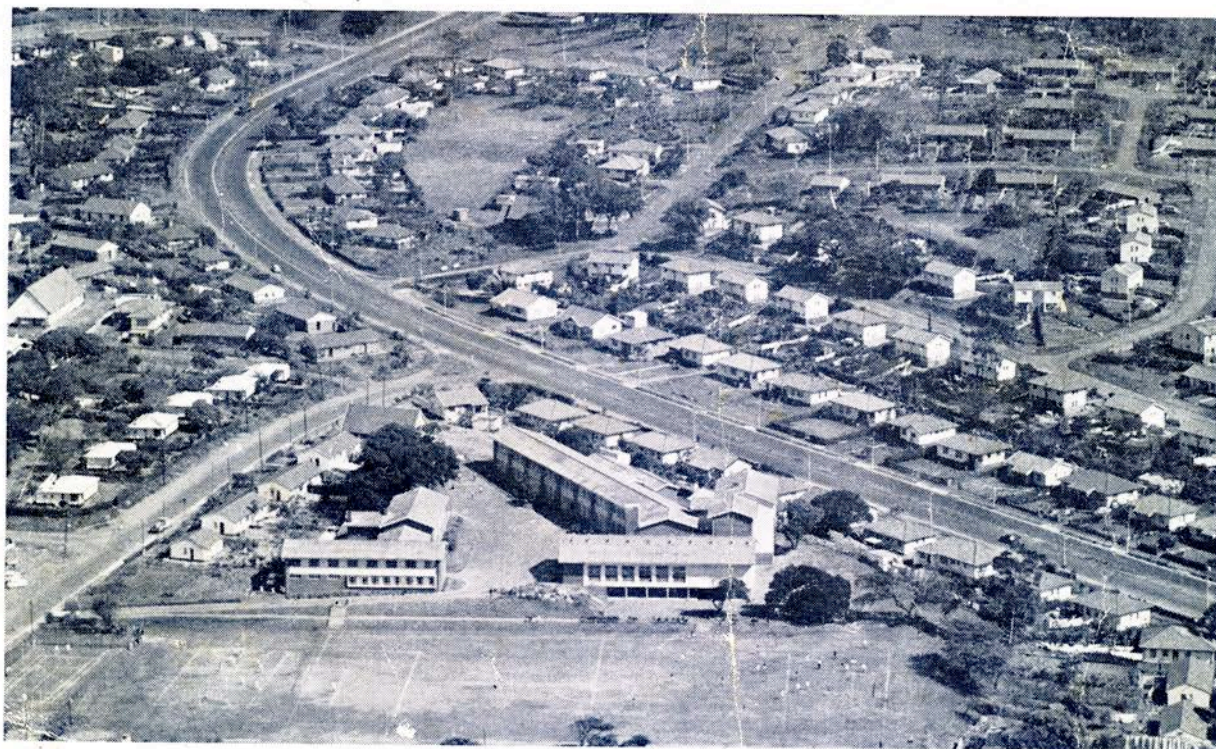


BECHET MAGAZINE



Vol. 2 No. 5

November, 1964



BECHET COLLEGE

DURBAN CENTRE FOR CONTINUATION CLASSES FOR COLOURED

Courses in a variety of Commercial and Home Science subjects of a very practical nature, under the tuition of experienced lecturers are offered to

School-leavers and adults

at the following centre:

SPARKS ESTATE COLOURED COMMUNITY CENTRE

Subjects:— Shorthand (Theory and all speeds).

Typewriting

Bookkeeping.

Dressmaking.

Millinery

Individual tuition from beginners to Senior Grades.

(It is hoped to conduct similar courses at

AUSTERVILLE AND GREENWOOD PARK

if there are sufficient enrolments

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS ONLY ONCE AT EVERYONE'S DOOR

— PREPARE NOW FOR YOUR FUTURE —

A. USSHER.
PRINCIPAL/SECRETARY.

A MESSAGE FROM THE REGIONAL OFFICE

It gives the Regional Office a great deal of pleasure in sending Bechet Magazine its very best wishes and to express the hope that the Magazine will serve the College in particular and the Coloured Community in general, even better for a long time to come.

Since the appearance of the November, 1963, issue of the Magazine, a great deal has happened in the educational field concerning the Coloured community. In April of this year the central government Department of Coloured Affairs took over from the Natal Provincial Administration. This occurrence, which we feel sure will be of paramount historical value, did not come about without a great deal of travail, both before and after the actual "take-over".

The very sound foundations laid by the Natal Education Department have proved a secure basis

on which to build, and no doubt the Department of Coloured Affairs will, in its efforts to expand and enhance Coloured education, continue to benefit by the Province's achievements for a long time.

We of the Department and of the Regional Office are devoted men and women, devoted to the cause of the Coloured population in general and Coloured education in particular. We have set our sights high and what we intend doing for the Coloured community will, we confidently hope, exceed even their high expectations.

It is in the spirit of goodwill and co-operation that the Regional Office sends Bechet Magazine and the College its very best wishes for the future. Let us go forward together.

I. J. LOOTS,
Regional Representative.

⑥

From the Principal

At the end of last year we said farewell to Mr. N. P. Ingle, who retired after being Principal of this College since its inception, and I should like to place on record the great debt of gratitude we all owe to his energetic and wise leadership. He it was who started the College and guided its fortunes along the road of sound development, until it was able, through its achievements in academic, cultural and other fields, to take up a creditable position among the educational institutions of our Province.

It is right that the public should recognise the place that Bechet College occupies, and the rôle which it has played, and, indeed, still is playing, in the life of the Coloured Community, not only of Durban, but of Natal. Quite apart from the facilities it offers (in common with the other Coloured Secondary Schools of Natal) to pupils to gain such normal educational qualifications as the Senior and Junior Certificates, it renders a service of far reaching and paramount importance, viz., that of training teachers for our schools. Its value and importance as an educational institution is, therefore, obvious; and it deserves the support and loyalty both of parents and of the Community at large.

On April 1st of this year the College passed under a new Authority, viz., the Department of Coloured Affairs, and this may be said to represent a new era as far as the College is concerned. This change-over has produced its problems, but these are being met and solved. Although we

are by no means over our "teething troubles", we look forward to the future in a spirit of hope and confidence.

In conclusion, I should like to pay tribute to our new Vice-Principal, Mr. J. F. Pollock, and the members of the Staff, who have rallied round me through a difficult period, and given unstintingly of their loyal service. To our students and pupils, who, by their efforts, have ensured the success of our functions and activities throughout the year, and to those parents who supported us in various ways, I also wish to express my gratitude.

G. V. ARTHUR.

Our new Head

At the end of 1963, with the departure of the then principal, Mr. Ingle, members of staff naturally felt concerned about the kind of person we should soon have in his place.

The thunderous applause with which the announcement by Mr. Lundie, Chief Inspector, Natal Education Department, that Mr. Arthur, our vice-principal, was to be the new head, was greeted, left no doubt that the choice was a popular one. He had been V.P. for several years and therefore "knew the ropes" well. We felt he might buffet the results of the double change—a new head and a new department, viz., The Department of Coloured Affairs.

Mr. Arthur had been a Senior Lecturer at the Natal Training College, in Pietermaritzburg for

BECHET MAGAZINE

Page One

**REG WRIGHT
DAN Le ROUX and
LES SALTON**

Sports Dealers

Phone 63350

**325 Pine Street,
Durban**

drink

Coo-ee

by "Taste-Test"..... the Best

BOTTLED BY

COO-EE MINERAL WATER CO.

(Natal) (Pty.) Ltd.

261-265 Balfour Road,
JACOBS

Phones : 876341
878468

some years before coming to us. The training of teachers—a formidable task—was not strange to him. Despite administrative difficulties consequent upon the take-over by our new department—difficulties which his experience, tact and judgment, have helped to solve, we feel confident he

will be able to lead the College to further success in future.

We welcome George Valentine Arthur and assure him of our co-operation and goodwill in a task of no mean complexity.

A SENIOR MEMBER OF THE STAFF.



EDITORIAL

Historically dates are important in that they demarcate in time, the intangible yet perceptible slithering away of one era—the old order—into the next—the new order. By this token, therefore, the date Wednesday, 1st April, 1964, is important to Bechet College, heralding as it does, its take-over by the newly-created Department of State, the Department of Coloured Affairs.

Prior to this, some were naturally apprehensive; a child dreads the dark because of the dangers lurking in its shadows; man fears the future because of its unpredictability. Similarly we were uncertain of what the change of stewardship would mean.

Let me, however, hasten to assure those in our midst, those who hold Bechet dear, that they need have no fears. There have been teething troubles, of an administrative or clerical nature, but none has reached the stage as to defy solution especially when common sense, experience and goodwill prevail.

On the contrary, let it be said, our new alma mater—ons voog—has conferred a new dynamic in our education, one fraught with good omen for staff, students and pupils alike, provided we know and want to make use of the offerings „so milde-lik gegun.”

Let us pause to examine this dynamic, this new impetus to our educational effort in its different contexts. Ethically, the emphasis is upon the eternal verities and verdant virtues. A people can never hope to progress, to free itself from the fetters imposed by the ironies of history and biology alike, unless its moral fibre is as tough as glass fibre; a people whose philosophy is founded on a love of TRUTH for its own sake, its pursuit and maintenance, must and will flourish; a people who hate the lying tongue of expediency, but embrace the sweet tongue of honesty, must rise.

In its sociological context the new impetus has resulted in a vast long-term educational programme which aims at uplift, enlightenment and civilization. Our new department, „beginselvas” has set its sights on the stars and has begun where it matters most, with the social environment of the people it hopes to lead to self-sufficiency, self-reliance and an increasing awareness of themselves. In the very nature of things this is a long-term project and will demand time, money and patience before it is fulfilled. In the meantime.

BECHET MAGAZINE

however the concept, will in turn percolate through with the result that pupils at Bechet may anticipate a future of expanding opportunity and prospects. They must, however, realize that sustained hard work, and sound study habits, will be required in greater volume to equip themselves with the knowledge, skills and techniques which this future will assuredly demand. They, the present crop of “Bechettes” must realize they are in a position to-day to begin that education and training in leadership without which the welfare of those for whom they will be responsible one day, will be “as sounding brass”. They must realize they will be the leaders of their people; in them will centre the hopes and confidence of their people.

They will become the corner-stones of that foundation on which opportunity will rest; their task will be to help raise standards, to impel their people to loosen the shackles of the past and to prepare them for their rightful place in the South African sun. For the creation of this society they will be largely responsible. Whether it is to be founded well and truly or whether it will be raised on Umgeni sand—that is their choice, that is the rôle of the future Bechet to engender and guard against.

Here at the new Bechet—well founded and well led, let it be stressed—we shall attempt, within the framework of the new dynamic, to improve standards of conduct, of work and performance. Upon a final analysis a man distinguishes himself simply by that set of standards and values he imposes upon himself; that is perhaps the only fundamental discrimination—that of standards in themselves.

Let present “Bechettes” all standing poised on the threshold of a new life, remember in the parodied words of our greatest of poets, Shakespeare:

“He that lives this day, the first of April
and sees old age,

Let him remember with advantages
What hopes, were founded that day,
And in the many days to come,
Let men of Bechet say,

Well-founded ye band of brothers,
We reach this day for the stars—and damn the
gutter.”

J.F.P.

Page Three

T. W. GRIGGS & CO.

(PTY.) LIMITED

390 WEST STREET, DURBAN

• Telephone 312671

- Textbooks for all Schools
- University textbooks for all Faculties
- Reference Books on all Subjects
- Books for School Libraries and Prizes
- New books from London every week
- and
- A full range of exercise books and all school stationery

Our pleasant and experienced staff will be pleased to attend to all your requirements

STAFF

4th TERM — 1964

Principal:

Mr. G. V. Arthur, B.A., H.E.D.

Vice-Principal: Mr. J. F. Pollock, B.A. T2.

Lecturers	Mr. P. H. Bester, B.A., T2. Mr. H. C. Sauer, B.A., B.Ed., LL.B.	Housecraft	Miss E. A. L. Brandenburg, T.D. Miss E. C. van Niekerk, N.D.S.T.C.
English	Mr. J. N. S. Morphew, B.A., U.E.D. Mrs. R. M. Emslie, B.A.(Hons.), T.C. Mrs. M. C. Bydell, B.A., N.T.S.C. Miss A. Hanmer, N.T.D.	Handicrafts	Mr. R. A. Landers, N.T.S.C. Mr. M. V. Samuels, N.T.J.D.
Afrikaans	Mr. L. Samuels, N.T.S.D. Miss S. D. Smith, N.T.S.C.	Art	Miss I. L. Gilbert, B.A. (Fine Arts). Mr. M. T. Samuels, P.H.C.
Mathematics	Mr. D. Rampono, B.A., N.T.D. Mr. A. E. Madigan, T.C.	Physical Education	Mr. J. S. Felix, H.P.T.D. Mrs. K. W. Armitage, L.P.T.C.
History	Miss I. MacRitchie, B.A.(Hons.), U.E.D. Mrs. R. D. Williams, B.A., N.T.S.C.	Speech Training	Miss C. A. Proksch, B.A.(Hons.), U.E.D.
Geography	Mrs. I. F. Coyne, B.A., T2. Mr. T. B. Wood, B.A., N.T.D.	Music	Mrs. M. Parton, L.R.A.M., U.L.M.
Biology	Mr. W. Hall, B.Sc.(Wales), Dip.Ed. Miss C. R. Lawler, N.T.D.	Secretary	Mrs. V. Davis, Secretarial Certs., Senior Hostel:
Arithmetic	Mr. H. N. Higham, T.D.	Resident Teacher	Mr. A. J. Simpson, C.P.T.C.H.
Health	Mr. M. C. Jaffar, B.A., B.Ed., U.E.D.	Resident Teachers	Miss C. R. Lawler, N.T.D. Mr. A. Wynne, N.T.D.
		Matron	Mrs. N. C. Buckley.
		Assistant Matron	Mrs. B. S. Ryan.
		Cook	M. Ndelu.
		School Induna	E. Mchunu.

STAFF NOTES

When school broke up in 1963 we envisaged great changes. We said goodbye to Mr. Ingle, who had guided the school since Umbilo Road days, and to Miss Shaw, who had been with the school for 32 years. Although these two left on retirement, neither has been able to cut the cable: Mr. Ingle is now at Boys' High School, wrestling with hopeful mathematicians, and Miss Shaw is at Mitchell High School, where she has joined another old friend in Miss Gutridge.

Mr. Deppe was also a pillar of Bechet from Umbilo Road days. He is now at Bellair, and Mrs. Dunster at Springfield Training College. Mr. Yon is Acting Vice-principal at Parkhill Secondary School. Miss Stephanus has gone farther afield, all the way to Gambia.

There were departures, too, among the part-time staff. Mrs. Gould went to take up a full-time post at Durban North, much nearer her home, and Mr. Cotton to return to classroom teaching as a change from P.T. Mrs. du Plooy went to one full-time post, and Mrs. McCormack retired.

But our ranks were filled up again, and we were relieved and happy to know that Mr. Arthur would be at our head. Mr. Pollock came as Vice-princi-

pal, Miss Smith, Miss Lawler and Mrs. Williams came to teach in the middle school, Mr. Felix to take P.T. and the two Mr. Samuels—M. T. and M. V.—better known as Mr. "Art" Samuels and Mr. "Woodwork" Samuels. Miss Gilbert replaced Mrs. Dunster, and Miss Proksch and Mrs. Parton became our visiting members of staff for Speech and Music. All these we welcome heartily.

Other changes we can mention without any mixed feelings at all, since no farewells have been involved. We should like to congratulate Mr. T. B. Wood on his appointment to the Vice-principalship of Parkhill, which has not necessitated his leaving us—a wonderful example of the capacity to be in two places at once!; Miss MacRitchie on attaining her B.A. Hons. Degree; Mrs. Bydell and Mrs. Williams on completing their B.A. Degrees; and—in another sphere—Mr. Rampono on his engagement to Miss Hanmer, to whom we should like to extend our very heartiest good wishes for her future happiness.

It is not usual to say goodbye to leaving staff before they go, but for Miss Gilbert we must make an exception. We give her our blessing and all good wishes for a very happy married life.



BECHET COLLEGE STAFF

(NOVEMBER, 1964)

Back Row (left to right): Mrs. E. P. Bydell, Mr. M. C. Jaffar, Miss A. W. Hanmer, Mr. W. V. Samuels, Miss J. L. Gilbert, Mr. J. S. Felix, Miss C. R. Lawler, Mr. A. E. Madigan.

Middle Row (left to right): Mrs. M. Parton, Mr. W. Hall, Miss I. MacRitchie, Mr. T. B. Wood, Mr. D. Rampono, Mr. R. A. Landers, Mrs. R. D. Williams, Mr. M. T. Samuels, Miss S. D. Smith.

Front Row (left to right): Mr. J. N. S. Morphew, Mrs. V. Davies, Mr. P. Bester, Mrs. R. M. Emslie, Mr. J. F. Pollock (Vice-Principal), Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), Mr. H. Sauer, Mrs. I. F. Coyne, Mr. H. N. Higham, Miss E. A. L. Brandenburg.

Not present: Miss E. C. van Niekerk, Miss C. A. Proksch, Mrs. K. W. Armitage, Mr. L. Samuels.



NATAL BUILDING SOCIETY

ONE RAND is sufficient to open a savings account with the N.B.S. . . . why not open an account today?—Tomorrow is always too late

N.B.S. ONE OF THE "BIG FIVE" IN BUILDING SOCIETIES

SOCCER

The past season has been one of the most adventurous and successful ones for Bechet College and only praise can be given to the soccer players for the manner in which they played the game.

THE SENIOR TEAM

Though the senior team, ably captained by P. Woodroffe, came down in both the zonal and annual Natal High Schools' Soccer Week competition to the Springfield Training College in both instances, it does not mean that the standard of play has deteriorated. Instead, that of Springfield has greatly improved to the surprise of all. Bechet College, however, were runners-up in both the Zonal and Soccer Week competitions. Praise and congratulations must be extended to P. Woodroffe and B. Gobie who were selected to represent Natal Schools against a Natal senior side. Unfortunately this match did not materialise.

THE UNDER 17 TEAM

For the first time an Under 17 team was entered for the Soccer Week competitions and they outclassed all their opponents in all departments to emerge as the Natal Champions in that divi-

sion. R. Rose, who captained the team, L. Landers, the goalkeeper, I. Vawda and C. George, who were selected to represent Natal Schools Under 17 side, must be congratulated on their fine achievement.

THE UNDER 16 TEAM

From the very start the Under 16 teams, "A," "B," "C," proved to be superior to their opponents and swept every trophy before them. The Under 16 "C" team won the K.O. trophy, while the Under 16 "B" were league champions and runners-up in the K.O. championship.

TRAVEL

Three teams travelled to Eshowe to represent the D.D.C.S.S.A. during the year. In all matches the Eshowe (Sunnydale Secondary) School teams were outclassed and beaten by a wide margin of goals.

HOUSE MATCHES

House matches were also played during the year and Bowers Senior, Scots Under 17 and Bowers Under 16 teams emerged the champions.

R. A. LANDERS.



SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Standing (left to right): G. Petersen, W. Napier, M. Whittle, A. Baccus, K. Blank, G. Hennyberry, D. Clothier, K. CLARKE
Sitting (left to right): W. Africa, W. Isaacs, L. Stephens, Mr. R. Landers, Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), P. Woodroffe (Captain), B. Gobie, D. Mahomet.



UNDER-17 SOCCER TEAM

Standing (left to right): B. van der Merwe, D. Twynham, B. Whittle, I. Vawda, F. Jaffar, P. Julius.
Sitting (left to right): L. Sullaphen, D. Clarivette, L. Landers, Mr. R. Landers, Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), R. Rose (Captain), D. de Costa, C. George.

GYMNASTICS

Bechet is moving steadily forward. For the first time in its history, it arranged a gymnastic display. Two matinees were followed by a performance during the evening of 26th September. All three were considered enjoyable, although the attendance at the evening performance was somewhat disappointing, due to inclement weather.

The gymnasts were selected from the most promising students and pupils, who under the expert guidance and training of Mr. Felix, our P.T. instructor, were not afraid to mix inspiration—and some of the boxwork bordered on the inspirational—with perspiration of which there was plenty.

Our aim was to prove that modern gymnastics is not "Sissy" and to show that its proper execution demands skill, perfect balance, and grace. The girls were left largely to themselves for many training sessions. Their contribution to the team effort justified the confidence placed in them.

The programme was as varied as the limitation of equipment imposed. It included Danish exercises, wall-bar exercises, floor-agility, beam-vaulting, boxwork and the formation of a pyramid.

Page Eight

The success of the venture was in large measure due to our P.T. specialists, Mrs. Armitage and Mr. Felix, whilst the effort of equipment assistants, ushers, usherettes and stewards should also be mentioned.

A word about the standard of our gymnastics. During a recent visit to Cape Town some of us attended a gymnastic display by girls. The standard of performance, let it be readily admitted, far exceeds ours, which can only be said to be mediocre. Bechet College is behind in this activity. What behoves us, therefore, is to build up our gymnastics to such a standard of excellence that other provinces will, like our rugby and cricket, respect us.

To this end we have plans in mind to popularize the activity and to attract the public. This task must be shared equally by the leaders and followers. We feel that Bechet is moving in the right direction—a contention which we hope will be substantiated next year.

B. ISAACS, Dip.2.

BECHET MAGAZINE



GYMNASTIC TEAM, 1964

Back Row (left to right): B. Isaacs, L. Sullaphen, B. van der Merwe, R. van der Byl, V. Ryland.

Third Row (left to right): R. Redman, W. Grantham, J. Gilbert, I. Flashman, L. Nunn, L. Isaacs, J. Pitt, B. Cloete.

Second Row (left to right): D. Augustus, C. Peters, N. Lambert, E. Montiere, K. Ball, E. Meth, W. de Voux, C. Petersen.

Front Row (left to right): A. Thomas, L. Joyce, L. Enicker, G. Arendse, Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), G. Hughes, N. Fernando, D. Barnwell, S. Welsh.

CRICKET

In the Annual Cricket Week Competition held during the December holidays, 1963, Bechet competed in the "B" Division and finished third out of six. Although the team as a whole did not come up to expectations, two members, namely, A. Jaffar and M. Powys, were selected to represent the Natal High Schools' Cricket Association. The High Schools' team played against a combined Non-European Natal team and the match ended in a first innings win for the Natal team.

Bechet's best all-rounder was A. Jaffar, who also scored a century in one of the matches. This was the first time that a century was scored by a Bechet student in these tournaments. We would like to congratulate him.

At the beginning of the year, a number of inter-class friendlies were played. Our Junior team played Parkhill, who beat us soundly.

BECHET MAGAZINE

There has been more interest shown in the game this season and coaching classes are being conducted to improve the standard of play.

We would like to thank Mr. Jaffar for his help and interest.

TENNIS

Judging by the keenness shown at the beginning of the first term, it was confidently expected that tennis at Bechet would take its rightful place in the sporting activities of the College. Many enthusiasts stepped forward, particularly the juniors who turned up regularly at the practice court, with the result that many showed promise by the end of the second quarter. The Seniors, how-

Page Nine

**SYDENHAM
PHARMACY**

(J. HUBER, M.P.S.)

•
*For your Medicinal and
Toilet requirements
call at . . .*

**418 RANGLES ROAD
SYDENHAM**

MEDWAY

**Wine and Spirit
Merchants**

•
Phone 886311

For
Prompt and Courteous Service

•
*BUY WHOLESALE AND
SAVE MONEY*

•
445 RIDGE ROAD, DURBAN

**Spar-
letta**

NOW AVAILABLE IN THE

**NEW
FAMILY
SIZE**

FOUR DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

**LEMONADE + CREAM SODA
ORANGE + CHERRY PLUM**

Spar-letta

**Spar-
letta**

ever, showed little or no interest, with perhaps the sole exception in Ian Swales, but then he knows a good game!

When players to represent Houses were called for one House—let it be nameless—could not raise either a Junior or Senior side. As a result of this poor response, it was not possible to hold the

inter-house competition for the Shaw trophy, donated by Miss Shaw before her retirement. Indeed a sorry state of affairs and one which we hope will not be allowed to persist.

We are grateful to Mr. Morpew for his coaching and Mr. Wood for organising practices and arranging matches.

ATHLETICS

This year our athletic season was comparatively short, as there were no meetings held before Easter, and also because the South African Senior Schools' Sports Association did not hold an Inter-Provincial meeting.

ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

Our first activity was the Inter-House athletic meeting. This year the meeting was held prior to the half-yearly examinations, with the result that the athletes were not as fit as they usually

are, and thus not many records were broken. We did, however, see one of the closest finishes in years when, at the end of the individual events, that is, before the relays, the points stood as follows: Wilsons 140, Scotts 138½, Bowers 132½. At the end of all events, Scotts were the victors by a small but well-earned majority of 8½ points from Wilsons at 170, while Bowers had 152½ points.

We are indebted to our special guests, Mr. and Mrs. van den Hoven, and Mr. and Mrs. Ingle. Mrs. van den Hoven presented the prizes to the trophy winners, among whom was a relay team



BOYS' ATHLETIC TEAM

Back Row (left to right): M. Whittle, P. Augustus, M. Tweedie, E. Booth, B. Otto.

Middle Row (left to right): A. Hartze, R. Rose, H. Bailey, I. Vawda, M. Johnson, M. Baatjies, R. Christopher, C. Petersen.

Front Row (left to right): B. Sampson, D. Hughes, G. Conway, Mr. D. Rampono, Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), P. Woodroffe (Captain), K. Clarke, L. Landers.



GIRLS' ATHLETIC TEAM

Back Row (left to right): C. Howes, V. Richen, L. Enicker, G. Arendse, P. Indolent, R. Delease, R. Johnson.
Front Row (left to right): M. du Plessis, J. Williams, J. Peters, Mr. D. Rampono, Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), B. Montgomery (Captain), P. Davids, B. Gabin.

from Umbilo Road Secondary School—the winners of the Boys' Invitation Relay.

NATAL HIGH SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONSHIPS

This meeting was held on 20th June at Currie's Fountain. Unfortunately it rained rather heavily, but the meeting proved to be a success. We were not as fortunate as we have been in previous years, but we were able to annex the Boys' "C" and Girls' "A" division trophies, and to share the Girls' "C" division with Umbilo Road School, who are to be congratulated on their achievements. Not only are they the first school to wrest a girls' trophy from us, but they also did very well in the boys' divisions, and all this in their first year of competition.

NATAL vs. TRANSVAAL ATHLETIC FRIENDLY

Fourteen of the Bechet athletes were chosen to represent Natal against Transvaal at King's Park Stadium on 11th July. Natal beat their old rivals by 301 points to 153.

We also took part in the Durban and District Primary Schools' meeting on 24th June. B. Steyn

Page Twelve

put in a sound effort to break his own high jump record of 5 ft. 2 ins. by 3 ins., and thus equalled the South African Senior Schools' record.

We now look forward to a year of keen competition in 1965, especially under the newly formed body of Coloured Schools, namely the Natal Schools' Sports Association.

HOCKEY

We again participated in the Durban Inter-School Hockey League. Enthusiasm was such that we were able to enter two under 14 teams and one under 16 team. The under 14 "B" team won the Castell trophy as a result of their unbeaten record in the league. We would like to congratulate them. In the five-a-side tournament held on 7th September and played at Till's Crescent on a knock-out system, the under 14 team again kept the flag flying by reaching the semi-final. We salute their opponents, who played well to beat us.

BECHET MAGAZINE

House matches proved popular and were well supported. The inter-house tournament provided three exciting matches. Final points were: Bowers 3, Wilsons 2, Scotts 1.

HONOURABLE MENTIONS

The under 14 players who showed promise were: C. Howes, M. Damons, V. Richen, V. Stalls, I. Noble, L. Fortune J. Stainbank, P. Yon, R. Johnson, and Y. King.

Those of the under 16 team who played well were: S. Labonte, G. Hughes, P. Conway and I. Flashman.

Players chose M. du Plessis and M. Hoff of the under 14 and under 16 teams respectively as players of the year, whilst H. Osborne was adjudged by her fellow- teammates as the player who evinced outstanding sportsmanship.

Bernadette Montgomery brought honour to the College by gaining selection for Natal in the

Inter-Provincial tournament held over part of the Michaelmas holidays in Cape Town. Congratulations Bernadette.

In general, features of our hockey which warrant comment were the fine spirit in which games were played, whilst the enjoyment derived was apparent to all. Technically, an improvement in stick-work and ball control were manifested—an improvement upon that of the previous season.

A measure of the success achieved on the hockey field is due to both Mrs. Bydell and Miss Lawler, both of whose enthusiasm and knowledge we appreciate to the full.

To all hockey players, here is a message:

"For when the One Great Scorer comes
To write against your name,
He marks—not that you won or lost—
But how you played the game."



UNDER-14 HOCKEY TEAMS

Back Row (left to right): M. Damons (A), H. Osborne (B), C. Rose (A), C. Howes (A), V. Richen (B),
Middle Row (left to right): K. Rooks (B), V. Stalls (A), R. Fredericks (A), M. du Plessis (B), S. Welsh (B),
D. Peters (A).
Front Row (left to right): J. Noble (B), D. Biggar (B), J. Stainbank (B), Mrs. E. Bydell, Mr. G. V. Arthur
(Principal), L. Fortune (B) (Captain), P. Green-Thompson (A), R. Johnson (B).
Under-14 B team were winners of the league.

For all your

BOOK NEEDS

... visit us first



We carry the most comprehensive
stock of books in Natal.

Each week many new titles are added
to our vast stock.

We shall be glad to order specially
any book not in stock.



ADAMS & CO. LTD.

LEADING BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

341 West Street

Durban

AN EVENING OF ONE-ACT PLAYS

This year Bechet College put on a rather unusual dramatic programme during an evening of Three One-act Plays. The plays were chosen for their varied interest, combining as they did Chinese tradition, Commedia del Arte—simplicity and downright slapstick. The Chinese play was presented against a fixed Chinese set, and, once the audience had become accustomed to the unusualness of the presentation, the poignant tragedy had its effect. This play was appreciated more by adult audiences who could bridge the gap between East and West more easily. The heroine, Hsi Shi, played by Naseema Osman, had a winning quality of modesty and mischief which gifts singled her out from the other players.

The second play, "Mind over Matter", produced with a cast of training college students, awakened a tragic-comic reaction in the audience. The Glovemaker, played by Joseph Twynham, was in the Charlie Chaplin tradition in that his eventual success at writing poetry despite an unhappy love affair was one in which all the audience had a share.

The third play, "It Won't Be a Stylish Marriage", a Victorian comedy, rounded off an enjoyable evening. Each player was to a degree type-cast and therefore was able to add a genuine touch to the part portrayed. The cheekiness of the maid,

Bernadette Champion, the hypocritical anger of the mother, Helen Walker, and the delightful eaves-dropping Effie Bell, Colleen Rose, added a comic flavour much to the embarrassment of Albert Murgatroyd, Louis McKnight, and Daisy Bell, Lynette Dalais. The latter gave the best character-performance of the evening, winning the audience over to a hilarious but close identification with her dilemma.

The performances achieved a slickness which was due to the efficiency of Mr. Morphey and his helpers backstage, Mr. Rampono and Mr. Hall, who controlled lighting and music, Miss Hanmer and Miss Gilbert, who helped with décor, costumes and make-up. The hard work of the producers, Mr. Sauer and Miss MacRitchie, should also be honourably mentioned. The Woodwork Department made a splendid replica of a Chinese house.

These plays provided a valuable experience to the cast as well as the community. In working towards a definite production, the cast learnt clear speech, free unselfconscious movement and group co-operation. They also helped the audience to realise the important role which drama has to play in a cultured society. Thank you, Bechet, for an enjoyable evening; we look forward to your future productions.

ISBEL MacRITCHIE.



HOSTEL NEWS

The year 1964 marks another year of progress for the hostel; progress which has in large measure been due to the hostel staff, at the head of which is the senior resident master, Mr. Simpson, ably assisted in the supervisory functions of the institution, by Miss Lawler and Mr. Wynne. Administratively our matrons, Mrs. Buckley, the senior, and Mrs. Ryan, the assistant, have continued their valuable contribution to a well-conducted institution. We would like them to know we appreciate them.

Miss Lawler and Mr. Wynne are newcomers; by the time this appears in print they will have enmeshed themselves so much in hostel affairs that they will be considered an "old boy and girl". We are indeed fortunate to have them and sincerely hope their association will continue.

Honourable mention, now that she has decided to despatch herself to pastures new—we doubt if they could be greener—must be made of assistant matron Ryan. We shall miss her cheerfulness, helpfulness and efficiency. Bechet's loss is no doubt X's gain (we may or may not imply matrimony!)

And lest we forget the "least" among our "officials"—to Sybil Oakes and Phillip Woodroffe we

proffer the usual but nonetheless sincere courtesies. They have led a good team of prefects well. They have contributed their full measure.

A few words about that form of life known as "hostel life". To many this may conjure up the confines of a cloister—a sort of Shakespearean get-thee-to-a-nunnery—atmosphere. Let it be said immediately, this is far from the truth. We are permitted to amuse ourselves freely until 5.30 p.m.—a privilege granted during each of the first three terms of the academic year. Restrictions imposed by the dictates of study, are introduced during the fourth term. No cause for squawking here. Evening prep. begins at 6.30 and ends at 9—an innovation in regimen which is proving beneficial.

On Saturday evenings the Entertainment Committee justifies its existence by arranging informal "beat-sesshes", "ruk-en-pluk-en-plunder" and organizing indoor games. Occasionally we have a hostel party—an event thoroughly enjoyed.

Recently we had the pleasure of receiving a touring party from our sister English-speaking College, Hewat in Cape Town.

Due to an unfortunate breakdown of their transport, they arrived late. This we understood but

regretted because we would have liked the time thus lost to make this visit a memorable occasion. We did, of course, appreciate their coming straight to the hostel, tired, dust-begrimed and hungry after depositing their luggage. It was said that the warmth of our welcome, the lavishness of our tables quickly dispelled ennui, exhaustion and replenished the famine of the journey! Come again Hewat—we're always willing to learn—and perhaps teach!

This year in keeping with the new tradition, which has begun to manifest itself at Bechet, we broke new ground. A choir drawn entirely from hostel students, under the very able conductorship of Mr. Simpson, participated in the Annual Music Festival. The rendering of "Love's Old Sweet Song" will no doubt, *inter alia*, have its biological repercussions!

And so to picnicking. This year Karridene's coral strand and golden sands re-echoed to shouts of merriment and squeals of joy from Bechettes, old and young, fat, forty and fair.

In retrospect a good year; in "futurespect" one which we at the hostel intend to maintain at its present high standard in keeping with the promise of a new break-through into the future of sunlight and opportunity offered our young Bechettes.

SYBIL OAKES, Dip.2.

The S.C.A. at Bechet College

After much discussion early this year, it was decided to hold our S.C.A. meetings on Wednesday mornings before school instead of on Friday afternoons, as this time seemed to clash with other school activities.

Throughout the year our meetings have followed a different pattern from former years in that a theme for discussion was chosen for each month. Particularly interesting themes were "Friendships"



PREFECTS FOR 1964

Back Row (left to right): P. Payne, D. Augustus, N. Ambrose, L. Dalais, S. Oakes, A. Dunne, G. Crosson, J. Twynham, D. Bizaare.

Second Row (left to right): E. Meth, R. Rose, F. Goodwin, G. Barbeau, A. Baccus, M. Baatjies, W. Crowie, I. Hoosen, L. McKnight, R. Sammons, L. Stephens.

Third Row (left to right): H. Davids, W. Healy, G. Henneberry, L. Hughes, G. Conway, E. Whittle, W. Napier, R. Oakes, L. van Wyk.

Front Row (left to right): Mr. G. Arthur, B. Champion, B. Montgomery, J. Williams, S. Julius, G. Debba, P. Davids, D. Oakes, O. van Rooyen, Mr. J. Pollock (Vice-Principal).

On Ground (left to right): W. Africa, W. Isaacs, P. Isaacs.

and "Careers". By means of Bible studies, discussions, talks from people in the professional world, and teachers and senior students, the diverse aspects of the themes were presented. This method of approach proved very successful because thought, expression and interest throughout the school and college were stimulated.

On behalf of the S.C.A. Committee, I would like to express its sincere thanks to everyone who played a part in making the S.C.A. a success this year and in promoting its aims.

IAN SWALES, Dip.IA.

News of Old Scholars

Mr. E. Litchfield, who matriculated here at the end of last year, has been offered a scholarship to study in Israel.

Mr. D. Lawler, who matriculated here in 1957, is studying History at Toronto University.

Mr. E. Bydell has been awarded a British Council Scholarship and is studying Education Administration at Reading University.

Messrs. J. Rampono and F. Bhaijee are students at the Medical School, University of Natal.

At the end of last year **Mrs. R. Williams** and **Mrs. M. Bydell** were successful in obtaining the B.A. degree. **Mr. C. Kippen** is studying for his B.A. degree at the University of South Africa.

Messrs. T. Davis and D. Thompson have now joined the married ranks.

Miss C. Lawler and **Mrs. P. Colbourne** (Nelson) represented Natal in the Inter-Provincial Tournament at Cape Town.

Mr. K. Easthorpe was chosen in 1963 for the S.A. Coloured Rugby XV.

Mr. D. Rampono and **Miss A. Hamner** have announced their engagement.

The Scientific Society of Bechet College

Science has made remarkable progress since the dark ages when learning among men was stagnant and as a consequence, men's minds were bound by superstition and ignorance.

Indeed, one of its significant "break-throughs" has been into the extra-curricular activities of the students of Bechet College! In August of this year, a memorable occasion, among others, the Scientific Society of Bechet College was founded by Mr. Hall, the Science Master.

At its inaugural meeting the following were elected office bearers: Secretary, E. Cantin; Committee, L. McKnight, I. Hoosen, F. Lunking.

Among the aims of the Society discussed and subsequently formulated, were: (a) To stimulate an

interest in science in those branches not covered by the syllabus; (b) to encourage scientific observation of the environment, e.g., bird-watching and marine life.

With these aims in mind, members hope to explore the realms of Anthropology, Psychology, and Ornithology, on a somewhat limited scale, having due regard to available time and resources. It also proposes to conduct visits to places of scientific interest, such as the Aquarium, Snake Park, the Whaling Station and the Botanical Gardens. Scientists will also be invited to address the Society, whilst other branches of scientific knowledge will be disseminated by films, lectures by members and books recommended for reading.

At present the membership is sixty, which number is considered reasonable. Such is, however, the importance of science in the modern world that I feel many more "Bechettes" should join, or at least attend one or other of its meetings, especially those at which a guest-speaker will address members.

E. CANTIN, Secretary.

'n Opvoedkundige Uitstappie

Die studente wat wetenskap bestudeer het besluit om prakties 'n paar biologiese waarnemings te doen in verband met die ekologie op verskeie rotsstrande naby, Durban geleë.

As so'n uitstappie van opvoedkundige waarde wil strek, moet sekere vereistes nagekom word. Die strand moet veilig wees om ongelukke so ver moontlik te vermy en dan moet laagwater heers sodat rotse ontbloot word.

Daar kon seker nie 'n heerliker dag gewees het as die Vrydag toe ons die uitstappie aanvaar het nie. Om halftien het ons „Treasure"—strand bereik—'n strand by uitnemendheid geskik vir ons proefnemings. Gou-gou het almal hulle strandpakke aangetrek en dadelik aan die werk gespring. In 'n kits is emmers volgemaak. Dit het gewemel van seekatte, krewes, seekomkommers en dies meer.

Dis verbasend om so'n groot verskeidenheid seelewe binne die bestek van 'n paar vierkantjaart te vind. Wat bo die aarde te bespeur is, is wonderlik; wat onder die waters van die see verborge lê, oorskry die verbeelding.

Ons lektor, Mnr. Hall, was hoog in sy skik, en so vinnig as ons skulpvisies, inkvisies en see-wiere aangedra het, het hy geklassifiseer, verduidelik en die aandag op een of ander belangrike punt gespit.

Om halfteen het ons die jagveld verlaat, hoogs tevrede met die dag se vondse. Dit was ook toe dat die knaende honger hom toe begin openbaar het. Namate egter, die dogters toebroodjies en

Page Seventeen



For the very best in **Guaranteed**
BOYS' SCHOOLWEAR
 at low **Cash Prices!**

BOYS' MELTON BLAZERS

Navy Blue, Bottle Green, and Black English
 Melton School Blazers. Sizes 1 to 13. Small
 rise per size, from Size 1 at only

21'9

BOYS' LONG TROUSERS

Regulation Style School Trousers in Medium
 Grey and Fawn. Sizes 1 to 13.
 Only 32/6 to

27/6

NATURALLY! . . . WHERE ELSE BUT AT

THE HUB

"The Home of Quality"

**DURBAN
 COMBINED DAIRIES**

(PTY.) LTD.

for . . .

- ✱ The "CREAMLINE" Pasteurised Milk
- ✱ Stilk Sterilised Milk
- ✱ Stilk Flavoured Milk
- ✱ Fresh Cream
- ✱ Yoghourt and Cottage Cheese

WESTRIDGE **TELEPHONES 885121,2,3** **95 JAN SMUTS HIGHWAY, DURBAN**
 Branches at . . .

DURBAN NORTH
 PINETOWN
 STANGER

Telephone 834598
 " 79471
 " 259

59 UMLANGA ROCKS DRIVE
 ESCOM STREET
 ROOD STREET

OUR SERVICE HAS NO EQUAL

ander lekkernye te voorskyn gebring het, is die honger gestil.

Daarna het die meeste van ons 'n bietjie ingedui en in die koel verfrissende water rondbaljaar. Diegene wat 'n bietjie traag was om nader kennis te maak met die water, is met vriendelike geweld, skoene en al daarin gedompel.

Om halftwee moes ons vertrek koshuis toe, hoogs tevrede dat ons in 'n sekere mate daarin geslaag het om „Treasure”—strand van sy seeskatte te beroof! Die uitstappie was sowel plesierig as leersaam, en om alles te bekroon het daar glo 'n paartjie hul geluk daar gevind!

J. PITT, Dip.1A.



HOOFSAAKLIK 'N KWESSIE VAN STANDAARDE

Die datum 1 April 1964 is 'n geskiedkundige datum in die lewe van ons Natalse kleurlingbevolking, want dit verkondig o.a. die begin stadium van 'n ontwikkeling aan wat ten goede sal strek mits ons sorgvuldig optree.

Op hierdie datum het die pasgestigte staatsdepartement nl. Die Departement Kleurlingsake die Natalse kleurlingskole oorgeneem van die Natalse Onderwysdepartement. Dit was nie net bloot 'n administratiewe oorname nie; dit het natuurlik gewigtiger sake in ander opsigte meegebring, waarvan die betrokke owerheid ten volle bewus is en waarvoor hy na die uiterste van sy menslike vermoë bereid is.

Namate die besef begin indring op die denkwysse van ons kleurlingmense dat 'n gulde geleentheid deur hierdie oorname geskep word om 'n nuwe toekoms te bou, om bevordering van allerlei soort te vind langs weë voorheen ongegun, om te strewe na selfvertroue—so moet ook dan, onses insiens, die besef begin posvat—hoe eerder hoe beter—dat 'n suksesvolle grondslag vir sodanige toekoms op kerngesonde standarde van moraliteit, van etiese gedrag, van werk, toewyding en beginselvastigheid, berus.

Enige volk wat hom beywer om selfstandigheid te bereik moet hom 'n stel geestelike waardes voor oë hou; daarsonder word die volkshuis op dryfsand gebou. Dis natuurlik nie soseer 'n kwessie van in die lewe roeping van hierdie standarde nie; hulle bestaan al van die geboorte van Christus af; hulle lê vasgeanker in die tien gebooie. Dis vandag hoofsaaklik wat betref ons mense, 'n beklemtoning van hierdie standarde, 'n herontdekking van die geesteswaarde daarvan, 'n vasberadenheid om hulle ten volle uit te lewe, om hulle deurgaans te handhaaf en toe te pas.

Hoe en waar begin ons? 'n Paar voorstelle word aan die hand gedoen: lidmaatskap van 'n kerk, pligsgetrouheid aan huis, gesin, skool en jou eie

mense, opoffering van jou tyd, jou gawe en behendighede ten behoeve van jou gemeenskap; 'n leergierigheid om alle dinge te besoek en die goeie te behou, om saam te werk en te strewe met almal wat wil help.

Voortspruitend hieruit, dring die vraag miskien ook op aan sommige van ons jongmense! Wat kan ek, as individu, as jong kleurlingonderwyser doen om my volk in sy strewe aan te beur. Hoe kan ek die gesag belas met die betrokke verantwoordelijkheid, te hulp staan om sy hoofdoelwit—die opbouing die bemoediging en opvoeding van die kleurling as MENS as lid van ONS saamgesnoerde republikeinse bevolking, te bereik.

Weereens 'n antwoord. Ek moet aandring op die hoogste standarde in alles wat my gegun word om te doen. Ek moet my inspan, om my mense se traagheid en onwil om verbetering en ontwikkeling te bemeester. Ek moet aanmoedig waar ook al ek kan inval. Ek moet soebaat, moet toe—en inlig; ek moet preek, pleit en pla; ek moet berispe—boonlaas moet ek leiding besorg en ten grondslag van alles moet ek nogmaals en deurgaans aandring op 'n strenge handhawing van standarde.

Laasgenoemde, gelukkig, hang nie juis noodwendig saam met die getalsterkte van ons kleurlingbevolking, af nie; nog minder met sy ekonomiese mag. Ter stawing van hierdie bewering lewer die klein nasies van Switserland en/in 'n mate Nederland 'n sprekende bewys van hoë standarde in baie opsigte van die samelewe.

Laat ons, vandag op die drumpel van 'n nuwe toekomslewe by almal wat ons goedgesind is en wat dieselfde standarde toeëien, in die leer gaan om ook groot te wees in al die dinge waarin 'n klein volkie waarlik groot kan wees.

As jong kleurlingonderwyser, so pas die voorportaal van Bechet, verlaat met my diploma onder die arm, moet dit en sal dit my strewe wees.

ONSE JAN II.

Page Nineteen

DIS DIE EINDE VAN MY SKOOL- LOOPBAAN EN NOU?

Daar het nou 'n baie belangrike wending in my lewe plaasgevind. Sommer voordat ek dit besef het, het die einde van my skoolloopbaan aangebreek en nou moet ek vir die eerste keer onafhanklik van my dierbare ouers lewe. Ek het nou al vyftien jaar op skool deurgebring as leerling en nou moet ek die wêreld binnetree as onderwyser. Die lyk alles vir my asof ek hierdie saak droom, maar nee, dis regtig waar.

Ek het hierdie beroep gekies omdat ek van dié soort werk hou en ook om my medemens te kan help deur hul kinders op te voed. Ek onthou nog toe ek op skool was hoe dikwels my vriende my probeer ontmoedig het, om nie hierdie beroep te kies nie. Hulle het my vertel dat dit geen man se werk is nie en ook dat dit vervelige werk is. Alhoewel hulle so teen dié beroep gepraat het, is dit die vernaamste soort werk vir my.

Aan almal wat regtig voel dat hulle hierdie beroep wil aanpak, raai ek hulle aan om sonder twyfel onderwysers te word. Op die oomblik bestaan daar die klagte onder ons kleurlingmense dat daar nie veel beroepe vir hulle oop is nie daarom gaan meeste van hulle onderwysers word omdat dit 'n gewaarborgde beroep is en dat daar baie vakansietyd is. Ek sê luidkeels hier en nou dat hierdie soort mense seker die verkeerde houding teenoor hierdie beroep inneem.

Elkeen wat 'n onderwyser wil word, moet besef dat hy met kinders te doen sal hê wat besig is om hul karakters te vorm. Hoe op aarde gaan dit moontlik wees dat hierdie kinders goeie karakters sal vorm as hul onderwysers nie eens die geringste belang in hulle stel nie? Kinders is soos klei en 'n onderwyser kan hierdie menslike klei vorm soos hy wil.

Belangrike vereistes van 'n goeie onderwyser is: persoonlikheid, 'n belangstellende houding teenoor mense, 'n begrip van mense en 'n vriendelike houding jeens mense. As hy hierdie karaktertrekke het, dan sal hy hierdie menslike kleistukke vorm, hulle goed kan vorm sodat hulle deeglike karakters kan ontwikkel en waardige burgers word.

Maar 'n onderwyser se werk is nie so maklik soos dit hier lyk nie. Hy ontmoet elke jaar allerhande soort karakters op skool en dit vereis 'n lang tydperk om goeie karakters in sy kinders op te bou. Soms kry hy dit nie reg nie want dit is baie vermoeiende werk en hy moet aanhou want dis sy plig om dit te doen. Een van die beste metodes om hierdie plig na te kom is om 'n kindervriend te wees sodat hulle graag skool toe wil kom en geïnteresseerd in die werk en gretig sal wees om die versoeke van hul onderwyser ten uitvoer te bring want hulle hou van hom.

Boonop is die onderwyser op 'n manier, 'n geneesheer en 'n predikant vir die kinders. 'n Onderwyser kan aanvanklik 'n siekte bespeur en dit

behandel voordat dit ernstig word en hy leer elke dag die kinders godsdiens en moedig hulle aan om elke Sondag kerk toe te gaan. 'n Onderwyser leer gou sy kinders se maniere ken, dus is hy die persoon wat die kinders kan raadpleeg want hy lewe elke dag saam met sy kinders.

Ek dink dat 'n onderwyser sy vakansies baie nodig het want soos ek al gesê het, kan sy werk baie vermoeiend wees veral op geestelike gebied. Ek erken dat die betaling nie van die beste is nie maar ek bly steeds by die sienswyse dat die onderwysberoep een van die vernaamste beroepe is omdat jy allerhande soorte mense in jou werk ontmoet, en ook omdat 'n onderwyser 'n baie belangrike rol in die vorming van karakter speel. So, 'n onderwyser is dus 'n belangrike werktuig in die voorspoed van die gemeenskap.

Ek het hierdie beroep gekies dus neem ek al die verantwoordelikhede van 'n onderwyser graag op my. Ek hoop net dat ek en my medeonderwysers hierdie groot plig sal kan nakom tot besluit van al ons mense.

PHILLIP GABRIEL WALKER, Dip.2.

Ruimtevaart

Ja, 'n kenmerk van die mens is sy onkeerbare ontdekkingsdrang. Reeds in die vroegste tye het avonturiers na vreemde en geheimsinnige plekke getrek om hulle nuuskierigheid te bevredig. Vandag het ons 'n redelike goeie kennis van die oppervlakte van die aarde en selfs in sekere mate het ons kennis van die dieptes van die see. Die groot ruimte van ons heelal is egter grootendeels nog 'n onopgeloste geheim vir die mens.

Sedert die Tweede Wêreldoorlog toe die Duitsers die vuurpyl as 'n krygswapen ontwikkel het, is daar 'n moontlikheid geskep om die ruimte binne te dring. 'n Soort ruimtewedren het tussen die Russe en die Amerikaners ontstaan. Die Russe was die eerste om 'n kunsmatige satelliet, met behulp van 'n drieledige vuurpyl in 'n wentelbaan om die aarde te skiet. Kort daarna het die Amerikaners hul voorbeeld gevolg en later is diere en oor die laaste vier jaar, selfs mense in die ruimte ingeskiet en weer veilig aarde toe teruggebring.

Ons kan egter nie daarop aanspraak maak dat die mens werklike ruimtereise onderneem het nie. Die proewe wat onderneem is, was van betreklik korte duur. Daar sal nog baie probleme opgelos moet word voordat ons die ruimte kan oorwin.

Om die yslike afstande na die planeete en om die weerstand van die atmosfeer en swaartekrag van die aarde te oorkom, sal ons 'n veel sterker aandrywingskrag moet uitvind. Die Russe en die

Amerikaners werk nog hard aan hierdie saak en miskien vind hulle nog die antwoord.

Moontlik kan kernkrag die antwoord wees. Die stigting van ruimtestasies sal ook van groot belang moet wees, want ruimteskepe sal daar kan aandoen om brandstof en ander voorrade in te neem.

Die verskaffing van voedsel is maklik opgelos want ruimtereisigers sal tablette kan gebruik—'n moderne uitvindsel. Water sal 'n moeilike vraagstuk wees veral as 'n mens in aanmerking neem dat die menslike liggaam minstens vier tot ses pinte water per dag nodig het. 'n Reis na die maan sal 'n paar maande duur en 'n reis na die planeete van ons sonstelsel nog langer. Vir so 'n reis sal 'n groot volume water nodig wees.

By die terugkeer aarde toe, sal vuurpylremme gebruik moet word, om te verhoed dat die ruimte-skip deur die vrywing van die atmosfeer verbrand.

Ander gevare waaraan die ruimte-reisiger blootgestel sal wees is kosmiese strale en meteorstene. Hulle hou groot gevaar in vir die ruimte-reisiger.

As ons werklik eendag daarin slaag om 'n ruimte-reis te onderneem is dit twyfelagtig of ons ooit na 'n ander sonstelsel sal kan gaan. Die afstande in die ruimte is so ontsaglik groot dat ons nie van myle, maar van ligjare praat. Selfs as ons teen die spoed van lig kon beweeg, is dit ondenkbaar dat ons ooit die perke van ons sonstelsel sal verlaat. Maar wie weet?

Ja, ons staan vandag op die drumpel van ruimtevaart; miskien is die ou Griek wat al 'n erf op die maan bespreek het vir sy teekamer, glad nie so dom soos hy lyk nie, nê?

ERROL BURGESS, 1A.

Vlermuis in jou hare

Is jy bang dat 'n vlermuis in jou hare sal gaan slaap? Wel, die deskundiges sê dat jy nie hoef bang te wees nie. Die vrees vir vlermuis is onverdedigbaar want hulle sal jou nie kwaad doen nie omdat hulle die beste toegerus is om struikelblokke te vermy.

Vlermuis het 'n weerklank—ontvangstelsel soos dié op skepe en duikbote. Die skepe stuur klankseine na die seebedding toe en as hulle terugkom, kan hulle die afstand en die rigting van die bedding vasstel. Dit is dieselfde metode wat 'n vlermuis gebruik maar sy stelsel loop altyd reg!

Die klanksein wat 'n vlermuis uitstuur is 'n gil wat so fyn is dat 'n mens se oor dit nie kan hoor nie. Die vlermuis luister na die weerklank wat terugkom van die voorwerp voor hom en dan kan hy daardie ding se posisie noukeurig vasstel. So noukeurig dat hy nie daarteen bots nie! Die vlermuis stuur ongeveer dertig gille per sekonde uit.

Hy gebruik hierdie gille ook om kos te vang. As 'n insek voor hom vlieg dan kan hy, met hier-

die toerusting, dit ontdek in die nag. Dan stuur hy tweehonderd gille per sekonde uit om die insek se posisie baie noukeurig vas te stel. Dan vang en vreet hy dit op.

'n Vlermuis gebruik hierdie toestel om botsings te vermy, dus hoef 'n mens nie bang te wees nie. Die vlermuis sal nie in jou hare vlieg nie. Dus kan jy jou hare selfs so lank soos 'n „Rolling Stone” dra en nie vir vlermuis bang wees nie!

E. E. BONHOMME, Dip. 1A.

Shakespeare Quatercentenary Celebrations

Bechet did not neglect the opportunity presented by the world-wide Shakespeare Quatercentenary Celebrations. We duly entered a candidate, L. McKnight, in the competition sponsored by the Argus Group of Newspapers to send a student to Stratford-on-Avon, and we profited by many excellent articles on Shakespeare in newspapers and magazines.

Within our own walls, the Diploma Students did researches into the life and times of Shakespeare, and made for us an interesting display of charts illustrating the Shakespearean Theatre, and the various aspects of Shakespeare's genius.

The chief advantage of the celebrations, however, lay in the opportunity it afforded many of the scholars to see plays well-staged, well-costumed and beautifully acted. For this we have to thank the Department of Speech and Drama of the Natal University, whose performances we attended. Many members of the school saw "A Man for All Seasons," "Hamlet" and "As You Like It." Experience is worth a ton of explanation, and the first of these plays, though not by Shakespeare, was presented in the Shakespearean manner in costume just a little earlier than that of Shakespeare's day.

We were very pleased to be able to extend our thanks in person to at least some of the actors concerned when they came to Bechet to present "Shakespearean Panorama", which provided an excellent introduction to the background, manners, habits, superstitions and popular music of the Elizabethan age.

So often Shakespeare means to the school child little more than writing about incomprehensible people in incomprehensible language. Most amateur productions are doomed to fall woefully short in the attempt to rectify this sad state of affairs. This group of actors have put Shakespeare, for many students, into a very different category. Long may they flourish, we all say.

Matriculation Tourists on the loose

The third-term lethargy which so easily besets any class was lifted this year when our Geography teacher, Mrs. Coyne, arranged for an excursion to the Durban Bay. This very welcome and interesting excursion included a visit to the Citrus Export Sorting Rooms, the Refrigeration Chambers, the immediate waterfront, a trip round the Bay, a visit to the site of the Sugar Terminal and finally a browse round the Graving Dock. One can therefore imagine our excitement as we journeyed by a specially chartered bus which transported us to and around the bayside.

The excited group of students, headed by Mrs. Coyne and Miss Gilbert, our energetic young Art teacher, alighted at the new Ocean Terminal and hurried upstairs to view the surroundings. The view from the upper balcony was indeed wonderful as it covered the various scenes of activity and hustle in and about the bay. An old Japanese fishing boat looking more like an antiquated ornamental piece soon became the centre of interest. Our rude comments about its appearance were soon crushed when Mrs. Coyne informed us that the vessel carried all the latest fishing and echo-sounding devices and that it was responsible for large catches of tunny round our coasts.

We were joined by Mr. Moran, a harbour official, who kindly agreed to conduct us on a tour of the Ocean Terminal. The building itself is a piece of architectural beauty and design. Its spacious interior proved almost a playground for the likes of us. It was interesting to note that the little shops within the Terminal are gradually being occupied and colourfully decorated by their respective owners. There is a post office, a branch of Barclays Bank, a refreshment counter, a dress shop and a curio shop.

Leaving the upper section of the building, we descended into the Citrus Sorting Rooms on the ground floor. Here we were given first-hand information about the handling of citrus fruit. We observed the strict inspection of all citrus fruit received for export, the packing of the fruit and its transportation to and from the huge refrigeration chambers. Some of the students even helped in the sorting of the oranges and were duly rewarded with two or three juicy oranges. The loading of the crates is done automatically and it was interesting to watch the cranes lift and swing the crates into the holds of the berthed "Cape Town Castle".

We left the Ocean Terminal and journeyed by bus to the jetty on the Esplanade. This proved the most popular and exciting part of our tour. Prospective matric sailors and deckhands headed by "Captain Mrs. Coyne" and "First Mate Miss Gilbert", joyfully boarded our cruiser which then set off on its voyage. We encountered no typhoons

or cyclones and by the time we reached the equator we were slightly disappointed that we had not sampled the migrating North Westerlies or even seen a flooded coastline!! So much for our matric geography syllabus! However, it was good to observe the line of berthed vessels many of which were being cleaned and painted and to return friendly waves from the sailors. The crew of the Japanese fishing boat waved enthusiastically as we sped past. Aboard our own ship there was fun and laughter. Cameras clicked and smiles broadened. We noticed the whaling slipway and the huge coal-loading devices. We were even lucky enough to see the film unit for the set of "The Coast of Skeletons", a film currently being filmed in Durban, and some of the stars waved to us.

On the completion of our one-hour bay trip we again boarded our bus and then journeyed along the Esplanade to the site of the Sugar Terminal. This enormous edifice is really interesting. It covers an immense piece of ground and it is slowly nearing completion. The construction site buzzes with bustle and activity and the almost-completed tubular and suction loading devices are excellent pieces of engineering.

Once again we were on the move—this time to the Graving Dock where a large ship was undergoing repairs. We browsed round taking note of details. We had hoped to observe the working of the lock gates but the ship was not ready to float.

Our final journey took us back to school—hot, tired and hungry. Everyone seemed surprised that we had all returned safe and sound—were there rumours that some had dropped overboard?

I vote Geography, especially the excursion side, the best subject in our syllabus.

LOUIS McKNIGHT, XA.

Father interviews me on the arrival of my half- yearly report

The sun shone brightly and the birds twittered gaily in the boughs and I felt gay and carefree as I skipped down the road to school for, at long last, breaking-up day had arrived!

As we stood in Assembly listening to our headmaster's lengthy lecture on how we should take some of our books home over the holidays and do some revision in our weak subjects, I tried to look as attentive as possible, but I knew that I would not even think of school during the holidays.

As I was running home after school, I met my brother's friend who, on seeing me so eager to reach home, reminded me that our school reports usually arrived on the first Monday of our holidays.

My heart stood stock still and I went absolutely cold, for I knew that during certain lessons, in-

stead of attending, we had poked fun at the teachers.

I was thankful that the reports arrived on Monday for, if they arrived sooner my father would certainly forbid my stirring out of the house for the week-end.

Over the week-end I thought of plans for the destruction of my report. I thought of burning it and saying that they did not issue reports at high schools, but no, my mother always received reports for my brothers and cousin. I then decided just to pick mine out of the bundle and hide it until I could destroy it, so my parents would think it had been mislaid in the mail.

Monday morning dawned. I crept out of bed, washed and changed. I felt like kicking my brothers who were clever and usually received good reports, especially Brian, who is my enemy.

For the whole day I was on tenterhooks. I tried to put my mother into a good mood, though I knew she was not to be feared. My father was the one! I shone floors, dusted furniture and actually swept our pathway—a task I loathed.

At ten a.m. the postman dropped several brown, official-looking envelopes into our postbox. I made a dive for them, but, of course, my brother was there before me. Now I was in a fine pickle! At five o'clock, the dreaded hour, I bathed and willingly agreed to go on an errand. I took my time about it and stopped to talk to my friends on the road, hoping to delay the inevitable interview.

On reaching home I heard my father's booming voice. "Oh crumbs," thought I, as my heart leapt into my mouth and I wished myself a hundred miles away. I went cautiously into the lounge where my father was sitting in Granny's rocking chair. I greeted him with a quavering voice.

"Good evening, my girl," he said, "though it will not be so good in a minute."

"Yes, dad," I said, my knees virtually knocking together.

"Have you read your report, young woman?" enquired father.

"No, daddy."

"Would you like me to read it to you?" growled father.

"Yes—er—no—mmm yes—no daddy," I faltered.

"Make up your mind girl," shouted father angrily. "Do you know your marks for arithmetic?"

"No, dad."

"Six, young woman, six, six out of a hundred. Are you not proud of yourself?" enquired father sarcastically.

"No—er—yes dad, not exactly dad."

"This is disgusting! Are you aware, girl, that in my day I usually got no lower than seventy per cent for that subject?"

"No daddy."

"Yes daddy, no daddy. Is that all you can say, you ass?" stormed father.

"Yes—that is—er—not exactly daddy," I added hastily.

Father was now speechless with rage and luckily for me his cane was out of reach, or I should have surely caught it that time.

I felt so humiliated that I just stood there twiddling my toes nervously and chewing my gum intently. Then father spoke up again.

"Throw that infernal gum away immediately, girl, before I send for my cane."

"Yes—yes dad, immediately dad," I said hurriedly.

When I returned, I thought perhaps he would dismiss me, but I was wrong, he carried straight on.

"I am utterly appalled at the apathy adopted by the younger generation towards their school work. Gadding off to bioscope each week, sitting by the radio with some cheap comic. Indeed! If I had my way—

"Now, now, John, don't excite yourself," intervened mother gently.

"There is to be no bioscope or outings for you, my girl," continued father with renewed vigour.

"But dad—"

"No buts, girl," expostulated father. "Look here, young woman, I've just about had enough of you and your nonsense, ever eager to go out. By George, if I had my cane with me here now, I'd give you the thrashing of your young life. Now get moving girl, get moving out of my sight, you, you . . ." Father groped for words while I fled, thankfully.

That is how I now find myself sitting here doing intricate bankrupt sums under dad's stern, repressive gaze. Actually I had expected something worse, but this, in itself, is bad enough. "Oh blow Arithmetic! I wonder who ever thought up such a vile subject?"

LORRAINE FYNN, 7C.

World News – A Mining Accident

Margaret caught her breath; her heart jumped. The radio announcer continued there had been an explosion and a number of miners had been trapped by a resulting rockfall. Parties of men were frantically hewing their way through the rock in an attempt to reach their companions before it was too late.

An accident! Was John one of the unfortunate men? Was her husband lying there in the darkness, the air becoming more and more oppressive as the life-preserving oxygen was slowly being used up? Was he behind that silent wall of rock, helpless, listening, every sense alert, straining to detect the thud of a pick, the clang of a shovel or some sign that help was at hand?

Or—she covered her face with her hands at the thought, was he—had he been killed in the explosion or by the falling rocks? She had to find out. She just had to!

Her hands trembled as she picked up the telephone-receiver and dialled the number. But her efforts were in vain. No sound came from the mining office and from the exchange she learnt that the telephones of the area were temporarily out of order.

Margaret shuddered. To her that silence was dreadfully symbolic. It spelt disaster and tragedy while from its stand the telephone glared at her, hostile, cold and silent, and, save for its white eyes, a dreadful, symbolic black.

The afternoon wore on. In the country home from which John travelled to work every day, Margaret had no way of communicating with the mine. She had to wait, helpless. Anxiety had left its mark on her. Her face was pale and drawn, and she saw her hands shake when she used them. Yet, she could not know for sure that her husband was involved in the accident, and she kept a firm hold upon herself and waited, hoping, and yet, fearing.

It was the uncertainty that was so unbearable. If only she could hear something definite. Her whole being shrieked out one word: "News!" News of what was happening at the mine.

The time when John should be returning home approached and passed. Margaret feared for the worst now, although there was still the possibility that he might be working in a rescue party. News, News! Why was there no news?

She thought of their happiness together. Was this all to pass away? Her mind went back to her wedding day, that day they had entered the Gates of Bliss. "Till death do us part," John had laughed then. How ridiculous death had seemed then! But was John dead now? Oh! to know how matters stood. News! News!

At last it came on the radio news bulletin. The rescue party had broken through in time to save those trapped, but some had died in the rockfall. The following were killed in the accident: William Brewer, Harold Hawke, John Palmer.

Dead! Was John really dead? News indeed, but the very worst. A sense of incredible loneliness so overpowering that her brain ceased to function overcame her, and she stood dumbly, too astounded even for tears and very conscious of her own weakness.

The words of the announcer impressed themselves upon her mind: "I beg your pardon, I shall read that again. The following were killed in the accident, William Brewer, Harold Hawke, John Palmer and Thomas Copley were admitted to hospital for treatment and were discharged soon after."

Slowly the meaning filtered into her mind, and, as the light of dawn moving across the earth banishes shades of darkness, so Margaret's lonely apprehensions were dispelled. Almost simultaneously the phone sprang into life and trilled a joyful summons. It was John, telephoning to explain his late-arrival. How like John, sighed Margaret.

DAVID NOËL, VIII 3.

Page Twenty-four

The Age of African Nationalism

To-day, the tendency of almost all the African states under domination is to strive, by fair means and foul, to rid themselves of this domination. This age in Africa can be compared with Europe in the last century, when the smaller states which were subservient to the more powerful countries, tried to gain their independence. The force that spurred them on was national pride. Now, one hundred years later, it is this same force that is driving the African states to gain their independence.

Africa could formerly have been called a collection of colonies, for practically the whole of the continent was divided into colonies owned by one country or another. With the civilising influence of these colonisers, the African became more educated and the feeling of belonging to a united country, ruled by his own race was fostered. Potential leaders came to light. These were educated at recognised foreign universities and in them the spirit of true nationalism was born. There was probably always some dissent and dissatisfaction among the African people at having to be ruled by a foreign people who exploited their land yet did comparatively little for the original inhabitants. Most of the educated Africans returned to their countries after studying and did their jobs peacefully, but others, who were more radical, envisaged a country belonging to the African people and governed by them. Besides gaining knowledge in the countries where they studied, they had learnt the ideal of nationalism and wished to apply it in their own countries. Recently most of their ambitions have been fulfilled, for almost all of Africa is now independent. This, however, has not been achieved only by the efforts of the Africans, as they have had help from fellow nationalists in the mother country who wished to see the African attain his own national self-expression. Not all the African colonies have received their independence but there is agitation for their independence. Now that such independence has been achieved, it remains to be seen whether it will be a success or not.

In theory, independence and nationalism are good things. Being independent immediately enhances the reputation of a country. The fact that they are working for their own country and not in a country owned by a foreign power, should encourage the people to do their best. They will take pride in their own country and work for its development and preservation. No doubt in Africa there are people who think and act this way, but there are also people who think that independence should not be granted to the Africans.

These people feel that the inhabitants have not had enough experience in government and are still immature. There may be good leaders among them who think first of their countries, but there are

BECHET MAGAZINE

undoubtedly, as in any society, those who are interested only in themselves at the expense of their fellow-men. Already in Africa there is a tendency among the leaders to glorify themselves to the detriment of their country and people. They are extravagant in their ways, particularly in countries with unstable economies. There are ways, however, of bolstering tottering treasuries. The newly-independent African states, being the unknown factor in world politics, use this fact to advantage in the cold war between the East and West. Both the Eastern and Western bloc countries are vying for the support of the African countries and so often give them huge financial grants and technical aid.

The coming of independence does not seem to have helped the lot of the average citizen much, perhaps not at all. It does not seem to have helped the countries economically either, for many are worse off financially now than before independence. Consequently many of these states depend on this foreign aid and grants.

Further evidence of the glorification of the African leaders is the attempt by several of them to establish a totalitarian state with themselves as dictator. There seems to be little that can be done to prevent this from happening. Internal opposition is easily contended with, and external objection will have no effect. The only person who can do something about it would not, since it is he who will be the dictator at his own desire.

Whether independence should have been given to the African states, only time can tell. There are some leaders who have abused their power but others have done their best for their countries. In any event, an irrevocable step has been taken and the best must be made of it.

FRANKLIN LUNKING, X (A).

The Life Story of Hazel, the Hockey Stick

I am Hazel the hockey stick, and at this moment I am lying in a dark cupboard, almost forgotten by my owner, who once prized me and called me her lucky stick. Now I am dented, old and splintered.

My once fair, green and white gleaming appearance has now changed to a muddy brown, dull colour, my smooth rubber-capped handle has worn thin and my maker's name, of which I was so proud, has disappeared.

As this is an autobiography, I shall begin at the beginning. I was "born" one frosty Friday morning in early November, when the huge family tree of which I was a member, was felled in a Canadian

forest. I remember the icy feeling of the dark river pouring over us as we were rolled headlong into the water and soon found ourselves hurtling downstream in the company of other logs. We were taken to a great factory where each of us began to acquire a different shape and personality. To my delight I found myself shaped into a beautiful slender stick which gently curved at the bottom. Although it hurt a little to be planed, I was delighted with the result, for I discovered that I had a beautifully smooth front surface which could stop any ball, and a lovely arched-back surface which, of course, added to my appearance.

Accompanied by friends similar to myself, I was taken to "Sam's Sport Shop" in the centre of Durban, where I was placed in a window, from which vantage point I busied myself watching the people go by.

One day, to my surprise, I was taken out of the window, wrapped up very carefully and delivered to a smart little house in one of the suburbs of Durban.

My mistress's name was Tracy, and she named me Hazel. She was a very keen hockey player. My first encounter with a hockey ball was not a pleasant one for hockey balls can be obstinate and unimaginative objects with no sense of humour. I soon learnt, however, that if you treat them in the same way in which they treat you, then they really are quite friendly and you both can enjoy the game.

Tracy began playing hockey at school and soon after she was playing for her country. She became a very famous hockey player, and I was fortunate to travel all over the world with her. She has played with me in many famous matches, and I have bullied with many fellow-sticks from all parts of the world. The greatest moment of my life was when our South African sticks played against England. We beat them by one goal, and I shall never forget the last two minutes of play, when my mistress and I hit that ball between the goal posts. All Tracy's fans cheered her loudly.

She waved me in the air, and later I felt myself being hoisted above the heads of all the players, as we were carried shoulder high off the field.

As years went by, age began to tell and I became grubby. When my time was up, my mistress put me away and bought a new stick; but, before she did, she told me that she would always remember me and the luck I had given her.

Now I am just an old hockey stick lying in a dark corner. Sometimes the children take me out and play gently with me. They call me "Old Knocker", and, when I feel their hands tighten around me, I try hard to make sure they hit the ball. As people say, all good things must come to an end, but I hope that one day some kind soul will mend me, perhaps to serve Tracey's daughter—Hazel.

D. C. BARNWELL, VIII 3.

Page Twenty-five

Thoughts in a Dentist's chair

Man's thoughts are most acute during the last few moments of life, when death approaches. Even the smallest points are as clear as daylight as the whole picture of his life flashes before him in these dying moments. Pain vanishes and all that is left is the mental struggle to stay alive, combined with the realisation that the end has come. Unfortunately for us, men only have one chance of experiencing the approach of death, and they do not live to tell of it. Man does, however, often have a similar experience during his life-time — sitting in the dentist's chair.

This experience, to many of us, is as bad as death. We have the same mental agony—we realise that it is unavoidable, but we still do not want it done. As in death, pain is not the cause of worry in the dentist's chair—it is fear. This fear induces the same acute state of mind as experienced during death.

Men are driven to the dentist's chair, not by the desire to have their teeth pulled out, but rather by the pain caused by these decayed teeth. The visit to the dentist comes only when this pain overcomes the fear of the dentist. This equation is, however, reversible. When the visit to the dentist is made, the fear of the dentist nearly always seems to overcome the pain.

A dentist's chair is extremely uncomfortable. Sitting in this chair, one feels out of one's element—too high up to be comfortable, and placed in such a position so as not to be able to fight back—an extremely necessary position as far as the dentists are concerned, but still disconcerting.

The dentist is never around to witness your discomfort. He always seems to leave you alone to get used to your surroundings—and rather uncanny surroundings at that. Arms and levers seem to protrude from everywhere—you had better keep an eye on them, one of them might suddenly seize you and hold you back in your seat while another yanks out the decayed tooth. You try to expel these crazy ideas from your mind—it's going to be perfectly painless—the sign outside says so. You begin to wonder what is kept in all the small drawers all around you. Some may look as if they could contain needles—but injection needles are never as large as that—at least you hope that they are not.

As your thoughts begin to grow weirder, the dentist walks into the room. You wonder why he is so happy. He walks around as uninterested as ever, arranges the swivel chair in a suitable position, then kicks a few pedals, and before you know where you are, you are suspended in a higher, more unnatural position than ever. You look about you for the straps with which to tie you down, and only then do you realise that these are unnecessary

—you could hardly get out of a chair in that position if you tried.

The cool, calm and collected dentist asks you to open your mouth, then pushes an instrument into it. You are suspicious at first, but then you realise that he is only looking. He asks you whether this is the tooth that is troubling you, and although you want to say that it is feeling much better and that you do not think that extraction will be necessary, you manage to force out a feeble "yeah"—stifled by the pressure of his metal-mirror in your mouth.

He then turns his back and you wonder what he is going to do next. After much shuffling, he returns with a large syringe and with a needle too long to fit into the box which you thought too big for injection needles. He calmly asks you to open your mouth for a minute, and you not as calmly try to think of something to say to change the subject. You never know, he may even forget to extract the tooth.

You ask whether he is going to pull it out, and, still waiting with the needle in his hand, he says that he is. You wonder what to say next. You decide to ask him about getting false teeth, but before you can open your mouth to talk, he begins his white lies about how painless it will be. Before you realise your mistake, you do the worst thing possible. You open your mouth. You decide that for reasons of safety, you will have to close your mouth again, but suddenly realise that you cannot. At least not with his fingers prizing your jaw open.

You feel a prick, the needle sinking into the flesh above your jawbone. You try to scream, but find it impossible with the syringe almost halfway down your throat. After what seems to be years, the needle is extracted, and you close your jaw which now feels as if it does not belong to you.

All the pain has gone, but this new sensation seems worse than pain. Your jaw feels swollen and you cannot find space in your mouth to put your tongue—well, at least you think that it is your tongue—it does not feel like one.

After a while your torturer returns with, what you think, looks like a mechanic's tool. Your mouth is opened again, and you hear rather than feel his seizing a tooth with one of the forceps. You hope to heaven that it is the right one, because you do not want to go through all this again.

With your head cradled in a wrestling grip, the so-called painless extractor braces his foot against the side of the chair and starts to pull, push, shake and yank your tooth. You can hear the crunch of bone-tissue as the tooth breaks free of the gum. You hope that he knows what he is doing, not for his sake but for your jaw's sake.

Eventually the tooth is out, and he steps back panting as if he has just stepped out of a boxing ring. He holds up the small tooth for you to see, and you suddenly realise that he is smiling, whereas you look as if you have the whole world on your shoulders.

He tells you to spit, and you do, but more like a man who has spent a week in the desert without

water, than a normal human being. You wonder where all the blood going down the basin is going to. You wash your mouth with some terrible-tasting liquid—at least you think that it must taste horribly as you can still taste it, although your taste-buds are largely out of operation.

After plugging up your gums with wads of cotton wool, which look like cigarette-filters but taste worse, which you hope you do not swallow, he tells you that you may go—after paying the astronomical “normal” fee of about one rand seventy-five.

You clutch the little tooth which has caused all the trouble, and proudly bearing this prize, you walk out of the dentist’s surgery, and say to the first person who enquires after your health.

“I wasn’t even scared!” you say. Only you, of course, know the truth.

Our Grecian Heritage

Much of what we understand by Western Civilization we owe to the Greeks, who through their philosophers, poets, architects and sculptors laid this foundation, on which we to-day found much of what is worthy in our art, literature, education and politics.

Let us mention a few of these great Greeks, lest their names disappear under the dust of “beatle-ism, uhuru and rock”. Phidias, the sculptor, Apelles, the painter who wrought so magnificently that birds and animals mistook his works—such was his realism, the architect Ictinus, who designed the Parthenon dedicated to the goddess Athene, Aristotle and Plato, the philosophers — all these are great in the true sense of the word. Of them it may be truly said “their name liveth for evermore”.

Let us, however imperfectly, reiterate some of the facets of their greatness. The Parthenon, built of marble hand-hewn, **not** hydrolically, electrically, high-tensile tungsten-steel—sawn on a basis of time plus time for overtime—(the Greeks had a sense of abiding fundamental values) and Doric pillars, remains a masterpiece, a monument to Man’s innate urge to create and embody beauty of form, of colour and line. Then to ornament and crown this magnificence, Phidias sculpted the 40 ft. high statue of Pallas Athene—divine handwork.

Paintings have always fascinated the eye and when the Athenian Apollodorus introduced perspective, by drawing figures in the background smaller than those in the foreground, this appeal was enhanced.

In the field of drama, too, the Greeks proved their artistic versatility. Tragedies and light-hearted comedies were presented originally in honour of some god or goddess in appreciation and gratitude (the Greeks gave good value for money—back-scratching did not form part of the philosophy).

BECHET MAGAZINE

Our democratic heritage owes its origin largely to Pericles, the great orator and leader. Through him theatres were built so that people could be assembled to listen and meditate. (The TV-show featured Pericles and Demosthenes and Aeschylus in person—the acoustics were superb and still are.) Aeschylus, known as the “father of tragedy”, introduced reforms. Aristophanes wrote comedies—they “rocked” god and politician alike—and thus founded dramatic satire.

The Greeks believed in a healthy mind and healthy body. Hence their famed games from which has sprung the modern Olympics. They believed in education, in enlightenment, in uplift. They set the highest possible standards in everything their minds and hands touched. To teach, they produced Socrates, who stood on street corners buttonholing the Athenian youth to improve their minds, to sharpen their intellect, to learn and to reason; to philosophise they had Aristotle and his protégé Plato.

This, then, is the foundation of our Western civilization, its culture and beauty. To us an emerging people into the sunlight of the future, there surely can be no finer model to emulate. Let us embrace what is true and noble—it is there for the taking.

V. DICKENS, VII 3.

Examination Results

1963

NATAL SENIOR CERTIFICATE

Pass with merit: Frederick Ghajjee, Elwin Nelson Goodwin, Jonathan George Rampono.

Pass: H. D. Adams, N. M. Ambrose, A. P. Baccus, E. A. Bonhomme, E. P. Burgess, B. M. Champion, M. E. Charles, B. H. Clarivette, L. D. Dalais, G. M. Debba, G. P. Dutlow, M. J. Goad, A. J. Greeves, I. R. Justien, C. L. Le Fleur, E. Litchfield, P. E. J. Manuel, E. Meth, T. M. G. Neitski, D. J. Rampono, R. E. Rose, D. E. Schultz, I. W. E. Swales, A. E. Tarin, D. L. Thurston, A. M. Timm, A. L. Van Wyk, M. C. Von Schaeffer, J. F. Williams, D. Young.

NATAL JUNIOR CERTIFICATE

Pass with merit: A. Christoffels, E. Lebrasse, P. Lunking, D. Twynham, Y. Victoire, D. Twynham, Y. Victoire.

Pass: N. Abrahams, J. Anderson, J. Apelgren, L. Archery, G. Arendse, H. Baccus, D. Bayliss, M. Blair, E. Bloy, D. Breda, R. Chapson, L. Conway, J. Cooper, J. Davids, H. Dove, R. Dunn, R. du Plooy, K. Ellis, N. Ephraim, Z. Fataar, G. Figg, I. Flashman, D. Frere, C. George, F. Gielink, B. Green, C. Griffiths, F. Hanslo, A. Hartze, S. Harvey, J. Hector, A. Henneberry, V. Henriques, B. Herman, M. Hoff, J. Houghton, S. Houghton, D. Houston, R. Jacobs, F. Jaffar, M. Johnson R. Johnson, E. Linder, E. Lortan, N. Louw, A. Lun-

Page Twenty-seven

dall, D. Maddocks, M. Martin, S. May, M. Noël, N. Osman, A. Porter, E. Rorke, V. Ryland, N. Short, D. Sissing, J. Stevens, G. Strydom, L. Sul-laphen, H. Williams.

NATAL TEACHERS' DIPLOMA

Miss F. Crick, Miss A. Fernandez, Miss R. Green-Thompson, Mr. F. Jacobs, Mr. A. Jaffar, Mr. J. Joubert, Mr. B. Kinsey, Miss I. Pieri, Mr. M. Powys, Mr. D. Richards, Mr. A. Smith, Miss C. Smith, Mr. M. Strydom, Miss V. Wagner, Mr. A. Wynne.

Provisional Pass: Mr. A. Louis.

BECHET COLLEGE HOSTEL AMENITIES FUND

STATEMENT OF REVENUE & EXPENDITURE up to and including 30th September, 1964

	Dr.	Cr.
Cash at Bank, 1.1.1964		R69.59
Hostel Amenities paid in		65.00
Key deposits		11.50
Rep: Tennis Racquets	R2.55	
Pyagra	4.00	
Activity Fund Boarders,		
47 at 20 cents, 1st Term	9.40	
Bank commission	.03	
Bank Ledger Fee	2.60	
Wireless Licence	5.50	
Sports equipment	13.00	
Radio repair	8.50	
Picnic: Bus hire	16.00	
" Sweets	3.00	
" Minerals	2.40	
Activity Fund Boarders,		
46 at 20 cents, 2nd Term	9.20	
Music Festival, Rehearsal, bus hire	2.30	
Music Festival, bus hire	4.60	
Party Hewat College	20.00	
(refreshments, etc.)		
Bechet Activity Fund,		
Boarders, 3rd Term	9.20	
Repair Record Player	5.20	
Cash at Bank	28.61	
	R146.09	R146.09

AMENITIES FUND

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT AT BARCLAYS BANK

Balance as at 1.1.64	R154.73
2.3.64 Interest	1.92
	R156.65

Note—There has still to be paid out:
Activity Fund Contributions for
two terms, Hostel End-of-year Party,
Bank Charges, etc.

Page Twenty-eight

BECHET COLLEGE

STATEMENT OF EXPENDITURE & REVENUE

at 30th September, 1964

	Exp.	Rev.
Activity Fees	R1.00	R409.45
Activity Fund Boarders		27.80
Bus Excursion (Mrs. Coyne)	6.00	
Book Sales:		
Homework Notebooks		6.22½
J.C.	393.61	437.76
S.C.	216.21	239.21
Biscuits	6.00	
Bank Charges	37.08	32.38
Bursary M. Baatjies (Trust)	42.45	55.00
Cake Sales		37.66
Dramatic Society (3 Plays)	62.87	203.96
Gym Display	47.76	23.45
Films: Rep. broken film	13.44	
Entertainments:		
"A man for all Seasons"	3.00	6.75
C.A.D. officials	6.00	5.62
Stock		38
"As You Like It"	21.61	22.80
The Holden Show	15.05	30.10
General Expenses	75.38	
Magazine, 1963	291.09	177.00
Prize Account	16.31	17.93
School Photos	33.55	44.75
Stationery	270.60	291.93
Sport:		
Equipment and Sundries	77.85	10.00
Subs.	28.68	
Annual	23.07	32
Tuck Shop:		
Minerals	154.20	211.26
Sweets	135.00	179.91½
Telephones	183.22½	133.69
Tennis	14.25	
Library	49.17	83.48
Donation: Mrs. Bydell		40
Suspense A/c		33.90
Hostel Party	18.20	
Stocks: Sweets & Minerals		10.00
Cash at Bank	636.02	
Sundry creditors P.O. Telephone		25.13
Expenditure over and above Rev.		120.47½

R2,878.72½ R2,878.72½

ACTIVITY FUND

S.A. Permanent Building Society	
Balance as at 1.1.64	R1,819.50
Interest 28.2.1964	45.48
	R1,864.98

BECHET MAGAZINE

When speaking of Books remember

C.N.A.

where an outstanding selection of

**EDUCATIONAL • GENERAL • TECHNICAL
FICTIONAL • LIBRARY AND
PAPERBACK BOOKS**

is always in stock and where all your

SCHOOL BOOKS and STATIONERY

can be obtained at

THE SCHOOL BOOK DIVISION



CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY LTD.

347 WEST STREET

DURBAN

Marian du Plessis
lover

Benito
Obloy

Sheld

Michael Noel
Porter

Flashman

Montgomery

Jacqui Davids
Ludi Gallagher

McAbrahams

Mega Hoff

Gloria Arendse

Elmer

Douglas (Douglas Jr.)
Philip Rensburg



Each Cigarette
a Masterpiece

Manufactured in South Africa

VRFE13

KNOXPRINT 73-74