
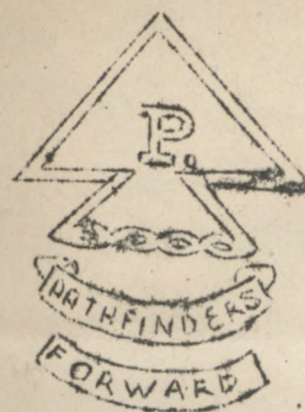


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The Pathfinder Boy Scout Gazette 



B.P. FOUNDER &
CHIEF SCOUT.

LATE CHIEF LORD SOMERS.
VOL. 3.

LORD ROWALLAN-CHIEF SCOUT.
NO 4.



We wish our Readers a most joyous
& Scouty Xmas & a Prosperous
New Year of Good Scouting.

THE EDITORS.

THE PATHFINDER BOY SCOUTS ASSOCIATION (TRANSVAAL DIVISION).

P.O. Box 8356, Johannesburg.

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THE EDITORS CHAT.

"A TRUE SCOUT."

Reading through the majority of the articles appearing in this number of our Gazette, and taking into account the fact that the devastating horrors of Nazism, Fascism and Bolshevism have come to an end with the close of World War II, one question, and only one strikes my mind that each Cub, Scout, Rover and Scouter should ask himself. "What should I do to become a true member of the World-wide Brotherhood of Scouts?"

All the beautiful answers we can supply for all that, leave me with the firm conviction that all is easier said than done.

On behalf of the Editorial Staff, therefore, I wish to appeal to every Scout to take a solemn vow in the New Year 1946 to do more and talk less. May I give a few examples. On Christmas Day, let us try to do and not just talk about what the Divisional has written on this matter. So in the case of the article by the P/S/M 2nd Boksburg, let it not just be vain glory of using beautiful phraseology when in fact his words fall on deaf ears. Then there is the stirring article "Concerning Punctuality." There again, the writer is pointing out what slack members of the movement we are, if that is what we preach and do not do.

In this way one could go on and on, but suffice it to say the Editors hope in the New Year everyone of us who would call himself a true Cub, Scout, Rover, or Scouter will resolve anew that "nothing but the best for a Scout". That infers let us do more in the line of true scouting and say less about it. If in doubt what is true Scouting, write to Divisional P/S Headquarters for an explanation.

The whole world irrespective of your race, colour or creed - is talking much about the building of a new, secure and better World. We learn of social insurance and social security. Myriads of schemes are being devised towards the attainment of this goal, and we Scouts must not be found lagging behind.

With these few words, we wish you all a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year, and Good Scouting and Good Hunting in 1946.

N. S. MOKGAYO

FROM THE DIVISIONAL TO THE DIVISION

"A FRIEND TO ALL" I have just been reading - with great interest - a big batch of reports on visits paid to various Troops by Organiser Marivate during the last few months. I think few people realise what great distances are covered by our Organisers in the course of their duties. This batch of reports includes visits to Swaziland on the one side and to the borders of Sibasa on the other, North, South, East and West, town and country, and I think it would be a good idea if, some time or other, our Organisers wrote for the "GAZETTE" an account of their impressions and general experiences as they travel around the country. They are so busy writing their impressions of Troops that they have little chance of telling us in more general terms what they feel about their job. At times, of course, the work and the conditions under which it is carried out must be very heavy, but in spite of that, I can think of few pieces of work which could bring more happiness and opportunities for making friends. In the early days of the Movement, when I was able to travel about much more freely than I have been of late, I met people - Africans and Europeans, - not necessarily members of my Church - and so started friendships which I am happy to think have continued to this day. This spirit of friendship is one of the most important things in the Scout movement and it is this which is going to solve the many problems which beset the world to-day. To make friends with a man is to learn his point of view and to understand his outlook as contrasted with our own, and, without any sacrifice of principles, that leads to a co-operation on the things that matter and a readiness to give and take which is not the characteristic of the unfriendly person. That is why I think our Organisers are such privileged people - they are constantly making new friends and so act as links between the various parts of the Movement. I have been impressed, too,

in reading these reports, with the wonderful amount of sympathy with and interest in our work by people who are brought into contact with it for the first time. Over and over again, I read of Mr. and Mrs. who gave permission for a Troop to camp on his or her land, or of someone who sent meat, or wood, or food, or personal service, or attended some Scout function in a spirit of real friendship. You will notice that all these contacts are made by individuals - by the rank and file - and not by some resolution of the Divisional Council. They are personal and therein lies their value. That is why it is so important that every Scout and Scouter should treat it as a point of honour and as a matter of loyalty to all other Scouts that he should always be at his best and so maintain the high standard of the Scout Movement. Another point constantly stressed in the reports is the enthusiasm of the boys themselves. As they learn something of what Scouting stands for they realise that this is what they have been looking for, and I am convinced that if we only had the officers capable of leading we should sweep the country. This does not mean that none of our Scouters are capable leaders - many of them are just splendid at their jobs and remain at their post year after year with their zeal unabated - but they are so few compared with the need. Indeed it is surprising how much they do with so little knowledge or equipment. Mr. Marivate mentions one troop he visited where the officer had carried on for four years without anything beyond his memory of the old Pathfinder days! This all points to the tremendous need for more men and more opportunities for Training.

"1946" ! I hope that this year is going to be a year of real development and expansion. In one way we are going to be worse off than we have been, for Mr. Makgako has been seconded to Headquarters for a year in order that he may do throughout the Union what he has been doing hitherto in the Transvaal. That means that we shall only have one Organiser (and presumably we shall be able to share Mr. Makgako with the other Divisions!) instead of our usual two. In addition the opening of our new Gillwell will mean that Mr. Marivate will be more in demand for Training Courses and Camps at the centre than hitherto. I hope that it will be possible to arrange a regular system of training camps at which Scouters will be able to qualify for the practical part of their Wood Badge. That is the real qualification of a Scouter and I hope that many of our officers will do their best to qualify for that as soon as possible - if not before! The first official Course to be held at Gillwell is that taking place for "Akela", (If you don't know what is an "Akela" it shows that you ought to be at the Course!) early in January, and I hope that it will be a great success. We have long waited for our Gillwell and now that we have it I hope that it will be in constant use. We are very fortunate in having such experienced people as Mrs. Lumsden, Miss Monica Warner, Fr. Jenkin C.R. and the Organisers to run this course, and as the excitement of Christmas will be over by then I hope a large number of applications will be received.

LITERATURE Going back to what I started with - Organisers' Reports - I notice that reference is made to the lack of books and other literature on Scouting in the Troops. I want to remind you of a suggestion I made some time ago - that each Troop or Group should begin to make a Scout Library - adding one or more books each month - so that as time goes on there is a collection of really useful books to inspire and give new ideas. These can always be obtained from Divisional H.Q. and will prove a great help. At the recent meeting of the H.Q. Executive Committee the following books were strongly recommended for general use:

"How to Start a Troop", "Wide Games", "Scouting out of Doors"
"Scouts' Own" Service Book and, of course, "Scouting for Boys".

CHRISTMAS The first Peace-time Christmas for six years! This is bound to be a good time, even for those people in Europe who will be suffering from lack of food and homes. There will be a freedom from anxiety and danger of raids - such as we cannot realise for we have been less hit by the war than most countries. Do not let us forget those less fortunate than ourselves, and let us remember that we can help them in many ways - and not least by not wasting food at a time when people are apt to be extravagant. The less food we use in this country the more there is to send to starving people overseas. When I was in Cape Town last month I met a man who had just returned from England. In reply to my question as to how things were there he looked very serious and said: "Grim - very grim - but no complaints." In this country things are not so grim - but many complaints. Don't let us be amongst the grouse. One other thing - Christmas is a religious festival and a well spent Christmas must be centred round our Lord Jesus Christ. There is a growing tendency to leave God out of Christmas celebrations and to make it a purely worldly

holiday. Have you noticed how difficult it is to find a Christmas card which suggests the Birth of our Lord? I have hunted through shop after shop and delightful as may be pictures of jacaranda-time in Pretoria, or Eloff Street in Johannesburg, or some liner in Cape Town harbour, I refuse to insult my friends by thinking they would prefer them to a Christmas card which bears some relation to Christ's Feast. In the same way there are people who keep our Lord's Birthday without any reference to Him whose Birth we commemorate; but a Scout's first duty - his first promise is loyalty to God, and a good Scout will not be satisfied unless he has spent some part of the day in God's Presence. And so - a really Happy and Blessed Day for you all - with lots of good Scouting to come in the year ahead of us!

Your old friend,

THE DIVISIONAL

HEADQUARTERS. NOTICES

Census: We still like to remind you of the Census Returns and the fee which we have not yet received from some troops. Remember Goods will not be supplied to unregistered troops. Unwarranted Officers should see that they apply for their warrants.

Equipment Shop: Since the War is over we are beginning to re-stock the shop from London. We have already received a supply of all books required except those out of print. Proficiency badges are not available as yet.

Shop: The Shop will be closed from 4.30 p.m. on the 19th December and will open again on the 5th of January.

Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

JOHN G. MODISELLE
Asst. Secretary

A TENDERFOOT IN ZULULAND.

Two hundred yards down stream they found the place where the buffalo had left the river-bed after quenching his thirst. "He was less cross after his drink," said Fagazi when they had followed the spoor some way into the bush. "He no longer fights with the trees. He passed here when we left the mazi but we never know what thoughts might come to his wicken head to make him stop, and there is a light-breeze behind us so he would scent us from a big distance."

Obit felt a little shiver run down his back, but was very happy. Fagazi worked the bolt of his rifle and pushed the safety catch on.

A short distance further on, a small tree had been split in two, and within another hundred paces they found the mangled remains of an animal like a lizard, but as big as a young crocodile. The surrounding bush was torn to pieces. Fagazi examined the place carefully with eyes and nose. "He met that harmless begavane," he said pointing to the lizard-croc, "and it annoyed him so he killed it. Then he got very cross about nothing at all and stayed for a long time to smash bushes. He only left here when we finished breakfast and may have smelled us with his wicked nose already. Just follow me and understand what I say with my hands, for we must be more silent than snakes.

We shall leave this path and get in front of him and into the face of the wind."

They took the first game track they came to and silently crept under bushes and over fallen trees. Birds flew out from over their heads with frightened cries, and once a buck leaped into the bush from right under Obit's feet, making him jump. But Fagazi never stopped or even hesitated as to which of the tunnel-like paths he should take. When a snake reared up in front of him and drew back its head to strike, he leaped sideways as silently as a cat, and at the same time broke its back with the shaft of his assegai. Obit noticed that he went a bit grey round the back of his small ears, but he walked on as silently as before.

The bush thinned out and Fagazi led more slowly, peering all round him, and Obit noticed, when Fagazi turned his head, that his nostrils were quivering. But he could smell only the bush himself.

At last Fagazi halted and crouched down with head on one side as if we were listening. Obit sat down and listening in the way Fagazi had taught him, he pictured a horse stamping on soft ground. "Why shouldn't it be a buffalo?" he thought.

Fagazi pointed to a spot where the bush showed up very thinly against a bright light that indicated a clearing, and nodded his head up and down as if he had read Obit's thoughts.

They crept forward on hands and knees, then as the bush became smaller and scarcer, wriggled along like snakes until they came to a thick thorn-bush. Fagazi peeped through it and again nodded his head, but held Obit flat on the ground until he got his breath back after the tiring wriggling.

When Obit was breathing steadily Fagazi allowed him to look through the bush. He saw an unbelievably hideous beast standing, broadside on to them a hundred paces away, at the other end of the clearing. It stood stock still and might have been some horrible image if its sides had not been slowly heaving and its nostrils dilating and contracting. Its skin was of a dull, yellow colour with a white powdery look in places. When Obit noticed that its eye was red, he felt sick and lay down again.

Fagazi carefully bent some twigs in the thorn bush, clearing a small space so that Obit could rest the rifle and get clear sights. He then placed the rifle in position, and changed places with Obit. As he crawled over to him he whispered in his ear:

"He stands still because he knows something is wrong. If Fagazi runs, you stop here and do not show yourself to him. Now shoot him dead."

THE HALL OF HEROES IN PRAISE OF GREAT & FAMOUS MEN
With acknowledgments to the "Scout".

"Wherefore, seeing we are also encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; Who for the joy that was set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of GOD."

Hebrews Chap. 12, vs. 1 & 2.

AN ANCIENT ROLL OF HONOUR.

All over our country, on village crosses and on town cenotaphs, on the walls of public buildings and Churches, stand tablets which were set up after the war of 1914-18 and which commemorate those who gave their lives for freedom and in defence of their country.

There is a Roll of Honour which belonged to Heroes of very ancient times, which we can read in our own Bibles, Hebrews, Chapter 11. It begins by telling us of those who set out on the journey of Faith trusting in God and enduring all kinds of tribulation. Here are some of their names - Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses. The man who drew up the Roll of Honour found that there was no room for all the names. Those whose names are already written on it are watching us as spectators watch the runners in a race - he tells us in the verse I have quoted at the beginning.

THE HEROES OF BATTLE

There was once a man who had a strange dream after a visit to the waxworks. Perhaps it was because he had spent the day looking at the heroes and famous men and women in the many rooms at the Waxworks that he fell asleep and dreamed his dream.

He found himself standing before a great building of several storeys, with a shining dome on the top. There was a huge entrance, approached by a long flight of steps, at the top of which, in the shadow of the great doorway, stood a man. "What is this place?" he asked the man in the dream.

"This is a Hall of Heroes," was the answer. "Would you care to see through it?"

"Thank-you very much," said the dreamer, and followed the man in.

He found himself in the centre of a magnificent hall, round the inside of which ran a marble staircase leading to the different floors.

"Here we enshrine the memories of all Heroes, from the least to the greatest," said the guide, and they turned to an open door, over which was written HEROES OF BATTLE.

There were seven steps up to it, and on each step was engraved a Latin word. The whole sentence, written on the seven steps said, "SWEET AND BEAUTIFUL IT IS TO DIE FOR ONE'S NATIVE LAND." They climbed the steps, entered the room of the "Heroes of Battle", and slowly walked through its crowded aisles.

There were men who had won great victories and men whose defeat had been glorious because they all had their wounds in front: Leonidas, who fell at Thermopylae; Nelson with his armless sleeve; Garibaldi, in his red shirt; Lincoln, with his funny top hat; General Gordon, with no weapon save his little cane.

There were women and boys there, too, and amongst them also were some of whom we have learnt. Nehemiah, working at the walls of Jerusalem with sword as well as a trowel in his hand, and Mattathias, strong and courageous in the days of persecution.

"This is the lowest floor," said the guide, and as they came to the end of the room and walked out on to the landing.

THE HEROES OF TRUTH, AND OF THE LONELY WAY

From the landing outside the Hall of Heroes thirteen steps led up to the next floor, and on each step was a word. The sentence on the steps said, "THERE IS A PATH WHICH THE EYE OF THE VULTURE HATH NOT SEEN," and at the top of the flight was a door over which was written HEROES OF THE LONELY WAY.

here were the pioneers; men who had cut their way through the jungles of dark continents; who had scaled unconquered mountains, crossed waterless deserts, discovered the sources of rivers, sailed over unknown oceans - Columbus, Livingstone and others whom the man in the dream was ashamed to be unable to recognise.

Had we been with him we should have noticed some of the people we have met in the Bible lessons - Jeremiah in his dungeon; John the Baptist facing death from Herod; Paul on his lonely adventurous journeys; Peter and John standing before the rulers; John Smith dying alone in Demerara.

"These deeds of courage and endurance have done more for the world than all the conquests of the sword," said the guide.

"That is why we keep them on a higher floor."

They came to another flight of steps, this time eleven in number, on every step was a word and the sentence ran, "THE STRONGEST MAN ON EARTH IS HE WHO CAN STAND ALONE." At the top, above an open door were the words, HEROES OF TRUTH.

Socrates was there with the cup of hemlock in his hand; Galileo, who dared to say that the sun stood still and the earth moved round it. Luther who defied the Pope; Margaret Wilson, who was tied to a stake and drowned in Solway Firth.

And in that room, too, had he had time to stay, the man in the dream might have seen Josiah daring to follow the laws in the newly discovered book; Daniel facing the lions; Bode and King Alfred; Tyndale and Coverdale passing on the message of the Bible though it meant facing death and dishonour. A Thomas Whitaker would be there with his rattle, a plain man in such a company, and yet by no means out of his place.

THE HEROES OF LOVE

They came at last in the dream to the final staircase. It was broader than the others and was so made that it hushed every footstep into silence. It had seventeen steps and on them was written, "GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS THAT A MAN LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIENDS." Over the door which opened be-

fore them was this inscription "HEROES OF LOVE."

The guide motioned to the dreamer to enter, and as he entered he found that the room was simply the great dome which he had seen from outside, crowning the Building. At first he thought that it was empty, but it was the marvellous light that blinded his eyes.

In the centre he saw a Cross with a Man crucified upon it. A name escaped his lips "Jesus" he whispered half to himself. As his eyes grew accustomed to the light he saw that this room was the fullest of all. The walls seemed to stretch away into the distance and the dome to rise into the mist, and all the mighty space was filled.

Slowly he began to distinguish the faces - Father Damien, who gave his life for the Lepers; James Chalmers, who gave his life for the savages in New Guinea; Alexandra Duff, William Carey, Matildah Wrede, William Jackson, Thomas Guy were all there. Here was a multitude that cannot be numbered of "The Heroes of the Cross". The sound of music came swinging through the building as if every kind of hero was joining in one chorus. He caught the words at last:-

"ALL THE LIGHT OF SACRED STORY GATHERS ROUND HIS HEAD SUBLIME."

The man in the dream turned away, afraid and yet glad, for he had looked upon the greatest thing in the world.

WHICH FLOOR FOR YOU?

The guide was waiting for him at the foot of the staircase. As they walked to the entrance the guide said, "You will be here some day?"

The dreamer stepped in astonishment at the kindly question. "Me?" he stammered. "Me, a hero?" and laughed at the very idea.

"Why not?" answered the guide, smiling. "You have it in you. I am sure that you will be with us some day."

They stood together outside the porch and the guide held out his hand to say good-bye. On it was the print of a nail!

"On which floor would you like us to prepare a place for YOU?" He asked quietly.

From BOET SOLLY

Maqambalala's Book of
Extracts from "The Scout"

THE OFFICERS.

A constructive Christmas to the Scouters of our Association. I hope this will be a Christmas, I mean a New Birth of right thought, feeling and sincere loyalty to our principles. I think a Scouter is a key-man upon whom depends the rise or fall of standards.

As an African, when I look round, I realise that an officer or a leader of Africans - call him what you will - is now living in times when he must ensure that the majority of his people, however humble, have such high standards that they are as conscious of their privileges and responsibilities as any civilised nation or class of people. They must be specially aware of the fearful and harmful dragon of self-acquisitiveness and selfishness and of the vain-glory that only serves to destroy the future of our youth.

There are our young men - ready for the direction and development of their virtues along the right channels for the achievement of a high standard of true citizenship.

Will you fail them or will you welcome and encourage them?

A merry Christmas and a bright Ideal New Year.

JOSHUA WARWICK P. SHAI
P/S/M 2nd Bokeburg.

THE VENTERSDORP RALLY. 3/11/45.

It was after the visit of a troop from Ventersdorp on the 7th April, 1945 that I felt our Africans were becoming more interested in the movement. As soon as it was mentioned four boys volunteered, and within a short while we had sixty names in two troops.

The Potchefstroom Scout Masters showed a good spirit for they did the long journey to Ventersdorp on bicycles. We then decided to hold a rally there at Ventersdorp. All the arrangements were made on that trip, and the date decided.

The news soon leaked out to the Guides. This filled them with enthusiasm. They were as delighted as women who go to a field and see that a good crop is coming up. They want to go and look at it every day, and so they wanted to talk of the Rally every day.

Accordingly we held a Court of Honour to discuss what could be done about the Guides. Eventually invitations were sent out, but unfortunately only local troops were able to attend the Rally.

On the end November, the whistles blew and the bugles sounded and the whole contingent moved off to the station. The streets were full of people who turned out to watch. Their sons and daughters looked well, carrying all their equipment, and all were smart and tidy. I could hear one old grannie saying, "Lu-lu-lu-lu-u-u-u-u, re tla re re boneng, a re tsamaieng nabe!" That still rings in my ears. There were also large numbers of Europeans standing to watch the turn out, and many people followed right up to the Station.

Our pride was very great for we had worked a great deal for this. We almost felt important. At Ventersdorp we found the Troop drawn up and awaiting our arrival. The sun was very hot, and we had to wait till later in the day before we could start with any exercises.

We hope and trust that the Scout Movement will be able to express itself in the future in many such rallies. We know that it is the knowledge and enthusiasm of the Scout Masters that is chiefly responsible where the Scouts show themselves capable and willing, and so we hope that our own efficiency may increase so as to assist the whole Movement to reach an even wider field.

Yisika, Yisika, Yisika.

A. P. MAMANELA, D/P/S/M.

CONCERNING PUNCTUALITY

By Stop Watch

This is a most unpunctual country. The Notice Board says, Parade at 5 p.m. to-day. But do they? Let me tell you.

I grew up among the punctual. 5 o'clock was 5 o'clock, and not two minutes on either side. Ten past five was ten past five, and I had better not forget it.

One of my first experiences in this country was being asked to meet someone at 3 p.m. I was there at 3 p.m. Nobody. 3.15, Nobody. 3.30 --- the other party turned up, without the vestige of an apology for breaking a promise --- "I'll meet you there at 3 p.m." Always the little gentleman, I said nothing, but felt the more.

Later on I fixed to take a party to town by car. 8 a.m. was the agreed meeting time. At 8.30 a few were beginning to trickle up. We started at 9.15, and nobody dreamed of apologising.

Still later, when I was asked to be with a number of others at a certain place at 9 a.m., I actually heard someone else say, "Oh, well I suppose we shall be all right if we turn up at 8.30."

So, the Notice Board says "Parade at 5 p.m. to-day"; and it was not I who wrote it there.

I looked at this, and true to the habits of a life time, dropped the very many other things through which I was trying to rush my way at 4.45, so as to be on the Parade Ground on time. If you have been a soldier for some years the notion of being late for Parade simply does not occur to you; it is unthinkable. It does not happen; it could not happen. Nobody is ever late for Parade. Does two and two make four every time? It does. Are people in time for Parade? I do not know what you mean! Are people in time for Parade? What ever DO you mean? In time for PARADE? I do not in the least understand what you mean. You go away shaking your head and wondering what in the name of all that is puzzling the man could have been talking about. If he had only asked if the sun shone, or if horses eat grass, one could give him an answer of some kind; but, "Are people in time..." No, I give it up, it's beyond me. I'll keep it in mind and see if I can find someone who might know what the man meant.

-8-

Yes, that was what I was saying; I was in time on Parade and found I must have got to the wrong Parade Ground, for there was nobody there. Fortunately I was only to be an onlooker, so I only felt dishevelled by reflection, so to speak. After looking round I asked an intelligent-looking youngster where the Pathfinders paraded. He looked at me without any signs of surprise in his face, and said briefly, "They'll be here presently." I supposed that my watch must be wrong, and walked about looking for a clock. In the course of this I saw some youngsters sitting on the ground playing a game with stones, so I wandered their way, and then noticed a Scout hat on the ground; and then another. It appeared they were Pathfinders just waiting for the parade; it did not concern them apparently that it had not yet started; they seemed to live outside time.

A few more turned up, and then a few more, and then a Scout Master. Later a few more came, and then another Scout Master.

By about 6.15 there were enough on hand to do something, so they fell into line and started getting the stiffness out of their joints by coming to attention and standing at ease. Later they marched a bit, and they practised a few yells. There was no time for a really good instruction; it was already getting late.

I think it must be that some people live outside time, and need Pathfinder Scout training to find out what it means---and lots of that training too!

In other words, All Join the Pathfinders!

Address:

Any old Town,
Anywhere in Africa.

Date: Always

THE ANNUAL RALLY - 3/11/45.

The Potchefstroom Annual Rally was held in Klerksdorp this year. It was a day of excitement for Klerksdorp.

Rally Roll.

Present were 130 P/Scouts, 40 Cubs, 80 Wayfarers, 6 Scouters and 6 Captains; and our D.P.S.M. Owing to great difficulties over transport, many from the more distant areas were unable to attend. At least we felt that we had kept the flag flying, and not so badly either.

The Rally

By the kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Sekgophane, the Rally was staged on the Anglican Church ground. There were European spectators, including a number who stopped their journeys to watch. There was a large gathering of African parents and children. It was a very jolly crowd, showing much excitement at the various events, and there were all the smiles and happiness that we expect when Scouts are around.

Entertainments

We got over the difficulty caused by the inability of Scouts from other areas being able to attend by having a Patrol Competition.

For a great many of the Scouts this was their first Rally, and this made some difficulties. Moreover, they were not yet advanced in Scout work. However, the influence of Scout discipline was already available, and was of great help. In fact, the whole turn out was very instructive, and gave a good idea to the onlooker of what was being attempted, and of what could, in fact, be accomplished after some training. We had a Church Parade on Saturday night.

A Surprise

Scouts are, of course, always concerned with the welfare of others, and so, in view of the severe drought, it was decided that Prayer should be offered by the scouts for rain.

Accordingly there was an expedition to the mountain, and there all prayed for rain. The Prayer was answered, for there was a good shower that same evening, and a good heavy fall on the following day.

Summing Up

Although the attendance was much less than we hoped, the absences were excusable. We have kept the routine going and given encouragement and training

te those who were present.

Accordingly we can hope that they will prove the foundation of better things still, and that next year's Rally will have a large attendance.

Yisaka! Yisaka!! Yisaka!!!

J. RADISABENG P.S.M.

IN MEMORIAM.

SOLOMON NOUBESA - In sacred memory of dear Scout, whodeparted this life 22nd November, 1945. And the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Noubesa. "Sleep on, dear Scout, thy labours are over; on God's good earth we'll meet no more."

In the midst of his beautiful young life just blossoming into young manhood. In the bloom of life God took him. In the pride of his boyhood days. All who knew him loved him and praised him. Just when his hopes were best, all that his noble life promised, God called him from us to his home of eternal rest. In our hearts he liveth yet for no one knows but God what that failing cost.

The shock was great, the pain severe. To part with our brother Scout dear. As we loved him so we miss him. In our hearts he liveth yet for no one knows but God alone, what that bitter passing cost.

We never can forget. Always longed for and lovingly remembered and sadly missed by your devoted and loving Scout Masters and Scouts.

From: JOSEPH J. MOPELI A/S/M 1st George Goch
Scout Troop

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