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# THE New OUTLOOK



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VOL. 1. No. 12.

SEPTEMBER, 1938

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*“The past is a story told,  
The Future may be writ in Gold”*

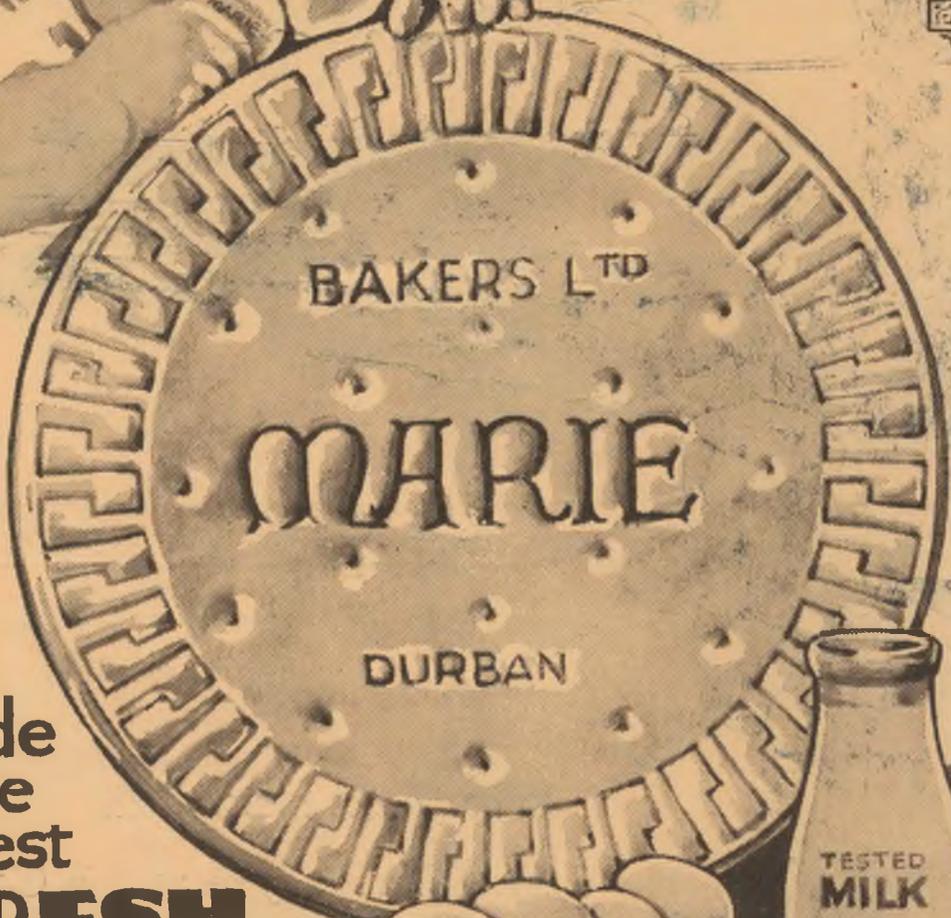
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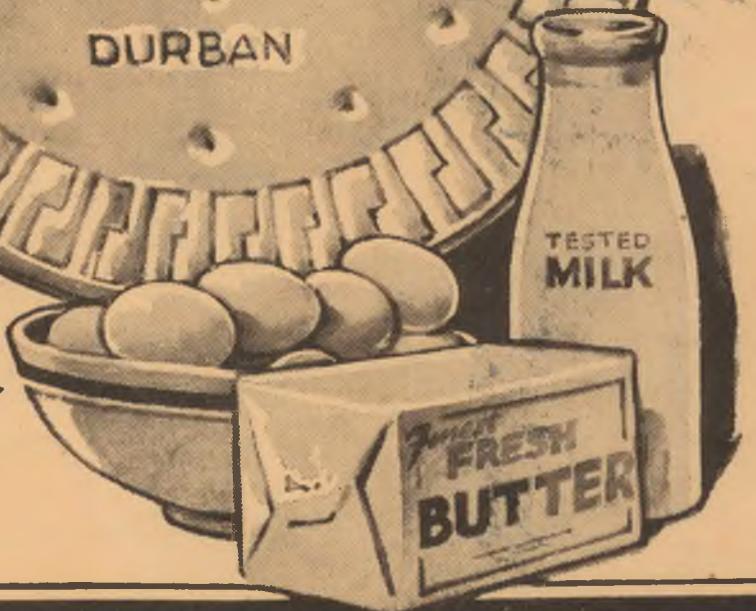
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# THE NEW OUTLOOK

VOL. 1. No. 12

SEPTEMBER, 1938

PRICE 3d.

We are not necessarily in agreement with the views expressed by either our correspondents or contributors, but feel that "The New Outlook" is a medium whereby the Non-European can express his opinion or plead his cause.

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor,

"The New Outlook," Durban.

**D**EAR EDITOR,

In the July issue of your magazine you kindly printed the article I sent descriptive of our work at Inanda. I thank you for this and also for the additional publicity that you gave us by displaying the poster bearing the words. "An Experiment in Rural Education," etc.

You will be interested to know that we are beginning to see happy results from sending out an appeal for our Indian School, side by side with the Magazine article. Up to September 2nd donations have been received as follows: £2/2/-, £2/2/-, £1/1/-, £5, £5/5/-, 10/-, 20/-, £2/2/-—Total, £19/2/-.

We have also to report further progress in our educational schemes. On the 24th August at an important gathering to meet Mr. J. M. McLeod and Mr. Devlin, Inspectors of Indian Schools, it was agreed that the educational needs of the Indian in this district would best be served by building a school nearer to Verulam than the present one. Since then Mr. E. M. Paruk has promised the gift of two acres of the Tea Estate in a place approved by the Inspectors.

It is hoped that Provincial Councillors will hasten the day when aids to hygiene and health, and educational facilities will be within the reach of all. In the meantime, our two schools, like many others, run without Government grants-in-aid, and building operations must be speeded up before they can be obtained.

If donors of cheques will state to which branch of our work they would like to contribute (General Expenses, Zulu Building Fund, Indian Building Fund) local friends will do all in their power to use the money to the best advantage.

Further information and acknowledgments will be gladly given.

OLIVE WARNER.

P.O. Box 15,

Verulam, Natal.

[Miss Warner has handed to us a copy of her appeal for her School (with its 67 Indian and 30 Zulu children) which she has been running for five years from her own resources. This "good cause" certainly merits our attention, and we wish Miss Warner every success in her appeal for a proper School Building and the subsequent grant-in-aid.—Ed.]

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## EDITORIAL

### YEAR'S PROGRESS

**T**O-DAY appears the 12th monthly issue of the "New Outlook" and we feel we may look back with justifiable pride over the past year. Those of us who realise the tremendous part that a magazine of this kind must eventually play in the progress of South Africa have been amazed at the acknowledged power for good this publication has been amongst our readers. Many Europeans and Non-Europeans in South Africa, and elsewhere throughout the world, have through our medium learnt to appreciate better the other man's point of view, and it is our devout prayer that this new outlook may "spread in widening circles through our nation and thence through humanity."

Progress, we are told, is an advance in knowledge, and with knowledge comes understanding and forgiveness of our neighbours' little weaknesses and peculiarities. We like to think that the "New Outlook" has given to many the realisation that South Africa's future is inextricably bound up in the progress and harmony of all her peoples.

Dr. Aggrey, the famous Negro orator whose efforts helped to establish Achimota College in West Africa, hit upon a happy simile to illustrate the need for harmony in the make-up of any country. He said: "A nation is like a piano. You may get quite a good tune by playing on the black notes, and quite a good tune by playing on the white; but to get harmony you must play on both black and white."

These words were quoted in the first issue, but we feel that such a truism cannot be too frequently dwelt upon.

World news has been steeped in gloom for many months, but we are optimistic enough to believe that no war will be launched in Europe—for such a war would in its ruthlessness surpass any the world and civilisation have experienced—and as we read on our Women's Page "the peoples of the world are thirsting for Peace and goodwill amongst all nations," we too can do our share in our thoughts for peace.

But from these thoughts our mind turns reluctantly to the continuous slaughter which is daily occurring on our roads. Can no drastic action be taken? Is it nothing to those in authority that every day sees the death on the roads of one European and two Non-Europeans? Had we been able to

visualise such appalling results, when we saw the first motor-cars being escorted along the streets by a red flag, would we have been so willing to launch such a power for destruction upon our highways? And so with the aeroplane! it would seem that science has out-paced mankind, and we must endeavour "to harmonise an indispensable transport with the dictates of humanity and the workings of human nature."

It behoves each one of us to educate ourselves and our children in the school of road-sense and road-courtesy. "Safety First" has become a hackneyed phrase, but let us remember that, by ignoring this slogan, 4,334 citizens have been killed and 63,600 maimed between the years 1933 and 1937.

A campaign must be launched, if not by legislation, then by voluntary effort.

When we move through the streets on foot, on cycles or in a motor-car, let it be with a sense of responsibility towards our neighbour.

It is not without justification that, through her careless driving, South Africa is being dubbed one of the most dangerous countries in the world, and we must see to it, by our united effort, that we lose this unenviable reputation.

The Editor, "New Outlook,"  
Smith Street, Durban.

Sir,

When one reads the articles contributed by George Maistry one is inclined to think that he is either dangerously allowing his imagination to run riot or concocting grandmother-tales to satisfy his own peculiar mentality.

On reading his article, "An Ancient Custom in the Twentieth century" which appeared in your June issue of "The New Outlook," one might even suspect by all the significance his article bears, that he had been at sometime or other an unfortunate participant of, or perhaps by traditional practice in his own lineage, directly responsible for, all that he so immodestly describes; unpardonably proclaiming it to be the general customs of Indians.

Upon a critical, psychological study of his article one wonders what abnormal mental development there could be in that "mere infant" (an "infant" who could "discuss topics of interest") to possess such an intelligence and a flair for romanticism as are revealed in his article which is at once both misleading and misrepresented.

That he has not moved among Indian people of high and cultured society is evident by the clumsy, unpolished, if not crude, strain of his article. Had he been privileged to do so, such inflated nonsense—that the so-called ancient practice is a custom existing among the educated Indians—could not have possibly emanated from him.

Yours sincerely,  
KERSVEL V. NAIDOO

To the Editor,  
The New Outlook,  
Durban.

Sir,

Please allow me to voice our appreciation of the efforts of those Europeans who are endeavouring to bring about a good understanding between Europeans and Coloureds through Coloured-European Councils, Race Relations, Coloured Welfare Societies, European and Coloured League and the efforts of the "New Outlook." In your Editorial of July last you remarked that the trend of affairs in South Africa seems to be in the direction of a new outlook, and that it is hoped most earnestly that this liberalism will mean much that is good for the Non-Europeans. I believe every Coloured person will endorse your remarks with thankfulness to the Europeans who know and desire fair play. Nevertheless there is a tremendous work to be done before peace and justice can be achieved. It may perhaps be much easier for those Coloureds residing in towns, but the blindness of the Government towards evils affecting the Coloureds dotted about in the Native Reserves—however good the outlook may be in other aspects—will stand as a great hindrance to the achievement of this ideal. It is a fact that these Coloureds in the Native Reserves are the progeny of European fathers. Since the Tielman Roos Act the increase of these children is almost negligible. Many of them are fatherless, and almost all the pioneer fathers have died. These children, although the majority of them were left to the mercies of the four winds to choose their own lives, have maintained the standard of European mode of living. They have educated themselves and are a class equal to those of the best in the towns. It is wondered, how long is the Government going to allow these people to live under existing conditions. The Government seems blind to its duty towards these people.

Another serious injustice towards Coloured people in the rural areas, was the passing by Parliament of the Sugar Act of 1936. In this Act provisions are made to protect Europeans and a sop provision to the Non-Europeans. The difficulty arose for the Coloured persons through their positions being neither European, Indian nor Native nationally and also not defined in the Act. Europeans, taking advantage of the Act, have included them with the Non-Europeans, resulting in Coloured persons having to live below their own standard of living. The sugar industry does not want them. With such class legislation can the country prosper? Is it justice for Europeans to cause children to be born, bring them up to follow the standard of European living, encourage them in education, to be self-supporting, and when the country is faced with over-production in one industry that the Europeans should draw lines and bar Coloured people from earning their living. If they are kicked out of the sugar industry what are they going to do to support themselves?

Yours sincerely,  
DOMINIC DUNN

## Andhra Maha Sabha of South Africa

This Society celebrated last month its anniversary in the Hindu Tamil Hall, Durban. The hall was packed and many women and children were present.

The proceedings opened with Havan prayers conducted by Mr. V. C. Nayanah Rajh. A welcome was then given by Mr. V. M. Naidoo, and a charming musical programme by many children attending the various Patasalas.

Mrs. Artheelutchmee Chetty, the first Indian woman in this country to lecture in Telugu, in which she has also broadcast in South Africa, made an eloquent appeal:—"I, as a woman, say with pride that women have been admitted on the same footing as men to the Andhra Maha Sabha since its inception, and enjoy the same privileges. I therefore, earnestly appeal to my Andhra sisters to become members of the Sabha, and to my Andhra brothers, I say that you must not lag behind your women folk in this respect. You have better opportunities than us women, and I appeal again to you all to take more active interest in the Sabha's activities towards the advancement of our sweet and beloved mother-tongue, Telugu."

The following officials were elected for the ensuing year.

**Patrons:**—Messrs. Sir Kurma Veneggi Reddi Naidoo, B. Naidoo, A. P. Naidoo, R. R. Chetty, and M. G. Naidoo. (all re-elected)

**President:**—Mr. V. M. Naidoo. (re-elected).

**Hon. Life Vice Presidents:**—Messrs. V. M. Naidoo, B. Naidoo, A. J. Naidoo, L. Krishnaya Naidoo, D. V. Naidoo, A. B. Naidoo, S. C. Naidoo, V. C. Nayanah Rajh, and S. P. Applesamy Naidoo.

**Vice Presidents:**—Messrs. G. A. Naidoo, T. Moonsamy Reddy, B. Veerasamy Naidoo. (all re-elected) M. R. Latchanna Naidoo and Mrs. Artheelutchmee Chetty.

**Joint Hon. Secretaries:**—Messrs. D. V. Naidoo and B. S. Naidu. (re-elected).

**Hon. Treasurer:**—Mr. A. J. Naidoo. (re-elected).

**Hon. Auditor:**—Mr. L. Kris. Naidoo (re-elected).

**Committee:**—Messrs. Manghi A. Nydoo, M. C. Naidoo, A. V. Naidoo, V. Chengiah, N. S. Chetty, R. M. Naidoo, N. S. Dass, M. Seethanna Naidoo, P. Abboy Naidoo, S. A. Peter, B. A. Ramsamy Naidoo, C. R. Naidoo, M. K. Naidoo, A. Moonsamy, and A. Chimadrie.

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MADAME MARIE DUBE

"Music is one of the greatest forces in the Universe." Only recently were these words uttered to an enthusiastic audience of music-lovers, and does not each one of us know the truth of these words?

It was with the ideal of introducing more music amongst the Non-Europeans that Madame Marie Dube, herself a singer with a splendid voice, opened a studio at the African Institute, in Durban. Here pupils of all ages and from every community may take advantage of learning more about music from one who is wrapped up in her work, and whose one aim is to spread the glad news that a studio of this kind is available in Durban.

A very happy evening was spent at the Institute at which Dr. Edgar Brookes and the Rev. Goodwin spoke in glowing terms of Madame Dube's work since she arrived in South Africa several years ago.

## Letters to the Editor—Contd.

To the Editor,  
"The New Outlook," Durban

Dear Sir,

In reply to "Sweet Seventeen's" column which reads: "Instead of being used by unscrupulous persons as a prospective matrimonial medium." But surely the Editor, a learned man, is not blind? We modern Indian youths of to-day, who are striving to banish the old ways and introduce the modern ways to many an old-fashioned girl, are being called "unscrupulous" by the modern girl, for trying to form a friendship with a girl who is interested in Physiology. I suppose we shall be called "Heroes" next if we ask for a girl pen-friend who is interested in "Ye old Fashioned Ideas."

Here, the "New Outlook" Friendship League is devoting its time in doing its utmost to encourage healthy inter-communal relationship. But alas! it is regarded as an evil by persons who entertain unhealthy views, and who are shameless enough to admit it.

In conclusion, may I ask, please unite and help to make the "New Outlook" a success, not a failure.

I remain yours truly,  
JIMMY IYAL

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**SOWING SEEDS OF  
DISCONTENT**

By Lekhethoa H. Lekhethoa.

ONCE again the ugly monster of racial discrimination has reared his head and struck with unprecedented ruthlessness. This time the prostrate victim is Mr. W. F. Nkomo, B.Sc. (S.A.) who was denied a passport to proceed to New York to attend the World Youth Peace Congress. Whatever motives actuated this conduct of the Minister of the Interior, they have been based entirely on the grounds of colour, because two Europeans going to the same Congress have not been debarred. Nobody except a specialist in psychiatry could hope to understand the psychology of some of our Government officials.

It appears the whole trouble really starts in there being not enough to do in the Department of the Interior. When the Minister of this Department is not engaged in making some silly apology to some foreign power or other his pastime is the wholesale ban of literature from overseas. As though these activities do not offer enough scope for idleness, he has distinguished himself in spiking the wheels of the most worthy cause that any peace-loving man or woman could ever wish to see espoused.

There is only one way in which any man with feelings will react against this most nauseating little trick of Governmental buffoonery. The reaction is one of utter disgust. This is the third conspicuous case of this nature within the last few years. First there were the Pathfinders who were debarred from attending the Jamboree in Austria, and then there were the "Metswa Lucky Stars" who were stopped from a continental tour, and so the game goes on and will go on unless . . .

This last ban is a slap in the face of the Non-European youth, and the question is whether he will be man enough to pick up the gauntlet. If I know the Non-European youth as I believe I do, he will grin and say, "Ja, baas," and, with his tail between his legs, will go slinking into the backdoor corner, there to lick his wounds. That is the pity of it all, and so the game will go on.

The abject apathy of the Africans, particularly on matters affecting their destiny as a nation, is responsible for giving the Government that smug complacency and the Stuart Divine Right of Kings and Royal Prerogative. In South Africa, as in all countries in the world, History will repeat itself and a time will come when the "hunted" will be the "hunters" and the "persecuted" will be the "persecutors."

Fate has an ironic way of turning the tables. At the height of his power Louis XIV—the Grand Monarch—was wont to say, "I am the State." He had power and wealth, while the Nation of France writhed under the cruel lash of feudal despotism. But all pomp and glory did not avail his successor from being carried by a band of women from Versailles to Paris, there to bow his royal head to "The Eternal Widow."

(Continued at foot of next page)

# The World in a Nutshell

**L**AST month, when it looked as though there would be war between Russia and Japan, we dared to prophesy that there would be no war. We cannot make that same prophecy with equal confidence this month. The Germans are making more and more violent threats against Czechoslovakia, and already have a million and a half men under arms, ready to go to war at any moment. They are supposed to be merely practising on their annual manoeuvres, but everyone is afraid that they are really assembled for a different purpose. They show no signs of compromising with the Czechs over the Sudeten German question, and indeed show no sign of desiring to settle the question except by force.

Two things are clear: one is that the Germans cannot again take Europe by surprise, as they did when they invaded Austria. The second is that Germany knows that if they invade Czechoslovakia they will have to fight Britain, France and Russia. What we do not know is where the other countries of Eastern Europe will stand. What will Poland do? or Hungary or Italy? It seems clear that the Germans in the last few weeks have been secretly trying to find out what their attitude will be. But outside a few of the rulers nobody knows what their answers were. In the last war Italy waited to see which side was likely to win, before breaking off from her former allies. Maybe she will do the same thing this time, although her alliance with Germany is now much closer than it was in 1914. One can be sure that, if Italy does not join Germany, she will want a big bribe for staying out, or changing sides, probably a huge slice of North Africa.

If war does come, what will happen? The Germans will at once march into Czechoslovakia. Whether they will also launch a big attack on the French frontier is not so certain. The French border is so strongly defended by the famous Maginot line, that in the opinion of most experts there would not be much sense in attacking it. But there might easily be a big attack either through Holland and Belgium on the north, or through Switzerland on the south. The Russians would send an army through Rumania to help the Czechs, though it is uncertain whether they would arrive in time to save the country. And Britain? It is unlikely that the British would send a large army across the Channel unless Holland and Belgium were attacked. They would blockade Germany at sea, and they would send bombers to attack the German industrial areas. The help they gave to France would probably be mostly by way of aeroplanes.

And what about us? There is every likelihood that if Britain is involved, South Africa will come in too. It is not likely however that many troops would be sent overseas,

and it is not easy to see how South Africa could be attacked.

One thing is fairly certain. If war does not come within the next six weeks, then the world will be reasonably safe for a year or so. The European winter is not a good time for beginning a war, and the Germans have to think very carefully about their food supply.

## BOOK REVIEW

### Pride & Prejudice

**P**RIDE and Prejudice, the famous novel by Jane Austen, is one of the latest Penguin Classics, and "New Outlook" readers should look out for it in the bookshops. Jane Austen was the daughter of an English country clergyman, and wrote this book about 130 years ago. She never married, but lived quietly in the country all her life, going to dances, paying calls, talking scandal, and gossiping with neighbours. She wrote six novels, usually writing on her knee while she sat in the drawing-room after dinner, and while everybody else was talking. Nothing adventurous or exciting ever happens in her novels; all the people in them are ordinary middle-class English people like her own family. "Pride and Prejudice" is about a country gentleman and his family of four daughters, and how they find husbands. It is one of the wittiest novels ever written. Jane Austen has a keen eye for all the little mannerisms and absurdities of her neighbours, and she enjoys making them ridiculous. Most people who have read "Pride and Prejudice" become permanent lovers of Jane Austen; many people read her novels over every year. Her characters are so true to life that you will probably recognise many of them as people you know. And for this reason you will never tire of them.

### Sowing Seeds of Discontent

Concluded

There is no dumb beast under the face of the sun that does not respond to kindness. Even lions have been known to become as meek as babes in appreciation of some kind treatment that has been shown them. But treat them harshly, and they turn and rend you.

The Government of this country has turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the Black man for justice and fairplay. It has done nothing to win the loyalty of the Black man but has planted a seed in his heart whose fruit the Government shall reap as it has sown.

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Dear Sir,

May I crave a little space, in order to bring to the notice of the European Community in general, and the Union Government in particular, the ever-increasing number of obstacles and hardships that the Coloured Community of South Africa, have to endure. This is particularly evident in Natal and Northern Zululand, principally through the existence of the proverbial barriers, which are completely retarding the progress of the Coloured Community.

The Coloured people possess Art, Science, Culture and Philosophy, if only their Education could be brought up to the same standard as that of the Europeans.

Do not the Coloured people deserve a place in this colossal world in which they can live?

Then why not give them an outlet, so that they will work their way out of the present conditions in which unemployment is so rife?

Most Coloured women and children suffer from want. When the bread-winner is alive and in employment, he earns from £2/0/0 upwards, but what he earns means only a hand to mouth existence. There is no chance of saving for a rainy day. The distress among Coloured children is great owing to these economic conditions and they certainly do not have a fair chance in life. The cause may be traced to the civilised Labour policy.

We would suggest:—

1. That the Local, Provincial and Union Government should raise the standard of wages of the unskilled workers and employ more Coloured workers in the services.
2. That there should be more Industrial Inspectors to see that Industrial Laws are carried out.
3. That free and compulsory education should be given to Coloured children.

In the eyes of the Deity we are all one, and we should therefore all enjoy equal freedom and rights. There should be no such things as colour-bar or racial prejudice or segregation in this country. We wish to be worthy citizens of South Africa. We are part and parcel of the Community, and are deeply interested in the betterment and welfare of this magnificent country.

We therefore appeal to those in authority to remove the barriers which prevent our people from taking their proper place in the progress of South Africa.

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# TRANSKEI IN THE MAKING

## (V) Education

By G. A. MBEKI

(a) Whatever efforts might be made by a people for self-improvement, the struggle is in vain if the education of its girls and boys is neglected. This fact applies with greater force to a subject race. South Africa has peculiarities which distinguish it from any of the modern countries, so that one has to be very careful not to take a point which is general in European states and apply it to this country without analysis. True in European states a worker has to equip himself with a certain amount of technical knowledge as will enable him to be employed in certain industries for his skill, and also to be entitled to a certain fixed wage which corresponds to his skill. In South Africa, a White unskilled worker is by virtue of his skin-colour entitled to a wage that will, at least, put him in a superior position to his equally unskilled Black fellow-worker. It would be a disastrous view if education amongst the Africans is to be looked upon as merely a cultural force; it is a catspaw, and has to be regarded as such. I do not disregard the potential powers which lie latent in the African labouring masses, nor do I claim that education is the only solution to the problems which confront the African people, but labouring masses, with a certain modicum of education, will not only become all the more aware of their right to the good things of life, but will become an infinite credit.

How then is it possible to extend the educational facilities to the larger masses of the Africans in the territories? Should it be possible to extend education, how is it to be financed, since the Government is not financing it well now? With regard to the latter question it is not necessary to discuss it at length; the maxim that "men are what circumstances make them to be," like other maxims, is a half-truth: men circumvented make circumstances—money will come for the financing of our children's education.

The answer to the former lies in the question of the fencing of the fields. The stock is not only problematic with regard to soil erosion, but also effects the education of the territories tremendously. Large numbers of boys are unable to attend school, for the simple reason that they have to herd cattle. But, if we really intended giving education to our boys is this such a problem as to stifle the chance for the education of thousands of boys? The failure to send them to school has further complications since, as soon as the boys are about sixteen, they are, without discrimination, recruited for the mines, the sugar plantations and the farms. It is from these boys of seventeen and eighteen that the Government unscrupulously levies a tax, while, on the other hand, the mine capitalist saps his very youth in order to heap gold. It is these who receive a bucket of mealie meal as their wages from

their farm "bosses"—the Black race as an organism is given scanty chance for regeneration. If the health of these lads is not properly looked after, they will be the unphysically fit fathers to boys and girls who will be condemned even before they are born. These tender lads pass days after days serving the master's contract on the mines—they sleep in caves and the guarded all round against admixtures with their more refined fellows from the locations—they are isolated. Some are to be found on farms living on practically nothing else but mealie meal—this is the sphere of ungraded labour. There are no hours of work—they work in slave gangs!

Fencing of the fields would go a long way towards stemming this evil. The stock would be kept out of the fields without difficulty, so that it would be possible for the children to go to school.

On the other hand, even in those cases where some parents are indifferent towards the education of their children, some form of compulsory education could be introduced. If compulsory education were to be adopted, it would not cost the Government anything to see to it that children went to school. The chiefs and headmen would do this job, *ex gratia*, like the many other services which they render for nothing.

(b) Despite the facts pointed in (a) the meritorious attempts which the Transkei has made at giving some of its children education at public expense deserve notice. This, however, does not remove the fact that there is far too much wastage in these territories—education does not seem to be directed to any definite end. Such questions as the following come most forcibly at this point: what relation is there between the educated and uneducated? Does any community educate the individual in order, solely, to make conditions comfortably bound up with obligations towards his community, which make it possible for him to acquire the education which has entitled him to that comfort?

These questions are not raised only with regard to those students who receive their education at directly public expense, such as scholarships, but also with regard to those who had to pay their own fees to acquire their education—after all who pays for that education, but the public in the form of taxes.

The protectionist policy is deprecated in trade as a vice since it only protects the employer and never the employee but in the adjustment of social relations a measure of protection is necessary. In the territories there are hordes of young men who are certificated teachers and who are employed as clerks on the mines, most of whom ultimately form the urban permanent population; there are also large numbers of these in other centres. Now a certain defined relation exists between these young men and their fellows at home—they would be only too glad to find employment in their own territories and do work of an uplifting nature amongst their own fellows where they know

## Transkei in the Making

the conditions best, but instead they find themselves face to face with one of the worst evils of the modern times—unemployment. They are forced to seek employment in new areas where they take time to adapt themselves to the conditions, and, in most cases by the time they have adapted themselves to the new conditions they have had to change their schemes. Admitted that there are not enough schools to absorb them, but is there not enough room in the Bunga? What the Transkei is doing is like a man who skims the cream from the milk, and throws it away when he wants to get butter out of it.

The Transkei has produced the greatest number of graduates through Fort Hare, most of them at public expense, but where are they? What is the purpose of educating these young fellows if, after the completion of their particular studies, they are not to come to the territories, and apply the knowledge, which they have acquired at so much public cost, to the problems which ever become more and more complicated? While I do not like to cast a slur on the good work which has been done by the existing missionary training and secondary schools, yet it must be pointed out they, too, have played a selfish role with regard to the absorption of such young men. They have deliberately appointed Europeans where Africans could have employment—this is, of course, in consonance with Cape policy in the missionary training and Secondary schools. The nepotistic policy in these schools is one which, probably, is in accordance with the law of the jungle, but definitely does not savour of any moral sense.

A great deal of co-operation between the missionary training and Secondary schools and the Bunga is needed. Matriculation classes will no longer be run at Fort Hare from 1938, and it is at such times that the Bunga should transfer such scholarships to schools in the Transkei. I do not for a moment want to suggest the gagging of the natural flow of students from the Transkei to the Ciskei, or any other part of the Union for their education, but as far as those who use Bunga scholarships are concerned they should acquire their education in Transkei schools provided the missionaries are prepared to employ as much Black labour as is available at such schools; and provided the Bunga is satisfied that the students sent to such schools do not stand to lose. This, undoubtedly should provide employment for quite a good number of our young men and women, and, no doubt, they would never fail to influence the community—for good or ill, in any case there would be no marking time.

The weaving school has been standing for a long time in the territories, but even the all-wise Jupiter would have to scratch his head before he could define, with certainty, its purpose. It is rather unfortunate that educationists are sometimes so blinded by their ambitions that they become as regardless of their products as the mill that turns

out sausages. Some schools give education as a modern formality, and never worry to find out what is going to happen to that product, whose outlook in life, whose ways and standards of living, have been rudely shaken.

The girls who qualify in the weaving schools belong to the category described above. These are the girls who are given a certain amount of skill; the girls who, in a confused manner, visualise a good time coming, when they will be given an opportunity to put their skill into practice—but it is only in rare cases that, in modern economic artifice, their chance ever comes, we have to fly for it, or grab from those who withhold it. It is painful to see these girls rolling about their homes unable to help themselves, depending on Winter crops for supplying their complex needs. They have been taught—to live independently; they want cash—no wonder they have to give themselves away, a sordid boon, to the town employers of domestic labour. Domestic labour as such is not to be despised, but in so far as it does not pay anything near a living wage it is homicide to imagine that girls who, in their profession, would have recognised anything upwards of £10 per month should, after much overworking receive a miserable monthly pittance of £2.

The argument is generally raised, that it is due to the African's lack of initiative. That such girls are not profitably employed is as foolish as it is misleading. Suppose that it were possible for ten or twenty of them to come together and form a company, where they could hold the means of production in common property, what chance have they against the big industries which are able to produce the same articles at considerably reduced costs? Moreover if they formed such a company where is the market for their products? Even if they were to depend on creating a market amongst their own fellows, there is no racial line in the expenditure of one's money—the most patriotic of them would not buy an article for 2/6, which he could have obtained at less than half the price elsewhere. So, what really remains to be done, is that industries which can absorb girls with such qualifications should be put up; if not, those who run such schools must come into some agreement with the textile industries in the country.

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# INDIAN POVERTY IN SOUTH AFRICA

By GEORGE MAISTRY

**S**OUTH AFRICA has often been described as a most wealthy country, more favoured by Nature than any other in the world. A land literally flowing with gold and diamonds, and milk and honey, where the soil yields all that is necessary for the existence of its happy people. The great wealth accumulated by a few of its early Indian settlers: the large fortunes so rapidly acquired by many of its early European pioneers, in valuable diamond and gold mines: the abundance of its produce and the fertility of its soil, and the unrivalled superiority of its various manufactures. All these have caused admiration and wonder from time immemorial. One would naturally suppose that a race like the Indians who could supply so many luxuries would surpass all others in wealth. The estimation of the wealth of the Indians in South Africa is commonly accepted in the whole of the world as enormous. Those who, after visiting South Africa and obtaining exact information about the real conditions of its brown inhabitants, have dared to affirm that Indians are the poorest people existing in South Africa, have simply not been believed. Many people, after reading what visitors have to say about South Africa's manufacturers, and about the factories which employ Indian labour where Indians turn out the most delicate work, do not mention what wonderful agriculturists they are, a fact which is admired by the thousands of tourists who invade South Africa throughout the year. The truth may be affirmed by the beautiful produce seen in the Indian markets where leading caterers and establishments' demands are met. This produce is cultivated mostly by the poorest Indians. The tools and implements he uses are very primitive and his whole stock in trade could be carried about by one man. Such is in very truth an exact picture of the South African Indian. There are in South Africa one or two classes of Indians whose only profession is that of humiliating the poor. The latter are for the most part very poor, and are even destitute of the necessary means for working on their own account.

I think that the following account may make things plain: it is based on a long acquaintance with the inhabitants of a large country, especially in Natal. It is from the experience of the multitude I have been able to present this sketch of the different degrees of wealth and poverty amongst its Indian people. Another serious cause of the poverty is the decrease in the demand for hand labour resulting from the introduction of machinery and the spread of manufacture with improved methods in Europe. And let no one venture to assert that the unfortunate Indians can if they choose find a recompense in the fertility of their soil. The sight of vast plains lying fallow and waste may induce the superficial observer to accuse the Indians of indolence, but he is not aware that the greater part, if not the whole, is incapable of cultivation through want of water during most part of the year. It is to my mind a vain hope to suppose that the Europeans can really very much improve the existing conditions, or raise their circumstances of life to the level prevailing in western countries. The efforts of a government which is humane and generous may succeed to a certain point in lessening some of their hardships, but, as long as it is the nature of the Indians to cling to their civil and religious institutions, to their old customs and habits, they must remain what they have always been. They will continue to grovel in poverty as long as their physical and intellectual faculties continue in the same groove. Therefore to make a new race of the Indians one would have to begin by undermining the very foundation of their civilisation. The question is: Why do our Indian writers, politicians and leaders, expound their theories with pen and paper? Why not make a close survey, and set an example by preaching the right methods rather than by breeding racial hatreds and animosity amongst themselves? This state of affairs must be unmasked, and not till then shall we see a new Indian race.

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## UTRECHT COLLIERY NATIVE SCHOOL

**T**HROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Canning, Manager of the Utrecht Collieries, the children of the Native School were invited to give a singing and drilling display. The little concert was held at the Colliery Institute, and Mr. Gray, Chairman of the Natal Thrift Committee, presented a fine set of books as a reward for thrift.

Great impetus to further efforts was given by Mr. Canning's generosity in once again giving 6d. to each child to help to swell their savings in the coming year.

Mr. Prozesky, Inspector of Native Schools, thanked many, including Mr. Heslop and Mrs. Garstang, for their sympathy and generous support, but urged upon the parents the necessity to be self-reliant and self-supporting. Mr. Ntshingnila, Mr. Shongwe, Mr. Sitholt, Mr. Mañan, all were giving of their best on behalf of these Native school children who otherwise would be left far behind other sections of the community.

A hope was expressed that a Government Aided School would be erected near Cothery and the Native Location, where a domestic science Kitchen would prove of infinite value in providing the much-needed free meals, as is done in many of the European schools.

Stress was laid upon a very unhappy state of affairs now existing in Utrecht. Many Natives had been allowed to purchase land upon which to erect their own houses. Under the new Urban Act they had now been turned out. To make matters worse, they had no chance of letting their houses but were still called upon to pay rates and taxes.

Attention was also focussed upon the state of disrepair of the Rectory School. This was some years ago a stable for horses and cattle, and has been condemned by the Medical Officer of Health. Nevertheless the Native priest occupies these miserable quarters which let in wind and rain, and even four children have to share such discomforts. But under the new Act houses may not be built for Native Priests. In the meantime one of the married teachers is homeless, while the Old Rectory is let to Europeans. A suggestion has been put forward that the Utrecht Municipality should buy the Old Church (which is now being used as a Native school) and remove the Mission from the centre of the town so that the Native priest-in-charge may have a decent house to live in.

It would be a splendid gesture on the part of the Municipality to fall in with this suggestion!

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## DISEASES OF THE EYE

Inflammation of the eyes causes such helplessness that there is a tendency to neglect it for fear of unnecessary pain. Anyone who realises the disadvantages of impaired eyesight must pity those who are too ignorant to obtain early and skilful treatment for any eye complaint.

Sore eyes in school children are rightly feared for they are known to be infectious, but little good is done merely by covering up the eyes to avoid the glare of the sun or artificial light.

A tiny piece of grit may enter the eye and cause constant irritation until it has been removed. This is generally easily located by a doctor and removed after use of a local anaesthetic, but I remember one case where a piece of steel had entered the eye-ball and revealed only a small scar on the surface. It was skilfully removed by an Eye Surgeon without impairment of sight.

Under local anaesthetic there are few operations which cannot be performed on the eye without much inconvenience to a patient. It is agreeably encouraging to note the appreciation of Natives who have been blind for years, after having a cataract removed under a local anaesthetic.

It is difficult to explain why people speak of a cataract growing over an eye. A cataract forms within the lens and converts it into a hard mass which has to be removed whole through a suitable incision. Skin growing over the cornea and obstructing the sight is a very different matter.

One of the great dangers of neglecting inflammation of the eye is that scar tissue forms over what should be transparent. This new tissue is often inflamed and takes a long time to heal, with subsequent impairment of vision.

In spite of the thickness of the bones of the face surrounding the eyes they are possibly the least protected portion of the body and the most exposed to injury from incorrect treatment.

Cases of sudden blindness sometimes occur in young Native children and are hard to explain. Infection of the nerve of vision seldom occurs except in cases of syphilitic infection, when treatment of this advanced stage of the disease is of little avail.

Lack of sufficiently nourishing food is a cause of impaired eyesight among Natives, but this is not common. Though blindness among Europeans is commonly the result of venereal disease, in Natives it would seem to be due more to neglect of inflamed eyes. Trachoma, a disease of the eye-lids which attacks nearly 90 per cent. of school children in some Mediterranean lands, is practically unknown in South Africa. Overcrowding of ill-nourished children, who are constantly exposed to the attacks of flies, is the cause of this terrible affliction.

In Europe it is common to advise the removal of a damaged eye to prevent sympathetic infection of the other. Sympathetic ophthalmia is so rare in this climate that it may practically be ignored, in spite of the teaching of books published elsewhere. Loss of sight in one eye is common among non-Europeans and the sight of the other usually remains good.

It is interesting to read of several thousand cataract operations being performed at Mission hospitals in Asia every year. In South Africa the operation is regarded as one merely for eye-specialists to perform.

Some persons acquire the habit of eating far too much sugar and starchy food. When the diet consists largely of rice and sugar, the urine often contains much sugar, and such persons are liable to be regarded as incurable cases of diabetes, unless a complete change of diet is effected and the lower bowel well washed out twice weekly in order to bring down unnecessary fat. Such cases help to show that all who pass sugar in the urine are not necessarily cases of diabetes requiring insulin injections.

Diabetes is a cause of blindness and requires early attention, as do all conditions likely to impair the sight.

Eye-strain should be avoided, but it is doubtful how far it may produce blindness. Natives fortunately do not need to do much close work, but those who have defective vision should not be lightly encouraged to undergo educational training which involves much reading. It is often overlooked that very excellent education can be obtained in the industrial world without the constant use of books.

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## United Hindu Association

At the general meeting of the United Hindu Association, held in the Excelsior Hall, Chapel Street, Capel Town, the general election of officials took place under the chairmanship of Mr. Devchand Parsotam Kessow.

The following were elected as the officials for the ensuing year:— Chairman, Mr. Khusalbai Morarji Master; vice-chairman, Mr. Devchand Parsotam Kessow and Mr. Zalloobhai Chhangualal Gihwala; general secretary, Chumilal Chhitaram Palsania; assistant secretary Parbhoobhai Gopal Patel; treasurer, Gwindbhai Dajiebbhai Vagmaria; committee chairman, Mr. Kalaubhai Dewa.

It is very seriously contemplated that within a very short time the Association should launch on an Anglo-Gujarati school and hall for the Hindu community.

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# ELEPHANT HUNTING

By a Dreamer

I lived in the sleepy village of L— in West Africa. Then an event occurred which changed the whole course of my career. Natives had been whispering about a strange elephant,—claimed to be super-natural,—which was terrorising the whole village for days. They lived in fear of their lives and were afraid to step into the jungle.

All this I heard from the chief overseer who controlled nearly half the locations and cocoa plantations.

Being of an adventurous mind I decided to go out and see for myself the evidence of this "spoki n'dlovo" as it was called. I hired a safari of strong, loyal, but reluctant Natives. I bid farewell to the supervisor and a few idle loungers who did not care a bit for my life or death campaign.

By midday I called a halt. While the bearers had their meal of porridge and a queer jam, I smoked and speculated on my venture.

The whole day was spent in tracking for spoors of the elephant, but even Mala, my half-breed tracker,—considered to be 'nulli secundus,'—gave up in baffled despair. Now and then a lion roared, or the undergrowth rustled as a leopard slunk away at our approach, but still no elephant.

We made another halt and had our supper. The flames from the fire made our faces look ghostly as they leaped and crackled. The Natives were of a superstitious mind and were always casting furtive glances over their shoulders as if they expected the 'ndlovo' to appear any moment and crush them beneath its monstrous feet. Three bearers were appointed to guard while we slept.

I was sound asleep when I was awakened suddenly by a loud wailing of the Natives, and was just in time to view a ghastly scene. One of the porters was being held up high in the trunk of a monster rogue elephant before he was crushed to death beneath its ponderous feet.

I grabbed my rifle: squinted at the sights, and fired straight between the eyes of the elephant. Remarkable though it may seem, the elephant threw up its head and charged straight at me, five tons of maddened flesh and bones.

I did not have time to reload as the animal charged at me. I sprang lightly to one side, and, fortunately for me, my shot had made it partially blind. Before it could round, I had my rifle cocked and ready. This time the shot entered the brain. The huge creature stood still, lurched and then crumpled forward in a lifeless heap. The Native porters now arrived and began to sing lustily.

oooOooo

I sat up with a start. It was 6.30 in the morning. The Native servant stood by my side with a cup of coffee. So ended one of my most exciting dreams.

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# THE ROCKIES

By PATRICIA O'MARA

**B**ETWEEN the little island of Victoria and the mainland of Vancouver, one has one's first view of the Rockies from the ship—towering majestically in the background behind the hundreds of little pine-clad islets of the inland sea.

Waiting in Vancouver for your evening train, you will probably drive round the beautiful Stanley Park and, if it is June, never cease to marvel at the roses. One does not believe such roses could exist: in scent in colour, in size and profusion they are perfectly wonderful.

And then you will board the "Dominion" with its two powerful engines. A Canadian train will, if you are from Europe or the East, be an education to you—even though you have seen them on the pictures! You mount several steps into the high "cars" which are numbered and named. A train consists of some fifteen of these cars, an observation car and a lounge in the rear and a dining car in the front—all connected by winding passages and swing doors.

A car consists of a number of "sections" (two seats facing each other and a berth above). The two lower seats form one "sleeper" so each section contains two sleepers—curtained off from the central passage at night.

The whole train with the exception of the observation car (which is open) is air-conditioned, but despite all that is claimed of this great invention one feels shut in and "oppressed" if one is not used to it. The knowledge that windows cannot be opened, I found very unpleasant, although the temperature inside was quite cool. It may be just a crank of my own, but I felt we were breathing artificial air, and spent all the time I could in the observation car where I preferred the dust to air-conditioning.

And certainly the scenery is ample compensation for the discomforts of the train. Kipling has described it as "fifty Switzerlands in one." Great gorges and ravines, tossing rapids and waterfalls at every turn that in other countries one goes miles to see. And all around you the terrific mountains with their snow-capped summits and dark pine trees at the base. The splendour and majesty of it all cannot be described by any pen—or even caught by paint brush or camera.

With a thoughtfulness not to be found on any other railway in the world, the Canadian Pacific Railway stops the train at specially beautiful spots in order that passengers may alight and view them. Thus, far from any station, you wander along the "rail road track" to see some famous canyon or view, until the shout "All aboard, please" sends you scuttling back to your seat.

To interest you on the train too there is a guide who points out and explains all the beauty spots and points of interest such as the Great Divide where a little stream divides to become two rivers flowing into the Atlantic and the Pacific, and which divides the provinces of Alberta and British

Columbia; and the Spiral Tunnel where the trains makes two complete circles inside the mountains.

Fascinating names these places have too, like "Kicking Horse Canyon" and "Otter Tail" and "Moose Jaw."

I will not presume to offer advice as to where to stay in the Rockies, so much depends on your own temperament, on what appeals to you, and on the time at your disposal. Usually it is limited and one is making a frantic dash across to Quebec to catch a steamer, with perhaps a few days in which to make a break.

Lake Louise and Banff are, of course, beautiful, especially the former, but being easily accessible they are crowded with tourists. To the more adventurous, who seek peace and solitude and have a desire to capture something of the spirit of the Rockies, there are numerous less accessible places where little "lodges" tucked away in the pines take the place of the huge hotels. Let me describe just one such place—Lake O'Hara (there are many others).

You stop at the small wayside station of Hector (you have to have the train "flagged" if you wish to pick it up here again) and ferry across the little lake of Wopeter. Here you leave all your baggage with the exception of a "pack" containing the very minimum of requirements. You procure shaggy mountain horses with quaint "stock" saddles (a lump in front and a curling rear!) and great wooden stirrup "irons," and with your pack strapped behind and a cowboy guide take the trail for Lake O'Hara. This is eight miles away and only reached by riding or walking. The trail lies through the most beautiful scenery I have ever seen. Enormous mountains tower sheer above you—the Cathedral, Mt. Victoria and Stephen, 1,100 feet high—you see and hear cataracts and foaming rivers, and the great 300 feet deep glacier of Mt. Victoria. You will meet probably not a soul—possibly a solitary fisherman. You will see strange beautiful animals—the red and grey whistling marmot, a gay little squirrel, and a gopher and perhaps a good-natured bear or two. Your sturdy little mount will make light work of the stiff trail, trotting or cantering easily over the steep stony path, through the streams up the mountains. And you soon grow accustomed to the quaint saddlery and odd gait. Crisp and cold is the air in your nostrils and laden with scented pine—the sunshine warming you as you emerge from the pine forests.

And suddenly you see it—the glorious green-blue of the Lake with its waterfall background, and the little Chalet and log cabins. That is all that comprises Lake O'Hara—a few log cabins on the lake shore where you sleep—and a rustic central chalet where you eat and sit round an enormous log fire in the evenings. Simple, and with no ostentatious advertising, it greets you, this picturesque little haven enshrined in tall

(Concluded on next page)



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## The Rockies (continued)

pinces and spruces. There is nothing to do but walk and fish and ride, and row on the little lake, and to drink in, with every breath you take, fresh mountain air.

Off the beaten track and unknown to the majority of tourists, Lake O'Hara is utterly peaceful, entirely natural. Our small party were the only visitors when I went there.

Frederick Niven, a well-known novelist, writes of it "Think of it, one comes from hard-wearing labour in a hot, dusty town, from the nerve-wracking discordances of city streets to the heart of this earthly paradise. One sinks down upon a mossy bank and breathes in the life-giving air of the mountain — pure, fresh, pine-scented. One feels the godly harmony of this enchanted spot, the gentle sway in the tree-tops on the mountain side; emerging from the jade temple of a forest you can enter an Alpine garden where the botanist can count 75 varieties of wild flowers in as many minutes." And this is but one of the "earthly paradises" in which the Rockies abound. A little off the beaten track you will find them—perfect little gems of nature, and when the time comes to board that train again and go on your way—to Toronto, to New York, to Montreal, you will feel a pang of real regret to leave such indescribable beauty behind you.

New adventures lie before you, new towns to explore, but something of your heart you will have left in the Rockies—and probably an unexpressed wish has formed itself in your mind, "I must come back again"

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Mr. and Mrs. Ismail Bikka, who were recently married in Johannesburg, arrived in Cape Town, by mail train from the North, last Friday morning.

Earlier in the Morning, She'kh Abduraheim and Mr. H. K. Gool met the train at Paarl and accompanied the couple to Cape Town, where about 300 relatives and friends had gathered at the station to welcome them.

Later Mr. Ismail Bikka and his wife were the guests of honour at a dinner party given at the residence of his father, Mr. Moola Bikka, Muir Street, Cape Town.

Mrs. Ismail Bikka was formerly Miss Fatima Dadabhai, of Johannesburg.

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# THE LAST LAUGH

(A Short Story by a  
South African Writer)

By B. B. DAYAL

I SELECTED a cigarette from the case which Satish offered, and pushed away the book, darting a disdainful glance at it. It was Bram Stoker's famous tale of horror, "Dracula," the Transylvanian vampire Count who travelled far to satisfy his loathsome appetites. I had read a few chapters but I found no inclination to proceed further. It seemed all rubbish to me, meaningless and fantastic.

My taste in reading is also very peculiar. I prefer to read a dull episode of real life and characters than a thrilling but incredible novel of Edgar Wallace. I simply loathe novels which are not taken from real life.

"Don't you like the book?" he asked with a smile, blowing a cloud of smoke before him.

"No," I replied pulling my lips in a way that portrayed dislike, "it's full of silly things and it's a silly book, too. I wonder sometimes why you like such things."

"You are making a mistake," retorted Satish leaning forward in his chair, "how do you know that there is not a speck of truth in it."

"Don't be silly, Satish," I responded, "there are no such things as ghosts in the world, let alone vampires. I assure you. The book 'Dracula' is nothing but a mad man's raving and imagination."

"Then you presume that Bram Stoker must be unbalanced in his mind when he wrote it?"

"Satish," I said, "please let us not argue. You can go on believing in the existence of ghosts and vampires. I have no objection. I only gave you my personal opinion."

Satish, aged forty, tall and well-built was my very close friend. We had been acquainted with each other for many years. He was a very well-to-do person for he owned a busy cafe in the heart of the town. Lately a queer craze had entered his head. He was trying to master the art of mesmerism and magic. For the past four years he had been consistent in his study and I found him succeeding. He used to amuse me greatly with his clever tricks when we used to meet during the evenings.

Now I glanced at my wrist watch and found it was getting close to ten. I pushed aside my chair saying, "I must go home now, Satish. The natives are pretty dangerous now-a-days"

"Wait a minute," he said suddenly, "now tell me, do you get frightened easily?"

At that moment his question seemed absurd and meaningless to me. "Why, Satish, what's the matter with you to-night?" Why should I be frightened of anything? I am not the nervous sort. Why are you staring at me like that?"

"Then look at me," he commanded abruptly, "let your eyes follow mine." I obeyed and looked as he desired. With his right hand finger he made some gestures in the air. I did not quite understand at that moment what he meant by that but I made out easily enough that had con-

structed a rough human figure in the space.

"Thank you," he said dropping his hand to his side, "now you can go."

Although I was anxious to know why he had done this I did not ask further questions. "I wonder if he is queer in the head." I asked myself. I wished him a good night and walked out.

Outside it was dark, for the country road had few lights. I had to walk about a mile to reach my house. In the half way there was a pond, a very deep one, which had come in existence two years ago because of a very heavy rain. Suddenly as I was passing the pond, a man's voice hailed me.

"Rajkumar!" Again came the voice in the dark. I halted and looked around. An electric lamp threw its pale light upon a man, clad in black clothes, who was coming towards me. "Hallo, Rajkumar," he said, "I haven't seen you for a long time." I recognised him instantly.

"Hallo, Ram Singh!" I ejaculated, "what on earth are you doing here. The last time I remember having seen you was two years ago." Saying this I extended my hand for a handshake. To my surprise I found that his hands were incredibly cold and very weak. He did not seem the healthy Ram Singh I knew. It seemed to me that I was clasping empty space.

"Why have you become so thin and weak, Ram Singh," I asked, "there seems no flesh in you." Suddenly he laughed, and the laugh echoed eerily in the still black night. "It's a funny question you are asking me," responded Ram Singh, "but what about paying me a visit? I still live in the old place. We can have a chat and recollect old times. You seemed to have forgotten your old pals. What about this week-end?"

As a matter of fact I was delighted to have met him after such a long time . . . he had been my school mate in the past. I remembered what fun we used to have together in the football field. "Surely I will visit you," I replied, "I do nothing at home in the week-ends. I will visit you during the evening on Saturday."

"Keep your promise, Rajkumar." With this he walked away and disappeared in the night.

I resumed my walking and pondered over Ram Singh. He was a person of a good heart. I wondered if he was having a bad time and wanted to ask me for some sort of help.

So I kept my promise. On the following Saturday evening at about seven, I was passing the very place beside the pond where I had met Ram Singh. Suddenly I spotted him a couple of yards away, standing and looking intently across the waters of the pond. On seeing me he greeted me with a good evening.

"I was just coming to your house, Ram Singh," I said, after returning his greeting.

(Continued overleaf)

"But first I want to see Satish Chandra. We are going to pass his house on the way. I will just spend a couple of minutes. I think you know him."

He did not speak in answer but merely nodded his head. His big felt hat hid much of his face but I could not fail to notice how terribly pale he was. The bones of his jaws stood out prominently. I felt sorry for him for he seemed under-nourished. We walked in silence and soon reached the home of Satish. Without looking up at my companino I said, "Please sit here on the veranda, and I shall be back in a few minutes." The door of his study was ajar and without caring to knock I walked in. I found him sitting up at his desk smoking. We greeted each other and he asked me to be seated. "Satish,," I said, "I can't sit up long with you tonight. I have an appointment with someone else."

"Who is that someone else?" he asked offering a cigarette.

"I think you know Ram Singh," I replied, lighting the cigarette, "I happened to meet him at the pond the night I left you. I have no idea what he was doing up there. We had a little talk and I promised to meet him tonight. He is waiting out there on the veranda. I just came to give you a look up before going with him."

The lips of Satish parted in an amused and scornful smile. "So you did meet him that night?" There was a note of sarcasm in his words, which I did not like.

"I hope you will excuse me now, Satish, because I want to get away."

"Nonsense," he snapped, "sit down and have a chat with me."

"What about the man waiting for me?" I asked helplessly.

"Don't be silly, Rajkumar," he said calmly, "No one came with you, neither did you meet anyone that night. You just imagined it."

Amazed at this revelation, I moved quickly to the door. My eyes searched for Ram Singh, the man who had come with me. In one brief moment beads of sweat appeared on my forehead because to my great surprise I found every chair was vacant! There was no one and yet I could have sworn that I did come with Singh. I stared vacantly, unbelievably, and would have still looked on in fascination if Satish had not drawn me in.

"Rajkumar, please pardon me for such a joke I have played on you," he explained still grinning. "You see that night you scorned my theory of ghosts and spirits. So I wanted to have the last laugh. You forget that I am a clever magician and equally clever in mesmerism. I have caused this illusion: induced you to see things which never really existed. Perhaps you remember the signs I had made in the air. Probably you don't know, or you have forgotten, that Ram Singh committed suicide a year ago in the very same pond. If you don't believe me here is further proof." He fumbled in the drawer of his desk and pushed towards me a newspaper cutting.

"In it is the full account of his death. His body was dragged out after a week from the pond. Don't look so scared. Won't you now congratulate me for my success in the first experiment of mesmerism?"

He tapped a cigarette and lit it.

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**WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE**

# THE WORLD'S FIRST POSTMAN

By TUNG T'ZI

**T**HE world's first postmen were Chinese, but few realise that the postman has been doing his job, mostly under fire, in China for nearly 3,000 years.

The Chinese postal system actually antedated similar institutions of the Assyrians, the Persians and the Egyptians by one or two centuries.

Deep gratitude and admiration have been earned, from a population thirsting for news, by the humble postmen in their grass-green uniforms, who have kept the mails functioning through the war zones, going on foot, bicycle or horseback when railways have been bombed, and using boats along waterways when roads were blocked.

Confucius, who lived in 551-479 B.C., made the earliest mention of the Chinese posts in a passage where he said: "The influence of righteousness travels faster than royal orders by stages and couriers." While in the historical records it is stated that a feather attached to a mobilization order indicated urgency.

National Post did not come to China until 20th. March, 1896, when an Imperial Decree ordered the whole postal system of the Manchu empire to be organised on Western lines, under the direction of Sir Robert Hart, who then became Inspector-General of Customs and Posts. The Post thus created was subject to the supervision of the Premier, and later under the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Postal Administration became an independent institution on 28th. May, 1911.

China is now a member of the Universal Postal Union. There are 23 postal districts in the country—each district covering a whole province as a rule. Before the war the Chinese postal organisation comprised over twelve thousand district centres and almost thirty-five thousand minor ones, in all, employing thirty-seven thousand regular postal officials. The amount of mail matter posted through China, during peacetime, is about 1,000 million letters and 150 million parcels. These figures exclude Manchuria, where the puppet régime has set up a bogus administration.

That is the brief history of how the primitive Chinese postal system was developed into the huge public utility service of to-day—through many centuries of continuous progress. It was only in the last few years, prior to the outbreak of the present hostilities, that the climax of China's postal development was reached.

It was a golden period when nearly all the remotest and most inaccessible parts of the country were brought closer together by airmail service.

A letter by air from Paris reaches Hankow in nine days through line connections at Marseilles, Hanoi, Kunming and Chengtu. This is another indication of how the Chinese Postal Administration is keeping pace with other nations in rendering quick and efficient service.

In many parts of China to-day, the regular mail traffic has been temporarily

disrupted, but the postal authorities are still keeping the mails moving, despite all obstacles, hardships and danger.

Here is an instance of the tenacity of the dour Chinese Postman. Early one May morning a party of foreign war correspondents, who had begged the Army authorities somewhere north of Taiierhchwang for a view of some real fighting, had reached an advanced artillery observation post after a long crawl with bullets whining overhead. From their hill they could see Japanese and Chinese soldiers sniping at each other on the far side of a huge wheatfield.

To the left something began to shine in the sun. A postman, his mailbag across his shoulders, came plodding across the landscape, taking care to keep his brand new bicycle in the furrows without harming the ripening grain. Perhaps the Japanese had captured the village to which his letters were addressed? His indifference to the fighting that was going on in his immediate vicinity told as plainly as words that, if letter-boxes were still standing in the village, he would follow his instructions to the letter.

It is men like this that are making it possible for the Chinese postal department to discharge its functions, in spite of the existing war and consequent disorganisation.

## MAHATHO THRIFT CUP

There was a good muster of parents and friends at the Government Indian School, Port Shepstone, on Tuesday, 16th August, 1938, when the Mahatho Thrift Cup, which is competed for annually by all the Indian Schools in Natal was presented to the School by Mr. A. Gray, Chairman of the National Thrift Committee, Natal.

In congratulating the scholars on their meritorious win, Mr. Gray said that theirs was a well-deserved victory, for Port Shepstone school children had been very consistent in their support of the Thrift Club. It was a distinct pleasure to find that their efforts had finally won for their school the coveted trophy, together with a number of valuable book prizes which would make a welcome addition to the school library.

The Mayor of Port Shepstone, Mr. F. E. Robinson, also congratulated the children on the fine achievement, and wished them every success in the future, and Mr. R. Mukukistna, on behalf of the local Indian Community said how pleased the parents were at the success gained by the school, and appealed to all parents to foster and develop the seeds of thrift that were being sown in the School Thrift Club.

The Headmaster, Mr. B. W. Charles, in accepting the trophy said that it was a distinct pleasure to all concerned that the school, after ten years of consistent effort, during which the amounts saved rose from an initial yearly total of £22 to over £320 last year—should win the trophy. He emphasised that the Thrift movement was growing by leaps and bounds, and had come to be an important part of the school life.

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## A BASUTO STORY

By LEKHETHOA H. LEKHETHOA

**T**WO Basuto young men set out to pay a visit to a home where one of them was courting a young lady. On their arrival they were immediately entertained to a grand dinner and the pair lost no opportunity in doing justice to it. In the course of the meal it occurred to them that, according to Sesotho etiquette, they were not to eat everything that was offered them, but hitherto everything had been so good that they could not wave aside any of the dishes.

As a finishing touch to the meal, they were offered a delicious drink of sour milk called "mofehlo." Now was their chance, they thought, and both shook their heads protesting they had had enough to drink and eat.

As luck would have it, the two young men had seen the "mofehlo" served out of a clay pot in the very room in which they were. The two visitors were left alone for some time and it was during this time that one of them complained of being very thirsty. Naturally his mind turned to the "mofehlo" in the pot in the corner.

The thirsty man was faced with a few difficulties, the chief of which were that if he drank from the pot with a vessel, the vessel which he used would be seen, and if he drank from the mouth of the pot by tilting it, it would also be discovered afterwards that somebody had been drinking from the pot. The brain of man works very fast under emergencies and the young man had a brain wave. He would pop his head in the pot and drink from the surface of the "mofehlo" without compromising himself.

Fortunately for the young man, his head just fitted the mouth of the clay pot and a second later he had the pleasure of feeling the cool liquid gushing down his throat. He had a long draught and he paused to recover his breath for another draught that would finally quench his thirst. He was in the middle of his second draught when his friend advised him that he thought he heard foot-steps outside. In his hurry to pull his head of the pot, the young man fell foul of it and got his head stuck at the mouth of the pot. There he was wriggling his head this way and that in the pot when his would-be wife came in. She gave a big exclamation when she saw what was happening and ran out of the room to go and inform her friends.

In the meantime the man lost his head and forgot that he had it in the pot. He tried to stand erect and succeeded in doing so, but the whole "mofehlo" came pouring all over him. He presented a very queer spectacle as he stood in the middle of the room in a pool of "mofehlo" and a clay pot over his head. Like a blind man he was trying to grope his way to the door when he collided with the wall. The upper portion of the pot smashed and fell off, but there was a jagged ring left round his neck.

The distraught man rushed out of the room in full flight. Many people who met him are said to have run away from him in fear when they saw a man bathed in "mofehlo" from head to foot with the remnants of a clay pot round his neck.

# THE DECEIVER

by LISO-SELLER

THE girls came singing round the mountain, with little fingers linked, and this is what they sang:

"Bo ine ba sa ile,  
 "Masimong ba sa ile,  
 "Khita—khitle lehola,  
 "Le mabele mafubelu."

They picked up their parts, and the music came softly on the breeze and made us glad. When they came to a place where single file was necessary, they danced along the path, their bronze figures, in their short skirts, standing out clear against the rocks behind them.

Mofumahale and I went to meet them to ask how the game of Lesokoana was ended. The village girls delivered the stick safely to the head mother of the RaMotsi, and the people of Mofumahale could not catch them. Oh, what fun they had!

"Khale," said our queen mother, "wait until you see Lehata. She will give it to you for playing Lesokoana. All the people sat out in the moonlight listening to your singing, but she sat on a rock by the church scowling."

"We do not pray to the spirits," Bella said, "deep down in our hearts we have been praying to the Modimo to ask Him to make the rain come."

"We only played Lesokoana," the other girls added.

As they neared the house of Lehata, the White teacher of our girls, there was silence, and they loosened fingers. Lehata has a narrow face and her eyes are close together. The girls greeted her in a body. "Lumela! Morena!" (greetings, lady).

"Ho! Ho!" she said after greeting them. "So you girls have been going the way of the heathen. You, who call yourselves Christians! You have played with the devil's playthings. You shall come to church until you have repented. I shall tell the Maruti about you."

It was so. On Sunday crowds of people came from far and near to pray for rain. The Maruti was back and held a special service. Outside on the grass the girls who had played Lesokoana sat quietly; but as the church was soon full and those who came just before eleven o'clock had to sit outside too, it was not bad for them. It happened that the girls sang and prayed better than they would have done in the church. The people said they led the singing.

The following morning Tsitso, our headman, held court, a lekhtla, to decide what was to be done about the three sheep promised by Lehata as wages to Mokchane, Peete, and Masapo.

All the people in our village can read and do simple sums. In the Monday court which was held by Tsitso, it was found that two and a half sheep were earned by the three boys together. "You cannot cut a live sheep in half," Tsitso said, "so you must go with my messenger to the White woman and ask for two sheep."

Peete shook his head. "Threes won't

go into two," he said. "two sheep won't do for three."

A long procession of people from the lehotla in the village wended its way up the mountain to the house of Lehata. The Maruti was on the verandah of her little cottage. One thought jumped into the minds of every member of the deputation, and that was Maruti and Lehata would be married at last.

They would not be thin and watchful if they were married, we thought; but each took pains to show each other and us that they never thought such things. We were sorry.

However, as the men in their tall grass hats approached with the corners of the multi-coloured blankets tossed negligently over the right shoulder every man's heart warmed to the possibility of a confidential talk between Lehata and Maruti. This is what they heard:—

"They are a truculent, rebellious lot—these Masutes," said Maruti. The grey-haired woman rung her bony hands together. "To think of those girls playing Lesokoana after all my prayers. I wanted them so much to be Christians."

The men led by the liso seller opened the tiny garden gate, stalked solemnly in front of the verandah and waited until spoken to. The Lehata went on speaking about the girls. "When I asked them if they were sorry for their sins, they said they were sorry they had done something to make me cross."

The butcher, Reuben, suddenly spat on the garden path. He told the liso seller afterwards that the Maruti promptly fined him sixpence for rudeness to a lady (which he paid willingly), because it made Lehata leave off talking about the girls and think of them. The Lehata put on her nose two little windows with wires that pinched. "What do you want?" she said. "Lumela Morena," the men said, taking their hats off together and bowing, "we have come to ask the Morena if she will pay Mokchane, Peete and Masapo the sheep she promised them?"

"Did you ever?" the Lehata said in English to Maruti—then turning to the men said, "I promised a sheep for work for six months," she said in Sesuto, "neither Mokchane, Peete, or Masapo ever worked six months."

"Because you always manage to get cross with them and drive them away before six months are up," the liso seller said.

"I put up with their impudence and laziness as long as I could and sent them off at last. No one was worth a sheep," she replied.

"They gave their work for you," said the liso seller, "and they want payment. I have come from Tsitso to ask you to make the matter right."

"The matter is right, and they'll get no payment," sniffed Lehata.

As solemnly as they had come, the men departed. They never saw her alive again.

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## Do Bantus Still Possess the Quality of "Hope"

By Barth Moditja Masipa

**T**O an observant mind it often appears as though respective individuals, tribes and even nations tend to lose, in the course of evolution, certain natural attributes.

Among other such attributes, modern Bantus appear to have lost partly, if not wholly, that of hope. This is the possession of that inward eye which is able to discern, from a far distance, some salvation; and then to strive to attain it successfully, regardless of all setbacks.

History shows us that Tschaka, (the great Zulu chief of the Eighteenth century) used this quality of hope even to its highest degree, when through it he was able to first to defy his father's hatred of him and later to defy the jealousy towards himself of native Zulu warriors; and finally, a foreigner though he was, to become their chief, whose greatness will remain on record, even in generations to come, as long as people continue to take an interest in the study of South African history.

Moshoeshoe and Mzilikatse, founders of the Basotu and Ntebele tribes respectively, also followed on similar hopeful lines, until they achieved their goals.

Khama, who fought hard to eradicate certain evils among his people who became his enemies; until finally by his victory, he established with them a friendship, which dominates his people even after his death, and will continue to do so.

These great heroes and students of the great school of hope, have gone beyond the cares of this world (may He forgive them and let them rest in peace). Theirs were victories won by spears where physical prowess was needed. Mob psychology played a leading part during those days.

For this reason the above Institutions are continually sending a message to the Bantus to rise up and avail themselves of the very considerable educational facilities. In doing so, let us make use of that invaluable quality which our heroes of old have left to us as our best heritage. That quality which helped to build them (in those days) into very powerful and unconquerable tribes.

The quality of hope should find expression in our veins even in modern days, and then (like our forefathers) we shall be able to make history side by side with the W. B. Vilakazi, M.A., whose outstanding success has proved to many what a real descendent of the late heroes can do.

All these weapons have at present ceased functioning and have given place to careers, careers, careers! Now-a-days it is a question of "brains."

After efforts to keep young men and young women at Training Institutions for educational purposes have proved of financial difficulty to many a parent, the U.C.C. and other educational concerns have devised a means whereby Institution-life is gradually becoming a thing of the past, and young Africans can be educated just as well under the roofs of their parents' houses—with very good results.

## What the Voortrekker Celebrations mean to the Bantu People

By HUDSON STOCKIL



Hudson Stockil

ONE hundred years ago, when the Voortrekkers cracked their whips and commenced the long trek to the North, there began a very troubled period for the Bantu people. The future was uncertain, and they viewed with grave misgivings this move by the White man, still further into the heart of Africa.

In 1938, just a century afterwards, South Africa is celebrating this event. It was an event which for the Europeans also marked the beginning of a troubled period, but which was a great step forward in the founding of the new South African nation. It has been felt by some that these celebrations only concern the Europeans. This is not so. These celebrations, mean a great deal to the Bantu. They mark the close of a period of South African history which has been marked by strife between the races. And, it is to be hoped, they also mark the beginning of a new period when the great work of developing happier relations between the races will go forward with greater strides.

In the century which is marked by the New Great Trek, we have seen answered the question which, when the first great Trek was made, was on everybody's lips—both Black and White. That question, was whether

this new penetration into Africa, would mean the extinction of either one Race or the other. Whether a way would be found for Black and White to live together in harmony in Africa.

The 1938 Great Trek has marked the close of a period in which this question has been answered. It has been answered in the affirmative. In the last century, the European and Bantu races have found that it is possible for them to live together and to look forward to a great future for the country which we, both, Black and White, have learned to love as our Fatherland.

It is true that there is still a long way to go before we reach the ideal relationship. But let us not lose sight of the fact that a development of this kind must, if it would be sound, be slow. At the same time, it is important that we remember that the question has been answered, and that we have already started on the development of an eventual basis which will accord to both Black and White, their rightful place in the citizenship of our great country.

I feel that it is a great pity that the Bantu people have not paid more attention to the significance of the celebrations which have marked this century of progress in African Race relations. There is sometimes a feeling on the part of the Bantu people that this type of national celebration is only of significance to the European people. This should not be so. All, both Black and White, should be happy to watch the progress of our country, and these things which are designed to commemorate that progress should gladden the hearts of us all, because with that progress is coming the basis for a happier and more lasting basis of relationship between the different races of which our nation is composed.

## Coloured Man Worst Paid of all

Dr. Robert Forsyth, speaking at a meeting of the Woodstock branch of the South African Labour Party, in the Woodstock Town Hall, on Wednesday night, gave his reasons for standing for Parliament in the last general election. "It is not because I want to discuss anthems, flags or high finance," he said, "But because I am determined to discuss low finance and to ensure that every person shall have what is necessary for comfort." The Doctor challenged the Ministers—how the Coloured man, who was the worst paid of all—how any man was going to live on 5s. a day.

The Rev. C. F. Miles Cadman, M.P., said that there should be at least eighty Labour members in Parliament, then the country would see a big change.

Mr. Charlie Pearce was in the chair.

## JOHANNESBURG INDIAN SOCIAL WELFARE ASSOCIATION

**I**N June, 1934, a meeting was held of various Indian and Indo-European associations for the purpose of considering how best to provide welfare services for the Indian poor of Johannesburg. It was felt that the distress resulting from this poverty was so considerable, as to demand the existence of some organisation for co-ordinating the little welfare work that was being done, and for developing his work. Accordingly the "Johannesburg Indian Social Welfare Association" was formed, whose object, according to the constitution, was:

To assist impoverished members of the Indian community in Johannesburg through charitable aid and other means.

Secretarial duties were undertaken by the S.A. Institute of Race Relations, while the financing of the Association's work was undertaken by the wealthier members of Mohammedan and Hindu communities.

Early in 1935 the activities of the Association had developed sufficiently to merit the appointment of a full-time Welfare Worker, (a trained European Nurse), whose duty it was to take over all the work done formerly by a small Investigating Committee of honorary workers.

From the beginning it was found essential to co-ordinate all the Association's work with that of the Rand Aid Association, and a small grant was made to this body in order to ensure a complete and official co-operation. The necessity for a clinic was also early realised, and a house was therefore rented at which honorary doctors attended at specified times.

### SCOPE OF WORK AT PRESENT.

#### Medical Services.

Two honorary doctors attend a clinic held on two days of the week for general and ante-natal purposes, and once a week a baby clinic is conducted by the Municipality. These are held for two hours. The Welfare Worker is in attendance on clinic days, and also on the remaining days of the week, when she attends to minor complaints and injuries. Serious cases are referred to the General Hospital. An indication of the usefulness of this work is given by the fact that 742 patients attended the Clinic during the year ending 30th September, 1937. All these cases are followed up by the Welfare Workers who visit the patients in their homes to make certain that they are carrying out the instructions and treatments received at the Clinic and to see whether they require any further treatment. Over 3,300 such visits were paid during the past year.

Arrangements have been made with the University Dental Clinic as well as with a private dentist for attending to fillings and extractions of teeth, free of charge.

In addition a school clinic is held at the Indian Girls' School with an honorary visiting doctor. All new pupils are medically ex-

amined on arrival, and the Welfare Worker visits the school three times a week. The Association is attempting to obtain financial backing from the Transvaal Education Department for this clinic, and a satisfactory arrangement seems now to be imminent.

#### Poor Relief.

As mentioned previously the Welfare Worker works in very close co-operation with the Rand Aid Association for Poor Relief services. Visits are paid to all families reported to be in need of assistance, and if genuine, their case is referred to the Rand Aid who supply regular weekly rations. At present about sixty Indian families are thus supplied.

Certain families who have not resided in Johannesburg for more than two years, do not fall within the scope of assistance provided by the Rand Aid, and in these cases the Welfare Workers provides the necessary food and clothes with funds provided by the Association.

In addition, the poor are helped in many other respects, such as the provision of clothing to adults and children; malt and other revitalising food to under-nourished children; and money towards the payment of rent.

The Welfare Worker also supervises many of the cases which are receiving Maintenance Grants from the Union Government under the provisions of the Children's Act, and in the general work of the Act she is in close touch with the Children's Court and the Children's Aid Society.

#### Old Age Pensions.

Following the considerable propaganda of the Association in respect of the provision by the Government of Old Age Pensions to aged, indigent Indians, a sum of money has been set aside for this purpose. It is administered by the Commissioner for Immigration and Asiatic Affairs, who grants in accordance with the recommendations of the Association's Welfare Worker. At present such pensions have been granted and have provided considerable relief to people who were formerly in a frightful position.

The above remarks must serve merely as an indication of the work being done by the Indian Welfare Association. It is impossible here to describe in detail the numerous minor disabilities, due both to poverty and to racial discrimination, that are encountered by the Welfare Worker in the course of her duties, and that are discussed by the members at the regular bi-monthly meetings; and in the absence of any Official Health and Poor Relief Services—services that ought normally to be provided to a poor community by the Government of the country in which they dwell—the Indian Welfare Association is fulfilling a function among indigent Indians in Johannesburg that is indispensable.

# The "New Outlook" Friendship League

We are perpetually standing on a dividing line between the past and the present; and as time and tide waits for no man, with every second we are leaving behind us the present of to-day in exchange for the present that will be of tomorrow. Do we wish to carry the disabilities of today to mar the beautiful and optimistic landscape of tomorrow? We do not, it is true; but to wish and to do are two distinctly separate matters. We eternally hope to peer down the vista of a glorious future in the hope of catching some gleam of the prospects that lie ahead of us as we make ready to move into the mysterious and hidden depths of tomorrow. But mere hope is nothing without some conscious effort on our part to break down the existing barriers of present disabilities. We must bear in mind that the future in reality grows out of the past and "the history of the past ought to give rise to a prophecy concerning the future." It will be necessary, therefore, to cast a backward glance across the pages of history in an endeavour to reconstruct the past and to discover for ourselves some reasonable grounds for a healthy optimism concerning the future.

It is an indisputable fact that the many inter-communal difficulties which the South African nation suffers is the direct result of the unhealthy policies in force which has kept each community of the population into its particular watertight compartment. It is even acknowledged that the mere grant of equal political rights would prove of little use to any one of the voiceless South African communities, unless and until public opinion is so far advanced and cultivated as to recognise and appreciate the difficulties, the problems and the emotions of the particular section.

A step forward in this direction would be the cultivation of healthy inter-communal relationships. It is particularly the lack of this relationship that recently brought forth the protesting outburst at what was regarded as a violation of an "unwritten law" in permitting the White and Black to perform on the same stage in one programme. White and Black meet shoulder to shoulder in other countries of the world, specially where art is concerned, and we doubt very much if the people of this country both White and Black should be any different from those of the other countries. What is that particular "something" which makes such a marked difference between the attitudes of White and Black of other countries and that of South Africa? The solution is simply "Sane Relationship."

(55) —, Indian. Age 18. Interested in reading, debates, lectures, sport and social. Would like to correspond with members, either sex, any race in any part of globe.

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**GENTLEMEN 3/6 — LADIES 2/6**

## WOMEN'S PAGE

### International Council of Women

By a Member

ANYONE of us who has the slightest link with the International Council of Women has this year found her thoughts wandering to Edinburgh, the beautiful capital of Scotland that is worthily named "the Modern Athens," and whose age dates back to many years before Vasco de Gama had thoughts of a sea-route to India.

Many of our readers know Edinburgh, and many have even studied at the splendid medical school which has given so great a contribution to the science of the world.

Shall we in imagination travel all those thousands of miles and picture the scenes which were enacted during the Golden Jubilee celebrations?

Delegates are pouring into the city from every corner of the globe and one can see them climbing the Mound and entering the vast Assembly Hall where the meetings are to be held. We can watch them going up the steep hill to the Castle, and we watch them in silence as they enter the "Holy of Holies," the Scottish National War Memorial, where even the animals are remembered and which typifies the characteristics of the race.

We see them as guests of King George VI at the Garden Party given at Holyrood House, and presided over by the Duchess of Kent. We will leave them wandering over the cobbled streets where perhaps ghosts of the past flit before our eyes and remind us of a history which has left its indelible mark.

And why, we ask, all this wonderful activity? Why should 1938 be singled out for such celebrations? The answer is not far to seek, for this year is the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the International Council of Women—a Council which has stood the stress and strain of half a century's hard work, intermingled with great disappointments and also tremendous progress.

It is fifty years since a group of American women felt the call to form this Council, and their initiative and courage have indeed borne abundant fruit.

These American founders then wrote to the leading women in the various countries, and went on travel tours in Europe and South America in order to make known the new Council and to invite women to come to a first great international Congress of Women at Chicago, in 1893, where Lady Aberdeen was elected president, and whose 80th birthday was this year celebrated in London.

From 1893 onwards the Council grew beyond all expectations and in this 50th year of its existence there are 35 National Councils affiliated with the International body,

whose individual membership is estimated at over 40,000,000 women.

Resolutions of a very varied character were brought to the conference for discussion, including such questions as Physical Culture, Child Welfare in all its aspects, high and equal moral standing for both sexes, education, housing, public health, and most important of all—PEACE.

"In spite of the tragedies of the present world the cause of Peace has made great and wonderful progress, and, as every traveller testifies, the peoples of the world are thirsting for Peace and goodwill amongst all nations."

"The International Council of Women differs from all other organisations in the wide scope of its work and interest. It has for its aim the general welfare of the great communities in all countries, and makes appeal to women of any and every station in life. The Council's work is above all designed to reach the homes in every country and assist in raising social and living standards. Its message of goodwill is carried forward from day to day.

The past and present in human history we know, the future we see but darkly. Let us have faith — let us have faith in the womanhood of each passing generation to find the best means to forward the work of the Council and so make the world beautiful for our children and our children's children."

And South Africa can help: South Africa, in giving her contribution, will strengthen the moral force of all those millions of women who with one accord are working for the peace of the world and who fervently desire the uplift of women and children throughout the world.

It is indeed good to know that the Durban Branch of the National Council of Women has given a lead to the rest of the Union in having in its Council, not only European members, but also representatives from the Indian, Coloured and Bantu communities.

This surely is a progressive step, and one that may well be taken throughout the Union.

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## CHILDREN'S PAGE

BY BRIDGET

My dear Children,

Who has ever been to the Circus? I know many little boys and girls who have loved to see everything under the tent. But when you have read the story of small Peter, please do not fall into a tub of water like he did!

Lots of love.

Aunt Bridget.

## Circus

ONE day all the boys and girls were full of excitement! The circus was coming. They all began to talk of all they were going to see because they knew that before the circus left most of them would have a chance of seeing the lovely things that were going to happen behind the huge tent which was already being put up.

Such a lot of hammering and so many pegs and poles to keep the tent safe for all the little people—and grown-ups too—who would have to climb up on benches and dangle their legs in mid-air. What fun they would have!

Many days before the circus was ready, the elephants and the lions and the ponies and the bear (what a beautiful brown bear too!) could be seen having their breakfast or dinner just outside the tent.

The great day arrived! The circus was ready and hundreds of happy little boys and girls were waiting to be let in to this wonderful place of excitement.

One little boy especially who had never known such happiness before, shouted with laughter at all the funny things the clown did and all the jokes he made. He looked so beautiful in his red and yellow, and oh, how funny he was with his big nose. And how gentle the elephant was when he stepped over his keeper, and how clever the bear was when he played a band all by himself.

But best of all, young Peter (for that was our small boy's name) liked the boy who, balancing himself on the edge of a big tub, threw and caught a shower of balls high in the air.

"I mean to have a circus of my own when I'm grown up" Peter said the next morning to his little sister. The two were in the yard and Peter said, "I'll practise all the things I mean to do, and show you—oh, I'm sure I can!"

Just then he caught sight of a rain-tub in the corner half-full of water, and he shouted, "Look! Here's just the thing! Hooray! I'll just get up and show you how that boy stood on the tub and threw balls up."

So, with the help of his small sister, three stones and two old up-turned buckets, Peter climbed on the edge of the tub, and, one foot on either side, stood up and swayed and wobbled.

"Where's your ball, Mary? Pass it up to me—and mine, too. Now, I'll show you what that boy did!"

But what happened?

As he spoke he gave a lurch and his feet slipped off the narrow edge. There was a scream, a fearful splash, and then before you could count two, there was Peter standing up to his waist in icy cold water. He roared aloud for help, and there was a hurrying and scurrying as everyone wondered what had happened.

Poor Peter! He was fished out—oh, such a sight!—all dripping wet and shivering, and as he was hurried fast indoors, he howled with might and main. And then, all dry and warm once more, he told his little friends, "I don't think I shall try to be a circus boy again."

## The Wild Beast Show

I.

Walk up! walk up! walk up!

And see the exhibition,  
The finest set of beasts,And all in prime condition.  
A splendid show, and, mark!The price is twopence merely.  
You mustn't miss the chance,  
Or you will rue it dearly.

II.

Walk up! walk up! walk up!

For ev'rything is ready.  
Behold the grizzly-bear  
(He's really Ethel's Teddy).  
Whilst, prowling to and fro,  
And in a temper raging,  
Observe the tiger fierce,  
(Puss doesn't like caging).

III.

Walk up! walk up! walk up!

The leopards (Arthur's rabbits)  
Are most engaging beasts,  
With interesting habits.  
And pray, don't be alarmed  
To hear a funny rattle  
From mother's feather boa,  
But snakes are "kittle cattle."

IV.

So walk up, friends! walk up!

The band is loudly playing  
"God Save the King." Make haste!  
Hark what the Herald's saying—  
"If you're not satisfied  
With this fine exhibition,  
Money will be returned.  
Walk in on this condition."

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL



**Mrs. Artheelutchmee Chetty**

The first Indian woman in South Africa to lecture, and also broadcast, in Telugu.

### BANTU NURSING DIVISION—ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE OVERSEAS

The foundation members of the Bantu Nursing Division in recognition of their devotion and service, have each been awarded a "medallion" with their names suitably inscribed. I understand these were due to them two years ago, and it is the first occasion such a presentation has been made to a Bantu Division in South Africa. Congratulations!

### COLOURED SOCIAL NEWS

By kind permission of the authorities of the Show Ground, Durban will accommodate 50 poor little Coloured children from Johannesburg, who have been chosen by the Coloured Country Holiday Fund Committee to spend 10 glorious days in Durban. Visitors will be very welcome at the Camp between September 30th and October 10th. Any donations or "extras" will also be welcome!

### IT DOES PAY

For the encouragement of advertisers we reprint the following rhyme recently recited by Sir Stephen Killik, Lord Mayor of London.

The codfish lays ten thousand eggs;  
The homely hen lays one;  
The codfish never cackles,  
To tell you what she's done:  
And so we scorn the codfish,  
And the homely hen we prize:  
Which demonstrates to you  
That it pays to advertise!

We offer deep sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Dhlamini who have suffered the sad loss of an infant daughter. Mr. Dhlamini is Headmaster of Taylor Street School and Mrs. Dhlamini is a Social Worker under Dr. McCord, having succeeded Mrs. Kato Makanya.

The Zulu people are greatly perturbed by the restrictions placed on the Native Herbalists not to sell their goods outside the Province whilst European and other can, and do, sell the same commodities anywhere. There is a strong school that believe in Native Herbs, that will be hit hard by these restrictions.

A farewell function was held in honour of Mr. William J. Mseleku of Amanzimtoti, at the Bantu Social Centre on August 20th. Mr. Mseleku has gone to England where he will further his studies in Music and Co-operative Society work at Manchester.

Mr. H. C. Lugg, Chief Native Commissioner, Natal, addressed the Joint-Council of Europeans and Africans last Friday on the Native Land and Trust Act. Mr. A. C. Woods, the Chairman of the Joint-Council, occupied the Chair after being absent overseas for six months.

The Methodist Institute in Grey Street is now the Headquarters of Mrs. Dube's Music Study and Kuzwayo's Gramophone and Hairdressing Saloon. The rest of the stores and shops are run by Indians.

### THE HONOURABLE J. H. HOFMEYR IS NO LONGER A MEMBER OF THE CABINET!

The "New Outlook," which has the Non-European cause much at heart regrets immeasurable this turn of affairs in Parliamentary circles, for it spells a set-back to the wave of liberalism which was at all times sponsored by Mr. Hofmeyr.

We would like here to record our admiration and appreciation of the able and sympathetic way in which Mr. Hofmeyr tackled the immense tasks to the betterment of all South Africa's peoples.

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## Coloured Social News

The engagement has been announced between Ruby Cohen and John Ellis, both of Overport, Durban.

The Jazz Revellers from Johannesburg, now touring the Union, gave a series of Dances in Durban, which were very well patronised.

The Concert which took place on July 26th, in which the Point children took an active part and which was organised by Mrs. K. Dormans, was a great success. The sum of £7/7 0 was handed over towards the Building Fund of St. Raphael's.

The 50 Coloured Boys who were down on a health trip from the Rand, have now returned to their homes.

By kind permission of the City Council the children were allowed a free trip on the trams and were also entertained at a cinema Matinee. Some of the children had never seen the sea before, and spent most of their time paddling and bathing.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawston gave them a Lantern Slide Lecture on Palestine.

The Y.W.C.A. Friendly Circle and Unity Club gave a very successful Dance in the Mutual Hall on the 27th August in aid of the Hostel for Coloured Women. The President, Mrs. Asher, paid a very warm tribute to the Clubs for their efforts and a special note of thanks to the C.M.T. factory, through Miss M. Fabre, for collecting the amount of £1/8/0. The amount of £7/10 6, proceeds from the Dance, has been handed over by Miss Cough, the popular leader, whose efforts in Club organisation always produce outstanding results.

The many friends of Mrs. Peggy Abrahams, Hon. Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. Friendly Club, will be pleased to hear that she has returned to Durban after a three month's holiday in Port Elizabeth and East London.

### NOTICE

If you have difficulty in obtaining "The New Outlook" in your district, write to P.O. Box 2076, Durban for the name of your nearest bookseller.



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## Bantu Social News

All Old Lovedalians will be pleased to learn that Major Geddes who was seriously ill in an East London Hospital is reported to have made "wonderful progress."

It will be remembered that the Major had a slight injury to his foot which developed so seriously that it necessitated the amputation of the right leg about the knee. The Geddes family has been associated with the Lovedale Boys Department for generations and many rejoice that this link is still preserved.

The Zulu Regent Chief Mshiyeni ka Dinizulu, whom all the Bantu people of Natal and Zululand regard as their Paramount Chief passed through Durban after an extensive tour of Nqutu, Klip River, Bergville, Ixopo, Umzinto. The Regent's aim is that the different Chiefs should have a first-hand knowledge of the work of the Representative Council.

Many will regret to hear of the death of the Rev. Njikelana B.A. of the Bantu Presbyterian Church. This Church is suffering a great deal by these visitations. This follows the loss of such great Africans as Revds. T. B. Soga and Candlish Koti. "God will provide."

Mrs. L. Mtinkulu and Mr. L. F. J. Radebe spent the week-end in Durban. Both are Teachers in the Umpumulo College.

Mrs. Gubevu (NeeGaqqa) of Johannesburg is spending the Winter months in her nice little home at Jacobs with her children.

Durban is very popular with all sections of the community as a holiday resort and it is regrettable that there is no provision for non-European visitors such as hotels, boarding houses etc. One wonders how Durban will accommodate the many visitors that will be brought by the World's Sunday School Convention next year.

His many friends will be pleased to learn that Mr. Henry Dube, who recently returned from Healdtown College through illness, has now recovered and will be going back to his studies. His brother Theophilus is an under-graduate at Fort Hare.

Mr. C. J. Mpanze, Organising Secretary of the Zulu Cultural Society, passed through Durban from Nongoma and other places in Zululand where he was carrying out research work.

Radcliffe Bhokinkosi Dhudhla, the 13-year old deaf, blind and dumb Zulu boy who was placed by the Bantu Child Welfare Society under the care of Rev. Blaxall is according to reports creating an unusual amount of interest among Medical men on the Rand, and is likely to afford valuable data in the training of deaf mutes. His widow mother and sister live in Durban.

# Sporting News

## FORMATION OF A NATAL AFRICAN LAWN TENNIS UNION.

**T**HROUGH the Secretarial Office of the D. & D. Bantu Lawn Tennis Association the formation of the Natal African Lawn Tennis Union has been contemplated during the last three months. It is quite evident that this very important organisation is not very far from being an accomplished fact.

Arrangements are already afoot for a meeting to be held either at Ladysmith or Maritzburg in October, 1938. Mr. Reggis Ma. Moses has already procured a beautiful large Trophy, the donor being Mr. H. G. Paruk (proprietor of the Tip Top Store, Field Street), a real sportsman, and one who wants to encourage sports amongst Africans. The Trophy will be displayed for a while at the Bantu Social Centre.

## BANTU SPORTING NEWS.

**FOOTBALL.** — The Competitors for the Baker's Cup, which is virtually the Bantu "Currie Cup," are now in a very interesting position:—

Natal v. O.F.S., at Bloemfontein . . . 1—1  
O.F.S. v. Transvaal, at Johannesburg 3—3

The match at Bloemfontein was played on the first Saturday in July and Natal, with an almost scratch team, managed to draw. O.F.S. then journeyed to Johannesburg and had the better of the draw with the Transvaal.

The final of these triangular matches will be played in Durban on the 3rd October between the Transvaal and Natal.

When one takes into consideration that the selected players of Natal will be on their own turf ground and will be cheered by anything up to five thousand Zulus—Natal are the favourites for the honours.

The only fear is that the Transvaal is thorough in her methods of finding the best representatives, whereas the selectors of Natal are young and are inclined to be too anxious to have results. Their action in taking away Silas Mkize, Natal's star forward, to the half line and dropping out such an experienced player as P. Mtoku when he is in his best form this year, calls for comment.

There is a cry for young blood, but this must be blended with experience.

The Dean's Shield Competition is not yet over. Durban has the Wild Zebras as divisional finalists, but Ladysmith and Maritzburg are not yet through. This competition would be a good rehearsal for the big match and the selectors would be able to see most of their men in action.

## CRICKET.

Reports from all over the country are that all the centres are eager to take part in the South African Cricket Tournament for the Chamber of Mines Cup in Durban. Natal should start her preparations early, if they wish to avoid disgrace in the presence of their own supporters.

## OBITUARY

### Mr. C. M. Boulton—Pioneer, Durban—Rand Sportsman

The death occurred at Lydenburg, Transvaal on Thursday the 18th instant, of Mr. C. M. Boulton, an accomplished and well-known sportsman, who was very popular, highly respected and esteemed by all those who knew him.

The deceased, who had been residing at Lydenburg for a number of years, was in his 65th year, and a dearly-loved brother of Mr. C. D. Boulton, also a popular sportsman of the Indian Community, connected with Durban and Mayville District Football and Cricket Associations. Mr. Boulton was a Cricketer as well as a Footballer, and his position as full-back earned him great popularity. He represented Natal against Transvaal in the early days, and in the year 1890 proceeded to Transvaal and played for the Moonlighters Football Club up till the year 1918. Mr. Boulton gained many honours, and also represented Transvaal in the Sam China Cup, Tournament and Barnato Cricket Tournament in the early days. As a fine pugilist, he fought several bouts, the last of which was at the Durban Theatre Royal in the year 1890. In him the Indian Community has lost a truly distinguished personality, and sustained an irreparable loss by his death. He is survived by his wife, five daughters, three sons, and by his only brother Mr. C. D. Boulton.

An earnest plea has been sent in by Mr. E. J. Montgomery on behalf of the Coloured Community for the teaching of sports to be part of the Coloured Child's school curriculum. He points out that much of the delinquency, amongst Coloured youths especially, would decrease if these boys and girls were taught, during their impressionable age, how to play the game throughout life.

**DURBAN FOOTBALL:** These are the results of the finals of the following competitions:

#### "MTEMBU CUP."

**DIVISION II. 2nd ROUND.**  
Springboks 7 goals, African Explosives 1 goal

#### C. DIVISION. "CELE CUP."

##### SECOND ROUND FINAL.

Olympics vs. Wanderers. 0—2.

#### NORTH COAST DIVISIONAL FINAL:

Good Hopes (Natal Estates) 2;  
Zebras (Ohlanga) 1.

This match drew a large crowd of spectators at the Sontseu Road Recreation Ground eager to see the clash between "Botha" and "Sye." Both gave a fine exhibition of football for their respective teams.



Mr. M. G. Tommy.

#### WAVERLEY SOCIAL CLUB

#### A CHAMPIONSHIP BALLROOM DANCE

Under the Distinguished Patronage of His worship the Mayor and the Mayoress, Mr. Matthews, (Principal of Sastri College), R. Warriner, Esq., (President Indian Eisteddfod), E. Hagan, Esq. will be held in the

#### CAXTON HALL

Beach Grove, Durban,

on Saturday, 15th October at 8 p.m.

Under the Management of Mr. M. G. Tommy.  
See Advertisement Page 25.

#### NON-EUROPEAN RUGBY TOUR

##### Invitation To Visit British Isles

It is possible that a South African non-European Rugby team will tour the British Isles next season. Information to this effect was received from a leading legislator for non-European Rugby in the Western Province.

An invitation has been received from a Glasgow sportsman who will organise the tour. The tentative plans are that the South African non-European team will sail in October next year and play matches regularly during a 25-weeks' visit. Plans are practically matured now. Last Monday, at the Green Point track, a "Probables v. Possibles" match took place among the players now taking part in the South African Colonial Rugby tournament.

The South African Coloured Rugby tournament for the Rhodes trophy concluded last Saturday.

#### SOUTH AFRICAN NON-EUROPEAN AMATEUR BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS Tournament in Durban.

In view of the forthcoming South African non-European Amateur Boxing Championships, Mr. George Maistry has received intimation to send a team of amateur Boxers to represent Natal in the finals which will be held in Johannesburg early in November.

Owing to paucity of amateur talent a tournament will be arranged in Durban next month to choose a contingent to represent Natal. Intending competitors and trainers are requested to communicate with George Maistry, at Singh's Cafe, Grey Street, Durban, as early as possible.

#### INDIAN CRICKET UNION MEETS

##### More "Away" Matches Suggested

THE Annual General Meeting of the Durban Indian Cricket Union took place at Currie's Fountain, when the following clubs were affiliated: Schools, Young Muslims, Sastri College, Kismet, Aryans, Greyville, Ottoman, Stars and Bharat.

This Union is affiliated to the Natal Indian Cricket Union and the Durban Indian Sports Grounds Association. The playing strength is 194 members. Owing to several teams from the Western Province and Transvaal touring Natal and playing friendly matches with representative teams of this Union, a loss of £21 17s. 6d. was reflected on the year's working.

In the inter-town matches Durban beat Northern Districts by an innings and 3 runs, but playing against Maritzburg a tie resulted, each side scoring 176 runs. In the replay Durban won on the single innings by 42 runs.

Two drawn matches were played against the Kohinoor, of Johannesburg. A match was given to the Vineyards and Ottomans, of Capetown, the local side winning the first and losing the second.

The secretary stressed the point that in future teams be sent out to the other Provinces instead of always playing at home.

The elections for the current season resulted as follows: Patron, Mr. A. Christopher; president, Mr. M. S. Badat; vice-presidents, Messrs. Ajam Haffajee, K. A. Chin, M. B. Iyaloo, S. L. Singh, and M. Thajmoon; secretary, treasurer and record clerk, Mr. N. Sullaphen; hon. auditor, Mr. A. G. Khan.

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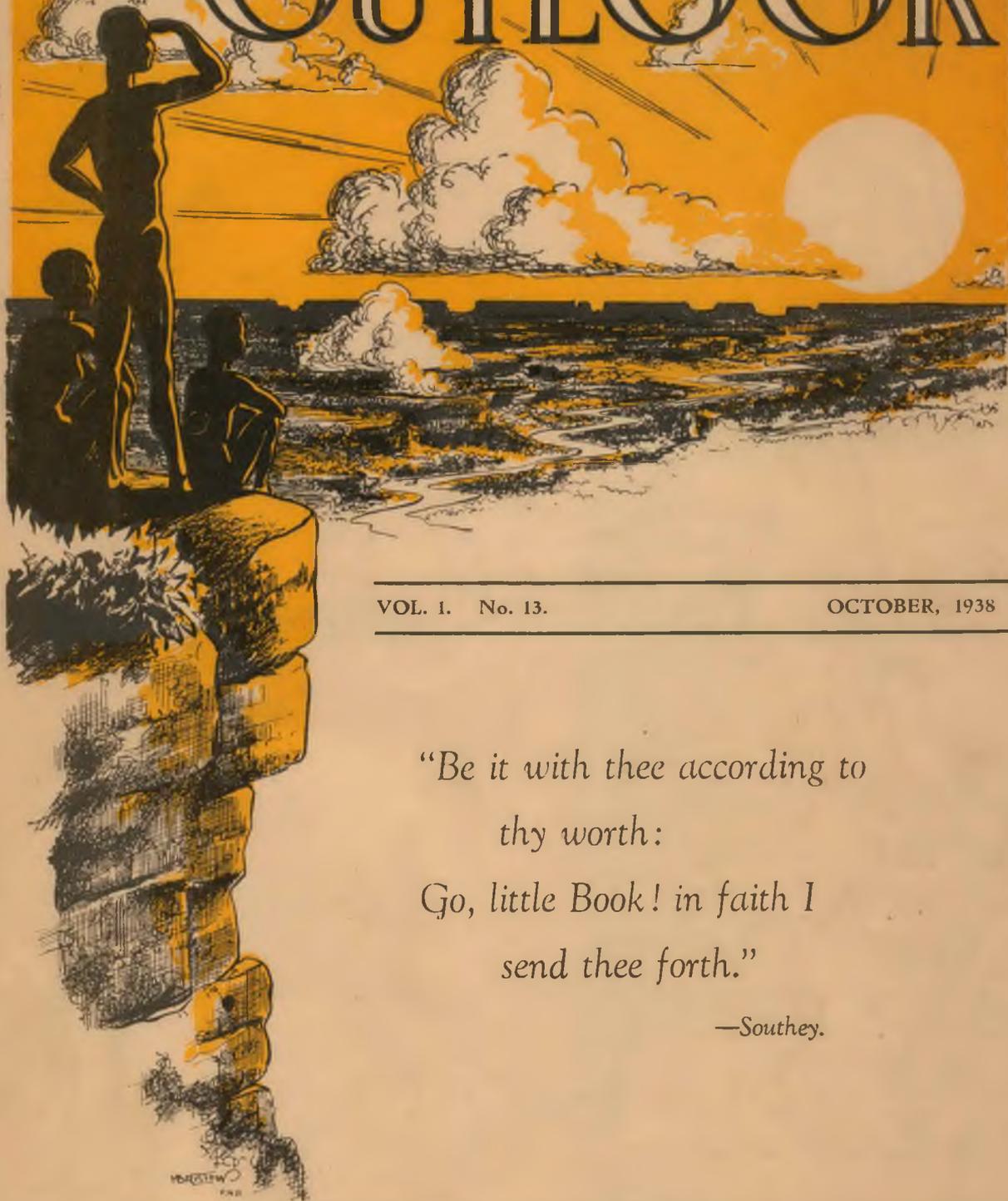
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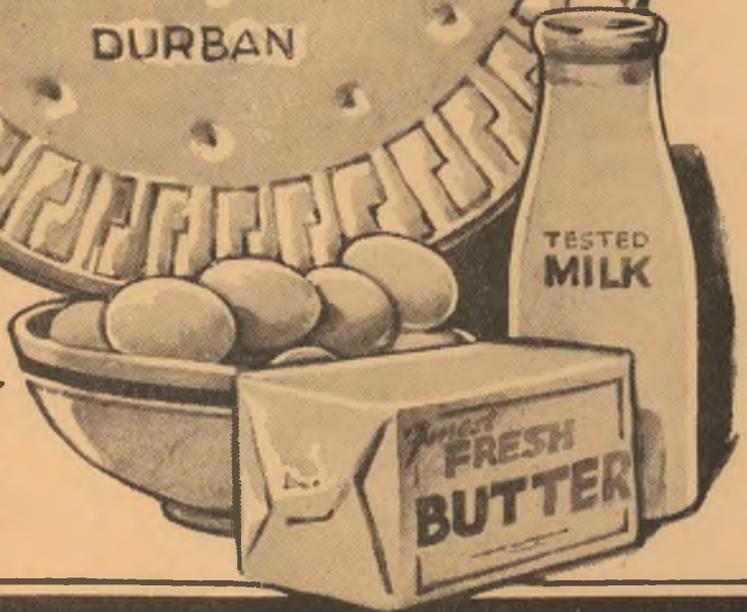
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VOL 2. No. 1

OCTOBER, 1938

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We are not necessarily in agreement with the views expressed by either our correspondents or contributors, but feel that "The New Outlook" is a medium whereby the Non-European can express his opinion or plead his cause.

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## South African Non-Europeans and the Next World War

(Lekhethoa H. Lekhethoa)

At a time when the clouds of war are hanging over Europe, and the European Nations are about to indulge in another bloody orgy of self-destruction, it is well and fitting that we, the Non-Europeans of South Africa, should pause for a moment of reflection and endeavour to adjust our relations with international affairs, should war break out in the near future.

If any Nation is drawn into war, the men and women of that country have to take up arms to defend their freedom which is being assailed, as well as their King and country. Unfortunately, in so far as South Africa is concerned, everything has been done to make the Non-European feel that he is not, and never will be, a citizen of the country. South Africa means "white" South Africa, and politically the existence of the Non-Europeans is neither here nor there.

European affairs that affect Great Britain affect South Africa in a similar way. Thus, if Great Britain is involved in a European War, South Africa will also be drawn in. This country has only a handful of Europeans and a much larger population of Non-Europeans,

but the latter are excluded from the defence force of the country, but this does not mean that the Non-Europeans cannot be made use of. As in the last European War, they may be asked to go to supply the labour which amounts to bearing arms inasmuch as people who would otherwise do the menial work are freed to go to the front.

The question that should interest the Africans particularly is whether they will be willing to go to the scenes of combat as they did in 1917. Although nothing has been done by the South African Government to keep green the memory of the part played by the Native Labour Contingent, yet the Africans will never forget 1917. Everywhere in the country we find glorious monuments "Lest We Forget" those South Africans who laid down their lives for South Africa, but has the government raised a stone for those who went down in the Mendi? Their wives are widowed and their children fatherless, because those men sacrificed their lives for "King and Country." These widows and fatherless children have now been left to their own devices to eke out a living as best they can, and yet there are war pensions for other sections of the community.

Africans may be called upon again to lay down their lives, but if they recall the Mendi and those bodies that lie in the bottom of the English Channel, they will know what answer to give.

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## EDITORIAL

This month we celebrate our first birthday and we would do well to take stock of ourselves throughout the past year. We feel we were fully justified in believing in the future of the "New Outlook." From all sides come messages of appreciation and congratulation that we have been bold enough to open our columns to the Non-European.

We feel, moreover, in the words of Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, that we have been able "to bring our contribution" to the new liberalism which is sweeping over South Africa, and which we believe with all our heart will mean the true progress of Africa as a whole.

At no time in our history has there been more need of liberalism than at this moment of uncertainty in world affairs. From day to day we do not know what is going to happen internationally.

We pay tribute where tribute is due, and in voicing our opinion we do not decry the earnest efforts of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Yet we feel that the Munich discussions have not brought lasting peace and have caused almost the total extinction of a courageous people whose roots go back into antiquity and whose motto even in those early days was: "I serve."

We have also received criticism during the year. There are some who do not feel that the standard of articles from the Non-European is as high as it should be.

To these critics we would like to suggest a little quiet thinking.

The writers of these articles are only on the edge of education and have not had the century-old advantages of Western culture of which we make such proud boast!

So strongly do we feel that there is tremendous talent lying dormant in the Non-European that we would like to submit to an impartial judge articles written by Bantu, Coloured, Indian, Chinese and European contributors, and allow the verdict to be published.

Throughout the year we have been most grateful to all contributors and advertisers who have supported the "New Outlook."

We would appeal to them to continue to support us, and especially to those European and Non-European writers whose expert knowledge makes us realise how vital a link there is between Non-European and European in South Africa.

The Editor,  
"The New Outlook,"  
Durban.

Sir,

In your September issue, Mr. George Maistry in his article, "Indian Poverty in South Africa," states that Indians will always grovel in poverty if they cling to their civil and religious institutions and old customs. This statement is rather astonishing, and coming from an Indian, is an insult to his own race. This, nevertheless, exposes Mr. George Maistry's cheap knowledge and verifies his ignorance of the Indian Religion.

The greatest philosophers, spiritualists, and yogis are students of the Indian religion. Leading professors in Germany, America and England study and learn from the Indian Scriptures. Dynamic subjects such as Yogism, Spiritualism, Hypnotism, Clairvoyance, Clairaudience and Astrology are found in the Indian Scriptures. Yet psychologically George Maistry directly or indirectly blames Indian religion as the reason for poverty of Indians in South Africa. Superstitious and Mythological rituals performed by deluded persons is called "Indian Religion" by the short-sighted, of which our friend Mr. George Maistry is a living and typical example.

When we analyse the Indian Poverty Problem we find that religion is not the cause of poverty, but colour. Can't there be anything but poverty and suffering when we Indians are underpaid, treated unjustly by our White lords, who hold the whiphand?

G. S. SHARMA.

## A Coloured Civil Servant

We have recently received interesting news from Colombo, Ceylon.

Mr. S. C. W. Rock, the son of Coloured parents in Barbados, British West Indies, won a scholarship to Harrison College, Bridgeton, the largest Public School under the Government. From there he won the Island scholarship to Oxford, where he was in residence for three years. This is significant as the scholarship is held only on condition that a high standard of work is maintained throughout the whole period.

Mr. Rock then passed into the Colonial Civil Service, and was posted to Ceylon where he held a variety of magisterial and judicial offices.

He has this year been made Food Controller and has worked out a complete food control scheme for Colombo, which can be put into immediate operation in case of emergency.

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## A MIGHTY MOSLEM EXPLORER

By May Henderson

The world has known many great explorers. But perhaps the most astounding of all time, is the Moslem, Shayk Abu Abdulla Ibn Battuta—to give him all his titles. His amazing journeyings make those of the better-known Christians pale into insignificance. From Tunis to Calicut, from Sudaq to Kandahar, this extraordinary man travelled by land and sea, in the early days of the Fourteenth Century. His adventures are even greater than those of Marco Polo, and his contribution to geography deserves far more recognition than it received.

He was trained as a professor of divinity, but at the age of twenty-two, he decided to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. So he journeyed to Tunis, from Tangiers, where he was born. And at Tunis he was made Kazi for the pilgrim caravan.

Now, like most devout followers of the Prophet, Battuta believed in having his houris in this world, as well as in the next. And while he was in Tunis, he fell in love. Fair as a lotus blossom she was—this nymph in the green sari. And with her dainty henna-tipped fingers, she plucked the very heart out of him, as he gazed into her slumberous almond eyes. There was a great wedding celebration to which Battuta invited all the pilgrims of the caravan.

From Tunis they proceeded to Cairo, which the Kazi describes as the "Mother of all cities and seat of Pharoah the tyrant. Mistress of broad regions and fruitful lands, boundless in multitude of buildings, peerless in beauty and splendour." He traversed the land of the Pharoahs in awe, greatly intrigued by the ancient carvings and engravings. The pilgrims travelled on camels to the Red Sea, but were unable to cross it owing to various disturbances. So Battuta made up his mind to start the pilgrimage from Damascus.

They went back to Cairo, crossed the desert to Gaza, and so went on to Jerusalem. But of all the cities he visited he considered Damascus the most beautiful. Damascus with its minarets and arcades—its marble and mosaics — a gem sparkling amidst pale surroundings.

At last the caravan arrived at Medina. And there the pilgrims performed their devotions in the beautiful gardens between the tomb of the Prophet, and the pulpit. They touched with respectful fingers, the palm trunk against which Mohammed is supposed to have leaned when he preached.

At Mecca, the Kazi and others performed all the rites according to the time-honoured manner of pilgrims. And once these were over, Battuta found time to study the inhabitants. They were, so he says, "distinguished by many excellent and noble activities." And the women impressed him tremendously! He went away from Mecca dreaming of their amazing beauty, which dimmed for a time, the memory of his wife, pining for love of him in far-off Tunis.

When the pilgrimage was over, Battuta joined a caravan which was heading for Baghdad, and travelled the route which is named "Darb Zubayda" after the wife of

Harun-al-Raschid. At Najal he visited the tomb of Ali, brother-in-law of the Prophet.

After many more journeyings he eventually returned to Mecca, and there he rested for three years, living the life of a saint. But though history does not mention the fact, it is quite possible that he married a few of the Meccan women who had so haunted his dreams after his first visit.

But it would take too long to follow Ibn Battuta in all his wanderings over the earth, studying the habits and customs of other races, meeting powerful potentates, and enjoying the renown which his travels brought to him.

In December, 1341, he was in the favour of an infidel Sultan—one Mohammed Tughlag, at Multan, in India. And the Sultan decided to send him on a mission to China. Naturally Battuta was overjoyed. And he set out in July, 1342, with two ambassadors, and an escort of a thousand horsemen—to say nothing of a present to the Emperor of China of a hundred white slaves, a hundred singing and dancing girls, a hundred thoroughbred horses, and fifteen eunuchs.

But on this trip, things went badly for Battuta. After arriving at Gandhar, the caravan took ship for Calicut, where they were forced to wait for three months for favourable weather. The night before they were due to sail, Battuta having put his slaves on a ship, slept on shore. During the night he was awakened by the howling of the wind, and the thunderous crashing of the waves on the shore. Hastily he left his bed and went outside. There, before the moon was completely obliterated by racing clouds, he saw the junk, which was carrying his white slave girls, wrecked. And the sailors on the kakam, seeing what had happened, set sail and disappeared with the other slaves and the goods, leaving the Battuta with one enfranchised slave and no clothing, stranded on the beach.

After much travelling, and many hardships, our hero at last arrived on the Maldivé Islands, where the Queen feted him and made him a Kazi, and since he desired to settle down, he began to look around for some more wives. Eventually, he found four who pleased him, and these he married.

But he was not destined to remain long on the islands, and once more became a wanderer on the face of the earth. He visited Adam's Peak, the Holy Mountain near Ratnapura, which is sacred to both Buddhists and Moslems. The former built a temple there, and believe that a certain mark in the stone is the imprint of Buddha's foot. But the Moslems contend that it was made by Adam. Battuta himself states in his records, that, in the olden days, the Chinese came and cut out the mark of the big toe, and took it to Zaytum.

And so he continued his journeyings, this marvellous explorer of the Middle Ages, always writing down his impressions of places and people. And we, of a later century, can but wonder at his story, and admire the intrepid spirit which carried him so far across the world, in days when travelling was so hazardous and difficult. The title of "The greatest Moslem traveller of the Age" was well and truly earned!

# BOXER'S LUCK

By SOONDRA APPAVOO

Tiny Bristol was beginning to lose the polish which he once had in the roped square. Like all boxers, his time had come. He could not stick long in the ring at the rate he was going. Every week some newcomer or other was beginning to show unusual form, but Tiny Bristol, former light-heavy-weight champion of the British Isles, was going down. Already the last rung in the ladder of boxing fame loomed below him. It was time to retire from the ring to allow some young blood a chance.

Schlinkmann eyed him dubiously. The fat cigar which seemed to be a traditional inheritance of fight promoters, hung lazily from his outstanding lips. His bowler hat was perched more on his fat neck than on his head. A bunch of wavy hair dangled loosely about his forehead. His hands were lost in the privacy of his spacious trouser pockets.

Tiny Bristol looked up at him, eyed him uncertainly for a moment, and then looked down once more at his boxing shoes. Probably the last pair, he thought, he'd ever buy.

"The trouble is that you're going pink—off colour, you know," said Schlinkmann, "and I can't afford and I'm not going to pay for old and rusty boxers' upkeep. I reckon you'll have to quit the ring soon. Why, the youngsters like Bracket, Bullton and Potts are already able to crack you up. I'm afraid you'll have to quit the ring, Tiny."

Tiny Bristol sat silently listening to Schlinkmann's words.

The rascal, that's what he was. After he'd made hundreds of pounds out of a man, he was trying to get rid of him and kick him out of the ring. After all, Tiny reasoned, there was no one but himself who had been responsible for Schlinkmann's name and fortune.

"Why, I saw one of the boys a few days ago," continued Schlinkmann, "and I think that if he'd got you in the ring with him, he could play rings around you. You'd better quit, Tiny, that's sound advice."

"I can still whip the youngsters up," said Tiny Bristol in defence, "just give me another chance and I'll show you what I'll do with them, one by one."

"That's better said than done!" retorted Schlinkmann.

Tiny shrugged his massive shoulders. "I still reckon I can whip them up," he told the promoter.

Schlinkmann stared at him for a second and then: "All right, then, we'll see all about that on Friday night. You're booked to fight Red Mills then. I want to see you put up a really good show or take a fiver and get as far as you can from this place!"

Bristol listened.

Schlinkmann left the place and Bristol got to work with the skipping rope immediately. He had three fast rounds with Sam Paulo the Negro and he proved that he might again catch the shimmer, if not the glare, of the limelight. He worked strenuously the following days, training with his Negro spar-

ring partner. The Negro was amazed at the vast improvement Tiny made and he was glad in no uncertain manner. Sam Paulo was a good fighter in his day. He knew a good boxer from a ham-hand.

Two more days and Tiny Bristol was to enter the ring against Red Mills, the popular American light-heavy. In his training quarters, Bristol felt more confident and this was enhanced when he received news that Red Mills had injured his left hand in a smash.

The day arrived. It was like hundreds Tiny had already experienced. He felt the old urge to fight again surge through his veins. He was in a fighting spirit once more. He'd show that Mills fellow what boxing really was. The Arcadia Hall was packed to capacity and all the ringside seats were occupied. Tiny Bristol still had hundreds of his old admirers. There were still a few youngsters who would ask for his signature. The crowd cheered and booed all through the preliminaries. There was a strained expectancy for the main bout — Tiny Bristol, the good old Tiny, versus Red Mills, the new sensation, from New York. When the fight began, cheering cut loose to the full.

At the beginning of Round One, Red Mills tried again and again to plant his right in a vital spot. His left swung wildly and his left came into play again. He fell short and Tiny's left tapped him to the right of the head. Mills was so speedy that he jumped in and landed rights on Tiny's face and then got out of danger before Bristol could retaliate.

Mills was again the aggressor at the beginning of Round Two.

A brief period of sparring followed, then Bristol got into action. He got his right to the wind, smashed a left to Mills's jaw that made him see stars, and then followed up with his right. The sudden spurt of fight got Mills to slow down an appreciable degree.

It was only in Round Six that Mills roused the old fighter's temper. He had deliberately jabbed below the belt when the referee could not see. And then, he had smashed a terrible right to the nose. The old timer saw red. Now the actual fight was to begin. He waded in with fists flying. But the young fellow was wary. He also knew the tricks of the game. He side-stepped like a toreador and swung terrible rights to the older man's head. Then came Round Seven. It was a fast, lively round of good, solid punching and it was then that Tiny discovered, when he received a terrible jab from Mills's supposedly injured left, the trick the young man had adopted. Tiny staggered back a little, a bit dazed and surprised at the trick.

Even as he swayed, the young fellow stepped in. It was a terrible one. A dangerous hook. The hook which had made the American famous

A sickening mist came over Tiny's eyes. He could not see. He was falling. His knees were sagging under him. He was down. He was being counted.

". . . five, six, seven, eight, nine—Out!" The referee's shrill voice cut the air.

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Sam Paulo clambered in to the ring. Pulling up the form of his boss, he called a couple of attendants.

A stretcher came.

The hall was beginning to empty. There were only a few people in it.

The towel which hung about the Negro's neck, slid to the ground as he bent down, the lime light went out.

He spoke aloud: "Boxer's luck, it is!"

Sam Paulo strode up the long, polished corridor with the unevenness of step which is typical of an old ring man. The white-clad nurse in front of him came to a stop after passing a number of rooms. She pointed towards a room and said: "This is the room you're looking for, Mr. Bristol, wasn't it?"

Sam nodded in his own peculiar way. "It ain't no other, ma'am."

The nurse nodded and left Sam in the corridor before Bristol's room door. Sam walked in on his toes.

Tiny Bristol stirred, rubbed his eyes and looked uncertainly at Sam for a moment and then he said: "Hullo, Sam."

"'lo, Tiny," said Sam, "How're you feeling?"

"Not too good."

"Not too good? Well, I could'a 'spected that. Can't 'spect you to feel better after that crash," Sam said, seating himself in a wicker chair by the bed.

"Crash?" asked Tiny.

"Yeah, crash," said Sam dryly.

"You mean Red Mills's punch?" asked Bristol.

The Negro looked surprised. "Say, are you gone nuts?" he asked.

Tiny looked puzzled and then said: "Well, what crash, then?"

The Negro was dumbfounded for a brief moment and then he seemed to realise what was wrong.

"Well, it happened like this," he began, "me an' you were goin' to the fight in the old Ford and then, all of a sudden, out o' a side street came a lorry. There was a crash. My! that was a crash! Luck you're not pushing up blushin' daisies, to-day. The whole front of the Ford looks like a concertina, now. An' that's how you came to be right here in bed."

"But what happened in the fight with Red Mills?" queried Tiny.

"Aw, well, they had to postpone that. I reckon you could'a knocked Red Mills red all right."

"Still, why am I in hospital?" asked Tiny. "I'm as fresh as a daisy."

"You ain't so good, yet," said Sam. "You've got to stay in that bed until you're quite better."

"But I'm quite all right," said Bristol, "only a bit knocked about, that's all."

"You mean that?" asked his sparring partner.

"Yes, positive."

"Well then, it's your luck," said Sam Paulo, "Boxer's luck it is!"

# The World in a Nutshell

The immediate crisis is over in Europe, and we can now sit back and take stock of what has happened. Briefly speaking, the Germans have won a war without having the bother of fighting it. Events have moved so fast in the last few weeks that it is difficult to realise just how much has been surrendered to the Nazi big stick unless we go back to the middle of September. The last English papers to reach this country were those of 17th September. At that date no one was even discussing whether the Sudeten country was to be handed over to Germany. They were still talking about Henlein's Carlsbad demands, and these were generally thought to be far too extreme. Then Chamberlain went to Hitler's private castle (Berchtesgaden) and came back with the plan of handing over the Sudeten Germans to Hitler. Everybody was horrified at this surrender; but it soon became plain that Hitler would not be satisfied even with this. His demands increased, and everybody began to prepare for war. Chamberlain went to see him again, and decided that there was no hope. Then at the last moment Hitler called another conference. Britain, France and Italy were represented by their rulers. Britain and France surrendered again, and the Czechs were given twelve hours to surrender. Nor was this all. Hungary and Poland also began to demand their share of the spoil, and the Germans refused to stop until more of Czechoslovakia had been cut up. Dr. Benes, the President of Czechoslovakia, has resigned, now that everything he worked for has been destroyed. The Czechs are so bitter about the way in which their supposed ally, France, and their supposed friend, Britain, have betrayed them, that they will no longer resist the Germans.

For the moment there is peace, and Chamberlain is trying to make his policy acceptable to the British by discussing a general settlement of European quarrels, so that the peace may be permanent. But this is really all nonsense. It is no use talking as if dictators were reasonable human beings who want to live at peace with their neighbours. Hitler and Mussolini want nothing less than control over the whole of Europe, Africa, and the East. They will never stop, unless their own people revolt against them, or they are overthrown by Britain and France and Russia. Otherwise they will never be satisfied until they have reduced us all to the same slavery that their own people enjoy.

What are the prospects for the future? Everybody is talking about peace, and at the same time arming faster than ever. We all know really that we have merely bought a year's truce by sacrificing a brave ally to the enemy. About next June, or perhaps earlier, the trouble will start somewhere else, nobody knows where. The smaller countries of East-

ern Europe will not be inclined to trust any more promises from Britain or France, and they may submit to Hitler out of fear. Unless the French will help the Spanish Republicans, they may have another enemy on their Southern borders. What can still be done? If the British people will throw out Chamberlain and all his friends, and put in some leader who is not willing to surrender his country's interests to the Fascists, there is still some hope for civilization to survive the Nazi blight. There are only two ways in which war can be averted; one is that Britain and France should surrender to the Fascists; the terms of peace would be roughly these: France would have to give Alsace and Lorraine to Germany, and her colonies in North Africa would be divided between Italy and Germany. Britain would surrender her African and Eastern possessions, and Germans would rule in Palestine, Iraq, and India.

The other possibility is that the German people themselves will revolt against the tyrant who is driving them to destruction. Nothing less than this will save the lives of this generation.

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# TRANSKEI IN THE MAKING

## Civil Service School

By G. A. MBEKI

In this section we propose to deal with that large body of young men who are employed as clerks or interpreters under the Bunga. Owing to increasing numbers of matriculated young fellows applying to the Bunga, the 3rd year and J.C. men have been practically cut out of the probable list, but on the other hand, the number of the more highly qualified ones is, though not expressly stated, limited, and, at present, there are very little chances of any great numbers being employed. But then why should this department which has not been employing matriculated men for any appreciable length of time be getting clogged already?

The answer does not lie very deep below the surface. Bunga service is arranged in a ring, so that, as soon as it is full, the rest must wait outside until natural forces come to play on those already inside. There are no grades in the Bunga service, and naturally the present pooling cannot continue for long without reaching a stage where the matriculated young fellows will be compelled to seek employment on the mines at a pitance of £4 per month.

What to do is the question?

Some members of the Bunga have sprung up, respectfully requesting the highest officials (European) to make room for some of these young fellows in the higher offices. The general reply is that they cannot be raised to any higher official positions, as their matriculation certificates (which are academic), do not qualify them for the more responsible positions.

To digress, I recall a case where one young European man, employed in a land office under the Bunga, asked me what the use of higher education was to the African as he had no chance at the positions they (Europeans) held, unless they went away which, he retorted, can only be a thing to be desired.

This is a painful truth, but unless things shape otherwise it will remain the truth that it is.

Yes, it should be as absurd of us to call upon the man who has only qualified in Latin and Mathematics to do accounting, as calling upon a cobbler to take a Philosophy chair in a University. But, on the other hand, if facilities are given to the cobbler to study philosophy he might ultimately be an outstanding professor. Anybody who to-day seriously recommended Plato's idea of harmony, as expressed in his division of society, we would only smile at, and get on with our business.

To overcome this obvious difficulty, the opening of a Civil Service school would come as a blessing from the skies. Both groups have to face the facts, without shrinking. The Africans must never forget that the White administrator in the territories is not God's

messenger—he is there merely to carry out the letter of the proclamation. On the other hand, the White administrator must be clear on the point that the African has awakened to his rights, and is not prepared, when he can help it, to entrust the destiny of his children in the hands of an alien.

The present headless policy of trusteeship can only be acceptable to dupes whose minds have been stuffed with the nonsense of the divine right of the European to always steer the Africans' ship on life's stormy seas. The intilling of this idea in the African mind is a task in which the South African European is feverishly engaged.

The establishment of a Civil Service school, as I choose to call it, is perhaps the Transkei's most outstanding need. At such a school it would be possible to enable the matriculated young men to acquire such technical knowledge as would entitle them to the higher offices with just as much, if not, greater efficiency.

### INDUSTRY.

For some time consideration has been given to the formation of certain industries which would meet the simple, but inevitable, needs of the Transkei masses.

The present state of affairs has for a long time, continued unchecked. All the necessaries of the Transkei are imported from overseas or some other part of the Union; for instance, blankets, pottery, leather articles such as saddles, bridle reins etc. yokes, ochre, and so on.

It is in this respect that most of the critics, Black and White, of the Native taxation system of the Union have failed to lay due stress. It is true that the people, on the whole, feel the pressure of a direct tax more than that of an indirect one. The poll tax, that remnant of antiquated Public Finance, has been justifiably condemned as a cruel tax levied, against all principles of sane economics, on the poorest section of our population. It is condemned because it is imposed irrespective of the taxpayer's means. The taxpayer feels it as an injustice and cruelty, but there is the more ingenious form for which the majority of the people do not hold the government responsible, but the shopkeepers.

Indirect taxation definitely tends to be more unreasonable even than the poll-tax. It bears with far more disastrous effects on the poorer classes than the poll-tax, which is fixed and graduated for a particular class. Indirect taxes consist of revenue collected on customs and excise duties which are levied on essential articles. The bedevilled situation with regard to this form of taxation, arises when a man, who has an annual wage that does not exceed £26, has to pay the same amount of money for a pound of sugar as our best paid official getting nothing less than £10,000 per annum.

# HOW CAN THE WORLD ACHIEVE UNIVERSAL PEACE?

By KERSVEL V. NAIDOO

"Once the Demon enters,  
Stands within the door;  
Peace and hope and gladness  
Dwell there never more."

—Challis.

Never has man, according to the records of European history, striven to discover the means of achieving Universal Peace. The prosperity of the peoples of all nations is ever believed to lie in the material progress of the world. Man has, therefore, become a striving unit purely for material gains. From a scientific genius down to the simple man, materialism has played an important part in his life.

Consciously or unconsciously man obeys a law—a moral code he might call it. It is consistent with this material age, the aims of which are not justice and equality, but supremacy and injustice. This law is obeyed even in the dark corners of the globe, as it is elsewhere in the world. It is obeyed in the world of commerce, politics and even in religion.

While this material progress speeds on its way, and so-called civilization advances on its dangerous march, spiritual progress, much neglected, gradually recedes to the background. The spirit of Christianity is not what it was in the days of Christian Saints and Mystics. Although it appears to manifest divinity in man, it has not the far-reaching effect that it had in the Medieval period.

To-day, in this world of material advancement, Truth seems veiled to the man who worships at the altar of materialism. Truth however is there for all who care to seek after it, but only through universal brotherhood, through love and sympathy, can we ever hope to reach the true reflections of Truth.

Man should try to live in the presence of Beauty, till it manifests itself in him; till it become infinite. And whatever he does, whatever he thinks or says, will be the expression of that Infinite Beauty. Nobler laws of Ethics and Equity compatible with Truth will dawn upon his understanding.

And what is Beauty? The beauty in a flower is its colour, form and fragrance. The beauty in man is his divinity: profound love and sympathy; the manifold goodness in his nature. All this is indeed the reflection of Truth; even as Keats has sung, "Beauty is Truth, and Truth Beauty."

By means of rigid discipline, based upon sound religious principles, must man spiritualise his life. It is then and then alone that his thoughts, speech and deeds will have that essence of beauty and goodness in themselves, replete with love and sympathy, and freed from all that is evil, such as hatred, anger, jealousy, greed, which are contributing to unbalance the Peace of the World.

There is much in the Religious Philosophy of India that is not given to the un-impartial

mind of the West. First and foremost there must be that attitude of mind, freed of arrogance and bias, to imbibe the quint-essence of that philosophy; and by positive concentration opposed to the negative: by rigid physical and mental discipline unerringly guided by the Vedantic principles, he can attain to the permanent spiritualisation of his life. Then only will come that realisation of the oneness of human life. Thus, consciously or unconsciously, he would be in a position to contribute his share to the permanent peace of the world; and that will surely be the true sign of the spiritual progress of the world. For the perpetual safety, guidance, beauty and peace of the world the spiritual must march hand in hand with material progress. Then, and then alone, material progress will have an indestructible foundation and an aim—a truly permanent, constructive aim.

The two main principles of the Vedantic teaching, as observed by scholars of Hindu Philosophy, are:

- (1) "The inner Divinity of man:—Man is potentially divine and possesses infinite goodness and power and, therefore, the treatment of man by society, state or religion should be based on recognition of his inner potential divinity and impotence.
- (2) Life's ultimate value is spiritual, and all human concerns to be truly fruitful must be controlled and guided in reference to the ultimate ideal."

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# THE VEIL LIFTED

## Being Sketches in Basutoland

By A Liso-Seller's Wife.

### III. WORK

"**W**HAT does this mean?" Brandina asked me one day.

"What mean?" said I. I was busy making sweeping brooms for the house and courtyard, from the old grass that was left over from thatching. I plait different coloured grasses into handles, and it makes a design. I put a little loop to each to hang them up on a nail under the eaves. Of course Brandina saw my brooms, and she went away and made one better; only I made my string out of aloes (yucca), taking the threads from a dried leaf I had put to dry on a ledge under the eaves, and twisting them in and out with my fingers until a strong rope was made.

"What does this mean?" asked Brandina again. "YOUR LIVES ARE SET TO MUSIC. Moqaka said it the other day, when she found us singing glees." "Set to music" I said slowly. "I cannot tell. I know that music means singing, playing instruments, and things like that; but lives set to music . . . Really I don't know what the White lady means. When Evelina comes home she will explain. She has lived with the St. Margaret ladies since she was nine—a small girl; now she is coming home to be married."

"She is the niece of the Chief, so the wedding will be grand and . . . I shall wear my pomegranate dress with the magenta silk iduka, studded with black and white hat pins," Brandina said.

"My dove grey dress, with emerald border, and black iduka with green pins must do," I said, "but why do you copy Bella? Bella will have a new dress of heliotrope and blue, as she is the cousin of the Chief's brother's wife's sister."

"I have no time to talk of dress now," I said, "come down to hoe with me and tell me about Moseitla (sunhelmet) and Moqaka (veil)."

Brandina shouldered a hoe, and we went down to the lands together. At the corner of the wall of Tsitso's garden and the donga, we saw a White man and woman talking to some of the village boys.

Timothy Tsitso was showing a string of rats to the White man in the sun helmet. "I am going to eat them" said the little naked boy.

"Eat them!" exclaimed the White lady with the veil to her hat.

Brandina and I were just in time to translate.

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**WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE**

"Yes, Madam," Tsitso said, "he caught them in the fields right away from the houses and they are clean. He says he and the other boys will race their bulls for them. The one who wins has the rats."

"Real little sports," said Moselela laughing, "now let me see you do it."

We waited while the boys caught their bulls, and mounted. Moselela and Mogaqa laughed and enjoyed the race as much as the boys. They turned the bulls towards the lands, and Timothy won on the red bull. He waved his string of rats triumphantly. Mogaqa opened a string bag she carried and gave them all some bullseyes. We draw the attention of the White people to the sharpened nail which the boys had fastened to the end of a stick or reed with which they stabbed the rats as their dogs drove them out. Moselela and Mogaqa are greatly beloved. They said that stabbing rats on the run and riding bulls with loose slippery hides takes some doing. We don't understand all they say, but the people are already beginning to talk how they can show them affection and honour. It is so nice when White people take an interest in us, and try to understand us.

"Brandina," said I, as afterwards we hoed together, "Black people are Black people and White people are White people, but the Modimo did not make a mistake when he made us different. It seems that they have rented the little house that belongs to the Church for the summer. At first no one would look at them at all because they had come under the shadow of the church tree. No one comes into our country except as traders, missionaries or government officials, or the friends of the Maruti."

Soon after they came, Brandina fell out with Lehata as every one expected. We know by heart every one of the things that Lehata has in her house. The silver spoon with the grapes, which, in the days of Masapo, Lehata found the boys using for their porridge: the funny coffee pot in which the water bubbled up and down under a glass lid. One day Lehata found the girls looking at themselves on an Egyptian vase, being shown by Brandina.

"This is vou, Bella—and Miriam, and myself with long legs . . ."

"Indeed," said the voice of Lehata behind them "what are you doing here?" The girls all thought she was in Maseru.

It was then Brandina's light went out and she sat at home, with no grand things to tell us of White people's ways, until Mogaqa came, then she was lifted up and went to work for the Lady of the Veil. How happy she was, and how happy we were listening to her!

It was soon after this that Lehata began to fight the chiefs, and the Government. Our chief wanted her to go to another part of the country and preach the gospel or teach his people. The noise of Lehata deceiving her servants had spread far and wide, for she had been doing the same for seventeen years. The dispute between the chiefs, the High Commissioner and Lehata went on

but we knew little about it. We went to church and classes as usual, and greedily sorted out and devoured the good things she told us in a harsh angry voice. I remember she made us say one day, "The same hills stand about Jerusalem; so standeth the Lord round about them that fear Him."

Those of us who have come out of the darkness knew how true this is. Little Miriam, who could not say the words nicely, was scolded severely. Nothing could make the girl ashamed for not being able to say it well. She could not say Jerusalem, but as she told me afterwards she knew the feeling of the Lord standing about. Her dimples came, and went, and she smiled pleasantly although she could not repeat her task which made Lehata so angry that the class was broken up. After we heard Lehata telling the Lady of the Veil that she had spent seventeen years of her life preaching the gospel, had built schools, and enlarged the church, and now the ungrateful Masutes want to turn her out. She had refused to go.

Peete came back from Johannesburg and told us that he had been working in a boys' school. He made us laugh by telling us how the White boys behaved. "They don't sit still and learn like our boys. They don't want to learn. They want to play cricket," he said.

"The master has to make them learn and read books, and the moment he is called away or turns his back, they fidget, play jokes and throw things about," he told us during the threshing, on the threshing floor of Tsitso. The liso seller had lent his oxen for treading out the corn, just as was done in Bible days. Masapo who was holding the rope which connected the five oxen, laughed so much that he let the rope fall.

"You'll never earn money enough to go to school," the liso seller cried, disentangling the oxen. Masapo was sorry at once.

"Fancy not wanting to learn. It made me laugh."

We women and girls who were waiting for the straw to make mattresses had to laugh too. Fancy not wanting to learn!

"Peete," said the liso seller sharply, tell your funny jokes another time."

(To be Continued)

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## Carnegie Non-European Library, Transvaal

THIS library was started in 1931 when the Carnegie Corporation of New York offered to purchase books to the value of £1,000 for the Non-Europeans of the Transvaal. It is now a flourishing organisation which provides reading matter for every African, Coloured and Asiatic in the Province and is proving an absolute necessity, as not one of these three sections of the community, has access to any Transvaal Public Library.

The Travelling Library System was adopted, under which a small stock of books can be made to do an amazing amount of work. The books are purchased, catalogued and dispatched in batches of fifty or more to various centres where a voluntary librarian (to whom the Non-European owes a tremendous debt of gratitude), deals with them and encourages the people in the vicinity to take full advantage of their opportunity.

No subscription is charged, and even the boxes in which the books are dispatched may be used as shelving.

In a recent report an earnest appeal was made to the Provincial and local authorities to continue their support and even increase the grants, without which this splendid organisation will be unable to expand, and a vast proportion of Non-Europeans will be doomed to remain ignorant.

"No European is so selfish as to deny the Non-European the right to live and to develop intellectually . . . . At present we are all appalled at the rioting, fighting, drunkenness and other uncivilised behaviour rampant in our locations. It is true that a few municipalities have adopted the principle of encouraging Non-European to use their leisure time in a healthy fashion—sports organisers are employed: halls for social gatherings are to be found—but many municipalities do not yet seem to have grasped the significance of the library as a civilising force. Encourage Natives to read good books and to develop the habit of reading as a spare-time occupation, and it is quite possible that drinking, rioting, fighting, and immorality will cease to exist in the locations."

At the second conference of Non-European librarians held in 1937 an interesting paper was read by the hon. secretary on "Negro Libraries in the United States." This subject was chosen, because the Negro in the Southern States is as hemmed in by as rigid a colour bar as is observed in all public institutions in South Africa, and the librarians are there faced with the same problem as we are—that of having to stimulate an interest in reading among a people, a large number of whom are almost illiterate. The Americans are firm believers in the theory that to provide an efficient library service, the librarian is the most important factor, then come the books, and lastly the building.

Continued on next page

# AIDS TO HEALTH

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## FLY-BORNE DISEASES.

There has been a decided improvement in the control of FLIES since horse-traffic has been replaced by motor conveyances, and since the slaughter of stock has been confined to approved abattoirs, but the improvement is only evident in towns, and much more is needed to control the breeding of flies in country stables and kraals.

Flies lay their eggs in manure, and the grubs which escape from the eggs may be swept up and destroyed before they have the chance to hatch. A visit to the Baber device for the control of flies at the Botanic gardens would do much to impress on people the need for preventing their settling on food.

There is no need to question the oft-repeated assertion that many complaints amongst children are caused by exposing their food to flies, and that some eye-complaints of children are also due to flies settling on their eye-lids. It is very fortunate that the homes of children are far freer from flies than was common at one time. They are more likely to suffer from bowel complaints than adults, but even the latter are liable to severe stomach trouble due to the presence of flies at meal-times.

Control of insects, and flies in particular, depends on the mutual co-operation of all house-holders. Wherever food is left exposed it must inevitably attract insects, or other vermin, such as rats and cockroaches. Although plague is happily rare under modern conditions, it depends on the attacks of fleas from plague-infested rats, just as typhus is caused by their mites attacking man, though infection is more generally believed to be conveyed by lice.

Flies cause disease mostly by carrying microbes attached to their feet, but in the tropics they may lay their eggs under the skin and produce maggots. Maggots in cheese or in a carcase are always due to flies laying their eggs there. It was because the ancients used to bury their dead in rocks, where they were unprotected from the attacks of flies, that the extraordinary idea got into the people's heads that their bodies might be eaten by worms after burial.

A doctor from Nyasaland who recently visited Durban, made enquiries as to the existence of lumps under the skin of the side following stings by flies, as this condition is common where he came from.

South African Natives sometimes report that they pass the larvae of flies. Though their fear is sometimes unnecessary and may be explained by the fact that some species of fly quickly visit human excreta, yet sometimes the larvae of flies may be ingested in food and pass through the bowel alive. Of course some Natives are liable to swallow small flies whilst eating the bark of trees.

Mosquitoes are responsible for the spread of malaria, dengue, fever and elephantiasis.

Yellow Fever is encountered only in countries bordering on the Atlantic Ocean. It was in 1878 that Manson first showed that mosquitoes could convey disease to man, and in 1898, that Ross confirmed this discovery whilst investigating malaria in Ceylon. There is good reason for observing the Diamond Jubilee of this epoch-making discovery of British investigators of tropical fevers.

## Carnegie Non-European Library Transvaal

Continued from page 12

It is interesting to note that the U.S.A. spend £6,000,000 annually on libraries! It would be a good idea if inspectors and supervisors stressed the importance of libraries in schools, and if a simple course of library science could be introduced in our colleges for teachers. At the moment, many schools have no space for a library: the books are just hidden away in a corner. There are no shelves, no cupboards, no quiet. Overcrowding is responsible for this deplorable state of affairs.

But we in South Africa must not be discouraged. The library service to Non-Europeans has only just commenced and much has already been accomplished, notably in the Transvaal.

There is much that can be learnt from the Negro libraries in America, but although it must be remembered that ideas and experiments should be adapted according to local conditions, yet we who are working for the welfare and enlightenment of the Non-European must not be afraid of lines of thought, or ever brush aside without careful consideration, suggestions from those who are working with this service, and thus be able to sow the seeds of this mental food in other provinces.

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K. S. M.

MEALIE MEAL

## WHAT THE VOORTREKKER CELEBRATIONS MEAN TO THE BANTU PEOPLE

The Editor.  
Sir,

Kindly allow me to answer Mr. Hudson Stockil's article "What the Voortrekker Celebrations mean to the Bantu People" in your September issue.

Mr. Stockil feels "that it is a pity that the Bantu people have not paid more attention to the significance of the celebrations which have marked this century of progress in African Race relations."

He believes that "All Black and White, should be happy to watch the progress of our country."

It is clear why Mr. Stockil should feel this a pity. He has seen the Bantu people joining with joy in such celebrations as Dingaan's Day, i.e., celebrating their failures. He has seen them celebrating the 31st of May, when the White men succeeded in uniting against the Bantu, to the end that they might have the same policy, which has proved to be the common policy of oppression. He may wonder why the Bantu people who are used to celebrating their defeats should not do so now at the celebration of all their failure put together.

I am sure Mr. Stockil would be greatly surprised if the mice did not celebrate a splendid hunt of the cats when the cats had had their fill. He would wonder why the Czechs should not celebrate Hitler's great day if he succeeded in wresting from them their country.

I am inclined to believe that the Bantu are gradually learning the difference between failure and success, and how to react towards each. They appear to be taking the lesson taught by their rulers in the best methods possible. The philosophy of the rulers is "I first and others last." The first law of nature, not the greatest, is "The Law of Self-Preservation." One agrees that the trekkers are justified in thanking their God for giving them this country. They should be thankful that their doctrine of inequality has been accepted.

One of the reasons why the trekkers trekked was that they denied that God was so foolish as to make equality between Black

and White. To them, it seems, the basis of God's government was colour. He made the White man and saw it was good. He saw that the White man could not be happy without a Black man to serve him. So He said, "Let there be a Nigger." They were resolved to teach this gospel to the world. It is true that the philanthropists and the missionaries were not then ready to learn the lesson. Ever since the Union of the White people against the Bantu in 1910 the advocates of the gospel lost no time in spreading the "Good news" of Inequality. The results of this Gospel are seen in the Land Act of 1913, in the Colour Bar laws of the past. Why should the advocates of inequality not rejoice? Why should they not thank their God?

But is it not expecting too much from the Bantu people to expect them to assist in celebrating the success of this school? I am of the opinion that the Bantu people should use this time as a fasting period and call a universal day of prayer. They should pray that God's law of love should take the place of the law of nature, the law of self-preservation. These celebrations mean future oppression and trouble; for no one country can be ruled on a colour basis. All those who know that S. Africa is their country and wish to live in some peace in it should regard this time as a time of fasting. At least that is what they mean to the Bantu people, in my opinion.

P. M. KA MPUMLWANA

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# THE INSTITUTE OF RACE RELATIONS

## What it is and what it does

By Senator RHEINALLT JONES

In earlier articles I have to explain how the Institute views the racial situation as a whole. In this article I will try to outline the activities of the Institute as a body concerned to improve race relations in Southern Africa. As knowledge must be the foundation of any sound attitude on race relations, the Institute encourages and initiates investigations. As the secretariat for the Inter-University Committee for African Studies it is in touch with the scientific workers in anthropology, African linguistics and Native Law administration. The Journal *Bantu Studies* is published from the Institute's office. The Institute has also a number of investigations which are being carried on by independent research workers under the aegis of the Institute, but with grants from the Council of Educational and Social Research. These researches are on such subjects as "The Social and Economic conditions surrounding race mixture in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries." Other investigations are directly financed by the Institute, such as a study of farm labour conditions in the Transvaal and Orange Free State, the Native land question, Bantu marital unions and their social effects. In conjunction with the South African Temperance Alliance, the Institute produced the best study that has yet been made of the illicit liquor traffic on the Witwatersrand. Then special enquiries are made by the staff of the Institute on urgent matters that are brought to it, such as the agitation against the issue of motor driving licences to Africans. In this case the enquiries demolished the case for prohibition. It is quite impossible within the limits of this article to do more than hint at the range of the investigations which have been carried out and are on hand.

The second task of the Institute is to make information on racial questions available to those interested, and to broadcast facts. The Institute's library contains no books, as the library of the University of the Witwatersrand, with its wonderful Africana collection, is available at hand. In this connection it may interest readers to know that the University has made special provision for Non-Europeans who are not students of the University, to have access to books. There is a special room for them and a society of Non-European readers, under the direction of Mr. B. W. Vilakazi, organises lectures by specialists on subjects of interest to the readers. The Institute's library is a collection of journals and unpublished memoranda and other material helpful to the serious student of racial questions. A great many things cannot be found elsewhere, and the library is now being used by research workers and students; there is no racial restriction.

The Institute publishes a quarterly journal *Race Relations*, which has become recognised as a source of information not found any-

where else. More and more the journal is becoming the medium for authoritative articles and these are quoted in Europe and America. The Institute also now publishes a little monthly bulletin of facts under the title *Race Relations News* for the convenience of those who have not the time or inclination to read through the solid matter found in the quarterly journal. Special monographs or pamphlets are also published. In the press there is a monograph embodying the interesting lectures "Some Economic Problems of the Bantu" delivered by Mr. Hobart Houghton during the Vacation Course at the South African Native College, Fort Hare, last July.

The application of knowledge in policy and action is also the concern of the Institute. Legislative measures are analysed, explained and criticised in the light of the expert knowledge at the disposal of the Institute. For example, the issue of *Race Relations* for August 1935, containing a critical analysis of the Native Bills, stands alone as a scientific study of the controversial matters contained in the Bills. This may also be claimed of the May, 1938, number of the journal in which a clear account is given of the Natives (Urban Areas) Act with all the amendments introduced by the Native Laws Amendment Act. In the August, 1938 issue, a special article on Native land critically examines the operation of the new Land Act.

The development of social welfare work has been a special concern of the Institute since its establishment. In this field its policy is to investigate a social need in order to know the exact nature and extent of the need and then to bring the social need to the notice of those most able to meet it. If they will not, for racial reasons, undertake the task, then the Institute initiates a new agency for the purpose. Examples of this are the Carnegie library services for Non-Europeans, the care of Non-European blind, and Child Welfare. Most important, probably, is the watchful eye kept on new developments in social work to ensure that Non-Europeans share in these. An example of this is the work done by Mr. Maurice Webb as the Institute's representative in Durban, in regard to Lord Nuffield's gift for the care and treatment of cripples.

It is most important that those interested in all these matters should be helpful to cooperate. Consequently, conferences of social workers, research workers and others are arranged as desired. The European-Bantu conferences—regional and national—organised by the Institute have been invaluable in crystallising liberal opinion and stimulating social welfare and other activities among and for the Bantu. Similarly the two national conferences of organisations concerned with the welfare of the Coloured people for both of which the Institute was one of the con-



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vening bodies, have done more than anything else to bring the needs of the Coloured people before the country. It was the first conference that pressed for the appointment of the Commission. The Coloured people themselves have been stimulated to self-help activity as never before.

As the Institute had its origin in the Joint Council movement, it has felt a moral responsibility to assist the development of Joint Councils in which, as far as possible, racial co-operation can be realised in practical, ameliorative efforts on behalf of the Bantu, Coloured and Indian peoples. That new bodies have come into being, especially in social welfare work, is a tribute to the educative value of Joint Councils. They provide a basis of common discussion and common discussion and common action between responsible leaders among the European and Non-Europeans, and I know of no agency more useful for securing racial understanding.

There are many features of the Institute's work on which I have not been able to touch, but, as the one article I undertook to write for *The New Outlook* has become three, this must be the last. I hope I have been able to give readers a fairly clear picture of the principles upon which the Institute goes about its work, and some idea of the nature and extent of that work. "So much to do, so little done," is the thought that comes to me at this point, but if the work is on sound lines and is done thoroughly, perhaps the best achievement so far will prove to have been the laying down of a good foundation for the building up of sound work in the future.

### THE WYLD MEMORIAL INDIAN SCHOOL.

It is expected that the new school now under construction at Groenberg, Inanda, adjoining Mr. Soobrayon Govender's Farm, will be completed within a very short time.

The new block consists of four spacious class-rooms, airy rooms for the Principal and Staff, a library and cloak-room for the children.

The building operations are in the hands of Mr. G. M. Arcary, who was also responsible for the building of the Industrial Hall of the Ohlanga Institute, whose principal is the Rev. John Dube. Great praise is due to the Trustees, amongst whom may be mentioned the Rev. G. E. B. Mort of Verulam and Messrs. Govender of Inanda who, together with the Caneplanters of Natal, were instrumental in raising funds to the extent of £243. It is hoped that, before even the building is completed, these funds will have swelled to £600.

(The Hon. Treasurer of the Wyld Memorial Indian School Building Fund has intimated that contributions may be sent c/o P.O. Box 19, Verulam, and will be gratefully acknowledged.—Ed.)

### NOTICE

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# Our Correspondent Sails for India

By PATRICIA O'MARA

## Introducing myself.

THE "New Outlook" is to have a representative in India: and I am privileged to be that representative.

It is a commission that I accepted with great pleasure, and I shall endeavour to make "An India Diary," an interesting regular feature. Although I am a European, India is the country of my adoption and in it I have spent eighteen years of my life, so I feel qualified to use the title "Our Own Correspondent."

## I Sail for India.

In the course of my wanderings over the world, I have crossed the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, but I am ashamed to admit that I am still one of the world's worst sailors!

Consequently when the good ship *Inchanga* put to sea, I was not one those Spartan souls who tramped vigorously round the deck, indulged in strenuous sets of deck tennis, and talked glibly in nautical terms to the captain.

I remained instead cloistered in my exceedingly comfortable cabin, refusing all nourishment, my complexion rapidly assuming that unwholesome grey-green hue associated with sea-sickness.

It was not till we were 48 hours out of Durban that I gradually came to life and appeared on deck to greet my fellow passengers and enjoy the warm sunshine.

## My Fellow Passengers.

Of the fifty-two passengers aboard about half are holiday makers from South Africa cruising to Zanzibar and returning in the *Incomati*—working girls, a honeymoon couple, elderly miners from Johannesburg many of whom have never been to sea before. A few more are bound for Kenya, and the rest for India. Among the last mention may be made of Mr. Percival who is going out to ride in the Calcutta Races where he has already distinguished himself. But perhaps our most interesting passenger is an officer of the Indo-China Navigation Company who is returning to China after a South African holiday, following a nervous breakdown after being bombed in the Japanese hostilities. I have been fortunate in securing an exclusive interview with this gentleman which I am sending to the "New Outlook" under a separate heading. His experiences are interesting but harrowing. He, despite the fact that he is still very far from well, has been a leading spirit aboard and organised competitions and tournaments tirelessly.

I have never travelled in a more comfortable little ship, where accommodation, food and service are so consistently good and so much is done for the amusement of passengers.

Over us, however, as we play games, dance, swim, treasure hunt and attend "Race meetings" has been a shadow—the shadow of the international crisis. Anxiously we have

devoured the scanty wireless news, and it was only after we had reached Zanzibar that our fears were somewhat allayed. Many of us would have turned back if war had been declared.

## Ports of Call.

On her outward voyage to India the *Inchanga* makes few calls. She omits Lourenco Marques and Beira and stops only for two hours outside the harbour at Dar-es-Salam.

In calling at Zanzibar however, she surely selects the most fascinating East African port. It is an island separated from the mainland of Tanganyika by a narrow channel, and the town is full of old-world interest. The narrow twisting little streets are filled with Arabs and Indians, Portuguese and Negroes; with little carts drawn by white donkeys; with coffee sellers, and curly-headed children, looting against the great carved brass-studded doors. The curio shops are a paradise for the tourist—old Arab chests, beautiful silver-sheathed daggers, ivory and ebony, bead belts, articles of cocoon shell and woven grasses.

Through scented groves of clove plantations you make your way by car to the points of interest—the ruins of the old Sultan's palace, the present palace, and the market at Bu-Bu-Bu. And you lunch at the only hotel in the little town—the Africa Hotel—climbing the rickety stairway to the dining-room.

Sailing out of the harbour, with its vividly blue transparent water, a gay and fascinating picture is left in your mind. The Arabs from the desert and the Natives from Central Africa have given this ancient and historic town a romantic interest that British occupation and civilization have failed to destroy.

Mombasa, a day's sailing to the North, and also an island, is less picturesque, more modern and European. The entrance to the harbour here is really beautiful, but the town is uninteresting.

And now before us lie two weeks of rather monotonous sailing in the Indian Ocean before we reach Ceylon—"where every prospect pleases and only man is vile," we are told.

Personally I am in agreement with the first statement but not the second. I have always found the inhabitants of Ceylon a very pleasant people, and I shall be pleased to renew my acquaintance with this lovely island.

And then on to Madras where I disembark and proceed by a notoriously slow train to my destination—Hyderabad (Deccan). However, if Indian trains are slow they appear to be safer than African ones if the crop of accidents that occurred while I was in Africa is any criterion.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Africa and hope one day to return. There is, however, one thing in India to which I am looking forward—it is the prospect of seats and counters, doors and shelters that do NOT bear that hideous inscription, "For Europeans Only"—how tired I have grown of it!

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# THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS

A very illuminating report has been received from one of the missionaries of the Congregationalist South African Mission, and throws a strong light upon the vast amount of work which is being carried out by Mrs. Clara Bridgman and her band of workers on behalf of the Bantu in and around Johannesburg.

The report touches first on the splendid progress made during the past ten years at the **Bridgman Memorial Hospital**, a pioneer institution launched to help the Bantu people. The work has grown so rapidly that 1937 showed a record of 1,234 women admitted and 868 babies born, while 10,000 people passed through the out-patient department. During that period 78 Nurses have passed through the training course, and 52 are the proud possessors of the Government Medical Certificate for Midwifery.

During the year the splendid sum of £2,600 was taken in fees, i.e. almost half the year's expenses. Although one cannot ignore the financial side one feels that this material side of the institution is far outweighed by the lessons learned of hygiene, cleanliness, proper feeding, which have made an army of better-equipped Bantu mothers. And not only they, but hundreds of others, have felt the blessed influence of the devoted staff, the Missionaries and Ministers, both European and African, whose life is spent in the uplift of those in need. The gratitude of the Bantu mothers is shown by their regular attendance at the Saturday morning clinic where the babies are examined, and where the mothers try so hard to follow the advice which is given so willingly.

The outstanding event of the year was the addition of a new wing to the hospital.

Mrs. Bridgman and her able committee are to be further congratulated on this fine achievement, and in getting financial support from the Provincial Council and Municipality, both of which gave £1,000, and by enlisting the sympathy of local mining houses and business firms to the extent of £2,500.

The next successful venture launched by Mrs. Bridgman, and discussed in the report, is the **Talitha Home** which was opened nearly three years ago to house delinquent girls. This question of delinquency is always a problem wherever we may go throughout the world, and it always rejoices the heart when one hears of a home where this type of girl is given a chance, and where, in many cases, she regains her faith and courage and can once more become a useful member of Society.

The Home is now in charge of Miss Weir who is helped in her work by one European and three Native assistants, and whose splendid efforts have helped to reform many erring young Bantu women. It would be

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a wonderful blessing to the Union as a whole if this example could be followed in all the big cities.

It would seem that amongst the innumerable activities of Mrs. Bridgman, nobody is forgotten, for we now find ourselves reading about the **Creches for Bantu Children**. These are personally supervised by the founder who, with the financial help of the Children's Aid Society, runs two nurseries for babes under five whose mothers can go off happily to work, knowing that their little ones are well-fed and cared for, all for 2d. a day! The wonderful thing that strikes one, however, is that many YOUNG people are volunteering their services for part of every day, and in time will take over the entire responsibility, and will fill their empty lives with the joy of service. A jolly toothless smile is ample pay!

With the recent visit of Tad Chapman and the impetus given to the cause of the blind, of both European and Non-European, it seems quite in keeping that we read in this report of a Blind School for Natives in Sophia Town, where 15 Natives are being trained in carpentry and upholstery. A similar school for blind Native girls is shortly to be opened some miles out of Johannesburg, where Mr. Blaxall, the devoted Father of the Non-European blind of South Africa, hopes, in the near future, to build a large centre. Such a centre would go far towards making many of the 5,568 blind Natives of the Union into self-supporting and useful citizens.

The **Bantu Children's Holiday Fund** was inaugurated and financed by a Joint Committee of European and African Women who, with Mrs. Bridgman as chairman, are fortunate enough to have access to her experience and advice.

It is marvellous to read in any report that funds to the extent of £300 have been raised comparatively easily! But so it is, and one is not surprised when it is a question of sending sick and hungry children from Johannesburg to the coast where a fortnight of good food, healthful exercise and refreshing sleep give these under-nourished children a little joy and a little more resistance to the inroads of disease.

It is a heartening picture, and we cannot feel but thankful for the many European friends of our African people who are genuinely interested in their uplift and advancement.

In the concluding remarks, touching upon Mrs. Bridgman's work in Johannesburg, the report emphasises the fine work being done in the Bantu Sunday School where sometimes 700 children are learning the most important things in life.

It would seem that Mrs. Bridgman's personality is such that those whom she approaches on behalf of her many projects show their pleasure in being able to help her.

The Rev. Ray Phillips has just published a new book: "The Bantu in the City," which deals in an admirable way with the problems of South Africa in relation to the Native people. It should be read by all who are interested in the Bantu.

Dr. Phillips has become a specialist in the art of club organisation, and is even financed by the Compound Managers' Association so that the Reef may be outstanding in the running of its Clubs. An admirable system has been evolved whereby the Chairman and Secretaries of the Clubs meet regularly once a month at the Bantu Social Centre to discuss their problems, and to learn new games and dances which they can take back to their own Clubs. Dr. Phillips, who has recently returned from leave, found that the **Bantu Men's Social Centre** is so popular and is so well used that the Executive Committee of twenty Natives and Europeans find difficulty in expanding their work until the premises are extended to accommodate more group organisations.

Dr. Phillips and his wife have been impressed with the need of the Bantu people for correct instruction in sex matters and social hygiene. They have found even the educated ones full of misinformation, and realise that only by the right kind of instruction can this be adjusted.

Dr. Phillips has already urged the Red Cross Social Hygiene Council to find lecturers who could speak acceptably on this subject to Africans throughout the country, and has secured a group of lecturers as a nucleus in the Witwatersrand.

In conclusion, special reference was made to the splendid work being carried on in Natal at Inanda Seminary, at Adam's College, at the McCord Hospital, all of which are well-known to a few, but which, however, deserve a closer acquaintance, before one can appreciate how immeasurably important in this country is the welfare of the African.

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# FROM THE FIGHTING ZONE

(By one who was there)

**A**MONGST the passengers on the Inchange bound for Colombo is a man, who, despite his nervous vitality, is very far from fit.

Now that I have heard his story I can understand his restless pacing of the deck, his nervous twitching fingers, his quick movements, the anxious expression in his face that he has to conceal with a forced cheerfulness. His holiday in South Africa was failed to eradicate these symptoms of a nervous breakdown and he is returning to China and the scenes of horror from which he narrowly escaped with his life a few months ago.

Seated in a chair in a quiet corner of the boat deck, and overlooking the calm and peaceful beauty of Zanzibar harbour, he unfolded for me picture after picture of brutality and horror in which he was involved.

And in his own words I give it to the "New Outlook," withholding at his request only his name.

"I am a chief officer in the Indo-China Navigation Company," he said, "where ships carry passengers and cargo 1,000 miles up the Yangtsekiang, between Inchang, Hankow and Shanghai.

"Between August 6th and 13th last year we were carrying refugees escaping up-river from Shanghai. On 13th August a barge was placed by the Chinese, and a mine-field laid. A boom of 16 ships was sunk at Kiangyun and my ship was one of many trapped above the boom. My company established a junk service circumventing the boom, and engaged all their steamers in carrying refugees. During the month of November, after Shanghai had fallen and the cities between Shanghai and Nankin had been raided and captured, we carried about 100,000 refugees.

"My ship the Tuck Wo (3750 tons) was one of the largest of the steamers on the Yangtse and had accommodation for 2,000.

"During the Japanese drive on Wu Hu and Nankin this vessel was sent to Wu Hu to move the Company's floating property before proceeding to the evacuation of Nankin from which the diplomats were preparing to flee.

"The Tartang, a cargo vessel, was sent to Wu Hu at the same time. The two vessels arrived together on 5th December; at 10.30 a.m., as the Tuck Wu was anchoring at Wu Hu, the air raid alarm was sounded. Ten minutes later three planes appeared

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over the town. The first bomb fell 100 yards away ashore, eight others fell on and around the Tuck Wu.

"The bombs that exploded in the water claimed many victims in the stoke holds, and the direct hits blew out all the starboard side of the deck boards, and passenger accommodation. Steam from broken pipes filled the deck and public rooms which were littered with broken furniture and glass, amongst which the dead and wounded lay.

"Ten minutes later while the wounded were receiving attention, the planes returned and bombed the Tartung which was badly holed and began to sink rapidly.

"My ship was also hit again and all the life boats destroyed, making the task of getting the wounded ashore a very difficult one.

"A roaring fire started and as the hose pipes were badly damaged, it soon got out of control and the vessel was in flames. A tug belonging to the China Navigation Company came alongside, making a bridge between the burning ship and the shore, and it was entirely due to their courage that we were able to save the lives of three-quarters of the survivors aboard.

"The three European officers, including myself, remained aboard the burning ship throwing bundles of blankets and food ashore for the wounded, but these were looted at the point of the revolver by the Chinese. The whole ship was now afire and we three marooned on the fo'c'sle head, the tug having been forced by the flames to abandon the ship, after rescuing all survivors. As our clothes were now scorching there was nothing for us to do but slide down the mooring wire into the icy water and strong current of the river. We managed to reach the tug which picked us up and took us ashore.

"We remained for a week in Wu Hu after this attending to the wounded and carrying out salvage operations on the sinking ships and the company's hulk, the "Pekin." The officers of both ships stayed aboard the British gunboat "Ladybird," whose smart and orderly appearance was in strange contrast to the chaos around her.

"We had some unpleasant experiences, including a very uncomfortable hour the morning after the raid when, as we were proceeding by tug to the remains of the Tuck Wu, 12 planes appeared and dropped no less than 100 bombs around us without scoring a hit.

"We then took the wounded down to Nankin by tug and returned to Wu Hu to complete the salvage operations. Wu Hu was rapidly becoming a very unpleasant place to be in—the Chinese were retreating from this town and destroying everything—before the Japanese arrived; fires were started, railways were blown up and lawlessness and hooliganism prevailed.

"There were threatened strikes and mutiny amongst our workers who wished to abandon the salvage operations and escape before the Japanese arrived in Wu Hu. We managed to find the ring-leader and dumped him ashore—eventually leaving him to the mercy of the Japanese.

"When the Japanese did enter the city, they fired on the "Ladybird," which however

proceeded up the river to the city against point-blank fire to launch a protest. This was on the same day as the Panay incident which provoked world-wide indignation.

"We remained in Wu Hu for four days after the Japanese entry—a period of terror for everyone. Planes circled over us twice a day and we never knew when they would drop bombs.

"Food was hard to come by, and on one occasion, as I was walking through the raided streets in search of something to eat, a bullet whistled by my head, followed by two others. It was a party of Japanese soldiers on the same search for food, and they had a shot at a pig upon which they fell greedily. I did not even ask for any—thinking myself lucky to get away with my life.

"At last permission came for us to leave Wu Hu and proceed to Nankin and a steamer was sent up from Shanghai to rescue us.

"The personal discomforts of that trip were unbelievable. For three weeks I had no razor or tooth brush and only the clothes in which I stood, and lived entirely on tinned food—I had to open the tins with a hatchet as there was no tin opener.

"When I arrived bearded and filthy I reported at the Company's office and was given my leave. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading the taxi-man that I wanted to go to a respectable hotel!"

[And now this man, who is definitely not yet fit for work, is returning to the same scenes of horror. Surely one of the world's undecorated heroes!—P. O'Mara.]

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Lieut Allen Gardiner, R.N.

By F. G. Cawston

Among the naval officers who have spent their lives for the welfare of primitive peoples, few can surpass the late Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., whose name will ever be remembered in Natal, for it was he who gave the surrounding hill of Durban its name and after whom Gardiner Street was named

Just over a hundred years ago he laid out the township of Durban, after an unsuccessful attempt to interest Dingaan in the message of the Bible. It is difficult for us to grasp the difficulties he met and the dangers he faced, as he travelled by oxwaggon across country from Capetown. There were occasions when he crossed rivers on rafts he made for himself, and he explains in his diary how he was nearly drowned, whilst endeavouring to cross the Umzinkulu and Umgeni rivers which were, in his day, densely surrounded by reeds.

The Scandinavian and American missionaries were more successful than Allen Gardiner, but the response to his preaching is indicated by the fact that he chose to call the neighbourhood where he established a mission, the Berea, for that was the name of a village in Greece where St. Paul had once met with success.

There is still to be seen in the cemetery on Ridge Road the tomb of Allen Gardiner's daughter, who, as is explained in an appropriate poem, lived long enough to join the living stream.

Gardiner did not remain long in this country and devoted the rest of his days to seek after the natives of South America who were the farthest removed from spiritual help, crossing obscure mountain paths in Peru with his wife and children on mules and visiting the Dutch Indies.

It was after he had been cut off from civilisation for some months, and his food supply had been exhausted, that his diary tells us of the terrible privation his men experienced. Nor was it until some weeks after his death, in September, 1851, that a boat called at the island where he was endeavouring to teach the Patagonian natives, and found his body lying unburied beside a small boat.

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## NATAL QUAKERS RE-AFFIRM THEIR OPPOSITION TO WAR

The Natal Society of Friends (Quakers) issued the following statement for publication.

"In 1660 the members of the Society of Friends (Quakers) addressed a statement to Charles II of England declaring their attitude to war:

"We utterly deny all outward wars and strife and fightings with outward weapons, for any end, or under any pretence whatever; this is our testimony to the whole world. The Spirit of Christ by which we are guided is not changeable, so as once to command us from a thing as evil and again to move unto it: and we certainly know and testify to the world, that the Spirit of Christ, which leads us into all Truth, will never move us to fight and war against any man with outward weapons, neither for the Kingdom of Christ nor for the Kingdoms of this world."

From time to time since then; during the war of the Austrian Succession in 1744, during the Napoleonic Wars in 1805, during the Crimean War, the South African War, the World War, the Society has re-affirmed this fundamental faith.

We feel that at this time, when there is war in many parts of the world, and our thoughts are turned to war, we should state publicly that this attitude is unchanged for the "Spirit of Christ by which we are guided is unchangeable."

We feel that there is a great need for us to keep our thoughts and words free from hatred and fear, and to preserve inviolate our faith in that Spirit of God which works in man and in which we trust; that Spirit of which one of the early members of our Society said: "There is a spirit that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong—its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned, it takes its kingdom with entreaty and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind."

We believe that the all-embracing love of God reaches out to all his children of whatever nation or race, and that it is our task to bring our thoughts and lives into harmony with this boundless love. By our thoughts, our words and our lives we would be testimonies to God's peace.

At all times of so-called crisis, we are reminded that we have not been as faithful as we should have in living always in the light of God's love for mankind as it was interpreted for us by Jesus. We are renewed in our belief that it is by participating in those activities that have for their aim the removal of misunderstanding and ill-will between race and race, nation and nation, class and class that we can best help to remove the causes of war.

We are deeply conscious of injustices and inequalities and the many wrongs of the world. Our minds reach out in understanding and love to all those who are oppressed, who are denied freedom and opportunity. We appreciate fully the action of those who, believing that wrong can be righted by warfare, give up their lives in this belief. We feel, however, that we must reaffirm our conviction that wrong cannot be righted by war, which is itself wrong.

Our pacifism does not mean indifference. Though denying ourselves any participation in war and material conflict, we are able to take up those tasks of healing that the world needs. Thus at this time the Friends are feeding orphaned and destitute children of both combatant parties in Spain, are endeavouring to help distressed Jews in Vienna and to render assistance to those in need in China.

While refusing to take any part in "outward wars and strife," we would ask to share the burden of the world's suffering and would strive always to be the instruments of God's love and peace."

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## COLOURED EDUCATION

To The Editor "The New Outlook"

Sir,

Allow me space in your valuable magazine to express my opinion regarding Coloured progress in this country.

The future development of South Africa depends upon education. To-day there is a big cry for education, but a number of our people do not seem to know what is meant by education; others send their children to school just to get a smattering of learning—merely to read and write—so that they may earn a living as quickly as possible with no hope of improvement in the years to come.

Education means the development of mind, body and soul, for this world and the world of the Here-after. It seems too the training of the hands, and it is indeed time that our children were taught the dignity and love of labour. Why cannot the teachers tell parents the work each child is fit to take up after passing Standard VI? I reckon that many a good builder, carpenter, mechanic, agriculturist, nurse, dressmaker, is lost, because book-learning is looked upon as the only education. We cannot all be teachers, so why not let us look upon education from all angles?

The salvation of the Coloured people lies in education on the right lines, and rests on our own shoulders.

A nation without education is like a dark sky without a glimmer of sun. Never mind about legislation, let us unite and take advantage of the education facilities (meagre though they may be), which are within our reach.

There are many Coloured men and women who have shewn great capabilities, and even brilliance, and it is up to us to push forward, and not give in and fall back.

I therefore strongly appeal to our leaders, teachers, ministers, to work hand in hand for our welfare through the education of our boys and girls. Real strength lies in unity and, this achieved, will lead us to success.

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# The "New Outlook" Friendship League

## LETTER TO A PEN-FRIEND OVERSEAS.

Dear Friend,

Durban is indeed a picturesque and colourful city, one of its chief attractions being the beach. One could laze for hours on the beach, watching the happy holiday-makers "letting themselves go!" Sometimes, a yacht is seen skimming across the bay. An azure blue sky, dotted with pearly-white clouds on the distant horizon, and a cool invigorating sea-breeze make it seem like an idler's dream come true.

The South African countryside also holds its enchanting loveliness, with its green-carpeted hills, velvet green meadows and flowers of thousands of colours. Here, all is quiet, save for the humming of the bees and the drone of the dragon-fly . . . . We find ourselves strolling on the bank of a little country brook. Looking into its golden depths, one is tempted to reach down to snatch the gold that lies therein! A cool breeze blowing completes the scene, making your blood tingle through your veins, giving you a feeling of fitness and making you feel as if it is grand to be alive!

This, dear friend, is only a description by a person whose intellectual powers are limited. Only an abler pen than mine could give a befitting description of beautiful South Africa.

Yours truly,

AHMED E. PARUK.

P.S. Yes, but how disillusioning it would be to tell the pen-friends of the racial prejudice that mars the beauty of an otherwise beautiful country.

But I am an optimist. May we hope that one day it will be a country where the colour question would be a thing of the past, where, as the late Sir Muhammad Iqbal said:

"Our pilgrimage will be higher than all the pilgrimages of this world,  
We will raise the pinnacles of our temple to meet the very edge of the sky,  
We will rise every morning to sing sweet hymns,  
We will dispense to all worshippers the wine of love."

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"THE NEW OUTLOOK"

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## Women's Column

By "Phoebe."

As we go to press this month we receive news from one of our largest cities in South Africa of the Municipal Elections which have just been held there.

Whether the international situation has overshadowed this important happening is not quite clear, but the deplorable fact remains that less than 40 per cent. of the electorate took the trouble to record their votes.

This, alas, casts a greater reflection upon the women of the city, as the wives and mothers are undoubtedly the power behind the throne, and in the majority of cases are able to raise enthusiasm amongst the members of the family. And this apathy is also desperately apparent further afield.

It surely makes us ashamed when we read in a speech of the Agent-General's wife "that Indian women have achieved more in the realm of politics than have their sisters in South Africa or even in England. No fewer than fifty-four women were returned to Parliament at the last election, and women are well represented in the Cabinet, in the Legislative Assembly, in Courts and in Councils."

There is such a colossal field in which women can work, but the first step towards this responsibility must be to exercise her right as a voter.

No one can forget the pioneers throughout the world whose courage and determination gave us the right to express our opinion in public life, and we must remember too that Bohemia (which forms a large part of Czecho-Slovakia) led the way in the emancipation of women.

And for those who at present have no direct vote there is the consolation that a women's influence may be felt in other ways than through the ballot-box.

Let us all strive to kill this giant called APATHY which is condemned as "neither hot nor cold" and which blights all progress. Let us decide now to cast off this indifference and take an interest in the welfare of the country.

Do not be put off by thinking that the individual will not be missed, nor make any difference to the final result.

All are needed in the game of life. "We are responsible, not only for doing, but also for leaving undone: else the servant who hid his lord's talent in the earth would have escaped condemnation."

—Archbishop Whateley

---

### CHILDREN VALUE MORE THAN HUSBANDS.

Cries of "Shame, I nearly lost my children," were heard when a bus travelling through Wiggins Road, Durban, narrowly escaped colliding with a lorry. Afterwards, a very strong argument between the passengers showed that children value more than husbands in the eyes of women.

## The Aim behind Scouting is Character-building

By JOHN REULING

It cannot be too strongly urged how important a part Scouting can play in the life of a boy. As soon as he finds himself in the Troop he subconsciously feels the strong force which is going to develop in him in a practical manner many valuable character qualities.

Responsibility, which is divided amongst the boys of the Troop, nurtures the feeling that the success of the whole depends very largely upon each member. This sense of responsibility calls forth every effort on the boy's part to work, not only for his own enjoyment, but for the good of his Troop.

As time goes on the boy is put more and more on his own, is praised and thanked, and given encouragement. In these days of psychological enlightenment, we can realise how the boy will respond to this appreciation of his efforts. "Nothing succeeds like success" is as true in the spiritual sense as in the world of materialism.

And the spirit of loyalty! If this spirit of being loyal to his Troop, of 'carrying on' in spite of set-backs and disappointments can be acquired in his impressionable years, then surely he will be, in later life, loyal to his Church, to his employer, to his country.

The third important trait which looms so large upon the Scout's horizon is that of Service—service for the sheer love of serving, with no thought of reward, except a further strengthening of character. This desire for service becomes second nature to the Scout, and in carrying out the many little, and big, jobs that come his way, the Scout realises within himself the reward of faithful service.

(Mr. John Reuling is Head Teacher, Adams Training College, and District Pathfinder-Scout Commissioner for Coast District, Natal, and, with him, we feel that the world to-day would be a better place to live in, were principles of Scouting more inherent within us.—Ed.)

### BETHESDA TEMPLE.

Bethesda Temple is well known to be Durban's International Revival centre, where the whole Bible is believed and taught. Here, night after night, during the fourth great Back to the Bible campaign and Seventh Birthday celebrations now being held, thousands of men, women and children are gathered to hear the gospel being preached by Pastor J. F. Rowlands, who, during the past seven years, has proved himself to be a very able preacher. His services are inspiring and interesting—there being a message always for the sinner, for the sorrowing and for the hungry hearted Christian.

These services have always been appreciated by all sections of the community. Bethesda Temple stands for International Worship and for The Whole Bible.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

BY BRIDGET

My dear children,

Do you know that the "New Outlook" is having its first birthday this month? For a whole year Aunt Bridget has been thinking of all the little boys and girls who read the Children's Page, and she has been wondering too what kind of stories they like best.

To-day you are going to read a little about the donkey, and I think perhaps after reading you will feel a little more kindly towards an animal which we so often think is stupid and not worth worrying about.

Did you know that thousands of years ago the donkey (or ass as he was then called) was taken great care of, and that in the Bible we are told that Abraham, who was very rich, had many asses?

The donkeys in those days were very likely large and handsome, and not the poor, miserable creature we see to-day. He is certainly the worst treated of all the animals that we have around us, and it is a pity that we imagine the donkey to be a senseless animal. He can be trained to do all sorts of tricks and is most lovable when he is well looked after.

He is very patient and will feed on the coarsest food, taking what other animals have left. About his drinking, however, he is very particular and will only touch the cleanest water.

When a donkey is kept well, he is very nice to look upon. His ears are long and his tail ends in a kind of tuft. Generally he is grey or brown, but in far-away Eastern lands he is sometimes creamy-white, and then he is ridden by very important people.

I knew of a donkey who was very clever in telling his master what he wanted. He was hired out to work in a big park. At the end of the day he was turned out into a field where there was a friendly cow.      fl

He was very happy with this gentle companion, and was very sad when one day he found she had been taken from the field. He felt lonely and made up his mind to go back to his old home.

Somehow he managed to open the gate of the field. He trotted through the park, unlatched two more gates on the way, and reached his master's cottage where he told everyone he was there by braying his loudest.

But, alas, he was soon taken back to his field where they fastened the gate very firmly.

But what did our friend the donkey do after that? Do you think he stayed there? Not a bit! That very afternoon he opened the gate again and went back to his old home.

His kind master then understood that Jacob (for that was the donkey's name) did not like to live alone. Just because he was so useful and so amiable, he was allowed to

have his friend the cow again in the field and, after that, Jacob did not try to escape again.

And now I am going to ask once more for some more stories from my little readers. Send them to me quickly and they can then go into the Christmas number of the "New Outlook."

Lots of love,

AUNT BRIDGET.

## The Making of Birds

God made Him birds in a pleasant humour;  
Tired of planets and suns was He.

He said: "I will add a glory to summer,  
Gifts for My creature banished from Me!"

He had a thought and it set Him smiling,  
Of the shape of a bird and its glancing head,  
Its dainty air and its grace beguiling:  
"I will make feathers," the Lord God said.

He made the robin: He made the swallow;  
His deft hands moulding the shape of His mood;  
The thrush and the lark, and the finch to follow,  
And laughed to see that His work was good.

He Who has given men gift of laughter—  
Made in His image; He fashioned fit  
The blink of the owl and the stork there-  
after,  
The little wren and the long-tailed tit.

He spent in the making His wit and  
fancies;  
The wing-feathers He fashioned them  
strong;  
Deft and dear as daisies and pansies  
He crowned His work with the gift of song.

"Dearlings," he said, "make songs for My  
praises!"  
He tossed them loose to the sun and wind,  
Airily sweet as pansies and daisies;  
He taught them to build a nest to their  
mind.

"The dear Lord God of His glories  
weary—  
Christ our Lord had the heart of a boy—  
Made Him birds in a moment merry,  
Bade them soar and sing for His joy."

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

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# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

## INDIAN WOMEN URGED TO CO-OPERATE

### Emancipation Fruits Now Enjoyed

The necessity for still greater co-operation was urged by Mrs. E. M. Shirley, President of the Maritzburg Indian Women's Association at a well-attended special meeting of the Association in the Indian Methodist Church Hall.

Mrs. Shirley spoke of the work that had recently received such adverse criticism and said that she was only a pawn in the organisation that had been so vitally affected. She outlined the work that had been done which had included monthly meetings, speakers, and cookery demonstrations. The welfare section, she said, had been the mouthpiece of the Indian community and also a department of social welfare and justice.

## EUROPEAN AID

It was only lately that the Indian women had begun to enjoy emancipation in small measure, and she hoped that one day they would be in a position to represent themselves as a body. But she still saw the need to have European women, who were in a for them to have a voice in proceedings position to see fair play and make it possible where necessary, at the head of the Association.

Members present expressed their faith and confidence in their organisation.

In conclusion Mrs. Shirley again urged them to co-operate wherever possible with any other organisation of men or women, so long as they were doing work which did not conflict with the aims of their own organisation, and advised them not to have any feelings against any other organisation, otherwise their children would ultimately suffer.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. R. T. Caluza, M.A., B.Sc. (Music) spent the past week-end in Maritzburg.

Dr. Moroka of Thaba Nchu, we learn, has been with friends in Durban during the week.

Nurses A. Time, A. Dlamini, and A. Gumede, all of McCord's Zulu Hospital were seen at the Methodist African Institute during the week.

Mr. E. I. S. Mdladla, Principal of Umlazi Continuation School met his brother from St. Chad's who had come down to witness Monday's match when Natal lost to the Transvaal.

The Zulu Cultural Society Executive Committee held its meeting in the Taylor School, Durban. We learn that matters of interest hitherto not released for publication, were discussed.

## GOVERNMENT NATIVE REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

### Mr. A. J. Sililo : An Appreciation.

The Advisory Boards of Natal will soon be called upon to nominate a member to represent them in the Government Native Representative Council.

Under the original Act nominations to this Council had to be backed by the signatures of 2,000 registered tax-payers, but as this has been found impracticable in Natal, the quota is now reduced to 100 only.

The name of Mr. A. J. Sililo, of the Native Welfare Department, has been unanimously put forward by the five Advisory Boards of Durban and we understand he has accepted.

Mr. Sililo is well-known in Durban. Born in Pietermaritzburg, he comes from a family of whom three brothers are Ministers of the Gospel, whilst he himself has had twenty years' teaching, including a headmastership, before taking up his present work. His other interests have lain in the region of sport; for which he has done a great deal, and also for Native Welfare Work.

To-day his position in the Native Welfare Department, under Mr. S. W. Shepstone, brings him into close touch with all phases of Bantu life, and as a member of the City Council Native Advisory Board, his handling of matters which require great tact have earned him the respect and confidence of his fellow-workers and of those whom he has been called upon to represent.

In other directions Mr. Sililo has pulled his full weight, and we feel sure that his rich experience will be of still greater service in the Native Representative Council.

[We understand that the next session of the Native Representative Council is to be held on November 24th, 1938, but the date of nominations for the Advisory Boards of Natal is not yet to hand.—Ed.]

## DANSEKRAAL CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

The Ladysmith Town Council, in response to request from the Dansekraal Centenary and Voortrekker Committee, agreed to assist the celebration as follows:

The granting of the Town Hall on December 5 and 6 at the usual fees. The use and control of the Oval, free of charge, subject to no fire being made on the turfed portion and that the wagons be placed on the running track.

That the Town Clerk make the necessary arrangements for data in connection with an article on Ladysmith, which will be broadcast on arrival of waggons.

In view of the national nature of the trek the Council authorised the payment of £10/10/0 to the Dansekraal Centenary Committee.

## Coloured Social News

The Universal Men's Club gave a very jolly Cabaret Dance at their Club Hall, on September 17th, where many spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. Asher and Councillor Fyfe spoke most appreciatively of the efforts of those who were responsible for bringing the Club into being, and prophesied that, with hard work and unity of purpose, they might make the Club one of the best run clubs in South Africa.

A Dance, in aid of the St. Raphael's Building Fund, and organised by Messrs. Grant and Appelgress, was held in St. John's Hall on September 23rd, when an amount of £2/14 4 was realised, and later handed over to Rev. W. E. Robinson.

On Thursday, September 29th, at St. Raphael's Hall, Durban, Councillor Mrs. Burnside gave an interesting talk on Social Welfare Work to members of the English Church Men's Society, and also of the Mothers' Union.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances the proposed visit from the Rand of 50 Coloured children on a health trip to Durban, has been postponed until Easter, 1939.

The Coloured people of Durban wish to record their sincere gratitude and to pay a tribute to the late Mr. E. A. Cappelli for his generous gifts to their various institutions.

Might that is void of right falls by its own strength.—Horace.

During the last month a splendid opening to Coloured girls has been made at Addington Hospital, where four girls, desirous of taking up nursing, have been accepted as orderlies under excellent conditions. As there is no accommodation at the hospital, the Coloured Women's Hostel in Adrain Road has been placed at their disposal.

Many more girls from up-country answered the application, and it is to be hoped that more vacancies will occur to absorb these girls who are idle only because so little work is offering.



MRS. MARIE DUBE

the well-known singer who has recently opened a Music Studio at the African Methodist Institute, Grey Street, Durban.

[Owing to an error the photograph of Mrs. John Dube with Mrs. Marie Dube's name was inserted in our last month's issue. We regret this exceedingly and offer our sincere apologies.—Ed.]

### FEAR CAUSES RELIEF.

A Native in Durban went to the dentist in order to have his tooth extracted, but when he heard one of the patients screaming, his tooth ceased aching, and since that day has troubled him no more.

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## Bantu Social News

The engagement has been announced between Miss Ngozwana, B.A. (formerly on the staff of Adam's College) and a student from Uganda who is completing his studies at Fort Hare.

The Adam's College School of Music is already taking shape and is likely to be on the way to completion by the end of the year.

A very successful concert was recently given under the auspices of the Adam's College Literary Society. Among the artists who gave their services may be mentioned Mr. J. A. Reuling, Miss Beal, Mr. Mpumulwane, Mrs. Marie Dube, all of whom were received with great applause.

It is hoped that the Revd. Tantsi of Pretoria who is in Durban on a health visit will benefit greatly by the change.

# Sporting News

## Soccer at Tongaat.

The weather was ideal when the Hill View Rangers of Tongaat and the Manor Royals of Durban took the field for a friendly match before a large crowd at the Tongaat football ground on Sunday, 2nd October, 1938.

## Curtain Raisers.

The Curtain Raisers were the Hill View's B team and the visitors' B team. Some fast and exciting football was played by both the teams. After a long struggle the Hill View emerged winners by two goals to nil.

## Main Match.

This match was played between the Hill View A team and the Manor Royals A team. From the kick-off the pace was terrific and both teams played inspiring football. The forwards of the home team combined beautifully and swept towards the Manor Royals goal and netted the first goal.

Great excitement prevailed as the ball, sweeping from one wing to the other, gave the Hill View the advantage with this turn of the game. The Manor Royals played a splendid game in the closing fifteen minutes but the home team pressed till the last whistle, scoring the last goal in the last minute of the game.

The match thus ended with a win for the Hill View Rangers by seven goals to nil. The Hill View team will play the last soccer match against the Riverside football club on Sunday, the 16th October, 1938.

The Annual Meeting of the Harden Heights Tennis Club was held recently at the Indian School Hall. The following officers were elected for the following year: President, Mr. J. F. Forsyth Thompson (re-elected for the 4th year); Hon. Sec., A. T. S. David (re-elected for the 4th year); Hon. Treas., D. Ramden (re-elected for the 2nd year); Captain, B. Gerrib (re-elected for the 2nd year); Vice-Captain, D. Ramden (re-elected for the 2nd year); Committee, The Officials and Sachida; Court Committee, A. T. S. David, Davie Ramdun and G. Bajoo.

The results of the season's tournament were as follows:—

Doubles: B. Gerrib and Jagassar beat Jhagroo and Kannalall.

Singles: Kannalall Parsidie beat A. T. S. David.

At the conclusion of the meeting the President presented prizes to the winners and also paid a tribute to the good service rendered by the Hon. Secretary (A. T. S. David) to whom the club was pleased to present a beautiful clock.

## INDO-EUROPEAN BILLIARDS

A team of five representing the Y.M.C.A. played the Muslim Institute's billiards team,

the Institute winning by 26 points.

Mr. E. H. Ismail, the president of the Institute welcomed the team and said this was the first occasion such a match was played in Natal and announced that on October 21 a table tennis match will be played between the Institute's team and the Y.M.C.A.

## BANTU SPORTING NEWS

### SOCCER

The Transvaal — Natal match for the Moroko-Baloyi Cup (formerly the Baker's Cup) has been played—Natal being severely trounced to the tune of 4 goals to nil.

The Natal team was very aggressive during the first 35 minutes of the game and were distinctly on top. During this stage the Transvaal defence proved too good for Natal, spelt danger to the Natal goal. About ten and also whenever their forwards broke away minutes before half-time a little misunderstanding between the Natal backs gave Transvaal their first goal. After the interval another goal was added and then the Natal team went to pieces, two more goals being scored against them, greatly to the disappointment of the huge crowd that was present. The sporting spirit of the Durban crowd was, however, very noticeable and was commented upon by many visitors who were present.

### LOCAL GAMES

The Zebras of Ohlange Institute travelled to Maritzburg to play the Standards for the final of the Dean's Shield and lost in a very high scoring game by 5 goals to 4.

The Olympic (Mangotobana) beat the Good Hopes of Mount Edgecombe by 2 goals to nil in the final of the Bushbucks Cup.

The Shooting Stars were knocked out last Saturday by the Olympic in the semi-final by two goals to nil.

Sportsmen, past and present, extended sympathy to the Rainbows Football Club in their loss by the death of Alexander Kekana, represented Natal in its prime days and the better known as Deena. The late Kekana Rainbows had to scratch their match at the last minute on this account.

The Secretary of the South African Bantu Board, Mr. Hulley Plaatje is on a brief visit to Durban. He is the son of the great Bantu leader the late Mr. S. T. Plaatje of Kimberley.

### TO ALL SECRETARIES OF SPORTS CLUBS

Please send your Sports News regularly to  
The Sports Editor,  
P.O. Box 2076,  
Durban.

### SPORTS FACILITIES FOR THE COLOURED IN DURBAN

Sir,

Having long had association with sport in our community I make bold to say that very few (even amongst those who work for our welfare) realise the impossible conditions under which we endeavour to 'carry on.' Let me begin first with the schools. The European child has every facility for sport of every kind with a sportsmaster in charge supplied by the Education Department, whereas the Coloured child finds to his dismay that no provision is made to help him in his early days to know the first meaning of the word sport. When he is ready to join the army of wage-earners, the tragedy becomes apparent. He is not interested in sport for obvious reasons, and work for the Coloured being almost unobtainable he passes his days loitering in the streets and gambling his youth away. The constant cry goes up from those who know less than nothing about the circumstances that the Coloured people in general have no backbone, forgetting that they, our guardians, have failed in their trust and have not brought out the best in us at a time when character should have been moulded, and unforgettable lessons taught of how to play the great game of life. And that brings me to the question of senior sports. It is true that the City Council handed us over a piece of ground at Stamford Hill, but with such impossible restrictions that it is a moot point as to whether it is worth while to make improvements on a ground which may have to be handed back at the pleasure of any future Council that sees fit to demand it!

But in spite of all the set-backs, cricket and football are still going strong, although tennis fixtures have to be played on private grounds owing to there being no provision for tennis courts at the sports ground.

I hope through the medium of the "New Outlook" this appeal will catch the eye of those in authority, so that, when our application is made in the near future, we may be sympathetically received.

E. J. MONTGOMERY

### 3-4-1 SCRUM PRAISED

#### English Must Copy It

The British rugby team which recently toured South Africa and Rhodesia have arrived home. In an interview with Reuter Sam Walker, the captain, said that everyone in South Africa was very keen on rugby; in fact it was almost a religion to them.

Walker praised the South African forwards and said they were big and fast and handled the ball like three-quarters. He admitted that the tourists were forced to copy the South African 3-4-1 formation in order to win the scrums.

"It is obvious that more thought will have to be paid to this formation in British rugby," he added.

Walker went on to say that the tour was a very happy and successful one. "We did

quite well in the circumstances though we were rather handicapped by injuries."

Clement, one of the wings, possibly will not play rugby for some time owing to cartilage trouble.

[To all Coloured Sportsmen! Please send in your Sports News as early as possible each month for insertion in the current issue.—Ed.]

### COLOURED SPORTS

**Mr. A. Brooks.** Over four years ago this keen cyclist began his cycling career whilst still a boy at school, and in the following year carried off a small trophy for winning a five-mile race in Pietermaritzburg.

From then onwards he forged ahead, winning most of the cycle races for which he entered. He was also instrumental in forming a cycling club, under whose auspices the recent 25-mile race was staged in Durban on Monday, October 3rd, and which was again won by this intrepid cyclist, who improved his former time by three minutes and a few seconds.

It now remains for him to continue his successes for the next two years and thus become the proud possessor of the trophy.

### INDIANS PLAY COLOURED AT MAYVILLE.

A very large crowd witnessed two fine matches at the Indian Sports Ground, Mayville, on the 11th September, 1938.

The teams representing the Mayville District Indian Football Association played representative teams of the Durban Coloured Football Association. The "B" division match resulted in a win by 4-3 for the Indians. The referee was Mr. A. K. Hayath.

The "A" division played later in the afternoon resulting in a draw, the score being 1-1. The referee was Mr. K. M. Govender.

Both teams played good soccer and kept the spectators excited throughout both the matches.

The Coloured teams were the guests of the Mayville District Indian Football Association after the matches when about 75 players and members of both Associations partook of light refreshment.

Speeches were made by the Presidents, Captains and Managers of both Associations, and it is anticipated that a return match will take place.

### INDIAN SCHOOLS CELEBRATE

Many hundreds of children and their parents were at the Carlisle Street Indian school grounds for the annual gala and five-a-side soccer tournament organised by the Durban and District Schools Association.

The five-a-side soccer was won by the Depot Road Indian School in A & B Division, while Stella Hill won in the C Division.

In presenting the prizes after a fancy dress parade, Dr. Beryl Peters, of Maritzburg, in a short speech, thanked the children and the parents for an enjoyable day.

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