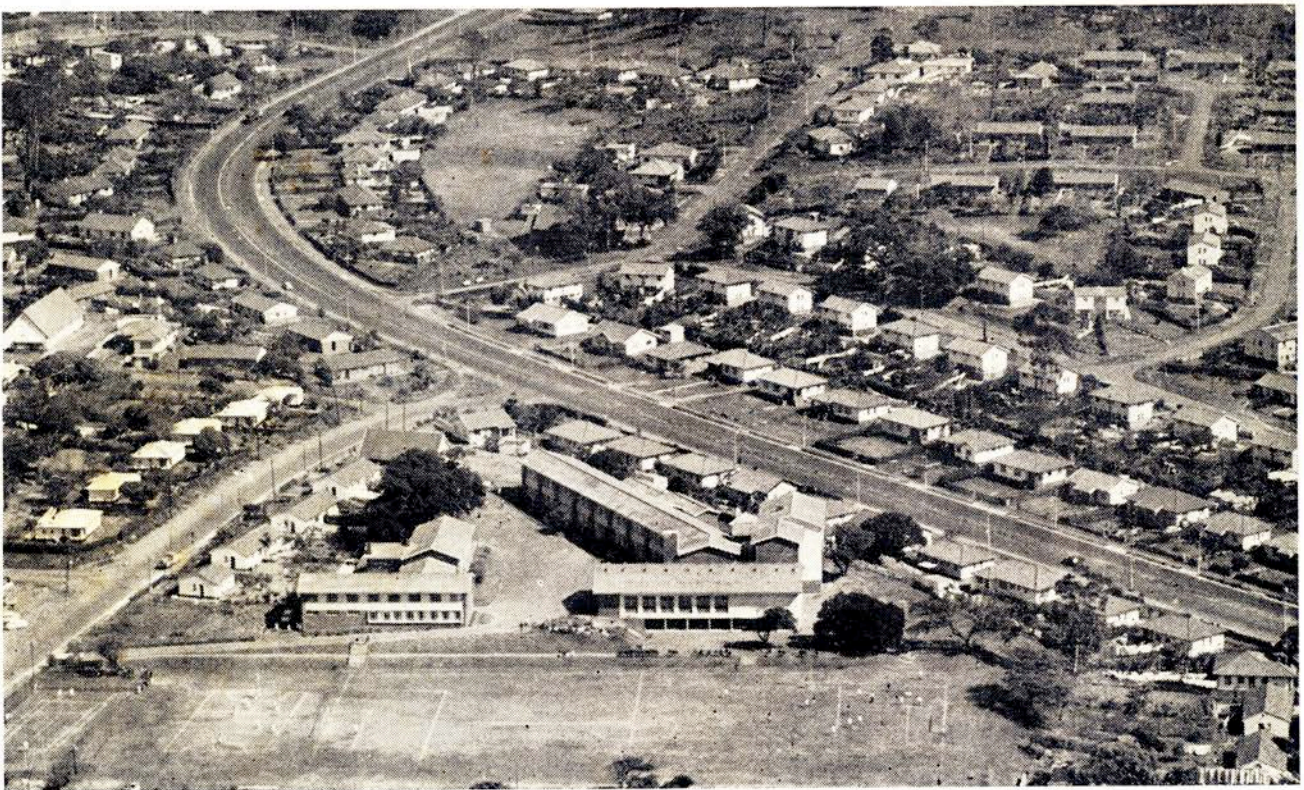


BECHET MAGAZINE



Vol. 2 No. 6

November, 1965



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A. USSHER,
PRINCIPAL/SECRETARY.

A MESSAGE FROM THE REGIONAL OFFICE

The Regional Office is happy to extend to the Bechet College Magazine its very best wishes and to voice the conviction that the magazine will go from strength to strength for a long time to come.

The "take-over" of Coloured education by the Department of Coloured Affairs from the Natal Education Department is now a considerable time behind us. It can be stated with conviction that matters have improved a great deal and that such "growing pains" as there were, are largely things of the past, so that we are entering calmer waters with corresponding benefit to all concerned, not least the Bechet College. Given good will and the will to co-operate, we shall achieve another great advance in this field, to the benefit of all concerned, in the year that lies ahead.

Perhaps this is an appropriate occasion to emphasize the wonderful challenge inherent in the historical development represented by the consolidation of all forms of education for the Coloured

community in one authority, the Department of Coloured Affairs. Never before has the Coloured community been handed such a powerful instrument of self-help and improvement of the educational standards of the Coloured group, as is contained in that development. I trust that we shall all do our utmost to have the standards of education advance rapidly by using that instrument.

There is no switch which enables us to turn off the darkness. There is a switch for us to turn on the light. If we can do little or nothing in improving unsatisfactory conditions in the mass, each one can turn on the light of education, of improved educational standards, in himself and in his family circle or immediate environment. In each doing his little bit towards this grand goal, we serve our fellow-men, and our country, well.

The very best wishes towards the Bechet College magazine for the future!

I. J. LOOTS,
Regional Representative.



From the Principal

There is a blossoming shrub outside the window of my office, that, with its beautiful clusters of orange flowers, has given, and, indeed at the time of writing, still is giving, me great pleasure. I do not know its name—I wish I did. No doubt one of these days I shall meet some knowledgeable person who will tell me. In the meantime, it is sufficient to know that it is beautiful.

But apart from its beauty, and the joy it brings to the eye of the beholder, there is something else about it that is significant. One of our African caretakers, I am told, having found it somewhere or other as a mere seedling, growing next to its parent tree, brought it along, and planted it here. He has now left the College, but the seedling, long since grown into a shrub, remains, in its pride, to bloom and beautify the scene.

The simple act of bringing along a little seedling shrub and planting it here, suggests to me three things: the caretaker had been struck by the vivid beauty of the parent tree, and realised that the seedling would one day grow up into a similar tree; having a pride in the place where he worked and lived—his "home"—he may have had an urge (hardly recognised as such) to beautify and improve that place; and thirdly, there may have been a desire to share something that he had found splendid with others—to do something for the benefit and enjoyment of others.

Does not this simple act hold a lesson for us all?

Should we not all take a pride in the place where we work, the Alma Mater that nurtures us, and to which we owe so much?

And if we have this sentiment of pride in our College, is it not true that we should give expression to it, not merely by talking, but by "doing", by trying to make the College a better place for our having been in it?

Should we not, like the man who planted the shrub, try to leave behind us something for the benefit of others—those who will follow?

Many members of this College are actuated by the ideals of service; others, however, are swayed first and foremost, by self-interest; there are even some who appear to fit into neither category, who, indeed, seem to exhibit very little interest at all, either in their fellows, or in their own prospects.

It is for us all to make our contribution, and to spend of ourselves freely, in the interests of the College. Only in this way can we ensure that it may make its full contribution to the educational and spiritual welfare of the community, which it serves.

We have had a difficult year, and, in common with other schools, we have had our problems to face. I wish to thank the members of the staff for their hard work and loyal support throughout the year—for rallying round me in circumstances that have often been both trying and difficult.

A special word of thanks is due to Mrs. V. Davis, the College Secretary, who will shortly be going on a well-earned holiday to New Zealand. The extent of her contribution, not only to the administration of the College, but to College life,

REG WRIGHT

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as a whole, during the year, is known to all. We wish her good health, a happy holiday, and a speedy return.

My sincere thanks go also to the Vice-Principal, Mr. J. F. Pollock, for editing this magazine, to all members of the staff, who have assisted him, and to all students and pupils who have contributed, or assisted in the production of the magazine, in any way.

An integral part of this College is the College Hostel. I wish to place on record my apprecia-

tion of the part played during the year by the Hostel staff.

Mr. A. J. Simpson, Senior Resident Teacher, Miss C. R. Lawler and Mr. A. Wynne, as well as the Matron, Mrs. N. C. Buckley, and the Assistant Matron, Mrs. Rose, have made a valued contribution to the communal life and welfare of the College. For this I thank them.

In conclusion, I wish to place on record my appreciation of the faithful and efficient work done by our African staff throughout the year. The College owes much to their devoted service.

G. V. ARTHUR.



EDITORIAL

Let us take stock of our position, after the lapse of more than a year since the big take-over of our College by the Department of Coloured Affairs.

In doing so, let us be objective, impartial and just in our assessments of the benefits that have accrued and also at the same time evaluate our own contribution towards the growth of Bechet. What is sauce . . . must also apply.

On the cultural front we have gained much, in that our library has been enriched by many new volumes, both in its reference and fiction sections. As a result, the "workshop" of the College is beginning to assume proportions more in keeping with its function as an educational establishment befitting the intelligensia of Durban's Coloured population.

We fervently trust that students and pupils will be encouraged to make still greater use of these augmented facilities. They should ever keep in mind the Baconian adage: "Reading maketh a full man". Believe us, there is great need among us to broaden our knowledge; the 20th Century Space-age and all it implies, makes this imperative.

We are thus grateful to the authorities for giving us the opportunity of sharing in the new-found wonders of science and literature. Let us return gratitude simply by discovering the fascinating world of poetry, art and science being revealed to us.

We have also learned to accept change and the challenge inherent in change. We have begun to appreciate H. G. Wells when he says: "The only constant is change". A mark of our wisdom and intelligence is the degree to which we adapt and adjust ourselves to this change. In doing so, we learn valuable lessons.

In assessing our own contribution, let us observe Horace's golden mean. We should strike a balance between that which is genuine and favourable and that which is not.

Every effort, however insignificant, a boy or girl makes towards helping the College, whether in the classroom by academic achievement, on the platform whether in debate or drama or music, whether

on the field of sport; in brief, it matters little where, as long as there is some contribution, must be classified as satisfactory, as a proof of goodwill towards the College, as a practical demonstration of good faith and accord with its aims.

The strength of any educational institution lies in the determination of its members to improve it. Where the will exists, expressed by precept and example, there will be found a fertile and flourishing college. To those—and there are many—Bechet is grateful.

To the many, however, who have for some or other reason withheld support of the College, and have not identified themselves with its aims and strivings, we simply say, it is never too late! We look forward to welcoming them to Bechet's many extra-mural activities, some of which have suffered because of lack of support.

To all Bechettes, we commend their alma mater. It is and remains a bastion, determined to extract every ounce of good for its sons and daughters. Help those dedicated to its ideals to achieve them. Let those who belong to the future not have reason to reproach but to rejoice.

J.F.P.



HOPE

Silence hovers all over the class —
One day we find out if we fail or pass.
One mark in blue, the other in red;
One means you live, the other, you're dead.
You know you've worked hard and done your best,
Even although you failed in the test.
Your heart is beating, you're going mad;
Soon you'll be happy or may be sad.
On return of your book, open it and see —
She did it, she failed you, she gave you a 'G'.

ANTHONY MULQUEENY, VII (B).

Page Three

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STAFF

4th TERM — 1965

Principal:

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

Vice-Principal:

Mr. J. F. Pollock, B.A., T2.

Senior Lecturer . Mr. P. H. Bester, B.A., T2.	Arithmetic Mr. H. N. Higham, T.D. Mrs. E. L. Williams, U.E.D.
Education and Psychology . . . Mr. R. D. Ontong, B.A., S.T.D.	Health Mr. M. C. Jaffar, B.A., B.Ed., U.E.D.
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.	Housecraft Miss E. A. L. Brandenburg, T.D. Miss E. C. van Niekerk, N.D.S.T.C.
Afrikaans Mr. L. Samuels, N.T.S.D. Mrs. Barnes, N.T.S.D.	Handicrafts . . . Mr. R. A. Landers, N.T.S.C. Mr. M. V. Samuels, N.J.D.
Mathematics . . . Mr. D. Rampono, B.A., N.T.D. Mr. B. Kinsey, N.T.D.	Art Mr. M. T. Samuels, P.H.C.
History Mr. J. E. Calvert, B.A., LL.B., C.P.H2. Miss S. E. Stephanus, B.A., N.T.D.	Physical Education Mr. J. S. Felix, H.P.T.D. Mrs. K. W. Armitage, L.P.T.C.
Geography Mr. A. Savahl, C.P.T.(Adv.) Miss C. R. Lawler, N.T.D.	Music Mr. Wesley, U.L.M.
Biology Mr. W. Hall, B.Sc.(Wales), Dip. Ed. Mrs. A. W. Rampono, N.T.D.	Secretary Mrs. V. Davis, Secretarial Cer- tificates.
	Senior Hostel Re- sident Teacher . Mr. A. J. Simpson, C.P.T.C.H.
	Resident Teachers Miss C. R. Lawler, N.T.D. Mr. A. Wynne, N.T.D.
	Matron Mrs. N. C. Buckley.
	Assistant Matron . Mrs. B. Rose.
	Cook M. Ndelu.
	School Induna . . E. Mchunu.

STAFF NOTES

At the end of 1964 our list of farewells was long. We said good-bye to Mr. Sauer, who celebrated his retirement by taking a long and pleasant trip overseas, to Mr. Wood, who at length left us to take up his appointment as Vice-Principal at Parkhill, to Miss Smith, who went adventuring to Zambia, and to Mr. Madigan. Mrs. Coyne, Miss MacRitchie, and Miss Gilbert all changed their spheres of interest. Mrs. Coyne is now teaching a class of small handicapped children, mainly hard of hearing, Miss MacRitchie has gone into the business world, and Miss Gilbert is now Mrs. Stonestreet, a housewife and the mother of a very new son. We remember them all as good colleagues, pleasant members of the staff, and send them our best wishes.

During the year, too, there have been changes. Mr. Wagner, Mr. Sylvano and Mr. Poole were with us for a little while, and the call of the North drew away Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Hardy

taught History for a term, and then left to teach her home language, French, at a girls' school. For a term Mrs. Naidoo deputised for Mrs. Bydell. Others who came have stayed, and now belong among us, so that to welcome them feels a little odd—like welcoming folk who have always been in the family! That is understandable in the case of Mr. Kinsey, who had been away from Bechet for only a year when he returned as a member of the staff. The others, Mr. Calvert, Mr. Ontong, Mr. Wesley and Mr. Savahl came from farther afield. We hope they are all very happy among us.

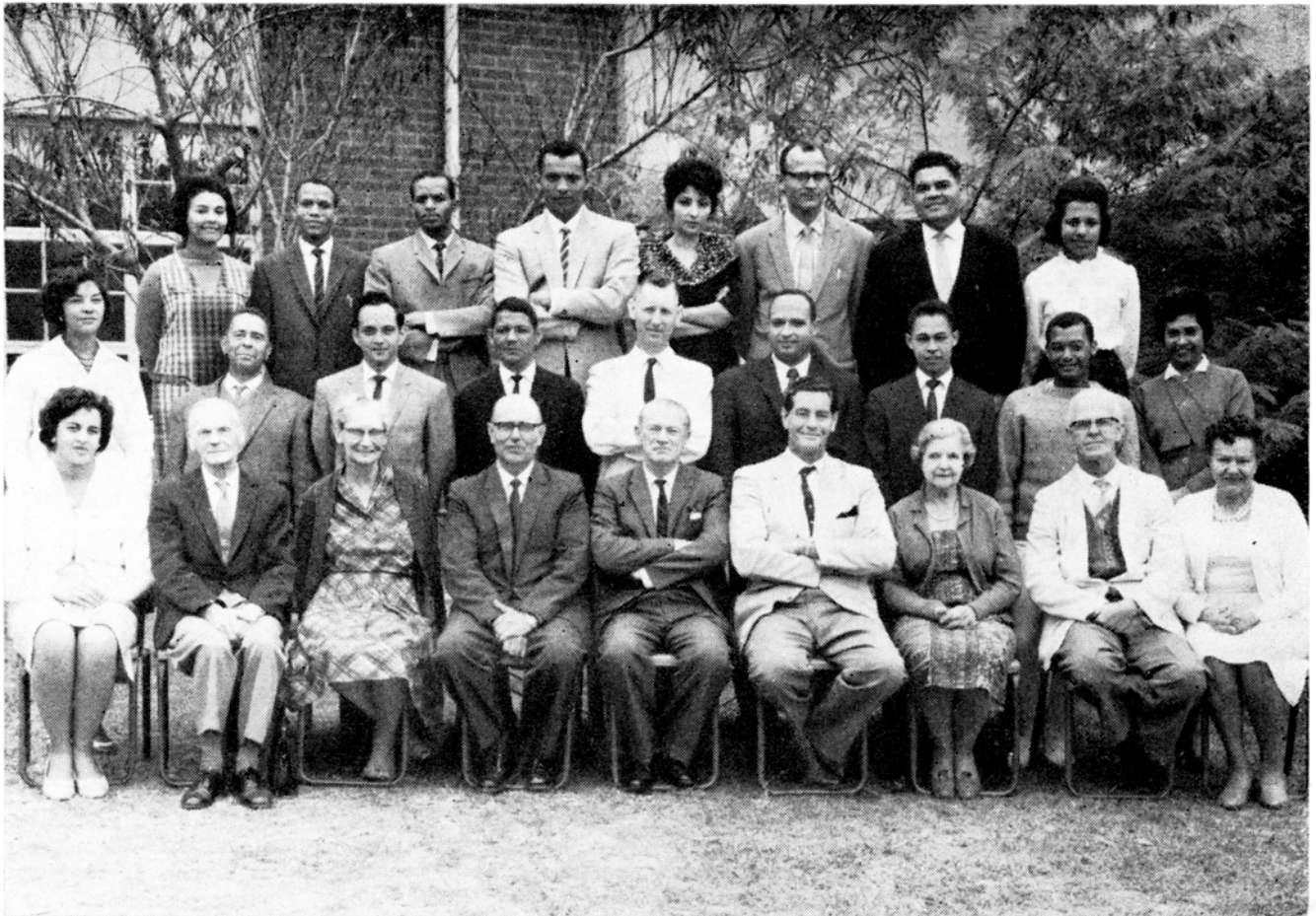
It was pleasant to say good-bye for a little while to Mrs. Bydell, since we knew that she was coming back, and we could take a vicarious pleasure in the excitement of her trip overseas—already a memory—and pleasant to say "Welcome back" to Miss Stephanus. And it was a great pleasure to say "God bless you" to Mr. Rampono and

Miss Hanmer on the occasion of their marriage—especially as it did not mean that we should have to lose either of them.

In conclusion we should like to wish “Bon Voyage” to Mrs. Davies who is taking leave to visit her relatives in New Zealand. We hope she has a very happy holiday. It is a very well-

deserved break from a most exacting job. There are none of us who do not have occasion to say “Thank you” to her a dozen times a week—sometimes a dozen times a day.

And as for next year—may we stay just as we are. A happy Christmas!



BECHET COLLEGE STAFF

(NOVEMBER, 1965)

Back Row (left to right): Mrs. D. Rampono, Mr. L. Samuels, Mr. M. T. Samuels, Mr. D. Rampono, Mrs. R. D. Williams, Mr. R. A. Landers, Mr. R. D. Calvert, Miss C. R. Lawler.

Second Row (left to right): Mrs. R. D. Naidoo, Mr. Wesley, Mr. M. C. Jaffar, Mr. R. D. Ontong, Mr. W. Hall, Mr. M. V. Samuels, Mr. W. A. Kinsey, Mr. J. S. Felix, Mrs. Barnes.

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

CRICKET

This year the pupils have shown more interest in cricket. We are glad to see that more of the pupils, especially those in Std. 7, are coming forward to play. Although some of them have not played before they are keen to learn. Coaching under Messrs. Savahl, Kinsey and Jaffar has helped to improve the standard of play.

Our Junior Team played two matches against Parkhill Secondary School. Although we lost both matches, it was by no means a sound beating and

the performances by these pupils is an indication that cricket has improved.

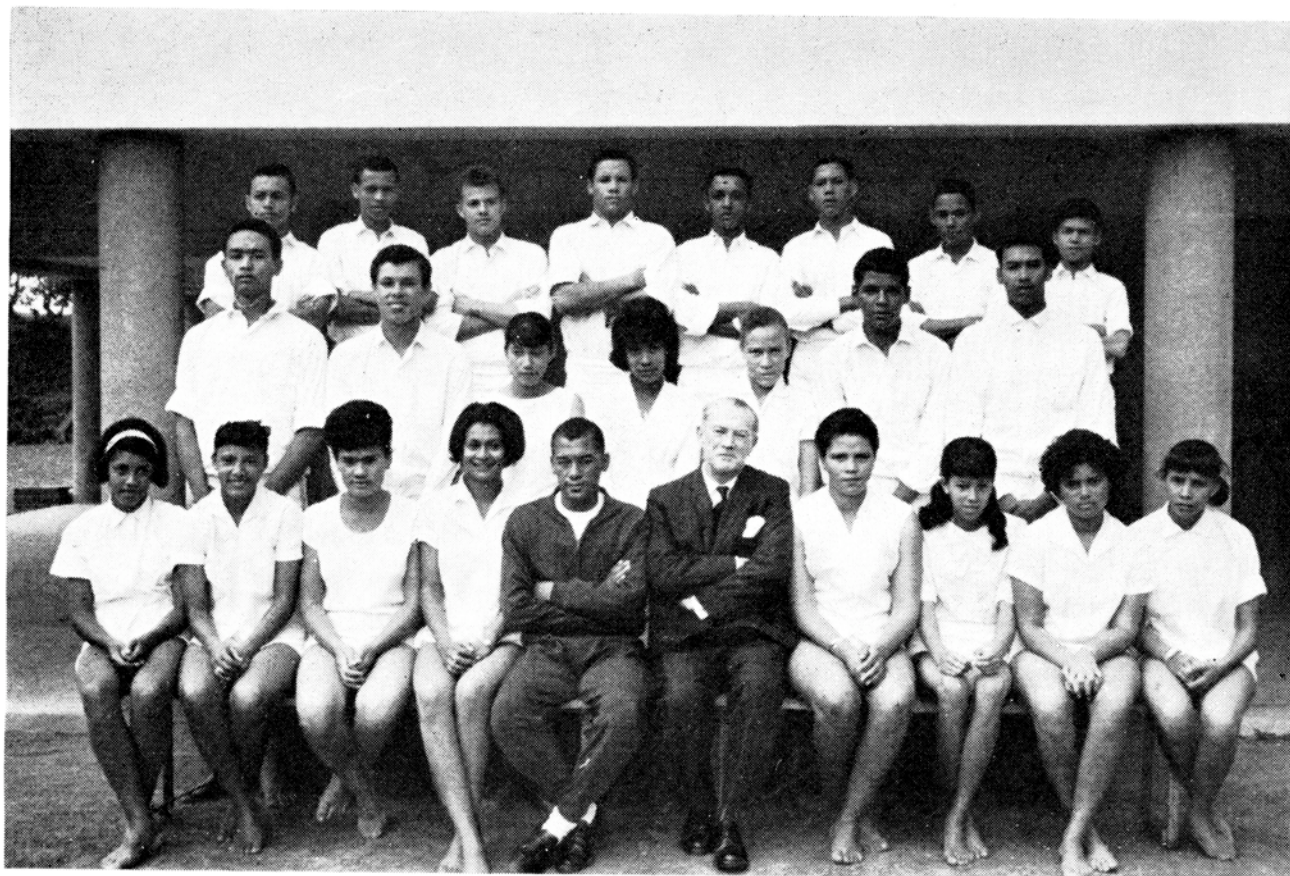
Inter-class friendly matches, which are quite popular, were played at the beginning of the year. A few matches have also been arranged for this term. After the examinations, a team selected from our Std. 7's and 9's will participate in a Natal High Schools Junior League.

The pupils are also looking forward to the Staff vs. School match to be played at the end of the Term.

ATHLETICS

This has been by far the most active year as far as athletics is concerned. This is the result of the new zonal system which has been adopted by all Natal schools. This includes two more rallies than in previous years.

Our school was represented in the Senior and Open divisions of our zone at the Natal Primary Schools Sports meeting at King's Park and, as so often in the past, we were successful. One of the highlights of this rally was the running of



ATHLETICS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Otto, J. Marais, D. Kinder, B. Hughes, N. Deria, A. Julius, P. Hoff, G. Green.

Second Row (left to right): B. Sampson, L. Landers, R. Delease, M. du Plessis, B. Frere, M. Johnson, K. Clarke.

Front Row (left to right): E. Eksteen, P. Murray, L. Laing, L. Enicker, Mr. J. Felix (Athletics Organiser), Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), M. van der Plank, B. Leach, V. Richen, E. Bloem.

the mile event which was convincingly won by our brilliant young miler, Johannes (Hansie) Marais.

At the Natal High Schools' Sports meeting our school contributed a great deal towards our zone's overwhelming victory in winning six out of the eight divisions. This, you will agree, is quite an achievement. Beverley Leach should be congratulated on her fine achievement in breaking the girls' 150 yards South African record in her division.

Over the Easter week-end eight of our athletes were selected to represent Natal High Schools in Johannesburg. Our province won by a narrow margin.

We are fortunate that our activities in athletics continued. Through the enterprise of our athletics master and a few friends our athletes now belong to an amateur athletic club which is affiliated to the Natal Board.

It is necessary and a pleasure to thank Mr. J. Felix, our athletics master, for supporting and encouraging us to form this club. We hope to make our mark both in High School as well as in Senior athletics.

K. E. CLARKE
(House Captain—Wilsons).



ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

Our Inter-House athletic meeting was held on the 5th May, 1965. The competition was keen due to the fact that a little more serious training than usual was done. Unfortunately, not many records were broken. We did, however, witness a very close finish when the final placings depended upon the results of the last race of the day which was the mile event. This was won by Scotts, who eventually ran out winners by five points. Bowers were second with 177 points and

Wilsons followed with 169 points. We congratulate the winners.

We were indeed glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Wright and Mr. and Mrs. Ingle as our special guests.

Mrs. Wright presented the prizes to the trophy winners.

We now look forward to a year of keen competition in 1966.

K. E. CLARKE
(House Captain—Wilson's).

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SWIMMING

Earlier in the year our school swimming team was invited by Centenary High School to compete in the medley relay event against the other Indian High Schools. The competition was held at the Balkumar Swimming Baths, Asherville.

For the second year in succession our team won the trophy. Edward Meth (butterfly-stroke), Bazil

van der Merwe (Breast-stroke), Phillip Dreyer (Free-style) and Derrick Lortan (back-stroke) put up excellent performances. We would like to congratulate them.

JAS. S. FELIX
(Athletics Master).



GYMNASTICS

We have a good gymnastic team at Bechet. Unfortunately, owing to unforeseen circumstances, we were unable to have a gymnastics display this year. We, however, hope to hold a display next year.

Our club meets twice a week and we usually train for about three hours weekly. A commend-

able standard of performance has been attained because of conscientious training and we hope to have a competition arranged for us in the not-too-distant future.

Gymnastics is a man's game; an uncommon way to keep fit. Balance, poise, muscular strength,



GYMNASTICS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Hermon, N. Ioria, E. Montiere, N. Louw, N. Lambert, B. van der Merwe, B. Otto, K. Cloete.

Middle Row (left to right): J. Pitt, R. Deleaze, L. Unnn, N. Fernando, M. Damons, S. Welsh, L. Isaacs, V. Barnes, B. Bowers.

Front Row (left to right): D. Barnwell, H. Fortune, M. du Plessis, Mr. J. Felix (Gymnastics Instructor), Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), D. Biggar, F. Fisher, A. Barbeau.

suppleness, intelligence, timing and, of course, nerve, are some of the necessary characteristics. You must be prepared to work very, very hard . . . Inspiration? . . . we've **heard** the word . . . Perspiration? . . . we know the word!

Amongst others, our gymnastic activities include floor agility, box-work, pyramid building, beam-work, wall-bar exercises, eurhythmic, free-standing exercises and games.

A favourite game is hand-soccer. The boys enjoy playing it very much. You should try playing it some time. (A few of our teachers tried playing it once, but you could hear the backs creaking a mile away.) If you need a new back afterwards then come to us. We know exactly what to do.

We want to thank Mrs. Armitage and Mr. Felix for their expert guidance and seemingly limitless patience.

BRYAN BOWERS, Stđ. VIII 2.



Girls' Gymnastics

It was very disappointing this year that there was no gymnastic display. In spite of this, the gymnasts were keen and enthusiastic throughout the year and it is felt that an Inter-House Competition should be held as an outlet and an incentive towards good gymnastics.

The uniform for girls is to be changed in 1966 from the white shorts and shirt to a green tunic which will be short and full, leaving plenty of room for growth and freedom of movement. If every girl could have the new uniform it would be a wonderful help. Go to it, girls.

K.W.A.



DIE BOODSKAP

Liewe klein sterretjie hoog in die lug,
Sien jy die seuntjie by die vensterruit kyk,
Ek is die seuntjie in slaappakkie blou
Wat met huilende ogies opkyk na jou.
Ek wil 'n boodskap aan Mammie stuur,
Stuur tog die boodskap
Stuur dit tog maar gou.

Pragtige klein sterretjie skyn altyd mooi,
Lig aan die hemel
Met liggies orals rond,
Vergeet nie die boodskap
Want dan sal Mammie
Mos kwaad word.
Ag, stuur tog die boodskap,
Stuur dit maar gou
Jou pragtige sterretjie wat in die lug skyn.
Liewe klein sterretjie
Ek reken op jou.

CATHERINE ADAMS, VII (A).



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SOCCER

We have come once again to the close of the Soccer season, and although it has not been as bold and as adventurous as the previous season it has, nevertheless, been a highly successful one for the College.

The senior team proved its worth on many occasions, finally emerging as the winners in the Zonal matches and in the quarter-finals in the Natal High Schools' Soccer Week Competitions. I must add, however, that the senior team was not as co-operative as the past teams have been.

Success shone brighter for the Under 17's, who were the winners of the Zonal Matches and runners-up in the Soccer Week Competitions.

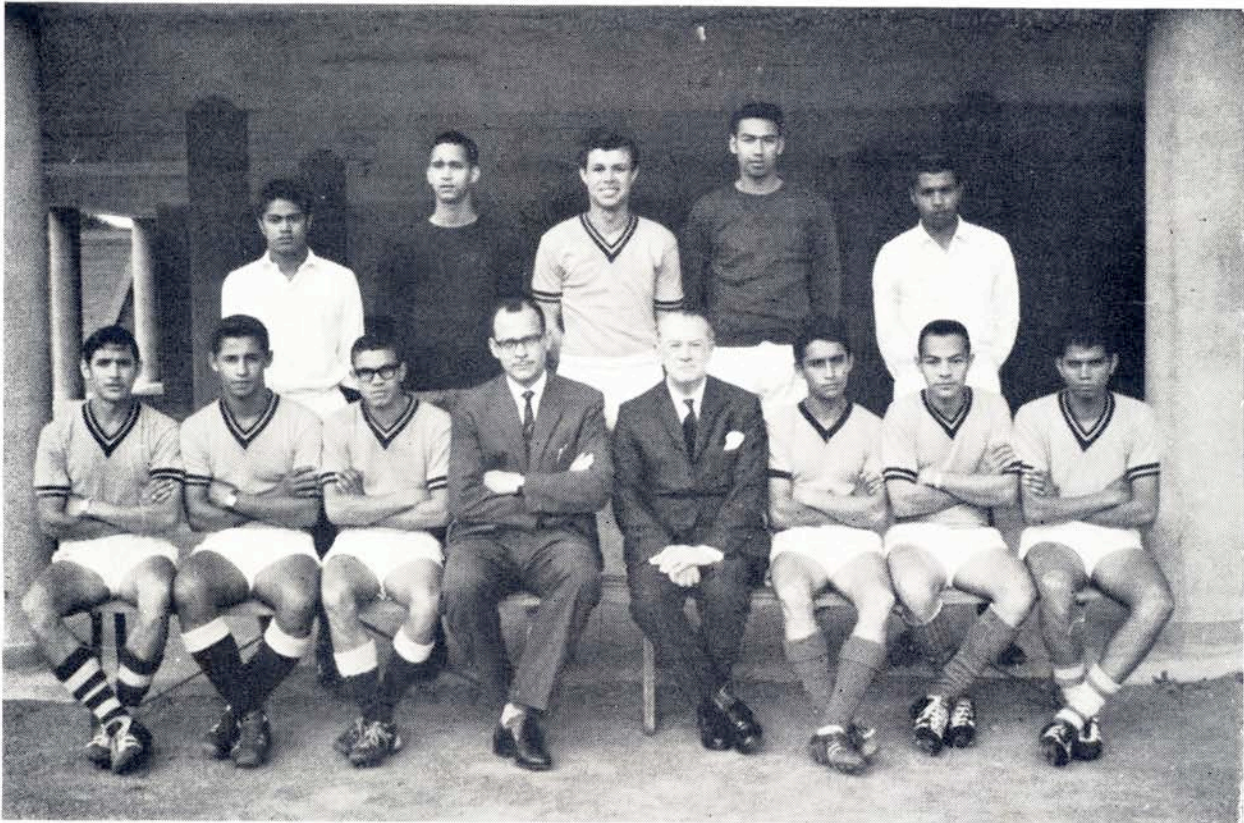
The teams were captained by Basil Clarivette and Derek Clarivette respectively.

Early in the season the school teams travelled to Ixopo where, after a fine display of soccer, came down by a narrow margin.

Four players from the two College teams were selected to represent a Natal side at the S.A. Championship held in Johannesburg during the Winter vacation. These were B. Clarivette, who was also selected as the vice-captain of the Natal side, L. Landers and B. Gobie, while D. Clarivette was selected for the under 17 team. Congratulations are extended to these boys.

R. A. LANDERS.

6



SOCCER TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Gobie, I. Vawda, L. Landers, K. Clarke, L. Stevens.

Front Row (left to right): E. Vahed, N. Pierce, J. Petersen, Mr. R. Landers (Soccer Organiser), Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), B. Clarivette (Captain), C. Boyles, G. Heslop.

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HOCKEY

We entered two Senior teams and one Under 14 team in the Schools League this year.

Our Senior "A" team were the winners of the Van der Merwe trophy in their division.

Although the Under 14 team did not top the log this year, there are among them some promising players, and their enthusiasm to learn and progress has made the year's hockey an enjoyable experience.

Our congratulations go to Karen Gilbert and Helene Fynn, both of the U. 14 team, who were chosen to represent Natal Schools in the Junior Inter-Provincial Tournament held in Johannesburg in Michaelmas Holidays. Natal were runners-up in the tournament, having drawn two matches and won one.

Other players who deserve special mention for their progress are: Margaret Damons, Natalie Lawrence, Violet Richen, Joan Calvin, Jennifer Stainbank, Rosemary Nelson, Desrae Biggar, Hester Fortune, Priscilla Johnson.

In June, a Senior hockey team under Miss Lawler took part in a tournament in Harding at the Secondary School there. Our team reached the semi-finals and the trip was an enjoyable one.

My special thanks go to Miss Lawler for supervising the hockey during my absence and also to Mrs. Barnes who helped in the coaching and refereeing.

M. C. BYDELL.

6



HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): E. Bloem, J. Stainbank, L. Fortune, L. Laing, P. Murray.

Front Row (left to right): P. Conway, S. Jankey, B. Leach, Mrs. Bydell (Hockey Organiser), Mr. G. V. Arthur (Principal), M. Hoff, J. Calvin, V. Richen.

TENNIS

Like last year, tennis attracted a great number of interested pupils and, like last year, lost many enthusiasts during the first half of the year.

Unlike last year, however, a renewed interest was injected into this sporting activity by the introduction of the High Schools' Tennis Tournament during the June vacation. In the singles' events three of our four players reached the semi-finals and one the quarter-finals. In the doubles both pairs reached the semi-finals. Our players were lauded by other competitors and the spectators and organisers highly commended their standard of play.

Together with boys of other schools our team received three days' valuable coaching from Mr. David Samaai, the distinguished ex-Wimbledon South African Coloured player and undefeated non-white South African champion.

Sustained interest was maintained by the commencement of the High Schools' Tennis League. Bechet entered a team of six players. We are glad to put on record that of the eight schools

that took part we emerged as League Champions without having conceding the loss of a single match against us. All players tried their best and must have enjoyed their games. It is said that our captain, Ian Swales, swayed the sceptre by his towering size and scintillating approach to the game. Of course, Joe Pitt pitied no opponent! These two players did much to put our tennis in its "rightful place" among activities at Bechet. May they be as successful in their teaching career.

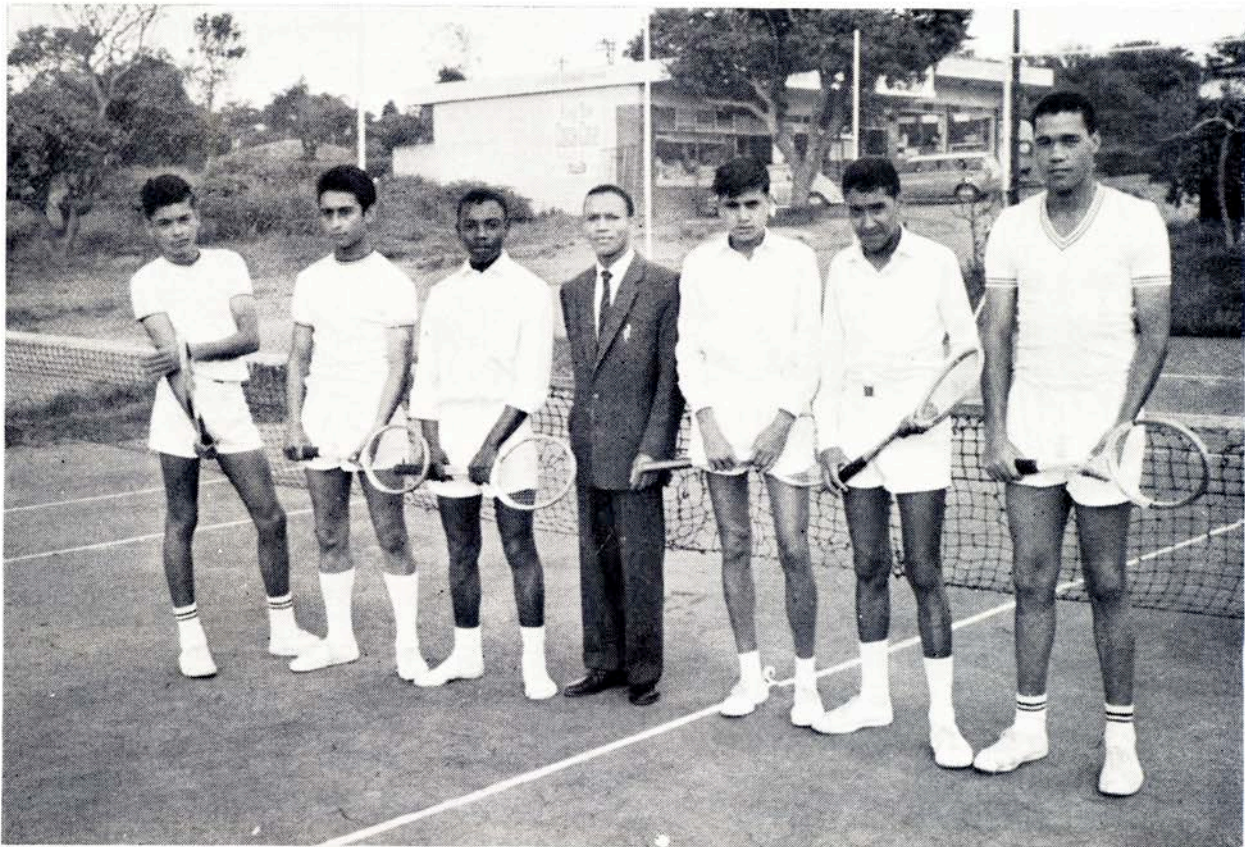
Our gratitude goes to Mrs. Rampono, who kindly organised the girls' tennis. Many showed great talent, and their keenness will surely lead to greater things. We say a hearty thank you to Mr. Morphew, our coach, and to all other teachers and pupils who assisted us in one way or another.

The result of the inter-house competition was:

1. Bowers,
2. Scotts.
3. Wilsons.

We congratulate the winners.

L. SAMUELS
(Tennis Organiser).



TENNIS TEAM

Left to right: D. Holloway, B. Clarivette, J. Pitt, Mr. L. Samuels (Organiser), A. Downes, M. de Vries, I. Swales (Captain).

HOSTEL NEWS

The year 1965 has been one of trial and error for the hostel. At the beginning of the first term, Mr. Simpson, the housemaster, suggested the formation of a number of societies to help amuse the boarders and so keep mischief at arm's length. As often happens, these societies rocketed off to an explosive start. We were all „vuur en vlam” for the idea.

The Dramatic Society collapsed after one production—a play by Shaw. The producer found it difficult to find plays suitable for all age groups—we vary from the new entrant to VII right up to a final year diploma student. The Literary Society survived longest. Mr. Simpson's interesting contributions sustained it particularly when he talked about modern English authors.

Mr. Manneson, who took charge of the Religious Society, never got so far even as gathering his flock for an initial ceremony. It is reliably established that our worthy gentleman has gone to seek pastures greener than Bechet hostel. The Newcomers' Concert was great fun, as well as the customary Fancy Dress party.

Due to lack of funds, the boarders were unable to hold their annual picnic on the beach. Instead, by means of raffles and socials, sufficient was raised to have a braaivleis (or is it vleisbraai?) which constituted something quite unheard of in hostel history. Despite the cold weather and threat of rain, our first venture in this field was a resounding success.

The Music Society—and for this occasion all boarders suddenly found themselves members—heard “Carmen” by the Eoan Group. This proved to be an unforgettable experience. A concert in the City Hall also proved enjoyable, though the boys thought that good music is rather a strain on the ear. Mr. Simpson's answer will no doubt be the sooner they learn to appreciate it, the better for their rock-and-roll-encrusted souls!

It is axiomatic that no hostel can exist without its live wire! Bechet hostel is no exception. She is sometimes known as Miss W. (no convent-air about her!). She kept many a social evening alive, except those days when neither side of the bed was the right side!

Lack of sports equipment rather hindered us. The girls especially missed having hockey sticks. The authorities might note this, because along with thousands of our counterparts elsewhere we believe in the Latin maxim: “A sound mind in a sound body.”

We may be losing two members of the hostel staff. There are rumours that both Mr. Wynne and Miss Lawler are contemplating “fresh fields to explore”. Should their intentions materialize, we assure them we shall be sorry to lose them, because their contribution to the welfare of the boarders has been valuable.

BECHET MAGAZINE

Due to domestic staff upsets, we were called upon to help. Although the work had to be done in “free” time, everyone rallied, even prefects. What surprised us was that most of the boys proved themselves capable handlers of brooms and brushes, dust cloths and bins! The extent of their domesticity augurs well for their future brides!

In conclusion, on behalf of my fellow boarders, I would like to thank the hostel staff for their efficient efforts without which the hostel will collapse. Whilst it is invidious to mention a particular one in despatches—not that we do this often—our special thanks go to Matron Buckley (Aunty Nancy to us) whose kind heart and smiling face, help make the hostel a happy family.

LYNETTE DALAIS, Dip. 2.



The Scientific Society of Bechet College

From the very first meeting this year, the meetings of the Bechet Scientific Society have been enthusiastically attended by a large section of the high school and training college. As compared with last year, more students have shown an interest in the activities of the society.

Mr. W. Hall, the inspiration and guiding force behind the Society, with the help of a Committee of four, arranged interesting talks, symposiums and visits to scientifically interesting places, all of which helped to maintain the interest in the Society.

Nothing did more towards this than the two visits to the Durban Aquarium. Here students were also shown the laboratories and experimental tanks which are usually closed to the general public. These visits were so instructive that a visit to the Durban Snake Park has been arranged for a future occasion.

The Society also enjoyed and appreciated interesting talks on Ants and Sound Recording by Mr. P. Ontong and Mr. B. Kinsey respectively. The society also found an absorbing symposium on “The Sea” by H. Walker, I. Swales and B. Gobie most valuable.

Although attendances waned towards the latter part of the year, it is hoped that membership will increase in future. It is a society that deserves support!

R. ROSE
(Secretary).

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WHERE IT IS POLITE TO PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE

On several occasions you have been told that it is considered very rude to put out your tongue at anyone. This is so in this country, but if you put out your tongue in Tibet, you would be thought a very polite person.

In this strange and mysterious land, which lies to the north of India, there are many strange customs. Those Europeans who have penetrated into the depths of this country, come back with queer tales of the habits and lives of the people who live there.

When one Tibetan meets another Tibetan, he does not shake hands and say: "How do you do?" First he removes his funny little round hat, then he sticks out his tongue, and at the same time pushes forward his left ear.

If you were invited to a meal in a Tibetan household, you would certainly, as the guest of honour, be offered a cup of the national beverage, buttered tea. You most probably would not like it, and to avoid numerous further cups being pressed upon you, you would need to sip your first cup very slowly, to make it last the length of your visit.

This tea is made from coarse Chinese tea, which has been compressed into a cake or brick. A little water is put on to boil and some of the brick is cut off and put into it. A pinch of carbonate of soda is added. A small quantity of this liquid is then poured off into a churn, containing several pints of boiling water, and a big lump of butter which is not too fresh. Salt is added and then this queer mixture is churned for a few minutes.

Every Tibetan carries his own wooden cup, and the hot buttered mixture is poured into these. A few pieces of bread or dough are scattered on top of each cupful, and the beverage is ready for drinking. When the last cup is emptied, the Tibetan licks it dry, and returns it to his breast pocket.

WHERE MEN WALK ON FIRE

East of New Guinea and Queensland lie the beautiful palm-fringed Fiji Islands. Among this group is an island called Beqa, and on this island is a tribe of men who walk on fire, without being burnt or even scorched.

Many Europeans have watched this fire-walking ceremony. The fire is really red hot, and no preparation which might protect the feet is rubbed in beforehand.

A shallow pit is dug in the ground and filled with rows of wood and stones. The timber is set alight and allowed to burn for about twelve hours. The charred embers are then removed, and the red-hot stones are levelled flat with poles of green wood. With all preparations complete, the fire-walkers about twelve to fourteen in number, begin to walk across the pit. They take their time, ad-

vancing slowly, even lingering on the red-hot stones for fully a minute.

Europeans who have examined a fire-walker's feet immediately after he has crossed the pit can find no sign of either burning, blistering or scorching. When the display is over, the villagers rush forward and throw vegetables into the pit. These are cooked on the hot stones and are then eaten at the large feast which follows the ceremony.

In the South Seas, nose boring and ear piercing are regarded as essential to beauty. Nose boring is specially popular. A hole is pierced right through the base of the nose, and into this is inserted some form of ornament, perhaps a long piece of shell or bone.

When a New Guinea girl wants to look her best she plaits her hair and decorates it with beads and dog's teeth. She also strings a couple of necklaces of dogs' teeth and shells round her neck, and hangs over her shoulders half a dozen pigs' tails.

In certain parts of New Guinea a youth must make himself a drum, which he will carry and beat at tribal dances. The making of this drum presents many difficulties as it must be made according to custom. While working on it he must live in the bush. Often a number of boys engaged in the same work sets off together. Until the hollows of their drums have been charred and scraped into shape they must on no account touch fresh water, or, so they have been warned, the hot embers used to char the drum would not glow.

During this time the only liquid the youth may drink is any water found in the stem of a banana leaf, and failing that the milk of a coconut.

Only a small pot is allowed for cooking purposes, otherwise, if he used a large pot he might be tempted to eat too much and become too fat to dance. No matter how hungry he is he must not eat any fish, otherwise a fish bone might make a hole in his drum. Most important of all, no woman must see him or else the drum would become useless and he would have to throw it away and begin to make another one.

A FEAST FOR THE FAIRIES

In Rumania the country folk believe that fairies, or "fates" as they call them, appear soon after the birth of a child and determine his luck in life.

Their arrival is expected three nights after the baby is born. Father and mother are eager to please the fairies that they may bless their child with good fortune, so on the third night a table laden with choice eatables is prepared and placed under the ikon or holy image which hangs in every house.

Everyone in the house keeps very quiet, even the dogs have been sent away to friends in case their bark might frighten the fairies. A candle is

kept burning near the cradle, all the doors are locked, and everybody goes to bed early in order to be asleep before the "little people" pay their visit.

During the night it is said that the fairies come and sample the feast prepared for them. Then when they have finished, they write the baby's destiny on his forehead. Next morning father and mother eagerly scan his brow for any little mark on the skin which might prove that the fairies have been in the house.

When the baby is eight or ten days old it is christened. This is an important day, but considered just as important is the bathing ceremony which follows next morning.

The baby has previously been rubbed with holy oil, and this is now washed off. Into the bath is dropped a handful of coins, and a piece of bread. This is to ensure that the child will always have wealth and food. Some sweet-basil is put in too, in order that the child may have a lovable disposition.

Weddings in Rumania usually take place on a Sunday, but the preliminary ceremonies start on Thursday, when wedding cakes are prepared in both

the bride's and bridegroom's home. On Saturday the bridegroom and his young men friends visit the bride's house, and on their arrival the best man recites a special piece of poetry dedicated to the bride. The bride is surrounded by her bridesmaids, beside her is her wedding cake and a bucket of water. She then distributes the cake and throws water at all the young men.

After this the bridegroom goes back to his own home and sends his wife-to-be her wedding frock and other presents and later in the evening the bride's dowry is taken to the bridegroom's house.

Next day the wedding ceremony takes place. Bridesmaids dress the bride and hide a silver coin in her hair so that she may never know poverty. At the marriage service two crowns made of flowers are placed one on the bride's head and the other on the bridegroom's by the priest, and at a certain time during the ceremony these wreaths are exchanged.

Then the priest and married couple join hands and walk three times round the altar singing a special song. When the service is finished, the happy pair are showered not with confetti or rice, but with handfuls of sweets, raisins and nuts.

ALVIN TARIN, 8 (1).



TO BE A TEACHER

"To become a teacher," wrote Professor W. R. Niblett in "Essential Education", "is not the same thing as to take up teaching." I entirely agree. Only, I would put it the other way round; that to take up teaching is by no means to become a teacher.

There are many reasons why young people take up teaching. Some think it's a soft job. It might be if one decides to make it so. It offers a five-day-week-working-hours and despite this some teachers complain about longer and more frequent holidays than most adult workers dream of. Yet there is no need for overtime even though a teacher may have back-breaking nights preparing his lessons or questions for the examinations, marking books, checking his mark book and seeing if he is up to date with the syllabus.

Many a teacher is dishonest. He thinks that with a little organisation and forethought he can complete his marking and any preparation of lessons within school hours. He shows disinterest in the children but is intent on "getting up to date" so that he can have a good night's rest without a worry over schoolwork. He is a bad teacher and does nothing for his pupils except ruin their minds, leaving a mental and spiritual vacuum.

Far too many teachers think that the teaching profession is an easy job. They forget the nobility behind the job. They forget that it really is a vocation, a talent given to only a chosen few from

God above. For after all the greatest teacher of us all was Jesus Christ himself.

Then there is a not altogether dissimilar category of teachers—those who have failed to get into another profession and who have taken up teaching as an unwelcome vocation. They are the ones who say that teaching is the last resort out if you cannot succeed anywhere or in anything else. Some people go to a university saying: "Oh! well, if the worst comes to the worst I can always teach"; others again never thought of teaching until they began to realise that they would never become lawyers, solicitors, authors, journalists and so on.

Now I come to two other kinds of teachers—those who have a passionate fondness for children and those who love the word Education with a capital E. From these classes spring almost all the teachers of genius, viz., prophets, kings, queens, priests. From there also come the cranks, oddities, sentimentalists, and charlatans.

Fondness for children is not all that matters in teaching. Dogs are very often fond of children. So are many foolish mothers who dote over their children and spoil them until they become horribly, nasty, ill-mannered little brats full of conceit and pride. So do some teachers act like this. They lack the main quality of understanding the children.

What would you say are the qualities of an efficient teacher? No two people would agree entirely. This is so because an infant teacher will

have qualities which are not necessary for a sixth-form specialist and vice versa.

Firstly I say that a teacher's personality, physical and mental, should be neither repellant nor neutral but positively attractive. This does not exclude the ugly ones for many of them might have great personal charm. It does exclude people whose appearance, manner and attitude of mind frightens, chills or overawes others. The easily excited, over and under emotional, selfish and erratic types should be kept out of the classroom as should the sarcastic, cynical and satirical ones. Above all exclude the dull and unintelligent. Some children suffer more from a loving teacher rather than a brute of a teacher.

Secondly, a teacher should be one who can adjust his mind and feelings to those of others. This is particularly important to young children. I do not expect the teacher to think or feel like a child because this is physically and psychologically impossible. But the teacher should be able to put himself in the place of the pupil and to form a vivid picture of what he thinks and feels and why. This excludes the introvert as the teacher. Instead, sympathy towards the child, without overdoing it, is necessary. The teacher must whenever possible be tender-hearted. The child should not be humiliated because of his mistakes. Instead he should learn by his mistakes and it is then that the teacher's sympathy is invaluable. A pupil who never made a mistake would not require a teacher.

But a teacher should not be too "soft". On the contrary he must be tender in a strict way. He must be able to forgive and to love the child. It is he who must mould that child into someone fit enough to be called a gentleman or a woman of a high esteem. That is why I compare the teacher with a moulder who is given a lump of clay and is told to make something out of it. He sits, thinks out plans, and then slowly moulds the object. Slowly it takes shape until finally it becomes something worthwhile, a spectacle which can be put on show for everyone to see. That is how I see a teacher who is given a child who knows nothing about education or the outside world. The teacher has to mould that child into something or rather someone whom his community will be proud to recognise as a man or woman to look up to—a woman or man of culture.

It is also obligatory that a teacher be honest and patient. Honest in that he is doing his duty for the love of it without shirking duties or trying to do too much in a short space of time and in so doing neglect the education of the children. He must not be the person who waits for the bell to ring so that he can go home almost immediately and with the feeling of "only too glad to get out of school". He must not wait for the end of the month to see if there is any increase or decrease in his pay. Yes, that pay envelope is the only worry of many a teacher.

Patience is a virtue—one that should be found in every teacher. Little children need kindness,

generosity and love from someone. Some never get it at home, others never get it at all. Therefore it is the duty of all teachers to be patient with all children irrespective of their class or standard or form.

The teacher should also be slightly above average intelligence and mental vision. He should keep his mind alive, open to new ideas, yet shrewd and critical. He must be adaptable, quick to take advantage of the favourable situation and quick to turn an unfavourable one to his or rather to his pupil's advantage. He should master his work in all subjects.

He should also be able to explain complex and intricate matters in a simple and lucid fashion. He should be more of an actor and less of a showman. He should not be verbose or try to show the children all he knows. Instead he should at all times try as much as possible to elicit most of the facts from the children themselves.

Every teacher should be a scholar; all the time. By this I do not mean academically or that he must necessarily have taken or be capable of taking a degree. There are some teachers who make excellent teachers without having to take a degree. There are even some who would not benefit from degrees. By a scholar I mean not one who is continually absorbing fresh knowledge, but one who is also digesting it and is transforming it into wisdom. You cannot teach unless you are a scholar.

The teacher's big task is essentially to deal with people and it is therefore imperative that he understands them. He must not only understand them in one stage of their life, i.e., only as infants or adolescents; but he must know infants, adolescents and adults. How can he develop those infants or adolescents into good adults if the teacher is ignorant of the interests and abilities of the infants and adolescents.

A teacher's business is also to guide his pupils towards spiritual values; to teach them how to recognise such values and how to assess them, respect them and if need be change them for the better. A teacher with no such values cannot do this because how can the blind lead the blind? No one in the entire world can reach success without God's help, no matter what religion or sect one may belong to. Even an atheist who does not really believe in God believes that there is something or someone greater than any human being on earth.

A teacher is born not made. It is a vocation to be in the teaching profession. No one can say that I want to be a teacher if they have not the vocation from God. It is a vocation of nobility and one to be extremely proud of. A teacher stands out as someone great, above all other professions, even above the medical profession. He is regarded as the leader of Society and should, if at all possible, make his model that of Jesus Christ, the greatest of all teachers.

To say that a teacher's personality should be dynamic implies that it should be adventurous. The

terrible and destructive idea that any child who has a touch of devil in him should be directed away from the profession towards a more "exciting" occupation, is one that must be combated wherever it is met. There is no life more exciting than the teacher's — though none, unhappily, more often covered with dullness and excessive boredom.

Another very important thing is that the teacher should try as much as possible to keep out of politics or any unnecessary controversy. The teacher has to set the correct example wherever he goes. He is the most widely watched personality and any little mistake or bad deed committed by him is criticised by all. Such remarks as: "He is supposed to be a teacher," or "What are our teachers coming to," are not pleasant ones to hear especially from people who have not had much education or culture.

You might ask the question: "If such a personality is demanded of every teacher, are you sure that we can be able to produce a sufficient proportion of men and women to undertake the education of a nation?" South Africa certainly has sufficient men and women to fill its teaching posts. We have greatly neglected our abilities yet the resources are still there. Many teachers are discouraged by the profession owing to financial difficulties. Because of this they let their knowledge and capabilities go to waste. They don't try and do something about the matter. And yet it is usually those men and women who make the

finest teachers if they really get down to earning their money by practising their profession.

I have also heard many teachers say: "Oh don't ever become a teacher. The money is not worth it." A teacher should never look at the financial side of teaching. Instead he should put his mind to his work and love the job, because of all the other professions he chose the noblest of them all. He should be proud to say that that little boy or girl who is now a doctor or a lawyer was taught by him. He is of a much greater asset to the community than the teacher who neglects his children and complains every month about short pay.

The teacher should really be a father or mother to the children. The child should feel that he can always go to the teacher for help of a confidential nature. He might be afraid to speak to his father or mother about certain things and yet with the teacher who is fatherly or motherly, the child is unafraid of speaking freely and openly.

In the classroom the good teacher should try to bring to bear various teaching techniques with a view to producing a "bond" between the child and its environment. The essential activity is the adjustment of the child to its environments. Some children are curious, assertive and creative but also submissive and ready to appeal for help. It follows therefore that the perfect teacher knows when to teach; when to stand aside; when to explain; when to leave the children to make discoveries and when



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to give them scope for free expression. The teacher must develop a particular sensitivity to the needs of the situation and act accordingly.

During school hours the teacher stands in the place of the parents. This is a high, holy and responsible position. This high responsibility carries with it the parental authority to administer reasonable punishment to the children for disobedience whilst under the teacher's control. The perfect teacher should not be too lenient when administering punishment.

Perseverance and fairness are two qualities which lack in many teachers to-day. It was perseverance which paved Sir Edmund Hillary's way to success and teachers can be likewise if they persevere. "Perseverance will be rewarded."

As regards fairness each child should be treated in such a way that no signs of favouritism, whatsoever, be shown. In so doing no ill-feelings are bred among fellow pupils.

Another harmful tradition which I feel ought to be broken down as quickly as possible is that of "once a teacher, always a teacher". I think that

this is a most dangerous fallacy. I believe that this would result in an almost miraculous fertility in both teaching and all other occupations affected by a two-way traffic.

In conclusion I'd like to say that only men and women of high intelligence (not necessarily genius) and character should be permitted to educate the young. To be a teacher is not an easy task at all. Therefore only those people who have put their heart, soul and mind into the profession should become teachers.

Lastly but not least the teacher who is unwilling to sacrifice some desires for the real educational good of boys and girls will never go far in the teaching profession. The teacher's model, "The Great Teacher", sacrificed His all, even His life by death on the cross for his "pupils". Teachers should try and follow in his trail and then may be we won't have so many teachers leaving the country or being dissatisfied with the profession. After all Christ did say to His apostles, who were in a way teachers, "Go ye and teach all nations."

B. CHAMPION, D 2 B.



SAINT BENEDICT

Round about the time when the Roman Empire had crumbled down and Barbarians invaded the whole of Europe, there appeared Saint Benedict as the head of monks in the West.

In 480 A.D. he was born of a well-to-do Anincii family. They lived in Nursia, twenty miles north-east of Rome, in the dukedom of Spoleto in Italy. The word "Benedict" is derived from the Latin word "Benedictus", meaning "well spoken" or "blessed". At a very early age St. Benedict was sent to Rome for the first part of his education.

He was shocked by the disorders and vices found among his companions in Rome, so he decided to live the life of a hermit. At fourteen he secretly left home but his old nurse who loved him found out where he was hiding and followed him for a while and took care of him. But feeling that she made him too comfortable, he left secretly for Subiaco and hid himself in an almost inaccessible cavern and lived there for three years doing penance and praying. A monk from a nearby monastery, called Romanus, clothed him and gave him food down a rope, with a bell as a warning sign. In this abode Satan kept tempting St. Benedict. Once the devil broke the rope and St. Benedict went hungry. On another occasion Satan came to St. Benedict in the form of a beautiful woman whom he had known in Rome. This temptation worked so much on him that he stripped himself of his clothing and rolled himself in thorns until the temptations were taken away.

This life of solitude came to an end when the monks in a nearby monastery at Vicovaro asked

him to become their abbot. They had heard about his piety and despite his youth they invited him. When St. Benedict came to take up his duties he warned the monks of the severity of his rule but they insisted that he should guide them. Unfortunately St. Benedict's rules did prove too severe for the monks and fierce resentment broke out—they were more accustomed to a laxer way of life. A few of the monks then made plans to kill St. Benedict. One day one of them gave him a vase of poisoned wine to drink. Much to the surprise of the monks present St. Benedict made the sign of the cross over the vase and it shattered to pieces on the ground. Because St. Benedict was such a kind man he willingly forgave the wicked monks. As a result of this miracle St. Benedict is sometimes represented holding a vase out of which comes a dragon. After this, to prevent the monks continuing their evil deeds St. Benedict left the monastery.

He then went to continue his life of solitude but he was followed by two monks from the monastery who begged to be guided by him. St. Benedict was a gentle and modest man. All who saw him were left happy and refreshed by his character and wisdom. Soon more and more men followed him and begged him to be their spiritual guide and counsellor. Patricians and Senators sent their children to be taught by St. Benedict at an early age. Among the most important of his pupils were Marius and Placidus. In a few years' time St. Benedict had founded twelve monasteries around the valley of Anino. Many stories are told about

the miracles he performed. Once at the site of a newly-built monastery, the monks wanted water, and St. Benedict just said a prayer and a river appeared.

Because of the jealousy of a local priest, St. Benedict left the twelve monasteries and went to Monte Cassino. Here idolatry was practised and there was a temple erected to the god Apollo. After converting the people to the true faith he broke the statue of Apollo and built up two oratories—one to St. Martin and the other to St. John. This was his first step in missionary work. At Monte Cassino St. Benedict was visited by a rather fierce Gothic chieftain or king, who dressed himself up as a common soldier. St. Benedict readily discovered that he concealed his identity and this made the chieftain confess his many wrong deeds and asked to be instructed in a better way of life.

It was also at Monte Cassino that St. Benedict built a huge monastery to house a thousand monks. To-day this building is used as a Benedictine seminary. Here he set up his *Regula Monachorum* or Rule. This Rule was not confirmed until 52 years after his death when the Benedictine, Pope Gregory the Great, gave his sanction to it. St. Benedict did away with scourging and starving which was in vogue in Eastern monasteries. The three vows to be taken by the Benedictines were: Chastity, Poverty and Obedience. Their mottoes were and are "For the greater honour and glory of God and for the salvation of souls"—and "Ora et Labora" (meaning pray and work). From the following extract of the Rule some insight into the life of Benedictines can be seen:

"Laziness is the enemy of the soul, and consequently at all times the brothers should, at certain times, occupy themselves in manual labour; at others in holy reading. If the poverty of the place, necessity or harvest keep them constantly employed let them not mind that, for they are truly monks if they live by manual labour, as our brothers the apostles did; but let everything be done in moderation, for the sake of the weak . . . During Lent all shall receive books from the library, which they shall read one after another all through . . . On Sunday let all be occupied in reading, except those who are selected for various functions. If anyone be negligent or lazy, so that he wishes neither to meditate or read, let some labour be enjoined upon him, so that he may not remain doing nothing . . . If by any chance anything difficult or impossible be imposed upon a brother, let him explain fitly and patiently to his superior the reason of the impossibility not inflamed with pride, not resisting, not contracting. If, after his observation, the prior insists in his opinion and his command, let the disciple know that it ought to be so and confiding in the aid of God let him obey . . . Let no person dare to give or receive anything of his own peculiar property, not a book, nor tablets, nor a pen, nor anything whatsoever, without the order of the Abbot. Love the Lord

thy God, with thy whole heart, whole soul, whole strength, and thy neighbour as thyself. Renounce luxuries. Relieve the poor. Clothe the naked. Do no injuries, and bear them patiently. When you see anything good in yourself attribute it to God and not to yourself."

In the monastery the monks did seven hours' manual labour in or out of the monastery, two hours were spent in reading and holy works. They received proper food and clothing but had to abstain from meat. The canonical office was chanted for four to five hours at different times each day. On Sunday this office took up eight hours.

From the Rule monasticism developed into an educational system. The Benedictines thus began as a missionary and educational body. St. Benedict encouraged devotion to scholarship, and it helped in the preservation of literature during the centuries when the lamp of learning almost went out. In order to have reading matter the monastery became a "publishing house". The monks had to make copies of the reproduced manuscripts. The Novices who entered the monastery were often illiterate and they also had to be taught to read and write in order to do the manuscripts. Thus the monasteries began to have schools built next to them.

Men such as St. Bede, St. Augustine (first Archbishop of Canterbury) and Alcum were also Benedictines. Fourteen popes later took the name "Benedict". Some branches of the Benedictines are the Carthusians, Cisterians, Celestines, Grandmontensians, Camaldulens and the Trappists. The last mentioned is worthy of mention because such a monastery exists nearby in Mariannahill. Though now the monks bear the name of Mariannahill fathers (and the sisters, Sisters of the Precious Blood). An insight into the habits and occupations of Benedictines can be seen at this settlement at Mariannahill which was founded by Francis Pfanner.

Now to return to St. Benedict's latter part of his life. The last years of his life were spent in association with St. Scholastica, his sister. She founded the order of Benedictine nuns. St. Benedict and his sister loved each other dearly. They were allowed according to the rule, to meet once a year. This day was usually spent in devout recourse. On one such visit she asked him to speak of the joys of heaven. She tried later to persuade him to remain at the Convent overnight, but he refused to do so as he was not allowed to sleep away from the monastery. Suddenly a great storm arose and it rained heavily so it was impossible to leave. Three days after this he saw a vision of his sister entering heaven.

In 543 A.D., on the 21st of March, 40 days after his sister's death, St. Benedict died. Standing at the foot of the altar where he was taking part in the Service, he took his rest. While supported by his "Black Monks" (because of their black robes) who surrounded him, St. Benedict received Holy Communion.

This "Doctor of Humility" was buried at the monastery of Monte Cassino in a chapel over the spot where the altar to Apollo stood. His grave is a symbol of the change when Christianity was

putting an end to the pagan worship of Greece and Rome. St. Benedict will always be remembered for his contribution to monasticism and education.

DEANNA JACOBS, P.T.C.I.



ADVERTISING

Now I'm not going to argue about the pros and cons of it. We all know that it does more good than harm all round. Some claim that only the advertisers benefit. Well surely not, for they never force us to buy, but merely let us know what is going on around us. Also they are not avaricious monsters set out to trap us. Take Mary for instance. She was thrilled with her "Arwa" stockings and consequently wanted her friends to enjoy what they offered. The next time the girls met, part of the excitement was over Arwa Advertising. Now if Mary owned an "Arwa" factory she would advertise over the air, in magazines and use every device possible to let the world know of her stockings. In fact our whole lives are entangled in advertising.

Even children are conscious of this. The catchy jingles over the radio grow on them. I realised this once when I found myself singing one. Now that does not mean I'm a child. We grow quite fond of these tunes and when we do come across the products in shops we buy them just because, well we are fond of them. Chips, cars, shampoos, creams, medicines, toothpastes, cigarettes, foodstuffs, cosmetics and even the stations on which these products are broadcast, are advertised. We become so accustomed to this that we can tell what advert is coming next. Imagine how dull the programmes would be if only messages and records were broadcast. No one would bother to listen.

A more effective and yet similar device is television. Leiberstein over the radio is not as enticing, for males of course, as over television. The advertiser chooses his setting, for the teenager the beach, and cleverly presents a picture of Leiberstein. Accompanied by a witty slogan the final effect is perfect. Even the cats and dogs enjoy their television programmes. Here in South Africa, where we have no television, bioscopes are used in the same way.

These advertisers are really very clever. They never miss a chance. Certain clothes, for instance, are called "Beatle" this and "Beatle" that. Teenagers, especially, really fall for this. Never mind that the Beatles did not originate or design the garment or idea. If the tag has the picture of John, George, Paul and Ringo, well the garment is worth its money. Most shop windows have the Beatles stuck some place or the other.

Perhaps the most common mode used is the three cent newspaper. Besides the "Smalls" column there are the illustrated goods. Here the slogan

has to be effective as the paper is in black and white. The glossy magazines have an advantage over newspapers in that they are in colours. The use of colours heightens the value of the goods. The manner in which these products are put down is very important. If the advert says, "Drink milk to stay fit and healthy!" and is accompanied by the picture of a fat, ruddy girl, most young ladies will be loath to drink milk every day. Instead they create a romantic situation where Marilyn has quarrelled with Mike because he looked at June. Marilyn, however, wisely stops at Joe's Milk Bar and cools down over a pint. This type of advert appeals to the younger set, especially girls.

I'm sure that most advertisers are philosophers, and not just anybody can be one. Advertising is an art. To be successful in it one has to be alert, clever and always on the lookout for opportunities. One must be imaginative and know how people react to various things.

The pop singers have a great influence over advertisers. The advertiser knows that the young are easily won over. Praise their favourite stars and they love one. For instance a pop singer, Tom Jones, released a song called "What's new, Pussycat?" Dresses are designed with the "Pussycat look" Teenagers who are "with it" will jump for these. The advertisers must always be one jump ahead of the public.

A few years back sky writing began. People would stand and stare at the sky for hours watching to see what the aeroplane was writing. The fact that Coca-Cola can afford to send an aeroplane up to write in the sky greatly impresses people. Even to-day's airways, to encourage people to fly, have a "fly now, pay later" policy. As I've mentioned they do benefit, but so do the public, in that some poor people can also fly by paying by instalments.

Products sponsor programmes and in this way their reputation becomes greater. Rothmans cigarettes sponsor the July Handicap. Thousands are sponsored and this seems to make the concern much bigger in the eyes of the people. Football teams strive for money offered by firms, for example, Beare Brothers. This year the team that won this particular prize was Addington.

The cheapest way of advertising is by posters and bills. Dances and such functions as jumble sales are advertised in this manner. Of course one cannot go about sticking bills anywhere; there are certain places to do so.

If we really look about us we will see how everything and everybody is entangled with advertising. I say everybody because even people advertise themselves. No offence intended. When a girl dresses herself to her best advantage she

is advertising her prettiness. Those who say that advertising should be abolished need their heads read. It is not something that some money grubbing ogre has just invented but a natural thing that has been going on since the beginning of time.

THERESA WAGNER, IX A.

THE ROBBER BARON SPIDERS

The spider is the robber-baron, the pirate of the animal world. We praise and protect the bee, but—the minute we see a spider the first thing that enters our minds is: "Oh! kill it, don't let it escape"; but, if we study the ways of spiders instead of killing them, we shall find them among some of the most interesting of living creatures.

In their lonely struggle for existence, spiders have developed amazing instincts for concealing themselves, protecting their young, and capturing their prey. This last is of the utmost importance, for all spiders are carnivorous, feeding only upon creatures that they are able to catch. Some catch their prey by speed of foot, some by leaping like tigers from ambush, some by means of the beautiful silken nets they spread in their victim's path.

Spider webs are of many kinds and shapes. Some are shaped like funnels, others are so closely woven that they look very similar to tissue paper; but the most beautiful and conspicuous structures are the wheel-shaped webs, woven by the skilful common garden spider.

The lady of the house sits in the middle of her parlour waiting for visitors. Stand out of sight—and remember, she has several eyes in her head and can see all round the compass—and through a piece of dry leaf on the web. She simply darts out. She views that leaf with disgust, thinking the wind has played a nasty trick on her. Very likely she will push it overboard, for she keeps her house clean and shining. When a hard rain comes along, the pretty house may be wrecked, then you may watch the spider build it again.

It is the female who does the work of making the web. You will find her living alone. The male is very much smaller and is not much of a worker. She builds her own house, catches her own food, looks after her family, and is most of the time very busy.

Many spiders do not live on their webs, but hide in small woven nests nearby. From the centre of the web they stretch a tight line to their den. This acts like a door-bell. A grasshopper, perhaps, jumps into the net—the spider is always ready for action. Quickly the spider fastens a strong band to the big floundering insect; she then rolls it over two or three times and then with one quick bite from her poisonous jaws, completes the work.

"The trap-door spiders dig holes in the ground and conceal the openings with hinged covers, lining the inside of their tunnels with a layer of silk." They are clever at making the door. When it is shut, one cannot distinguish it from the surrounding

earth. On the inner surface of the door are tiny holes which receive the claws and jaws of the spider when it is holding the door closed against its enemies. The trap-door lets her in and keeps enemies out.

"In the South of England lives a rare species called the raft spider, which builds tiny boats of leaves and twigs lashed together with its silken cables. These are launched on the surface of some pond, when the spiders wish to make a raid upon water insects. The bold skipper often leaves the ship and runs out over the surface of the pool to catch flies, or dives below to seize a water creature."

The safety devices and food-getting tricks of spiders are endless in number. Certain crab-spiders hide in flowers and seize insects that come for nectar. "The wandering wolf spider runs down his prey in an open race".

Male spiders are frequently brilliantly coloured. Spiders vary greatly in shape and size. Some are no bigger than the head of a pin, while others are large.

Spiders are not insects. All insects have six legs, whereas spiders have eight legs. The four pairs of legs of spiders are attached to the thorax. "Each leg consists of seven segments and ends in two or three sharp and dangerous claws. The number of eyes the spider has varies from two to eight, according to the species."

Some spiders deposit their eggs on a leaf or twig, but the "hunting spider" is one of those which weave a cocoon for them, and it carries them about from place to place until their young are hatched.

Often, I myself, when I see a spider, especially if it is one of the bigger species, get a shiver down my spine and immediately feel like killing it; but I frequently think of that old idiom: "Live and let live". I leave it, and sometimes sit and watch what it does. The small, black spiders which jump up and down are the ones that I am terribly afraid of, because often they jump on me and I scream in terror and start acting as though a snake was just about to bite me.

Spiders are nature's most expert spinners and weavers. They have the most ingenious ways in which they get a living, and often, when I see those beautiful webs of theirs in the early morning, wet with dew, I think that it is fairyland. So next time you see a spider, have mercy upon it and do not kill it!

"If you want to live and thrive,
Let the spider run alive."

L. OELLERMANN, VII (C).

BECHET MAGAZINE

BIRD MIGRATION

A mystery of endurance and navigation

"And let fowl fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven"—Genesis I.

There are well over 8,000 known and named species of birds, and a great many of them are migratory. Despite all dangers of storms, droughts, forest fires, and of man himself, millions of birds undertake twice-yearly journeys that span whole continents and oceans.

The number of bird species that breed in the Northern Hemisphere (between 40th and 80th Parallels) and migrate southwards, is far greater than the number that breed south of the Equator and range over the northern oceans during the southern winter, for the greater land masses in the Northern Hemisphere naturally provide more room for nesting and better food supplies. Also, the northern summer day is longer than the 12-hour day at the Equator, and therefore gives more time for hunting—critical factor for birds whose young eat many times their own weight in food during the time they are in the nest. When breeding is over and the young ones reared, the long, dark nights of the cold season stimulate the migratory instinct, but the actual moment of departure is influenced by the local weather conditions and the physical fitness of the birds themselves.

Before migrating, birds lay in stores of energy in the form of fat deposits beneath the skin; some species are thus enabled to stay on the wing for up to 30 hours. Ornithologists believe that some of the Greenland Wheatears, birds a little larger than the Sparrow, fly direct from Greenland to the north coast of Spain, an over-water flight of more than 2,000 miles. After such a journey a bird may have lost one-third of its body weight in expended energy, and so must rest while it accumulates fresh stores of fat.

Many birds have the stamina for immense journeys, even though they do not normally undertake them. When accidentally blown off course and out to sea, small birds have been known to struggle on to the next landfall, thousands of miles across the Atlantic.

More than any other species, the Swallow is symbolic of this incredible and complicated migratory instinct. It breeds in Europe, Asia, North Africa, and, as the Barn Swallow, in North America, and winters in the Southern Hemisphere. Flying only by day, and feeding on the wing, European Swallows show a preference for the short sea crossing at the Straits of Gibraltar, passing south round the edge of the Sahara. In the Spring the return journey is more direct—many Swallows fly over the Sahara instead of round it, and cross the Mediterranean on the broad front.

It is over 2,500 years since the prophet Jeremiah uttered these words: "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle (dove)

and the Crane and the Swallow observe the time of their coming." But it is within the last century that observers, by such methods as ringing birds, have begun to make scientific investigation into the question.

Where in all the book of nature will you find anything else to compare with the records of the journeys of some Storks and Swallows, marked specimens of which have been proved to migrate from Northern Europe to South Africa—a distance of 6,000 miles? Not all birds migrate in the strict sense of the word, but almost all make some regular seasonal movements from one place to another. Thus woodland birds may leave their thickets and take up their temporary quarters in gardens. Moorland species, like the Curlew, descend from the bleak hillsides, to feed in the estuaries and the salt marshes.

Most of the long journeys are accomplished by night; and on cloudy nights, when birds are passing low so as not to fly in the clouds, you can hear them calling to one another. The distance travelled in any one night or on any other continuous flight is ordinarily more than 200 to 300 miles; but certain birds (such as the Storks and Swallows already mentioned) are known to travel enormous distances without, apparently, stopping. The American Golden Plovers appear to migrate from Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of 2,000 miles, with no stopping place in between the two points on the direct route.

Perhaps even more remarkable than the distance travelled by these birds is the fact that they are able to find their way over the sea without landmarks to guide them. An instinct for home, preferably the place of their own birth, is apparently the cause of their return to the same region year after year for nesting; but **just how** the bird finds its way is the mystery. Many theories have been advanced as to why birds migrate, but this is also an unsolved problem. A theory much favoured today is that the habit is conditioned by an annual "rhythm"; but often there is "rhythm" without apparent season. A flock of Starlings was once observed in mid-Atlantic, a thousand miles from land striving to reach the American continent. Observers on an ocean liner noted each morning a pathetic diminution in their numbers, until finally all had disappeared. Yet, generally speaking, migration offers certain clear biological advantages, and the survival of species has depended on the migratory instinct.

Of all migrants, none travels farther than the Arctic Tern. After a short breeding season in the higher latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere (where long hours of summer daylight give ample time for feeding on the abundant supply of fish), the bird heads south. Small groups of Arctic Tern cross the

Atlantic to Europe, and then fly down the coast to the west and south of Africa, and sometimes continue on to the edge of the Antarctic pack ice. No other bird enjoys as much daylight during the year, but finding it involves an annual journey of about 22,000 miles.

Migratory birds travel with phenomenal accuracy, but their exact routes are not specifically known. Some conjectured routes are shown on maps. The Pacific golden plover, which breeds in the extreme west of Alaska and in Eastern Siberia, crosses the Pacific to make pinpoint arrivals on such small islands as Hawaii and Tonga. In one experiment, a manx shearwater, captured and ringed in Wales, was flown to Boston, U.S.A., and there released. Twelve and a half days later it arrived home, having crossed 3,000 miles of trackless ocean.

Shearwaters are great travellers, and many from Britain winter off the coast of Brazil and Argentina. One young bird completed the journey to Brazil within six weeks of leaving the nest. The Great Shearwater is among the few species that reverse this migratory procedure. It breeds on the lonely island of Tristan da Cunha, in the South Atlantic, and spends the summer in the North Atlantic, penetrating as far as the Davis Strait in Greenland. Its cousin, the Sooty Shearwater (known to sailors as the Mutton Bird), also migrates northwards from its breeding areas in the Falkland Islands and the small islands off Cape Horn, Tasmania and New Zealand. One bird, ringed in New Zealand, was recovered in the Sea of Okhotsk, to the north of Japan.

While winter quarters are generally nearer the Equator than summer ones, they are not always directly south. East Siberian Willow Warblers (song birds so small that three of them together weigh only one ounce) undertake the immense journey to East Africa. The Arctic Warbler spends the summer as far west as Northern Norway and winters in South-East Asia and Indonesia—thus crossing, at right angles, the path of the East Siberian Willow Warbler. One species of Shrike nests in central Asia and winters in Equatorial Africa—1,200 miles south, but 2,500 miles west.

The instinct to migrate brings together, in huge flocks, birds that are normally solitary. Even the most hospitable countryside cannot provide sustenance for more than a few nesting birds per acre; and yet, with the onset of winter, birds collect in clouds that darken the northern skies. The Bobolink or "Rice Bird" is a solitary denizen of the North American meadowlands. On the autumn migration flight, Bobolinks gather in immense flocks to invade the rice fields of the Carolinas and devastate the crops.

Size has little to do with the migratory instinct. Tiny Humming Birds, half as big as a man's thumb, migrate 500 miles across the Gulf of Mexico. The Wandering Albatross, on the other hand, with a wing-span of twelve feet, breeds in Tristan da Cunha and spends the rest of the year soaring across southern oceans, far from land. It is thought

that these birds may circumnavigate the world several times between their breeding seasons.

The phenomenon of migration was known as long ago as Biblical times. The Book of Jeremiah notes the flight of Storks, which leave the Northern European Plain in spectacular numbers and cross Israel and the Nile Valley; but, despite this long familiarity with migration, there is still much to be learned about it. How high do migratory birds fly? How do they navigate?

Radar has largely answered the altitude question: most migration takes place below 5,000 feet, but there are records of really small birds at 10,000, 15,000 and 20,000 feet.

Experiments with caged migrants suggest they may use the sun and stars as aids to navigation. Birds placed in a planetarium, beneath a replica of the night sky, turned at once in the direction of the southern winter quarters to which they were due to fly. Birds, it seems, are equipped with instincts that may surpass man's most elaborate instruments.

W. DORKIN, P.T.C. I.



FAGIN

Old Fagin was always a-stealing of things:
From old pocket watches, to diamond rings.
He'd sell them at the nearest pawnbroker's store
And then would be off again looking for more.

His wallet would bulge at the end of the week,
Then, Fagin, the nearest inn he would seek.
His victims, with gin-and-water he'd stifle,
And when they were drunk, their pockets he'd rifle.

But one day old Fagin was caught as he tried
To steal the gold ring from a newly-wed bride.
He was shackled and taken to prison that day,
And was very dejected, for he cursed all the way.

Now Fagin was brought 'fore a fat magistrate,
Whose breeches were in the most horrible state:
They were split at the hips and bulged at the knees,
And his gin-reeking breath came forth with a wheeze.

After reading some "laws" from an old tattered book,

His eyes took on the most savage look:
His yellow teeth bared in a grin that was wide—
He sentenced poor Fagin to "Six years inside"!

When Fagin reached the end of his term,
He emerged from the prison all bent and infirm.
He died, still indulging in rascally ways,
But I'm sure he realized that crime never pays!

A. LEGGETT.

BECHET MAGAZINE

ON KEEPING TRACK OF TIME

Leigh Hunt's words about the cricket: "And, you, warm little housekeeper who, with your trick-some tune, nick the glad silent moments as they pass", point out that we can only record the passage of time. While an object may be seen to have three dimensions, its fourth dimension cannot be seen. We know it exists, since things happen at different times; but we cannot set it in a bottle and say: "This is time".

What we have adopted is the regular rising of the sun—this happens once a day. A year is the time taken to revolve around the sun. Hours, minutes and "second degrees of minuteness"—seconds, are parts of the day. Astronomers check the lengths by complex observations; and have their own "sidereal day", which is a little shorter than ours. To-day we have many ways of keeping track of time.

The Ancients developed several ways of keeping time, but they are not practical to-day, and any used are "novelties". The waterclock had, as its timing device, the regular dripping of water through a small hole; in one hour, say, a pint of water would drip through—time could be calculated from this. When it froze, the clock was useless. The sandglass, the ever-present companion of Father Time, also worked by allowing a substance, sand in this case, to pass through a small aperture. They then found how long it took to do so—hence an hourglass took an hour to run through the reserve; it was then inverted and the process re-started; slaves were used to turn it. The sundial used the shadow of the pointer—at noon (in Rome) it pointed due North; at sunrise, west; at sunset, east. On cloudy days and at night, any sundial-user would be wise to throw in the towel.

To-day, two mechanisms are used—the clockwork mechanism and the electric mechanism. The clockwork mechanism has one disadvantage—noise; to eliminate the noise, electric movements are used.

The source of any clockwork movement is the mainspring; this provides the torque (twisting power) to turn the series of gear wheels which are connected to it. The first wheel turns a second, but having more "teeth", turns the second one at a greater rate than the first turns. Another gear wheel is attached along the axis of the second wheel and, through this wheel, the second wheel turns a third, again so that the third wheel rotates faster than the second and the first. This is continued until the gear "train" is what is wanted. At certain points, the indicators are attached: the "train" is arranged so that the hands travel at the right speeds relatively: the second hand travels sixty times faster than the minute hand; the minute hand sixty times faster than the hour hand. The last factor is to regulate the speed at which the whole "train" moves at the correct rate: the work of escapement mechanism. The last wheel is held in check by a two-pronged piece of metal, which

has a pivot between the prongs. This can move back and forth; as it does so, the wheel turns, and each prong engages succeeding teeth. By moving the escapement regularly, the whole system moves in time. Keeping the escapement moving falls to the pendulum and the balance wheel. A pendulum is a pivoted rod that is allowed to swing back and forth freely, but is also attached to the escapement. It is known that a pendulum will swing through a constant number of arcs in a certain period; hence it can be used to regulate the mechanism. In watches, a balance wheel is used, to save space and to withstand shock. Here, a coiled "hair spring" (a very fine spring) regulates the swinging of a wheel: much like a pendulum. Chronometers have an escapement that incorporates springs.

The electric movement is much simpler. A motor turns at a known, fixed speed. A reduction gearbox drives the hands at the correct relative rates (as for clockwork mechanisms) and time can be indicated accurately. There is no escapement, and thus no 'tick-tock'. The problem here is supplying the electricity—main-line current or batteries.

The power systems of clockwork mechanisms are varied. The mainspring is a coiled piece of metal that is "stretched" or wound up; this tries to uncurl, and so turns the wheels. Some of the older electric clocks used electric motors to wind up the mainspring. Weights were used in grandfather clocks, and modern watches have a mechanism to convert the movements of the wrist into usable energy.

Accuracy cannot be had for nothing, and it is through good design and skilled manufacture that chronometers can be so accurate as to vary by less than a second per day. Changes in temperature cause a pendulum to lengthen and springs to change their elasticity; this problem has been overcome. Watches are water- and dust-proofed, water and dust being great dangers. Anti-magnetic metals are used to counteract the effects of magnetism. Shock has been overcome largely: the shock-proofing systems such as the "Incabloc" system. Man-made rubies are used to counteract friction: a good watch has seventeen jewels, an automatic watch will have twenty-five jewels. Chronometers are always kept level. Accurate manufacture means that parts must be made to extreme tolerances—one-thousandth of a millimetre. An ordinary watch has 150 parts; a chronometer has 300 and more parts, and takes four times as long to make. Mass-production methods are the order of the day—parts must be fully interchangeable. The first American (mass-produced) watches showed this. Parts for assembling several watches were jumbled together, and then watches assembled from these parts: they worked better than many hand-made ones.

Some unusual clocks have been made.

The crystal clock was developed for exact, scientific work. We would not bother to have one, since

an electronic counter and computer are needed. The principle behind its operation is that certain crystals will, if excited, oscillate at a constant rate, regardless of external influences. By counting the oscillations (1,000's per second), time may be measured.

A few men have, as exercises in ingenuity, built clocks using as few as three wheels, and even one wheel per clock. Their endeavours succeeded, but are ideally suited for museums.

Enumerating the applications of clocks would be quite a task. Some are for telling the time, in public places, offices, homes, factories and in travelling. Some novel uses are cuckoo clocks, clocks which have puppets performing certain actions, timers in stoves, washing machines and safes.

Clocks are here to stay.



A HOLIDAY ABROAD

"How did you enjoy your holiday? What do you think of England?" These are the questions people ask you on your return from a holiday in England. My best answer would be, "Go there and find out for yourself"; but, as this is not a very satisfactory one, I shall endeavour to answer these questions. My memory is so crowded with all I have seen that it is hard to begin when there is so much to tell.

What do you expect to see when you visit London in Spring? Certainly not a warm, sunny day! Yet perhaps that could happen! Many people?—yes, that can be done. Towering buildings?—even those too. But I think that what you really hope to see in that great city is a familiar face—someone from home, even though he may be of slight acquaintance—a smile that somehow makes you feel you belong somewhere in that vastness!

London is truly the "mighty heart"—a city of tall buildings and cathedral domes, bridges and highways, taxi-cabs and crowded buses, large factories and warehouses, supermarkets and one-door shops, streets crowded with pedestrians and traffic, and quiet, tree-lined parks; gay window boxes outside almost every hotel and office; stifling underground railways and all-day restaurants.

Central London will keep a tourist enthralled for weeks, and each time he ventures out he will find some new attraction—Trafalgar Square, Nelson's Column, Buckingham Palace (but from the outside, this does not correspond in any way with the fairy-tale connotations of the word palace). Hyde Park, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, the River Thames and its many bridges—(incidentally, when you go on the boat trip on the river, the guide will point out that "London Bridge is Falling down"—he will show you where part of the bridge is sinking into the river)—and the tourist will find that there is even a milestone to mark Dick Whittington's walk to London town. The grimy appearance of many of the buildings may be a little disappointing, but I think that it reminds us that this city has more to do than just attract tourists—that in this city work goes on.

In the surrounding districts of London the tourist will find beauty of another kind—open country—

side dotted with fruit trees in bloom, wayside inns and quaint names such as The Coach and Horses, The Traveller's Friend, Jack of Both Sides. It is no uncommon sight to see a modern building or supermarket alongside a row of semi-detached cottages with their front doors opening on to the narrow pavement; and the little drapery store, bakery, tobacconist and bookstall all part of that row. He will see the "turf-accountant's" one-roomed office where the housewives and workmen slip in to take their "shilling-each-way" bets on the horses or the dogs.

After having watched and perhaps spoken to persons of many different races—for London teems with foreigners, what is your reaction to a holiday of this kind? The comforting thought that stands out in the memory, even though you may have expected something different, is that life goes on in England the same as it does in South Africa, and that people in other places, despite their peculiarities, are just "people".

(THE ENGLISH DEPT.)



STORM APOLLYON

(On the South African Veld)

And have you paused behind the straining plough
At noon, to breathe the hushed silence of the
air—

Heavy, uneasy, leaden, dumb; while there
With nostrils gaping wide your oxen low
With short, uneasy bleats, and chafe to go
Homewards; then mopped your brow and looked
o'erhead

And seen the towering clouds—dark, heavy as
lead—

All massive, billowing, curled; then heard the slow,
Deep rumbling and the grumbling of the thunder
In the darkening hills, and seen the flashing,
Heard the crashing of the storm—the blunder
Of the elements—until the lashing

Rain swept down, and you were left to wonder
If earth and air and sky had crashed asunder?

"POETASTER."

BECHET MAGAZINE

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The activities of the Society were largely confined to the first and second terms of the year, largely because of the demands of other societies which also had to have their fair share of time. A number of inter-class and school debates were held. Judged by the response, however limited, it was felt that some value had been gained.

An inter-school debate was arranged with the Little Flower School, Ixopo, who were the proposers of the motion: "Sayers are worth more to the world than doers". The debating was considered of good standard. The result: Bechet lost. Losing or winning a debate is NOT the essence of the matter. We debate to improve our command over our thoughts and language. This, among other aims, should be constantly held in mind.

During the debate referred to, it was encouraging to note that in addition to pupils, some parents also attended. It was indeed a pleasant surprise

to note that one parent had the courage or temerity—it depends of course upon the point of view—to participate!

Does this phenomenon foreshadow the beginning at Bechet of extension classes for adult education? Some of our pupils believe that "bringing up father and mother" is just as important as "bringing up Johnny and Sannie", particularly in the context of modern society.

We venture two suggestions:

- (a) An inter-school debating contest on the lines of the Jan Hofmeyr Speech Contest, sponsored by the Natal Education Department.
- (b) A combination of debating-cum-social evening, during which parents and pupils not only debate but also contribute musical and recitation items.

We hope the cent drops!

B. H. KINSEY (Organiser).



HOE ONS DIE NATUURKRAGTE INSPAN

In die ou dae, toe die mens nog 'n grotbewoner was, is van die natuurkragte maar min gebruik gemaak.

Met die verloop van tyd, egter, het die mens beskaafd geword, en 'n kenmerk van sy ontwikkeling was die toenemende gebruik, eers van diere, en toe later van die natuurkragte. Vandag gebruik ons diere maar min. Ons gebruik meestal die natuurkragte; vryelik word steenkool en olie, asook wind-, water- en atoomkrag ingespan om ons werk te doen.

Die mens het, byvoorbeeld, daarin geslaag om die wind te beteuel en sy krag in 'n sekere mate te gebruik. Seilskepe en jagte word op see deur die wind voortgedryf; en orals op ons plase tref ons windpompe aan, wat water uit boorgate in die aarde uit, oppomp.

In ons land is die reënval maar karig, en ons ly dikwels aan droogtes. In lande wat 'n hoë reënval geniet, word daar meer van waterkrag gebruik gemaak. In Amerika is opgaardamme gebou, waarvan die waterkrag dan gebruik word om elektrisiteit te vervaardig. In Frankryk word die getye ingespan vir dryfkrag vir die dinamo's, wat dan ook elektrisiteit vir allerhande doeleindes verskaf. Die rol wat elektriese krag in die hedendaagse lewe speel, is orals bekend.

Afgesien van elektrisiteit, is die vernaamste bronne van dryfkrag en energie brandstowwe, soos b.v. olie, hout en steenkool. In die moderne wêreld, word hulle hoofsaaklik gebruik. Merkwaardig is die feit dat hulle ook maar van die natuur afkomstig is. Algar word verbrand, en die hitte van die vuur gee ons die energie en die krag. Hitte beteken energie!

Die olie kom van diep onder die grond uit, en nadat dit geraffineerd is, word dit in motorvervoertuie, skepe, vliegtuie, en allerhande soort masjienerie gebruik. Steenkool word ook orals in fabriek, skepe, lokomotiewe, asook in huise gebruik. 'n Probleem wat baie van ons groter stede mee te kampe het, spruit juis uit die gebruik van die twee bogenoemde brandstowwe, nl. steenkool en olie. Die rook en dampe daardeur veroorsaak, is gevaarlik, en mag die gesondheid van die stadsbewoners aantast en benadeel.

Die jongste ontdekking van die moderne Wetenskap, wat energie en krag van die Natuur betref, is dié van atoomkrag. Die navorsings in die kernfisika het so vooruitgegaan dat daar nou reeds kragstasies is, wat hulle dryfkrag van die atoom kry. In Groot-Brittanje en die Verenigde State van Amerika bestaan daar sulke elektriese kragstasies. Alle aanduidings is dat die elektriese kragstasies van die toekoms, van hierdie aard gaan wees.

En wat van ons eie land?

In die Republiek is steenkool betreklik goedkoop. Atoomkragstasies is uiters kosbaar. Maar alhoewel ons nog 'n hele ruk lank steenkool in ons elektriese kragstasies sal aanhou gebruik, is ek daarvan vas oortuig dat ons, uiteindelik, selfs hier in Suid-Afrika, sal oorslaan na atoomkrag.

Een van die merkwaardigste kenwerke van die mensdom is die manier waarop hy hom altyd aanpas by sy omgewing. Hy leer nie net om hom by sy omgewing aan te pas nie, maar hy leer om sy omgewing te verander en te beheer, in so'n mate, dat sy lewe hier op die aardbol, gemakliker kan word.

P. LUNKING, X (A).

DIE DURBANSE HAWE

Die rede vir die bestaan van ons stad waarop ons Natallers met reg trots is, is sy voortreflike hawe—die allerbeste en doeltreffendste in die hele Republiek. Namate die hawe ontwikkel en uitgebrei het, as gevolg van Engelse ingenieurswese en — „know-how” so ook het die stad se voorspoed en die welsyn van sy bevolking toegeneem.

Om alles oor die hawe te boek te stel is bra onmoontlik binne die bestek van hierdie artikel. Net 'n paar feite sal dus opgenoem word om die bewering in die inleidingsparagraaf te staaf.

Die hawe is 'n skakel tussen die nywerhede in en om Durban, dié van die binneland en buiteland. Om hier uit te wei, kan ons meld dat die grootste gedeelte van die invoerhandel deur die hawe hanteer word. Dit beloop miljoene rand. Wat egter ooglopende voorkom, omrede dit betreklik gesproke, iets nuwerwets is, is die huidige ontwikkeling van die toeristebedryf, waartoe die hawe by wyse van sy pragwerk—die eindpunt aan T-Kaai—so mildelik bygedra het.

Hierdie stuk ingenieursvernuif wat groot roem in die buiteland verwerf het, is 'n indrukwekkende bewys van hierdie bydrae. Toeriste bewonder die argitektoniese eienskappe van die gebou en die gerief en gemak wat dit hulle besorg. As 'n toeris op 'n behoorlike wyse ontvang en onthaal moet word, dan doen ons dit hier so. As jy hom dan moet beroof (en daar's rykes en vettes hoor!) nee, ontlaas of liewer oorreed, om sy dollars op sonskyn, die vrug van sonskyn, die wildtuin en Zoeloetroeteldingetjies te spandeer—doen dit dan op 'n beskaafde, verfynde manier. En dis presies net wat ons hawe—aangeleenthede beoog en bewerkstellig!

Die hawe is so ingerig dat skepe volgens die verskeidenheid van hulle vragte by kaaie spesiaal daarvoor beplan, af- en opgelaaie mag word. So dink ons aan die hantering van ons vrugte wat verkoeling benodig, die af- en oplaai van graan, asbes, ystererts, steenkool en mangaan. Nou kort gelede het ons Eerste Minister 'n enorme suiker-eindpunt ingewy.

Dan beskik die hawe ook oor 'n doeltreffende droogdok wat bedoel is om die steeds toenemende aanvraag na skeepsherstel—en opknapwerk te bevredig. Dit het ook aanleiding gegee tot die totstandkoming van ons skeepsboubedryf wat betreklik gesproke nog in sy aanvangstadium verkeer. Die toekoms sal seker bewys dat ons in dié opsig op die drumpel van opspraakwekkende ontwikkeling staan. 'n Dag of wat gelede het 'n groot-skaalse sakeonderneming twee van die Union Castle Company se passasierskepe, die Transvaal Castle en Pretoria Castle aangekoop. Ons verwag stellig dat Die Generaal Smuts en Die Generaal Hertzog pragskepe van ons handelsvloot eersdaags hier in ons praghawe van stapel sal loop.

Die uitbreiding van die hawe se aangeleenthede en werksaamhede bedoel o.a. werkgeleenthede vir sowel geskoolde as ongeskoolde arbeid—wit, kleurling en swart wat almal geregtig is op sy stukkie daaglikse brood. En dit bedoel werk en standhoudende werk boonop. Dis 'n bemoedigende gedagte vir leerlinge van Bechet om voor oë te hou.

Ja, Durbanse hawe is 'n moderne tegniese en ingenieurswonderwerk, 'n vername hoeksteen in die bloei van ons landse ekonomie.

J.G.P.



OUPA SE VERJAARSDAG

Vinnig het ek die lang gang af na oupa se kamer gestap met die trui wat ek met so baie trots, geduld en sorg gebrei het. Net toe ek by die deur gekom het, het ek skielik bang geword. Sê nou oupa hou nie van die trui nie, en wat sou ek dan doen? Stadig het ek die deur oopgedraai, die eerste een om oupa op sy sewe-en-sestigste verjaarsdag geluk te wens.

Oupa was al lankal wakker en het die oggendkoerant gelê en lees. Toe ek ingekom het, het my nuuskurigheid oor sy bril bekyk en dit was toe dat ek seker was dat liewe oupa skoon vergeet het dat dit daardie dag sy verjaarsdag was. „Goeiemôre Oupa”, het ek glimlaggend gesê en hy het terug gegroet met 'n glimlag, wat die plooië in sy gesig soos die kaal takke van 'n boom in die winter laat lyk het. Met my gelukwense het hy my so verbaas aangekyk dat ek uitgebars het van die lag.

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„My kind, ek het al so veel verjaarsdae gehad dat ek hierdie een skoon vergeet het”, het hy skamerig gesê. Dit was toe dat ek hom die trui gegee het. Die bewerige wit geplooië hande het die trui geneem en vir 'n oomblik het hy die trui bekyk. Die glimlag het so gou verdwyn en 'n frons het tussen sy oë verskyn dat ek skielik gevra het, „Oupa, voel u nie gesond nie?”

„E-e-nee my kind, die trui herinner my net aan die een wat ek van jou oumagrootjie op my agtiende verjaarsdag, 'n present gekry het,” het hy stadig gesê. In 'n bewerige hees stem, het hy voortgegaan en vertel hoe sy arme siek ma die trui gebrei het. Net na hy haar bedank het vir haar mooi geskenk, het sy 'n hartaanval gekry, en gesterf. Na daardie dag kon hy nooit die trui aantrek nie, want nes hy die trui aanraak, het hy haar beeld voor hom gesien.

Vir 'n lang oomblik was die stilte byna ondraag-

BECHET MAGAZINE

lik en met 'n swaar sug sê hy: „Marie, my kind, maar hierdie trui is anders, dit is nie die een wat my ma vir my gegee het nie. Ek kry hierdie een van jou, my liewe kleinkind, wat al haar vrytyd gebruik het om vir haar oupa so 'n mooi trui te brei. Baie dankie, Marie. Dit is die mooiste present wat ek lanklaas ontvang het, dankie hoor!”

Ek was so bly dat ek 'n bejaarde se hart kon opbeur en verplesierig dat ek 'n knop in my keel gevoel het. Skielik bars die deur oop en daar staan die hele familie met hul geskenke vir oupa. Almal praat deurmekaar; daar word gesoen en gedruk en gelukgewens. Dit was moeilik om te sê wie nou juis die blyste was—oupa of sy spul kleinkinders!



News of Old Scholars

Miss L. Archery travelled to England to be a bridesmaid at her brother's wedding early in the year.

Mr. Bydell has been awarded a Diploma in the Administration of Education by Reading University. We would like to congratulate him.

Mrs. Bydell returned to Bechet in July. She had an interesting holiday in England. The English weather apparently was not very kind.

Miss A. Dunn has improved her nursing qualifications. Congratulations.

Miss B. Montgomery is taking a special nursery school course in Cape Town.

Mr. A. Gilbert is to be congratulated on his being awarded the trophy for the best turnout at a recent parade held by the South African Coloured Corps.

Miss W. van der Plant has improved her nursing qualifications. Congratulations.



HOW DO YOU DO IT?

Here I sit all broken hearted,
Two months gone, and not yet started.
I try, and try, to rhyme my words
But the result I get is quite absurd.

“Tis agony”, I quoth again and again.
“Surely this thing can't bring me fame”.
I remove my glasses and wipe my eyes;
There's just nothing to do, but soliloquize.

They say “something attempted, something done”,
There's something I've attempted, but not yet begun.
“I'm stumped” sub-consciously I must confess,
For all I've got is a jumble of mess.

BECHET MAGAZINE

Well now, maybe it's this pencil I'm holding,
Or by some chance, this paper I'm folding.
Somebody please, tell me has this “poem” a hope?
As I feverishly tuck it into an envelope.

K. J. GOSS, 7A.



Examination Results

1964

NATAL TEACHERS' DIPLOMA

Mr. D. J. Augustus; Mr. D. A. Bizaare, Mr. W. T. Crowie, Mr. W. J. de Voux, Mr. L. W. Napier, Mr. R. Oakes, Mr. J. Twynham, Mr. P. G. Woodroffe, Miss P. M. Davids, Miss M. B. Green-Thompson (Distinction), Miss D. Oakes, Miss S. M. Oakes (Distinction), Miss O. M. Van Rooyen.

SENIOR CERTIFICATE

Matric Exemption with Merit: F. E. Lunking.

Matric Exemption: R. A. Holloway, J. Jacobs.

Senior Certificate: M. J. Baatjies, G. P. Bergsteedt, M. M. E. Cantin, G. R. Conway, A. M. Dunn, G. P. Dutlow, M. T. L. Evenor, G. M. Firmin, B. M. Green-Thompson, H. Hendricks, I. Hoosen, L. A. Hughes, S. W. Julius, M. A. Lamalette, E. L. Lewis, R. G. Sammons, R. N. A. van der Byl, B. H. Wagner, M. Walljee.

JUNIOR CERTIFICATE

Passed Advanced Grade with Merit: Theresa Elizabeth Wagner.

Passed Advanced Grade: M. H. Anderson, J. G. Arendsen, J. A. Bailey, G. Ball, J. M. Barton, B. B. Bishop, A. J. Boyles, D. G. Clarivette, K. M. Cloete, T. M. Clutties, S. E. Conway, B. S. Davis, M. L. De Vries, L. B. Enicker, N. A. Fernando, F. Fisher, L. S. Fortune, E. George, T. N. George, J. D. Gilbert, V. B. Green-Thompson, A. G. Hartze, L. J. Isaacs, S. V. Jacobs, L. H. Joyce, N. W. Lambert, C. V. Lawler, D. H. Lawler, L. P. Manning, J. L. Martin, N. F. Martin, S. W. Matham, R. J. McDonald, J. P. Moollan, A. A. Money, L. M. Mulqueeney, E. G. Napier, J. R. Napier, B. G. Otto, C. P. Petersen, C. N. Peters, A. G. Pietersen, C. M. Reynolds, J. Stainbank, B. G. Steyn, A. C. Thomas, W. J. Tonkie, M. C. Tweedie, B. J. van der Merwe, J. E. L. Veckranges, R. F. Williamson.

Passed Ordinary Grade: H. Bailey, E. R. Bloem, E. I. Eksteen, M. M. Gabin, A. A. James, O'R. A. P. Kast, R. Malgas, M. E. Marescia, D. A. Noel, K. H. Simm, B. Whittle, M. G. Wynne.

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BECHET COLLEGE HOSTEL AMENITIES FUND

STATEMENT OF REVENUE & EXPENDITURE as at 30th September, 1965

	Dr.	Cr.
Cash at bank, 1.1.65		R4.26
27.1.65—Amenities		11.50
3.3.65—do.		2.50
8.3.65—Sports goods (Reg. Wright)	R8.37	
28.3.65—Amenities		14.50
21.4.65—Bechet College Activity Fund	8.20	
28.4.65—Amenities		2.50
26.4.65—Wireless Licence	5.50	
14.6.65—Amenities		3.50
23.6.65—Bechet College Activity Fund	8.40	
22.7.65—Amenities		20.50
29.9.65—Bechet College Activity Fund	8.60	
Excess of Revenue over and above expenditure	20.19	
	<u>R59.26</u>	<u>R59.26</u>

AMENITIES FUND

BARCLAYS BANK SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT

Balance as 1.1.1965	R160.96
Interest 23.7.1965	2.77
	<u>R163.73</u>

BECHET COLLEGE ACTIVITY FEES

STATEMENT OF REVENUE & EXPENDITURE as at 30th September, 1965

	Exp.	Rev.
Activity Fees		R138.50
Activity Fund (Borders)		25.20
Bus Excursions:		
(Mr. Hall) Ecological	R6.40	
Hockey	10.00	
(Mr. Hall) Smith & Nephew	5.20	
Book Sales:		
Homework Notebooks		70
J.C.		68.59
S.C.		43.72
Bank Charges:		
Commission, Cheque Book, etc.	8.75	
Cake Sales		42.78
Puppet Show	1.40	
General Expenses	17.35	
Bus Fares (T.C. Students) ..	58.33	
Stationery	7.78	8.38
Sports:		
Equipment and Sundries	73.10	
Subscriptions	8.75	
Annual	25.82	
Tuck Shop:		
Minerals		37.12
Sweets		11.80
Telephone	50	
Tennis (Rep. Racquets, Balls, etc.) ..	18.40	
Donations		11.00
Musical Festival (Bus Fares)	10.00	
Library	2.00	
Miscellaneous	12.70	
Suspense		3.10
Excess of Revenue over and above Expenditure	124.41	
	<u>R.390.89</u>	<u>R390.89</u>

ACTIVITY FUND

S.A. Permanent Building Society:	
Fixed Deposit	R1,000.00
Savings Account	939.37
	<u>R1,939.37</u>

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