude towards life.

He has inspired and influenced me more than any other contemporary artist. It was an honour for me to collaborate with Walter on the Fook Island concept which he spread to all parts of the world, being invited at the latest Documenta in Kassel to give a talk on his concept.

He will always be remembered as a loving and gentle person and a great artist.

Walter Battiss will continue to live on through his art which he has left behind as an inspiration reminder of a beautiful person. (With acknowledgements to the Pretoria News)

PROFESSOR LARRY SCULLY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE ON P.B.H.S. STAFF DID HIS MASTERS DEGREE ON THE LIFE AND ART OF WALTER BATTISS AND COMPILED IT WHILE WORKING WITH HIM EVERY DAY. AT AN OLD BOYS BANQUET IN CAPE TOWN ON 23RD SEPTEMBER, 1982 HE ADDRESSED THOSE PRESENT BEFORE PROPOSING THE TOAST. AMONG OTHERS, HE SPOKE OF WALTER BATTISS AND QUOTED FROM THE THESIS HE HAD WRITTEN ON BATTISS AS FOLLOWS:

"Those who come into direct contact for the first time with Walter Battiss are immediately aware of his rare sensitive spirit. This sensitivity is apparent firstly, in the choice of clothes he wears, the hand-painted ties and grey corduroy trousers and subtly-coloured shirts. But of course that is only incidental to the man who reveals himself the moment he opens his mouth to speak. As he talks, about art and people and other things, we notice how alive and aware he is to everything. Fie is, we soon discover, hypersensitive to nuances of colour, tone and shape. We are reminded of Cezanne and the way of the natural sensationist — this is one who responds to his physical environment in the same way as sensitized paper does to light — directly and immediately. But whereas Cezanne in his later paintings seemed to see things in a detached and even unemotional way, Battiss (who would be embarrassed by any comparison with the great Post-Impressionist) is much more at ease with his emotions and is consequently more expressionist, both in his day to day relationships and in his painting. There is no dichotomy between life and art for him, for he has found his way. He loves people and art as he loves nature and Africa. He communicates to us a sense of excitement too — a real joy of living. His conversation ranges far and wide to Greece and Rome; to natural history and ancient artefacts; to the politics of the day and the timeless quality of art. He is an unusual and strikingly different person in every way. He has, as well, the ability to put at ease all who meet him; and to bring out not only the best in them but to inspire in them the desire to create. His love of nature is profound. He has said, 'The yellow rock-shelter, the red earth, the green sky, the red cloud, the black water — these pull me'. Titles of late paintings show this attraction — this pull.

SHADOWS OF THE CAVE. FIGURES IN A WHITE LIGHT. STILL LIFE WITH LUMPS OF HAIL. THE MOUNTAIN TOP. FIGURES IN SUNLIGHT. ARTIST OF THE ROCKS.

"The last mentioned title is significant. It is close to my feeling about the artist himself. That is where he is happiest - close to the earth and amongst the ochres, transforming mud into Vermilion, Cerulean blue and Ivory black; scratching on rock, carving his name, and living the life of a man before the Fall."

PIERRE OOSTHUYSEN, WHO MATRICULATED IN 1963 AT P.B.H.S. AND IS NOW A PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER FOR THE SUNDAY EXPRESS WRITES:

Battiss was my art master at P.B.H.S. and over the past 15 years, in the course of my career as a press photographer, I have had the privilege of photographing him many times.

It is, however, as a teacher, in the greater sense of the word, that I feel that he will be remembered most.

He taught often on an almost subliminal level — you never realized that you were being taught — often by a sort of benevolent subterfuge. Days later you may only realize that during the class or the interview, you had actually become more visually perceptive and had cast aside much of the visual pretentiousness and snobbery that pervades the art world of today.

I cannot imagine that anyone who associated with him for any length of time could not have been influenced in some way as to their world and especially as to the visual perception of their environment. To me he gave a visual awareness that has been essential to me throughout my life and my career.

He also taught, through his own example, and through a perceptible aura that clung to him, coupled with a philosophy of life that characterised entire existence.

His students' own style, however, was always encouraged, never forcing on them any facet of that style that was only Walter Battiss.

An almost childlike serenity, accepting those things that he could not change, combined with an absolute integrity that could never be shaken, guided him through the many controversies that were the spice of his long and fruitful life.

DON PILKINGTON PUPIL OF BATTISS' AND TODAY PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTE OF INVENTORS INNOVATORS RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT WRITES:

On April Fools Day, this year, I was commanded by King Ferd the Third of Fook Island to present myself to him at 5 o'clock sharp, so that we could talk for a while, before his exhibition opened at the Goodman Gallery at 5.30 p.m. As

things turned out, I was 3/4 of an hour late, and had to wait my turn amongst his many admirers, later on in the evening, when things had quietened down, we managed to escape from the crowds, and finding a secluded spot on the steps at the rear of the gallery, we sat down to chat. During our chat, I told Battiss this story, which W. Coetzer himself had recently told me.

Many years ago, Coetzer, impoverished, but talented, wanted to go to Europe, to wander through the galleries and museums, studying art. A number of people (including Battiss) put together enough money to enable Coetzer to go, and he and Coert Steynberg spent many happy months travelling around Europe. On his return, Coetzer paid back all the people who had lent him money. Some time later, Coetzer and Battiss met, and Battiss, in usual teasing style, asked Coetzer why he painted such rubbish. Coetzer looked at Battiss, and replied with a smile "But Walter, you are partly responsible!"

Battiss laughed happily, as I recounted the story, thoroughly enjoying the memory, but he did add that his contribution was meant to have been a secret. This was typical of Battiss — a man of great stature and colour, who

preferred not to boast about his good deeds.

To most people who know Battiss only through the media, he is synonymous with Fook Island, and with bright colourful paintings, but he was much more than that. To consider Battiss' contribution to society as his paintings alone, is to do a very great man a grave injustice. His interests were wide reaching, and music was always one of his greatest joys. He was usually one step ahead of ordinary people, but was always ready to share his vision with other people. In the 40's, in Pretoria, Battiss was listening to, and persuading other people to listen to Stravinsky, long before Stravinsky was popular.

Whatever else one may say about Battiss, there is one thing that one can never accuse him of — Battiss was never conventional or dull, and seldom allowed the people around him to be conventional either. Nor was he a man who restricted himself to one medium only. As I have mentioned, he had a great love for music, and not only classical music, but local music as well. He was a close friend of the Matthews family in Turffontein, a Welsh-Cornish family, who had a strange connection with South African music. Gilbert Matthews is better known as "Johannes Joubert", the author of Boereplaas, and other South African 'folksongs'. Battiss never stinted in sharing his talent with others. He had an ability to put his own special personal touch on everything he did. I have in my possession a beautifully drawn bird, that he sent to the Matthews family as a Christmas card.

Battiss could never leave a sheet of paper or a piece of canvas blank for long (even his takkies were painted). I worked with him on a book by the 'Red Fawn Press', and the initial letter of each chapter was illuminated. Battiss designed the illuminated letters, but on the page on which he had designed a letter, there were lots of drawings, that were as beautiful as the letters themselves, but which, unfortunately, we could not use in the book. These letters were printed on a hand press, from hand-made blocks, in the studio, and were tipped in by the printer.

Battiss even ventured into the theatre world — and the result shocked many a staid Pretoria audience! He wrote and staged a play at Pretoria B.H.S., which he called "Cerulean Blue X-Cubed". So great was Battiss energy, that it took only a month to write the play — and during that month, the play must have changed some 6 or 7 times. Once Battiss had decided to do something, very little stopped him. In this play, Battiss' mastery of visual impact, of colour and form, was vividly apparent, but music played a big part as well. The opening scene was of 3 "Membryos", moving in silhouette in muslin bags on a dark stage, and emerging head-first to signify birth. This scene was enough to raise goose-pimples on the actors, and one can only imagine what effect it had on the conservative audiences of Pretoria in the 1940's! The group of white-clad surgeons operating on a pear on stage did little to relieve the tension and shock in the audience, but Battiss succeeded in getting his message across, and in preparing the people for the changes that were to come to their world. Battiss' influence on the people he taught and worked with caused many a raised eyebrow, but he opened the minds of many to new ideas, sweeping away the cobwebs, the conventionality, the stuffiness, and showing people that the world is not always what it seems, and there are many exciting discoveries still to be made.

Battiss had a vast source of creative energy, that radiated from him, and affected everyone around him. The times that I have spent with him, have been some of the most stimulating and creative days I have known.

COMMENT BY ZAKKIE ELOFF, WELL-KNOWN SOUTH AFRICAN ARTIST:

Zakkie Eloff was a pupil under Battiss at Pretoria Boys High School. After this he went on to study art at the Wits Tech Art School, and later in Europe. He is a man who loves the wide-open spaces of the veld.

"I would like to talk of Battiss the teacher, and of some of his sayings which I remember well:

'In drawing, a line that does not say something, is dead and should never have been drawn.

Look carefully at shadows, they give form to shapes.

'White can be whiter than white if you surround it with black.

'Only lines going away from you, whatever the angle, seem to meet, but you can ignore this if it helps your painting.

'All tones and colours seem paler as they recede.'

Once on a painting trip to the Transkei, we came to a crossroads in Lesotho, where the road-signs had been removed. This annoyed Battiss, and I thought I could hear muttering coming from him. 'A man has a right to know where he is going — how can a man travel when your destinations is not known.' Battiss then took the best made road. After a number of silent miles were travelled, and the road was slowly deteriorating, but the scenery becoming more

beautiful, he stopped the car, and took out his sketch pad. 'I was wrong' he said, 'one must venture onto unknown roads to discover new beauty.' I think that sums up his approach to life, as I knew him."

FROM AN UNKNOWN BOY WHOM BATISS TAUGHT IN 1953 AT P.B.H.S.:

Walter Battiss had an amazing sense of fun. It just overflowed everywhere. He laughed and joked with the chaps; he chased them about his art-room, made them sing for him and every now and then ducked them in buckets of water. All of a sudden he developed a craze for chess and everybody played chess and forgot about everything else. His attention was attracted by the old shooting range behind the school. He had great ideas: he had a stage built and put up a Royal Box all for himself right next to the stage so that if the actors were poor he could throw bad tomatoes at them. Here it was he brought the art boys to "enjoy the view". He got the chaps to paint queer designs on the shooting range walls. It was quite one of the sights in its day, this shooting range. Then he forgot all about it.

To hear Walter Battiss give a history of art lesson to the juniors was an experience. He would talk about all sorts of things arising from the subject and laugh away and joke and the class would laugh too. He'd get them to take a few notes and learn a few new words. And sometimes he would hold his classes under the trees up at the shooting range, sitting on some very wonky home-made benches which very soon had to be held together with pieces of wire.

But he understood boys better than anybody I know. He was absolutely straightforward and direct with them. He talked frankly with them about the books they read, about religion, about life. He understood how they felt on all matters. He was the most stabilising influence in the school, Because of his straightforwardness there was always an ease and naturalness in his classes. He never found it necessary to "keep" order. I can't remember him ever being angry with a boy and I even remember him being unconventional enough to say what a waste of time school was!

G.H. RAUBENHEIMER ON WALTER BATTISS:

C.H. Raubenheimer only attended Pretoria Boys High for one year, and that year was his matric year, in 1940. His father attended Pretoria Boys High in 1910, his elder brother in 1936, and his younger brother in 1943. In the mid-year exams of his matric year, Raubenheimer achieved an impressive 10 percent for mathematics. His maths teacher in desperation, suggested that he take up knitting. Fortunately for Raubenheimer, 'Sniff' Battiss (who was given that name because he was always checking up on which boys were smoking) came to his rescue. Raubenheimer was already interested in drawing, and Battiss set to work to get him through the art syllabus in six months, so that he could drop mathematics, and write the art exam instead. He gave Raubenheimer large tomes to swot up, and at the end of the year, Raubenheimer wrote, and passed the art exam. After he wrote matric, Raubenheimer went into the Air Force, and now has a small ceramics factory. His memory of Battiss is of a man who always loved the loudest clothes.

WALTER BATTISS THROUGH THE EYES OF PROF MURRAY SCHOONRAAD, HEAD OF THE DEPT. OF FINE ART,
UNIVERSITY OF NATAL, PIETERMARITZBURG:

"Battiss means so many things to so many different people. He had so many lives wrapped in one. His interests were widely divergent, and yet they were unified in one man, and made a whole person. His love encompassed the entire world, and he felt deeply for all things, both animate and inanimate. His humility was extraordinary for such an intellectual giant. He was known to all:

academics admired him,
students were enthralled with him,
politicians were aware of him, even wary of him,
children loved him,
and he had compassion for the less fortunate.

Walter's long career as an artist was devoted to the all-embracing study of man in his environment, firstly in the context of African and Rock Art, then, later, in the interpretation of the concept in its broadest sense. His versatility, his influence as an innovator, and the incentive he provided for many aspiring artists all secured him a very special place in the South African art world. He was always in the fore-front of the South African art scene. He was the leader of every movement and innovation since 1938. Time alone will evaluate the real loss South Africa has suffered with his death. Younger artists have for years looked upon him not so much as an instructor or tutor, but as a mentor, a father, a friend."

Murray Schoonraad first met Walter Battiss 35 years ago, when he was a pupil at Pretoria Boys' High School. He was a pupil of Battiss at this school for four years, and claims that it was Battiss who inspired his interest in art. They maintained a close friendship from that time on, and Schoonraad has been present at every important occasion in Battiss' life, and at every exhibition that Battiss has held in South Africa. They have often been into the field together in search of Rock Art, and have worked together many times. Schoonraad, who has written two books about Battiss, "Walter Battiss", and "Battiss 75", says that Battiss is undoubtedly the most important artist that South Africa has ever produced.

FOOTNOTE: I am indebted to all those who submitted material for this article especially Don Pilkington and Pierre Oosthuysen.

EDITOR

THE PRETORIAN

Photo: Martin Cibbs

BATISS' LEGACY TO BOYS' HIGH

Walter Battiss was the master mind behind the large than life-size figure of a nude schoolboy on the cupola of the main school building. The figure is holding a book and a rugby ball, which may be considered the symbols of learning and sport. The statue was carved out of a huge log of kiaat by Rottcher and Gallman whom Walter Battiss instructed and helped. The statue was positioned on the new cupola on its completion in 1953. The 1953 Pretorian records: "A striking additional touch of symbolism appeared later (on the statue) in the form of a lightning conductor, which gives a slightly classical touch in that it suggests the figure of Mercury. Everyone is agreed that the sprightly young form that looks out over Pretoria from the top of our dome is a fitting symbol of the Spirit of the School.

Today, some twenty years later, that statue epitomises even to a greater degree all that is fine and wonderful about this great South African school.

In the same way, Walter Battiss inspired and directed the group of boys who worked on the project that was to become, in its final form, the bronze bas-relief that faces into the new foyer. It features the many and varied pastimes and activities that take place within the grounds of Boys' High. The bas-relief was completed in 1964.

P.K.A. Digby.

30 JUNE - 3 JULY

1982

= Page 29 =

= Page 30 =

The set for H.M.S. Pinafore

Photo: Mr /. Oehley

"H.M.S. PINAFORE" Can we cast Mr Jones? Will de Klerk's voice break? We started with thirty sopranos but nature's dropped them to fifteen. When is van Graan going to start acting? Why doesn't Scott look at me when I talk to him? What Extracts from a Director's Notebook would we have done without Mrs Michell or van der Merwe, Peacey, Glatthaar, Findlay, Brick, Hyde and Junod, for that matter? Is Whose idea was this anyway? First that Burrough I see creeping to the centre and rehearsal, and five boys have turned up. Mr dominant position in the crowd scene, again? Olivier's here, that's something. (Two weeks later) Remember that there is one god at These little boys must have worms, they cannot keep still. (McGillivray's legs). Look P.B.H.S., and all rehearsal must bow to the beautiful, boy, you're supposed to be a demands of the oblong bladder. It may be a woman! Smile, you re happy! Keep your that Mr Sandnes and the tenors are killing a knees together! Open your mouth, boy, I cat in the Music Room. At least the cast are can't hear a word you're saying/singing at singing in time, when Mr Jones sings with them. least my children, Robert and Lucy, think it's wonderful.

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 31 =

NOTES FROM THE CAST

and flung us into the most enjoyable, successful and rewarding opera Boys' High has ever known." (Alan Parfitt, 4E)

"I would like to thank the entire cast and the people who did the refreshments." (Gordon Prentice : Midshipmite, 1C)

"First of all it was highly educational — learning about stage performance, movement, pronunciation, gesticulation. It also taught us about music, harmony, singing together as a choir, i.e. tone, mixture of all parts, keeping in unity with the rest of the singers. Most important it taught us to have confidence in front of an audience and to perform. It taught us something of how to produce a play, musically and dramatically. It taught us to work together as a group. It taught us that perfection is essential. It taught us something about British History. It taught us something about dedication and hardwork. It taught us that hard work brings success and happiness, which leads to praise. It taught us something about people, meeting new people, working with them and getting to know them." (Peter Bantock 4E)

"As a chorus girl, I had to do a dance just after our entrance. The dance had taken a while to perfect, and even then we would sometimes stand on someone else's foot. The opening line of our dance sums it up nicely: "Gaily tripping" Some of us did." (Nicholas Leaver 2A)

"H.M.S. Pinafore approached Boys High like a thief in the night. A few minor notices in Assembly. A few disorganised meetings and a few non-existent auditions. This tactic, successfully fooled a good many boys. They believed, this was a sure way to have a bit of "fun". However, the infamous Mr Director, having the boys committed to the Opera, seized each and everyone of us by the throat

First Lord of the Admiralty (Iohann van Craan) and Hebe (Michael Janisch)	Captain Corcoran (Malcolm Scott) and Little Buttercup (Jeremy Wilson)
Photo: Mr J. Oehley	Photo: Mr I. Oehley

THE PRETORIAN

31

= Page 32 =

"I have a very basic idea of the Opera, as I saw it only from one point of view, or, as one may say, out of only one eye..	sit for the next half an hour. Leaning out from the rigging, with my basher planted firmly on my head, I stepped over the chasm that separated myself and the platform. Releasing the rigging, I launched myself across the chasm and grabbed violently at the supporting chains. The whole construction buckled and swayed and I sank to my knees with my head swimming and my basher perched on my right ear.
When first told of my part in the production I was worried that I would be unable to pull it off. Under Mr Wylde's direction, I soon got the hang of things and rather enjoyed limping around the stage as Dick Dead Eye.	Suddenly there came an unexpected peal of laughter from the audience. Looking round, I saw that the shadowy outline of one of my feet, which had been hanging from the platform, was plastered firmly against the
Mr Wylde kept on telling us that the 'girls' were so pretty. "Leer at them!" The more I tried, the more I couldn't. All I saw in them was 'Fats', 'Pudding' and all the other ugly little newboys.	
In my three and a half years at Boys'	

High, I have never enjoyed and school activity as much as I did the Opera." (Carl Wesselink, 3A)

back wall of the stage, by an unseen light. (George McGillivray, Sailor, 3D)

"I have discovered, while glancing through the 1977 edition of the Pretoria, that it wasn't easy in the beginning just to fit into the part, but after a while it becomes the first Opera was performed as far back as almost a second you." (Malcolm Scott, Captain, 4A) 1927, when Bizet's "Carmen" was produced. The first Gilbert and Sullivan Opera to be

"The chorus ended and reaching above me I grabbed at the thick manilla rope and began climbing. Next to me another sailor did likewise and the motion of our climb sent the whole rigging swaying back and forth. Up and up we struggled until we were above the backstage curtains in a maze of nylon ropes, steel cables and heavy chains. The next act began and I looked down. My stomach churned and twisted and my hands began to sweat profusely. The stage seemed miles and miles below and at this stage in time I was supported by a few intertwined ropes that continued back and forth. first H.M.S. Pinafore was performed around 1951. Due to the enthusiasm and hard work put in by Walter Battiss, his art pupils, and Bill Brooks who did lighting, this opera, now a piece of history, was a true landmark in the history of the school to these two great P.B.H.S. figures who recently passed away. H.M.S. Pinafore then appeared for the second time -in 1971, under the direction of Gerrit Olivier. This year's production of Pinafore must be the height of the Pinafore series and probably the best Opera produced so far, but

Ahead of me, through the jungle of cable and chain was the platform on which I would I am in no doubt that future production will be even better. The costumes, made by Mrs J. Armstrong and team, give an indication of the hard work that was put into them, as they proved to be superb. The sets designed by Mr D. Smuts were very good as they did a lot to enhance the atmosphere of the production. I think a special tribute can be made to Mrs Wylde for her work with the 'women' of the opera. The way she got 30 Form I and II boys to act and behave like ladies is a miracle. Her efforts were not in vain, as after their first appearance, it was obvious that the audience was taken with them. What I found very impressive was the Orchestra under Mr Sandnes and Mr Olivier. It was in fact very small, nevertheless it produced incredible

Sailors — H.M.S. Pinafore volume and the support it gave the opera was Photo: Mr J. Oehley tremendous." (Peter Algra, Sailor, 5E).

A FOOTNOTE

The success of this year's production was based on the ardent belief of Mr Ted Jones and the Headmaster, that it should take place; on the hours of rehearsal by Messrs. Sandnes, Olivier, Jones and Mrs Michell; the fine costumes sewn by Mrs Armstrong and her team; the indefatigable keenness backstage of Robert Harrison, Andrew Beyers and others.

It grew from the calibre of singers involved. Johan Van Craan dominated the stage, Malcolm Scott conveyed the uprightness and loneliness of the Captain; Alexander Junod brought pathos and purity to his part. Carl Wesselink was heard hugely, Alan Parfitt sang forcefully in the trio and Valentine Blacking was a Boatswain with gusto. Chris de Klerk's treble falsetto voice didn't break, Jeremy Wilson made a pure sound and Michael Janisch stole the show each evening by jumping into Van Graan's

arms. The tenors were the most reliable and strongest group of singers while the bass chorus, didn't always hold the bottom line, but they were an endless source of good ideas for production and acting. The melody always came across from the sopranos and together with the altos they made an endearing group of little "girls".

It flourished because of the boys in the orchestra: Ed Mullaie and Brett Reeves (Trumpet), Brendan Von Loggerenberg (Trombone), Kendrew Peacey (French Horn), Stefaan Steyn (Flute), Anthony Goedhals (Clarinet).

While the production was not perfect it was fun, and John Patten in the Pretoria News summed it up in the title of his review: "BOYS PINAFORE IS A LARK." D.B. Wylde

Josephine (Chris de Klerk)
Photo: Martin Cibbs

Ralph Rackstraw (Alexander Junod)
N. Ford HE Photo: Martin Gibbs

THE PRETORIAN

33

= Page 34 =

A SKIT OF F.I.M.S. PINAFORE PLAYED BEFORE HON. MR
CRUYWAGEN THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE TRANSVAAL ON
THE OCCASION OF THE APPEAL BANQUET

The story so far: The Administrator of the Transvaal (Sir Joseph) has arrived to ask for the hand in marriage of the Headmaster's daughter (Josephine). The Headmaster is delighted at the prospect, but dismayed when told, by Joe Sniper (Dick Deadeye), that Josephine is at the very moment eloping with Ralph, a rugby star, and the rest of the rugby team. They are leaving school via the koppie gate. The Headmaster dons a crash helmet, as a disguise, and catches up with the team on the koppie. They sing the following chorus:

Music No. 18 SOLO AND CHORUS

"Carefully on Tip-toe Stealing"

Rugby Team Carefully on tip-toe stealing,
Breathing gently as we may,
Every puff with caution taking,
We will softly smoke away.
(HEADMASTER stamps) - Chord

Chorus (Much alarmed Putting out cigarettes) Goodness me!
Why, was that rain?

Joe Sniper Silent be,
It was the cane.

Chorus (Joke) It was — it was the cane!

Headmaster (Producing cat.o'-six jacks) They're right, it was the cane.
Chorus Climb the koppie very steady,
Hymen will defray the fare,
For Tallie now is ready
To unite the happy pair.
(Stamp as before, and Chord)

Chorus Goodness me,
Why, was that rain?

Joe Sniper Silent be,
Again the cane.

Chorus It was again the cane.

Headmaster (Aside) They're right, it was the cane!
Josephine & Ralph + Joe + Tenors and Basses
Ev'ry puff with
caution taking,
We will softly
smoke away.
Ev'ry puff with
caution taking,
We will smoke
away.

34

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 35 =

Headmaster (Throwing off helmet) Hold! (All start)
Pretty daughter of mine,
I insist upon knowing
Where you may be going
With this rugby team fine
For my excellent ou's
Though foes they could thump any,
Are scarcely fit, fit company,
My daughter, for you's.

Team Now, hark at that, do!
Though foes we could thump any,
We're scarcely fit company
For a lady like you!

Ralph Proud Headmaster, get rid of that fat lip!
Tough man wipe off, that supercilious sneer,
For I have dared to love your lekker snip,
A fact well known to all my teammates here!

Headmaster Oh, horror!

Ralph & Josephine (I)
(He) humble, poor, and lowly born,
The slowest in the back division —
The butt of refereeing scorn —

The mark of Schoolmaster derision —
 (Have) (my)
 (Has) dared to raise (his) wormy eyes
 (me,)

Above the dust to which you'd mould (him)
 In manhood's glorious pride to rise,
 (I am) (me!)
 (He is) a Boys High boy — behold (him!)

Chorus He is a Boys High Boy

Front Ranker He is a Boys High Boy!
 For he himself has said it,
 And it's greatly to his credit,
 That he is a Boys High Boy.

Chorus That he is a Boys High Boy.

Front Ranker For he might have gone to Affies
 to Potch or KES or Parkies
 Or perhaps to D.H.S.

Chorus Or perhaps to D.H.S.

Front Ranker But in spite of all temptations
 From other institutions,
 He remains a Boys High Boy
 He remains a Boys High Boy.

Chorus For in spite of all temptations
 From other institutions,
 He remains a Boys High Boy.

Front Ranker &
 Chorus He remains a Boys High Boy.
 Headmaster (Trying to repress his anger)
 In uttering a reprobation Dick Deadeye (Carl Wesselink)
 To any rugby star Photo: Martin Gibbs

THE PRETORIAN

35

= Page 36 =

I try to speak with moderation,
 But you have gone too far.
 I'm very sorry to disparage
 A humble Boys High lad
 But to seek your boss's child in marriage
 Why, bliksem, it's too bad!
 (During this COUSIN HEBE and FEMALE RELATIVES
 have entered)

All (Shocked) Oh!

Headmaster Yes, bliksem, it's too bad!

All Oh!
 Headmaster & Joe
 Greaser Yes, bliksem, it's too bad!

(During this THE ADMINISTRATOR has appeared.
 He is horrified at the bad language)

following

D.B. Wylde

One of the two new Ekonobuses — this one FVK 793T is on permanent loan to Bophutatswana
Photo: Mr Armstrong

RANK XEROX HIGHVELD
ENGLISH FESTIVAL 1982

The songs were by Mr P. Anthony, Mr J.

The poetry workshop which was held at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg as part of the Festival was a novel experience for all those who were involved in its presentation. The form the presentation took was that of an introductory talk on ways of approaching poetry which was illustrated by the singing, reading and dramatisation of poems which followed.

Hitchcock and A. Junod. They, with Mr D.B. Wylde, Mr R. Rademeyer and Miss L. Mole presented the readings. All the above, together with F. Armstrong, R. Dennison, D. Mosethal, C. Steyn, contributed to the dramatisation of certain poems. S. Steyn further contributed by playing the flute and operating a projector.
R.R.

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 37 =

"I HAD A DREAM"

The sharks carried me into the palace.
Holding me with their slippery, yet firm fins, I
was taken down a long corridor, lit dimly by
burning torches. Even here there was water,

The dark, clouded sky melted into rain that crashed with enormous force on the deck. The icy wind tore the white sails from the mast, and tossed the helpless ship about with the rage of a god. It seemed that Zeus was throwing his thunderbolts at us, momentarily lighting up the sky with a fire red.

Just then the ship started being sucked down into the hungry water. This is strange, for the Mediterranean is known for its relative calmness. We were flung about, like the discus of an athlete. I was drawn down, down, my hands swinging, my feet kicking, my mouth shut for fear of swallowing tons of saltwater. Suddely I was spinning round at high speed, and swallowed into the sea's neck. I felt a tranquillity spreading all over my numb body, for the water deep down in

yet the fires continued to burn. I was lowered down by the sharks and mounted the red coral steps into a big room at the end of the corridor.

Half of the room was packed with the blue sardines I had seen earlier, sitting on small, round pebbles. All the walls, floor and ceiling were covered with a seaweed creeper.

Directly across the entrance to the room sat a blue marlin, draped in a black toga, his silvery underbelly shining in the light. As I entered the room, the shrill piping of the sardines (the first sounds I heard since the ship sank), grew into a frenzied pitch of ecstasy. The sardines pointed at me with their fins in mocking accusation. It was then that I realized I was in a court of law. The sardines were the general public and the marlin was the judge. The jury consisted of ten delicious-looking salmon, all

the sea's stomach was calm. I could not think it seemed as though some invisible hand held my brain, sadistically squeezing it. I do not know how I breathed, if I did breathe. But I was totally aware of my surroundings — thick green-coloured water, which was opaque, reminding me of an emerald. I flapped my arms and found that I glided through the water with ease, kicked with my feet, and shot forward, just like a fish.

Within the wink of an eye, a palace rose up in front of me, gleaming with brilliant red coral. It was more beautiful than Minos' palace at Knossos. Massive columns supported the structure, consisting of a dense network of terraces, decked with seaweed running riot. The palace was inhabited by millions of sardines, swimming about as if in frantic hurry to go somewhere. When they saw me, frightened, they quickly disappeared into the palace corridors. As I approached, I caught sight of two sharks, standing with their spears on either side of a huge, intricately-designed bronze door, their tail fins acting as feet with which to stand on the sea-floor. When I was within five paces of them, about twenty other sharks filed out of the palace through the bronze door, and I was surrounded. I was too mesmerized and astounded by what was happening to react. I just stood staring into the mass of blubber that closed in on me, mean, dangerous-looking creatures. Someone superior must have been controlling my every movement.

very serious and grave. Two bottlenose dolphins, whom I took to be lawyers, scurried about with their glasses bouncing up and down with their movements. I was made to sit on a tall stone for everyone to see. When the marlin lifted up the long, round spear extending from its snout, the court proceedings appeared to have begun.

The judge said: "Do you, human, wish to defend yourself against . . ."

"Defend myself against what?" I butted in.

"Nothing," was the reply.

I heatedly asked: "Nothing? Then what am I to defend myself against?"

"My, my, Mr Human, why are you so cross? It is a crime to do nothing in this kingdom".

"In that case, what must I do?"

"Hurry up and down like all of us do. It is the law".

"You're mad", I shouted. "Mad". I was more angry than afraid of being amongst these madmen.

With that, the marlin jumped up and swam straight for me, his rage changing his silvery colour to red. I realized that he was going to spear me, and ducked just in time.

At that moment the whole room shook.

Everybody swam around in fear, blinded by the water rushing all over the room. Soon everything settled. In the judge's seat sat Poseidon, god of the sea, his trident in his right hand. His grey bearded reached to his

waist, the rest of his body covered by a golden chiton. His limp foot was hidden from view.

"You have broken the law. You have done nothing", his deep voice boomed.

"But, I . . . I . . . I tried to explain.

"You have done nothing, nothing, nothing . . . the voice grew louder, and then fainter, until another completely different,

but familiar voice took over.

"Wake up, son, wake up". It was my mother. "You sleep all day, and the exams are just around the corner. You do nothing, nothing — no work. You should be taken to court for that!"

OUR SHELTER AT THE FORM
1 CAMP

After we had arrived and unpacked the bus, we were told that we must erect a hut to sleep in for the next two nights. Everyone went to the bluegum plantation where our group and all the other groups had to build shelters. We were given about an hour. Our group found four trees that divided into two as they grew. From one tree to another, we wedged and tied broken branches so that afterwards we had more or less a rectangular shaped roof frame, about one metre from the ground. Then we wove smaller, lighter branches across the roof so that eventually all the sticks and branches criss-crossed each other. One or two groundsheets were tied to the roof and the rest of the roof was covered with bluegum leaves and twigs. Strong sticks were erected against the roof and covered with leaves and those were our 'walls'. Eventually our whole shelter was sealed. That night when it rained, we slept in total dryness, apart from a few drops that wove themselves through the twigs and leaves. Building the shelters was one of the highlights of the camp.

Doctor Livingstone, I presume. — Stanley Netshetuka of
Form IB at the 1982 Form I Camp
C. Viljoen IA Photo: A. Christodoulou

38

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 39 =

HORROR JUMP

This I find easier and launch myself out
The water is cold but bearable.

A warm day it is,
we clamber and moan
and climb and groan

Again I scramble upwards
this time determined to better
my fears.

At last we reach our
destination.

Oh no! The queue is long
and my fears increase

With great expectancy we
stare upwards,
oh but this is nothing
it is not high.

however all too soon it is
my chance
I take a deep breath
step forwards

Quickly we change
for it is hot
and a swim would do

and
jump
out.

us
good.

For a
moment
I

I scramble upwards no fear
within
but oh,
no sooner having
reached the top

hang
in
space.
and
then

I halt . . .

I
hit

This is not what I saw from below

the water.

Then
and
there
I decide that I would
first attempt the lower jump

I have done it!
I have bettered
my fears!

E. Leathers IA

William Judson VE

THE PRETORIAN

39

= Page 40 =

DIE TONEELFEES
1982

'n Baie hartlike geluk aan meneer Smit,
juffrou Haese en al die deelnemers vir puik
spel, en die verskaffing van soveel genot.
Laat ons hoop dat ons nog baie jare die

Hierdie jaar het ons weereens 'n voorreg sal he om die toneelfees mee te maak
toneelfees sien kom en gaan. Hoe jammer en te geniet.

Sekere praktiese oorwegings, asook tyd
en finansies maak dit seker onmoontlik dat so
'n fees 'n jaarlikse i nste l ling kan word, maar
die hoogstaande gehalte, en die genot wat
beide deelnemers en toeskouers daaruit put,
maak dit absoluut die moeite werd.

Ek het self vanjaar vir die eerste keer
gekom, en het besluit om nooit weer een oor
te slaan nie. Ek dink al ons manne moet gerus

Eddie Dorey

ook so besluit, want dis 'n belewenis en 'n
aand se ware genot.

Elke keer word die fees opgedra aan een
of ander groot Afrikaanse persoonlikheid. Dié
keer was dit P.G. du Plessis, 'n man wat eintlik
geen bekendstelling nodig het nie. Hy is mos
sommers 'n bielie.

Saam daarmee, ook meneer Leonard
Smit, ons ou grootkop in Afrikaans by hierdie
skool. Hy het begin werk, en in 'n kort tydjie
iets vermag wat ons almal baie plesier verskaf
het en ons trots gemaak het op ons manne en
die skool. Die kêrels gewone rugby en swem
— kêrels het daar gaan toneelspeel soos
ervare Robert Redfords en Paul Newmans, en
aan almal gewys wat kan gedoen word.

Toneelfees 1982 — (l to r) D. Davidson; R. Fanjek and W
Smart "Simson en die Hebreërs"

Toneelfees 1982 — l to r: L. Birrell; A. Pa D. Cleeson and E. Muller "Ontgroening"

40

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 41 =

AN AUTUMN WIND

The small, frail and weary old man leant
heavily on the stick that he carried with him
everywhere. He preferred it to the crutch he
had been given when the sickness had first
affected his leg — it made him feel less like
an invalid. The lift stopped at the second floor
and he struggled to keep his balance while
opening the heavy lift door. He managed to
push it ajar with a bony, crooked hand, whilst

stopped him. He picked up the first yellow
pill, gently placed it on his tongue, and sipped

some water. He then swallowed two more in
one gulp, but it bothered him and so he
swallowed the remainder of the pills one by
one. He fought to stand up, and he made his
way slowly to his bed, which stood unmade in
a corner. He lay down painlessly and closed
his eyes. He clutched the stick to his chest
because the overdose had made him feel
dizzy.

in the other he carried the yellow, plastic packet and supported himself with his stick. He squeezed through the gap he had created and started walking along the corridor, lined on one side with closed doors and curtained windows, and on the other the low brick wall that was not high enough to be safe. He looked over it and saw some children playing with a ball below. He stopped and watched them for a while, not because he wanted to see them play, but because the pain forced him to stop and rest.

He walked on after a while: the corridor appearing endless. Just over three years before he had been able to climb the steps to the second floor and walk the corridor in long strides. That had been before the pain had started, and before the doctor had told him he was going to die.

Soon he had to stop again, and he listened to the wind rustling the browned leaves of the trees and watched them fall to the ground. The wind crossed the gap from the trees to the corridor and touched the old man. Instinctively he turned away, for he hated the wind. He hated it for pulling the leaves off the trees, and he hated it because it carried the threat of winter — most of all he hated it for making him ill.

Finally he reached the door of his flat. He fumbled for his key in his pocket for a long time, then took it out and unlocked the door. He pushed it open slowly, but he did not go in at once. He stood at the door for a while, looking up and down the lifeless and bleak corridor, until a light puff of wind reached him and he turned and went inside.

He did not take off his coat, but went straight to the small and dark kitchen where he found a clean cup. He filled it with water and sat down at the only table in the flat. Only then did he open the yellow packet he had walked so far to fetch. He took out the box of tablets, and lay each one of them on the table. The empty box fell to the ground, and he tried to pick it up, but the pain

Outside the Autumn wind plucked a withered leaf from a tree, and it floated gently to the ground.

M. Bonnema IVE

SIBERIAN WINTER

When time stands still
And snow floats down
Covering the land as a dressing gown;
And turns flesh into humble prey
Of cold and death — and endless day.

When tiger roars in bitter pain —
For young one died this very day:
Man and beast alike shall know —
Death has come with cold and snow!

J.A. Goedhals IA

BOYS' HIGH CARNIVAL 1982

The day started early for me. It was already warming up and I was still worn out from the previous day's stall erection. The whole athletics field was covered in stalls in various colours and shapes. The biggest stall was the Greek stall and there were stalls for everyone. There was even an electric "bull" that the Americans use instead of live bulls.

Not many people stayed on for long. There were also rugby and hockey games that day and delicious food was available the whole day. Almost R40 000 was raised and a few hours later the fete finished. It was a memorable occasion being in front.

R Baur IVA

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 42 =

THE RISE OF THE GREEK MAFIA

supplied by one of the Juniors. It is also the Juniors' job to see that the table and the

On the second day after our arrival at Pretoria Boys High in 1978, we were issued with a copy of the 1977 Pretorian. Whilst paging through the magazine, we came across an article on page twenty one entitled "The Fall of the Creek Empire". We were horrified to read that the "Greek Mafia" Movement was diminishing. The article was written by "A. Greek" — the editor, R.F. Gilfillan withheld his name to avoid death threats.

Well, we would like to inform "A. Greek" that the 'Greek Mafia' is alive and well. The contingent of Greeks at the tuckshop table — commonly known as the Greek Table — is growing from strength to strength. The new arrivals to the table are well informed as to

surrounding area, is left clean after every break.

The Junior members of the "Mafia" have learnt to respect the seniors. The Greeks also enjoy the comfort of the table, whereas our fellow Jews are confined to a tree at the back of Solomon House. This year we started what we hope will become an annual event, and that is a rugby match against the Jews. The first game was played in good spirit and the Greeks emerged triumphant by fourteen points to seven.

The atmosphere around the table is always vibrant and exciting — you will always hear laughter or screams of pain, with the odd argument here and there, coming from it.

what their job is prior to their arrival on the first day, but they still arrive with 'fear-stricken' looks on their faces! This year the Greek Table came under the reign of Andreas Christodoulou, Andrew Halkas and Nico Kyriacou, otherwise known as the "Mavros Triari". We have seen to it that every Friday the Greeks are treated to a delicious cake

This year 'Mavros Triari' with the assistance of the seniors has restored the proud heritage of the Greek Mafia of Pretoria Boys' High which will be carried down in the generations to come, until 'Mavros Triari JNR' arrives on the scene to continue the reign.

'Mavros Triari'

My hit man or yours?" Mr Armstrong and the 'Mavros Triari' (l to r): Kyriacou Christodoulou and Andrew Creek Mafia

42

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 43 =

THE APPLICATION FORM THAT HAS TO BE COMPLETED BY ALL APPLICANTS FOR THE "GREEK M AFFIA"

A GREEK FLIES

A little Greek was giving Christodoulou

hassles at the table. Slowly but surely Christy

1. Whatza u Name: _____ was getting cross. All of a sudden he let a
2. Whatza u Howza Numero: _____ u Streeta: _____ punch fly into the little Greeks chest. The

3. Whatza u bag:
 Hitteman ____ Lonaarrange ____ Prostitutt ____ punch lifted him off his feet and he landed on
 4. Izza u girl or boy (orizza u girl, oh boy!) ____ Justte the table. Another Greek had just learnt some
 chek on manners.

WIZZA GUY

P.A. Halkas IVA

5. Putta downna wearra u worgge now: _____ Imperial Roman Embassy
 6. Wera u inna de bigga ouse ____ for whatza wazza u Palermo
 inna de ouse 19th August, A.D. 79
 I shoot ono guiz ____ I keednap sumbodees ____
 Proteckeizion raggets ____ udder thingza ____ Dearest Fattabroada,
 7. U wanne be da bigga shotz sumdaze:
 Yasse _____ no _____ eh _____
 8. U lika eat: Garlica Souvlaki Salami I trust you are well. How are the children
 9. U no ow 2 makke de cement shooz _____ Spasticus, Hopelus, Brainlus and Uselus? Oh,
 10. U driva de car ____ Cadelac ____ Buick ____ Linken ____ I forgot the girls, Polyfilla, Dracula, Flirtalotta
 11. U likka mussaka ____ Calamari ____ Girlze ____ and Eatalotta.
 (Peek Just One — No Folia
 Round, Cus I slapa u Face) I pray, my dear, that you will join me shortly
 12. U sees de Godfather (or just de movie) _____ at Pompeii where I have been fortunate
 enough to obtain a reservation at the famous
 WIDDA U ANTRY U GONNA GETTA SOMATING Rigor Mortis Inn, situated at the foot of the
 U REELY GONNA LIKE
 Great Volcano, Vesuvius. Even if it is the last

- 1 pr darke glasse thing you do, Fattabroada, please join me
 1 blacke shirte widde wite tie there. It's bound to be a wipe-out.
 1 pr pointie shooz
 1 pr cemente shooz (come later when u follarounde) Our reservation is from the 23rd of August.
 1 lb Feta Cheeza
 1 wite hat widde blacke brim Your loving husband
 1 Spumoni (tutti-frutti)
 1 Souvlaki
 1 Bottelte Ouzo Maximus Taurus Excretus

Signa Here: (Alias Lucky Max)
 (while you can stilla write)

S. Amm ID

SENDA FORMA TO SHEEKAGO

ALL FOR A GOOD CAUSE

I have just started my first few step's to becoming a millionaire. This happened from going to tuckshop 20 minutes a break, every break. With my super-automatic brain, I add up 40c and 40c which ends up at R1.00. Then I subtract this from the R2 they gave me and land up with 80c change, not to forget the 20c tip. With the result of these few stealthy steps I land up with an average of about 60c per person. I hope this will help me to become a millionaire.

P. Papageorgiou IF

William Judson VE

THE PRETORIAN

43

= Page 44 =

THE CANE IN THE CORNER

A VISIT TO E.M.A.

The cane stood in the corner, waiting. It was an old cane, yellowing, and taped at one end, where the over-zealous teacher had once split it on some helpless victim. I wondered if

First, the suspense of many hours of waiting outside Mr. Armstrong's office. When you are eventually let into his office, you are dying of suspense. The oak panelled walls and

he would split it again on me, for I knew I was to be the next 'victim'. "Hector" called the teacher and the boy next to me got up and began nervously: "The Russian revolution took place in 1917 ..." I shuddered — Why had I played soccer yesterday instead of preparing my speech? The cane stood in the corner. I looked at my watch; still ten minutes to the bell. While Hector rattled off his speech, I frantically searched for a valid excuse — old Piggy didn't accept anything less than double pneumonia as a valid excuse. The cane stood in the corner. As Hector walked back to his desk, Piggy turned and leered at me through his tiny, pink eyes and there was a deathly silence. Slowly the corners of his mouth twitched upward, sadistically yet almost imperceptibly. He threw a sideways glance at his cane, as if to reassure himself that it was still there. Suddenly the intercom sprang into life and a nasal voice announced: "This is a fire drill. All pupils must report immediately to the relevant assembly points. With shouts and whoops of delight, the class jumped out of their seats and filed out, leaving Piggy staring disappointed, at his cane.

desk with a tooled leather top all add to it. The cane is conveniently too close at hand. Your legs start shaking. Your explanation of what you did wrong, spills. Just when you think it was convincing, a fault is found. The Black Book is taken out. Dark secrets are written in it. After bending, two shafts of pain penetrate your posterior. You have yet again tasted the delights and atmosphere of the Boss's office.

Adrian Velcich 11D

M. Swirsky VE

HISTORY

A. Steynberg VG

Dan Vinci, Newton, it doesn't mean a thing,
Washington, Lincoln, throw them in the bin
Napoleon, Van Riebeeck, who cares a hoot
Da Gama, Columbus, kick them with your
boot

A Settler here, a Boer there,
Why worry at all
They won't affect your high score
In an asteroid war

They didn't learn about you,
So why learn about them?
They didn't need you
And you don't need them

\

On the whole it couldn't be worse,
Learning about Dick King's horse
But who cares why worry,
Just sleep in History and you'll never be sorry

M. Swirsky VE

H. Hurly IA

SCHOOLBOY LANGUAGE

THE SCHOOL FOUNTAIN

"Howzit" is hello,
"ney" or "nought" is no,
"bak" is it was fun
sitting in the sun,
Come on "oaks" lets "chuck",
Come on boys lets go
"Pulling" to the "kyf" (cafe)
It really has to go!
"Raw!" it's not so nice

So clear, so quiet
The water that flows
And as you stand watching
The breeze also blows.
The crystal of water
The springing of joy,
It gradually grows
Like a young baby boy.

J.M. McKinnel IA Percy Lombard IVC

TO THE TREES ROUND THE NEW
GYM THAT WERE THERE AND ARE
GONE

What was there is gone .
I he trees that were there
Have been felled.
I rees that took decades to grow,
Have been felled in seconds.

THE OLD GYM

I entered the dark, desolate gym on a hot Thursday afternoon. The room was damp and smelt musky. I tuned my radio to 702, and proceeded to starting first set. I lifted 30 kg of cast iron onto the cross bar of the bench press. Lying down on my back, on the uncomfortable surface, I straddled my legs on

either side of the bench. I wiped my hands on
 Black labourers, stripped to the waist, my shirt and clutched the steel shaft close to
 Wielding chainsaws, the forest that was the support.
 Is no more, their place is to be built up Gathering my strength I lifted the bar
 Into part of the concrete jungle. and lowered it onto my expanded chest. I
 Nature died for man's comfort. exerted my utmost strength and heaved with
 an upthrusting motion. I counted, allowed
 But look, a forest remains one down, two down, three down up to
 In the distance, green and lush ten. The strain was tensing. Why am I doing
 It lies afar, a last location to wander through this I asked myself?
 A peaceful place to think, Approaching my next exercise, the T-Bar, I
 But how long will it last? felt claustrophobic as I wanted to give in. The
 heat was immense. I felt as if my blood in my

Anon IVt body was rushing to my head. All of this just
 because of physical fitness and rugby? Why
 couldn't they devise an easier method. I
 worked myself beyond my capability. To my
 relief my alarm watch suddenly sounded
 through the gym. I relaxed with a sigh of
 relief. As I left the gym I thought to myself:
 An ice-cold shower would do me good.

Neil Ford HE

The old gym — still the
 mecca of weight lifters
 Photo: Mr Armstrong

SIU 111

Where the new gym fits in
— a complex that is one of
two in the whole Transvaal
Photo: Mr Armstrong

In place of the trees that
are gone — the new
Gymnasium
Photo: Mr Armstrong

47

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 48 =

Col. I. de Candole MC, the British Military Attache, presenting the Peter Carter Memorial Dirk to Pipe-Major Munroe Swirsky on 15th October, 1982

Photo: Pretoria News

THE PETER CARTER MEMORIAL DIRK

relatives made a generous donation to the School with the express wish that it go towards the Pipe Band. After much a thought, a dirk was purchased which will be known as "The Peter Carter Memorial Dirk". The inscription on it reads: "The Peter Carter Memorial Dirk to commemorate the bravery of a boy of this school on 21/12/1978".

The wording on the plaque reads as follows

It will be carried by the senior member of the pipe band each year — either the Pipe-Major or the Drum-Major — for that is the rank and position that Peter could have aspired to attain — had he lived. The Dirk was presented for the first time on Friday 15th October, when Colonel J. de Candole MC, the British Military Attache, inspected the pipe band and presented the Pipe Band efficiency trophies. Details of the award appear in the Pipe Band notes.

"In Memory of PETER CARTER a boy of this school aged 14 years Who gave his life while attempting to rescue his parents from a burning aircraft at Worcester on 21st December 1978"

At the time of Peter's death, he had been a learner side drummer in the pipe band. His

P.K.A.D.

48

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 49 =

INTER-HOUSE PLAY FESTIVAL

We were very fortunate this year to have Mrs Elaine Davie, radio personality and mother of an old boy, to adjudicate the Inter-House Play Festival.

Among her many constructive and incisive comments on the acting, directing and choice of plays, she shared two observations which could be borne in mind for next year: that boxlike sets, which take time and money to build, may not actually assist the atmosphere or locality of the play, not the audiences' suspension of disbelief, and that furniture and stage lighting can be more effective and liberating; that the choice of plays did not include any that were contemporarily South African, and she was very disappointed that none were written by the boys. She said that plays can emerge from groups of boys thinking themselves into a situation and allowing dialogue to evolve from improvisations. Such productions are involving and fully creative for all those participating.

Mrs Davie awarded the Inter-House Festival to Town House's production of "The Land of Nod" and the best actor jointly to the lead players of that play, Roy Hunter and Fergus Armstrong. They took their play to the S.A.C.E.E. Play Festival and were both mentioned honourably in the adjudication on the final night. Both are actors of talent, and contrast with each other. Roy Hunter acts nonchalantly, Fergus Armstrong with intense sensitivity.

Second place went tcr-Rissik House's play

THE FILM CLUB, 1982

A film club was started at the end of the second term, with the aim of increasing our appreciation of the cinema as a form of both art and entertainment. The screening of films such as "The Sting", "The Deer Hunter" and "Midnight Express" gained 130 members for the society. As a tribute to the late Princess Grace, she was seen in one of her most celebrated roles — that of the haughty rich Tracy in "High Society". An interesting and informative visit to the Irene Film Laboratories was organized.

Films are usually shown once every fortnight at 7 p.m. in the G.P. Room. Only members are admitted (membership fee is R1.00), but meetings are occasionally open to non-members. Entrance fee is 50 cents.

Plans are being made to invite film critics and perhaps a member of the censor board, to address us. With intentions of visiting the S.A.B.C. Auckland Studios, and more film "classics" in the pipeline, the film club should easily be able to build up on its already great popularity.

Teacher in charge: Mrs Bigalke
Chairman: A. Pantazis (4B)
Secretary: F. Armstrong (4A)
Projectionist: G. Parsons (4A)

Act III of "The Insect Play". This play had the merit of involving a large number of boys and making a satirical point about war that is still relevant. C. Murray was outstanding as the tramp. Solomon House won third Place for their play "The Seventh Man". John Garde's direction in this play was full of care and detail, and Brendon Thorpe and Derek Mosenthal showed passion and vulnerability respectively.

Seap Moore was a fluent actor in Sunnyside's play "Reunion", unfortunately the director as well; School House's play "Loaves and Fishes" had a very consistent cast and they chose a play with an issue pertinent to today's debate on the freedom of the press; Arcadia's "The Gentlemen Smugglers" was slick, with moments of high tension.

D.B. Wylde

"Those are genuine muscles you feel there" Cary Hyde,
flanked by Neil Molin and Carl Lauryssen

Photo: A. Christodoulou

THE PRETORIAN

49

= Page 50 =

"Not like the old days"... I
hope the mike's not
live ...

Photo: Val Blacking

MARK HUNTING

and my paper soon looks as though a hairy
spider with a pot of ink has walked across the
page. Soon I have finished the paper and I

Before the maths exam everyone is
nervous and they shift rapidly through reams
of examples hoping to spot the set example.

return once more to tackle the law defying
question. One look at it and, "You fool!" the
answer is there waiting to be uncovered. My

When the exam is in progress everything is in vain as they usually go blank.

Thus it was on that fateful Friday morning that I arrived at school to write the maths standard. When I got to the classroom I was met by frantic people asking about theorems that I didn't know. Panic! Out with my notebook and a hasty scan that does nothing, but confuse my mind with fits of unconnected information. After a while it does begin to make sense as an apparition comes in at the door, looking like a prehistoric pterodactyl with the black folds seeming like wings. Fie commands us to sit down and shut up.

Thus it is with dark forboding that I begin the paper. At first it is easy. Then comes that problem designed to test the elite of the maths students. It looks simple at first but as one attempts to do it, it defies all known laws known to man. In my frustration I try committing mathematical crimes but still it defies all attempts to be solved. In disgust I leave it and carry on with the next problem but I am not as confident as I was at the beginning and the mistakes start to creep in

mind begins to devise all sorts of means with which to torture the maths examiner and pictures of knives, ropes, spiders, loaded pens and long wooden things with nails in the end float before my weary eyes.

The exam ends and I troop out of the class worrying myself to death; for all the good it will do, about whether I have passed or not.

As each maths period comes by the maths examiner is bombarded with the same question. Finally the hour of reckoning arrives and curses begin to fly thick and fast from those boys who have committed crimes and the scrape for marks begins. Boys claim that

$x = 0$ when $x = 1$ and that $2 \times 3 = 5$ and so it carries on as I sit with a frown on my face.

I need five marks for full marks and as human nature would have it I am scrounging for them.

So it is with every exam and I wonder when the time will come when computers will be the examiners and mistakes will be shown immediately. I hope it will not be so.

C. Chantler VB

50

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 51 =

MY MATHS MASTER

The June exams of my Form 3 year saw me crack a whole 36%. I was immediately

I can recall my first day at P.B.H.S. With a certain amount of clarity. The thing that sticks out the most in my mind is my first Maths class. I walked into the class wondering what to expect from this teacher: rather nervous you might say. I walked in and this short, well-built man with blond coloured hair stared at me and asked who I was. It was explained, but his expression didn't change; he just continued to stare at me. His cold, ice-blue eyes seemed to be penetrating my skull and picking my brain.

This man has an extremely red face which could be a sign of excessive drinking or excessive time spent in the sun. I would guess that it was time in the sun as he seemed to be a very athletic person. As I mentioned before, this man is well-built, especially his biceps. As I was to learn later from other boys and from personal experience, this is a result of the use of a cane when necessary.

This person walks around in a slow, casual stride which shows the confidence that he must have in himself. His manner hasn't changed since I've been here; he still terrorizes students at random. He has very strong lungs — probably from the almost continuous stream of threats coming from his mouth. One thing he likes to yell is when he calls students cockroaches.

I have to admit, as many other students will too, this teacher demands respect and gets it. Without him, I'm sure that many of us would have considerably lower Maths marks. The man that I am speaking of is the one and only (hopefully) Mr John Oehley.

relegated to the Standard Grade. This was where the fun began. At our Second Cycle Test the teacher accidentally gave me a Higher Grade paper. I failed to spot the error and somehow I managed to pass the paper. So there I was, back on Higher Grade! End of my Form 3 year I put in some work and scraped through with 40%.

June exams of my Form 4 year saw me getting a fantastic 29%. After some ardent "mark grubbing" I had my mark pushed up to 32%. When the teacher (who shall remain anonymous) read out the final marks, my mark was read out as 42%! Being a conscientious, young lad I immediately raised my hand to inform the teacher of the blunder. The teacher however, fearing another "mark grubbing" session flatly refused to give me a hearing, so I, not being too conscientious, remained silent, quite content with my 42%! End of year Form 4 exams drew closer and I realized that my chances of passing were about as good as my chances of becoming a nuclear physicist. However a day before the exam I feel ill and was ordered by a doctor to remain in bed for a week! My record mark carried me through and I got a D on my report!

In June this year I learned that I had passed selection for flying training and that I was to begin my training as a pilot in the SAAF at the beginning of next year! As Science is not a subject required for pilots I rejoiced and coasted through the exam with 30%.

After being scolded and sternly told that "this was a 'negative' attitude", I forced my unwilling brain to do a little Science.

S. Richards IVA The 2nd Cycle standard test drew nearer
and once again I realized that my chances
were not good, to say the least! The day
before however, luck once again stepped in. I
was taking a jog over the hill that forms part
of our back garden, when I slipped and fell
"MY SCIENCE CAREER AT P.B.H.S." head first down the rocky incline, cracking my
head against a rock causing me to lose
consciousness. Needless to say, the Science
exam was not written!
My Science career, at P.B.H.S. has been,
in a nutshell, unbelievable. After reading this I
am sure that you will agree with me.
The end of year exams are now drawing
nearer and I shall be quite happy to gain a
Science Standard Grade pass. As I am still on
Higher Grade this means that I now need a
mere 25%! With or without my luck I am sure
that even I will get thatW

In Form 2 when it came to deciding on
our subject choice for Form 3, I am not
particularly keen on taking Science. However,
I got comments like, "Gee, you must be
thick", or "You'll never get anywhere in life
without Science". So, acting on friendly
advice I took Science.

Alex Batley VF

THE PRETORIAN

51

= Page 52 =

CHOIR 1982

EMINENT FRONT

During the first term Professor Douglas
Reid of Unisa kindly undertook to direct and
train the choir. The school is greatly indebted
to him for his kindly and expert help.

On my return from long leave, I tried to
maintain the choir's record from previous
years of singing an anthem at each Friday
assembly. This was an uphill battle for a
while, chiefly because of breaking voices in
the treble section and a fairly small and
inexperienced bass section.

The efforts of the choir were greatly
appreciated when they sang at the "Old Boys
Campaign" re-union dinner.

At the moment an experiment is being
conducted which aims at involving the whole
school in a massed choir.

Paul Hoffman fitted the image of the
perfect gentleman from the tips of his
polished glove-leather boots to his shiny,
faultlessly groomed black hair.

The feeling of inadequacy that all this
dressing may have been meant to conceal was
only revealed in the nervous tapping of his
exquisitely manicured fingernails. His right
hand moved with a jerky motion to grasp the
glass that stood on the round table before
him. He drained what was left in the glass. As
he threw his head back slightly, the ice-cubes
tinkled against his front teeth. His delicate
features revealed his embarrassment at this
sound in the quiet room. He glanced around
to see whether anyone had fixed his attention
on him. No-one had noticed.

His dark eyebrows relaxed as he sat back
E. Jones in his chair, content just to stare at the ceiling
with his storm-grey eyes.

He pursed his delicate lips, and glanced
twice at his watch in rapid succession. His
nostrils flared slightly as he cursed under his
breath.

THE BOOK ROOM

After a while he busied himself picking

imaginary bits of dust from his expensive
black suit. He looked towards the other end
of the room, and in a high, irritated voice he
called the waiter and ordered another drink,
thanking him twice in order to make up for
what he had just realized was an unpleasant
tone of voice.

As the door opens, one sees,
Eyes straining,
Books on shelves —
Darkness!

What mystery can this dark room hold?
What smell is this?

Ink!

Printed books, containing knowledge
uncountable.

Ferdinand Pienaar VB

THE JOYS OF BREAK

At last! The bell has rung. I've laboured
through Latin, mastered some maths, grafted
my Geography and beaten a Biology test. All I
need now is a break. I walk into the warm
sunshine, enjoying every second of my well-
earned rest. I value my freedom, even if it is

Hard to breathe!
Stuffy!
T rapped?
Something restrains the foot —
Help! I'm falling;

Only tripping over books.	only for half-an-hour. I have just begun to
Books on the floor —	unwind when I hear, "Hey! Form 1!" I look up
Shelves trapping me!	to see one of my seniors towering above me.
	"I want a Coke, three hamburgers and a
Hard to move in here;	doughnut! And make it snappy!" Oh great.
Cold, dank	I've slaved through school, now I have to
Not a waft of air.	tackle the tuckshop. I arrive back at where my
I must escape!	"master" stood, just as the first bell rings. I
Help!	need another break, but it's slightly
Relief! But it was only for an errand!	impossible now ... I make my way to
	Afrikaans.
J. Crussendorff I ID	M. Janisch IA

52

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 53 =

CHALKY'S TALKIES

1. "When you are finished talking then you can (work)."
2. "If you don't know me now, Moore you never will."
3. "Ahh, I'm so keen."
4. "If you think this year is last year, it isn't, because it's this year."
5. "You had such a little work to do this whole blessed week-end My Godfathers!"
6. "I wasn't born yesterday, as you can see by my face."
7. "If you haven't done the work in your book, Hancock, infact put that book in your mouth."
8. "Don't make fun of me, Ehlers, I am enjoying myself."
9. "Once again, you must start again."
10. "Do c, b and c."
11. "How would you like to sit talking to Trevor Quirk until 3 in the morning?"
12. "Have you got a note (for being late)."
13. "No, Sir."
14. "Well sit down then."
15. "Now we will do examples, and examples and more examples and then do more examples."
16. "I'm going to bliksem someone."
17. "You do it yourself; I don't know what they are talking about^in the Maths Text Book)."
 16. "Hallo, Dougs."
 17. "Kinsey, where are you going!"
 - "For a walk."
 - "Go on then."

Scholtz: I'm told I must become a teacher.
 Mr. Somerville: Well, you must do what you want to.
 Scholtz: They say I'll be just like you.
 Mr. Somerville: Well, Scholtzie, what are you waiting for?

"The next best thing to a Cunston is a piece of chalk Mr P.
Sommerville

Photo: A. Christodoulou

Collected and faithfully recorderd
by Martin Scholtz VA

THE PRETORIAN

53

= Page 54 =

PRETORIA BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL IS
ALIVE AND WELL!!

Angelic Angelo — Angelo
Note: Stipinovich, headboy of
considerable effort has been put into 7 982
the fundraising campaign for the 75th Photo: Val Blacking
Birthday (in the present school
buildings) appeal. Various speeches
were made at the different functions
organised. The following is a speech
voices of 1 000 boys singing God's glory every
Johannesburg on 10th September — morning at assembly; the shouts of laughter
EDITOR. that echo through our grounds day and night;
the rejoicing of boys as they struggle and
Our chimes chime, the Jacarandas pant, auguring triumph or simply balancing
blossom, the grass grows green on our fields; fate. The silence in the hall as, every Friday
From koppie classrooms we hear the call of those beautiful words of prayer are repeated
the crested barbet to its mates, intermingled "O Lord God of Truth, whom to know is
with the general hubbub of educational everlasting life . . ."
endeavour. Boys' High's past and present seem to
We are in love: Just as any "ou" falls for intermingle to make us what we are — the
a "lushus chick", 1020 "ou's" fall for P.B.H.S. freedom given to us (individuality) so aptly
This is no one sided love affair, however; expressed by Thoreau . . . "If a man does not
the stones and very structure of our school keep pace with his companions, maybe it is
are designed to give . . . give . . . give. It is an because he hears a different drummer. Let
entity on its own, encompassed by east, west him step to the music he hears, however
and koppie gates; — an echosystem of love, measured or far away —"
service and dedication. The 75th Anniversary Campaign is simply
We still play Rugby, Cricket, Hockey, one way of ensuring that the boys of the
Squash, Tennis, we swim, do athletics, and future, perhaps your sons, grand-sons and
even on occasion manage to fit in some even great-grand sons fulfill our school
school-work. As is traditional, some boys are prayer.
still renting beer and have not yet been "Thus by thy grace may we so use this
informed that the school lies in a smoke free house of learning, that we may prepare our
area! powers of body, mind and spirit to advance
In short. We thrive. the good of man, and the glory of God."
At this stage I would like to recall, some
of the highlights of my five years: breaking my
ankle three times playing "Affies" (that rare
breed of human that lies over the railway
line); being called a sex maniac by the "Boss"
because I invited 3 groups of drum —
majorettes to our fete and being made head
boy of the universe's greatest school.
Never will I forget the expressions of
loyalty, absolute trust and security on the
faces of my peers when giving the war cry
"Aghelalup, Aghelalup", at Loftus Versveld
before the rugby semi-final; nor the spirit of
companionship, camaraderie and I think
sentimentality, openly expressed at the 75th
celebration banquet held to launch this
campaign. Grown men, forty years and more
glimpsing at visions of boyhood like the catch
of a song; the echoes of dreamland bearing
them along.
In this way we will ensure that the beauty
of Jacaranda Drive, in all its splendour of
mauve blossoms fanned out on the branches
that have looked down on generation after
generation of boys, then men, may not be
lost, but be preserved for posterity.
By your help, you are ensuring that the
boys may wear this blazer and old school tie
with absolute pride and confidence of
greatness. At the same time you are
expressing gratitude for the past, placing a
guarantee in the quality of the future: making
an investment in the leadership of the country
that sanctions you.
Our hopes and ambitions for the future?
Simply to ensure that this great love affair
between boys, old-boys, staff and parents
with a "school set on a hill" may continue to
grow with the dawning of each new day.
Angelo Stipinovich VG

= Page 55 =

FORLORN HOPE

as the roar of 60 000 appreciative voices rings
around the stadium. Ah! the sweet sound of
I tried to do the athletics heats this term success".

but came last, in every race. The hurdles were
my best: I come second last. I liked the long
jump and shot put. In long jump I jumped
four metres point nine, but the other boys
jumped five metres. Shot put I came third, but
they took the two best putters, thus I did not
make the team for shot put. When I went to
high jump the bar fell off most of the time.
The cross country races were not bad, and at
least I don't come last in those races.

All these pleasant dreams flashed
through my mind as I stood daydreaming in
my crease. In my state of euphonic semi-
somnia I vaguely heard the Rissik bowler
trundle past me, followed by a solid thump of
wood against leather. Another six. I smiled
dreamily, poor Garth, I would have to console
him after the match. Oh it was such a
pleasure to —
"RUN!" he shouted.

"Eh!?"

D. Keast IF Suddenly I was stone cold sober.
Thundering toward me was a giant brute of a
form 5 shouting, "Run! Run! Run!" as he
galloped down the pitch. A few seconds later
I comprehended. I had to run all the way to
the other stumps. Putting on my grim
determined face I set off, going as fast as my
pad-hindered legs could carry me. Panting, I
reached the opposite stumps with a couple of
milliseconds to spare before two bails, 3
stumps and a ton of turf and grass erupted in
my face.

Coughing, I stood up and looked around
— and immediately broke into a cold sweat
— I had to face the next ball. The whole world
was against me. I was surrounded by eleven
snarling Rissik-House cricket players. Gone
was all my dreamland confidence. The sight
of a Rissik-House slow off spinner, let alone
Garth Le Roux, brought me out in
goosebumps. Nervously I took guard.
Trembling like a leaf, I had to consciously grip
the handle of my bat to prevent it from falling
to the ground. The bowler stood with an evil
grin on his face, tossing the ball playfully
from side to side in his palms.

Agonizingly slowly he plodded towards
the crease. Almost gently he tossed the ball
Lee giving lip Photo: D. du Plessis out of his hand. It sailed slowly towards me.

Petrified, I contemplated this stupid red piece
of leather coming at me. At the last moment I
shut my eyes tightly, hopped backwards
towards square leg and swung my bat
viciously into eternal nothingness. "Plink", I
knew the sound only too well. Without even

THE SWEET SOUND OF SUCCESS? bothering to look at the stumps I turned and
began the long journey back to the pavillion.

I could hear it in my mind: "Theron to
face. Nonchalantly he takes guard. Garth Le
Roux steams in from the duckpond end; and
its a sizzling delivery! Thwack! Theron has hit
him for six! Unquestionably South Africa's finest
batsman in History! The crowd rises to its feet

The screams of derisive Rissik-House laughter
and Sunnyside groans echoed around the
field — the bitter sound of failure.
Damn! Another duck.

Paul Theron 111A

= Page 56 =

POSTSCRIPT: THE DREAM THAT
CAME TRUE

78341849 BC,
Cpl S.N. Godfrey,
Ward 6,
3 Military Hospital
Tempe,
9318.

26 January 1982

Photo of Steven Godfrey as it appeared in the 7 979
Pretorian to illustrate his article 'A Dream'. The tank is at Dear Mr Digby,
Fort Klapperkop Museum

A DREAM — Reprinted from the 1979

Concerning my article in the 1979 issue of the

Pretorian"

'Pretorian', entitled 'My Dream', have enclosed a
postscript. I thought you might be interested to hear what

I am one of those people, fortunate or unfortunate happened, and would be greatly honoured if you could
enough to have got a mind that dreams a lot. Every night, print the enclosed article along with the original, in the
without fail, I dream something when I sleep, and in 1982 issue.

school, if class is boring, I drift off into a dream world
millions of miles away. There is one dream, though, that Yours sincerely

repeats itself often, in daydreams and sleep. If dreams
come true, then I am doomed. S.N. Godfrey.

The dream always begins when I go to the army. I get
sent to the Armoured Corps, and eventually become an After a few months in the Army, I forgot
armoured car driver. No rank comes my way, and I stay a completely about my dream. I became an
'private' till the end of my dream each time. instructor on Tanks, and volunteered for

We, the armoured car and its crew, go on frequent border duty in January 1981. I never got as far
patrols, all uneventful. Then, one day, we are out in the as the border, but spent a year at the Army
bush. The sun is already quite high. We drive through a Battle School at Lohatlha.

clump of bush and there, in front of us, is a mass-meeting
of terrorists. They are all sitting on the ground listening to On the 8th December 1981, we were busy
someone talk, and there about three hundred or more of with our final shooting exercise. We were
them. There is no escape! shooting on the move, advancing to our

I push down hard on the accelerator, and the engine objective. There was a clump of bushes
screams high above the shattering crash of our machine through which we had to drive, and, as we
gun and the deafening thud of our canon mounted above went through them, I felt a dull pain in my
my head. I steer straight for the centre of the group. I can side and was knocked over. I had been
see the enemy screaming as they try to run away in panic, standing in the turret and the next thing I
but can't hear them. remember is standing inside the tank with

It is then that we start hitting them — blood spatters
all over my visor, and everything is seen through a pink blood all over my side.
filter. The ride becomes very bumpy as we ride over I had been hit in the abdomen by
humanity, and squash the life out of the scum that are shrapnel in a shooting accident. I was rushed
killing off our nation. off to 3 Military Hospital where I underwent

Suddenly there is a great orange flash, and then an emergency operation. I was told
everything becomes deathly silent. I suddenly see the afterwards by the surgeon that I was lucky to
whole scene from above, as though I'm in a helicopter or be alive, and that they had thought that I
something. Our armoured car looks different — the whole would not live. By sheer luck I pulled through
front (where I sit) has been blasted away by a canon or and will be fit again in about 6 months time.

something. The car is burning as well. I see the other
members of the crew climbing out, burning alive, and My dream wasn't completely correct, but
being slaughtered by the remaining terrorists. too close for comfort as far as I'm concerned.

Then everything goes blank, and I either wake up or Stephen Godfrey
just start another dream. I wonder what causes this

dream. Is it a warning or a premonition, or is it because of FOOTNOTE: Stephen received his wound on 8th
fear? What do you think? December 1981 — 10 days before he was due to be

discharged from the army. Altogether he spent just over

Postcript: In July this year I received the news that my two months in hospital. He has made a complete recovery
national service will be done in Bloemfontein. I have been from his ordeal. At present Stephen is studying for a
balloted to the Armoured Corps. Fortunately, in the last B.Com (Legal) degree at the University of the
couple of months, the dream has not haunted me. Witwatersrand.

DIE SKILDERY

Ontploffende skrapnel verf die lug
Met 'n knoeiende rooi.
Crysblou word lewendig, 'n maat vervang 'n
maat.
'n Lewe vir 'n lewe
Wit en Swart meng geweldig op die Skilder se
bord,
Om asgrys in die lug te hang naby die
krematorium
Groen word nie 'n simbool van die lewe nie
Maar 'n aaklige histeriese omega
Geel is nie die sterkte van die son nie
Maar 'n sinsbedrog van die brein teen pyn
Wat tot in jou tone dring
Die enigste kleur wat vreugde bring
Is nie swart of wit of 'n mengsel daarvan nie,
Dit het nie eens 'n naam nie, v j j
Dit is die kleur van die dood
Watter onmenslike opperwese
Kan so 'n skildery maak?
f
inner

THE FORGOTTEN BATTLEFIELD

Where the guns once roared,
Now only the birds put forth their songs.
No more fields of mud,
But hills rolling in soft green grass.
Once shattered and torn trees,
Now stand with pride swaying in the breeze.
No more trenches full of dead,
But quiet country lanes. - ...
Once acres of bare, desolate land, 1 lam son VE
Now only the silent white crosses,
Row upon row,
Put forth the story.

Ronan Oelofsen IVB

DEATH

JEWELLRY

Merriment with friends	A Friend is a Facet
a blaring radio	in an Emerald of Eternity
suddenly it all ends,	set in a Ring of Righteousness
carried off the road	Bonded by Beauty
Mothers dissbelief, grief, guilt	Moulded by Mercy
a room now empty	Tempered by Tenderness
a radio now still	Carved by CHRIST.
a friend still remembers.	

Trevor Mitchell 11C

S. Steyn NIB

THE PRETORIAN

57

= Page 58 =

FORM FOUR CAMP 1982

Over the last four years the form four camp has become an increasingly popular event. It is held at the school farm which was kindly donated by Mr. Alex Roberts — an old boy of the school.

The aim of the form four camp is to foster comradeship and unity between the form fours, which hopefully will extend to the rest of the school in order to make 1983 a profitable year. Undoubtedly this year's camp was successful in this respect as a great feeling of co-operation existed between the boys and masters.

The campsite was not the best; covered in rocks, scorpions and situated on a mean slope. Nevertheless, these hardships added to the spirit. Naturally the teachers had it cushy: comfortable caravans and campbeds characterised their campsite. The food was brilliant to say the least — this was due to the tireless efforts of Miss McCully, who spent half the weekend following culinary pursuits. There was also no electricity which made it twice as difficult.

This camp would not have been what it was without the hard work and help offered by Mr Vieyra and Mr Armstrong and the encouragement given by the rest of the staff. Last but not least credit should be given to the boys on the committees who organised the camp so competently.

The weekend was full of fun and excitement. Among the activities was a perilous night hike, an exhausting day hike and a muddy but enjoyable obstacle course. We were able to observe wild life from close range, especially a rinkhals, night adder and numerous scorpions. On the Sunday night, entertainment was in the form of plays round the campfire, each of the eighteen groups being required to perform their own skit. Undoubtedly the best performances were by the masters: Mr Dentan playing the role of the typical schoolboy perfectly.

At the end of the four days we had gained much experience in working together which we are sure will provide a good basis for 1983. All in all, the camp was a definite highlight of our school career.

The baboons loved the obstacle course at the Form IV Camp

Photo: Mr Armstrong

King of the Castle — Mr Vieyra contemplating his S.A.B. investments at the Form IV Camp

Peter Yeo IVA and Richard Treagus IVB

Photo: P. Collings

THE PRETORIAN

Showing off their tan at the Form
IV Camp L. to R.: Halkas;
Ackermann; C. Cronje; W. v.d.
Putte; Phitides; Parfitt; P. Collings;
W. Briggs; de long
Photo: Mr Armstrong

David Theron asking who made
this obstacle at the Form IV Camp
Photo: P. Collings

"I'm wylde with you, go and get

washed." L. to R.: Gary Charnley;
Peter CiUiers; Peter-John Bantock;
Mr. Wylde; Anthony Lanser; Harry
Godrich and Rocco Henning at
the Form IV Camp
Photo: Mr Armstrong

DEBATING SOCIETY 1982

Winners: Sunnyside (J. van Graan, P. Steyn, P. Theron).

Runners-up: Solomon (J. Garde, P. Gleeson, R. Treagus).

The debating society had a busy calendar this year, what with the inter-house debating competition, the public speaking festival, and the inter-school debates. The details of these are as follows:

Chairmen: McGillivray and A. Stipinovich.

22ND JANUARY - FINALS

Adjudicators: Adv. Junod and Mr Armstrong.

B. PUBLIC SPEAKING FESTIVAL (April)

Juniors: Solomon (proposing) vs. Sunnyside

1. Individual speaker: P. Steyn (awarded an "A").

"This house believes that seniors show insufficient respect for juniors."

2. Bilingual speakers:

Winners: Solomon (D. Wood, A. Solomon, C.

Treagus).

Senior: C. Findlay) awarded an „A,,

Runners-up: Sunnyside (J. Eliastam, J. Luterek, F. Junior: D. Smith)

Mazzone).

C. INTER-SCHOOL DEBATES:

Seniors: Solomon vs. Sunnyside (opposing)

1. vs. Pretoria High School for Girls (June)

"The younger generation is more tolerant than the older."

2. vs. Clapham High School (21 September)
A. Pentazis

60

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 61 =

MORNING HAS BROKEN

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

A shrill ring shattered my dreams. Groping wildly, arms flailing, I desperately tried to find that infernal device (my alarm clock). After knocking my bedside lamp, two books and a box of silkworms off the table I finally succeed (accidentally) in knocking the clock off. With a resounding crash it flies into the far wall. A short whirr and the big hand flies into my nose at high speed and two springs pop out of the back of the now dilapidated alarm clock. I roll slowly out of bed with great reluctance, but as I tumble out I speed up threefold because the cold nips at my toes like an angry wild-cat.

Fumbling with my blazer buttons I hear the noises I hear every day; pigeons cooing violently above my head, a dog yapping in the street, and many little birds chirping bravely pretending to be indifferent to the cold.

Breakfast is a hasty affair. The porridge I relish and eat slowly, but the rest of the breakfast-eggs, bacon and tea are hardly noticed.

I hear my sister shouting and a car-hooter blaring and I realize I am late again. With a hasty good-bye I sling my bag over my shoulder and storm out still in a bit of a stupor, not fully awake.

"Where is he?" I mumbled to myself as I waited for my tag. I waited for about 5 minutes although it seemed an age. Out in the distance I saw Alan slowly plodding towards

me with a big grin on his face. I positioned myself and let my left-hand dangle behind my back. A sweaty slapped-up hand and I was off, bounding into the sunset. I imagined myself to be the Roman running to Marathon to break the joyful message. With no competition I took it easy and began to enjoy myself. As I turned the final bend, I could see some boys plodding along and I decided to overtake. "1, 2, 3, 4, 5" I counted. With the

finishing line in sight I gave a final spurt and I was over the tape with a grin on my face.

S. Warren IE

JUNIOR RUGBY HOUSE
MATCHES

As a hockey player — playing rugby for the first time. I am sure I can give a fairly good description of rugby from the point of view of a hockey player. Rugby, I found out, is as much fun to play as it is to watch. Rugby

I have always enjoyed watching, criticizing

B. Kitcher ID and wondering how good at it I would De. The

THREE FRIENDS

faults I previously criticized, were mainly the mistakes I made. Rugby is much more tiring than hockey, but you get so involved in the

Silently together,

game that you forget your tiredness. Some

Bored with just being themselves?

people suggest that a hockey player is a

Trapped in their own world, and totally unaware of the intangibility so close by.	ninny, but they are good to have in a rugby team as they are too "rugby" thick to know that you can get hurt tackling somebody who is twice your size. In ending, if it were possible to play rugby and hockey then there would be many more rugby players in this school, but I don't think many would swop hockey for rugby and it is probably vice-versa.
No communication with anyone but, perhaps, themselves	
Drifting aimlessly from one dull day to the next, Not noticing any difference in time Not caring anyway.	C.J. Cooke IVA

Three individuals, relying on me
alone for survival.

One black,
One white,
One orange,
Goldfish.

Roy Hunter VG

William Judson VE

THE PRETORIAN

61

= Page 62 =

= Page 63 =

o
The Bronze Bas-Relief produced by the 7964 Art Class under the direction of Walter Battiss. The
scene depicts the varied activities that can take place in the School Grounds

THE PRETORIAN

63

= Page 64 =

"A sure cure for insomnia " — Neil
Raymer
Photo: Deori du Plessis

THE MUSIC ROOM

As I descend the stairs from Mr Dorey's
room I would hear that terrible wailing of the
form Vs singing in the music room. As I
entered the room, I find Mrs Michell, as usual,
with a big bright smile which is at times
destroyed by naughty boys from form and .

A GALA

1

2

In the four practice rooms in the Music Room
which keep out the terrible noise, we find Mr
Sandnes teaching the boys to play the piano
and other instruments. The brass instruments
in the Music Room make a worse noise than
the screeching of the bagpipes from the pipe
band.

The pistol cracks
Bodies leap
get suspended in the air
and drop

Ploughing through the black water
they wet the audience

R. Durrant 11D

SCHOOL FOUNTAIN

With a throw of legs and feet they
return for the last length.

It burbled, laughed and bubbled
Trickling over the rocks.
Green slime parted and frothed
Moss sprouted and grew
The wind threw and blew
Away

Out of breath they stretch for a
distant wall

The time is taken
One wins

C. Tredoux IIIB

A. Tanton IIIB

THE MATRICS OF SCHOOL
HOUSE

To start off with there's Smart,
Who doesn't live up to his name.
In fact he's rather thick,
And a little bit insane.

Askham, Gordon, Blount:
The smokers of the school!
They go up on the koppie,
And really think they're cool.

Oddjob is the next,
Who likes to work all day.
But funnily enough,
It doesn't seem to pay.

Sixthly there is Turner,
A very noble chap.
He comes into the house,
Wearing a cricket cap.

Arthur is the next,
Who sometimes gets quite cross.
Then he gives you "visits",
And takes you to the boss.

Beyond BEE-LIEF — Deon du Plessis

BUBBLES IN BREEZES

Nick, Diggie, Stoffel,
All play different sports,
For instance, Diggies often
on the tennis courts.

Fellow fair
be not scared
to follow —
till tomorrow
the dreams of yesterday.

When you go to punishment
With Goofy, Dub or Val.
You haven't got a chance,
Not even with a pal.

I came but once
and felt a breeze
flirting
with the auburn trees.

Coetzee is the brain,
Who always likes to work.
He sometimes is a pain,
And often tries to shirk.

Promising the land
of faerie old
of beauty bold
of love unsoil'd
and flowers
— floating in the wind

Finally there is Cartwright:
The sportsman of the house,
And he runs even faster,
If he sees a mouse.

Sorrow whispered:
"Wisdom's found
not under ground
but in the land of chance
where at a glance
all glory disappears."

S. Davis and P. v.d. Merwe 1A

S. Steyn NIB

POWER, IT MADE ME RECKLESS:-

TOMORROW

Tomorrow

The rays of the late afternoon sun glanced off the sleek body, its growl of sheer, brute power demanded an enormous amount of respect, and got it. I settled down into the sheep-skin-covered bucket seats. The vast array of instruments told me the machine was in perfect order. I sat for a moment gazing into space wondering if this was really true. With my senses back to normal I switched on the car. I floored the accelerator. An unseen hand seemed to push me back into my seat. A final gear change and by now the surroundings seemed to bend past me. The revs reached the danger zone and I felt as if I might take off any moment from now

I lay, brutally injured, against the wall of the street. Slowly I opened my eyes, and breathed heavily with much pain. Pain attacked my mind from every side. I forced myself into staying conscious, but lay there like a vegetable, unable to move. Eventually I was no longer in contact with the outside. I was on the verge of death. For many weeks I lay lonely in the hospital bed. No-one came to visit, except the increasingly familiar face of death. Death was always there talking to me, promising to take me away from here. Then after a while death even left and I was lost forever.

I will fly leaving youth's foolish heresy far, far behind.
For even attempting to behave like men we have become children.

Dreams of a future untainted by
Visions of the past.

Windshaven faces
wise
old

barren
Reflections from a rippling lake
staring back but suddenly not wise
not old
but barren

Seemingly unrelated, yet you said
"self from self . . ."

Like ghosts
of ghosts.

Paul Richards VD

VICTIMS OF A FREEDOM
FIGHTER'S LANDMINE

I still remember how we found them,
Scattered around the car like
Ronan Oelofsen IVB Pieces of Paper
Smiles transfixed on their faces
Laughter choked in their throats.

THE BOMB

They were obviously happy, to be

The engines droned on monotonously going on holiday,
Inside the cockpit all systems are go Yet, the shattered eyes, like cold ashes,
Empty faces reflect the control pannels' glow left no trace of the dreams before.

Only the distorted limbs, pointed the way
The engines drone on monotonously to the future.

A red light stabbed through the sweaty gloom
and thousand of people draw near to their doom Cary Koen VC

The engines drone on monotonously
The gargantuan belly gaped wide
and one small insignificant object
tumbled serenely through the silence
on its irreversible trajectory to . . .
destruction,
oblivion.

The engines droned on monotonously.

D. Krummeck VC

This year the English Literary Society was formed. The purpose of this society was to stimulate the interests of the pupils in the study of the English language. The association was aimed largely at the Form 4 and Form 5 scholars who took a certain amount of interest in the reading of literature. The society comprised of twenty members under the chairmanship of Donal Skinner and the secretary, Jonathan MacClements

A series of meetings were arranged. The first meeting was a workshop on the works of Shakespeare. The Form 4 s and 5 s were divided into two groups. The former came together to discuss 'Macbeth', and the latter group held a discussion on Shakespeare's 'Twelfth Night'. This meeting proved to be a success, and served especially as a 'study time', since the June exams were close at hand.

For the second meeting, Mr Goedhals was invited to the society to discuss the development of the English language. Mr Goedhals is a lecturer at U.N.I.S.A., and an expert in the early history of the language. We all spent an interesting hour and a half delving into the past as our guest took us back to the period of the Vikings. It was not long before Mr Goedhals had taught us the language of the Anglo Saxons. Who said that English is boring? After having discovered the history of our mother tongue, we held an informal discussion on the structure of words. It was amazing to see the similarities between modern words and those words used during the time of our Anglo Saxon ancestors

The third meeting was held on the 7th of September. Mr Joseph Ribiero was invited to the school to be chairman of a further workshop on 'Twelfth Night'. For those of you who own a television, Mr Ribiero is the actor in the 'Gomma Gomma' advertisement. At present his is on the staff at the University of the Witwatersrand and is a well known actor. A touch of charm was further added by the presence of some Girl's High pupils who were invited to the workshop. The workshop was informal which led to an amusing study of 'Twelfth Night'. After the discussion, we were divided into groups and had to act out the various characters. This proved to be very far more enlightening, since Mr Ribiero described to us how to examine the personalities of the characters by simple expression in the reading of the various parts. This meeting, too, was a success.

Although the society has had a few teething problems, it seems to be performing its function of making English more interesting. Next year, the association hopes to arrange visits to theatres and thus increase the variety of its program. Given a few more years, the English Literary Society should have persuaded those scholars not interested in English, that English is more exciting than they ever imagined

I arrived early that morning. As I laboured up Main Drive, my eyes watering from the frosty air, I saw the school shrouded in a veil of condensation. After depositing my books in my classroom, I went to sit on a bench in front of the school.

A car pulled up, its exhaust gases a white wraith. A boy emerged, his neck and lower face wrapped in a green cocoon. A gloved hand waved to the disappearing vehicle, and then he stomped into the building. The approaching car had disturbed two Cape sparrows feeding on a half eaten crust near the fish pond. They now returned to their feast, hurling pieces of brown bread in all directions. One chunk dropped into the fish pond and was immediately snatched by one of the larger carp.

The Norfolk Island Pines were absolutely still. No early morning breeze disturbed their stately composure. The front lawn displayed an icy mantle which glittered in the light of a somewhat faded fiery orb. The bell tower announced seven o'clock, the clear strokes resounding, gently but firmly, pushing aside the quiet of dawn. The sounds of a boy's school began. Pupils in jerseys and blazers, some in multi-colour wind breakers walked up the stairs above Suicide. Slowly the lifeblood of the school trickled in.

As more activity materialized, so too the sun grew warmer. A slight draught sprang up, and the plantgrowth put on their diamonds: frost which had melted. The egrets, ducks and storks flew overhead to their pastures and hunting grounds. They seem to cast no more than a disdainful glance at us poor earthbound creatures, before winging their way northwards, screaming their mournful cries at the waking city.

The tutors of the educational community arrived one by one, still preening their sleep-ruffled appearances to meet the demands of a vigorous day. A motor bike chugged into sight and a ruddy bulb protruding from the helmet was simultaneously letting forth steam and some seemingly well placed, hushed adjectives and adverbs. A small blue mini parked near me and a bear slid out. It was far more sedate. After bidding me a cheerful good morning, Mr van der Vegte loped up the front steps. A sight to warm the soul came trotting up from School House. The little foxterrier grinned and puffed haltingly as it trailed its master. One's spirit soars at this gesture of a dog's selfless devotion to man.

A piercing, screaming ring sounded from the direction of the school buildings. I sighed the customary sigh and paced off to assembly and a day of attempted learning.

D. Smith IIIA

J. MacClements

old man," she commanded. The girl shook her

The small town revelled in the morning sun. Cars and people throbbed in the tarred streets, jostling and bustling in a frenetic, self imposed detachment from their surroundings. A grizzled old man, his black beret emphasising his smoky-white hair, walked out of his son's house. He refused to continue listening to his daughter-in-law's subtle hints and intimidations. He shuffled down the street, an unshaven dinosaur rippled with wrinkles, his body crumpled by the beatings of time. He arrived in the plaza and sat down on his favourite bench in the sun.

Two small boys chased across the square. Their shrill voices shrieked laughingly as they played. The old man sniffed, pointing his prominent but ugly nose at them. His dark, myopic eyes blinked.

"Hey! You two. Yes you. Come here," he gestured, trying unsuccessfully to dispel the harsh gruffness in his voice. The two boys, their faces wary and cautious stepped forward. The man's cracked lips parted, revealing a row of bent, nicotine teeth. The boys stared. "What do you call your game?" he asked. The boy's cowed silence irritated him. "Well, answer me" he barked. Silence. He made a groping lunge towards them with his gnarled hand and they turned and raced away from this strange, ugly, old bogeyman. The old man, his futile attempt at conversation rebuffed, sat back and sighed.

His lips loosely sucked his cigar which he had lit. He puffed sluggishly, drawing the smoke down into his withered lungs. He watched as a young girl of about seventeen years approached. Her hips swung provocatively in her skin-tight blue jeans and a wafting scent of liberally-sprayed, cheap perfume preceded her. She swung her curly, brown hair back, revealing pendulous, brass ear-rings. The old man stared and rapturous memories filled his mind. But the girl saw only a shrunken old man with big ears, watching her through eyes besieged by baggy wrinkles. Instinctively, she imagined a tacit disapproval, she discerned "old fashioned" distaste in those eyes which gazed not at her but into the past. She walked past him, stopped and turned. Her eyes fluttered arrogantly over him.

"Hey, old man! Do you have a light?" She thrust a cigarette forward. "Or maybe you disapprove, eh? This is the Twentieth Century not Puritan England. O.K.?" The old

hair at him and, with a contemptuous giggle, and left. The proud old man maintained his stony facade but inside, he felt hurt, deeply wounded and sad.

A middle aged man strolled up to the old man and doffed his hat politely. "Good morning, Monsieur, how are you feeling today?"

The old man recognized Dupont, an associate of his son and exhaled a stream of grey smoke which swirled upward into oblivion.

"Monsieur! Did Marie not warn you against smoking?" The old man immediately detected the subtle, patronising intonation he knew so well, the gentle, moralising tolerance which he dispised.

"I can think for myself, thank you Dupont," he grunted, clenching his fist so that his blue veins protruded through, his sun blotched skin. Dupont shifted uneasily and gripped his hat. "Well, I must be off now, monsieur. It has been nice talking to you. Take care of yourself. Adieu." Dupont, having offered this glibly "correct" greeting and done his social duty, hastily withdrew followed by the old man's flinty, dulled eyes.

A silver bus swept into the plaza, polluting it with fumes, and disgorged yet another horde of photo- and souvenir-hunting tourists.

"Saint Cergue is an example of rural colour," the guide droned. One woman, a large, buxom Amazon clad in chequered slacks with a monstrous camera clinging to her neck, spotted the old man. She strode forcefully up to him, gave a perfunctory smile and a "may I" and snapped.

"Look what I found," she called, vaguely gesturing at the old man as if he was just another ashtray souvenir. A group of people, all armed with cameras and determined "to snap some local colour", marched up. A barrage of impersonal "say cheese's" issued forth and ten "wonderful shots of a typical Basque peasant" were conceived.

The bitter, old man sat on his bench, alone and friendless, gazing down at the pavement. He felt anger but his physical weakness belief the possibility of effective counteraction.

"No one understands, no one wants to understand," he muttered to himself. "No one cares I don't matter anymore a luring

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 69 =

dead man just a nuisance which has to be humoured." The old man looked up. At least he had some small consolation. "They, all of them, will know, one day, how it feels," he said. Physical or material life was, after all, merely a firoud sandcastle whittled away by the waves of time. He scanned the plaza — the buildings, the cars, the pigeons, the trees — everything would decay and die, just like

AUTHORESS MARGUERITE
POLAND'S VISIT TO PRETORIA
BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL

Marguerite Poland, South African authoress, came to Pretoria to launch her new book for teenagers, entitled The Bushshrike. Speaking to the Form Ones at the School she

him. This morbid thought pleased him. said her inspiration was derived from three sources: reference books, ideas and ways of life of indigenous people, and from her daily chores. "If you want to write, you must know about and care about the subject of your writing," she said.

The Form Ones were invited to ask her questions after her talk; here are some of them:

1. How long does it take you to write a book?
2. Once you start a book, don't you want to get it over with quickly?
3. Is there a lot of money in writing?
4. Do you design the cover for the book?
5. How many copies do you make of a book.
6. Do you always feel in the mood to write stories?
7. Is writing a good career?
8. Do you do a lot of touring around?
9. How many pages is the longest story you've ever written?
10. Don't your children get hold of your scripts and tear them up?
11. Do you ever get bored with writing?
12. What happens if you get half way through a book and go blank?
13. How many stories do you write at one time?
14. Do they tell you how many pages you have to write?
15. Do you use slang in your writing?

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Photo: Val Blacking V 5
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THE PRETORIAN

69

= Page 70 =

IS ART NECESSARY

Art manifests itself in many ways, and it is this infinite variety of characteristics which allures everyone. Every individual can find in the arts, something personal and beautiful which brings pleasure. This is the essence of

From prehistoric times, man has felt a magnetic attraction, forcing his inner spirit into creative expression. This inherent desire, at the epicentre of every individual, for beauty and perfection has been a major

art — to please one's inner self. This satisfaction can be derived from various aspects of art — the cinema, theatre, dancing, reading, writing, painting and pottery. Man is; by nature, a pleasure hunter and the arts offer

catalyst in his development. The vehicle for this expression has been art. Man and art have a long and intimate relationship. As man has developed over the centuries so has art. The road from Altimira to Guernica lies superimposed on man's highway of the future. Yet today, the entire concept of art has been stigmatised as an "intellectual exercise" appealing to a small minority: From this can be deduced that "Art the Stereotype" is completely unnecessary to the essentials of human existence. Although this train of thought may ring true in several cases it tends to concentrate on only a small part of the whole. If one removes one's blinkers, one will notice that the web of society is inextricably entwined with art and that art has an important part to play in life of society and that of the individual.

An artless utilitarian world implies a stoic abstinence from everything connected with art. This concept could be embodied in a room containing "necessities" — possibly a bed, table, chair, plain empty walls, no curtains and a solitary lightbulb. It is quite true to say that we need nothing else yet this pertains solely to one's basic physical needs. A man is actually his mind, and this atmosphere could never satisfy the aesthetic spirit which flickers in all men. A thinking mind cannot lie dormant — it has an inexorable lust for fulfillment. Art in its broader context includes architecture, music, dancing, sculpture, painting, gardening and interior decorating — it is through these, often unnoticed aspects, that we gain spiritual fulfillment. Who could live in a drab, unpersonal room, and enjoy it? Who would not attempt to beautify these surroundings, as the cavemen of Altimira, with flowers, pictures, books and personal bric-a-brac? It is art's fundamental, aesthetic qualities and its self satisfying spiritual role which affects all of us — even the toughest cynics — with its poignancy. "Man cannot live by bread alone", he needs spiritual food as well. Art helps to give him that nourishment.

him an abundance. The creative development of the arts has also left its mark on society. Society is a constantly evolving structure based on past achievements. The artist who invented the wheel, the great poets and craftsmen, they have all contributed to the present social system, to our varying and rich cultures and heritages. Man has an insatiable lust to create and discover; he can only do so by drawing on past artistic creations. A modern architect has to draw on the work of past architects for inspiration; so we all draw on our heritage for inspiration, security and peace — both physical and spiritual. Man is a thinking animal and this is the essence of his existence — Cogito ergo sum. The arts are the rungs of the ladder which man climbs — the ladder of progress.

Through the centuries, art and man have welded a solid bond — a mutual relationship.

Man creates art which in turn sustains his roving mind. Art cannot be seen as a luxury in the normal sense of the word. It is not as superficial and ephemeral as caviar and champagne. It is deeper, stretching down towards our roots. Art cannot be deemed unnecessary. Not only does it nurture our souls but it also forms a vital part of the infinite process of social evolution via its profound influence on one's culture and so, on one's life today. Art, if anything, gives us our reason for life by bringing joy and wonder of creation into our midst. It is a necessary luxury for every individual human being.

Peter Steyn VA

= Page 72 =

TRAPPED WITH THE DEVIL

It was a cold, murky morning. The mist dogs with rabies froth at the mouth. He was now nearly insane, not keeping his cool in the least, but kicking and hitting everything that was in his way.

clung to the surface of the river. The mist also shrouded the upper steel railing of the tug, the 'Invincible'. There were a few men on the quay, waiting for the tug to strike out from the harbour into the deeper channel of the river mouth. There had been no signal given to any ship around, that an oil-tanker was nearing the harbour.

The wind scuttled on the surface of the river like a colony of ants causing overlapping waves to wash up against the river bank. The oil-tanker, the 'Masked Seaman', was a solid block of moving steel. The men in the 'Invincible' were sipping cups of warm cocoa, huddled together around an oil stove trying in earnest to warm their cold, stiff bodies. They had travelled for seven minutes when suddenly a great steel bulk loomed out of the swirling fog. A horn sounded out, muffled because of the distance between the two ships. The tanker was suddenly crossing the bows of the tug avoiding almost certain destruction for the tiny craft which had loomed out of the gloom.

With a resounding screech of tortured metal the tanker collided with the bows of the now fragile tug-boat.

A scream went up from the pilot of the 'Invincible' as his body was crushed against the steel control panel. The four men below deck were caught in an anguish of terror. Rod, the youngest of the four at 26, was struggling to get out of the small room through the hatch in the roof. By now the tug was under water and the pressure was unbelievable. Two of the men were trying to close the water-tight chambers when with a sudden lurch the electric generators tore loose from the floor and hit the men with such velocity that they were both crushed against the chamber walls. There were now only two men left. The captain and Rod. The captain died suddenly of a heart-attack which was expected, because he had had a weak heart for the last three months.

Rod was now in a state of ultimate frenzy, banging and kicking at the hatch and walls of the 'Invincible'. He had a wife and children at home expecting him home for dinner that night. What Rod did not know, was that there were a dozen skindivers searching for a way in to rescue any survivors. Suddenly Rod spotted a tiny hole at the top of the tug, with a few drops of water starting to

gurggle through. Saliva was now frothing at the

corners of his mouth in the same way that dogs with rabies froth at the mouth. He was

now nearly insane, not keeping his cool in the least, but kicking and hitting everything that was in his way.

The divers were tapping the tug from all sides looking and listening for any sign of survivors. Suddenly there was a sound from inside which spurred the divers to greater attempts to rescue the person trapped within.

Rod did not even think of praying. He was now totally insane because a vacuum had started within the 'Invincible'. The 'Invincible' suddenly crumpled up like a tin-can under a steam-roller because of the vacuum. The divers now started to remove the dead bodies and brought them to the surface.

A funeral service was held for the five men killed in the tug and the minister read out "For the five brave men, who did not panic, but remained in perfect control of themselves until the last possible minute when they realised their fate, and thus sacrificed their lives. God be with them". But, if only they knew the truth!

R. Milstein 11D.

THE APIES IN FULL FLOOD

The heavens opened and torrents of rivulets sprang up in the sooty, unwashed streets. These streams of muddy water entered the dark, slimy sewers and proceeded to bubble towards the river. The water shot out of the pipes like water from the nozzles of fire hoses. Out, over the murky giant, diving into and being immediately carried away by the Mighty Apies. Such was the volume of the water in the storm-swelled canal that it rose to the tops of the steep banks and, tearing at overhanging foliage, it flooded onto the plains surrounding it. Invading gardens and houses, the normally quiet Hercules tore and mutilated. Foundations of many a building, the roots of trees and anything that opposed it were carried off. Cars and caravans, trucks and trains, all overturned. Some floated off like lifeboats of the sunken Titanic. The rain stopped suddenly. The faucets of heaven were shut off. So the humour of the Apies was slowly being restored. It retracted its icy tentacles of wrath and subsided to below its banks.

D. Smith MIA

ANOTHER LAINGSBURG?

floated down the street like sunken

battleships. All was destroyed.

The rain subsided — a deathly hush fell

The lean flow of water enveloped by the huge banks and boulders seemed almost pathetic. The potential power of such a river was unimaginable, but since drought had reigned for several months the puny water supply was a feeble indication of possible strength. The huge gully wound its way through the mountains like an ugly scar.

over the settlement. Rushing water disturbed the silence. The unsuspecting folk had been savaged by one of nature's most merciless phenomena. Neither the people or the

settlement would ever be the same again.

D. Brick VB

After rounding a particular hill through a constricted trench the river bed broadens out. Naturally-flat ground, good water and fertile soil brought man to it like bees to a honey pot. The town developed and the people thrived, but never did anyone stop to think of the potential danger until tragedy was reality.

ON ROVER'S ACCIDENT

Staggering to his feet,

He gazed forlornly at us all,

It was a summer day, hot and uncomfortable as usual. People went about

His eyes, reflected understanding.

I suddenly realized, that he knew

that he was dying.

their daily tasks in a most disinterested manner. Farmers were eagerly ploughing their livelihood and a little herd boy stood throwing stones off the solitary bridge while his herd grazed peacefully nearby.

Ida cradled his head in her small skirt, And he spewed blood. Raspberry Red, over her whiteness.

'He's dead' she said.

And wondered why God had pulled the plug out.

Gary Koen VG

Slowly and silently — unnoticed — huge dark plumes of cumulus clouds gathered ominously on the horizon. These ghostly figures gradually began to engulf the radiant blue sky and within minutes the day was transformed into a silent dusk. A few dry branches scratched noisily in a dead tree as a gust of agitated wind blew through it. A deep, hollow thunder signalled the inevitable. The sky turned black. Clouds were being tossed about and wind ripped through every possible obstruction.

P.B.H.S. COMPUTER CLUB

Early in the third term the suggestion of a

Computer Club was brought up by certain members of the Science Club.

The first drops set animals moaning. Ruthlessly the drops lashed down on the starving ground, sending up puffs of dust. With a deafening build up and a final explosion the heavens opened up. Mercilessly the water thrashed down sending young ones into frightened wails.

Thanks to the hard work of some members and with the approval of Mr Armstrong, we now have a Computer Club 70 members strong that is run by a Committee of

This was no ordinary storm — the people began to worry. In the hills nearby the water was beginning to build up, slowly. Water from the surrounding landscape was being caught in the constriction. Suddenly, as if it had had sufficient time to plan its destructive path it burst from the constriction like an angry serpent from its shelter. The solid wall of heaving liquid ripped its path of destruction — eradicating trees and smashing dwellings and bridges like toys. People screamed. The town was in a state of havoc. The flood-plain had been totally engulfed in filthy water. Cars

We try to teach basic to junior members on a regular basis and they seem to be catching on.

We have bought a "BBC-MICRO" through a long term loan with the School. Membership fees are R2 per month and R4 to buy your own "floppy-disc". Hopefully, by the time this is printed we will be firmly established on our new premises after living in patient Mrs Douglas' backroom for 2 months.

The Committee of 10

News from home — Russell
Phillips
Photo: Val Blacking

Leon Keramianakis and friends
Photo: M. Swirsky

Suurpap Van Zyl? Heigh!
Mr Terence Mulvenna
Photo: A. Cleland

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 75 =

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF A WOMAN

WOMEN

Symbol: WOE

Average Molecular Weight: 45 kg

Physical Properties:

1. Boils at nothing and freezes at any minute
2. When treated in the required way melts
3. Bitter when treated in the incorrect way
4. Deliquescent in a high concentration of masculinity

Chemical Properties

1. Has a great affinity for the noble metals: silver, platinum, gold and also to a large degree for precious stones.
2. Has a violent reaction when left alone, similar to that of sodium on water
3. Able to absorb great amounts of food matter with a noticeable effect.

Test

Turns green when placed beside a better looking specimen.

Reaction

1
10 parts brunette + 1 part peroxide ~ 1
part blonde.

Uses

1. Highly ornamental
2. Useful as a tonic in the acceleration of low spirits
3. An equaliser in the distribution of wealth
4. A most thorough income-reducing agent known.

Carl Laurysen VF

"Do they really murder hockey players in Israel?" Chris Lee
on the overseas tour
Photo: M. Swirsky

THE PRETORIAN

75

= Page 76 =

OUR HOUSE

The white washed walls; contrast sharply with the dark shadows of the mountain side. The windmill creaks; protesting against the strong South Wester. The only sound is the regular beat of my horse's hooves against the hard baked sand.

The distinctive cry of a fish eagle breaks the monotonous sound of the horses hooves and the shape that nature's tender hands have formed, glides out of the shadows and into the swirling sea of white and blue.

I tether my horse; and walk into the house through the back door. The heavy oak creaks on its hinges as it counts the number of people who have passed that way. The warm smell of a kitchen being used, welcomes one; and the ominous shape of the clay oven, emits a radiant light, that flickers across the shelves of shining pots and plates.

The dung floors smell fresh, and shine with the smoothness that our shoes have worn into them. The old walls have been given new life by a coat of paint, and decorated, with the odd, lonely, picture.

The lounge is a different story. An enormous fireplace, dominates the one wall and reaches to the high ceiling, which is supported by huge wooden beams. An old grandfather clock stands sentinel, and chimes our lives on. Hidden behind a large hallstand, a crack slowly stretches its fingers along the wall. A wound that was inflicted years ago and a wound that will never heal.

My bedroom faces west, and has an enormous window in the one wall, a wooden bed that cracks with pain every time one sits on it, waits in anxiety for night to fall. My

They said: "Water the whole garden." Kleinbooi of School House

Photo: Val Blacking

cupboard lies almost empty as it is washday
but also because of its dominant size. The
doors swing lightly, and freely, and open into
a hollow, echoing crevass.

I've told you about most of my house
now, but my favourite place in our house, is in
the attic. Books, and clothes, and any, unused
items, gather dust in this room with one,
small, bay window. The walls are yellow with
age, and the rafters are rotting, often thatch
falls through onto the floor, but I have
cleaned up one spot, and that, is where I go.

STATUS QUO

Society stands at my door
Don't know what to do
Explain or ignore
Reckoning with a sword he smiles
Status Quo — I just don't fit.

C. Smith VB

C. Tredoux IIIB

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For fish to thrive, but they all died' Simpson and Willson and others cleaning up the fishpond
Photo: Mr Armstrong

SEA FEVER

However, this serenity can change within
the space of a few hours. The sea wind gets up
and comes shrieking in from the sea-line with

There is a bay I know with a fawn-
coloured shore of shingle and sand where the
swaying sound of the sea blends in perfect
harmony with the quiet air. It is a beautiful
place known only to me; it is my secret
paradise.

The waves break softly on the delicate
shore strewn with golden dust and gleaming
shells, and then retreats with a tinkle as the
shingle scrambles after the sucking surf,
leaving behind a shiny carpet freckled with
bright, silvery bubbles. The sea itself is a
smooth sheet of glass with an occasional
ripple as the breeze sighs across toward the
land. It is filled with soft shades of lovely,
quiet colours, changing continuously with the
rhythmical movement of the currents. Further
out, just visible to the eye, the reef breaks up
the incoming sea on its sharp fangs setting
free white horses to trot and die toward the
land.

an edge of salt that stings the face and hands.

The yellow spume appears as if by magic on
the suddenly big breakers that now crash onto
that once quiet shore. The wild wind picks up
the dirty foam in patches and hurls it out over
the bay. The sea becomes confused with the

air as the brave reef tries in vain to drive back
the thundering forces of Neptune, and the
bundles of spray-blown, mountain-high water,
leaves the shingle bare.

How quickly it subsides and the wind
sobs away like a tired child after a chiding,
and the sea returns leaving behind some of its
priceless treasures. A few bits of hand-carved
driftwood, a deflated piece of seaweed, a
shell, small and pure as a pearl, frail, with a
delicate spire and whorl exquisitely designed
by the gentle forces of the sea. Peace reigns
again over my beautiful bay.

P. Yeo IVA

THE PRETORIAN

77

= Page 78 =

IDLE SPECULATION

THE MINER

Metaphorical Images raced haphazardly
culminating in an unkempt mosaic
of thoughts. Pellets from the mind
fluctuate uneasily between the waves
of absurdity. Moving fantasies
evolve sporadically around a mental
tatoo. Peace and Happiness —
Utopian ideals which are tarnished by
realities harsh light.
I think I know I dream,
Yet, maybe

Gary Koen VG

He drew hard on the self-made cigarette.
The glow of the burning tip cast an eerie,
orange glow over his coarse features. Slowly
he exhaled the smoke and it trickled out of his
broad, flat nose. The trickle of smoke looked
minute in the diameter of those huge nostrils.
The pink tongue slowly licked his fat lips free
of dust. His face was streaked with sweat
droplets, which has cut a path through the
dust layer, exposing his black skin. His oval
head looked strange with only one ear. The

other was lost in a rockfall some years ago.
His once black hair now almost shone with
brilliance in the single hurricane lantern's
light. His eyes glittred like pools of liquid
coal, made prominent by the layers of white
dust. He was old now, seventy next month, in
fact. His massive frame filled the archway
where the coco-pans pass. One hand rested on
the pickhandle. From knuckle to knuckle it
spread five inches.

D. Davidson VB

LAMENT FOR LYNNWOOD GLEN

They're tearing all the poplars down
Levels got to the ground

NIGHTSONG

J.P. Richards VD

78

THE PRETORIAN

The gladiators of tomorrow —
L.
to R.: Clyde Lion-Cachet; Donald
Hector and Kevin Nelson
Photo: Neil Malherbe

THE VISION

MY WATERFALL

I lay there wondering, thinking, dreaming

Distant thunder from a waterfall

About the happenings of the day gone by. Quickens my pace
 Then the things of the night merged in with Over small ponds to a placid river
 the wall Narrow, but deep.
 and the thing with the eyes of a cat and
 devilish call Scrabbling and jumping
 Climbing on and on
 They jump and they run, The noise grows louder with every step
 they scream and they shout. But the going gets worse and worse.
 Then they all disappear,
 and the night becomes still. Higher and yet higher
 The noise is intoxicating in my ears

D. Francis 11C As stones slip and roots bend with my weight
 Only a couple more.

W.B. INSULA But there, a solid cliff face
 Severed in the middle
 Water spewing through
 Walter Battiss island — Fook Island. And behind the ridge a waterfall I can
 A realm out there only hear
 Out where?
 Out there But as if in denial it remains hidden
 A reality from my sight
 It is a living reality within him. A baboon screams and runs
 Complaining arrogantly
 Fook Island passport, driver's licence Higher and higher — I must climb.
 Stamps, money, an alphabet
 A community Solid bush hides my waterfall from me
 A what? Defeated, I turn away
 A community Frustratingly untouchable
 "It is a living community within him". My waterfall

Martin Scholtz VA

C. Tredoux 111B

THE PRETORIAN

79

= Page 80 =

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

As I wade through the dense
 undergrowth I realise that no human voice
 has yet shattered the beautiful sounds of
 nature in the place.

Its dangers, secrets and untamed beauty
 lure me further into its tantalizing grasp. A
 shimmering waterfall in the distance throws
 out liquid diamonds. Everything is drenched
 in the sun's life-giving light.

Warped and twisted by
 incomprehensible and unpredictable
 changes, blue-grey granite masses rise from
 the land, like ancient gods, turned to stone
 after a furious battle with the violent forces
 of creation.

Giant trees have shouldered away
 competition and now stand unchallenged.
 Nothing threatens them, save old age. A
 painter would be embarrassed here for the
 colours of nature are of an unequalled
 brilliance.

The aloof winds whisper the legends of
 each mountain and of each river, and echo

Tanglewood tales — Iacaranda drive in Winter
 Photo: D. Buitendag

the hopes, triumphs and tragedies of long forgotten but mighty civilizations.

Caves must lie beneath these jumbled hills; enchanted worlds created by water over aeons of time. Stillness and solitude wander hand in hand in pits deep enough to imprison monsters, and in shadows darker than the extremes of space. not how or who.

Further into the luminous green mass of trees, sunlight penetrates fitfully to the floor. Ferns flourish in this secret paradise. As an intruder I stand spellbound by the utter silence.

While I stand so, I realise that the power of creation is always present. It wanders over the land, making subtle changes here and there; never still, never tiring, in a setting which knows of no beginning or end, with only man thinking in terms of time because of his own limited span of life.

No man will ever be able to capture in writing the feeling of pure ecstasy the radiance of virginal nature imparts to us.

When a man understands himself,
he will understand his neighbour,
he will understand life
and he will ask why

V. Blacking VB

Shaun Ford VB

T. Brooke 11IG

PREFECTS

Front Row (l to r): D. Skinner; A. Rushton; C. Chami (Vice-Head); A. Stipinovich (Head-Boy); A. le Roux; S. Turner; C. Beaton.

Second Row (l to r): M. Swirsky; C. Lauryssen; M. Ehlers; D. Brick; P. Addison; A. Christodoulou; M. Mulligan.

Third Row (l to r): D. Naser; C. Morley; P. Pretorius; B. Cleaver; A. Batley; A. Kuhn; A. Corlett; C. Findlay.

MERIT AWARDS

Sitting (l to r): M. Mulligan (Rugby); C. McHeath (Hockey); A. Rushton (Hockey); D. Naser (Rugby); A. Kuhn (Rugby); L. Holtzhausen (Hockey); M. Swirsky (Pipe Band).

Standing (l to r): A. le Roux (Rugby); R. Potgieter (Athletics); / . Lee (Squash); A. Cleland/Pipe Band); S. Phitides (Athletics).

ACADEMIC TIES

Front Row (l to r): A. Kuhn; A. Halkas; M. Glathaar; B. Cleaver; D. Skinner; A. Stipinovich; V. Blacking; C. Morley; A. Steynberg; M. Ehlers.

Second Row (l to r): C. Koen; V. Gorringer; K. Buchinger; C. Lauryssen; N. Molin; P. Cartwright; K. Marais; H. du Toit; P. Algra; C. Khoury; R. Blake;

Third Row (l to r): P. Yeo; M. Swirsky; D. Harley; W. Izatt; /. MacClements; A. Hodgson; C. Chami; P. Joughin; G. Schaffner; A. Parfitt; A. Junod.

Fourth Row (l to r): R. Treagus; C. Bergmann; A. Pantazis; J. van Graan; C. Tarling; C. Blake;

Insert (l to r): P. Steyn; J. Hack; P. Addison; N. Krige.

Matches won: vs Seunshoër — 7-3

9-1

vs H.F.Verwoerdburg —

—

vs Overkruin

8-2

Matches lost: vs C.R. Swart — 3-7

vs Menlopark — 3-7

3 26 2

vs Waterkloof Hoër— V - V

This was a year of high hopes and many disappointments. We started off with a promising team under the captaincy of J. van Rooyen, but as the year progressed, interest among some of the players waned considerably.

Congratulations are due to Graeme Warren who maintained a consistently high standard throughout the year, and to Gavan Tredoux who improved from number 10 position on the ladder to number 2.

We are tremendously grateful to those mothers who, under the guidance of Mrs Warren provided refreshments during all our "home" matches.

Sunnyside House won both the "A" and the "B" sections of the inter-house matches. Well done.

E. Jones

1ST CHESS TEAM

Front Row (l to r): M. Ehlers; A. Hodgson; J. Van Rooyen (Capt.); R. Turnbull (V-Capt.); C. Warren.

Back Row (l to r): Mr E. Jones; I. Armstrong; J. Wilkins; C. Tredoux; R. Burd.

	1. Housemasters:	2. House Prefects
This has been a very average year for Arcadia. Many 3rd places, a few seconds and only one senior victory, in the squash. The prefect body was the strongest in the school, with all nine prefects being school prefects as well. Better participation from all the members of the House could have resulted in a more successful year; but this is something that each member is going to have to strive for. The Inter-House plays were greatly enjoyed, and Arcadia had the largest participation and a very good spirit throughout.	Mr P. Sommerville	D. Skinner
	(Head)	(Head Boy)
	Mr E. Dorey	D. Nesar
	Mr P. Glen/	P. Pretorius
	Mr Olivier	M. Mulligan
	Mr T. van Aswegen	A. Batley
	Mr J. van der Vegte	A. Christodoulou
	Mrs Bigalke	G. Findlay
	Mrs Lynch	M. Ehlers
	Mrs Michell	M. Swirsky
	Mrs Gliddon	
	Mrs Douglas/	
	Miss McCully	

THE PRETORIAN

83

= Page 84 =

3. Extra Mural	Master	Captain	Result
Cricket: Snr	P. Sommerville	M. Mulligan	3rd
Jnr			
Rugby: Snr	P. Sommerville	C. Da Silva	2nd
Jnr		Joint 1 st	
Sub-Jnr		3rd	
Hockey: Snr	J. van der Vegte	A. Batley	4th
Jnr		3rd	
Swimming:	T. van Aswegen	H. Dorlas	3rd
Water-Polo: Snr	T. van Aswegen		
Jnr			
Squash: Snr		I. Ferguson	1 st
Jnr		5th	
Athletics:	P. Pretorius		3rd
Cross-Country:			4th
Shooting: Snr			
Jnr			
Tennis: Snr			4th
Jnr			1 st
House Plays			4th
Chess			2nd

The following Boys in the House have excelled themselves:

D. Jakins	Victor Laudorum
A. Batley	Tvl. "A" Hockey
M. Swirsky	Merit. Pipe Band
D. Nesar	Merit Rugby
M. Mulligan	Merit Rugby

RISSIK HOUSE NOTES - 1982

Senior Housemaster: Mr P. Vieyra
Housemasters: Mr N. Sandness; Mr D. Grey;
Mr M. Green
Prefects: A.W. Rushton (Head of House);
A.W.D. Kuhn (Vice-head); J. Liston;
D. Brick; C. Lee; C. Lauryssen
Matrics: H.P. du Toit; J.N.L. Fourie;
H. Harverson; A. Leask; S.W.V.
Mahoney; P.J. Richards; D.
Seekings; M.J. Yuill.

For Rissik House, 1982 started off just as any other year, with the arrival of a brood of new boys (Form ones), imported from as far afield as Tzaneen; and it appears as though this year our imported stock paid dividends, for Rissik House experienced one of its more successful years in recent times. Credit for this must be given to the housemasters (unchanged from 1981), the prefects, and in general, to all of the seniors. The most trying period for the prefects — all of whom were

Photo: I. Wilson

cheerleaders at the Inter-House Gala — must have been this occasion, for it was their duty to attempt to convince the house that this would be the year that we would beat Solomon into fifth position. Inevitably we fulfilled our traditional sixth place, and all left for home feeling much the worse for wear; definitely not disappointed though!

The list of achievements by individual boys of Rissik House is a lengthy one, but can be summarised as follows:

- i) Academic ties were awarded to H. du Toit and C. Lauryssen after the matric mid year examinations.
- ii) Merit Awards were made to A. Rushton for hockey and A. Kuhn for rugby.
- iii) Boys in the house were awarded colours in 1982 for rugby, cricket, hockey, athletics, squash and cross-country.

Although Rissik House constitutes a mere 8% of the total school population, our team achievements are as admirable:

- i) Rissik House dominated the cross-country this year, and succeeded in winning the senior event, and being placed second in the junior event. House captain — Hugh Harverson was placed first.
- ii) For the fourth consecutive year Rissik House won the junior cricket.
- iii) The house won the junior shooting competition, and finished well in the senior event.
- iv) 2nd in the senior hockey.
- v) Tied 2nd in senior cricket.

It is pleasing to note that Rissik House obtained distinction in the cultural field as well. In both the senior and junior chess the

house fared well, and in the Inter-house Play Festival we were announced "runners up" with our production of "The Insect Play". C. Murray received an honourable mention for his role as the tramp. Rissik House fielded the largest cast in the festival, and involved boys from all forms in their production. Truly a team effort!

During the mid-year vacation, a group of boys, accompanied by Messrs Green and Grey, undertook a relay run to Durban. From this event we raised upward of R1 000.00 to supplement House Funds. This money will be spent over a period of years, and will be used to improve the hostel. The run proved a great success, and a good time was had by all involved.

But what of the other aspects of boarding life? As is characteristic of Rissik House, a friendly atmosphere prevailed throughout the year, with the healthy relationship between master and pupil ever prevalent. Not even the renovations — who have been with us for a full year — could upset the Rissik pattern, and although showering in cold water for six weeks can be disconcerting, it seemed only to set the mould

of unity and friendship even firmer. Rissik has

not yet reached the crest of its wave, but with a captain like Mr Vieyra, officers like our Rissik masters, and seamen like all Rissikites, it is going to take a mighty wind to prevent us getting there.

In short, 1982 has been a year that Rissik will remember. We had success, discipline and spirit, and enough of each to make it a year enjoyed by all.

Martin Yuill

Goodwin; Mr J. Hitchcock; Mr L. Mostert
 PREFECTS: S. Turner (Head), C. Fraser (Vice-
 head), V. Blacking, C. Brown,
 P. Cartwright, A. Coetzee, R. Phillips,
 M. Scholtz
 MATRICS: G. Askham, R. Blourt, B. Cordon,
 N. Krige, D. Krummeck, W. Smart,
 A. Steynberg

Photo: N. Malherbe

THE PRETORIAN

85

= Page 86 =

Here again, the year started off with the arrival of the bewildered new boys. They were given the usual friendly welcome by the house and their bosses.

In general the house got off to a good start, with everybody co-operating and trying their best. School House cricket, did not have very much depth, but we were never far from spirit and enthusiasm, not giving up until stumps were called.-'

The Inter-House swimming and cross-country were not very successful as far as the results were concerned (Senior Cross-country came 2nd, Juniors 3rd), but participation was encouraged as much as possible.

In the Inter-House plays and debating, the boys showed their true voting and talking abilities with very good presentations. •

It was with great enthusiasm that we undertook the Rugby House matches. The results were not obtained, but the sub-junior team played well to reach the final. The games were enjoyed, and made much so by Peter Blaauw, who helped out in the coaching. We approached every game with as much vigour and determination required to pull of a Herculean feat, never giving up until it was all over.

The Inter-House hockey was one of the highlights of the year, with the 1st Team coming 3rd after being seeded second last. The team played excellently beyond their expectation, considering the lack of school-team players.

The Inter-House chess went moderately well with all teams, planning their attack from the beginning.

The Inter-House squash and tennis were tackled with much enthusiasm, but we were not able to repeat the previous years achievements, which were 1st place but they got a well deserved 2nd place.

The Inter-House athletics were run with rather a approach, but due to the participation of everybody mainly matrics, was enjoyed and a worth while experiencing coming fourth.

We had a few staff changes, Mr Van der Vegte left us, for a wife. We saw the arrival of Mr Mostert during the second term. We also welcomed Mr Hitchcock at the beginning of the year. At the end of July we saw Mr & Mrs Armstrong leave us to go overseas, leaving the house in the capable hands of Mr Digby.

Mrs Allenby arrived during the second term to be third matron. The old veterans still remained, Mr Digby, Mr Armstrong, Mr Goodwin, Mrs Jensen and Mrs Viljoen. I would like to thank Mr & Mrs Armstrong the masters and matrons and black staff for all their interest and work done in helping the house through the year.

In all, 1982 has been an excellent year. Discipline was sufficient and the spirit very high. There was great co-operation from all the boys, especially the form V's, which all in all helped to maintain the high standards in School House.

School House with all its sporting abilities and excellent performance will indeed be missed by the leaving group.

S. Turner

SOLOMON HOUSE NOTES 1982

HOUSE MASTERS: Mr J.L. Dentan; Mr J. Biddulph (left) Mr K.G. Tenant, Mr B. Daker and Mr P. Blaauw
 HEAD-BOY: Grant Beaton
 PREFECTS: J. Gilbert (Vice Head); A. Everitt; J. Garde; B. Yates; G. McHeath; B. Thorpe
 MATRICS: G. Koen; R. Potgieter; H. v.d. Merwe; B. Milton; W. Harper; K. Kinnear; G. Stanley

According to the Chinese calendar, 1982

is the year of the dog and if that's anything to go by, then Solomon House has had it's fair share of the 'dogbox' this year as far as sporting achievements are concerned.

The yellow and black bombshells
Photo: Neil Malherbe

= Page 87 =

Despite spending cold, wet mornings and warm, humid afternoons galavanting along the highways and byways of the school, our cross-country aspirations did not quite come up to scratch and we finished 3rd in the Juniors and 4th in the Seniors — Congratulation to B.A. Tessendorf on some exceptional performances and a special word of thanks to K. Kinnear for the enthusiasm and organization displayed during the season. As the saying goes "You can never keep a good man (house) down" and we bounced (certainly the cheerleaders did) back at the Inter-house Swimming Gala. Thanks to sparkling performances from B. Milton, the Mattheus brothers, the Joughins and C. Bergmann, not for a moment did we look like receiving the wooden spoon and we finished up 4th — thus becoming the boarder champions.

Despite this however, not one Solomonite (I think that's right) will ruefully look back on 1982 and ponder on what might have been, because as far as participation and spirit goes — we came out on top — as usual!

Although our cricketers under the 'grifted' inspiration of J. Gilbert failed to 'hold catches' and thus win matches. We certainly gave some of the stronger opposition a good run for their money and special mention must go to G. Whitehead who capped a memorable season by being selected for the School XI. Our next success came in the inter-house play competition, where our entry 'The Seventh Man' did exceptionally well and despite three honourable mentions (J. Garde; B. Thorpe and D. Mosenthal) we were placed third. Hearty thanks to all those who made the production possible and gave so much of their time. As far as the inter-house Rugby competition went the Juniors ably led by 'Radar Scanner' Milton and with 'Sous' Everitt and 'Druk' Van der Merwe trying their utmost to 'play the ball' we defeated Sunnyside 28 — 0 to end up in third place. Our seniors after a dismal start, comprehensively thrashed School House to avoid the tag of 'Wooden Spoonists' and our Sub-Juniors ended up in 5th position after beating our other boarder rivals, Rissik. Well done to B. Thorpe and G. Beaton on playing for the school XV in the early part of the season.

Solomon House, despite having only three hockey players, decended on the school, amongst other things with a vengeance and although we could not hospitalize any of

the opposition, we narrowly lost most of our matches, and James Brewer's teeth, among other things. Special mention must go to G. McHeath who represented the school XI for the thrid consecutive year and well done on making the Transvaal Interprovincial Team.

The year started off with a bang, as our seniors and juniors powered into the finals of the inter-house debating finals, brushing aside more esteemed opponents. In the titanic battle that was to follow our Juniors, ably supported from the floor won hands down against "Jo's" Sunnyside, while the Seniors were pipped by the narrowest of margins against a strong combination from Sunnyside.

Our performances in the squash and tennis are best left unmentioned although our junior Tennis team did finish 4th and our seniors comprising of Greame 'Dimples'

McHeath, Jaques (Slettie), Gilbert, Richard

'Chick-face' Treagus and Anthony 'White' Solomon did manage to salvage some pride by sharing 5th place with School House.

However, the undisputed highlight of the Solomon sporting Calender occurred on the 4th September when we powered to a crushing (understatement of the year) 140 point victory in the annual Inter House Athletics. Inspired by the house and School Athletics captain 'O Pottie the Paunch', some truly magnificent performance by our U/16 relay team, W. Morkel and H. Robinson (U/16) as well as A. Mabbett and A. Banks (U/15) and R. Milstein (U/14) and indeed our house captain who shattered the existing shot-put record by well over a metre, we comprehensively pounded our nearest opponents into the ground. Again our cheerleaders stole the show-but don't we always.

Congratulations to G. Koen on obtaining his academic tie which now brings the tally in the house to seven. Congratulations to A.

Baxter, R. Treagus, P. Joughin, C. Bergmann, R. Vroom and P. Yeo who obtained their's last year.

Lastly hearty thanks to Mr Jannie Biddulph who has just got married for his enthusiasm and encouragement during the year and to Mr Peter Anthony who kept us 'awake and entertained' on those long Friday nights during last term.

John Garde

= Page 88 =

SUNNYSIDE HOUSE NOTES 1982

House some hope for the future by winning the Inter-House cross-country and hockey.

Head Prefect: Glen Chami

Prefects: Bruce Cleaver; Anthony Corlett; Pieter Steyn; Ken Buchinger; Matthew Hancock; Albie Bosch; Noel Olivier; Andrew van Vuuren; Sean Moore.

Our Seniors could only manage the runners up position in swimming and tennis. As usual one of the major problems in the House was the motivation of members to get involved. Regularly only 20% — 30% would make an appearance or offer their services at Inter-House activities.

1982 was on the cultural side a very good year for Sunnyside, winning both the Senior and Junior Chess and the Senior Debating. The Junior Debating Team were runners up in their competition. — a notable achievement.

On the Sporting side a very average year was experienced with the Juniors giving the

Despite the low participation percentage, the House at present is lying second in the Champion House Competition

With greater participation in the future, the House would be unbeatable.

TOWN HOUSE NOTES

The highlight of the year indeed was the 1982 Inter-House Rugby when Town House, for the first time since 1945, won the Sub-Junior, Junior and Senior trophies.

1982 Proved to be a great year for Town House. It was a year in which all the boys participated to their full extent. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the Town House prefects for their able leadership throughout the year. Also a big thank you to our younger Town House boys who realised the need to pull their weight.

I hope that 1983 will prove to be as successful a year as 1982, and that Town House will continue to go from strength to strength.

L. Smit

Cadet Detachment 141 on Parade — Final Day Cadet Parade 1982
Photo: Mr J. Oehley

88

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 89 =

CADET DETACHMENT NO 141

OFFICERS AND N.C.O's

1st Row Seated (l to r): RSM P. Willis, A/2 Lt. A. Olivier; 2 Lt. I. Hitchcock; Lt. M. Gen/s; Lt. J.L. Dentan; Capt. P.K.A. Digby; 2 Lt. J.L. Smit; 2 Lt. A. Minnaar; SSM A. van Vuuren.

2nd Row (l to r): Pipe-Major M. Swirsky, Sgts. A. Stipinovich; B. Milton; J. Carde; SSM R. Potgieter; Drum-Major L. Cerke; Sgts. S. Morris; M. Taylor; I. Chatziano; H. van der Merwe; S/Sgt. A. Cleland.

3rd Row (l to r): Sgts. C. Ioubert; L.D. Birrell, SSM K. van der Merwe; SSM N. Olivier; Sgts. J. Wilkins; / . MacClements; A. Leask; D. Roberts; H. Codrich; W. Morkel.
 4th Row (l to r): SSM I. Chambers; Sgts. C. Schaffner; J. Lee; DA. Cleeson; M. Ehlers; C. Lauryssen; M. Versfeld.

SHOOTING 1982

This year the team has enjoyed a large measure of success. The team had a full programme of competitions and acquitted themselves well. They managed to win their section in the league in both Junior and Senior sections. The juniors went on to win the Junior Section in the Pretoria League. As usual the team experienced stiff competition from Clapham and gained a new rival in A.H.S.

Brian Engels; Noel Clark; Charles Baber and Craig Mosdell were selected to go to the Northern Transvaal schools trials and Brian Engels was selected to represent the province.

The teams thanks go to the mothers, Mrs Peacey, Mrs Engels and Mrs Thomas who have provided the teas during the competitions at home.

THE PRETORIAN

89

= Page 90 =

RESULTS:

P.B.H.S. vs Hoërskool Erasmus

P.B.H.S. vs Hoërskool Brits			P.B.H.S. Seniors			85,62%
			Juniors			87,38%
P.B.H.S.	Juniors	87%	Erasmus	J juniors	81%	
	Seniors	85%		Seniors	84%	
Brits	Juniors	83,37%	Total	P.B.H.S.	86,5%	
			Erasmus			82,5%
			Seniors			86,88%
Total	P.B.H.S.	86%				
	Brits	85,15%				

P.B.H.S. vs A.H.S.

P.B.H.S. vs H.T.S. John Voster.

P.B.H.S.	Juniors	85,4%	P.B.H.S.	J juniors	86,12%
	Seniors	87,1%		Seniors	87,00%
A.H.S.	Juniors	88,1%	John Voster	J juniors	57,1 %
	Seniors	82,6%		Seniors	39,8 7%
Total	P.B.H.S.	86,25%	Total	P.B.H.S.	86,56%
	A.H.S.	85,3%		John Voster	45,5%

A final word of appreciation goes to

P.B.H.S. vs Hoërskool Verwoerdburg Cmdt. Stuart Hendry for his dedication as coach and service to the shooting team. The

P.B.H.S.	J juniors	89,9%	teams results over the last few years bear
	Seniors	85,62%	testimony to his talent, and success in
Verwoerdburg	J juniors	53,3 7%	coaching. He has built up a firm foundation
	Seniors	76,37%	for shooting at the school, and as a result the
Total	P.B.H.S.	87,75%	team can only go from strength to strength in

Verwoerdburg 64,8%

the future.

The Form I's — Final Day Cadet Parade 1982:
RSM Willis receiving the sword of honour from Cmdt E. L to R in the Centre: Mr Armstrong; 2/Lt. A. Olivier; Lt. M.
Pen/horn. Final Day Cadet Parade 1982 Gen/s and Cmdt. E. Penzhorn; O.C. Pretoria Regiment
Photo: Mr /. Oehley Photo: Mr /. Oehley

90

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 91 =

1ST SHOOTING TEAM

Front Row (l to r): M. Clatthaar; B. Engels; A. Peacey (Capt.); C. Stiemer; L. Willson.
Back Row (l to r): D. Harley; H. Robinson; C. Baber; C. Mosdell; A. Van Tonder.

Finals of the Pretoria East Section.

The School senior team was placed 2nd overall and the junior team 3rd.

Juniors:

C. Mosdell	384	96%	A. Peacey	385	96,25%
400			400		
C. Baber	378	94,5%	N. Clarke	385	96,25%
400			400		
D. Harley	376	94%	G. Stiemer	383	95,75%
400			400		
			378		
A. van Tonder	372	93%	H. Robinson	400	94,5%
400					
J.Team total		94,37%	S.Team total		95,68%

Peacey

jM M W t t u n t a v M L , . :

SOUTH AFRICAN JUNIOR CHAMPION PIPE BAND 1982

Sitting (l to r): L/Cpl. Piper J.W. Roberts; S/Sgt. Dmr. A.C. Cleland; Capt. P.K.A. Digby (Bandmaster); Drum-Major L. Cerke; Pipe-Major M.I. Swirsky; WO1 A.B. Watters \CD (Piping Instructor); Sgt. Piper P.E. Dean.
Standing (l to r): C.C. Lightfoot; A. Phillips; B. van Loggerenberg; R.S. Harrison; M. Cardiner; L/Cpl. Dmr. D.E. Kurz; C.E. Papageorge; L/Cpl. Dmr. C.C. Hare; B. Albertyn; B. Parker.

PIPE BAND 1982

at the Pretoria Highland Games, they were
proved wrong. The Band once again took 1st
place in the Junior Pipe Band Competition,

In pipe band history 1982 will be known
as the 'Grand Slam'. A small band of just 5
pipers and 7 drummers challenged 1982. With
the strong support of Mr Digby our
bandmaster, and our piping tutor, Pipe-Major
Watters, the band got down to some hard
work. The tunes were chosen, learn't and
practised and practised and practised.

The first competition of the year was the
East Rand Highland Gathering, held in
Brakpan. It was the 27 February, a mere 7
weeks since the start of school. To Pretoria
Boys' High Pipe Band, reckoned as complete
outsiders, the results were very encouraging
— the Pipe Band 1st overall. Now the work
would really begin. The 'experts' thought this
win to be a flash in the pan. Three weeks later

also winning the Junior Quartette and the
Drill, Dress and Discipline trophy, as well as
the Junior Drum Corps as they had done at
Brakpan.

By now the band's reputation had spread
right out of the confines of Boys' High to as far
afield as Volksrust. The band was asked to
play and give colour to the Volksrust
Agricultural Show. This even included a
parade down Volksrust's main street and a
climb to the top of Majuba. Where the pipers
in their kilts played a lament at the memorial
to the Gordon Highlanders. Our thanks must
go to Mr & Mrs Krige for their warm
hospitality during our stay in Volksrust.

The 15 May saw another band win, this
time at the S.D.A.T. Highland Gathering. Now

= Page 93 =

came a real challenge, the band had just 2 weeks to learn a difficult march, strathspey and reel for the South Coast Highland Gathering. Our effort was well rewarded on the 29 May, for the first time in its history, the band won a strathspey and reel competition. This Durban tour was not only work, it was also fun and games. From put-put courses to getting a reward for finding a lost purse, the band did everything. This tour did a lot to better the band's morale.

The July vocation did not halt the band's activities; practice continued and certain pipers even attended a piping school held at Sappersrust.

From the first day of the new term work started in earnest. Again a strathspey and reel competition, this time at the Southern Johannesburg Caledonian Society Gathering and Boys' High, for the first time ever, won this competition. Prior to this competition, however, we had a gruelling week of nightly performances at the Aula theatre for "The Image of Education in the Transvaal" as well as two open day displays during the same week at the school. During this period band practices had not stopped, but in fact, increased. Spirit and morale soared, the will to beat our old rivals K.E.S. at the R.S.G. climbed. After all the hard work of 1982,

Cups galore — some of the trophies the pipe band won during 1982 as South African junior Pipe Band L. to R.: Patrick Dean; Andrew Cleland; Munroe Swirsky; Louis Cerke; C/eve Lightfoot
Photo: Pretoria News

= Page 94 =

nobody was going to beat us. After the Southern's Gatering, The Drum Corps chalked up its fifth successure win. Sgt. Andrew Cleland can be truly proud of this achievement.

We were not wrong, nor was our hard work in vain, for on 11th September, Pretoria Boys' High Pipe Band became the South African Junior Champion pipe band. The standard of playing at the Royal Scottish Gathering was exceptionally high, with 9 junior pipe bands competing. It was as stiff double competition with Boys' High being unlucky enough to play first in both events. It was also the occasion when our new drum-major Louis Gerke made his second competition appearance in which he acquitted himself well.

Competitions and tours where not the band's only efforts. We played at the Boys' High Carnival, Smuts Memorial Service, numerous fetes, Baden Powell Sunday, promotions and weddings. Once again, more theatre work — this time for the Department

of Immigration. Nobody will forget this year's rugby match against Affies, we played before the game. The pipe band was present at the Schools' 75th Anniversary Fund launch banquet and the guests were, I quote

"welcomed by the heart warming playing of our Pipe Band".

Once again the band was featured on TV. Video 2 filmed the band just after their victory at the R.S.G. With all the wins, theatre and TV performances, one of the most pleasurable memories of the year will be the small party given to Mr Abernethy for his birthday on 26th August. The band staged a display for Mr and Mrs Abernethy on "Abernethy Field" as a gesture to our founding patron.

On 30th October the band provided music for the Cadet Detachment on the occasion of the final day Cadet parade. Then on Friday 15th October, Col. J. de Candole MC, the British Military attaché was the guest of honour at the annual presentation of pipe band trophies.

The awards were as follows:

Peter Carter Memorial Dirk —

Pipe-Major M. Swirsky

Cordes Memorial Trophy (Smartest Bandsmen) —

Pipe-Major M. Swirsky

Winterbottom Memorial Dirk —

Dmr. Michael Gardiner

S.A.Scottish Slean Dhu —

Piper Brian Parker

Pipers' Efficiency Trophy —

Piper-Major M. Swirsky

Drummers' Efficiency Trophy —

S/Sgt. A. Cleland

Pipe Band Tartan Tie:

L/Cpls. J. Roberts

C. Hare and

D. Kurz;

Pipers B. Parker and

C. Lightfoot;

Drummers R. Harrison

M. Gardiner and

C. Papageorge

As usual we extend our heartiest thanks

to Pipe-Major Watters, Messrs. R. Delaney, B. Scott, D. van Zyl, B. de Bernier, A. Olivier and

Pipe Band Awards for 1982

J. Hitchcock and our bandmaster, Mr Digby for helping us to victory. At the end of 1982

Merit:

we bid farewell to P/M Swirsky and Sgt's

Pipe-Major M. Swirsky and

Cleland and Dean and wish them every

S/Sgt. Dmr. A. Cleland

success in the future.

Gold Badge and Scroll:

Sgt. Piper Patrick Dean

MS/P

1ST XI CRICKET

Front Row (l to r): A. le Roux; M. Mulligan; D. Brick (Capt.); B. Cleaver; C. Lee; A. Rushton.

2nd Row (l to r): Mr C. Mulvenna; S. Turner; C. Whitehead; S. Morris; B. van Onselen; B. Brener; Mr P. Sommerville.

First XI results (1st Term) vs C.B.C.

vs St Johns

School 164 (A. Le Roux 47; S. Turner 28;
School 236 for 5 (M. Mulligan 128 not out D. Brick 21)
D. Brick 40; A. Le Roux 24) C B S. 117 for 6 (M. Mulligan 3 for 28)
St Johns 108 for 5 (S. Morris 2 for 28) Draw: Rain stopped play
Draw: Rain stopped play

vs. Mr Isaac's XI

vs K.E.S.

Isaacs XI 128 for 5 declared (B. Burnett 2 for 41)
School 74 (A. Rushton 27) K.E.S. 75 for 1
Lost by 9 wickets School 52 (A. le Roux 23)
Lost by 76 runs

THE PRETORIAN

95

= Page 96 =

vs PARKTOWN

vs Michaelhouse at Alexander

Parktown 223 (M. Mulligan 5 for 50; S. Morris 3 for 55) out) School 164 (A. Le Roux 29; B. Brenner 27 not out)
School 136 for 3 (M. Mulligan 63 not out; T. Rushton 51) Michaelhouse 166 for 5 (C. Lee 3 for 62)
Lost by 5 wickets
Draw vs Durban High School at Dolry Park

vs St Albans

School 177 for 7 declared (M. Mulligan 51; A. Le Roux 31; B. Cleaver 28 not out)
St Albans 44 for 4 (M. Mulligan 2 for 9) D.H.S. 75 (C. Lee 5 for 17; B. Brenner 2 for 19; S. Morris 2 for 28)
Draw: Rain stopped play Won by 102 runs

vs jeppe

Jeppe 3 for 2 (B. Brenner 2 for 2)
Draw: Rain stopped play Second XI Cricket (1st Term)

vs Potch Boys High

vs St Johns

Potch 185 for 5 (B. van Onselen 2 for 33) St Johns 56 all out (A. Loxton 4 for 15; School 166 for 7 (D. Brick 51; M. Mulligan 46) I. Chambers 3 for 13)
Match drawn School 57 for 1
Won by 9 wickets

2nd Half of the year — (Term III)

vs K.E.S.

K.E.S. 215 all out (S. Phitides 3 for 37; M. Hammond 3 for 33)
The second half of the season opened with the usual Metropolitan Homes Trust Life College/D.H.S. Michaelmas Week 6 Natal teams, Hilton College, Maritzburg College, Durban High School Glenwood Michaelhouse and Alexandra and 6 teams from outside Natal, K.E.S. Potchefstroom B.H. Grey College Grey High School, Wynburg B.H. and Pretoria Boys High met at this very enjoyable tournament.
School 248 all out (J. Lee 97; S. Brown 97)
C.B.S. 65 all out
Won by 183 runs

vs Parktown

The results of our four matches are as follows:-

School 175 for 7 declared (M. Hammond 54)
vs Maritzburg College at Barns Parktown 130 for 7
Match drawn

College 234 for 6 (S. Morris 3 for 60) vs Jeppe
School 195 for 4 (M. Mulligan 88 not out; A. Le Roux 35; D. Brick 31)

Match drawn	Jeppe 95 all out (D. Skinner 5 for 19)
	School 98 for 7
	Won by 3 wickets
vs Glenwood at Hilton No. 4	vs St Stithians
Glenwood 198 for 7 (C. Lee 5 for 61)	
School 170 for 7 (M. Mulligan 50; C. Lee 37;	St Stithians 130 all out (Fraser 3 for 23)
S. Morris 31 not out)	School 121 for 9
Match drawn	Match drawn

96

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 97 =

3rd XI Cricket (1st Term)

vs St Johns	vs Parktown
School 260 for 5 declared (D. Price 91;	
A. Olie 61)	School 187 for 9 declared (P. Yeo 51;
St Johns 63 (S. Parsons 3 for 7; D. Theron 3 for	G. Cooke 50)
10)	Parktown 96 all out (G. Cooke 3 for 12;
Won by 197 runs	D. Theron 2 for 10; B. Thorpe 2 for 17)
	Won by 91 runs
vs K.E.S.	

	vs Jeppe — Rain prevented play
School 148 all out (J. Chantler 39; J. Lee 23;	
G. Haswell 22; J. Gilbert 20)	vs St Albans
K.E.S. 102 all out (D. Price 4 for 12; B. Thorpe	
3 for 20)	School 72 for 2
Won by 46 runs	Rain stopped play

1ST XV RUGBY

WINNERS OF THE NORTHERN TRANSVAAL A' ADMINISTRATOR'S CUP COMPETITION

Back Row (l to r): Mr I. Oehley; D. Jakins; T. Busacker; P. Pretorius; J. Fourie; C. da Silva; R. Smith; H. Dorlas; Mr E. Dorey.

Seated (l to r): M. Mulligan; H. Olivier; A. le Roux; D. Naser (Capt); C. Chami; A. Kuhn; M. Cerber.

Front Row (l to r): S. Binda; I. O'Brien.

THE PRETORIAN

97

= Page 98 =

RUGBY 1982 - First XV

finals (to be played after the holidays) with a 10-9 win in a very tense game. Two days later we played Maritzburg College who came up

After last season's poor results and despite retaining half of last year's side nothing fantastic was expected from this year's side. Yet, with a lot of hard work and a group of players who selflessly worked as a team, the 1982 side emerged as the best P.B.H.S. side in a decade.

The season started quietly with good wins against Jeppe and Potch in the first term. The second term started with our traditional K.E.S. fixture — a game we wanted to desperately to win. K.E.S. as usual were full of tricks and used all their chances. We in contrast could not adapt to the wet and cold conditions — missed four penalties in front of the posts, dropped the ball on their line and finally had a try disallowed when the ref. was unsighted. This was probably the most disappointing and unpleasant game of the season.

We then trounced C.B.C. (6 tries to 0) and commenced the Administrator's Cup Competition reasonably confident. The Brits game was possibly the most important of the season. We led 15-0 at half time and a "cricket score" looked imminent. Yet, we lost the game 18-15. This game did the team the world of good. They realised that they weren't fit enough and that they had the potential to beat most sides. Menlo park were then trounced and Overkruin, after leading 6-4 at half time ended up being thrashed 25-6. Thereafter Erasmus was beaten 11-6.

The following Saturday saw a crowd of + 5 000 witness the annual P.B.H.S. — Affies game. We had already been beaten (they had

for a one match tour. Unfortunately the team were exhausted and unmotivated and no match for the College side. Thereafter, a one sided Lowveld game and the term ended with a match against Beachwood which we struggled to win 14-12.

The team trained throughout the holidays and in preparation for the Semi-final, played a Quins side and won handsomely. We were thus well prepared for the semi-final against Gerrit Maritz — played at Loftus. This was probably the unhappiest game of the season. We missed two easy penalties early in the game — spent the whole of the second half in their 22m area but could never score. Unexpectedly, the referee blew the final whistle 10 minutes before time up, disallowed a try and penalised us 9 times to the opposition's once in the second half. We lost 4-3. It was a very sad way to end a happy and successful season.

The whole team was awarded first team colours and merit awards went to Danny Naser, the Captain, who led by example, Alex Kuhn our source of strength in the front, Michael Mulligan who at the base of the scrum was instrumental in many of our wins and Andre le Roux who played N.Tvl. Schools flyhalf.

The 1982 P.B.H.S. first XV played some of the most attractive rugby seen in years on our grounds scoring 35 tries in 17 games and conceding only 12.

With their fine example, the School's rugby can only progress in the years ahead.

not) and this game would eventually decide the winners of the A area. The team produced one of their best displays deservedly winning 17-10 (3 tries to 1)

Probably the best game of the season was the game against Verwoerdburg. One of the favourites in the league, Verwoerdburg had an enormous pack of forwards and we saw little of the ball in the first half. The team, however, kept their heads and eventually took control in the last quarter of the game. This win clinched the N.Tvl. A area for us and our last league game against John Voster was an anticlimax.

We thus qualified for the quarter finals of the N.Tvl. A Admin Cup and met the winners of the C area, Wonderboom who had an enormous side. We moved into the semi

F.B. Rob Smith P. Alex Kuhn

W. Marq Gerber	H. Simon Binda
C. Glen Chami	P. Thorsten Busacker
c. Philip Pretorius	F. Ian O'Brien
w. Darryl Jakins	L. Clive Da Silva
F.H. Andre le Roux	L. Johan Fourie
S.H Michael Mulligan	F. Danny Nesar
8. Herman Olivier	

J. Oehley

RUGBY - A LOOK AT THE 1ST XV 1982

Those are the things people don't know about and which are less glamorous, but nevertheless form an integral and important part of the whole scene.

Many guys gave up their holiday to stay

When we started the season, my heart, usually light and happy, became gloomy and dark. We had a marvelous time on the school farm

When I looked at the material available, my heart sank even lower. These guys were fat, out of condition and civilised. No aggro: a bunch of nice guys, and as the saying goes "Nice guys come second".

Were we to come not second, but last again like previous years? Well, I thought no, but lots and lots of things were to happen before we could walk tall, heads up, and tell the other warriors from their different kraals "Beware, Boys High this year will make your blood turn to water in your veins. Your livers will shake like jellies when we take the field, and your hearts will stop a few seconds before we take the field."

Well, none of this happened in our first Administrator's Cup outing against Brits. Leading 15 — 0 at change of sides, we thought we had it in the bag. But alas, like so many times before, we collapsed completely, to be so smartly outplayed for about 10 minutes and then playing the man instead of the ball at vital instances, lost us the game 18 — 15. Disaster! Utter gloom prevailed. What now? Are they going to regard the Souties again as a kind of pushover, or what?

Well, that's the time we said "No more of this nonsense". Do we have guts, determination and go? If so, let's prove it. Let's do something. And how absolutely marvelously did these guys rise to the occasion.

We got Mr Kitch Christie, a really outstanding coach from Harlequin Club, to come and help us. What a difference he made. He is absolutely a rugby genius. He knows the game inside out, and we can call ourselves fortunate that he was prepared to help us. Let's hope he will assist again next

and on my dad's farm, where we climbed a couple of mountains. A couple of team members nearly lost their lives as there are many baboons there and the farmers usually shot baboons at night. I saved some of the 1st team's lives just in time by telling some farmers that these creatures in front of them were actually boys of the Pretoria Boys High 1st XV.

The friendships made; the good times; the waiting before a big match; playing your heart out for the School — that is what it's all about — not being intimidated by the opposition, but playing according to the rules, but hard, tough.

Thank you one and all. I will never forget you as long as I live. Thanks for the sacrifices, the time and the friendship and the present. May life treat you well, and maybe one day some of you will play for South Africa.

Cod bless you. tdd|e Dorey

year.

The results speak for themselves, but what about all the other things that went with our success — the hard training. Scrumming against the machine until your back wanted to break, as well as your neck, legs; piling into loose scrums to be trampled on, to be kicked, raked and generally messed up; the countless hours spent on general fitness — doing squats, push-ups, stomach exercises etc.

Big lump, School!

Photo: A. Christodoulou

THE PRETORIAN

99

= Page 100 =

RESULTS

Senior Teams

Administrators Cup/Leagues (A Area).

	1st Team	2nd Team	3rd Team	4th Team	5th Team	6th Team
vs Brits	L 15-18	W 24-0	W 12-0	W 37-9	W 54-0	W(walkover)
vs Menlopark	W 19-3	W 9-4	W 13-3	W 20-0	L 10-13	W 22-0
vs Overkruin	W 25-6	w 13-0	w 14-0	L 6-7	W 3-0	W
vs Erasmus	W 11-6	w 13-0	w 38-0	W 16-0	W(walkover)	W(walkover)
vs A.H.S.	W 17-10	L 7-13	L 6-9	W 20-0	W 58-0	W 52-0
vs Verwoerd-						
burg	W 18-4	L 6-9	W 10-3	W 32-0	W 6-0	
vs John Vorster	W 12-9	L 6-16	W 10-0	W 6-4	W 23-3	D 10-10
vs Commercial						
College				W 4-3		
Summary	W 6 L 1	W 4 L 3	W 6 L 1	W 6 L 1	W 7 L 1	W 6 D 1
Position in						
League	1st	3rd	2nd	1st	1st	1st

Friendlies

vs Jeppe	W 19-3	W 13-0	W 8-0	W 16-6	W 42-0	W 32-0
vs Potch. B.H.	w 9-3	W 19-6	W 38-0	w 16-0		
vs C.B.C.	w 42-15		w 44-0	w 16-3		
vs K.E.S.	L 3-17	L 7-17	w 23-0	w 22-4	w 36-6	W 24-0
vs Maritzburg						
College	L 3-18	W 13-6				
vs Lowveld High	W 24-3					
vs Beachwood	W 14-12					

Junior Teams

N.Tvl Leagues

	U/15A	U/15B	U/14A	U/14B	U/13A	U/13B
vs Brits	L 10-22	L 0-12	L 3-14	W 30-0	w 10-6	W 33-0
vs Menlopark	L 0-4	L 0-12	L 0-30	L 0-6	w 9-4	L 0-4
vs Overkruin	L 3-4	D 6-6	L 0-28	W 12-8	w 10-4	W 20-0
vs Erasmus	W 3-0	L 8-10	L 3-16	W 20-4	w 20-4	W 14-4
vs A.H.S.	L 0-21	L 4-18	L 0-28	L 0-18	L 0-8	W
vs Verwoerd-						
burg	L 0-12	W 11-4	0-8	D 4-4	W 12-0	W 23-0
vs John Voster	W 26-0	W 18-0	W 9-4	L 0-12	w 28-0	W 9-4

Summary W 2 L 5 W 2 L 4 D 1 W 1 L 6 W 3 L 3 D 1 W 6 L 1 W 6 L 1

Position in
League 5th 5th 7th 4th 2nd 2nd

Friendlies

vs Jeppe L 4-21 D 0-0 w 10-4 W 6-4 W 10-0 D 10-10
vs C.B.C. W 52-0 W 32-0 w 64-0 w 20-0 w 17-0
vs K.E.S. L 0-12 L 13-14 w 9-4 w 14-10 L 0-10 W 4-0
vs Potch. B.H. L 0-13 w 13-0 W 28-0 L 0-4

100

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 101 =

Results of Quarter-finals, Semi-Finals and Finals N.Tvl. Leagues.

	Quarter-finals	Semi-finals	Finals
1sts	vs Wonderboom W 10-9	vs Cerrit Maritz L 3-4	
3rds	vs Silverton W 12-0	vs Tuine Tech. W 15-0	vs A.H.S. W 10-6
4ths	vs Silverton W 50-0	vs Wagpos W 18-0	vs A.H.S. W 14-0
5ths	vs F.H. Odendaal W 14-6	vs Wagpos L 4-6	
6ths	vs F.H. Odendaal W 34-0	vs Wagpos L 0-6	
U/14C	vs Eldoraigne W 34-0	vs Wagpos W 20-4	vs Menlopark L 0-28
U/13A	vs Eldoraigne W 10-8	vs Voortrekkerhoogte W 10-8	vs A.H.S. L 4-16
U/13B	vs Eldoraigne W 11-4	vs Elandspoort W 21-4	vs Menlopark L 7-8

Colour Awards:

Full: S. Binda, T. Busacker, M. Gerber, D. Jakins, I. O'Brien, P. Pretorius
(G. Chami, C. Da Silva, J. Fourie, H. Olivier, re-awards)
Half: L. Birrell, H. Dorlas, C. Fraser, C. Lauryssen
Merit: A. Kuhn, A. Le Roux, M. Mulligan, D. Neser (Capt.)

House Matches

Seniors	juniors	Under 14
1st Town	1 st Town	1 st Town
2nd Arcadia	1 st Arcadia	2nd School
3rd Sunnyside	3rd Solomon	3rd Arcadia
4th Rissik	4th Sunnyside	4th Sunnyside
5th Solomon	5th Rissik	5th Solomon
6th School	6th School	6th Rissik

House Match Finals Results

Seniors Town 22 Arcadia 11
Juniors Town 3 Arcadia 3
Under 14 Town 9 School 4

Clive da Silva scoring the first try at the 1982 Affies match
Photo: M]. Oehley

THE PRETORIAN

101

= Page 102 =

SCHOOL ATHLETICS TEAM

Front Row (l to r): D. James; M. Irwin-Pack; W. Hough; R. Milstein; A. Marks; J. Kuiper; P. Mabbett; S. Spencer; M. Penderis; A. Peacey.

Second Row (l to r): I. Harverson; W. Morkel, N. Olivier; H. Harverson; P. Cartwright; S. Phitides; R. Potgieter [Captain]; D. Jakins; J. Liston; P. Pretorius; H. Robinson; R. Rusk; A. Scott.

Third Row (l to r): Mr D. Wylde; H. Codrich; L. Birrell; P. Bantock; D. Seekings; D. Cleeson; C. Lee; A. Mabbett; W. MacKinlay; J. Brand; C. Schaffner; S. Phitides; Mr T. Hill.

Fourth Row (l to r): R. Hagerman; A. Morkel; K. Irwin-Pack; A. van Vollenhoven; A. Banks; V. Geere; A. Treagus; F. Lobo; J. Lief; E. Hesse; F. Eales; B. Tessendorf.

Fifth Row (l to r): M. Ellinas; A. Milne; M. Machet; R. Karp; M. Piperakis; P. Brewer; D. Fouché; I. Carlse; C. Wilford; G. Jakins; A. Harverson.

SCHOOL ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIP (1982 INTER-HOUSE)

Open Events

	CHAMPION	RUNNER-UP	3RD	TIME/DIST.
100m	P. Pretorius (A)	D. Jakins (A)	D. Seekings (R)	11,5s
200m	P. Pretorius (A)	D Jakins (A)	S. Turner (SCH)	23,8s
400m	P. Pretorius (A)	D. Jakins (A)	H. Harverson (R)	53,1s
800m	H. Harverson (R)	J. Liston (R)	P. Cartwright (SCH)	2m 3,5s
1 500m	H. Harverson (R)	J. Liston (R)	D. Wratten (A)	4 m 19,0s
3 000m	H. Harverson (R)	I. Harverson (R)	J. Liston (R)	9m 38,0s
100m Hurd	A. Corlett (SU)	J. Brewer (SOL)	D. Jakins (A)	14,7s
300m Hurd	H. Robinson (SOL)	P. Cartwright (SCH)	J. Brewer (SOL)	42,6s
Long Jump	D. Jakins (A)	M. Preece (R)	A. Scott (A)	6,078m
Triple Jump	D. Jakins (A)	A. Scott (A)	M. Preece (R)	12,64m
High Jump	R. Graham (SU)	J. Gilbert (SOL)	G. Williams (T)	1,68m
Javelin	S. Phitides (T)	J. Brewer (SOL)	J. Gilbert (SOL)	58,88m (Rec)
Shot Put	R. Potgieter (SOL)	N. Olivier (SU)	G. Chami	13,92m (Rec)
Discus	R. Potgieter (SOL)	S. Phitides (T)	N. Olivier (SU)	36,0m
4x100 Relay	Arcadia	T own	Solomon	47,4s

102

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 103 =

UNDER 16	CHAMPION	RUNNER-UP	3RD	TIME/DIST.
100m	D.Buitendach (SCH)	H. Robinson (SOL)	W. MacKinley (T)	11,6s
200m	D.Buitendach (SCH)	H. Robinson (SOL)	W. MacKinley (T)	23,9s
400m	H. Robinson (SOL)	W. MacKinley (T)	R. Rusk (SCH)	53,0s
800m	R. Rusk (SCH)	D. Gleeson (SOL)	P. Bantock (A)	2m 5,9s
1 500m	R. Rusk (SCH)	,D. Gleeson (SOL)	G. Laurysen (A)	4m 36,5s
100m Hurd	H. Robinson (SOL)	G. Schaffner (T)	R. Rusk (SCH)	15,0s
Long Jump	H. Robinson (SOL)	G. Schaffner (T)	W. Morkel (SOL)	5,77m
Triple Jump	W. Morkel (SOL)	R. Rusk (SCH)	A. Loxton (R)	11,69m
High Jump	J. Brand (SU)	G. Schaffner (T)	S. Phitides (T)	1,69m
Javelin	W. Morkel (SOL)	H. Robinson (SOL)	G. Mackie (SOL)	46,30m
Shot put	L. Birrel (SU)	S. Phitides (T)	A. Loxton (R)	11,13m
Discus	R. Henning (SOL)	H. Robinson (SOL)	W. Morkel (SOL)	32,35m
4x100 Relay	Solomon	School	Town	47,5s

UNDER 15	CHAMPION	RUNNER-UP	3RD	TIME/DIST.
100m	F. Eales (A)	E. Hesse (SU)	J. Lief (SU)	12,0s
200m	E. Hesse (SU)			
	A. Banks (SOL)	F. Eales (A)		24,7s
400m	E. Hesse (SU)	K.Irwin-Pack (R)	K. Scott (A)	56,1s
800m	I. Harverson (R)	K.Irwin-Pack (R)	B. Tessendorf (SOL)	2m 6,2s
1 500 m	I. Harverson (R)	B. Tessendorf (SOL)	A. Harverson (R)	4m 22,4s
100m Hurd	A.v.Vollenhoven (R)	F. Eales (A)	C. de Klerk (T)	14,0s
Long Jump	R. Hagerman (SU)	F. Lobo (T)	K. Scott (A)	5,86m
High Jump	A. Mabbett (SOL)	F. Lobo (T)	A. Treagus (SOL)	1,70m
Javelin	A. Morkel (SOL)	V. Geere (T)	M. Schurr (SOL)	41,90m
Shot Put	B. van Onselen (A)	A. Mabbett (SOL)	V. Geere (T)	13,18m
Discus	A. Morkel (SOL)	A. Banks (SOL)	V. Geere (T)	32,92m
4x100 Relay	Sunnyside	Solomon	Arcadia	48,3s

UNDER 14	CHAMPION	RUNNER-UP	3RD	TIME/DIST.
100m	R. Karp (T)	M. Piperakis (T)	M. Ellinas (T)	12,0s
200m	M. Piperakis (T)	A. Milne (A)	M. Machet (SU)	24,9s
			2m 15,1s	
800m	A Harverson (R)	A. Peacey (SU)	A. Milne (A)	
80m Hurd	C. Wilford (SU)	P. Brewer (SOL)	M. Voortman (SU)	12,2s
Long Jump	C. Wilford (SU)	A. van Zyl (R)	G. Jakins (A)	5,37m
			1,55m	
High Jump	A. Agocs (SCH)	N. Ford (SCH)	D. Fouché (SU)	
Javelin	P. Brewer (SOL)	D. Fouché (SU)	J. Carstens (SOL)	39,83m
			12,19m (Rec)	
Shot Put	B. Carlse (SCH)	P. Brewer (SOL)	A. Agocs (SCH)	49,1 s
4x100 Relay	T own	Sunnyside	Arcadia	
UNDER 13	CHAMPION	RUNNER-UP	3RD	TIME/DIST.
100m	J. Kuyper (SCH)	R. Milstein (SOL)	A. Marks (R)	13,0s
200m	J. Kuyper (SCH)	R. Milstein (SOL)	A. Marks (R)	26,6s
800m	W. Hough (R)	M. Irwin-Pack (R)	M. Mabbett (SOL)	2m 25,5s
75m Hurd	A. Marks (R)	R. Milstein (SOL)	N. Lindstrom (T)	12,0s
Long Jump	A. Marks (R)	J. Mohaud (T)	R. Milstein (SOL)	5,29m
High Jump	D. James (R)	J. Treagus (SOL)	M. Mabbett (SOL)	1,43m
		R. Wiggitt (SOL)		
Shot put	M. Penderis (SU)	S. Spencer (A)	J. Carstens (SOL)	9,71m
4x100 Relay	Solomon	Town	School	54,1s

The Athletics Season this year was in the third term (for the first time since 1974). The age groupings were also changed with age groups being determined as at 1st July (previously 1st January).

Except for the open events competitors could be a year older than competitors in previous years in the same age group. These changes in age grouping and season must be kept in mind when looking at new school records. (In the School Inter-House Athletics Championships).

THE PRETORIAN

103

= Page 104 =

INTER-HOUSE - JOHNSTONE CUP: FRANKIE ROWE TROPHY:

JUNIOR RELAY (4 x 100m)

Solomon	352 points		
Rissik	209 points	1st	Sunnyside
Arcadia	190 points	2nd	Solomon
T own	170 points		
School	160 points		
Sunnyside	158 points		

HEWKINS CUP:
SENIOR RELAY (4 x 100m)

HANNAN CUP (VICTOR LUDORUM):	1st	Arcadia
	2nd	Town
D. Jakins (A)	20 points	
H. Harverson (R)	16 points	
P. Pretorius (A)	15 points	

MATCH vs KING EDWARD VII SCHOOL (Held last in 1976)

OPEN

	1ST	2ND	3RD	TIME
100m	Jakins (P)	Pretorius (P)	Lewis (K)	11,8s
200m	Pretorius (P)	Jakins (P)	Gerson (K)	23,5s
400m	Baars (K)	Pretorius (P)	Kitto (K)	51,8s
800m	Baars (K)	Poole (K)	Cartwright (P)	1m 58,9s
1 500m	Poole (K)	Liston (P)	Clouston (K)	4m 29,0s
3 000m	Harverson (P)	Kitto (K)	Clouston (K)	9m 29,3s

100m Hurd	Brockbank(K)	Du Plessis (K)	Brewer (P)	14,6s
300m Hurd	Brockbank(K)	Robinson (P)	Cartwright (P)	40,9s
High Jump	Van Zyl (K)	Ries (K)	Graham (P)	1,70m
Long Jump	Jakins (P)	Norris (K)	Van Zyl (K)	5,86m
Javelin	Phitides (P)	Norris (K)	Morkel (P)	57,84m
Shot Put	Potgieter (P)	Olivier (P)	Ghillino (K)	13,63m
4x100 Relay	Pretoria	K.E.S		45,8s
UNDER 16	1ST	2ND	3RD	TIME
100m	Berridge (K)	Metrowitz (K)	Buitendag (K)	11,2s
200m	Berridge (K)	Metrowits (K)	Buitendag (P)	22,1s
400m	Berridge (K)	Metrowitz (K)	Robinson (P)	48,3s
800m	Henning (K)	Rusk (P)	Gleeson (P)	2m 1,8s
1 500m	Gleeson (P)	Henning (K)	Mallet (K)	4m 33,5s
Shot Put	Birrel (P)	Gray (K)	Phitides (P)	10,74m
100m Hurd	Berridge (K)	Robinson (P)	Gels (K)	14,5s
High Jump	Gray (K)	Albertyn (K)	Mabbett (P)	1,69m
4x100 Relay	K.E.S.	Pretoria		45,0s
UNDER 15	1ST	2ND	3RD	TIME
100m	Smilas (K)	Lief (P)	Eales (P)	11,7s
200m	Smilas (K)	Hesse (P)	Banks (P)	23,5s
400m	Smilas (K)	Irwin-Pack (P)	Banks (P)	54,5s
800m	Du Plessis (K)	Irwin-Pack (P)	Magnussen (K)	2m 7,7s
1 500m	Harverson (P)	Magnussen (K)	Du Plessis (I)	4m 23,6s
100m Hurd	Vollenhoven (P)	De Klerk (P)	Eales (P)	14,0s
Long Jump	Hagerman (P)	Markelds (K)	Heliotis (K)	5,40m
Javelin	Morkel (P)	Geere (P)	Baars (K)	45,45m
Shot Put	Mabbett (P)	Van Onselen (P)	Geere (P)	13,57m
4x100 Relay	Pretoria	K.E.S.		46,6s

104

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 105 =

UNDER 14	1ST	2ND	3RD	TIME
100m	Nay (K)	Piperakis (P)	McKee (K)	12,0s
200m	Nay (K)	Piperakis (P)	McKee (K)	23,9s
400m	Nay (K)	Hoffman (K)	Du Toit (K)	56,0s
800m	Roberts (K)	Arajo (P)	Milne (P)	2m 19,3s
3 000 m	Arajo (P)	Harverson (P)	Iaccovazo (K)	10m 12,2s
80m Hurd	Du Toit (K)	Wilford (P)	Darsley (K)	12,0s
High Jump	Ross (K) & Du Toit (K)		Fouche (P) & Miller (K)	1,52m
Shot Put	Carelse (P)	Brewer (P)	Jacob (K)	11,81m
4x100 Relay	K.E.S.	Pretoria		47,9s
UNDER 13	1ST	2ND	3RD	TIME
100m	Hacker (K)	Davidson (K)	Kuiper (P)	
200m	Hacker (K)	Davidson (K)	Hoffman (K)	25,2s
800m	Hoffman (K)	Curtin (K)	Hough (P)	2m 24,81s
Long Jump	Marks (P)	Hoffman (K)	Mohaud (P)	5,00m
75m Hurd	Bancheth(K)	Kuiper (P)	Savvy (K)	11,8s
Shot Put	Steyn (K)	Thorn (K)	Penderis (P)	10,24m
4x100 Relay	K.E.S.	Pretoria		
K.E.S.	275 points			
	V			
	2			
Pretoria	221!4 points			

INTER-HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS

The 29 September 1982 was an historic occasion for it marked the revival of the old Inter-High School sports which were last held 50 years ago in 1932. Frank Robinson, while still a master at King Edward VII School (then Johannesburg College) was responsible for the inception of the Transvaal Inter-High School Sports which were held for the first time on 4th October 1905.

The same Frank Robinson, now headmaster was the leading light behind the withdrawal of KES from the Inter-High in 1932 supported by Mr W.H. Hofmeyer of P.B.H.S. "A tendency towards roughness and rowdyism . . . and manifestations of the wrong spirit have crept into the sport" complained The Pretorian of 1933.

At the revived Inter-High in 1982, King Edwards, Jeppe, Potchefstroom, St Johns and P.B.H.S. of the original schools competed, as well as St Stithians. The twofold objectives were to raise the standard of Athletics at our Schools and to enhance the very happy relationships that exist between us. A comprehensive programme of track and field events took place on schedule and by common consent we all enjoyed a wonderful morning of Athletics.

Significant and welcome guests on this occasion were three retired teachers, Messrs Dan Hening, Jan Hofmeyer from KES and 'Baggy' Jones from Jeppe who were teaching at their respective schools when the last meeting took place in 1932. In addition we were pleased to have with us Axel Bjorkman who had run for P.B.H.S. in 1924.

We were both pleased and proud to be hosts at this re-inauguration and look forward to great competition and great camaraderie in the future.

E.M. Armstrong — Headmaster

REVIVED INTER-HIGH SCHOOLS MEETING Held at P.B.H.S. on 25.09.1982

1st	Pretoria B.H.S.	199 points	
2nd	King Edward VII School	181 Vi points	
3rd	St. Stithians College	146 VS points	ATHLETICS CAPTAIN:
4th	Jeppe B.H.S.	128 points	
5th	S. Johns College	94 points	R. Potgieter
6th	Potchefstroom B.H.S.	71 points	

1982 COLOUR AWARDS:

BEST PERFORMANCE OF THE SEASON:

R. Phitides 695 points

MERIT:

R. Phitides, R. Potgieter

FULL:

P. Cartwright, D. Jakins, J. Liston

BEST JUNIOR ATHLETE (UNDER 15):

HALF: H. Harverson, I. Harverson, W. Morkel,

I Harverson 20 points

N. Olivier, P. Pretorius, H. Robinson,

A. Van Vollenhoven 9 points

R. Rusk

THE PRETORIAN

105

= Page 106 =

Contact adhesive helps in this game! L. to R.: Oelofsen; Shaffner; Fraser and Guy Webber at the 1982 Inter-House Athletics
Photo: P. Lane

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM

Front Row (l to r): D. Ma/an; A. Harverson; W. Hough; G. Hector; W. Calenbourne; S. Trowsdale; M. Hurly; A. Peacey.
 Second Row (l to r): D. Greenson; M. van T'Slot; /. Liston; H. Harverson (Vice-Captain); P. Cartwright (Capt.); W. Judson; I. Harverson; W. Morkel; B. Tessendorf.
 Third Row (l to r): Mr R.D. Hoggan; B. McNeill; I. Rees; K. Irwin-Pack; R. Rusk; A. Standring; P. Bantock; P. Yeo; C. Cunningham.

106

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 107 =

1982 has seen a number of changes in the cross-country programme. Firstly, internal races were run in the first instead of the third term which was the practice in the past. The change has no doubt been for the better as greater opportunity is afforded for the selection of a school team. Secondly, a new race has been created for the selection of the first team, a race that we hope will develop into one of the highlights of the season. It has been called the Headmasters' Prestige in appreciation for the support given by the Head to this sporting activity.

A school team consisting of thirty runners was selected this year to compete in the School League. The results of the league races have not as yet been officially published, yet we can safely say that Pretoria Boys High have improved on last year's results and have done fairly well overall. We

Results for the 1982 Cross-country Season

Winners of:

Senior Social —	Hugh Harverson	13.13
Junior Social —	C. Thirlwall	13.05
Senior Handicap —	Hugh Harverson	16.47
Junior Handicap —	C. Thirlwall	15.06
Form 2 Races —	M. Araujo	14.03
New Boys Race —	G. Longton	15.02
Day Boys vs Boarders — (Senior) —	Ian Harverson	21.38
Day Boys vs Boarders — (Junior) —	K. Irwin-Pack	19.24

Inter-House:

Senior: 1st Rissik
 2nd Town
 3rd School

hope to improve every year at a consistent rate. The team has been well motivated by the captain Peter Cartwright and vice-captain Hugh Harverson. We have once again been most fortunate in having the expertise of Michael Green in training. Boys have most definitely benefitted from the many hours of track work and sound advice.

Junior: 1st Sunnyside
2nd Rissik
3rd School

Senior Winner: Hugh Harverson 17.57
Junior Winner: K. Irwin-Pack 19.22

Headmaster's Prestige:

Five runners were awarded full colours;
Peter Cartwright, Hugh and Ian Harverson,

Ian Harverson

James Liston and William Judson. Marcel

Senior: K. Irwin-Pack

23.14

Junior:

16.34

van't Slot received half-colours.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those members of staff who have given of their time to help with the many small tasks at races.

Roydon D. Hoggan

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND THANKS

Once again "Pretorian time" coincides with Jacaranda time and the speculation begins whether or not the 1982 Pretorian will appear by 1st December 1982. To get all the many and various essential components together is similar to herding a large flock of frolicsome sheep with only one sheepdog.

My special thanks go to Mr Don Pilkington for his much appreciated assistance with the article about Walter Battiss; Martin Gibbs for supplying the group photographs; Mr Roger Herbert for the Old Boys' Notes, and all those who have supplied articles, photographs and art work — for it is the latter who each year infuse variety, delight and surprise into the Pretorian.

Lastly my very sincere thanks to Peter Genricks and Basil Suiter of Cyro Print whose assistance and co-operation have made the 1982 Pretorian a pleasure to produce.

P.K.A. Digby
EDITOR

1ST XV HOCKEY

Front Row (l to r): A. Henry; C. McHeath; A. Batley (Vice-Capt.); A. Rushton (Capt.); L Holtzhausen; M. Strange; C. Lee.
Back Row (l to r): Mr T. Mulvenna, A. Marinus; N. Fraser; B. Cleaver; J. Lee; C. Chantler; N. Tania; Mr P. Vieyra.

The past hockey season was again a most enjoyable and successful one. A total of 13 teams, 7 junior and 6 open, turned out for practices twice a week and fixtures were arranged for most of them. Their results were:-

and Jeppe and drawing with Potch. Boys High, Penguins, K.E.S., and St. Stithians. In addition they played in two tournaments: The Transvaal Schools Tournament at Springs, in which they ended runners-up to Springs Boys

	P.	W.	L.	D.	High. The second tournament attended was the Annual Ascension Festival Tournament
U/13 B.	3	1	—	2	held at Maritzburg College. The results were
U/13 A	8	6	2	--	wins against Glenwood and Durban High
U/14 B	4	2	2	--	School, losing to Maritzburg College and
U/14 A	5	2	1	2	Alexandra High and drawing with Hilton
U/15 B	5	—	2	3	College.
U/15 A	5	2	2	1	Statistically these results indicate that
5th	3	1	1	1	the juniors achieved a 60% success rate and
4th	6	3	2	1	the seniors 70%. This is very gratifying and is
3rd	5	3	—	2	a tribute to the players and their coaches. I
2nd	6	5	—	1	wish to thank most sincerely Miss McCully,

The 1st team played 11 full school fixtures, being successful against Clapham, C.B.C. Pretoria, Springs Boys High, Plumstead (Cape Town) and St. Albans, losing to St. Johns

Mrs McCain, Mr Hitchcock and Mr Van der Vegte for their hard work with the juniors, and Mr Vieyra and Mr Van der Vegte for coaching the seniors so well.

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 109 =

The junior and senior inter-house hockey tournaments provided many hard fought and exciting matches, congratulations to Town House for winning the "Delaney" Trophy for the seniors and the Sunnyside juniors in winning the "Doug Fenwick Memorial"

Congratulations to the following 1st team players who were selected for Transvaal Schools Inter-provincial tournaments:

Transvaal Schools 'A':
A. Batley, C. Chantler, L. Holtzhausen,

trophy.

C. Lee, G. McHeath, A. Rushton,
M. Strange.

Transvaal Schools 'B':

For the 13th successive year the school hosted the 'Werner Schiff' 7-a-side Tournament, 8 schools were invited and the customary high standard of sportsmanship and good hockey prevailed. The tournament ended with an excellent luncheon for teams, coaches and officials in the cricket pavilion. Over the years this tournament, held in memory of the late Dr Werner Schiff, a member of the staff and hockey coach, has become an important event in the Transvaal and Southern Transvaal schools hockey season. Attendance is by invitation and the emphasis is more on the social aspect and though the matches are played hard, no records are kept and the results are academic.

N. Fraser, A. Henry, A. Marinus.

A special vote of thanks to A. Rushton who captained the 1st team, vice-captained the Transvaal 'A' team and was selected and captained the South African Schools 'B' team, well done.

In conclusion I wish to thank on behalf of the hockey players, coaches and officials, the Ladies committee, under the expert guidance of Mrs Rushton, for the unfailing supply of refreshments, cakes and teas at every school fixture. In conclusion I wish to express our thanks to the Headmaster for his constant interest, encouragement and support throughout the season.

T. Mulvenna

ST. JOHN'S AMBULANCE BRIGADE MEMBERS

Trompiel Donald Hector at the junior Hockey House Front Row (l to r): C. Mosdell; D. Roberts (in charge); K. Matches 1982 Irwin-Pack

Photo: Neil Malherbe Back Row (l to r): M. Cheetham; I. Carpenter

= Page 110 =

SWIMMING TEAM

Front Row (l to r): M. Garish; D. Kinsey; N. Krige; C. Ross; H. Dorlas; P. Addison; I. O'Brien; E. Hesse; P. Pretorius; P. BaQtock; H. Ballantine.

Second Row (l to r): Mr W. van Aswegen; D. Vermeulen; V. Myburgh; D. McCusker; A. Mattheus; J. Stafford; A. Alberts; C. Hasenjager; C. Bergmann; C. Wesselink; J. Coetsee; C. Brown.

Third Row (l to r): C. Lourens; C. Wilford; M. Coetsee; C. Harris; D. Fouche; D. Mattheus; W. Joughin; P. Twigg; W. Charnley; A. Malan; P. O'Brien; W. Hough.

Results:

3. Wednesday 3.2.82

A. TEAMS:

1st P.B.H.S.

218 points

2nd Jeppe

156 points

1. Wednesday 20.1.82 -- at Stithians

3rd S. David's

92 points

Gala interrupted by rain. Points position 4. Wednesday 10.2.81

after event 22 :

Davids

St. Stithians	124 points	1 st St Stithian's	122 points
P.B.H.S.	118 points	2 nd K.E.S.	104 points
Parktown	51 points	3rd Pretoria	86 points
St. Martins	39 points	4th St John's	681/2 points
	5th Potch Boys' High		60 points
2. Wednesday 27.1.82 -- at P.B.H.S.		6 th Parktown	27 points
	7th St David's		15 points
1st P.B.H.S.	197 points	8 th Jeppe	12 points
2nd K.E.S.	137 points	9th Athlone	11 points
3rd St. John's	131 points	10th Highlands North	10 points

110

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 111 =

5. Saturday 20.2.82 — Tour to Natal

B TEAMS:

The P.B.H.S. swimmers were hosted by the parents of Durban High School. The gala was swam in the Pietermaritzburg College pool.

1st P.B.H.S.
2nd St David's
3rd Helpmekeer

RESULTS:

2. Wednesday 17.1.82 — at Highlands North

1 st PMB College 223 points
2nd D.H.S. 150 points
3rd K.E.S. 93 points
4th P.B.H.S.

3. Wednesday 3.2.82 — at Athlone Boys' High

6. Wednesday 24.2.82 - Johannesburg Schools 1st P.B.H.S. 182 points

Inter-High — at Ellis Park:

2nd K.E.S. 131 points
3rd Athlone 78 points

1 st St Stithian's 276 points
2nd P.B.H.S. 234 points
3rd K.E.S. 229 points
4th St John's 222 points
5th Potch Boys High 211 points
6th Parktown 149 points
7th St Martin's 136 points
8th Jeppe 131 points
9th Athlone 108 points
10th Highlands North 105 points

4. Wednesday 17.2.82 - at P.B.H.S.
Gala interrupted by rain: Points position after event 8:
St Stithian's 107 points
P.B.H.S. 96 points
St John's 66 points
5. Wednesday 24.2.82 — Johannesburg
Schools Inter-High at St. Stithians
1st St Stithian's 151 points
2nd P.B.H.S. & K.E.S. tie 129 points

7. Saturday 27.2.82 — Co Ed Schools Inter-High at Greenside
3rd St John's 84 points
4th Helpmekeer 61 points
5th Highland's North 43 points

1 st Greenside High 239 points
2nd P.B.H.S. & Girls High 225 points
3rd Bryanston High 164 points
4th Parktown Boys & Girls 98 points
5th Menlo Park 93 points
6th Hyde Park 31 points
7th Jeppe Boys & Girls 20 points

3rd

6th Jeppe 34 points
7th Athlone 20 points
RESULTS:
Inter-House Gala: School Pool — 6.3.82
1 st Town House 192 points
2nd Sunnyside 159 points
1 54 points

Arcadia

8. Wednesday 3.3.82 — at P.B.H.S.
5th School 64 points
P.B.H.S. and Girls' High vs Menlo Park, Afrikaans Hoër Meisies and Seuns Hoër
6th Rissik 38 points
COLOURS 1982

1 st P.B.H.S. & C H S. 425 points
2nd A.H.S. & Meisies Hoër 239 points
3rd Menlo park Boys & Girls 216 points
Half Colours:
N. Krige
H. Dorlas
Full Colours:

9. Wednesday 11.3.82	Inter-High at	P. Addison
Hillcrest	J. O'Brien	
1 st P.B.H.S.	145 points	G. Ross
		E. Hesse
2nd C.B.C.	113 points	
3rd The Glen	87 points	We are grateful to Mrs Khoury and the
4th Littelton	52 points	ladies who assisted her for the tea and
5th Clapham	46 points	refreshments provided during the season.
6th Carmel	7 points	W. v. Aswegen

1ST TEAM WATER POLO

Front Row (l to r): H.S. Ballantine; C. Da Silva; P. Addison (Capt.); D. King; R. Smith.
Back Row (l to r): /4. Parfitt; E. Da Silva; N. Ryan; L. Cerke; W. Hurwitz.

Once again, P.B.H.S. Waterpolo has proved to be one of the school's more successful sports, with far more team-work and greater determination being applied. Such determination added not only to the quality of the game of individual players, but fused the teams into formidable units. The Pretoria Otter's Cup Tournament, which Boys' High have won for the past four years, has, as yet, not been played; however, during a Waterpolo Clinic held at Harlequin's pool, the first team soundly defeated all Pretoria Schools, with the juniors doing equally as well. Towards the end of last year, the first team entered an Inter School Tournament,

the first day of which we were most successful; thereafter, increasing individual play caused team work to fall apart and we fell behind on the log, being unable to make it up on the third (and final) day. This year, the tournament is to be hosted by Durban High School during the October break; at the moment, we are unsure of our attendance.

Due to lack of interest being shown on behalf of the Pretoria schools, Northern

Transvaal Schools' Waterpolo is presently in a dangerous situation. We have thus entered our 1st, 2nd, U15 and U14 teams into the Johannesburg league, with hopes of obtaining stronger competition and further experience.

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 113 =

One problem facing us, is the lack of a suitable training pool; since the Harlequins pool has now been reserved for swimmers in the afternoons, and the school pool has inadequate training facilities.

RESULTS

1981 Tournament P.B.H.S. vs Glenwood

3 - 7

K.E.S. 6 - 3
D.H.S. 2 - 6

PERSONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Muir 4 - 3
Athlone 3 - 4

Northern Transvaal Colours were awarded to:

Grey 10 - 2
German School 2 - 8

P. Addison, D. King and N. Ryan.

Friendlies

Four players were selected for both the Northern Transvaal Schools' and U19 teams. They were:

P.B.H.S. vs Westville 4 - 5

K.E.S. 4 - 6
St Albans 11 - 6

P. Addison, C. Da Silva, D. King and N. Ryan.

Menlo Park 9 - 2
Parktown 10 - 3

Clapham 8 - 0

COLOUR AWARDS:

Affies 4 - 2

St Johns 9 - 4

Full colours went to: Paul Addison, David King & Clive Da Silva.

Sincere thanks go to Mr Steyn and Mr

Hoggan for all their devoted time and

Half colours went to: Rob Smith & Hugh Ballantine. attention: I'm sure they found it as worth while and as enjoyable as we did. Finally,

congratulations to everyone and all the best

Juniors showing potential: G. du Toit; W.

for the future.

Charnley; C. Wesselink & S. Weir — keep it up.

Paul Addison

■ a * »».7 jl

1ST TEAM TENNIS Mr Mark Rushton, Chairman of the Parents Association
 Back Row (l to r): V. Tessar; Mr M. Cenis. handing over the three new tennis courts to Mr Armstrong,
 Front Row (l to r): D. Johnson; C. Hawken; C. Cronje. the Headmaster, on the occasion of their official opening

THE PRETORIAN

113

= Page 114 =

1982 will be remembered for the split in Johannesburg and the results this far are as follows:
 the various schools — leagues into an A-(for P.B.H.S. beat Bryanston: 87 games to 30
 state-schools only) league and a B-(open to P.B.H.S. beat Sandringham: 81 games to 36
 any school) league. P.B.H.S. beat Northcliff: 70 games to 47
 With three new courts at our disposal P.B.H.S. beat Jeppe: 68 games to 49
 and the existing six courts rewired P.B.H.S. entered two senior and 2 U/15 teams into the
 A-league and three senior with three U/15 P.B.H.S. also entered 2 Senior and 1
 teams into the B-league. Results were as Junior teams into the N.Tvl. Schools Tennis
 follows: Competition and the first team lost to Affies
 by 26 games to 18 in the final after winning
 1. Seniors: their section with ease. The U/15 team did

Team	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Position	Notes
A-Section of A-League	1	7	6	1	0	extremely well to finish 3rd in their section, being the only U/15 side competing in this 2nd to competition.
A-Section of B-League	2	7	2	5	0	AH.S. The school tournament will commence shortly and tennis of a very high standard is expected.
B-Section of B-League	3	7	4	3	0	4th
B-Section of B-League	4	7	3	4	0	5th
B-Section of B-League	5	7	3	4	0	5th INTER-HOUSE

Results of the Inter-house < were as follows:
 2. Juniors (U/15)
 A-Section of U/15A1 6 5 1 0 2nd to Seniors: Juniors:

						Menlo	1. Town	1. Arcadia
						Park	2. Sunnyside	2. Town
A-League	U/15A2	6	3	3	0	4th	3. Rissik	3. School
A-SectLon of	U/15 B1	7	6	1	0	2nd to	4. Arcadia	4. Soloman
B-League						Lyttelton	5. School	5. Rissik
						Manor	6. Soloman	6. Sunnyside
	U/15 B2	7	4	2	1	3rd	COLOURS:	
B-Section of	U/15 B3	5	5	0	0	1st		
B-League						Full:	Half:	
						D. Johnson	C. Hawken	
TOTALS:	66	41	24	1		V. Tesar	F. Kaiser	

In the Mixed-League (with P.H.S.G.) we only entered the B-League with 4 senior and 4 U/15 teams omitting the first senior and U/15 team players. Full results are not yet available as this league has not yet been completed and we want to thank P.H.S.G. for their pleasant company and support in this league.

E. Zinn B. Van Onsele

Results of the School Championships
Senior Singles: Senior Doubles:

Winner: E. Zinn D. Johnson & E. Zinn
Runner Up: D. Johnson V. Tesar & F. Kaiser

S.Tvl. Boys Tennis League

U/15 Singles: U/15 Doubles:

Winner: H. Matthews B.Scott-Brown & D.

Valentini

Runner Up: S.Schwartz H.Matthews & M.Johnson

During March we played a friendly match against Jeppe (they finished second in this league) to test our strength against the Johannesburg Schools. We did very well, drew the match and were later accepted as a guest in this prestigious league in S.Tvl.

A special word of thanks to Mrs Valetini and Rindell for supplying us with refreshments every league match and to Mrs Nathanson and Miss Preece for their support

D. Johnson, V. Tesar, C. Hawken and the three juniors E. Zinn, F. Kaiser and B. van Onselen compete every Friday in

Marius Cenis

Watching the official opening of the new tennis courts Watch out McEnroe! L. to R.: Messrs. Bosua and Cenis
 with rapt attention. L. to R.: Messrs. Van der Vegte; David inaugurating the new tennis courts
 Cray; Moles and Sandnes
 Photo: Mr. Armstrong

Squash has enjoyed a very full and successful programme this year. Notably the best news being that our two new courts (one with a glass back) are nearing completion. Their completion will give squash a big boost in the school.

Once again we played in the Johannesburg Schools League. Together with St. Stithians we were the only two schools to have both 1st and 2nd Teams in the First League. We opted for split strength sides while St. Stithians retained a normal 1st and 2nd Team line-up. Nevertheless we managed to get 2nd and 6th in the First League. This was also the first year we entered and U/15A team in the Johannesburg U/15 League, where we came 2nd to St. Stithians. We added an U/13B side to the U/13 League where we repeated our success of last year winning both the U/13A and B Leagues. With regard to

1ST SQUASH TEAM Johannesburg we also played in the Escourt's
 Front Row (l to r): /. McLachlan; I. Lee (Capt.) C. Harker. Knockout Tournament in which schools
 Back Row (l to r): H. Harverson; Mr A. Minnaar (Coach); K. participate with teams consisting of 2 x
 Potgieter. U/19's; 2 x U/15's and 1 x U/13. Unfortunately

our No. 1 U/15 was away at an U/15 Hockey Interprovincial so we lost 3/2 in the finals to St. Stithians.

On the homefront our teams are performing very well in the N.Tvl. Mens League. The first team in the Reserve League have won 17 out of the 21 matches. The 2nd team in 3rd League while not doing quite so well, 7 out of 20, have gained valuable experience. The 3rd team in 5th League have won 17 out of 23. The U/15A playing for the first time as a team in Men's League have won 17 out of 24. So far our teams have played 76 matches of which they have won 48.

Amazingly this year has seen our N.Tvl. representation increase (which I did not believe possible). Out of a possible 36 we had 23. The following represented N.Tvl. at the

This kind of representation might be a thing of the past as C.B.C. and Menlo Park have recently built courts and these schools

can only improve and provide us with much needed school opposition.

For the first time since 1980 we have S.A. Schools representation. Our squash captain Jonathan Lee who is only in form IV was chosen for the S.A. U/19B team. While in the U/15's Graeme Harker won the final of the individual and was chosen as the captain and No. 1 of the S.A. U/15 team. Donald Hector reached the finals of the U/13 individual and played No. 3 for the S.A. U/13 team. All in all P.B.H.S. performed very creditably this year. A good example of our depth is the fact that the N. Tvl. U/15A made up entirely of P.B.H.S. players came second in the A section at the

Interprovincial Tournaments during the July vacation: U/15 Interprovincial which would arguably make us the strongest school in South Africa at this level.

U/19A : J. Lee; J. McLachlan; H. Harverson; K. Potgieter The excellent results of this season are due mainly to the enthusiasm and dedication of the players themselves, and we can only hope that they keep up the standards already set.

U/19B : I. Ferguson; L. Ackerman; J. Chantler; H. du Toit; J. van Rooyen

U/15A : G. Harker; G. Flaxman; A. Norton; P. McLachlan; G. Shreeve; A. Agocs

U/15B : C. du Plessis; A. Matheus; D. Hyde; H. Harka

U/13A : D. Hector; G. Massyn

U/13B : S. Spencer; B. Cunningham

A. de V. Minnaar

PRETORIA BOYS HIGH SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION

Spread of the Association

Reference has been made in my annual report to the spread of the Association. I would like to give a little more information in this regard.

The Association committee has been working towards extending the Association membership as far as possible and also towards setting up branch committees in various centres.

It became clear that the work required to effectively spread the Association coincided very closely with the work that was to be undertaken by the 75th Anniversary Campaign of the School.

Members of the Association committee have been active in assisting the planning committee for the 75th anniversary and together a computer listing has been prepared of over 7 000 Old Boys.

As this listing provides for postal codes, the particular Old Boys in any given area can be identified.

During the course of the past year, the following functions have been held for Old Boys.

1. A launch banquet for Old Boys was held in the school hall on the 4th June attended by 330 guests.
2. A cocktail party attended by 286 guests was held at the Old Boys Club on the 16th June.
3. A cocktail party held at the home of Gerry Creswell in Nelspruit which took

116

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 117 =

place on the 10th July and attended by 40 guests.

4. A banquet was held at the Durban Club, attended by 100 Old Boys on the 22nd July.

5. Two cocktail parties have been held in Johannesburg attended by approximately 200 persons on both occasions.

6. A function was held in Vereeniging attended by approximately 40 persons.

7. A dinner was held in Cape Town attended by 120 Old Boys on the 23rd September.

4. Members of the Committee have also been active in the planning of the 75th Anniversary of the school which is due to take place in 1985.

5. In particular I would like to thank Roger Herbert for the editions of the Phobian that have appeared. Roger is the editor of this newsletter and we look forward to receiving many more during the coming year.

6. The annual Golf Day held at Zwartkop Country Club was again most successful and the winners and runners-up were:

(i) A. Division Champion: R. Ashby
Runner-up: S. Maritz

(ii) B. Division Champion: D. Parker
Runner-up: C. Flieringa

7. Trevor Quirk, an old boy and now head of SABC TV English Sport, was our guest speaker at the Annual Dinner, which was a great success and enjoyed by all those

Dave Farrant has kindly made available accommodation in Victory House, Harrison Street (between Fox and Commissioner Streets) for an office and for a gathering place for Old Boys in Johannesburg.

The Association has been represented at all these functions and it is intended that local branch committees of the Association will continue the work of spreading the

Association. who attended. For the first time in many years we were unable to accommodate all those who wished to attend the Dinner.

Association membership has increased by approximately 400 persons to 760 in the last year and is still growing all the time.

The Old Boys Association box number is P.O. Box 11195, Brooklyn, 0011, and Old Boys are invited to write to the Association in regard to matters of interest and also should they require application forms for membership.

8. The Old Boys prizewinner was D. Galgut and the Dinner was attended by both his grandfather, Mr Justice O. Galgut and his father Brain Galgut.

9. After much consideration the Association's subs have been increased to R10.00 per year. With the increase we will be offering members more than they have been receiving in the last while.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT - MARCH 1982

1. The Committee for the year comprised the following: The membership free has been R1.00 (and before that 10 shillings) for some 20 or 30 years. The Association has found that it cannot continue to function on this basis and regrettably the fees have been increased. The increase seems to be a very large one but when one bears in mind that this has not been increased

G.K.Hay (Chairman) E.W.Buchel D.E.Nourse
T.B.Spies (Vice Chairman) V.C.Bunn C.R.Roberts
R.W.Herbert (Secretary) C.R.B.France R.W.Stewart
C.P.Fenwick (Treasurer) J.P.J.Hamman C.E.Waterston
C.J.Anderson P.E.Janke A.M.Weale

2. The year has been one of consolidation during which the Committee has worked towards its goal of spreading the Association to all parts of South Africa (and abroad) and progress has been made in this regard.

10. In addition to receiving the Phobian newsletter the members will also automatically receive a copy of the Pretorian and will be informed of events both relating to the Association and the school.

3. The Committee held a very successful Cocktail Party with members of the school executive in order to maintain and build on the contact that the Association enjoys with the school.

11. The grounds of the Association continue to be used by the various sporting

THE PRETORIAN

117

= Page 118 =

sections and the Clubs Ground Committee are to be congratulated on the improvement made during the year.

12. My thanks are extended to my Committee for their willing assistance throughout the year. Once again a special word of thanks to our Secretary, Roger Herbert, for his enthusiasm and efficient assistance and also to George Fenwick, for looking after the finances.

(a) Grounds Committee

Messrs A. Weale (convenor) I. Scorer, C. Roberts, C. France, V. Bunn and F. Tol. This committee has done a truly magnificent job and one need only to look around the Club ground to see the excellent state of all our sporting facilities. Various new items of equipment were purchased during the year.

On behalf of the Committee

(b) Budget/Finance/Bar

Gordon Hay
CHAIRMAN

Messrs. J.J. van der Colff (convenor) K.R. Ellis, R.W. Stewart, C.M. Shaw and F. Tol. Mr van der Colff resigned and Mr Ellis convened this committee. This committee kept a tight control on the budgeting of the Club.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1981

OBITUARY t

(c) Fund Raising & Entertainment

It is deep regret that we record the death of the following member, J. Carkeek.

Messrs. T. Grindlay (convenor), R.C. Barclay, G. Anderson and Mrs. U. Tol.

COMMITTEE

This committee was very active and are at present busy with the Supporters Club. They organised a very successful cabaret evening. New Years Eve dance and introduced the very successful

The following members served as your committee:

R.A. Edwards	President	Thursday evening braais.
I B. Spies	Chairman	
A.M. Weale	Vice Chairman	(d) Buildings & Grill Room
G.P. I enwick	Treasurer	

Messrs. V. Bunn (convenor) R. Herbert,

R.W. Herbert, J.J. van der Coif f, I. Grind lay, C. T. Grindlay, D. Nourse and Mrs. U. Tol.
 Roberts, R C. Barclay, V. Bunn, I. Scorer, K.R. This committee dealt with
 Ellis, G. Hay, R. Stewart, W.E.L. laylor, G. improvements to the Grill Room,
 Anderson maintenance and repairs to buildings

and flats, electrical and plumbing
 Mr J.J. van der Colff resigned during the problems, replacing of furniture etc.
 year and was not replaced.

(e) Disciplinary

MEMBERSHIP

Messrs. T.B. Spies (convenor) A. Weale

I he total membership at the end of the and V. Bunn. This committee met on six
 year was 1 18(> as compared with 1 092 for the occasions. Members were suspended or
 previous year. warned, suspensions ranging from 6
 months to 1 month.

SUBCOMMITTEES

(f) Club Development

I he main committee was divided into
 sub-committees who held regular monthly Convenor T.B. Spies, Mrs Tol, A. Weale
 meetings, the minutes of these meetings being and various members of sub
 tabled by the convenor at the monthly main committees. Final sketch plans are now
 committee meetings. I his system has worked being prepared, but on finance in the
 extremely well over the years and the present economic clim ate is
 following is a summary of their functions. unobtainable.

I HI PRETORIAN

= Page 119 =

SUB-SECTIONS

EXPENDITURE

The sub-sections all appear to be operating smoothly. We welcome the new marathon club who have already settled in and made a remarkable contribution to he clus facilities. The Bowls Club have built another green and the cricket with the assistance of professional Alan Wilkens are once again a team to be reckoned with.

1. EUROPEAN STAFF - R3 657 - a cut back in European staff saved the club in salaries which was off-set by salary increments and the appointment of a full-time secretary.
2. MAINTENANCE - R270 - The Association bore a greater proportion of this expence this year.
3. STAFF MEALS — R611 — due to the reduction in number of European Barmen.

FINANCE

The Club's financial statements for the year refle a net loss of R1 433 (1980 — R3 734). Income increased by 19% and expenditure by 16% over the previous year. Deviations from 1980 figures requiring comment are reflected below:

1. BARMEN'S WAGES - R827 - This increase was kept to a mere 6% by replacing European part-time Barmen with existing full-time black staff.
2. INSURANCE — R440 — result of

INCOME

- insurance review.
3. GROUP EXPENDITURE - R5 534.
4. TRANSPORT — R475 — This represents the extra cost to the club of owning a motor vehicle over the travelling

1. TRADING PROFITS - R7 171 - 16,8% — due in part to increased turnover in the bars of R10 700, resulting in increased profits + R5 000; and the higher gross profit percentage achieved in the bar (92% to 94% and Grill Room (9% to 38%). It is interesting to note that although the Grill Room turnover allowance previously paid to the club employees.

5. GLASSWARE ETC — R1 242 — mainly due to replacement in the Grill Room.

APPRECIATION

I extend my sincere thanks to all the staff

- dropped by some R10 000,00, the profit generated increased by R1 603.
2. SUBSCRIPTIONS - R6 679 - due to the increase in subscriptions and a net gain of members.
3. HALL HIRE - R770 - This form of income was introduced during the year by the committee.
4. LEVY — R2 400 — The levy paid by the Association was increased by R200 per month.
5. SUNDRY CREDIT - R644 - a windfall profit arising from the increase in deposits on bottles.
- for their loyalties and effort over the past year. In particular Floris and Unity Tol must be thanked for all their effort during this year. Without these two, the Club would not be able to function. Special thanks also to Mrs Taylor, "Grobbe" Grobler and his staff.
- My thanks to Alan Weale for his support as Vice-Chairman during the year.
- T.B. Spies
CHAIRMAN

Decreases

1. FUND RAISING — R2 220 — There was no major fund raising project during the year. In addition, a loss of R739 as incurred by Club Functions, mainly the New Years Eve Dance, which was very poorly supported.

THE PRETORIAN

119

= Page 120 =

Pretoria High School Old Boys' and Beer drinking fund-raising projects.

Cricket Club There has been speculation and discussion of top players from Transvaal

Report for Season 1981 — 1982 joining the Club this season, but despite our willingness to pay them handsomely nothing has materialised, and like last year it is going

The 1981/82 season saw a welcome and encouraging resurgence in interest and performance in the Club, with the 1st XI improving its position in the logs of all leagues and the 2nd XI going as far as jointly winning its league, sharing the title with Berea Park, and narrowly losing the Plate final of the knock-out competition to Adelaars — this due to a surfeit of some extraordinarily wide deliveries at 4 runs apiece. A special word of congratulations to Paul Wojtowitz and his team for gaining promotion to the Reserve League, where a special effort is going to be needed.

If last season was one of resurgence, we are hoping to make the coming season one of consolidation, with a view to being able to approach the 1983/84 season with ambitious ideas of expansion and considerable success. To achieve this, loyalty, sacrifice and commitment will again be the key words.

Last season's resurgence can be ascribed to your response to the urgings of your Chairman and Committee in attitude and in supporting our professional coach and fund raising efforts. This was most encouraging and provides a foundation for all of us to build on. Employing a professional is an expensive business, but Alan Wilkins' contribution last season was extensive, and happily he will be returning this year to continue the good work

to be up to us, through increased interest and effort, to perpetuate the restoration of Old Boys to its former glory as the leading Cricket Club in the province.

I take this opportunity of thanking my Committee for their endeavours and bid farewell to the Treasurer, Pierre Delaney, who is standing down for business reasons, and the Secretary, Unity Tol, whose support has been such that the Main Club feels she is over-committed and must stand down. The guidance of our President, Mr Charlie Mulvenna, and the support of our Vice-Presidents, The Main-Club, Grounds Committee, sponsors and friends must also be mentioned as we trust in their continued support in fulfilling the serious and all-important task ahead of us.

Trevor Quirk
CHAIRMAN

DESCRIPTION OF SHOWERS

At six o'clock in summer every day the form ones shout "Chimes!" This means all

on an even bigger scale, both at the Club and the School. Whereas the Cricket Club normally faces expenditure of under R3 000 in a season and starts each new season only just in the black, the past season saw us raise in the vicinity of R10 000 in order to support our professional and for the first time introduce a bonus system for all players. This bears testimony to your much valued efforts and in particular I must mention the enthusiastic work of Committee members, Haldane Murray and Chris Roberts. This season we are again looking to raising R10 000 in order to considerably increase our bonus system and consolidate for next season, and more than ever before we appeal to you for ideas, contacts and most of all your support. It is after all in your own interest. In this connection I must point out that over R1 500 is still outstanding from our Rabbit Racing

the form 4's can go and shower. They use all the hot water that the matrices leave: if they leave any. At ten past six most of the form 1's, 2's and 3's wait at the start of the steps. As the bell rings all of us rush upstairs to our dormitories. Within a minute there are about 35 nude bodies standing waiting to shower. There is a rack where you will find different coloured towels ranging from pink to purple and from small to large. There are a dozen showers and only two are not used because of 'faulty' sprays. At about twenty past six there is only one guy showering and that is Timothy Stewart. Then the shower floor dries up until 6-15, the following morning. After the showering you just see people drying themselves. It is very unhygienic, for athletes' foot is contagious.

R. Kelly HE

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 121 =

Pretoria High School Old Boys'
Hockey Club

Transvaal C.D.:
Mike Durbach (capt); Chris
Roberts; Chris Irons; Tim
Widdicombe; Dave Nourse.

Report for the 1982 Season

Transvaal Masters (over 60!):
Roger Herbert; Rob Barclay;
Roddy Stewart; Woody Kaiser;

At the Annual General Meeting held at
the Club on the 25th of February 1982 (th 56th
Annual General Meeting) the following were
elected to the Committee:

Trevor Quirk.
Transvaal Schools:
Graham McHeath; Tony Rushton
(capt) Alex Batley; Greg Chandler;
Leon Holtzhausen; Michael Strange;
Christopher Lee.

President: George Fenwick (his 44th year with
the Club)

Chairman: Jeff Jones

End of Season Knockout Tournaments

Hon. Secretary: Roger Herbert (his 22nd year
in office)

In the George Fenwick Competition

Hon. Treasurer: Haldane Murray

Defence beat us 2-1 thereby avenging their

Club Captain: Paul Davies

defeat by the same score in the last league

Elected Members: Chris Irons, Chris Roberts game of the season. In the final Benoni
and Gerrit Visser. Northerns beat Defence 1-0.

In the Reserve League Tournament we

The teams finished as follows in the
league: Transvaal League: Third, Res B: First,
Res A: Sixth, Pretoria A: Second, Pretoria B:
Second (C Team) and Third (B Team), Pretoria
C: First.

beat Quins 4-3 in the 3rd period of extra time
and just before penalty flicks would have
come into operation. However, the lads were
visibly knackered in the final against Defence
especially, since this game too went to a third

The C Team has been promoted to the A
League for next season.

period of extra time before Defence won 3-2.

These are fine results. Well done to
everyone. Dave West has given much time

Incidentally Mike Durbach scored 5 of our six
goals in this tournament.

and thought to his coaching of the top two
sides (who played in the Transvaal and
Reserve B leagues respectively) and no doubt
if we can find a little more push up front the
Transvaal league side will do us proud in the
future and win that league again.

This was the first match this side has lost
in two years having gone 35 games
undefeated, a fine record.

Congratulations to the following players
who represented the Province during the
season.

Again a most enjoyable Dinner and
Disco finished off the season. Our thanks to
Dave Nourse and his subcommittee for all
their hard work. At the function the following
awards were made to the players who had
shown the most improvement during the
season: David Nourse, Roy Alexander and
Mark Von Broembsen.

Transvaal:

Jeff Jones; Graeme Fenwick;

On behalf of the Hockey Club I must

thank the Main Club and its Grounds

Dave Musto; Bruce Rankin;
 Mark Horwood.
 Transvaal indoor:
 Jeff Jones; Bruce Rankin;
 Clive Smit.
 Transvaal U21:
 Bruce Rankin; Mark Horwood;
 Gerrit Visser; Marc Paul.
 Pretoria C.D.:
 Chris Roberts; Chris Irons;
 Tim Widdicombe; Dave Nourse;
 Rick Farrant; (Mike Durbach
 withdrew) He was captain.

Committee and here I must mention Floris
 and Unity Tol, Vic Bunn and Charlie France
 for all the hard work they have put into the
 state of the fields. Our fields have been even
 better than last year and are a credit to the
 Club.

In the present situation with the price of
 sport going up and up Fund Raising played
 a major part in the Committees activities
 during the year and two very successful
 kaskenaders) and a Golf Day were held. The
 success of these functions stopped the

121

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 122 =

Committee from having to double the subs. will win the Transvaal League next season.
 Thanks to Chris Irons and Chris Roberts and With the right dedication from our players we
 all their willing helpers for a great effort can easily win most of the leagues we will
 during the season. play in next season.

We have had a very good season but with
 even more effort from our players we can and

Roger Herbert
 HON. SECRETARY

The final league positions of the Club's
 sides for the season are as follows:

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against	Points
Tvl. League	14	11	3	0	41	14	22
Res. B League	14	13	0	1	42	10	27
Res. A League	14	4	8	2	29	40	10
A Team (A League)	18	14	3	1	58	22	29
B Team (B League)	16	7	4	5	41	28	19
C Team (B League)	16	10	1	5	46	17	25
D Team (C League)	14	11	0	3	52	17	25

Pretoria Boys High School revenue and expenditure for the year
 ended 31st December 1981

REVENUE:	RANDS	EXPENDITURE:	RANDS
Contributions	63 466	Administrative Expenses	15 514
Interest	1 678	Upkeep of Grounds & Playing Fields	29 799
Tuckshop Profit	5 287	Games	15 077
Sundry Incom (Incl. Bus Project)	32 411	Educational Aids	4 286
		School Magazine	4 081

		Other Expenses	19 881
		Excess Expenditure 1980	10 780
		Accumulated Fund 1981	3 424
Total	102 842	Total	102 842

THE PRETORIAN

= Page 123 =

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ESTATE MANAGER Mr W. Wittwer

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