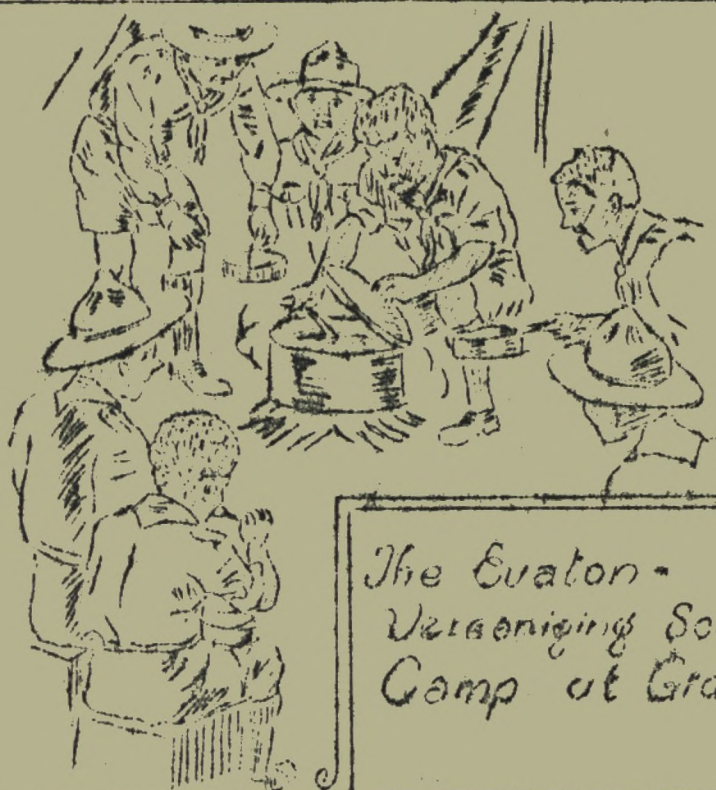




A Tenderfoot in Zululand. (Story Page 5)

We
 wish
 our
 Readers
 a very
 Happy
 Easter.



The Evaton -
 Vereeniging Scouts
 Camp at Grasmeers

The
 Story
 of the
 Camp
 will
 appear
 in the
 next
 Issue -
 says
 Beulah
 Stephen
 Copano.

Vol. 2

No. 2.

THE Pathfinder Scout Gazette.

The Official Organ of the

Pathfinder Boy Scouts Association

TRANSVAAL - DIVISION. P.O. BOX 8356 JOHANNESBURG.

JOINT EDITORS : ASST. DIST. P/S COM. N.S. MOKGAKO

P/C/M REVD. FR. V. JENKINS, C.R.,

ART EDITOR: Atg. D/P/S/M SOL. N. MAQAMBALALA.



The Editor's Chat

B. M. J. B.

Staff Street Apt.
P.O. Box 8356,
Johannesburg.

Dear Scouts & Scouters,

Well, here we are again with our latest issue of the Gazette in the New Year. The Editorial staff is sad to announce that, it had to work very hard to try and keep up the Standard of the Gazette, though it is without one Joint Editor viz Mr. N.S. Mokgako.

One thing I would like Scouts and Scouters to know is this, that you have learnt all the intricacies of producing this Gazette from Mr. Hopkin-Jenkins. So, Fr. V. Jenkins and I are not at all versed in that art.

I might be wrong in including Fr. Jenkins in the list of the ignorant as he is "The Chip of the Old-block" judging from his surname. The Association is very fortunate in having the "Jenkins Family" to work on its Gazette.

Wish Mr. Mokgako a speedy recovery from his illness. So, I wish Scouts to remember him in their prayers.

Our message to all our Readers is this:- "We wish you all good Scouting in the New Year and "F O R W A R D " be the watchword of every Scout"

"We.....ve do.....o.....o.....no o--o--u--r

Best!!!! Yours in the Brotherhood

Sol. Maqambalala.

)))-----THE MENDI MEMORIAL SERVICE, 20TH FEBRUARY, 1944.-----

The Memorial Service was held under the auspices of the Committee of the Mendi Memorial Scholarship fund last on Sunday 20th, February, 1944 at the Bantu Sports Ground, at 2 p.m. The Service was very largely attended by sections of the Non-European community.

The unusual presence of a very large number of Pathfinder Scouts and Wayfarer Guides was noticeable. These were 70 Scouts and two Officers from the Alexandra Township district, 58 Scouts and three officers from the 1st Sophiatown Group and most surprising 92 Scouts and one Officer from the 1st Brakpan Troop. I would also like to add that about 20 Wayfarers from the Helping Hand Club took part on the march past. The following Officers were present:- D/P/S/M, M.S. Tetwayo, G. Ngamane, Sgt. Alexandra Messrs H.E. Dlamlenzo, D. Poore and Mafole of the 1st Sophiatown Group and E. Maseko who was in charge of the 1st Brakpan Troop, and also the Assistant Divisional Secretary, Mr. J.G. McIselle.

The proceedings were opened by the singing of a Hymn (Liza Lise Idinga Laku) led by the W.N.L.A. Band under Capt. Barwood the rendering which brought tears to many of our people.

The afternoon was honoured by the presence of the Mayor of Johannesburg Major Jenner, Chairman of the Mendi Memorial Scholarship Committee and other Military Officials who accompanied the Mayor of Johannesburg during the inspection to the Pathfinder Scouts. (Continued on Page 13)

From the Divisional to the Division.

OUR ORGANISERS: All Pathfinder Scouts and Scouters will be sorry to know that Mr. Mokgako has been ordered a long and complete rest from all his many duties, and I know that I am speaking for you all when I wish him a speedy and full recovery. He and Mr. Marivate have made themselves indispensable to our Movement in the Transvaal and it is difficult now for us to understand how we ever got on at all without them. Few people realise what great distances they travel and what hardships they are sometimes called upon to face in order to carry out their visits to various parts of the Division in fulfilment of their many engagements. It would really help them if they were told in good time where they were likely to be needed, for they could then arrange their programmes so that they did not have to travel over the same ground many times when one or two occasions would have been sufficient. When I was in Bloemfontein recently I heard with pleasure how greatly Mr. Marivate's work at a Training Course there last year had been appreciated and the proof that this was no idle flattery was evident in the request for a return visit from him this year.

"SILENT" SCOUTERS. In my last letter I referred to Scouters who did not answer communications from Divisional H.Q.. I think we have now heard from all of them, and each one assures us that so far as is humanly possible the work is still going on in his district. One realises, of course that with the difficulties of transport, especially with regard to petrol and tyres, frequent visits to troops are not possible and one has to fall back upon postal communication - a very poor second best, but it is good to know that in so many parts of the Division the still forges ahead in spite of war-time difficulties. WHEN the war is over and things become more normal we must try to arrange a huge "Get Together" like that we had at Kilnerton some years ago. Until then, it is up to each of us to keep going under his own power and to show of what stuff he is made.

"GILWELL" Although the land we hope to acquire for our African permanent Training Camp has not yet been bought, things are progressing favourably and the Divisional Secretary and I paid another visit to it about a month ago and found that there is a good bore-hole on the site and that there are other advantages from the camping point of view. "The matter is receiving attention" as we are so often told by Government officials, and I hope that before long I shall be able to say that the land is really ours. The fact that the present owner is serving in the forces "up North" does rather delay matters but we are in touch with him through his legal advisers.

FATHER MAUND C.F. has for some months been a Prisoner of War in Germany. The last news of him (Received from a friend in England) was sent about the beginning of February and stated that he was "quite fit and well". On all sides I have been told of the excellent work he has done and is still doing and there is no doubt that he well deserved his "Mention in Despatches" for services rendered before his capture at Tobruk. His address is:

Capt. the Revd. Maund John A.A.
Gefangenenummer: 3129/33
Lager-Bezeichnung: Kriegsgef-Offizier lager V.A.
Deutschland (Allemagne).

MR. SHEARSMITH. well remembered by many of us as a very efficient Divisional and H.Q. Secretary, and also as the man responsible for bringing our present Divisional Secretary into the Movement, has now recovered from his injuries sustained in North Africa and it does not seem likely that he will go up North again. He is engaged on important office work in the Accounts Department of the Union Defence Forces in Pretoria. He is able to spend most of his week-ends at his home in Springs, and so doubtless he has been seen by many of his old friends.

A PATHFINDER'S WAR EXPERIENCES. Recently I received the following letter from Giddiman Mdintsi who was a member of the original first Pathfinder Troop at Pietersburg in 1922. I think that it is worth quoting here:

"I have just returned from Egypt up North on Active Service. I am so glad that I have seen those places of which you had preached about in services at Grace Dieu. I have seen the Pyramids, Sphinx, the Church of Pharaoh, the old ruins of Jerusalem, the Red Sea, River Nile, etc. I was such an interesting thing to view and also to gain some knowledge of them. We were also shown the River Jordan and the spot where Jesus Christ was baptised. I have also seen how the Egyptian people worship the Almighty, and we have been to Cairo, Alexandria, Tobruk and Alamein, etc. I hope you may still remember when Tobruk was captured by Gerries, when 500,000 of our men gave in and were taken prisoners. I was one of the victims. You would be very interested to know of my escape. It was midnight I and four of my friends made a dashing escape. We had a good distance before we could get to our unit. The whole journey was done in four days without food, but we had just to keep the little bit of water we had in our cans. As we travelled on we were very fortunate by being conveyed by a lorry which was also escaping from the Gerries. When we got to our unit we were as weak as a newly-born baby. Anyhow, we were welcomed by the Officers. We then started the push of Alamein with the 8th Army after we had had a couple of days' rest. So I took up to front line again, and we continued repulsing the Gerries and we took Tobruk over to us again. I got wounded just on my hips where the splints of a bomb shell knocked me and pushed the left side of my joints out of place, and splints of the shells went into my flesh causing me to be paralytic. I am now just a few months in South Africa. I was due back in March, 1943. I have greatly improved and I am no more paralytic, and I am just as any normal person, so I am being discharged from the Army after a service of three years. I'll be leaving next week for home."

We shall all rejoice to know that he has recovered from his wounds and hope that he will be able to settle down to some useful and regular employment after his adventurous three years in the Army. It is to such people as he that we look for our Officers after the war. Their experiences should make them useful and capable Scouters, so be on the look out for ex-servicemen who have been honourably discharged and try to get them into the Movement as soon as possible - if not before!

OUR CENSUS: It is possible that the results of this are being published elsewhere in the GAZETTE, but I should like to say that it is encouraging to note that in spite of present difficulties we are able once more to record notable increases in our members. We now have a total membership of 6191 as compared with 5430 in 1942 and 4348 in 1941. The number of officers is higher than it has been for at least six years - that is all to the good. We must see to it that our quality improves with our quantity, so all of you go ahead and D. Y... B... !

Good wishes to you all !

Your old friend,

THE DIVISIONAL.

H E A D Q U A R T E R S

N O T I C E S.

IMPORTANT: SHOP HOURS:

For the convenience of our Customers the office will remain open daily from 1 p.m. - 4.30 p.m. Weekdays and 9.30 A.M. TO 1 P.M. Saturdays. Officers and Scouts please note this and make your calls within these hours.

GOODS IN STOCK AND GOODS UNOBTAINABLE:

Scouts are advised that we still have plenty of the following articles in stock:- Cloth badges, Bolts, Books, Khaki shorts, Whistles and shoulder knots. We cannot always supply the shoulder knots in the correct colour and it would be appreciated if a second colour was mentioned when ordering, in case the knots of the right colour are out of stock.

We are at present short of hats, Shirts, Hat badges and Lanyards. Officers are asked to make their own Patrol and Troop Roll Books, using ordinary exercise books.

J.G. MODISELLE.

To
Scouters and Scouts of 1st
Sophiatown, Johannesburg.

Superintendent's Office,
Eastern Native Township,
Johannesburg.

I wish to thank you all for the help given on Saturday March 4th, 1944 on the occasion of the Army Native Sports held at the Wanderers Grounds, Johannesburg. The Military authorities have asked me to say how much they appreciated the services rendered by the Pathfinders. Mr. Ramus also thanks you for the help given to him on the same occasion. I trust you all enjoyed yourselves and appreciated the kindness given to you by the provision of refreshments from Mr. Ramus. I ask P/S/M H.H. Dlamlonze of the 1st Sophiatown group to accept the sum of a guinea to be placed to his troop's fund.

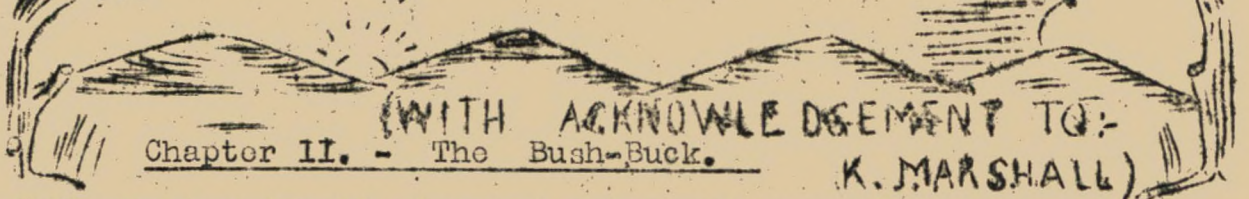
Good Scouting--

Again thanking you,

Yours fraternally

W.E. BARBER.

A Tenderfoot in Zululand.



Obit crept under his leopard skins and was asleep in no time. He dreamed he was hunting in the bush with Fagazi who had turned into a black leopard. He repeatedly frightened animals just as they had crept close enough for Fagazi to spring, and he could by the way Fagazi twitched his whiskers and snarled that he was getting wild. They stalked a buck for a long way and Obit was certain he had not made a sound. Fagazi gathered his leopard body for a leap, when the buck looked straight at Obit and bounded away. Fagazi snarled with rage and placed one of his paws on Obit's arm, saying: "Why can't you grow spots like a wild cat!" Then Obit woke up to find Fagazi shaking his arm. "Vuka!" he was saying. "Everything is ready and the morning star is climbing."

It was slightly chilly so Obit sat by a small fire and drank coffee. Fagazi squatted by him.

"Child" he said in a voice that was scarcely more than a murmur, for it was nearly the silent time of dawn. "Child, I can bring you to the buffalo. They are very wicked, but my gun is good and I am wise. If we go after them you must obey my smallest word and not listen to the ill advice of fear. It is good!"

"It is good" said Obit.

It was dawn when they walked in single file down to a river called the Bogamuzi. Fagazi was in the lead, then came Obit followed by Fagazi's son. The river was only a collection of small streams running, with a musical sound, in channels worn in a rock bed, and a few big pools shone silver in the cold light and gave off white mist. A togwane sat by one of the pools and Obit saw Fagazi smile because it was a sign that promised a good day's hunting. They jumped the streams and entered the bush on the other side by a narrow path. Fagazi pointed to the ground with his assegai and Obit saw that it was intended with the hoof-marks of many buck. The light was very dim under the thick bush, but when Fagazi again stopped and pointed to the ground the sky was turning from grey to yellow and Obit was able to examine a little pile of dry sand just behind a clearly cut hoof-mark that had been turned up onto the dewy ground as the buck lifted its foot. Obit remembered that the dew had only started to fall when they came to the river, so he knew the buck must have passed there within the last few minutes. He looked up to see Fagazi scrutinizing his face with a pleased smile as if he had read in it that Obit had understood. A few paces further on, where the ground was too hard to take prints, Fagazi halted and pointed first to a light branch that grew low down across the entrance to a narrow track, then to the bushes on either side of it. Obit examined them closely and found that Fagazi's sharp eyes had noticed that the bushes were covered with dew drops, but that one branch had none, so it must have been shaken by the buck as it brushed past into the small track.

Obit watched Fagazi's feet as he silently led the way along the track, and noticed he only stepped on hard ground or live plants, avoiding dead sticks which would crackle, and tried to do the same thing himself.

When they came to a clearing Fagazi signed to his son to
-remain.....

remain where he was, and led Obit to a big bush round which they crawled on hands and knees. Obit made a twig snap and Fagazi's hand shot out, pushed his face to the ground and held him there for a few seconds. Then they wriggled on elbows and toes until they came in line with another bush that they were able to walk up to in a crouching position. So they worked their way from bush to bush. As they crept to the edge of the fifth one Fagazi gripped Obit's arm and pointed throught it, and then gently pushed him flat on the ground.

Obit saw Fagazi's muscles twitch under his skin as his right arm came back with his assegai ready. With one quick movement Fagazi was towering above him and the assegai was gone. They ran round the bush and, only five paces away, found a fine bush-buck ram lying on his side with legs twitching and an assegai through his heart.

News from Western Transvaal.
FAREWELL Camp-Fire. ASST. D/P/S/C. REV. DR. RAKALE

The evening of January 29th. this year was a special occasion for the 1st Wolmaranstad and Bloemhof troops at Bloemhof. Once more, after many months of hard toil we held our on this day. It is difficult, if not impossible, to put down the details of this camp fire within the compass of a single page.

The spirit of Scouting showed by the Scouts this evening was a striking feature of the occasion. The Scouts rendered a large variety of items. Several of these items were entirely new and original and, in consequence, succeeded in sustaining the interest of a big audience of the staff and Girl Guides. Our Girl Guides showed great keenness and zeal when they took part in the Scouts' songs, and Yells. Nevertheless, it was no less interesting to listen to the Guides stories and their song;

"I am yours and your are mine" which they performed with any amount of vigour and vein.

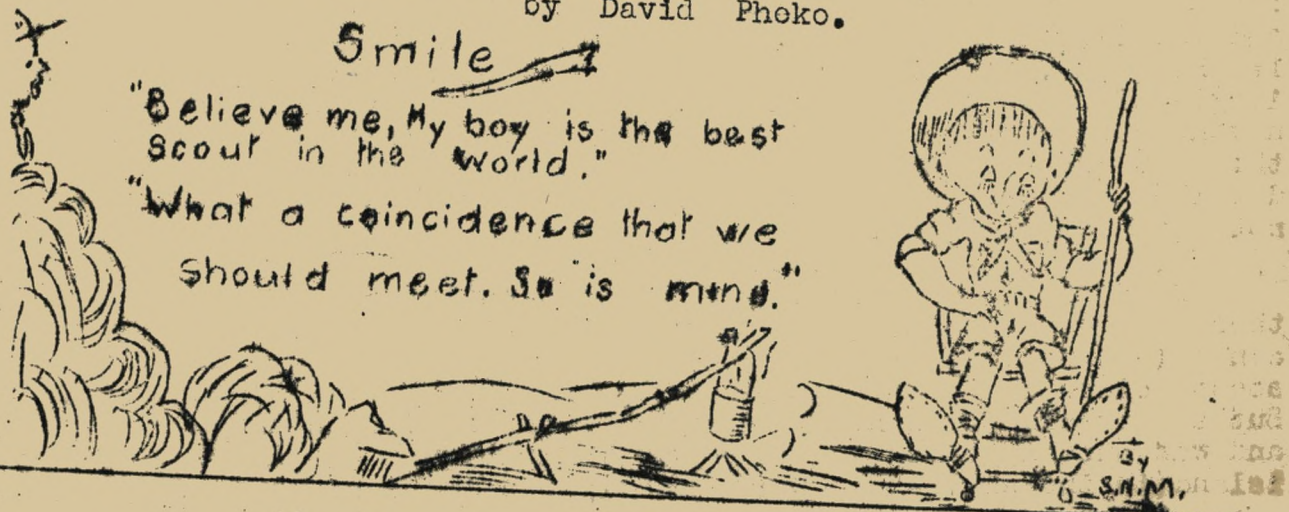
When the Camp Fire closed the A/D/P/S/C, "Rakale" made a short but thought-provoking speech, inspiring the Scouts and Guides with the spirit of ambition and service. He expressed his hope that the Scouts and Guides who are remaining would keep on. A song was sung by the Scoutmaster of Wolmaranstad; "FORWARD is the motto of the Movement," and "UPWARD is the motto of the Movement." And it was sung by all the troops. This was replied to by Scouts and Guides with a volume of "Y I S A K A, Y I S A K A, Y I S A K A, Y I S A K A"

by David Phoko.

Smile

"Believe me, My boy is the best Scout in the world."

"What a coincidence that we should meet. So is mine."



Report from Rev D.F. Sibeko, D/P/S/C.

First of all I wish to tender my apology to the Council for sending this report so late. Our annual District Rally was held at Wolmaranstad on the 20th November. There were 296 Pathfinder Scouts and Cubs and 16 officers present representing the following troops:- 1st and 2nd Potchefstroom, 1st Klerksdorp, 1st Leeuwdoornstad, 1st Wolmaranstad, 1st Bloemhof, 1st Schweizer Reneke and 14 Recruits from Christiana where my assistant Revd. Rakale hopes to start a new troop but cannot get an officer to take charge though the boys are very keen. The following acted as judges:-

Revd. D.F. Sibeko D/P/S/C
 " D.K. Rakale A/D/P/S/C
 Messrs A.B. Manamela D/P/S/M
 E Ralise

The troops were really smart and keen I wished that one of the Reef D/P/S/Cs were present. The final results were 1. 2nd Potchefstroom

1. 2nd Potchefstroom	35.17	marks
2. 1st Wolmaranstad	26.93	"
3. 1st Leeuwdoornstad	26	"
4. 1st Bloemhof	22.5	"
5. 1st Klerksdorp	6.81	"
6) 1st Potchefstroom	5.5	"
) 1st Schweizer Reneke)		

I regret to report that my A/D/P/S/C Revd. D. Rakale has been transferred to Benoni, he has really done good work, we shall lose him but Benoni will gain. In his place I wish to appoint Mr. Ernest Ralise of Wolmaranstad who has also done really good work for the movement in those parts. I do hope that the Council will accept my nominee. I am sorry I cannot be present myself to show the Council how thankful I am for the work by Revd. Rakale and in fact the support I am receiving from my Officers with a few exceptions. With all good wishes.

Yours in the service,

D.F. Sibeko.
 D/P/S/C.

RE-VISIT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

For my visit this year I was allowed to return to the place that gave me my first love of Africa - the Mission of St. Augustine, Penhalonga, Southern Rhodesia. But this time I travelled thither by a route. Instead of going by Mafeking and Bulawayo, I went first to Beitbridge, and thence by Railway "Bus to Fort Victoria and Untali. This was a new experience, and on the whole a refreshing one. It gave one a glimpse of real Bush-veldt, and one's imagination ran like wildfire over what must have been the adventures, fears, hopes and struggles of the first pioneers in this country - of whatever race. Space will not permit any detailed account of my journey up. Let me record just a few notes and impressions.

.....
 Discomforts of rail-travel are not entirely confined to those who wear a skin other than white. A confirmed drunkard can be (and was) as great a bore in a European as in a non-ditto second class compartment, especially when it is full to capacity. But a dear old Afrikaner corporal who has served in three wars, and was once a prisoner - of - war in British hands in S. Helena Island (in the Anglo-Boer war) greatly eased the situation.

The lovely drop from high to low veld between Louis Trichardt and Messina. The strange baobab trees like fat insects dotting the veldt. Messina itself a dusty, dry place like something that's somehow gone wrong. But the Hotel provided me with a refreshing cup of tea. I nearly missed the train; but the guard got the driver to whistle me back. He must have been a Scout!

I am, I hope by now, a loyal South African, but I can't deny it was not an unpleasant thing to drop (over the Limpopo) into what seemed a bit of England. Plain Union Jack and so forth.

S. Rhodesian Buses an improvement, I think, of Union ditto. The "Cage" at the back less like a cage and more comfortable for the 3rd class passengers. Very nice driver. An elderly Seventh Day Adventist. His religious beliefs did not debar him from an evident appreciation of Detective Stories, and as we ran along he held the wheel with one hand and the thriller with the other, keeping his right eye on the road, his left on the book. My fellow-passenger, a middle-aged lady, was rather scared, but I knew by instinct that the driver knew his job.

The miles and miles of bush "ever changing yet ever the same" like the seasons of the year. Optical illusions of home-steads here, and there. A glory all its own.

Lunch at Lundi Bridge with the river in its fine setting of rugged rocks. First reminder of the Rhodesia I know and love.

Fort Victoria, reached after dark. Dull, dull - somehow, and I had to spend two days there. FORT VICTORIA TO UMTALI some 290 Miles..... The Birchenough Bridge (2.30 p.m.) quite a marvel of engineering, its huge single span of silver-painted girders reminding me somehow of the old Crystal Palace in London. The University-educated hotel-proprietor, very English, keeps a private zoo and seemed, to me very strongly to resemble one of the furry inhabitants thereof. So, over the Rhodesian Sabi river, into real home-land.. the Chipinga-Melsetter-Umtali country glorified by Kingsley Fairbridge in his "Autobiography". At Hot Springs, fifty miles from Umtali, I was forced - willy-nilly (of course "willy") to do my good deed for the day (or had I already done it?) in this wise. Two positively dear old ladies clambered into the already crowded bus. So I travelled the last stage of the journey literally sitting on the engine. It was far more comfortable than might be supposed and the glow of doing one's good turn surpassed the heat of the engine. So into Umtali, again after dark and only an hour behind time. Here I was met by "Tom" my old friend the Mission Shauffeur..... as cheerful, and placid and careful a driver as ever. But I wish it hadn't been dark. For I could not enjoy the glory of the "North South view at the top of the Christmas Pass, nor the first glimpse of Mutasa's Mountain and the nearby Rock of Execution, nor even "S. Augustine" himself seated as a Bishop in his throne upon the rocks that overlook the Mission and have been given his name.

.....
 What of that re-visit? It was lovely to see how the Mission has grown during the past few years... the glorious church, built by Fr. Baker and the School boys - a very cathedral of a place.. the fine new class rooms and secondary School Buildings - so much new, but still enough of the old to waken fragrant memories of days that are passed. Best of all - two things I found, and these must have a paragraph each. First, 1, 2, 3, and 4 - 5 at least - five boys and five girls - all of whom I knew, loved and tried to teach "in these days" who were co-scholars then of the Mission and are now married and happily settled down in good jobs on the very Mission itself. What could be happier than this? Only perhaps what now follows. Secondly, down at St. Monica's (the Womens part of the Mission) a little Company of African Women - two middle aged and five young. Five of them natives of Rhodesia and the other two, what? Union natives from Sophiatown! what are these seven women doing there? (Continued on Page 11)

Why the woodpecker has a long beak



Once upon a time a long while ago, there lived an old woman who had a very long nose which she was always putting into everybody's pots and pans and kettles as she sifted around. She was very inquisitive about everything

whether it was her business or not. She was always making trouble between her neighbours because she was such gossip and tale bearer. A good and kind wizard who had been watching her decided that he would teach her a lesson. He took a big sack and he filled it with ants and beetles and many kinds of small insects, then he came it to the old woman.

"Now", said the Wizard "take this sack and carry it to my home, but don't whatever you do, open it and look inside. If you do, you will find more than you bargain for and it will bring you no end of trouble!"

"Good gracious!" said the old woman, "I should never think of doing such a thing I promise you. I will be very careful."

The old woman then started off with the sack, but as she was going along the path she kept wondering what was inside the sack at last she could bear it no longer, so she sat down by the side of the path and opened it carefully.

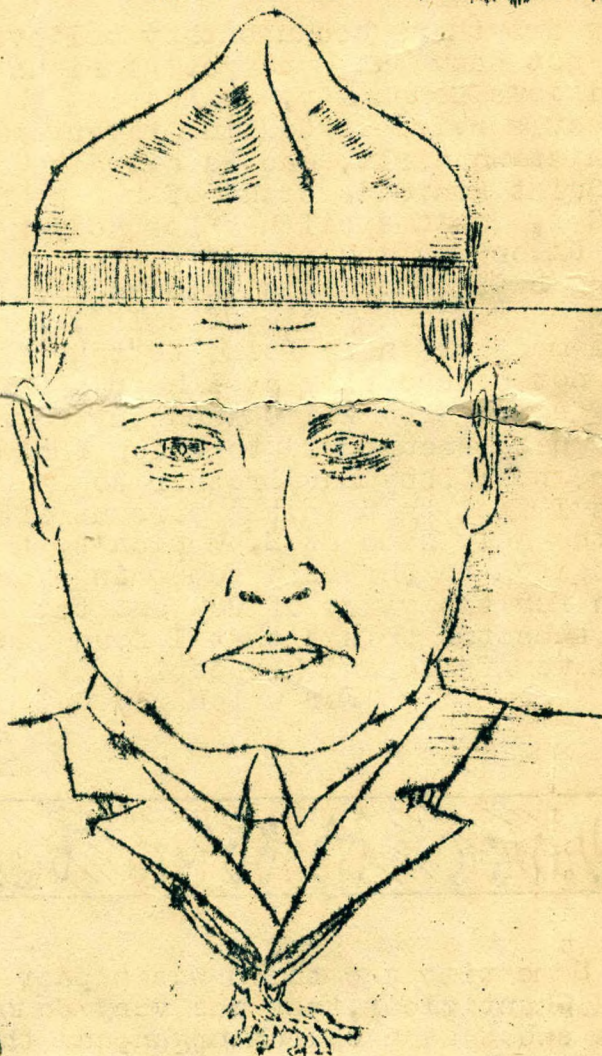
Of course all the ants and beetles and other insects were glad to see the open sky again, they immediately swarmed and scrambled out of the sack and made off as fast as they could go into the grass and up the trees, some hid in the ground but all ran and ran and ran.

When the old woman so this she was very frightened indeed. She tried to catch the ants and the beetles and the other small insects and put them back into the sack, but they would not wait to be picked up. Instead they scurried along the ground, among the grass, up trees and they ran and ran and ran, the old woman was only able to catch a few. Now the good Wizard had been watching all the time, and when the old woman was quite out of breath with running about and half dead with tiredness, he came along and said, "Humph! is this the way you keep your promise? Where are all the ants and beetles and other small insects I gave you to carry for me? you are a very bad old woman

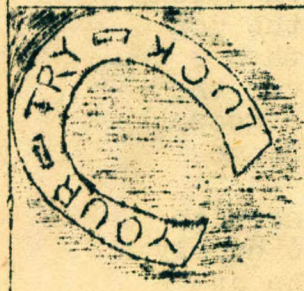
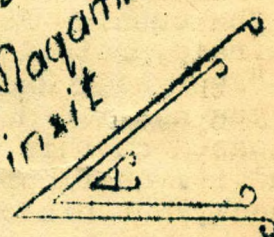
and not fit to live. From now on you shall be a bird, and a bird you shall stay until you've picked up all the ants and beetles and the rest that I gave you to carry, and the sack is full again. So the bird we knew as the Woodpecker came to be. The long beak is the nose of the old woman. The bird hurries about busily hunting for ants, beetles, and other small insects, and hopes that some day she will have recovered enough of them to fill the sack again so that she may be changed into an old woman once more.



"Do you know Competition?"



Boetah !!!
Solly Magambalala,
Pinnit



FINAL SERIES OF THE

" DO YOU KNOW COMPETITIONS "

Please send your guesses to the Editors
State your name and your address when you
send in your guess.



They are there because they believe God has called them to live the not easy but hard yet glorious life of Sisters, Nuns in a Religious Community, dedicating their whole time and life to the direct service of God in prayer and consecrated work. Of the two Sophiatown girls, one is a trained teacher, and the European Sisters of Saint Monica's spoke of her so highly that I almost said: "O God, don't spoil her for heaven's sake!" In my day at St Augustine's the Union was invariably spoken of as "The Place whence cometh every-thing Bad, Immoral and Diseased"! I always took that expression of opinion "with a grain of salt", for it has ever been my habit, as with most ordinary folk, to "take things and people as I find them" and not necessarily as I hear about them. But that opinion has long since been killed and buried at the Mission, for by now they are quite accustomed to Union Products (they have two Union Teachers there now; they have Brother Roger and have Father Winter). None the less I feel that in the persons of these two Union girls of the Company of the Holy Name at S. Monica's, the Union-we ourselves, you and me - have given to Rhodesia something very precious and full of promise both for the glory of God and the building up of His African people. And these two things that I found there, in the place where I first learned to love Africa and her people, gave me great encouragement and joy. For which may God be praised.

M. Ross C.R.

Once Bitten Twice Shy

Some time ago there was a poor widow who had a fine cock called Chanticleer, that was very famous for his crowing. His voice was as sweet as a church organ, and the time of his crowing was surer than that of any clock.

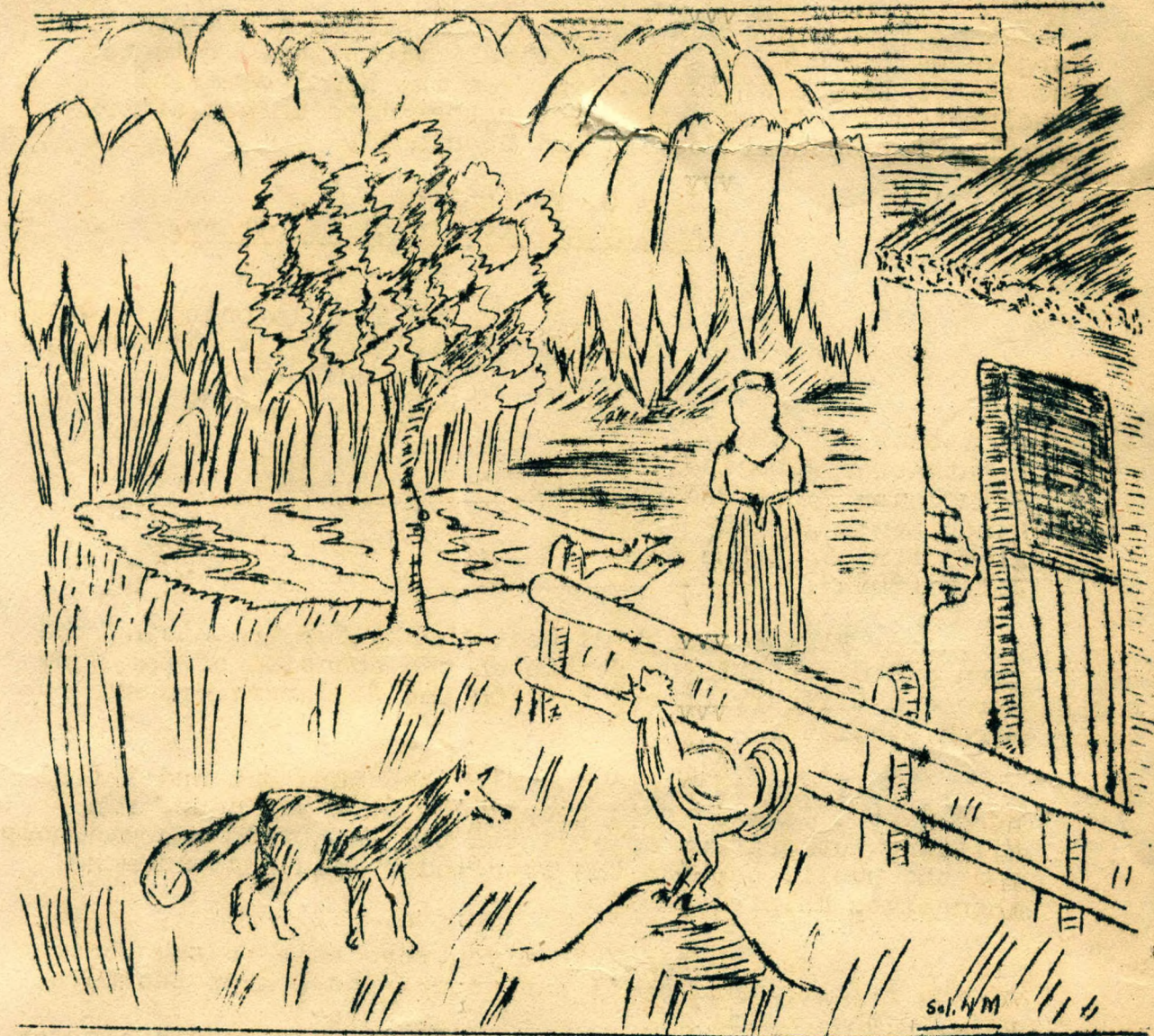
One day he was stalking about the poultry yard in a very grand manner, conversing with his seven wives who were strutting beside him, when he suddenly caught sight of a fox which had been lying quietly in a bush close by, waiting for an opportunity to seize him.

Chanticleer started back in terror and was about to flee, when the cunning Fox began to speak. He asked Chanticleer why he was afraid, praised his singing, and finally begged for a song.

"Everybody knows what a fine singer you are", said the sly Fox. "Will you not let me hear your wonderful voice?" Chanticleer was so pleased at this flattery that he did not see what danger lurked behind it. He flapped his wings, stood up on tiptoe, stretched out his neck, shut his eyes tightly, and crowed lustily. But no sooner had he begun, and was intent on his song, than the Fox jumped up, caught him by the throat, and ran off with him to the woods. You never heard such a hubbub as then ensued. Chanticleer's seven wives raised such loud lamentation that the widow and her two daughters hurried out from their cottage in alarm. They were just in time to see the Fox carrying off the cock some distance away. They hastened after him, and all the neighbours rushed out with sticks and stones to join in the chase. After them went Bruno the dog and his friends, Swartkop and Piet, and Marie the maid, with her broom still in her hand. The cow ran, the calf ran, and even the very hogs trotted about squeaking. The ducks quacked, the geese flew in terror over the tree tops, and the swarming bees came buzzing out of their hives.

Meanwhile the cock, fixed in the Fox's teeth helpless with fear, suddenly thought of a plan of escape. "Sir," said he humbly to the fox, "I beg you, turn back and mock at all those who are chasing us."

Tell them they will never catch up with us however fast they run." So saying, he worked on the Fox's vanity, who replied, "Of course they won't; I will laugh at them", and he turned round as if to call out to his pursuers. But no sooner had he opened his mouth to do so, than in a trice the cock broke away from him and flew to a tree, where he perched himself safely out of reach,



"Alas! Chanticleer" he said, I ought not to have made you afraid of me when I first took you from the yard. I protest that I had no evil purpose in carry you off. Only come down and will tell you the whole truth about what I really meant to do."

"No, no, Sir Fox," replied Chanticleer made wary by escape. "You shall not deceive me twice. It does not pay to be careless and easily flattered. Remember what the proverb Says:

" ONCE BITTEN, TWICE SHY"

Stephen Sereme.
PL. Fox Patrol
3rd Evaton Troop.

(Adapted from Chaucers' Canterbury Tales).

BRAVO ! WE HOPE THE FOXES OF EVATON HAVE MORE SENSE AND LESS VANITY THAN THE FOX IN THIS STORY ! EDITORS.

The inspection to the Pathfinder Scouts. The Pathfinder Scouts and Wayfarer Guides in their smart uniform marched through the Streets to Park Station headed by the band of the 1st Brakpan Pathfinder Scout Troop.

Pathfinder Commissioners and Scouters are asked to forgive me for not having sent them invitations. This was due to the latter of invitation from the Mendi Memorial Scholarship Committee being sent rather late in fact, after our February Council Meeting had been held.

John G. Modisello, Assistant Divisional Secretary.

The Superintendent's Office, Eastern Native Township, Johannesburg. 24th March, 1944.

TO/

Assistant Secretary, Scoutmaster J. Modisello, Pathfinder Scout Headquarters, Bantu Men's Social Centre, Eloff Street Extension, JOHANNESBURG.

Please accept my best thanks for organising the turn out of Pathfinder Scouts on the occasion of the Non-European Military Sports held in the Wanderers Ground March 4th, 1944.

I was very pleased with the turn out and I feel sure a good deal of good propaganda work was done. The Military Authorities appreciated the Pathfinder Scouts help and the public saw how the Pathfinder Scouts could make themselves helpful.

I was thankful that you were able to take charge of the Refreshments and I can assure you I know the boys enjoyed the meals. When I knew you would be able to be present in was a great relief to me--

You did a good turn to the Movements when you took on this job.

Yours fraternally,

W.E. Barber.

Decorative border of 'V' characters forming a rectangular frame around the text 'FOR VICTORY'.

FOR VICTORY.

Collection Number: AD1715

SOUTH AFRICAN INSTITUTE OF RACE RELATIONS (SAIRR), 1892-1974

PUBLISHER:

Collection Funder:- Atlantic Philanthropies Foundation

Publisher:- Historical Papers Research Archive

Location:- Johannesburg

©2013

LEGAL NOTICES:

Copyright Notice: All materials on the Historical Papers website are protected by South African copyright law and may not be reproduced, distributed, transmitted, displayed, or otherwise published in any format, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

Disclaimer and Terms of Use: Provided that you maintain all copyright and other notices contained therein, you may download material (one machine readable copy and one print copy per page) for your personal and/or educational non-commercial use only.

People using these records relating to the archives of Historical Papers, The Library, University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, are reminded that such records sometimes contain material which is uncorroborated, inaccurate, distorted or untrue. While these digital records are true facsimiles of paper documents and the information contained herein is obtained from sources believed to be accurate and reliable, Historical Papers, University of the Witwatersrand has not independently verified their content. Consequently, the University is not responsible for any errors or omissions and excludes any and all liability for any errors in or omissions from the information on the website or any related information on third party websites accessible from this website.

This document forms part of the archive of the South African Institute of Race Relations (SAIRR), held at the Historical Papers Research Archive at The University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa.