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The SERVITOR

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A Society of Servants in South Africa



Message from Sir B. Rama Rau

Kt., C.I.E., I.C.S.

Agent-General of the Government of India in South Africa.

It gives me great pleasure to send a message to the first issue of "The Servitor." I congratulate those who have worked to establish the Society of Servants in South Africa, and wish them all success in their endeavours. Its appeal lies chiefly in the simplicity of its foundation and structure—it is an Association of generously-minded individuals actuated by a common desire to serve and uplift their fellow-men irrespective of colour or caste. It is an Association untrammelled with irksome rules and regulations. At the same time it will not attract any but those who are sincerely desirous not only of serving others but also of ensuring that their own lives and actions shall be a model to those whom they serve.

The proposal to open an "Ashram" in Durban is naturally of great interest to me. When the history of the twentieth century is written I feel sure that Mahatma Gandhi, whose policy of non-violence has proved so remarkably successful, will find a more prominent place than any of the present-day dictators who have achieved far less at such an enormous cost in human life, suffering and misery. Although an Ashram in Durban may not create another Mahatma, I am certain that any attempt to use the Mahatma as a pattern of life cannot but have a most beneficial effect on the members of the Society. For that reason the proposal to have a modest Ashram in Durban is undoubtedly a step in the right direction, and I trust it will give to the Society's members the atmosphere necessary for the successful accomplishment of their work.

B. RAMA RAU.

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THE PURPOSE OF THE SOCIETY OF SERVANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

This Society has been formed to link together social workers and all who desire to become social workers.

We use the term "Social" in its widest possible sense, to include all kinds of cultural and humanitarian work. We believe that the few such workers there are in the land will welcome a society in which they themselves may become an integral part, and in which they may find the companionship of others, who are imbued with like ideals. Moreover we believe there is a vast reserve from which new workers may be drawn. Men and women are often too timid to offer themselves. Often, they do not know in what sphere they may find an outlet for their services. They need a call. The inner call to serve may have come, but they need guidance as to the sphere in which they may be of the greatest use to their fellows. A call that is realized and not answered loses its appeal, and is soon no more heard. Thus opportunities of joyful service are lost. Our purpose is not so much to start a new organisation as to strengthen work already being done; encouraging our members to unite to initiate new work only where the need is obvious.

The method by which we hope to carry out our high purpose is, by inviting persons, of all ranks and of all religions, to join this Society of Servants. It is open to all persons over 15 years of age, both men and women.

The magnificent work of women in India has revealed possibilities of usefulness, as yet undreamed of, in this land. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, are women, for the first time, co-operating with men, in such large numbers, and with such splendid selflessness.

It is from India that our society draws its inspiration. It has often been said that the East moves slowly. This was undoubtedly true until recent times; but it is not true of India to-day. Men, women and children, throughout the length and breadth of that fair land, are labouring ceaselessly and heroically to overcome ignorance; to banish poverty and to give people joy and happiness in living. It may yet be that India will lead the world in the renovation of humanity! *Ex Oriente Lux.*

We believe that we are made of the same stuff as those who live in the land of our forefathers, and that we may serve our country as they serve theirs. In what way can we accomplish the end we have in view? The Society of Servants seeks to answer this question. It does so by inviting you to serve God and man, and, in order to do this effectively, to pledge yourself to live, so far as lies in your power, a life of purity, sincerity, simplicity, humility and kindness. The signing of the pledge is no mere empty form. It is signed only after the aspirant has passed through a period of probation. Having become a servant of the society the new member is entitled to admit others. The torch of high service is thus handed on. A new link in the chain is forged. It is through these links that the current of life passes unimpeded and undiminished.

In the Society all are of equal standing, and each has the same privileges and responsibilities as others.

To further the purpose of the Society literature is being collected to supply information and guidance, as to the best methods of conducting social work; to keep ideals pure; and to afford a reservoir of information, dealing with every department of uplift work.

We hope, at no distant date, to have an Ashram, in or near Durban, similar to those in many parts of India. In these Homes of Quiet workers live together, for long or short periods, holding conferences, attending lectures, and exchanging ideas. By study and life purification they strive to equip themselves for their great work. This we also seek to do.

The Servitor will, we hope, provide a medium through which social organisations may publish reports and contribute articles. The Society and its journal seek to be the handmaids of all organisations doing uplift work. As our name indicates we are servants. We invite you to join us in this honourable profession.

We believe that the dawn of a more enlightened age is breaking. We seek to be, in however small a degree, among those who usher in the light of the coming day, when none shall live for self, and each shall live for other.

“When Earth’s last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted
and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has
died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon
or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.
And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden
chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet’s hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter and
Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!
And only the Master shall praise us and only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They
are!”

(Kipling.)

CAN YOU WRITE AN ESSAY?

“I seek not Kingdom, nor Paradise, nor even Salvation;
I seek only the Deliverance from Affliction of the Afflicted.”

This is the motto of the Social Workers’ Brotherhood, Bangalore, India.

The Editor invites readers to send essays (not exceeding 200 words) either (1) in agreement with or (2) in disapproval of the view expressed in the above motto, that works of mercy are of more value even than personal salvation.

The best essay (1) for and (2) against the sentiment expressed in the motto will be published in the SERVITOR.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA

During my recent short visit to India, I was much impressed by the amazingly rapid advance I found youth had made in almost every phase of life since my previous visit to the Motherland in 1922. Education, politics, art, service and religion all seemed to draw a large number of devotees from the youth of the country. It seemed that Indian youth had at last learned to make sacrifices and were befitting themselves as citizens of the future.

In Colombo I visited the Head Quarters of the Young Men's Buddhist Association and was most agreeably surprised to find so well conducted an institution. The Singhalese and Tamil members of the Association at work and play left me most impressed. Nothing like it exists among us here, sad to say. At a Carnival and Fête organized by amalgamated youth organizations and held in the beautiful grounds of the Ceylon Museum, youth at fun and frolic attracted my attention. Amusement stalls, side shows, and well conducted games presided over by Singhalese and Tamil ladies most charmingly dressed in saris and jewels—for which Ceylon is famous—coaxed patrons to support their respective stalls. And who could resist such charming people! Tea rooms and milk bars also received their full quota of support because young people presided over them. One evening, an excellently produced pageant and tableaux vivants was presented entitled, "Daughters of India," in which nearly a hundred and fifty women and girls belonging to ladies' clubs and girls' organizations took part. I have seen nothing so beautiful and colourful in my life. Women and girls recited, sang, danced and played Indian musical instruments, while characters depicting the many classes, types and nationalities paraded on the stage, finally forming a wonderful tableau, "Mother India and her Daughters."

In Madras, I saw how talkies were produced and met some leading people in the film world in South India. It was a pleasure to note that actors, actresses, technicians and people connected with this industry came from good class families and were both highly educated and cultured.

I also had the pleasure of visiting the Theosophical Head Quarters at Adyar where I was privileged to see the students at their studies and play.

The Young Men's Christian Association building has over a hundred rooms, always fully booked up, a well equipped gymnasium, theatre, library, roof garden and other rooms for billiards and indoor games. Wherever I went I was greatly impressed by the cultured manners of the people of India, charming speech, artistic tendencies, love of social service, pride of race, education and an intense love of things Indian.

In Calcutta the musical and charming Bengalis impressed me greatly. They are a very artistic and widely read people. A description of Mullick's Marble Palace would fill a volume. Bombay I found most fascinating. Its roads, paths, huge buildings—not just cement and mortar—but structures beautifully designed in stone and marble, gardens, paths, zoo, cinemas, theatres and its cosmopolitan people left on me their lasting impressions.

(Continued on page 12)

THE PILGRIM'S WAY

“ As soon as force was admitted into Love, there was no more Love, and there could be no Love as the law of life, and as there was no law of love, there was no law at all, except violence, that is, the power of the strongest.”

This is a quotation from a letter written by Tolstoy, the great Russian writer and reformer, to Mahatma Gandhi in 1910. It is essentially the same message as that sent by St. Paul to the Corinthians (Chap. 13) some two thousand years ago. In a very small way, the “ Servitor ” brings to you the self-same message. It comes at a time when leaders of civilization in the West have again reverted to the law of the jungle. Hitler in *Mein Kampf* says, “ Might is Right,” and the children of Germany have been educated to believe this firmly.

The age-old struggle goes on, and as those countless generations which have gone before had to face the issue, so also have we to face it in our day. Anything that has character and reasoning powers must face it, whether it is the nation, a smaller group or the individual. You are the individual, you are the group, you are the nation.

Not many of us are deliberately brutal, but we are criminal if we fail to face up to the issue. It is the fundamental issue in this creation: material versus spiritual, love versus hate, faith versus fact, man the Divine versus man the beast, good versus evil. So many of us say, “ What am I amongst so many?” and the very basis of life is left unsettled. No wonder the superstructure is tottering in our individual and social living.

If you and your friends are not clear on this point, go away into the silence and struggle with it until the decision is reached. For without you and you and you on the right side, there can be no right community, no right nation: surely that is simple logic. Dead limbs shorten the life of the tree. If we allow the limitations of the material, limitations of time and place and considerations of expediency to dominate, then are we not being true to the highest that is in us.

Man presses nature into his service by the exercise of his reason and has thus attained an ascendancy over all other creatures and over natural forces. But reason is a dead thing without the spirit that inspires and drives man on to ever greater achievement. In fact the failure to realize the vital function of spirit, makes of the human being merely a clever animal, not man. It is essential to man that he be the master of his destiny. If we permit ourselves to be limited by the material, then surely and inevitably the material will rule us. To-day our own machines are destroying us, and if we put our trust in machinery, then it is quite evident that this must be so, for we are putting our faith in things seen, instead of in the things not seen: trusting in the things that are subject to decay and but transitory, instead of those eternal values which no power can destroy. It is admitting death as conqueror, it is putting ourselves supinely on the side of evil and decay, on the side of cunning animal aggression. Against that we can and must revolt. And how

shall we make revolt effective? It will not help positive good to be only anti-evil. That would be a destructive aim which would be impossible of being carried out in a spirit of love unless we had built up such a sound structure of love as to supply an inexhaustible source that could overwhelm any evil. Let us be the spear heads of a love attack on all our social evils. In our "Forerunner" in which we set out the purpose of our Society, occur the words, "We believe, nay, we know that unselfish love can accomplish all things." Let that be your conviction, and any problem, whether of poverty, illness, education or politics, can be resolved, for it will be founded on the eternal truth that God the Creator is Love. You immediately transform yourself into a channel through which the invincible power may flow. With this conviction, it is impossible to adopt a defeatist attitude. The appearances, to the unworldly mind, just do not count, it is the reality unchanging and unchangeable that sets you above the apparent failure. In fact it is failure from the worldly and materialistic viewpoint that often constitutes success. Jesus Christ's life and death, apparently the most awful failure, the Neronian persecution of the early Christians, death coming to them in terrible forms, yet the armed might of Rome finally bowed to that which was stronger than Death. Wherever there has been martyrdom and the apparent triumph of the power of the world there has sprung up a growth so vigorous that there can be no possible doubt as to which power is the stronger. To come nearer home, what would any one have given, viewing it from the worldly standpoint, for the chance of success in the Passive Resistance campaign here in South Africa? And yet because of the unselfishness and pure love that inspired the campaign, success came to that little band of people, poor, weak and insignificant though they appeared to be contrasted with the power they challenged.

Tolstoy's interpretation of Satyagraha is not merely Passive Resistance, but "soul-force" or "love-force." So let us go right down to the root of our own innermost selves, and let us draw the glorious conviction into the light of day that we are the creation of a Divine Love and as creatures, are compounded of it; that we have illimitable power and majesty for the asking; that the petty, transitory powers of the world have no particle of control over us, that we are free and unfettered, so long as we admit Love as our Lord. The Mahatma has expressed it as clearly as great spiritual truths can be expressed considering the limitations of our lips or the pen to be the conveyances of the Divine urge.

"It is totally untrue to say that it (Satyagraha) is a force to be used only by the weak. It is impossible for those who consider themselves to be weak to apply this soul force. Only those who realize that there is something in man which is superior to the brute nature in him, and that the latter always yields to it, can effectively be Satyagrahis."

A SERVANT OF THE SOCIETY.

[A series of articles on the problems, through which the Pilgrim seeks his way through the world, will appear monthly, under the title "The Pilgrims Way."—Editor.]

ILLITERACY

Adult Illiteracy in Natal, among our Indian people, is an unexplored field! The inadequacy of facilities for the education of our children is well known to us all, and efforts are being made to remedy this, yet the existence of thousands of adults who can neither read nor write, in any language, seems to have been completely overlooked. It has either been overlooked or the teaching of thousands of adult illiterates has been regarded as impracticable. So far from this being the case, educationalists now realise that adults learn to read and write more quickly than do children.

Professor Thorndike, the world's greatest educational psychologist has proved that an adult can learn five or ten times as quickly as a child. Thousands of experiments have proved this to be true. The adult has a different type of mind from a child. His memory is not so sharp but his reasoning powers are better. It is for this reason that in teaching an adult we lean completely on his powers of reasoning and lightly on his memory.

HOW INDIA IS TACKLING THE PROBLEM.

Night schools have for many years been a feature in adult education, in India. An extensive survey of these schools has been made, during the past few years. To the unenlightened it has come as a surprise to learn that there has been something radically and inherently wrong in the system, in that methods suitable to children have been used in teaching adults. This has resulted in a colossal waste of time, labour, and money.

Dr. Laubach, whose name is a household word in the domain of adult literacy in China, the Philippine Islands, and, more recently in India has evolved a scientific method that has been very happily expressed in the slogan, "Each one, Teach one"; "The enlightened to enlighten"; or in Urdu, "Parho aur Parhoa."

The Laubach method is now in use in many parts of India. Results have been marvellous and most unexpected. People of low intelligence learn to read quite fluently in about three months, some even in ten weeks.

India is determined that the curse of illiteracy shall be banished and that her three hundred and forty millions of illiterates shall learn to read and write, without delay. A great army of men, women, boys and girls is at work. Governments and people are co-operating magnificently in all parts of the country. Jails, mills, offices, factories, mines, railways, Churches and schools, all types and conditions of persons are teaching adults to read. One thousand, five hundred men have been made literate in one year, in the Gaya jail.

In the United Provinces, the Congress Government observed January 15th as "Literacy Day." Processions were taken out and meetings held everywhere and half a million citizens, including the Governor, Sir Harry Haig, signed the literacy pledge. The signatory promises to make at least one man or woman literate, within one year, or to contribute Rs. 2, the minimum cost of making an illiterate adult literate, to the Education Expansion Office, to do the work on his behalf.

In Bombay, May 1st was a historic day, for on that day over 10,000 adults, men and women, made the first acquaintance with

the alphabet of their mother tongue. To-day you may see grown-ups, sitting with pencils, slates, and torn books near lamp-posts at night, learning to read and write, with the help of passers-by.

Inducements offered to attract timid illiterates are various and ingenious. In some centres a free ticket to a cinema show is the bait and in others a gift of a rupee.

The Indian National Congress is appealing to every State and Province to start a literacy campaign. There is getting under way a mighty educational movement that staggers the imagination.

India's aim is 100% literacy in five years. This will be accomplished if everyone who knows how to read and write will teach one person a year, for five years.

EVERYONE CAN TEACH

"I do not know how to teach," is the average person's estimate of himself. Fortunately this does not disqualify him. After many experiments methods have been evolved, which are so easy that anybody, without training can teach them. Indeed an illiterate can teach an illiterate as soon as he has learned one lesson. Surprisingly enough, the people who need the most training are school teachers. They have fallen into certain habits, in teaching children and tend to teach adults as though they were children. These teachers need to realize that an adult is not a child, and will not allow himself to be treated as a child.

To quote Dr. Laubach, "There must be no discipline at all. Let your pupil laugh or get up, walk or do anything he wants to do. The only way to keep him studying is to give him a very happy time, and help him to think he is making rapid progress. He may ask why you are taking such interest in him. Then you can say something like this: 'I have discovered a secret of happiness. It is to help other people to read. When I spend my time trying to teach other people it makes my heart sing, especially when they are learning as rapidly as you are. When I have finished teaching you this lesson I hope you will help me to teach many other people.'"

Obviously, all is not right in Natal. Yet none can say how many or how few should be classed as illiterates. It will help us in launching a Campaign if you will fill in the form contained in this number, and return to Secretary, 95 Malinson Road, Durban.

Method in teaching is of the utmost importance, if quick and good results are desired.

As the charts and books are expensive, the fullest possible notes and instructions will be published in these columns, month by month.

Illiterates would naturally be taught in their home languages, Tamil, Hindi, Telugu, etc. We are unable to reproduce these in our journal but the instructions given in English will be of great assistance.

We aim at 100% literacy among our people in South Africa and seek the co-operation of all. There can be no doubt that a successful Literacy Campaign in 1940 will bring new joy to many and make our 80th Anniversary in this land the beginning of a new era.

(Continued on page 18.)

LIBRARY FACILITIES FOR THE INDIAN COMMUNITY

The need for providing Library facilities for the Indian community has long been felt among all those who are interested in Indian welfare, but comparatively little has been done to meet their needs.

When the South African Library Conference was held in Bloemfontein in 1928, the Members considered the needs, not only of Indians, but of Non-Europeans in general and it was resolved that "adequate provision be made for the Non-European sections of the population." They recommended that:—

- (1) The service be organised and financed as part of the general library service of the Union and be free.
- (2) Wherever desirable, the central library system distribute books for use by Non-Europeans through its local centres.
- (3) Such local centres be responsible for supplying these books to those special agencies that undertake to provide reading facilities for Non-Europeans.
- (4) In rural areas Non-European schools serve as library centres being supplied with boxes of books by the local library centre of the central library system.
- (5) School inspectors be asked to assist in organising and supervising the rural library facilities.
- (6) One, or more field officers be appointed as soon as possible to develop these Non-European services.

The Carnegie Corporation gave £3,000 for the whole Union. This sum was to be apportioned among the Provinces and administered by them.

In April, 1929, Dr. Loram, the Superintendent of Education in Natal convened a meeting to be held in Durban to consider the offer made by the Carnegie Corporation of £500 for the use of Non-Europeans in Natal.

As a result of this Meeting, it was decided:—

- (a) To accept the grant of £500. Since the main condition of the Grant stipulated that the whole sum should be spent upon the provision of books, it was agreed that the Education Department of the Province should be requested to make provision for the supply of book-boxes, and for their transport to and from approved distributing centres.
- (b) That schools and training institutions should, at the outset, be the distributing centres. That books should be sent in wooden boxes designed to hold about sixty books each; and that the books should be primarily for the reading of scholars in schools and training institutions.
- (c) That the administration of the service should be undertaken by the Durban Municipal Library.

Mr. Franklin Rooke, the Durban Municipal Librarian, undertook the Secretaryship of the Committee of Management.

- (d) That the service should be entirely free, unhampered by any system of deposits or guarantees.

The Natal Education Department supplied the book-boxes and warrants for free railage, and in September, 1931, the first supplies of books were sent to ten institutions. There are now thirty centres

which receive books from the Durban Municipal Library; twelve of these joined within the last eighteen months and there are signs of awakening interest in the work. Before several hundred books were purchased last year, the secretaries and librarians of the different centres were asked to submit lists of books which had been suggested by their members, or which they, personally, considered suitable for them. These lists were very interesting and confirmed our opinion that on the whole the taste of the Non-European reading public was very similar to that of the European of the same standard of education. The issues of books since the arrival of the new stock has shown clearly that this was the case. There are certain differences, for example, in the choice of boys' books. Boys are all voracious readers of adventure stories, but while Westerman is the favourite author among European boys, the Indian boys prefer Captain Gorman and Bantu boys do not read sea stories. On the other hand, Air stories such as the well-known "Biggles" books by Johns, are eagerly read by all boys and many girls. There is a big demand for good historical novels and Baroness Orczy, Sabatini, Weyman and Dumas circulate freely. One group of Indian readers asked us to order some books on politics and psychology, and these were sent to Sastri College where it was thought they would apply for them; however, these books were read by the boys in the fifth and sixth forms. Works like "The House that Hitler Built," "The Greek View of Life," "Which Way to Peace," etc., went out regularly, and Joad's "Return to Philosophy" was issued several times.

We are, at present, faced by a rather difficult situation; the Carnegie Non-European Service is regarded, primarily, as a school service and the majority of centres which we supply are schools; we have, however, purchased a number of works of good modern non-fiction as well as a selection of the better type of modern novels, but as we have a limited grant, we cannot buy new books every year. Our selection will, therefore, later disappoint our more cultured readers. There is every indication that there is a demand for good modern books, both novels and non-fiction, among the educated Indians in Durban. The Indian Women's Reading Circle submitted a list, last year, which showed that they had studied the reviews of the new books and were anxious to read some of the most outstanding among them. We were able to send them what they desired, but when they submitted a similar list this year we could not buy the books for them. We have been told that a reading group for men is likely to be formed and that they will require a similar type of book. Unfortunately, at the present, even if we were in a position to buy popular new books every six months, we have not a sufficient number of readers in other centres who require works of this standard, after they have been read by the group which asked for them. One would expect the educated Bantu at Adam's College or Mariannahill to want works of this kind, but, as a matter of fact, these two centres only issue about a dozen books from the supplies which we send them.

The reading facilities offered to the Indian Community do not meet their needs. Although the provision made is inadequate we feel that if more centres knew that they could apply to the Durban Municipal Library for books we should have a greater demand than we could meet, because all our Indian centres make such good use of the books sent to them.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIETY OF SERVANTS

“The inner working of the Society is the secret of its members.” These words are quoted from the Society’s Constitution. They may well give the impression that there is something esoteric and mysterious about the movement. Such an impression would be wholly false and misleading.

The Society is open to all and has no secrets other than its experience that man can do no good without the Divine aid.

This is a secret to all who discover it in the sense that it is too intimate and too sacred to speak of except to those who have or who seek to have the same life-giving belief. Millions have had and have this. The wisest have learned that the most precious things are dissipated by publicity, and preserved only by self-restraint and reserve.

The members of the Society desire above all else to learn this lesson for themselves. In all humility they seek also to pass it on to those who desire to share it.

It is for this reason that small groups of potential members of the Society of Servants are being formed in many places. Those who pass on the good news cannot altogether hide under the cloak of anonymity, as their usefulness lies partly in establishing contacts with others, and only by so doing can the Society grow. Yet, in so far as is possible, they desire to remain unknown. They are emboldened by the fact that every one who shares the treasure of self-effacement with them can and must in his turn humbly proclaim the secret that alone makes social service acceptable to God and profitable to man.

The secrets of the Society have no mystic significance in themselves. They have been framed as a means of merging the identity of the individual worker in the service of the little world of humanity in which each “lives and moves and has his being.”

Should you desire to join the Society please write to:

The Acharya, 45 Clayton Road, Overport, Durban.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA —Contd. from page 5

In Delhi, I was present at the All India Women’s Conference and I was amazed at the strides women had made in public life. The few conferences I attended in Durban just pale into insignificance when compared to the work women are doing in India to-day and the manner in which they deport themselves. My most vivid impression of all is that Indians, no matter from what part of India they come, are a most hospitable and charming people.

P. R. SINGH.

WANTED!

A LIST similar to that printed below will be published monthly. We invite any who are in charge of welfare work to avail themselves of these columns to make appeals to the public for help, either in SERVICE or in KIND. The name and address of institutions making an appeal together with description and cost of articles required will be published.

GIFTS IN KIND should be sent direct to the Institution concerned and will be duly acknowledged by benefiting institutions. If the Donor should wish to remain anonymous, an amount representing the costs price of the article may be forwarded to the Secretary of the Society who will purchase and deliver the article to the institution as directed. Should this course be adopted the Society will deliver the gift superscribed as follows:— "This has been donated by one whose name is known to himself and GOD alone."

CHILD WELFARE SOCIETY.

The Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Christopher, Baker St., Durban, writes:—

"To find two widows each with young families to support and clothe, living in a tiny shack with two rice sacks sewn together and used as a blanket is bad enough, but also to find them without a change of clothes is a sad sight to many of our house to house investigators.

Another widow with six children lives at Riverside, her husband died six months ago from T.B., all the furniture was sold to pay for medicines and food as the father was ill for two years prior to his death. This family sleeps on the floor not so unusual among Indians because of their extreme poverty. The youngest child aged 18 months was wearing a thin petticoat when I called at the house. I asked the mother to put on some warm clothes as the windy day might bring on a cold. I was then shown the clothes drying on a line. Just think for a moment what must be the feelings of a mother whose children have so very little to eat and much less to wear.

The children need old clothes, new clothes, any clothes."
G.C.

McCord ZULU HOSPITAL.

Dr. Alan B. Taylor, 28 McCord Rd., Durban.

WANTED.

(1) Friends gifted in knitting, crocheting, etc., who can instruct T.B. patients in various types of hand-work.

(2) Wanted—Used Woollen Garments which can be unravelled and re-knitted by hospital patients.

There are at present at McCord Hospital 20 or 30 Native, Indian and Coloured women suffering from T.B. Many of them are able to do hand-work if provided with material and given instruction. At present they find the days long and uninteresting.

Help along the lines suggested above would mean happier days and undoubtedly hasten convalescence.

A.B.T.

REVIEWS

MAHATMA GANDHI. Edited by S. Radhakrishnan, London.
George Allan and Unwin.

Reviewed by Maurice Webb.

There is a poignant significance in the fact that a recent Empire News Bulletin concerned with the events of the war should have contained an announcement that M. K. Gandhi had attained his 70th birthday and had had presented to him a volume containing tributes from leading people from many parts of the world. The name of Gandhi in the midst of war news was in a very special sense like light shining in darkness.

The book itself is an interesting and important work that gains in importance by the fact that it was written while a war was in progress in China and Spain and on the eve of the present European war. Time provided the publication with a background as tragic as it is effective.

Tributes to greatness, however well deserved and however well rendered by persons themselves entitled to a measure of greatness, would not ordinarily make an important book. This book contains many contributions which but add the weight of great names and felicitous phrases to the sum of tribute, those of Pearl Buck, Lord Halifax, Laurence Binyon, Albert Einstein are examples, but this book is much more than a collection of tributes and birthday greetings: it offers appraisal and exposition of Gandhi's philosophy of life and, thanks to the frankness of some of the contributors, reflects the impact of that philosophy on a number of very different minds.

The success of the production is in very large measure due to Sir Servapalli Radhakrishnan who is not only its compiler but also himself contributes a brilliant analysis of Mr. Gandhi's philosophy in an introduction which the reader would be wise to read last as well as first. It is to Radhakrishnan that the reader is indebted for a presentation of Mr. Gandhi's whole outlook and way of life, made up of intimate personal relation with God, self discipline and self-denial, devoted service, and active creative love.

It is natural that a number of the essays written under the shadow of war should be concerned primarily with Mr. Gandhi's pacifism instead of with Mr. Gandhi's whole philosophy of which his pacifism is but a part, though an essential part. Those writers who, like C. E. M. Joad and Gerald Heard, are themselves pacifist are inclined to seize upon this subject and enlarge it, while those who are not voice their disagreement while paying tribute to Gandhi's personality and sincerity. The result is that the wholeness of Gandhi's life and teaching is overlooked, a weakness in the book that is well off-set by Radhakrishnan's clear complete picture to which the reader is able to return.

If a certain preoccupation of the writers with the issue of war and pacifism makes some of the book appear to strike off-centre as it were, this also has its interest, as it results in an interesting symposium by a number of the worlds leading minds on an issue of immense immediate importance.

In a tribute which by its terms must, one feels, give pain to the recipient Arnold Zweig says that Mr. Gandhi was lucky to have tried his pacifist experiments in India; had they been tried in Central Europe they would have been directed to "animals" from whom no response to love would have been obtained. Professor Hoernlé says the same thing in very much more restrained terms when he doubts if the oppressors of Central Europe have any conscience to which Mr. Gandhi could appeal. Mr. Gandhi himself answers these objections in the form of a reply to a visitor, quoted by John G. Hoyland.

"One of Mr. Gandhi's visitors then confronted him with the problem of dictatorships which seem impervious to any kind of moral appeal. Since dictatorships are unmoral by definition, can it be that the law of moral conversion, will hold good in their case? Mr. Gandhi replied: 'Your argument presupposes that the dictators are beyond redemption. But belief in non-violence is based on the assumption that human nature in its essence is one, and therefore un-faillingly responds to the advance of love.'"

A striking feature of the book is the testimony of Christian writers, John S. Hoyland, Stephen Hobhouse and others, to the help they have received in their understanding and appreciation of Christianity from Mr. Gandhi, himself a Hindu. The extent to which Christian teachers and leaders have gone to Mr. Gandhi for advice suggests a much wider application of the question "What do they know of England who only England know?" and gives point to the penetrating phrase of Radhakrishnan: "All Religions are means to Religion."

South Africa figures largely in a book that must be of special interest to South Africans. General Smuts pays a generous tribute to a respected opponent; J. H. Hofmeyr relates in full the incident at Maritzburg railway station that turned a brilliant and successful young Indian lawyer into a world figure and may perhaps prove to be one of the turning points of the world's history. C. F. Andrews draws some moving pictures of the life of M. K. Gandhi in South Africa; Professor Hoernlé raises the disturbing question as to the permanence of the work of Mr. Gandhi in South Africa remarking that while Mr. Gandhi's campaign was successful at the time the condition of the Indian in South Africa has since retrogressed and no successor to Mr. Gandhi has been discovered.

This book, that contains contributions from 50 writers, among them some of the most notable names of our time, is a unique tribute, to a unique personality, but it is more than this: it reveals Gandhi's contribution to the world through many different eyes and reflects the impact of his teaching on many minds; but much more even than this; it affords glimpses of that spiritual power to which Gandhi has found access and from which his teaching flows. As Radhakrishnan says in his introduction:

"Whatever opinion we may hold of God, it is impossible to deny that He means something of supreme importance and absolute reality to Gandhi. It is his faith in God that has created in him a new man whose power and passion and love we feel. He has the feeling of something close to him, a spiritual presence which disturbs, embarrasses and overwhelms, an assurance of reality."

INDIAN SOCIAL WELFARE

By Dr. G. H. Gunn.

Medical Officer of Health, City of Durban.

By social welfare we understand the various activities of kindly people who set themselves out to help their less fortunate fellows. There is no nobler sentiment in the human heart than the desire to help without hope of material reward. When such help is given to other than one's friends and immediate neighbours, it becomes necessary to consider ways and means of controlling it in the best interest of all concerned. That means that help of the kind required is to be given firstly where it is most needed and secondly, such that it serves the greatest good for the greatest number.

Social welfare is not a form of charity. It may have nothing to do with the giving of money, which is Public Assistance or Poor Relief. It is above all a spontaneous expression of communal self-help. It is the community-sense, the "herd-instinct" which awakes to the facts of communal necessity and bestirs itself to appropriate action. And the purpose of such activity is to better the social and cultural state of the community as a whole. It may be that individuals or groups are selected for special consideration, but only so in the sense that the welfare of such individuals or groups is essential for the benefit of the whole community.

Social welfare, however, essentially concerns itself with problems of the aggregate, whether of different but related individuals such as the family-group, or of different but related groups comprising individuals of similar age and sex, occupation, religion and so on.

Social welfare must be based on an intimate knowledge of the structure of the society wherein it proposes to function in order that it may be able, by conscious, combined and directed effort, to influence social activities towards betterment. Social welfare workers must thus accept the responsibility of leadership which such direction entails. All the better if such leadership—or a generous proportion of it—can be supplied from within.

Indian Social Welfare has many difficulties of creed, caste and condition to overcome in its progress towards beneficial communal activity. Some of those difficulties lie altogether outside its province in the matter of their cause, effects and prevention. Nevertheless, there is much to be done that can be done without invading the preserves of the politician, the ecclesiastic or the bureaucrat.

Care of the unfit, the disabled, the debilitated, the afflicted, the deprived, the desolate in need of care, support and encouragement, promotion of cultural, recreational and educational measures to invigorate the spirit of community, to discover and develop its potentialities for the common good—these are among the tasks of Social Welfare.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA

(Contributed by City Health Department).

“Horrid little insect!” That’s what most of us think when we sight a mosquito. We remember nights of broken sleep and the painful irritation of bites. True, mosquitoes are annoying but they play as well a far more sinister part in human lives. Such dreaded fevers as malaria, dengue and yellow fever are all caused or carried by that same mosquito which buzzes about the house. In the control of these diseases it is essential that the individuals of a community should know clearly the simple facts about mosquitoes and their habits, especially how to prevent mosquito breeding.

The entire mosquito population is divided into two classes or families—Anophelines and Culicines. Let us study briefly the life cycle of these insects.

To all mosquitoes, collections of water are essential for breeding purposes, but in this regard each separate family has its particular likes and dislikes. For instance the anopheline group favours natural collections of water such as cattle hoof-prints, pools in beds of streams, seepages and such like. The culicine is much less discriminating. It selects practically any collection of water such as might be found in blocked roof gutters, tins, bottles, tanks, and even flower vases. It is important to know and remember these peculiarities.

A female mosquito after being fertilised by the male goes off to select a pool or a collection of water in which to lay her eggs. The anopheline lays its eggs singly and it is very difficult to distinguish them with the naked eye. Culicine eggs are laid in small rafts so that, stuck together, they look like a particle of soot or burnt grass.

In about two days the eggs hatch out into larvae or wrigglers, and at this stage we again see a marked difference in the habits of the two species. Each type breathes through small tubes or syphons attached to the tail, but whereas anopheline larvae when feeding or breathing at the surface of the water lie horizontal to that surface, culicines hang with their heads downwards. This is natural since anophelines exist mostly on food particles blown on to the water whilst culicine larvae eat chiefly food which is suspended in the water.

Larvae after about six or seven days turn into Pupae. These look like large Commas darting up to the surface then down into the mud or bottom of the pool.

In another two or three days the pupae change to full-grown mosquitoes ready to fly away, a source of annoyance and danger to man. At this stage there is still a difference in appearance and attitude. An Anopheline adult has spotted wings and when resting appears to stand on its head, whilst the Culicine has plain wings and rests parallel to the wall.

Only the female mosquito of both species bites and sucks blood, the male lives usually on plant juices. It is simple to distinguish the male. He has two feather-like antennae protruding from his head whilst the female has two plain ones which are scarcely visible to the naked eye.

Having discussed the development of a mosquito from the egg stage to adult life, let us now consider the means of preventing mosquito breeding. In Natal breeding occurs chiefly from the beginning of November to end of April.

All properties should be inspected regularly once a week for the purpose of eliminating favourable breeding places. Any water which is not needed should, if possible, be emptied away, and none should be allowed to accumulate in old tins, faulty gutterings, etc. Tins, bottles and water-holding rubbish of all sorts should be buried. Tanks and pools provide ideal conditions for breeding, but these cannot always be emptied. They should, therefore, be treated with paraffin or oil. A half-cup of paraffin on water in tanks will kill any larvae in the tanks, whilst old oil from a motor car engine poured on to pools will serve the same purpose. Oil suffocates the larvae as their breathing-syphons cannot penetrate the film it forms on the surface. Remember that this is only a temporary check to breeding and must, to be effective, be repeated once a week at least.

Adult mosquitoes are harder to control because they habitually feed at night and rest during the day hidden in dark corners, under beds, etc. Spraying is useful but it must be done properly. Most homes possess a hand pump and some kind of insecticide, but few people know how to use these effectively. Careless puffs with a spray are useless, the mosquitoes may be stunned but will soon revive. To kill adult mosquitoes one must close the room, making it as airtight as possible, shut closely all doors, windows and fanlights. This done, begin spraying, paying particular attention to any openings, cracks or crevices, because the mosquito instinctively flies to such places to escape the spray. Continue spraying until a slight mist pervades the room, then leave it closed for half an hour.

Government and Municipal Health Departments are ever on the alert to prevent mosquito breeding, but their cares would be greatly reduced in this respect if citizens could be relied upon to make that weekly inspection of their own properties with a view to avoiding water accumulations.

WANTED!

INDIAN SOCIAL SERVICE COMMITTEE.

Hon. Secretary: T. S. Pillay, 135a Grey St., Durban.

"A widow with six children, living in E. M. Paruk's Buildings, in Warwick Avenue, needs a bag of rice or £1 worth of groceries, such as rice, dholl, milk, sugar and tea.

V.L.

ILLITERACY—Contd. from page 8.

A well known, social lady-worker in India, comparing peasants in villages before and after they learnt to read, says that after becoming literate "they are tidier, they are brighter, they sing lyrics; most of all, they are happier. One sees it on their faces. In their homes they are happier, and the villages are better in consequence.

"A SERVANT OF THE SOCIETY."

EDITORIAL

In setting forth the view of the Society on any subject it must be clearly realized that the individual is limited in his interpretation by his traditional beliefs and upbringing whether Muslim, Christian or Hindu and even then his interpretation may not be acceptable to all members of his own particular group. In all articles concessions must be made to avoid hurting the cherished beliefs of any particular section.

In pursuance of the accepted principle of the Society that there should be no self-seeking motive, members of the Society who are contributors will not append names to their articles. They will simply appear as contributions from "A Servant of the Society" and as such will seek to express the composite views of the Society. Signed contributions will be no more than expressions of opinion of the contributors and should not be necessarily taken as the views of the Society.

The Editor will gladly accept contributions for publication in the Servitor. Any such, if considered unsuitable for our columns, will be returned to the author. Reports of Social Work being done in South Africa will be welcome, and will be published if in the opinion of the Editor they are of general interest, and as far as space is available. We shall endeavour, at an early date, to establish links in all the large towns and in the rural areas throughout the Union.

Friends are invited to make contributions towards the cost of this publication. Funds are also urgently needed to enable us to obtain literature from India and elsewhere. Cheques should be made payable to the "Society of Servants" and crossed. Kindly send your Donations and your order for this Journal for the year ending November, 1940, to Hon. Treasurer, P.O. Box 1262, Durban. Price of Journal (including postage) 3/6 per annum. Subscription to the Journal does not entitle a person to membership in the Society. Further information with regard to the Society will be gladly given by the Acharya, 45 Clayton Rd., Overport, Durban.

Donations to either the Society or the Servitor will be acknowledged personally and a balance sheet will be published, but names of donors will not be published.

Whilst the Society of Servants seeks new members it is obvious that those only may join who accept its religious structure and who are desirous of co-operating in its programme of practical work.

The Society is most grateful to all who have subscribed to the Servitor, in faith. Our position will be established if many more will follow their lead. We regret that the unsigned "Forerunner" by means of which our movement was first made public, caused suspicion. In view of the principles of the Society we were unable to subscribe our signatures.

We have had enquiries from a few persons in different parts of the country as to forming local branches of the Society of Servants. This is most encouraging, yet while it is hoped, eventually to have members of the society wherever groups of people or individuals engage in social welfare work, it is not our intention actually to form branches anywhere. Groups of workers who band themselves together to promote work of general welfare will have all the support we can give. Such groups will probably form rules and

regulations suitable to local conditions and the nature of the service they undertake.

The Society of Servants, however does not seek to be just another organisation, with a wide-spread network of branches; rather, it is a fellowship of individuals and groups bound together by a common ideal. Individual Social workers are invited to join the Society and to strive to propagate its principles by working either individually, with other members of the Society, or with non-members in whatever manner best suits circumstances and conditions that obtain in their particular locality.

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications should be addressed as follows:—

- (1) Matters relating to the Servitor: The Editor, 45 Clayton Road, Overport, Durban.
- (2) Summer Camp: Camp Organiser, P.O. Box 1262, Durban.
- (3) Donations and Subscriptions: The Treasurer, P.O. Box 1262, Durban.
- (4) Membership in the Society: The Acharya, 45 Clayton Road, Overport, Durban.
- (5) (a) Gifts to Social Institutions! and (b) Literacy Campaign: The Secretary, 95 Malinson Road, Durban.

SUMMER CAMP

We propose holding a Summer Camp late in December, to which all interested in Social Welfare and Cultural work will be invited. By the kindness of Mr. Manilal Gandhi this will be held at Phoenix.

Social problems will be studied and the ideals and objects of the Society of Servants will be explained and discussed.

An admission ceremony for novices (those on probation) and members will be held at the close of the Camp.

All who desire to attend the Camp are asked to communicate with the Camp Organiser, P.O. Box 1262, Durban.

Details of the Camp will be published shortly.

SCOUTING

We hope to set aside a page for the purpose of Scout Notes each month. All Troops will receive notice of this and will be encouraged to contribute.

As the Indian Boy Scout Association has no journal of its own, we hope they will use the "Servitor" as their hand maiden in this connection.

The Editors wish it to be known that in future The Servitor will include more articles of a lighter literary nature.

ILLITERACY IN NATAL.

You are asked kindly to enter below the names of any illiterate persons, men and women (also boys or girls over 15 years); and to return the form to The Society of Servants, 95 Malinson Road, Durban.

NAMES.	ADDRESS.	Age (approx.)	Language of home.	Can he (she) write?	Can he (she) read?	Can he (she) sign his (her) name?	Is he (she) willing to learn?	Are you willing to teach him (her)?	Do you require special charts, etc.?

Signed.....

Address.....

N.B.—

- (a) Experience in India and China has shown that even old men and women take a joy in becoming literate.
- (b) Should you be unable to undertake to teach or fail to find anyone who will do so, please fill in and return this form for our information.
- (c) It is believed that all teachers will co-operate in collecting this information. The teacher's knowledge of the homes of children provides him (her) with unique opportunity to obtain this information.
- (d) It is most important that the language to be taught should be clearly stated if charts are required.

We believe you will be in sympathy with this Movement! We believe you will help to establish this Movement by ordering your Servitor now!

SOCIETY OF SERVANTS OF SOUTH AFRICA

Subscription to "THE SERVITOR," the Magazine of A SOCIETY OF SERVANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I enclose herewith 3/6, being subscription to "The Servitor" for twelve months.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

Tear this off and send it to: **The Hon. Treasurer, P.O. Box 1262, DURBAN.**

To the Hon. Treasurer, Society of Servants, P.O. Box 1262, Durban.

Being desirous of assisting the Society of Servants to publish "THE SERVITOR"
at the present low cost, I have much pleasure in enclosing as a donation to the
Publication Fund the sum of £.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Dear Sir,

This COMPLIMENTARY COPY of "The SERVITOR" comes with the earnest hope of the Society that you will see in it the beginnings of a service of value to the whole community, and that will help financially with a Donation: (See last page of The Servitor).

A Donation in excess of the subscription does mean that the Magazine can be sold at 4d. per copy, which is within the reach of the poor. Without your donation the price would have to be considerably higher.

The business side of the The Servitor is separate from the Society and Membership.

We beg to subscribe ourselves,

W.H. SATCHELL,

P.C. SYKES,

Joint Editors.

Paul C. Sykes

P.O. Box, 1262, Durban.

14th. Nov. 1939.

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The SERVITOR



Vol. 1. No. 2.

December, 1939

Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

A Society of Servants in South Africa

THE SOCIETY OF SERVANTS IN SOUTH AFRICA

This Society has been formed by a small group of Indians and Europeans, to band together in spiritual fellowship, men and women who engage in active service, in the interests of their fellow beings.

Its ambition for all its members is that they should overcome weakness and evil in themselves, "Great is the man who can conquer himself."

It seeks to co-operate with all who strive to banish ignorance, to foster true education, to stimulate culture, and relieve the oppressed.

It hopes to enlist new workers, especially from among the young, to carry on social work already established and to extend the boundaries in ever-widening spheres.

It believes that ignorance, disease and poverty need not always ravish men's lives, and invites you who share its aims and ideals to join in its endeavour to add, even a little, "to the beautiful, the true and the good."

Should you seek to join the Society, please write to "The Acharya, c/o 45 Clayton Road, Overport, Durban."

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PRAYER

Prayer should play a very important part in the life of anyone who aspires to be a true servant of his country or of mankind, and this truth has been grasped by teachers of all the great religions of the world. Unfortunately there are many misconceptions about prayer, and it is with two or three of these that I should like to deal in this short article.

The most important of all preliminary points which we have to learn about prayer is that *the object of prayer is not to persuade God to do what we want, but to help us to do what God wants.* If this very simple truth is understood, more than half of the difficulties that arise about prayer will disappear. And it is a most reasonable truth. What an extraordinary thing it would be if any one of us, in our ignorance and imperfection, possessed the power in some magic way to persuade God to do what was not good, but what we wanted Him to do. We are told that in some of the more backward parts of West Africa the Negro prays to the fetish or idol which represents for him the Divine power. If his prayer is granted, he offers thanks: if it is refused, he beats the fetish. We may smile at this story, but this is what, in a less crude way, many of us do when we ask for something, not knowing whether it is God's will that we should have it. It is not given to us, and we are then angry, and possibly in revolt against religion.

Much has been written about importunity in prayers, and it is sometimes interpreted as that God, Who is not otherwise willing to give us a thing, will be persuaded to do so if we annoy Him by asking often enough. The truth of the teaching about importunity in prayer is that we must want a thing badly enough to be able to receive it. God is anxious to give us good things, but we are not able to receive them unless we really want them.

To many people prayer consists only in speaking. It cannot be too often emphasised that prayer is a twofold process, of which the listening part is at least as important as the speaking part. It is incredible that God should be willing to listen to us and yet have nothing to say to us. May I illustrate my point with a very simple parable? Suppose one of us were invited to have tea with the King. Try to imagine the various sensations that we should experience on our journey to London, on our arrival at Buckingham Palace, as we passed through this door and that, noticing the various people in uniforms, and how at last, when the final door was opened, we would find ourselves in the King's presence. I suggest that what we would *not* do would be to rush up to the King, shake him warmly by the hand, not give him any chance to speak to us, but talk to him rapidly all about the things that we would like to have for ourselves, and as soon as we had finished, without thanking the King or shaking hands again, rush for the door and get out as quickly as possible. And yet this is exactly the way in which a large number of us approach our opportunities of fellowship with the King of Kings. In our prayers it is good

for us first to recollect that God is there, to think of what He is and what He means to us, to worship Him and to give Him thanks, and then some time during our prayers to be quiet, to listen to what He has to say to us. Many people, including myself, have found it useful to write down, at any rate sometimes, the thoughts that come to us—for God speaks as a rule by putting His light and wisdom and love into our own thinking—both in order to remember them, and also in order to check that we carry them out. To listen and not to obey has as its result, in the experience of many of us, the closing of the channels of communication until we are willing to obey.

Prayer needs time, and regular time. It needs time because it is one of the most important things in life. Half an hour spent on prayer may save the waste of a whole day. It needs regular time, because regularity is one of the only ways in which we can discipline ourselves. That does not mean that we should only pray at that regular time. In the experience of many of us, God may speak to us when we are not expecting it. We may pray silently in the middle of a busy day, or half-way through a difficult interview, when we feel we need help. None the less, regular times are necessary, and the long experience of many people suggests that far and away the best time is the very beginning of the day. This means getting up early, earlier than we have been accustomed to, but it is worth it.

Lastly, prayer is essential to a really normal life. Life without prayer, though we are perhaps not accustomed to think this, is an abnormal life. What food and exercise are to the body, what reading and conversation are to the mind, so is prayer to the spirit. We must throw away from us, with all the energy of which we are capable, the common error that prayer is a pleasant frill on the garment of life which makes it more attractive, but which can be sacrificed without any loss of comfort or decency. Many of the ills of the world at the present day are due to the fact that men think they can live without prayer, which is as much as to say that they can live without God.

EDGAR BROOKES.

The article entitled "ILLITERACY" in our November issue outlined methods that are being so successfully adopted in India to combat illiteracy. The following story illustrates the way in which the "each one, teach one" method can be worked by simple people, even without the knowledge of highly scientific methods. We shall welcome for publication other stories of this nature.

The Editor will be grateful to those who received the "Illiteracy" Form last month if they will supply the information we seek and return the form to the Hon. Secretary, S.S.S.A., 45 Clayton Road, Durban.

HOW JAFFIE SURMOUNTED DIFFICULTIES

Many persons who could not go to school in their childhood very much want to learn to read when they have become grown-ups. Unfortunately, such persons usually cannot get a teacher to help them, and they give up all hope because they cannot see how to overcome the difficulties. To them it seems that the funny little marks and signs at which people look when they read can never be mastered by themselves and they just give up all hope. But that others are not so easily beaten will be seen from the following true story.

In the fruit-growing part of the Cape Province there was, more than forty years ago a Coloured man named Jaffie who worked on a farm. Jaffie was about 25 years old and like nearly all the Coloured farm labourers around there at that time, he could neither read nor write. Though there was no school anywhere near which he could possibly attend, he decided that he must somehow learn to do these wonderful things.

In that part of the country the farmers water their plantations by letting a stream of water spread itself over the ground. There must always be a man present with a spade to see that the water spreads itself evenly, and that the soil is not washed away. Such a person is called a "*waterleier*" in Afrikaans, which simply means a *leader of water*. An expert *Waterleier*—and Jaffie was one—could arrange things so that he could stand leaning on his spade for many hours each day and just watch the water do its work. Most *waterleiers* used just to stand and think and others just to stand. But Jaffie could see no reason why he should not use these idle hours to do some learning.

On the farm there was a little white boy, himself struggling only with Standard III work, who agreed to help Jaffie every evening for half-an-hour or so to learn his letters and afterwards to read the little childish words in a *Beginners Book*. It was, of course, very funny to see this child acting as teacher to the grown-up man and the other farm labourers used to laugh at it, but Jaffie did not mind. The lesson of the evening before was mastered by the *Waterleier* the next day while leaning on his spade, and soon the little book was mastered.

Another difficulty now arose: Jaffie could not afford to buy more advanced books. But once again he was not to be beaten. He picked up any bit of printed paper that he found lying about on the farm and along the road and tried to puzzle out the words on it. When he could not manage a word he marked it and came to his little teacher in the evening for help. The little teacher in turn had often to call in the help of the grown-ups, so that the whole business caused a good deal of amusement. But in about a year's time Jaffie was able to read and write fairly well. He never became a man of great learning; he did not have the opportunity for that; but Jaffie proved without doubt that where there is the will to learn, there can also, as a rule, be found the way.

F. D. HUGO.

THE PILGRIM'S WAY

Last time we wandered down the path which, dividing into two, may have led us into troubled doubts and indecision. The clarion call of the way of right over might—the urgent call of **might over right**. It is not difficult to see how man at his best should express himself in his living, but it takes courageous perseverance and a mind unafraid to take the unbeaten track to start the “living.”

I am certain that the more we realise the intrinsic beggarliness of the things that bind us and keep us in the old familiar rut, the healthier shall we be, the more surprised at our own stupidity, the more ready to set out in the one direction that calls ‘Home’ to us so clearly. In our own living what are the things we value most? The rank materialist will say “My food, my clothes, my sport and my comforts.” Just because we have never had the time or money to experience satiation in anyone of these, we put an enhanced value on it.

Could you just look back at one or two of the things of which you have had your fill? Have you ever valued them quite as highly since? We therefore come to the rather paradoxical result that though our whole being is set to achieve a certain peak, it is not the moment of victory which is of greatest value; it is all the scheming and striving on the way that has brought the greatest joy, an abiding sense of well being.

Curiously enough there is almost a sense of loss in the moment of victory, for having overcome, we shall not tread that way again. What a stimulant to great and noble enterprise has gone out of the life of the world in the conquest of the North and South Poles. There is not the same exhilaration in accomplishing even the most difficult task when one knows that the path has been trodden before. “We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea.” To be the first into the unknown stimulates us by causing the chord of mystery to vibrate in each one of us. We may never see Kashmir or Thibet but the mountain heights are there to be attempted in each one's life.

It is so much simpler to keep along the valley with its green, flower-spangled grass, the quenching stream always within reach, the merry tinkle of the running waters in our ears, nature in a friendly mood. Many of us travel along until, all unprepared, we are flung into the scaling of the heights of spiritual holiness, untrained and unprepared. Let us rather follow as far as we can those who have deserved well of their fellows; the road will be arduous, others on it will need a helping hand and a cheery smile, in greater degree than those content on the valley road, our mental ability will be taxed to its utmost and always we shall be suffering the growing pains of the spirit. And having followed we shall find, as has always been found before, that for the final attack, no tracks are visible which we might follow.

The gentle white snow always comes down to hide the trail and we must struggle on alone, perhaps in darkness, certainly in great fear, with nothing to prop us up, no eyes to admire our effort, no knowledge within ourselves of whether we are right or

wrong, foolish or wise; just the bare quivering soul that is YOU—proving itself by itself, becoming fainter and more elemental, dying the death that faith or spiritual knowledge may win.

“Unless a seed of grain fall into the ground and die it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.”

This should bring to us the realisation of one of the great truths of our living here, a truth that because it is the truth, is true whether on the physical, the mental or the spiritual plane. The things that we suffer for, the beliefs we are ridiculed for, these become of supreme value in our lives. The love of a mother for her child; the greater love for the sickly or naughty child; the bitter-sweet of someone we love triumphing in an undertaking we had hoped to undertake; the denial of comforts for ourselves that our brother may be fed, clothed and educated; the giving up of simple pleasures that one's time, energy and wealth may be devoted to others. These all take discipline and perseverance, but the more we deny ourselves, the longer we deny ourselves, the more we suffer; the greater and the deeper grows our love for them. That is the reaction of human nature as God made us.

But the most difficult of all is to serve equally and to love equally, those we know, those we do not know; our friends and those with whom there is no mutual feeling; the pleasant to look upon, the ugly; the clean and the dirty; the wise and the stupid; the God-like and the beast-like. That is a height which we must strive for. It is not such a very great step, for it is perfectly natural that we should try to make happy those whom we love, it gives us a very human sense of joy to do so, we deserve no credit for it, so that it is only one step up to care for and find as genuine a delight in serving those whose only claim is that of a common humanity.

“A SERVANT OF THE SOCIETY.”

CAN YOU WRITE AN ESSAY ?

Complimentary copies of the Servitor will be sent for twelve months to:

- (a) The boy or girl, under 17 years of age, and
- (b) the adult (male or female) who write, in the form of an Essay (not exceeding 300 words) the best paraphrase of the following excerpt on the subject of DRUNKENNESS.

“There is no sin which doth more deface God's image than drunkenness. It disguiseth a person and doth even unman him. Drunkenness makes him have the throat of a fish, the belly of a swine and the head of an ass. Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason, the shipwreck of chastity and the murderer of conscience. Drunkenness is hurtful to the body, it causes dropsies, catarrhs, apoplexies; it fills the eye with fire, the legs with water and turns the body into a hospital.”

Essays should reach the Editor on or before February 1, 1940. (N.B. Late entries for the essay set in the November issue of the Servitor may be sent in—up to January 1, 1940.)

SCOUTING IN SOUTH AFRICA

After the Boer War when Lord Baden Powell reached England he was thinking over his experiences both in India and South Africa, and he decided to put his own, as well as his soldiers' experiences at the disposal of his country. In January, 1908, England was surprised to find six fortnightly articles published on "Scouting for Boys." These articles were so well received that a complete volume was asked for. This first appeared on May 1, 1908. If the original is compared with the latest edition it is surprising to note how little the book has changed. This will show the soundness of the Chief Scout's original plan.

The aim of Scouting is to develop good-citizenship among boys by forming their character, training them in habits of observation, obedience, self-reliance, and by teaching them to be of service to others and developing them physically, mentally, and spiritually. The whole of Scouting is based on ten positive laws. The Chief in his wisdom realised in those early days that the sure way of making a boy want to do a wrong thing was to tell him NOT TO DO IT.

In 1928 an attempt was made to start Scouting in Natal amongst Indians. After many obstacles had been overcome full recognition was given in 1936. The first six years was an uphill battle, entailing great difficulties, fighting against big odds, but like all difficulties, these proved to be but stepping stones to success. Thus the Association as it stands to-day was formed in 1934, and in 1936 when the Chief Scout was here he was pleased to meet the Scouts. This visit in particular was the means of spreading the movement very successfully, and to-day we find 36 troops and crews with at least four more in the embryo stage.

Of the many noteworthy cases of assistance rendered by the Scouts to the public, relief work during the 1935 floods at Clairwood, and the regular distribution of food and clothing and school books, and the payments of school fees deserve special mention.

One regular feature of the Association is its Annual Combined Camp, which is always looked forward to with keen anticipation. The first of these was held at Westville in 1930, and still brings back very many happy recollections to those who took part.

Another feature is the Combined Rally and First-Aid Competitions held in October. The St. John Ambulance Brigade, who adjudicate, have always expressed their satisfaction at the high standard of efficiency shown in these competitions for the Shield. At the Rally held on October 2, 1935, the UNION FLAG was presented to the local Association on behalf of the then Minister of Interior.

Preparations are being made for the next Annual Camp to be held at the Orient Club Grounds during the first week in January.

The general smartness in appearance and movement of the Scouts has always been remarked upon in the past, and it is hoped that all schools where Scouting does not exist at present will get in touch with their nearest local Association with a view to forming troops and thus give their boys an opportunity of joining this WORLD-WIDE BROTHERHOOD., which could be the surest means of bringing about world peace.

READING AND EDUCATIONAL CIRCLE

WORK AMONGST INDIAN WOMEN IN DURBAN.

During the past three years a group of Indian Women has been meeting each month for the purpose of encouraging cultural studies and to prepare leaders in educational and social matters.

The Group gatherings have afforded a meeting ground for Indian and European ladies and many very interesting afternoons have been held.

Gradually, as the work has evolved, attempts have been made to introduce competitions, both literary and handcraft. Encouragement has been given to members to take an active interest in social welfare work, and to support the Indian Women's Association in its endeavours to alleviate distress amongst the Indian peoples.

Ladies from overseas have visited the group and given first-hand information about the countries in which they live and which they have visited

The monthly assemblies are held each month at the Members' homes and the hostesses look forward to the opportunity of entertaining the group. It is not easy to judge or measure the influence that has been exercised by the Indian Women's Reading and Educational Circle but it has certainly served as an inspiration to those Indian women who have had the privilege of participating in the gathering. Certain young women have taken up definite studies while older women have yielded prejudices, thus indicating a desire that a progressive policy may prevail in their lives and in the management of their homes. It is hoped that groups of this nature may be formed in all districts and that educational and cultural influence may be extended in this way.

A.M.E.

NEEDS

- (1) A Physical Training Teacher for St. Anthony's Government Aided Indian School. Please make an appointment with Sister Francis Regis, Centenary Road, Durban.
- (2) There are many poor people in the Depot Road Hospital. Some have no parents. A Servant was down there at Divali, no one had been to cheer them up, not a flower was in the wards. Here is a real Service you can perform and so show love for your fellowmen.
- (3) If any one has clothes to be patched or trousers to be made, there is an old man just out of jail after four years, with nothing in the world to start earning a living.

Servants have helped but bring your patching addressed to Mr. Vandiah, c/o Room 27 Britannia Buildings, and you will be helping an old man to win back self respect.

ADVENTURES IN AFRICA

Why Africa gripped my imagination more than any other part of the world, when I was young, is not easy to tell

Stories of adventure with savages and wild animals which one reads in *The Boys' Own Paper* and *Chums* certainly helped, but probably the most urgent factor was the mysterious. Shrouded in awesome legend, seen through a glass darkly, the Dark Continent seemed to offer the most satisfying answer to my demand for adventure and excitement. Africa has not disappointed me. She has robbed me of the vitality and health I had, but adventure has been mine in full measure, beyond my dreams. I still have that sense of expectation that there is something strange and thrilling just round the corner and very often there is.

I hope to tell you many stories of adventure. Now I have come back to civilisation to try and get physically fit, I wonder there are so many people content to live in a town. I feel one has not lived in Africa until one has lived out in the veld, miles away from the companionship of one's fellows, alone in a vast strange world, teeming with life, silent only during the oppressive mid-day heat.

There is a difference between silence and stillness. The latter one can almost feel in those clear tropical nights; the stars, so vivid, set in a velvety midnight blue so much more vivid and velvety than in Northern climes. One moves and the white ants tap, the tapping dies, there is no sound, but one feels the ceaseless activity that is going on; for some unknown reason the white-ant seems to consider it its main duty in life is to eat away and pull down whatever man puts up.

There is the cicada with its shrilling, filling the night with sound from all directions like a super-ventriloquist: it suddenly ceases and like a clean cut sword blow, stillness descends, a tense stillness that is more exciting than the noise. How many of you have heard the mad laughter of the jackals, so derisive, so hair-raising, and then silence again. The mournful moan of the hyena rising to a pitch like a lost soul and one imagines the stealthy padding of his cowardly footsteps, which one knows carry on when stillness descends again. Several different sounds come to our ears together and then the night is really split and the lesser sounds silenced by the thunder-like roar of the lion, and so reverberating and deafening has been the sound that in the intense stillness that follows one almost expects him to appear in the tent opening. Have you experienced in reading these words just something of Africa outside? Well, that is the atmosphere I want you to make the background to my tales, then will you get the full flavour of them.

I arrived at a village about mid-day, was greeted by the Headman and we exchanged gifts. He then told me a long tale of hunger, how the crops had not been as good as he had hoped (are they ever?), that elephants had destroyed part of the garden and would I try and get some meat for his poor people. One grew used to such stories and one took them with a pinch of salt,

for meat is welcome whether there is a famine in the land or not. I told the Headman to set aside two of his young men who were good hunters and then when my work was done I should be able to tell if there was time to go hunting.

It was terrifically hot but one soon realises that the less active one is the more overpowering is the heat. And so off we set along the sandy native footpath, and presently we left even that, walking through the trees, across vleis and over rises with outcrops of milky quartz along the ridge. There seemed to be nothing living in all that brown land with its canopy of green. After some time we came to a long furrow in the ground ending in a hole. The men approached this stealthily and I waited to see what they were after. The two hunters and two of my own carriers were careful to keep away from the furrow exit. One crept softly up to the hole from the opposite side and stood with his spear poised over the opening. Then the other hunter, who was behind the man with the spear, leapt lightly into the air and then landed with all his force with both feet on the ground. He repeated this a second time, there was a rattling sound and out rushed a fearsome looking animal, a big porcupine. The spear went unerringly through the spikes, there was a convulsive kick and the porcupine lay still. They had known it was there because of recent droppings and the tracks going down into the burrow. Some of the quills were 14in. to 16in. long. Enough of these were pulled out to make the carrying easier. When he is alive the porcupine seems to have control over these quills. I have seen them sticking into a dog who has tried to bite the porcupine and there are still plenty left in the porcupine to stop any more bites. The porcupine was tied up with some bark rope and we went on our way. I believe porcupine is very tender white meat rather like a chicken, but I haven't tasted it. The Africans think it a great delicacy. I did once eat leopard, but that is another story.

About 5 o'clock, just when we were beginning to give up hope, we came on the fresh spoor or tracks of a herd of buffalo. From these marks and from the dung, which was quite hot, we knew the herd had passed during the last half-hour. At once we all became hunters, moving almost silently on tip-toe through the trees, with eyes keeping a sharp look-out. We did not follow the spoor, it was too late. As we moved through the bush with the light fading, I suddenly saw two great shapes looming towards me, about 40 yards away. There were two enormous bull buffalo, and they had not seen us nor got wind of us. I put up my rifle, an old friend, and let go. I heard the impact of the bullet as it hit the foremost buffalo, and then they both charged. I pulled the bolt of my rifle to get the cartridge case out and the case jammed. Feverishly I worked the bolt to and fro but the case would not come out. The buffalo came on, 30 yards, 25 yards, and then I turned round to look for a tree to climb. The only tree within reach was festooned with the African men who had quickly sought safety. On came the buffalo. I decided to stand firmly a couple of paces away from the tree and dodge behind it at the last moment. I was still wrestling with the wretched bolt. The buffalo were 15 yards away and I thought my last moment had come. At ten yards, with a snort the buffalo dug their forefeet into the ground and with amazing rapidity spun

round in their tracks and charged back the way they had come. I almost collapsed from relief, I couldn't believe that I was saved. I was still struggling with the cartridge case and it took a knife and another couple of minutes before I got it out. What had happened, I suppose, was that the buffalo, not knowing whence the shot came, charged blindly straight in my direction. If I had run they would probably have come after me, but they suddenly saw a man standing firmly in their way and, being frightened, they turned round and ran away as fast as they could.

I told my African men that I had intended jumping behind the tree and they said that would not have saved me as, despite the huge size of these animals, they can turn as quickly as lightning, and I can bear that out from the way they swivelled round in their tracks. It was getting dark but we followed the blood-marks on the trees and in the grass. It was nervous work, for a wounded buffalo is extremely dangerous. We had to give up the chase and we returned to camp in the dark. What a joy it is when one is tired and hot and dirty to see the flickering lights of the camp fire, lighting up the under leaves of the trees; for the camp fire to the hunter means all that Home means to you—good fellowship, a bath and change, food, and then that overwhelming sense of well being which comes to the physically tired when you creep luxuriously into your sheets with a thick mattress of grass underneath, and then to the sound of the Africans talking and crooning, and the sparks flying up as a part of the fire falls in, flying up towards their brothers in the sky; utter content descends, and into the land of nod one drifts.

On my return I heard that the hunters had gone out the next day and had followed the wounded buffalo and had found him dead. I was a very popular man.

“A SERVANT OF THE SOCIETY.”

SUMMER CAMP

Will all those who wish to help in establishing the Society give up three days in January? We are going out to the quiet of Phoenix. Arrival should not be later than 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, January 13, though some of us will be there on the Friday evening. Those who come must be prepared to stay until the Monday evening, January 15.

A list of the things you will require will be sent to you as soon as you apply. There will be periods of manual work, we shall discuss our organisation and rules, methods of extension and there will be guided devotional times and periods of silence.

Send your name at once to the Organiser, 45 Clayton Road, Durban, and join in this first step towards an Ashram.

Should you desire to join the Society please write to:

The Acharya, 45 Clayton Road, Overport, Durban.

MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

It was decided some six months ago that the time had come to make a preliminary study of the health of Indian school children.

A typical school was chosen and two officers of the Union Health Department commenced the investigation.

The general idea was to weigh and measure each child in order to compare the figures obtained with the average normal child for each age group.

When this was completed, each child was to be examined clinically, in order to ascertain any physical defects that might be present. A list of individual defects, whether of eye, nose, throat, heart, etc., would be drawn up for each child, and the teacher or parents instructed as to their method of removal or advised where to seek attention.

After the physical examination, all children were to be tested for susceptibility to diphtheria and scarlet fever. These two tests, called respectively the Schick and Dick tests, after their discoverers, consist of a small injection into the layers of the skin of the forearm. The presence of positive reaction, which is shown by a redness of the skin in the area of the injection, shows that the child can be infected with the germs of diphtheria and scarlet fever. A negative test, on the other hand, means that the particular child, even if it is in contact with persons suffering from these diseases, cannot contract them.

This knowledge has a great value, especially in the presence of infectious diseases. It is also possible to protect the children who have a positive test by means of a series of injections. This means that any child can be made immune from the common fevers by means of one or two injections which are certainly not painful.

After these tests, the children were to be examined for the presence or absence of tuberculous infection, and for the presence of parasites in their intestines. All children with chests that were suspicious of tuberculosis or consumption were to be X-rayed.

Furthermore, arrangements were also made to have all the children investigated by the chief of the Physical Culture Department of the Witwatersrand Technical College (Dr. Jokl), as to their capacity for physical endurance by means of running and jumping tests.

The diet of the children was also to be ascertained and analysed in order to see just where such a diet was deficient and also to discover if the children's food had any relation to their physical defects.

Up to date, over a hundred boys have been examined, and it will probably be possible to complete all the eleven hundred children in the school by the end of the next term.

The objects of the medical examination of school children are as follows:—

- (1) By detecting and eliminating physical defects in the child, it is possible to produce a healthy adult.
- (2) By adjusting minor defects, say defective vision, it is often possible to remove the stigma of mental dullness from a child. Many a child appears to be stupid in class simply because it cannot see the blackboard or cannot hear the teacher well. Very often this defect of sight or hearing is a matter which can be adjusted in a few minutes, and thus the whole future of a scholar may be changed from one of so-called mental apathy to that of a normally alert person.
- (3) By correcting its diet, a child can be prevented from developing deficiency diseases, such as scurvy, ricket, beri-beri, all of which lead to prolonged ill health.
- (4) Children can be taught simple rules of health at school medical examinations, and can, by example, pass these on to their parents, usually a very good method of health education for adults.

It is hoped that, in the future, all school children in the Union, both European and non-European, will undergo a medical examination at least once, and probably more often, during their school career, and that any physical defects will be corrected before the child goes out into the world to earn a living.

This is the most important method of producing a healthy race and is the main object of any Public Health programme.

B. A. DORMER.

BOOK REVIEW

“Fitness for the Family,” by Dr. S. A. Salus, with Foreword by Dr. E. H. Cluver, Union Secretary for Public Health, is a book that should be in every home, as it makes a direct appeal to both sexes of all ages. The author has set out to explain to the ordinary man how fitness may attain, and has been most successful in doing so.

All ills that flesh is heir to are dealt with—care of the feet—the eyes—the teeth; to say nothing of such important questions as diet, fresh air, etc.

Are you fit to get married? Are you fit to have children? Are you fit after fifty? These are some of the questions that are instructively and entertainingly dealt with by Dr. Salus. Read Dr. Salus’ book—see that every member of your family studies it and you will all learn how to live healthily.

“Fitness for the Family” is published by the Knox Printing and Publishing Company, of Durban, and priced at 5/6 a copy.

H.W.D.

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

(Reprinted with permission of the Proprietors of the "Church Weekly Newspaper.")

Fyzabad! I shall remember you not for the great Kings of Oudh, who once dwelt within your borders, whose magnificence equalled that of the most splendid sovereigns of Europe, but because you taught me a lesson, about monkeys.

I had planned to have breakfast on the railway station or in the train. I was carrying a leaf dish of salted nuts and a second dish containing four most luscious "jarmons" that I had bought on the platform. As I was about to board the train I felt a terrific bang on my hand. A great mother monkey, bearing her little one on her back, had jumped up from beneath the train and with skill gained by long practice had upset my dishes. Before I could realise what had happened, she had snatched up the biggest sweets and disappeared beneath the train.

Monkeys, and Hanuman, the monkey god, was the topic of conversation for some time, and I learned in what honour Hanumanji is held by devout Hindus, and, why the monkeys come to meet the trains.

Conversation came to an abrupt end when a young Hindu stood up and made a lengthy appeal on behalf of a Benares "gowshala" (Home for decrepit cows). A famous Greek once said that the ideal size for a village was one in which the human voice could carry from one end of the village to the other. I wish he had met this gentleman!

Some of us gave small donations and duly received receipts bearing the picture of a poor bony animal. If it really had been a cow, it certainly was in dire need of our help to provide a resting place for its old bones.

As he sat down, a man selling some quack medicine got up. He was rather far down the carriage and I could not catch all he was saying. He left me with the impression that he would indeed consider me fortunate if I could mention the name of any medicine, the world over, that had more beneficial properties than the concoction in his little bottles. To fortify this impression, he distributed a booklet, from the introduction of which I venture to quote.

"The past history of India is a glorious one. When India would have control of the Sciences, Society, Politics, Philosophy and Religion of the world. In our Ramayan many wonderful events touch our mind and heart and produce not a least serious of those wonderfulness and bears in mind simply mythological stories. In one word, my (name of magic in bottle) can preserve your eyes in cheap expense. It increases eyesight and which is the only medicine wonderfully invented in our medical lines. For sure effect there are no other alternative medicines invented up till now."

I doubt whether there ever will be!

A third class compartment on an Indian train offers but Spartan comfort, but the friendliness of fellow passengers more than compensates for this. Moving about is not easy, for besides sandals and shoes, bundles of every description, cooking pots and drinking pots with which the floor is strewn, there are some passengers who prefer the floor to the seats. There is, however, one type of obstacle that seldom obstructs. In some countries I know, it is a custom for passengers to rest their feet on the floor. This is even done in India's third class compartments by the more highly initiated. It is, nevertheless, to be deprecated as a most wasteful use of space! Feet can be accommodated on the seats more economically and with increased comfort to the owner of them. I must admit that I failed to learn the art. Not that I did not try. After watching the ease with which legs can be folded up, I made several experiments. I even packed a handkerchief under my foot to save my ankle-bone from the excruciating pain of prolonged pressure on the hard seat. Defeated in this, I tried the posture of a man opposite me. He held a brass pot in one hand. His chin was resting on his upraised bended knees. His feet were flat on the bench. He appeared to be asleep, though I had a distinct impression that in spite of his closed eyes he was amused at my efforts to emulate him.

I gave up and tried to learn other lessons from an elderly gentleman at my side. He was the possessor of a beard that vulgar persons would call ginger. At mid-day he spread a small mat on his portion of the seat and stood on it to say his Namaj (Prayers). Towering above me, tall, heavy, beturbaned; standing, bending forward; sitting; bowing his head down to the seat; with arms raised, then resting on his knees, his actions, accompanied by a low muttered prayer, seemed most reverent, yet a little alarming to one unaccustomed to seeing such excercises at close-up range. His devotions ended, he was now at leisure to attend to his toilet. Taking a small mirror, scissors and a case of instruments from his pocket, he trimmed his eyebrows, eyelashes and beard. The latter he combed and patted gently with his hand, whilst carefully examining the effect in his mirror. He next produced a small tin of black powder and what looked like a silver probe. With a steady hand betokening long experience, he transferred a small quantity of the powder to his instrument and deposited it just under his eyelids.

His prayers and toilet completed, benign and oblivious of my existence, he closed his eyes for a well earned sleep.

I have not mentioned women passengers, but it must not be supposed that they do not travel with men in India. Those who desire to do so use the special compartment provided for ladies, but very many travel with their men folk. As I looked round the carriage on this occasion I saw amongst others, one whom I think of as "the magenta lady." She was robed in a beautiful magenta sari that was draped over her head and fell gracefully to her feet. She bore in her arms a little boy whose sole article of clothing was a cord round his loins to which were attached cowrie shells and coloured beads. He was a bonny little lad, with big black eyes, accentuated by a red caste mark on his forehead.

We arrived at a junction and were welcomed by loud cries of hawkers of every imaginable kind of food and drink. Hot milk was in great demand. In a country like India, where four-fifths of the population do not obtain the minimum physiological requirement of milk and its products, it is most fortunate that the stations provide it so cheaply. It is served in crude earthenware pots and is really good. Having drunk your milk, you drop the pot from the carriage window to watch it return in fragments to the earth from which it came.

A tall, majestic looking Sikh had entered here. With him was an effeminate-looking youth. There is no race in the world, I should think, among whose males youths look so girlish, and men so impressively strong. The uncut hair, though hidden beneath a turban, needs the beard to add the mark of manliness. The Sikhs cut no hair from birth to death. They are people of a book, and true to type the elder man produced a book that from its appearance I took to be their sacred book, the "Grunth Sahib." This he read aloud to his young companion.

The quiet drowsiness of mid-day was now to be disturbed, for at the next station our coach was literally invaded by a small army of men and boys on their way to celebrate the Mohurram, in a neighbouring town. All wore brilliantly coloured shirts and caps with loosely woven cords fastened from the shoulders and girdle-wise round their waists. Bells, big deep-toned bells and small tinkling cow-bells, were attached to their girdles. In their hands they carried painted wooden swords, of all colours, together with bunches of peacock feathers.

They had had no sleep for two nights, they told me, though their bright, intelligent faces showed no sign of this.

Battles were fought, gyrations and dances displayed on our miniature battle fields and dancing grounds. The music of their bells and the dancers' wild cries of "Hoosein" so benumbed my feeling that I did not mind their mistaking my feet for the floor!

A precentor struck up a song and the warrior-army joined in the chorus. On and on it went, the lilt keeping time with the rhythmic movement of the train, till I almost found myself joining in. I was told it was a dirge, lamenting the sad fate of Hussain on the plain of Kerbala in Arabia, but I have never heard a dirge to compare with these joyous outbursts. It did not sound like one. Arriving at a small wayside station, they poured and tumbled out of the train. As we moved off, I caught a last glimpse of them following a large banner in the direction of the village. In the quiet that followed I noticed a young Sadhu. I moved my seat to join him, for I liked his appearance. His hair was cut in Grecian fashion, but unbrushed and matted with white clay. He opened conversation by telling me he had studied the Bible, but he said, "I eat rice and you eat bread. I know bread is good for you, but not for me. So it is with religions." He told me the name of his "guru" (teacher) for whom he had great admiration. We compared notes. I told him Jesus was my "guru," that we Christians worship Him as God. "My guru," he said, "is greater than God." This was somewhat disconcerting, though the idea was not

altogether unfamiliar. I had often come across persons who believed that by the practice of great austerities men can become not only superhuman but even super-divine, compelling the gods to do their will.

Failing to convince me, he invited me to go with him to his hermitage, where he would explain more fully. I accepted his invitation, and changing my plans I left the train at a little place called Gulzabag. As I was hungry, I decided to go to the village eating-house before setting out with him for his abode. I invited him to join me, but he was not hungry, he said, and would prefer ganja (opium) to food if I would buy some for him. I consented to do this and handed him a rupee. A tola of ganja would cost 14 annas, he said. He agreed that half of this amount would be as much as he would require.

My meal was a frugal one. I ordered chapattis and eggs for 5d. The chapattis had to be heated, and as the fire had gone out they were handed to a little boy to be carried to the nearest available stove. I watched the proceedings from the little box-like shop in which I was waiting. The chapattis was placed on a hot plate that was apparently dusty. I was not surprised at this, as a man was vigorously brushing the road, which had been smeared with dung and was now thick dust.

Though early in the year, flies had already occupied most of the sitting grounds around me. As the laddie returned I could see him shaking and dusting my chapattis with his grubby fingers! I lunched off milk, the better of the two eggs, and a biscuit. The dog enjoyed the chapattis!

We set out after a rather long delay. My companion was so sleepy and so reluctant to refund the change of my rupee that on reaching the hermitage I was disinclined to pursue our conversation further, and after a short stay I returned to the station with a feeling that we are not all as good as we look.

“ A SERVANT OF THE SOCIETY.”

Magic powers do not come to a man because he does things that are hard but because he does things with a pure heart.

If each one give a bit of cotton the poor man will have a shirt.
—Russian Proverb.

Man learns little from victory but much from defeat.
—Japanese Proverb.

The greatness of a nation does not consist in the number of its people, not in the extent of its territory, but its greatness in the extent of its compassion.

—Inscription on Port Elizabeth monument.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Society of Servants in South Africa is still only in the plastic stage of youth. It has high hopes and boundless joy. It stretches out its hands to its elders for guidance and encouragement. Since its appearance in public it certainly has had a most friendly welcome in its sun-filled world.

Now it is rapidly growing up and each fresh dawn brings wider visions.

Numbers are asking, "How may we join?"

A group of six young social leaders in Maritzburg were the pioneers who helped us to answer the question. After a few days consideration of what the movement stands for, its ideals and responsibilities, they were satisfied that the Society needed them and they it, to crystallize their ideals of sacrifice and service. It was agreed that they should join as associate members. A month ago the Society consisted only of a very small group of probationers in Durban. The group had for several months been hammering out a constitution. The conditions of membership were somewhat strict and none felt able to bind themselves by their self-imposed rules. It was clear that they must themselves fully comply with the obligations they had planned for others. The constitution had made no provision for large numbers. In the nature of the case it was bound to be exclusive. Then the basis was broadened by the incoming of a new order of Associate Members.

To-day members of the original group are still Probationers; they hope to be admitted very soon as full members of the Society. Fresh probationers and associates are joining. Odd applications have come from many parts of the Union. The structure of the Society is now more or less complete. On the ground floor, so to speak, are the Associate Members. These pledge themselves to live lives of sincerity and simplicity and to do some definite piece of social work. Whilst fully subscribing to the principles of the Society they do not pledge themselves to go beyond the associate membership stage. On the second floor are the Probationers, under preparation for full membership; and higher up are the great empty spaces for those of us who, we hope, will soon qualify to occupy them.

The Servitor is now on sale in most parts of South Africa. We still seek more agents to sell and we appeal to all who read this to co-operate in extending our circulation. We feel sure our readers will wish us to continue to sell at the poor man's price of 4d. per copy.

To enable us to do this, we need 200 ONE POUND SUBSCRIBERS.

Please fill in the form to be found at the end of this number and return with the sum of £1 to the Publishers, Servitor, P.O. Box 1509, Durban.

We shall then supply monthly, for a year, a free copy of the Journal to a poor man, in your name; a person, if you so desire, whom you may nominate. You will also receive your own copy monthly by post.

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications should be addressed as follows:—

- (1) Matters relating to the Servitor: The Editor, c/o 45 Clayton Road, Overport, Durban.
- (2) Summer Camp: Camp Organiser, P.O. Box 1262, Durban.
- (3) Donations and Subscriptions: The Treasurer, P.O. Box 1262, Durban.
- (4) Membership in the Society: The Acharya, c/o 45 Clayton Road, Overport, Durban.

REVIEW

"*Heroes of India*": From the Pallavas to Sivaji. Thomas Nelson and Son. Published price, 1/9.

This is the second book of 'Landmarks of Indian History.' The book is very readable and should easily come within the vocabulary compass of Standard VI. Even Standard V who have done any reading outside their class reader should not find it too difficult. While suffering from the fault of most historical books, namely not giving any idea of the life of the common people, it sets out in its title no such claim.

To the superficial reader the mythology of India is a tangled skein, densely peopled with God-like, heroic and legendary figures. This combined with the archaeological remains, bas-reliefs on temples, statues and grotesque representations makes the semi-student steer clear of entering the maze.

This book does seek to correlate these artistic representations with the time and people who created them and whose doings they are a partial record. Starting with the rule of the Pallava dynasties in the sixth century and their long and successful struggles against the Chalukyas in Southern India, a tantalising taste only is given of the wealth of legend that has come down through the ages about these people. As in other myths, certain symbols have supernatural properties, special localities have mysterious associations.

During this time the Prophet Mohammed fled to Medina, the Arab conquests started and gradually Northern India began to be affected until by 1500 A.D. the Sultanate of Delhi was established.

Despite the mountains, India has always been invaded from the North West. The Mohammedan invaders were not as skilled in the arts as the Hindu people they conquered, but they gradually acquired these arts. The story of Aibah bears strong resemblance to that of Joseph and the attempt at prohibition by Alan-din has its counter part in India to-day, showing that there is little new under the sun. The glorification of the war-like arts and virtues is perhaps inseparable from this heroic age.

The reproductions of the buildings in the book are well done; there being some twenty good plates. We pass rapidly through the times of great men, each one greater than the last—Firoz Shah, Krishna Dira, Babur the first Mogul, and the Emperor Humayun and Ak bar. It is a dazzling array of great men with occasional interesting sidelights into the customs of the time and brings us on our historical journey down to the seventeenth century.

"A SERVANT OF THE SOCIETY."

The Society of Servants have arranged with the publishers that for every pound subscribed by benefactors a complimentary copy of the "Servitor" will be sent, post free for 12 months, to someone who cannot afford to subscribe. Thus for every pound subscribed two copies of the Journal will be supplied, one to the subscriber and one to a poor person whom the subscriber nominates. Should a subscriber not desire to nominate a person the Society of Servants will gladly do so.

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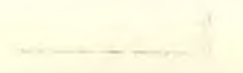
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“All the Best” is a fitting title for the selection of cartoons by Jock Leyden, published by Messrs. Knox and Company of Durban.

Leyden's cartoons are known throughout the Union and beyond; from the Zambesi to the Cape.

In the present volume of 96 cartoons, Leyden has shown a depth of human appeal that is remarkable for its incisiveness and versatility.

He knows what he wants to say, and he says it in a way that is inimitable. His shafts of pathos or wit, irony or indignation unflinchingly reach their mark—and so we laugh, not only at dictators and democratic politicians alike, but also at our most fundamental beliefs and institutions.

Leyden, in big doses, is calculated to make even Hitler and Mussolini laugh at themselves; but Leyden is never unkind—he merely holds the mirror before the cavalcade of human events, and we find eyes to see.

“O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
Tae see ourselves as ithers see us.”

quotes Leyden, but he characteristically refrains from the admonition:

“It wad from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.”

Leyden is perhaps the most popular cartoonist in this country, and his cartoons, now published in book form for the first time, should be in every home—British and Afrikaans and Indian; for Leyden is doing much to foster an abiding unity between the races by laughing at their foibles indiscriminately.

Now it is Malan that comes in for one of his piercing shafts; now it is Smuts or Stallard.

Leyden is no respecter of creed or class; his art is universal; his philosophy that of a citizen of the world who may yet foster a larger share of his affections for “Ons Suid Afrika.”

H. W. DAVEY.

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PUBLISHER:

Publisher: Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa

Location: Johannesburg

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