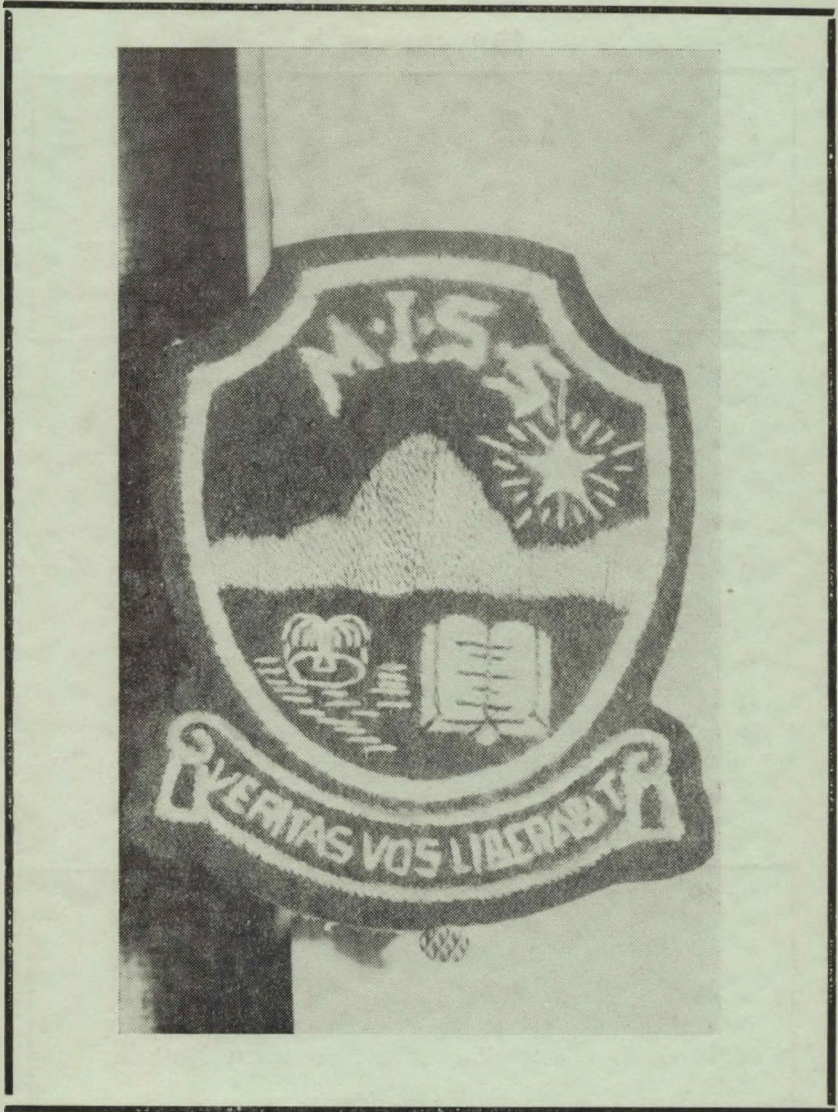


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The School Committee



Seated l. to r.: Mr. L. Nguasheng (Sec.), Mr. H. Masakwane,
Mr. H. Mphahlele (Chairman, Rev. A.J. Makhene (Treasurer)
Rev. Mdluli.

Standing l. to r.: Mr. P. Pholo, Mr. J.P. Manne, Mr. E.P. Lu-
puwana, D. Kobe (Headmaster), Rev. S. More (V-Chairman).

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Editorial

IN the last issue of Mohloding an effort was made to give a short historical background of the school. In this issue we have decided to focus our attention on the school motto as embodied in the words "*Veritas vos Liberabit*" which means "the truth shall make you free". These wise words are found in St. John chapter 8 verse 32. In this chapter Christ was addressing his followers. He equated the truth with God and equated lies with the devil. He also shows that there is wisdom in being truthful.

In an institution such as ours, Morris Isaacson High School, leaders of to-morrow must be trained. It is for this reason that the greatest Leader of our time, Christ, must be taken as an example to inspire our youth. He emphasizes the importance of truth, which goes together with, honesty, faithfulness and sincerity.

The possession of truth by any man gives him the confidence, comfort and satisfaction to toil on in life, no matter what obstacles one is faced with. A leader who knows the truth will find his way easily. When he is ruffled, tossed about, subjected to torture and all the vicissitudes of life, he will find solace in truth. And ultimately it will be the truth that will prevail and assist get his doubtful, bewildered followers to rally around him. Sure truth will steadily, like heat conducted through a piece of iron, reach everyone and reign supreme.

Truth is difficult to get anywhere. One has to search for it all the time. In certain cases it becomes an ideal that seems impossible to attain. And each time one moves nearer to it, it seems to recede from one. At times when we are within the truth, we fail to recognise it and may only do so when we are far; like a piece of diamond that we throw away only to realise its value when it glitters at a distance.

The world over there is a search for truth; in churches, courts of law etc., the leaders are daily searching continuously for the truth, which will, when found make us free.

We would like to quote from a speech made by Mr. T. W. A. Køller, Acting Manager, Non-European Affairs Department, City Council of Johannesburg, during our Annual Speech Day on November 6th, 1959.

"In the second place, I am pleased to notice that you have not broken with great Christian tradition of your mentor, the Salvation Army, in that you retained at least portion of the motto of the first school. '*Veritas vos Liberabit*', the Latin for 'The truth shall make you free'."

"Both elements are fighting a losing battle in the world we live in. Truth, honesty, reliability, ordinary decency toward one's fellowmen, these are the fundamentals on which any society which wants to survive for any length of time, must be built. Where these things do not exist, one cannot expect freedom either, because they are the pre-requisites for freedom.

“You must, however, distinguish between true freedom and false freedom. True freedom can only be freedom of the mind. While man’s body could be bound and incarcerated, even killed, nobody can capture or incarcerate the truly free mind. Our Lord must have had this in mind when He warned His disciples: ‘Fear not them which kill the body, but are unable to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell’.

“All truly great men in the history of the world were men whose minds were free, men who were able to discern truth and who clung to it tenaciously irrespective of the consequences to themselves, to their bodies.

“Freedom of the body, precious as it may be, and nobody is disputing that it is a precious thing, is nothing compared to the precious pearl of freedom of the mind.

“Freedom of the mind can only be achieved through proper education. By making the best use of your opportunities of education you can contribute materially towards setting your own mind free.”

“Indeed very few people in this world of ours are really free notwithstanding claims to the contrary. Most of us are haunted by thousands of fears and threats so much so that all institutions for mentally defectives are over-crowded and many thousands who should have been in such institutions are at large. I purposely did not use the expression ‘going Free’ because that would be a false freedom, an illusion of freedom without any real basis.

“Only when we have educated our minds to be able to really discern the truth about everything will we really be free, free in mind and spirit, whatever the state of bodies may be.”

That then is the motto of Morris Isaacson High School; and teacher and taught are both striving endlessly to realise this great motto.

THERE ARE TOO MANY CHURCHES

The number of churches nowadays lessens the true meaning of Christianity. It is strange that people who use one book and who have one purpose can differ like our churches do.

Churches and sects differ in doctrines and approach towards the Bible. Each movement interpretes the Bible according to its dogma. From day to day many people withdraw their membership from the movements to which they originally belonged. They join movements that satisfy them.

The different doctrines and interpretations of the Bible in the Christian world have brought conflicts among different churches and movements. Everybody is claiming to have the correct approach but it is difficult to say which church is the best.



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IN THE LIFE OF SOUTH AFRICA

LS.2634/3

Christians are failing to show the world the true love that Christ showed to the world. Churches consist of stubborn and hating people. Most do not want to be corrected where they go wrong. Once a man is shown his mistakes he leaves the church to which he belongs to join or form another. In other words most churches are not governed by Christ because they were formed by rebels and cheats. Such things do not reveal the love, unity and obedience that Jesus Christ represented and preached.

People should try to learn from the Bible rather than read the Bible in order to support their inclinations and pre-conceived ideas.

Christians can get true interpretations of the Bible if they come together since the purpose of Christianity is one. This will stop people bringing their customs and traditions into the church. Christ prescribed the christian ways of living, therefore, christians must be willing to accept these teachings. Christians must look forward to a time when their teachings shall be the same because Jesus Christ's teachings have not changed and I do not think they will ever change.

Christ is God in person and the christians must be like Christ in what they say and think and do. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." (John 14: 15). Fellowship and unity are some of Christ's commandments.

"Be ye doers of the word" I do not think that God is impressed by people who preach brotherhood, unity and love without practising it. Christianity is a living thing (I believe) and Christians should stop only talking and preaching.

"All things are possible with God." Christians can be one if they like. They can be an example to the world and the number of churches will stop increasing like the population of China. Christianity can attain its purpose. Our churches can be free of those who:

" . . . as for their bellies sake

Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!" (John Milton.)

JOSEPH MALAPELA, Form V.

The Staff



Seated l. to r : K.R. Legoale, N J. Sechele, D. Kobe (Principal),
C.M. Mlokoti, V.S. Manthata.

Middle Row l to r: J. D. Hlaise, N. J. Malebane, G. T. Radebe,
B. T Mbangi, C. E. Nkondo, C. M. Matinga, I. M. Moholi,
A. K. Buthelezi, D. L. Mabuya, B. I. Mosala, D. M. Pitje

Back Row l. to r.: L. M. Mathabathe, M. M. Morapeli,
A. M. Dlamini, D. O. Lenamile, L. N. Sewele.

WATER EN WOESTYN

Deur ELSA JOUBERT

Die skryfster het 'n reis onderneem van die oorsprong van die Nyl tot by sy mond. Die doel was om die binneland van Afrika, sowel as die mense, te sien. Altyd het sy oop kolle op landkaarte gesien, waar net hier en daar 'n naam geskrywe staan; haar eersug was om te sien hoe dit op daardie plekke lyk. Is daar dorpe?

Van Kaapstad tot Mombassa het dit twee weke geduur. Op groen-bedenkte heuwels was daar kremetartbome. Aardrykskundig weet ons dat kremetartbome nie in half tropiese streke aard nie. „Waar kom hulle vandaan,” het die skryfster gevra. Hier is die antwoord: Volgens die legende is elke Portugees wat op Mombassa in die oorloë teen die Arabiere gesneuwel het, met 'n kremetartsaad in die hand begrawe. Elke boom is veronderstel om 'n graf aan te wys. Verder het die skryfster na die dhouhawe — Fort Jesus — gegaan.

Weet u wie die eerste blanke was om berg Kilimanjaro te sien? Dit was twee Duitse sendelinge, eerwaardes Rebmann en Krapf. Nog twee Duitsers, prof. Hans Meyer en Ludwig Purtscheller, het in 1889 vir die eerste keer die berg tot bo bestyg.

Berg Kilimanjaro het twee pieke, naamlik Kibo en Makwenza. Van die twee pieke is Kibo, die westelike een, die hoogste — 19,565 voet. Makwenza is tweeduisend voet laer. Baie gepas noem die natuurlike vir Kibo — Ngaje 'Nga, wat „Huis van God” beteken.

Die skryfster het in Boeganda vertoef. Die Baganda—inwoners van Boeganda—een van die provinsies van Oeganda—tel een jaar as twee omdat hulle twee oeste per jaar kry. Die Boeganda streek is baie vrugbaar omdat die klimaat gunstig is.

Die bruide van die adelgeslag word met melk gevoer totdat hulle baie vet word. Aan die einde kan hulle nie eens loop nie, en as hulle wil uitgaan word hulle deur sterk manne gedra.

Na baie verdragings en oponthoude het die skryfster Khartoem bereik. Khartoem beteken „slurp van die olifant” en die stuk land tussen die twee riviere — die Wit Nyl en Blou Nyl — voordat hulle saamvloei en waarop die stad gebou is lyk glo daarna.

Khartoem word met Omdoerman deur 'n brug verbind. Die belangrikste historiese monument in Omdoerman is die huis van Khalifa Adullahi, wat dateer uit die dae van die Mahdi-opstand.

Die Mahdi was die geroepene die „verwagte leidsman” van Islam. Hy het die verset van die Soedannese gelei teen die Turks-Egiptiese beheer wat sestig jaar lank sy mense afgepers en wanbestuur het.

Die skryfster het verder gereis tot by Deir-el-Bahri. Hierdie plek is wêreldberoemd om sy grafkelders. Die grafkelders behoort aan die faraos. Hierdie tempel van Deir-el-Bahri was deur Hatsjepsoet gebou. Wat veral interessant was, is dat Hatsjepsoet volgens oorlewering die prinses is wat vir Moses in die biesiemandjie langs die rivier opgetel en daarna aan haar hof grootgemaak het.

Uiteindelik het die skryfster Kairo bereik. Die belangrikste dinge wat in Kairo te sien is, is die moskee. 'n Moskee is wat ons hier kerk noem. Die eerste moskee wat in Kairo gebou is, was die Amr moskee, wat in 642 n.c. gebou is. Die skryfster het ander moskees besoek, onder andere die Rifaimoskee waar sy amper deur Egiptenare gedood was. Verder het sy die parfuum-winkel van Ahmed Solimann besoek, waar sy parfums van hoë waarde gesien het.

Na al hierdie ervarings het Elsa — die skryfster — Europe toe gegaan.

—Opsomming deur BENJAMIN MGULWA.

FOOTBALL REPORT – 1963.

The teams started well though we had some weak points here and there, especially in the first team. We had to change the schemes many times even after the local fixtures had begun. Thus we could not have a well constructed team. It was not until we had lost three matches that the boys started to be serious. The results of the matches that were played were as follows:

Matches Lost:

Meadowlands Secondary.
Orlando High.
Pimville High.

Drew With:

Vocational Training Institution.
Orlando West Secondary.

Won Against:

Sekano Ntoane Secondary.
Tsholofelo Ntle Secondary.
Diepkloof Secondary School.

Though our first team could not get to the finals, the second and third teams had done so well that both played their finals. Our third team was able to obtain all the points in the league, and won the finals against Orlando High, thus bringing a trophy home for the second year.

On the 11th of April we played Kroonstad High School on the 14th September. The A and the C teams won the matches, and B's were the only losers for the day. Our hosts seemed disappointed that they had lost the A match. If it were not for the non-scholars, the whole trip would have been entertaining.

By ELIAS MOTLOKOA.

Barber: "And how would you like your hair cut, Sir?"

Customer: "Off".

Barber: "Yes, I know. But what style?"

Customer: "First tell me your prices".

Barber: "Haircut is 25c, shave 10c."

Customer: "Well, shave my hair off."

* * *

By twee geleenthede moet 'n mens nie dobbel nie — wanneer jy dit kan bekostig en wanneer jy dit nie kan bekostig nie.

* * *

Piet: „Daar's net twee dinge verkeerd met hom.”

Jan: „Wat is hulle?”

Piet: „Wat hy doen en praat.”

* * *

The Std. VIII girls were having a lesson on how to cook soup. After that a fly fell inside the pot and Alinah saw it.

Alinah: "Mistress, there is a fly in the pot."

Mistress: „Don't worry, it won't drink too much.”

* * *

Joe: "Where is your father working Philly?"

Philly: "At the shoe factory."

Joe: "What is he doing there?"

Philly: "Because he is still a new-comer, he is still doing lots of mistakes."

By STANLEY BAPELA



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QUIPS

A certain fancy goods dealer on being told that his blind was a disgrace to any window, excused himself by saying that a new one would be costly.

"But", his friend replied, "you will lose business if you keep a shabby blind like that."

"I believe you are right," said the shop keeper. "I must really see what I can do."

Some weeks later his friend called again, and was delighted to see a decided change for the better.

"That's a lovely blind you have now", remarked he. "It must have cost you a pretty penny."

"It did that," was the naive reply. "But my customers helped a good deal. You see, I placed a collection box on the counter with a printed notice 'FOR THE BLIND' and I got all I wanted."

* * *

Judge: The witness — Cowboy says you rushed past on your motor-cycle as quick as thought.

Matloporo: "Yes, I knew him at school — he always thought very slowly."

* * *

Thandi: I'm sorry mistress but I've dropped the shopping basket.

Dom. Science Ma'am: Never mind dear. I don't suppose you have damaged it.

Thandi: Oh' no, miss, but I have damaged the eggs inside it.

* * *

For the last time, will you marry me? said the villain.

"Ha, Ha!", shrilly laughed the young widow.

"I didn't even marry you for the first time."

* * *

Teacher: Are you sure this classroom is quiet.

Monitor: Quiet? why, it never makes a sound.

by CHRISTOPHER RAVUKU.

HA O SO BONE LETHO

Tadimo o se a qetile nako e telele a nts'a phomotse hae ka mora tshebetso ya dilemo tse tharo Lejwe-Leputswa. Jwale ka sesebetsi se sehoho, o ne a labalabela ho kgutlela merafong.

E ne e sale hoseng-seng ha a tsohela ho ya itlhatswa phuleng e tlase ho motse wa habo. Ha a kgutla a fumana thotwana ya hae e beilwe ka makgete ka ntle. Ha a qeta ho ja a dumedisa mohatsa'e le mora wa hae wa innotshi, Mahlomola.

Tadimo a furalla motse wa habo wa Ngetshane le sehlopha sa banna ba mo felehetsang. Ba ile jwalo ba mo kgotatsa seka ngwetsi e felehetswa, ba mo lakaletsa mahlohonolo. Ha ba re ba phahamisa mahlo, ka ho hloka ditaba, ba bonele Mohokare manene! Ka mora nakonyana, ba se ba dumedisitse, ba phekhoha ba kgutlela hae. A wela Mohokare Tadimo weso pelo e sisitse ha a hopola mosadi wa hae le Mahlomola.

Ha a tadima letsatsi, a fumana hore le sa le hojana le hlooho tsa mengala. A tsamaela motsaneng mane moo mesi e neng e thuntsha teng. Terene ya hae e ne e le ya phirimana. A fetela ha motswala'e Tsheha mosadi a mo amohela hantle ka ha a ne a ritetse mohlang oo. Kaha le yena Tadimo e ne e le setshedi, a bo nwela le hosasane. Eitse moo a reng o ya tereneng ya be e se e se yena, a tsamaya ho se ho kae empa ha a sirela motseng a dula fase a phomola, athe ke ha a ikela ka sephumo sa boroko. Autlwela tlase-tlase modumo o hlahang hole, empa a re ha e so be terene. Ha phakisa ha hlaka hore terene e teng seteisheneng. A re phapha! ngwana e motona, a tloseletsa ka le leholo empa ka ha a kopantse le botahwa, a nna a hata haufinyana mona. Moo a seng a hata butle le mokgathala o ne o se o patetse hoba seteishane sa General se ne se le hojana, a kgotlwa jwale hore o e tshwere, ya rutla ho le jwalo tshutjhumakgala, lefokolodi la dithota, ya mo sia ka morao ya ba ya yo dikella.

Yaka a ka lla Tadimo ha a hopola hore o tla emela ya hosasa. Empa ka ha a ne a kopantse le mahleu ya e ba dinyane. Ka ho kgathala a tswafa ho ya motseng, a ya dithakong tse neng di dikilwe ke difate. A ala lepae la hae a sama thotwana ya hae ya ba o ilela le ba maseya. Ha a tsoha borokong a fumana ho se ho le lefifi, mehopola ya farasa a hopola mohlolo wa polao ya sona baka seo. Empa yena a re ha ho motho ya ka mmolayang a tadimme a re o tla itwanela senna ya ba wa 'hoballa.

Yaka wa lora ha utlwa diqi tsa motho a tsamaela moo a robetseng. A re pheu! a ba a sala a tonne mahlo. A qamaka ka hohle a se ke a bone letho, le tsona diqi tsane di se di sa utlwale. A re tjhe wa lora ha ho letho; ha jwale ba mo hatella ka matla hoo ha diqi tsane di atamela, a sa kang a phahamisa le hlooho. Sa fihla sepoko sa ema pel'a hae. Sa dumedisa ka ntswe le makgerehlwa, yena a se a shwele ke ho tshoha.

A kgantsha peipi yeo a ileng a e tsuba ka bothata Sepoko sa re „Ntsubise monna.” A qhomela hodimo ha lentswe le duma jwale ka maru, a mpa a mo neha. Sona sa e hula, sa tjho sa ba sa eketsa, sa dulela hore: „mpu---mpu---”. Tadimo ha a re he! a fumana ho kgantsitswe ka dithakong, a utswa ka leihlo ho bona feela se etsahetseng ka peipi ya e rekileng hoseng. A fumana e tsekema malakabe, sepoko se tiisitse ka menong, se tsitlalletse se e tshwere ka matsoho a mabedi, se etsa mankokwana eka se tla wela fatshe. Eitse ha a boela a ema a ba a re su!

A tadima Tadimo ya ileng a balehisa mahlo ka pele a se a itshola sefahleho, a re „Kgele! monna wa mo tsamai, na wa tseba ke ne ke qetele kwae e monate ha kale neng?” Tadimo ka lentswe le fokolang a re: „Nka rata ho tseba morena”. Holane ke le Tadimo ne nkeke ka rata ho tseba. Monna a re „Mohlang wane ke sa phela le madimo a maholo bo-Ratladi”. Tadimo ha a ka a hlola a nahana seo a ka se etsang, a hla a di bona matswele, ka ha a ne a tseba se neng se etswa ke madimo ka bo-Ratladi. A hloma mmomo fatshe, maoto a hae a hla a mojara hantle. A lebisa mapolaseng a maburu a sa shebe morao, a hlahlatha hara masimo.

Ha a ya a lebile ntlo ya leburu a teyana le dintja, tsa mo beya mangwele ho fihlela moepeng o lebisang morung. O se o ka inahanela se etsahetseng ha di mo hlwa setha.

Empa ke enwa Tadimo a fihla ka hae ka meso a le marantha-rantha a le maoma-oma, a qhitsang madi. Ka dihlong, a sitwa le ho phethela mohatsa'e tsa leeto la hae, a nna a re „He! mosadi, ha o tsebe, lee lefatshe, ke ya letshaba.”

Tjhe mohaeso, ha di be mohatla kgwiti tsa Tadimo. Kgomo ha e ke e nye boloko kaofela. Re tla boela re teyana le yena leetong la hae ho ya ngaka ya hae e kgolo, Kgotso.

EZRON MENDZE, Form IIA.

Pioneer Matriculation Class



Seated l-r: Joyce Nene, M. D. Kobe (Principal), Grace Masiase,
Mr. C. Nkondo (Class teacher), Agnes Ndlandla

Middle row l-r: Henry Seroke, Elias Sebona, Matome Ntoane,
Lydia Nyathi, Wilson Pholo, Herbert Mophete, Grace Ndarane,
Calvin Mohale, Joseph Malapela, Walter Mfeka

Back row l-r: Andrew Montsho, Johannes Nkonyane, John
Sibanyoni, Archibald Mrara, Kenneth Shange, Philemon Masipa

HIS LONG EARS

Have you ever heard how donkey came to have long ears? In ancient days his ears were just as small and just as neat as a horse's ears; but that was very long ago, before the animals and birds had names.

All the animals were called by the lion together, and said to them in a loud voice: "Who is your king?"

"You are our king." "I am going to give you names all of you, so that you must come to me when I call you," continued the lion.

Then he began: "Your name is hare. Your name is tiger. Your name is jackal. Your name is ass." And he told them not to forget them. The following day he called them one by one:

"What is your name?"

"My name is hare."

"What is your name?"

"My name is jackal."

"What is your name?"

"My name is tiger."

"What is your name?"

"My name is -er-er-er-"

"Yes what is it?"

"My name is -er-er-er-"

"Who-wo-oo-oo-ooo-! Don't make me angry, what is your name?"

"Er-er-er- I've forgotten it."

The lion was very angry. He rushed at the ass, and caught him by the ears. "I'll teach you a lesson to remember your name," he said; he pulled them until they became longer and longer.

"Your name was Ass, but I'll change it now to Donkey. Do you hear? Are your ears big enough to hear? Your name is Donkey; and do not forget it."

He pulled and pulled until they became as long as they are today.

SHADRACK MOLOI, Form 11b.

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MORRIS ISAACSON HIGH SCHOOL

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND IN DEED

A friend is one attached to another by affection, regard or esteem. One who supports and favours your cause, whether it be good or bad. But why are we fond of friends? Is it because they please us, comfort us when we are in sorrow or very near to help when we are in need?

I suppose if those were the reasons, then one only would be sufficient. Some of us (students) value friends so much that we open our hearts to them and tell them things which we would not tell our parents. Is it possibly because they can solve our problems? Or give us tips of solving them? One cannot easily tell.

If we would be able to judge some of the things done by our beloved friends or their inspiration or their interest, we would realise that they are not worthy friends. Therefore this word friend can easily include an enemy in disguise.

Just try to think of the time wasted while gossiping with friends, conspiring unnecessarily or even taking part in unbecoming activities. Surely, every student knows that his or her duty is to show his or her ability in both the sporting activities and studies. And the only friends to have are those who give you a helping hand all the time.

The students' best friend should be the books. These valuable friends do not talk like the other friends, but all their advice is based on facts needed in every day life. Some of these friends i.e. books, do not always contain suitable information e.g. Comics and a large number of pornographic literature. But it is up to us as students to choose which to regard as good and helpful books.

These "Friends" (the books) know how to mould a student's mind and fill him with the urge to read more and more. They are able to give a student more facts than he would normally expect from the fellow students he always consults. These "friends" don't just mould our minds and characters, but their constant consultation helps us throughout our studies.

As one writer said: "Show me a kind of book a child is reading, and I will tell you what kind of a man he is going to be." So to be better men and women of tomorrow let us read good books which teach righteousness. And these "friends" are the ones needed for instructions together with our parents' and teachers' advice.

EZRON MENDZE, Form IIa.

HABITS I DETEST

By JOHN B. SIBANYONI

Smoking and drinking of alcoholic drinks, are two habits which I intensely dislike.

Once a person has become addicted to smoking, it becomes very difficult for him to abstain from it. By smoking, a person develops a false feeling that he cannot do anything without having smoked.

In fact, from smoking a person gains absolutely nothing. It is known that tobacco has nicotine which is not good for a healthy body. From smoking money which might have been saved, made valuable contributions or bought a pair of socks which may last for months is unnecessarily wasted.

Drinking of alcoholic drinks is a worse habit than smoking. Once a person has become addicted to alcohol, his health, dignity and manners show a certain degree of deterioration. Sometimes he deteriorates to such an extent that he may be classified with an ordinary beggar in the street. It matters not of what importance his profession or official position is.

Usually, drunkards are people who are afraid of facing the vicissitudes of life. They take refuge in strong drinks so as to become happy for a few hours whilst under the influence of the liquor. They are neither compelled by hunger nor by thirst as some put it.

Grave accidents, especially with drivers and evil things are known to have been caused by people under the influence of liquor. Homes have been broken and from these have come "tsotsis" who are a menace to the public because of liquor.

To ambitious youths, liquor is disastrous. It does not matter how brilliant a youth can be. But as soon as he indulges in strong drinks, he gradually mentally and physically degrades. Generally, the ambitious ones fall on the way whenever an attempt of pursuing a career or certain profession has been made. From these facts, we can conclude that alcoholic drinks are not only detrimental to an individual youth, but also to the nation.

May we future leaders who are inspired with high ideals abstain from these evil habits and try and keep pace with youths of other nations who are busy exploring the various scientific fields of this Atomic Age.

"To know is pleasant; it is exciting to be conscious; the intellect is a valuable instrument, and for certain purposes the hypotheses which it fabricates are of great practical value."

—Aldous Huxley.

Junior Red Cross Committee



Chairman: Thomas NKUTHA (seated)

Patron: Mr. K. R. LEGOALE

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

It is Monday. The time is 2.30 p.m. After the bell has gone I pack my books and leave for the library. As I move across the quadrangle I meet other students I work with. I then set the date-stamp in order, so that every student has a book for a fortnight.

The woodwork centre is filled with students. There is a bit too much noise. We request them to be silent and stand in a queue. Others have come with a wrong book and have to go back to class and fetch the correct book.

One student reports the book lost. We then establish how and when the book was lost. Sometimes you are told that the book was stolen, perhaps in class. This is because some of the students are careless. It is just a pity that every lost book must be replaced. We have no mercy with people who are careless.

I help Johannes to draw up a list of people whose books are due. There is great difficulty in rounding these people up. Someone says that he forgot to bring the book along. You must try by all means to speak to each of them so that you may know what has become of the book.

One student requests to renew a book that is left at home. This cannot be done when the book is not there. You try your utmost best to explain but in vain. At the end he goes back to class dissatisfied and grumbling all the way.

When all the students have repaired to their class-rooms we put the books back according to their classification. All the books are numbered at the back. This classification facilitates our administration.

We then prepare for closing. We put all our equipments in the cupboard. We must leave the place spotlessly clean. This is usually done at 3.45 p.m.

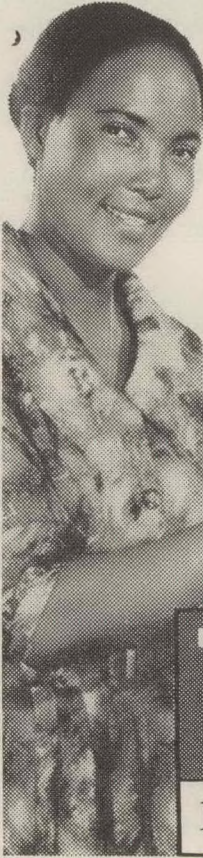
I do like my weekly routine in the library. It gives me a chance of knowing different kinds of people. I like the way we run the library.

As for the library itself—it is of great help to every student. We find various kinds of books. We are able to increase our vocabulary. We learn something from the characters found in the books.

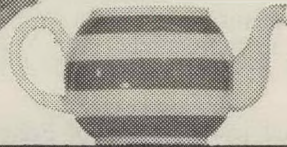
We, the students, man and run our school library. This arrangement helps us to keep in touch with the books and to value them.

By ELIZABETH BUTHELEZI.

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One teaspoon of
TEASPOON TIPS
makes a pot of
good strong tea!



**Teaspoon
Tips**

100% Pure Ceylon Tea



“TEACHER PROVED TO BE ‘GREATEST CONSUMER’.”

By LYDIA T. NYATHI.

The Sports League decided that the Inter-Zone Athletic Competitions should be held in Loius Trichardt for 1963. And indeed, arrangements were made for the trip to “The Great North.”

When it was announced at the assembly that the trip of the year for the school was the one to the north, both students and teachers were very excited. This news spread like wild fire and became the talk of the school. Girls, as is always the case with them, were planning what kind of tasty consumables would suit their provision baskets. Some young girls had already sent in orders to shop-keepers for all kinds of delicious and expensive food.

Then there was a teacher, Mr. X. He kept on influencing everybody not to miss that long interesting journey. He has a very sweet tongue, because eventually he succeeded in defeating my indifference to the trip.

What I later noticed was that Mr. X was highly influential among the girls. The reason for this was known only to himself. On seeing the list of students increasing, he smiled to himself; apparently his plans were materialising.

Three buses left the school yard, for the North, at 2.00 p.m. on Friday.

We had just gone out of Pretoria when Mr. X stood up and looked around. He was not looking at anybody but his eyes were glued leeringly on to provision baskets. And on seeing all of them swollen, for that moment he had to swallow gallons of saliva as his mouth watered.

It then became evident to me that, Mr. X wanted girls mainly to go that he might have more baskets to attend to. After satisfying himself in counting and comparing the sizes of the baskets, he sat down to join in conversation with the other two teachers.

We still had a long distance to travel. At about 8.00 p.m. no one had thought of having supper. Mr. X was anxiously waiting for this time and grew impatient. He again stood up: “Girls! It’s supper time. Girls! wake up! Don’t do that man. When do you usually dish up at your homes? Be reasonable.”

The poor girls on hearing this command, opened their baskets. Out came cakes, sweets, eggs, fish, ham, pork, bacon and all kinds of other foodstuff. At that time our Mr. X was smiling continuously.

There was no girl whose name he did not know at that hour. He talked sweetly: "Marie my kind, hoe gaan dit daar?" By so saying he was asking whether he would get anything to eat from Marie. I had never seen him so kind before.

Starting from the front seats, moving back, he started his work. He would eat eggs here, sweets there, cheese here, cold drink there, ham here, cakes there, biscuits here and fish there. He engaged himself like that until he had had something from all the baskets.

At least after eating so much I expected Mr. X to lie down. But what? He jumped to the next bus and did exactly the same thing.

I wish to congratulate Mr. X for being so well trained in the field of eating.

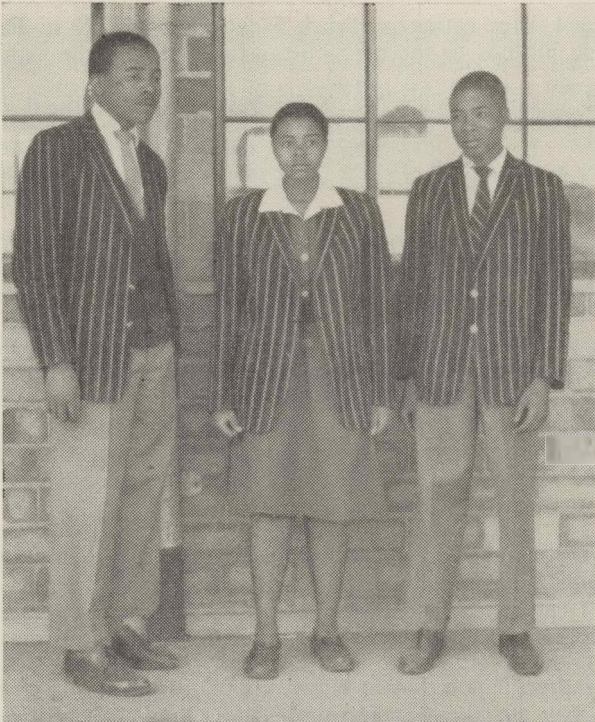
THE UNSUNG HEROES AND HEROINES

Do you, mother and father, ever stop to ponder, what I really do from early morning to early evening? Do you ever wonder how I learn some of the things that I know? Do you really know me? Do you know how I behave, when I do not have to pretend in front of you? Of course I know you will say yes, but will that be the whole truth on your part, and if you say yes, do you then ever thank the people who are responsible for my being what I am now?

Dear parents do you remember the first day you sent me to school?—you should. I did not know how to hold a pencil, I could not say "a" but now I can say "PROCRASTINATION" and even write it. Does it ever strike you that somebody is responsible for my knowing these things.

Well father, if you do not know, today you must know: In this place to which you are always referring as the school, is a group of men and women. They are very ordinary, some of them quite young, some middle-aged and others old. These men and women have the toughest job that can ever be assigned to anybody. They have to do what a thousand books written by highly educated professors cannot do. It is first them and then follow the books. They have to curb my criminal tendencies, they have to mould me for modern day living. You, father, and you mother, leave it to them to tell me what is wrong and what is right, because you are afraid of calling a spade a spade, and when I fail to recognise the difference between right and wrong, you immediately lay the blame on them, saying they are not doing their duty. But why do you not do yours and tell me?

TOP OF THE FORM



Left: BENJAMIN MGULWA Form III
Centre: ELIZABETH BUTHELEZI Form II
Right: CALVIN MOHALE Form V

You say they have to do it, because they are paid for it, but father you are wrong. Their kind of patience, the depth of their scope, their knowledge, their unsparing self sacrifice cannot be bought. It takes more than money to get a man to go to work on Sunday. It takes more than money to bear with the poverty of our parents. It takes more than money to make a man sacrifice his lunch, so that I may understand a simple problem. It takes more than money to make a man bear with me, when I, in my stupidity, try to make a fool of him, by asking questions which will ultimately prove me foolish instead. Father, it takes more than you and anybody else can ever pay to bear with the toughness of boys at school, but father these men and women have to do, and have to put up with these things, and they do not charge you an extra cent for it.

To you they are nothing but faces in the crowd, people not even worth mentioning in your daily conversation. And yet you are brave enough to entrust them with my care and well being.

You entrust the moulding of a new nation to them, but you never say thank you, instead you and your friends insult them. Ever since I was a kid of five, yours has only been to provide me with shelter, clothes and food. As for the finer arts of life, you have always left it to these men and women, dismissing all my problems as childish nonsense, not worth your care, but these men and women have always been and are still doing their utmost best to solve these problems for me. There have been crises in my life, when I have needed tender handling and utmost care, when I have turned in vain to you but not these men and women. They have always had the word of encouragement and chastisement where necessary. As a result I have always survived the ordeals that will always assail a young life.

Father, that is why I say to you that these men and women know and understand me better than you. That is why I beseech you, father, to cooperate with them, encourage them by taking an interest in my progress instead of being a bystander. These men and women do everything in their power to make me what you would like me to be.

To my heroes and heroines, I plead with you to keep on the good work you are doing, to add more to your already over-taxed patience. Although you are over-burdened, do not give up the struggle for an improved nation. Please find the necessary compensation in your achievements. Yours is a tough and trying assignment which demands the attention of men and women of your calibre. Without you we do not have a nation neither have our parents children. I know that although there is no one to praise or thank you, you have a certain standard you would like to achieve, may this ambition spur you on and may you find satisfaction in your efforts.

ALPHEUS NDLOVU, Form IVb.

JABAVU PHARMACY

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LET'S LAUGH

By ELLIOTT MPAMBANI, Iib.

First Robber: Let's count our loot.

Second Robber: Why bother? Let's wait and find out in the morning newspaper.

* * *

Teacher: Can any boy give me a sentence which includes the word PARALYSIS?

Little Mike: I can — I went for a swim yesterday and lost my trousers and had to go home in a PAIR ALICE'S.

* * *

Doctor: I can't quite diagnose your case but I think it must be the drinks.

Patient: O.K. Doc., I'll come back when you are sober.

* * *

Aan 'n fabriekbaas word gevra watter aandeel sy maatskappy in die oorlog gehad het.

„Sien jy daardie tenk?” vra hy terwyl hy na 'n groot indrukwekkende tenk wys. „Well, ons het die papier vervaardig waarop sy planne geteken is.”

* * *

BRavery

A lover told his sweetheart that he loved her so much he would even face death for her. Shortly afterwards a bull snorted and charged. He was off like a shot.

She shouted after him, “But, darling, you just said you would face death for me.”

“Sure,” he called, “but he ain't dead yet.”

* * *

'n Klein dorpie is waar die posmeester meer weet as die skoolmeester.

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THE POWER OF MUSIC

By THEOPHILUS NDUBE, IVb.

Most say that poetry is more potential,
For it reveals most what is essential:
It cannot be denied that it histories relate,
That it colours every language no one debates.
But Tom and Dick and Harry
Will not enjoy every verse,
'Cause he can't verses vary;
With him music is more terse.
Shakespeare we read, study and perpend
In order his plays to comprehend.
With us acquaintance ends in the concert-room,
And on the piano we play at home.
With four poets at once you get chaos ---
They give you no creation:
But musicians won't one another oppose,
To them you show reaction.
Poor Ferdinand was led in sorrow,
Not to doom but to the great Prospero.
And we have no cause to wonder
Because there he met his fair Miranda.
Freddy Hill was complaisant
To the girl he wished to marry ---
Music made him complacent
For it could best his love carry.
I sing not to disprove a greater mind,
But for the young ears here a joy to find
And also to keep their minds musing ---
Me thinks there is dynamic power in music.

* * *

SPAAR BENE

„Meneer, sal u nie iemand help wat sy been verloor het nie?” vra die bedelaar met die houtbeen.

„Ek is jammer,” was die antwoord, „maar ek dra nooit 'n ekstra been saam nie.”

THE TENNIS REPORT – 1963.

Coach: Mr. Radebe.

Captain: Churchill Tladi.

Vice-Captain: Israel Mona.

The 1963 Morris Isaacson High School Tennis Team has been very strong. The coach Mr. Radebe led it to some of its victories.

Its first match for the year was against the Dube Youth Club. The secretary, Ivy Nakedi, did her best to make arrangements for that match which was played at the Dube Tennis Courts.

Here our boys' team showed their skill in tennis because their opponents were experienced in the game.

In the High School League four matches were played and the team lost only two of these matches. The team thus failed to qualify for the knock out.

The most interesting match was the one against Kroonstad High School. In this match both sides proved to be strong but our team proved to be stronger than Kroonstad. The Kroonstad ladies Miss Lesapo and Miss Molotsi during the ladies doubles against Miss Nginda and Miss Dlamini showed determination but lost the score being 6—2, 4—6.

The Male Doubles game for the visiting team was played by Mr. Mosiane and Mr. Rampa who lost the sets to Mr. Mona and Mr. Vundla; the score was 6—4, 6—3.

The Ladies Singles and Male Singles as well as the Mixed Doubles were also won by Morris Isaacson.

On the 10th August 1963 the School visited Wilberforce. In Wilberforce our team tried its best to win the match but the Wilberforce team proved to be stronger.

The following month on the 14th September 1963 we visited Mamelodi High School. Their Tennis courts were about two to three miles away from the school. The scheme was totally changed from what it had been before.

Because of this great distance to and from the courts and our late arrival there we managed to play only ten sets instead of sixteen sets. There the team did very well. This was the last trip by the school for the year.

AN OLD TROUSER TELLS ITS STORY

I was a yard of a beautiful cloth belonging to a certain Indian man. He sold me to a factory owner. There I was torn by a woman with a pair of scissors. She shaped me into a fine pair of trousers. After losing some weight (being shaped) I was again sold to an owner of a big retail shop in town.

There I was put in the display window case of the shop. I really enjoyed myself in this position with my friends sitting besides me. The following morning a certain European suddenly stopped when he was about to pass this show case and looked at me carefully, he then got into the shop. The shop owner removed me from the case. I was then faced with my future which I thought was not bright. It was not long when I realised how wrong I was to think my future a failure.

This European man was a fine gentleman. I was well looked after. One day my master was wearing me walking in town. Many people kept on looking at him. This made me wonder if my master was a foreigner. Then I heard a certain man saying: "Know! this is the latest style." It was then that I realised why people were looking at him.

Four weeks later I was taken to a certain uncomfortable place called a "DRY CLEANER". There I was taken into a very big machine where I thought myself a real slave. I was kept in the machine for almost an hour. Drowned, squeezed and pressed on the walls as well as on the floor by the other clothes. I was taken out of the machine after fifty minutes which I thought was a year.

I was taken to an even cruel place, where I was ironed with a huge iron. I thought my lungs were being squeezed out, but fortunately my fears were unfounded. My master came and took me. I tried my best not to leave a single speck of dust on me, as I had experienced that uncomfortable place.

Five years later I was made a dusting rag. This is where my life ended.

BRIAN MASHUGANE, Form Ic.

THOUGHTS ON LIFE

"Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living and your belief will help create the fact."—William James.

* * *

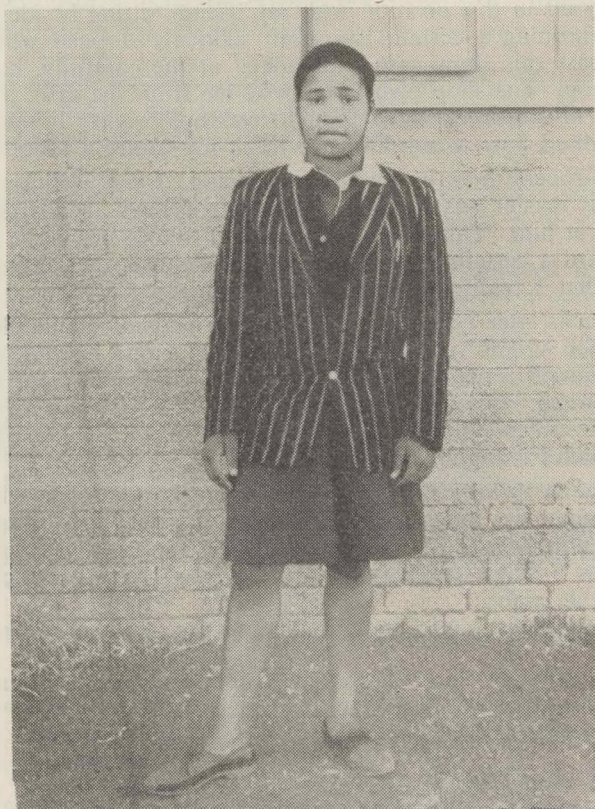
"I believe in an immortal soul. Science has proved that nothing disintegrates into nothingness. Life and soul, therefore, cannot disintegrate into nothingness, and so are immortal."—Wernher von Braun, missile expert.

* * *

"The man who regards his own life and that of his fellow creatures as meaningless is not merely unfortunate but almost disqualified for life."—Albert Einstein, physicist.

INTER-ZONE ATHLETICS

Girls' Broad Jump Champ
1963



ELIZABETH GRANNY MOKHETHI

- ★ First Position Girls Broad Jump
- ★ Second Position Girls Shot Putt
(Inter-Zone Meeting, Lemana)
- ★ Ace Basketball Player

THE RUNNER

Running, running, hear the beat!
Bursting lungs and pounding feet.
Straining, gaining, 'til you're done
Or you have the race well-won.
Racing, racing, rather die
Than give up or let them by.
Training, raining wet or cold:
You'll complain and say you're sold,
But you'll stick it every day,
When you find you're made that way.
Living, striving to make good;
Striving as a real man should.
Up at dawn and on the track
You'll be sweating ere you're back.
Later on another run,
Tho' you're feeling rather done.
Hot or windy, hail or shine,
Real men run and never whine.
You will lose all "ifs" and "buts",
If you are a man of guts.
If it's on the old print blue,
That is good enough for you,
Tho' the job will make you groan,
You won't worry wince or moan.
Running, running: early, late:
Running with a steady gait.
You who never quit or pause,
Soon shall learn the prize is yours.
Strong in wind and big in heart,
You will grow a man apart.
If you're soft and just "so - so":
Don't start running, No! No! No;
Running is not meant for you,
Only for the favoured few;
For the really strong and tough:
Those who like, and take it, rough.

Running: running: flat or hill;
Running mostly on your will.
It looks easy: just the same,
Try it out — this running game.
You can run if you're a man:
He who runs — is — ne who can!
Come then running mile on mile:
Run and relax and you'll smile.
Tho' you blister, ache and sweat,
Tho' you moan and groan and fret:
When the Race of Life is run,
You will know that you have won.

By Z. "ZAKES" MADITJANE, Form IVb.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Possess them then you put most wrong aright,
In them for sure you keep a quiet mind:
To build them is always a true delight,
For years they stand as long as life we mind.
With sweating bodies life you find so hard,
Without a drop my castles stand not frail;
For sure, then, air is best foundation hard.
They form the best refuge for souls who fail,
The rich for want of rest to them will yield;
The bitter ills of want of bread are nil,
And 'gainst the tounge of fools they shield;
In them the rest you need you get at will.
Protect yourself against the tempest rife
Lest all castles go back to Spain for life.

By THEOPHILUS NDUBE, Form IV.

DINALEDI

Phatshimo kgolo godimo-dimo e a fatlha,
Matsatsi a senang palo godimo a gaisang;
'Kgotla ja magodimo le sa khutleng;
Thaka tse dikgolo di senang boikhutso.
Kgang kgolo e senang khutlo magodimong,
Bosula bo sa feng banna boikhutso —
Bo fitlhelwang, bo tlogelwa ke 'tsheki tse dikgolo matlhogo — tshweu;
Bao ba bo sekang ka phatshimo bo ba beile ka kwano.
Ke erile meriti e megoloe apesa Lobopo,
Kgogamasigo a tla a ipetsa sefuba,
A tshelwa loshalaba a tuma ele nnete,
A tloholwa, a kata ka morago ka maswabi a magolo.
A o ka bona okare goa apoga Mphatlalatsane!
A betologa ka takaselo e senang tlhaloso;
A fitlhela e se bonno e le boetelo —
Kgabagare a phatlalatsa pitso gobo ele Mphatlalatsane.
Ana lo bonetswe bonatla jang — Dinaledi!
Lo sa iponeng tsapa go bota-botela selo ka bosakhutleng;
Le tota ka go bontshe ngotlego ya kgaisano ya lona go sona.
A jaana Rramasedi yo o buiwang ga se lona?

ke DAVID M. MOPEDI, IVb.



One of the Top Three Teams
in the S.W.A.J.H.S.S. League



Trainer: Mr. K. R. LEGOALE

BASKETBALL REPORT

Compared to last year's basket-ball performance, it does seem the players heeded our motto: "Practice makes perfect". When we were preparing for the high school league matches, every morning meant arduous and sacrificial practices — the half yearly examinations were pressing hard on us.

In our first match we were fixtured against Meadowlands Secondary School. We lost all the matches (A, B and C). I assume that our teams had not settled down and wish to add that given a second chance, we would acquit ourselves quite admirably against this school. We were not pleased by the soft points that Tsholofelo ntle Secondary decided to give our school in the Second League matches. However, our strength was reserved for Orlando West Secondary. Indeed the third match was similar to the "Birds" vs. "Buccaneers" in the soccer fields. The better side, Orlando West, won the matches. Preparations for the T.U.A.T.A. Music Competitions crippled our promising basket-ball teams. Many players missed the practices as they were preparing for the competitions. The school lost to Orlando High. Our trainers did not appreciate our suggestion that music was crippling the game — we were punished. The punishment worked: Musi High and Sekano-Ntoane Secondary lost to our teams. Diepkloof Secondary, like Tsholofelo-ntle, also gave us soft points.

On the 11th May, 1963, we had the pleasure of receiving Kroonstad High School. The matches were thrilling! We won all the matches played against the visitors' basket-ball teams. The dawn of the 10th August, 1963, saw two buses leaving Morris Isaacson for Wilberforce Training Institution. Despite the fact that we dished Wilberforce our "D" team to play their "C", we proved superior. The school teams won all the matches. On the 14th September, 1963, we visited Mamelodi High School in Pretoria. We arrived late in Pretoria. The "C" match started at 1.20 p.m. and was followed by the "B". These matches were won by our teams. By the time the "A" teams played the weather had changed from warm to hot. This had a lethargic effect on our players who had travelled from the high veld to the middle veld. We therefore lost.

The performance for the year shows an improvement on last year's. In the High School League log we came third from the top in the three divisions (A, B and C). I wish to congratulate my colleagues and encourage them to keep this good spirit in all their future matches.

JOYCE NENE (Captain).

H A T S

Anything that answers to the description of having a crown and a marked brim as a headgear is a hat. Hats are made from various materials ranging from grass to brass. Here can be included felt, straw, leather, cloth, paper and aluminium.

Hats are typical of nationality and occupation. Sombreros are typical of Mexicans, the bowler hats are worn by London businessmen, the Tengallon Stetson by Texans and the straw hats worn by different clans of the Basutos.

All these kinds of hats are not designed in the same fashion — Sombreros have a fairly extensive upturned brim with a short hard crown and the Tengallon Stetson has an extensive flexible brim which can be twisted to any desired shape.

There has been much controversy as to the uses of hats. Formally, hats are used as a protective measure. They protect the skull and scalp from severe injury. This is typical of the helmets worn by miners and motorists in racing-tracks.

To appear attractive, some women's hats are extravagantly decorated. These decorations range from feathers to fruits, and of late, vegetables.

The point of women being attractive in hats is debatable since many of the fairer sex have resorted to "stretching" their hair and buying wigs and going about bare-headed. This is typical of African women and they appear quite cute.

Hats may be worn for protection against natural elements. This can clearly be observed during rainy, windy and unbearably hot days.

It is interesting to visit sports grounds and notice that certain types of hats are reserved for the particular sport: Visit a bowling club and see the white hats worn by bowlers. They have been decorated with ribbons around the bottom edge of the crown. Not only bowling is concerned but all other sports.

Whether hats manifest or reveal the character of the wearer has puzzled many people. To some extent this may be true. A hat worn neatly with the brim carefully balanced gives us the impression that the wearer is a gentleman of good character and virtues. In contrast, a hat which has a crown artificially decorated with shining pieces of metal and the brim twisted in shapes indescribable and precariously balanced on the head reveals the individual to be either a criminal or hooligan who delights in vice. But how many of the so-called gentlemen have been responsible for crime is known by the prison authorities, for a wolf can put on a lamb's skin.

Hats cannot be worn anywhere and at any time. There are places where shoes should not be worn as in a church, house or where there is an authoritarian atmosphere prevailing as in the classroom.

Some hats are worn to mark rank. This is apparent in the clergy of some denominations. In marking rank helmets worn by sergeants in the police and defence forces clear one's doubts as to the rank of the individual concerned.

Much money is involved in the buying of hats. Quality is the main criterion. Milliners are engaged in a brisk business. Prizes range from one rand to about ten rands. Some hats are worn on special occasions and celebrations as during the national July Handicap. Hats worn by women on this particular day are expensive, only to be packed in kists after the day and to be forgotten. What a waste of hard-earned money, when babies die from Kwashiokor! It is well known that changing of hats with fashion is typical of the women as opposed to their menfolk.

GEORGE MABE, Form IVa.

SOIL EROSION

For many years Nature worked on the soil with patience and wisdom, providing it with food and protection. She provided vegetation of the correct type and quantity for every type of soil. She also provided animal life of the correct type and number to suit the vegetation.

She planned things in a careful way so that everything was balanced — the soil fed the vegetation, the vegetation fed the animal life and in return, the vegetation provided the soil with protection and together with animal life, gave it food.

But in spite of all these good works of Nature, Man is negligently and ignorantly helping agencies such as blowing wind and flowing water to carry this soil — matter of life — from places where it is useful to places where it will be useless.

Our ancestors utilized this soil, passed it over to us to make a living out of it. We also live on it. But if we leave it to disappear under our feet, we will leave nothing for our children but a warrant of death. What should be done?

Unless we work with and not against Nature, the land will progressively become infertile, yield less, and eventually turn into useless dongas. We should encourage vegetal growth. We should limit our live-stock and divide our veld into convenient rotational grazing with the correct carrying capacity. We should use proper methods of ploughing our fields. We should plough contours along the slopes and not up and down the slopes. We should practise the crop rotation systems and use the correct manures.

I believe that we are destined to reach our highest development largely along the lines of scientific and industrial education.

Our greatest danger is that in the great leap from darkness to light we overlook the fact that the masses have to live by the production of our lands and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common occupations of life and in proportion as we learn to draw a distinction between ornamental gew-gaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling the field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life that we must begin and not at the top.

AGNES C. D. MABENA, Form IVb.

PEISO YA DIKGOMO

Basotho jwalo ka ditjhaba tse ding, ba na le ditsela tse ngata tsa ho thabisa. Peiso ya dikgomo ke e nngwe ya boithabiso ba Basotho, mohaeso. Ke tshepa hore ho na le batho ba bangata ba sa tsebeng hore dikgomo di ka beiswa. Motho a ka ipotsa hore na di ya palangwa kapa mohlomong hore na kgomo ha e le phoofolo e sa tsebeng ho matha haholo e ka beiswa jwang. Empa ho Mosotho wa kgale ha se ntho e makatsang: ho ngwana Mosotho wa ka jeno, ke ntho e makatsang.

Wena o sa tsebeng hore na dikgomo di beiswa jwang, theya tsebe o mamele o inkele. Peiso yena ya dikgomo thaka mphato, e ba teng kgafetsa nakong ya mariha ha ho phunngwa mehwang kapa ho rahilwe qheme. Nakong yena ya mariha, badisana ba dikgomo ba tsetela matsete ka matsete. Matsete ana he mohaeso ke ona ao ho betjhelanwang ka ona ke dithena.

Ha kgomo di aloha hoseng, kgang ebe e a qaleha. E mong a hlahe kwana a re: "Ha kgomo tsa heno di ka siya tsa heso, nka tsetollela matseto aka kaofela." Kgabareng, e mong a hlabe kwana a re: "Ha tseno di ka sia tseso, nka o fa mme e be mmao kapa kgaetseli ya ka." Ho sa le jwalo, e mong a hlahe kwana ka hloho e ntsho a re ha kgomo tsabo di ka siuwa, e ka ba o kwaila ka mmomo (ho bulela motsheare).

Ha kgang e se e fedile, e ba ho tla kgethwa tulo yeo ho tla kopanwa teng ke bonkeke. Ke hore moo e mong le e mong a tlatla a se a kgaotse poho ya habo. Pele ke kena peisanong ya rona, ke mema mobadi hore a tsebe kgomo tse siyang ke tse lehala feela. Hape peiso yena e qala ha kgomo di o oroha feela (ha di furalla makgulo kapa mehwang). Peisong yena ya rona, ha ho batho ba kgethwang ho sheba dikgomo tse lehala. Molisana e mong le e mong ke molebelli e bile ke yena ya shebang tsa habo ya tla fumana moputso.

Ha tsatsi le rapama, e ba jwale bashemane ba lokisa masiba a bona hore batle ba letse tse kang dia utlwahala dinong, tse kang bo "lehemu" le "dikgaka." E, ho jwalo feela le dikgomong mohaeso, le tsona di rokela jwalo ka dipere. Ka nako ya hore peiso e qalehe, moshemane e mong le e mong o utlwe a rokela kgunong tsa habo, ditshwane tsa habo kapa nalana tsa habo jwalo-jwalo. Kgabareng, e be moshemane ka mong o kgaola poho ya habo ho ya sebakeng se kgethilweng.

Ere ha dikopana ho senyeha, bashemane ba sunye melomo dikohong mme ba bine tse kang di ya utlwahala dinong. Jwale di hane ho utlwa tse lehala dikgomo, mme o thole di robakallana ka mora bashemane. Di tla nyoloha jwale ho tloha naheng di entse sekgotho feela. Jwale he, mohaeso, tse lehale e be di tla ironsha ka ho betsheha fella, mme bashemane ba aa tlanyase e le ka nnete masiba.

Ha ho se ho atametswe hae ke dithona tsa rona, e be iwale ho botlwa tse betshileng di le ngata. Moshemane eo tsabo di betshileng di le ngata, e ba ke yena ya hlotseng. Ke yeo peiso ya dikgomo.

ELLIOT SEEMANE, Form IV.

MATHEMATICIANS

One day I was with my brother at table. He asked me two questions:

- (1) What is the difference between a cricket ball and a prince?
- (2) What is the difference between an aeroplane and a tree?

Well, the answer to the first question is: The difference between a cricket ball and a prince is that, a cricket ball is **thrown** to the **air**, whereas a prince is an **heir** to the **throne**.

The second question is left to all mathematicians. Make an attempt to solve for the unknown.

MARGARET POOE, Form IIa.



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SKETCH OF A TEACHER

Oliver Goldsmith portrays in his poem "The Village Schoolmaster" light-heartedly and yet with vivid colours the village schoolmaster. The following quotations are illustrative of Goldsmith's feeling and attitude towards the schoolmaster. You will decide the kind of attitude he has:

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding trembler's learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

The above words form what I may term my own conception of a unique and dynamic teacher. Nevertheless, the teacher I am to paint presently is quite different from the above eighteenth century teacher, but for the suits he wears!

Mr. Wallaby, alias La Puta is a man of average height. His name throws light on his dark complexion which would completely resemble that of an Australian Wallaby were it not for the fact he is a human being, and is therefore capable of nursing his complexion daily. He is less frightening when smiling and almost causes one to shriek when he grins. Thank God he can afford to smile at times! One glance at his nose and forehead is enough to imprint in one's mind an image of a hooting owl on a moonless night — and all the spine chilling fright that accompanies the eerie atmosphere. If you are interested in knowing how he walks, think of an octopus, painful and clumsy; is it not?

Look at his shoes. They are not at all impressive. They are the round-nosed type of shoes which are usually worn by our aged fathers. But it does not end there: his shoes seem to be subjected to an internal forceful pressure exerted by the feet in all directions. This pressure manifests itself in the form of distortions seen on the top leather.

His suits give the impression that he never buys them himself, but sends someone to do the job; or shall I say he buys them direct from overseas so that he receives them through the post?

Nevertheless, they do not appear to be the correct size. They are small. This is actually the most outstanding feature by which one may easily make out Mr. Wallaby from the rest of the school staff. I hope up to this point he has not yet discovered himself because I still wish to mention something concerning his work in the classroom.

Southern Zone Athletic Champions 1963



Trainers: Standing Mr. K.R. Legoale (centre) and
Mr. N. J. Sechele (extreme right)
Seated: Mr. N.J. Malebane (extreme left), Mr. L.M. Mathabathe

I have nothing flowery to say about him concerning classroom work but to mention that his hobby is collecting newspaper cuttings. Further than this I have nothing to say because most of the time I cannot even make out what he is saying, let alone hearing. When he makes a speech he seldom completes his sentences, and usually swallows the last words or mumbles them.

You may be interested to know what subject Mr. Wallaby teaches. I am not going to mention that for a reason known only to myself. All I can do is invite you into our school staff-room. You will find Mr. Wallaby seated at one corner of the teacher's table, quite relaxed and from his boisterous laughter obviously enjoying the jokes passed now and then by his colleagues.

ARCHIBALD MRARA, Form V.

ALONG THE TRACK

By ZACHARIA "ZAKES" MADITJANE.

The annual Inter-High School Athletic Competition was held, as usual, at the Orlando Stadium on the 11th April, 1963. The athletes in their colours paraded round the track marching past Mr. K. R. Legwale, Chairman of the South Western Areas Inter-High Schools Sports League who took the salute.

The athletes were led by the S.A.P. Band of the Orlando Police Station. The meeting started at a slow pace and the day looked bleak for our school with the athletes failing badly in the first event. But the failure could be attributed to the fact that the first event, hurdles, was a new event for the athletes. The hurdles were introduced for the first time in High School athletic competitions this year. In this event we fared well in the first heats but faded in the finals. Here credit must be given to our girl hurdler, Lephinah Matsoso, who reached the finals. Our students were disappointed to see her topple as she took the last hurdle, thereby missing the first position in the finals. We all appreciated her efforts.

SPRINTS:

The start of the sprint events spelt the beginning of a certain victory for our school. The versatile Gordon Kadungure and the energetic Elias "Marie" Motlokoa put our school on the map, when taking the first and second places in the 100 yards respectively. Their win in the final was a spectacular achievement since the number of heats in that event would have overwhelmed any athlete of ordinary status. Gordon ran beautifully to take the first place in the 220 yards in both the heats and the finals. He beat all his opponents with a strong finish.

The quarter-mile was one of the best and most exciting events of the day. The boys waited on their "Marks" with eagerness waiting for the starter's signal. Our quarter-miler Elias "Marie" Motlokoa was restless over the delay. He was raring to be off. The starter pulled his trigger—bang!! went the gun, and the boys went off. "Marie" tore down the track and took the first bend, from the inside lane, at a tremendous pace which left his opponents baffled. At the half-way mark, on the back straight, he was a clear winner by a fairly wide margin. The students were cheering him at the top of their voices and this seemed to spur him on. Never was any athlete set on breaking a record than was "Marie" on that day. His determination paid off with an improvement on his previous quarter-mile record. But I must say, he lacked that killer-strong-finish which is so vital. With a bit of improvement in this respect, "Marie" is a positive record-smasher.

DISAPPOINTING MIDDLE DISTANCES:

The Morris Isaacson High School has been known to produce the best 880 yards and one mile runners. For the first time in the history of the school has there been such a disappointing performance in these events. The athletes in these events failed dismally to keep the good record of the school in the middle distances. Both the students and teachers were disappointed to see the runners failing to register in any of these two events. Truly speaking, these were the events awaited with eagerness by all. I feel the athletes in these events have a debt to pay, it is up to them to make up for this loss in the coming year. And this readily suggests an early start with practices for them.

The highlights of the competition were the two relay races — 110 x 4 and 440 x 4 yards. Here our athletes dominated the field with their strong running. As they tore down the track, displaying brilliant team work, changing the baton from one to the other with smooth precision, there came a deafening applause from the side where our students stood in a group. The boys ran off with a meritorious victory in both events. It was indeed heart-warming to watch them as they whirled round the track.

FIELD EVENTS :

There is a lack of potentiality in the field events, and this is our school's heel of Achilles.

Despite this fact our athletes did their utmost to register in some field events. The boys particularly did well in the field events registering in some events. Our boys were able to be placed in such events as the javelin, broad-jump, discuss and hop-step-and-jump. Though our girls did not fare well, their performance was good. Our congratulations go to Grannie Mokhethi for her fine performance in the shot-putt and long-jump. This young Form II girl was the only one to bring points home for the school. She and Lephina Matsoso acquitted themselves well. She is responsible for the shield being won.

As the day drew to an end with the last events, our school had cleared all doubts of a victory for the day. Once again the Morris Isaacson High School had emerged triumphantly above all other schools. Our school retained the boys trophy and snatched the shield from the Meadowlands Secondary School, and as the principal had said on the morning of that day — that the trophy should come back with interest — it had done exactly that.

Two weeks later, our athletes, who won in the Inter-High School competition represented the Southern Zone at Lemana in the Northern Transvaal and there acquitted themselves well. Congratulations to them, the school appreciated their services.

NA MORRIS ISAACSON IN DIE WINTER

Net as ek opstaan onthou ek: „Mnr. Sechele slaan!”
Dan wens ek, ek was nooit gebore want meneer slaan.
Ek was my — ’n ding wat ek ontvlug!
Dit is mos hierdie wintermaand.
Ek versamel my boeke . . . die opstelboek makeer,
Dan sit ek aan tafel om te eet.
As ek klaar geëet het, loop ek,
O! ek sê mos dit is hierdie wintermaand.
Die wind is koud, die heuwel steil,
As ek laat is, sal ek huil.
My ore is koud, my neus is blou
Meneer sê „die hemel is blou”.
Ek is weer laat, jy hoor my vloek,
Mnr. Sechele sê „Walter ek sal jou foeter”.
Ek sit op my lessenaar — die ander lag — en ek verstaan,
O! hierdie wintermaand is nie ’n spel of Morris Isaacson.

Deur: WALTER V. MFEKA, Form V

THE START OF A DAY AT SCHOOL.

The teachers are in the staff room, some have not arrived, most of the students are in their respective class rooms, but some are still trickling in, in groups of one's and two's. The bell rings, it is eight o'clock. For about five minutes nothing happens, except for the principal who moves promptly to the assembly spot, the teachers and the students show a complete indifference to the bell's summons, and then as if on second thought the children move leisurely from their class rooms towards the assembly spot, although they can see the principal at his usual spot, this does not seem to worry them, as they continue to take their time, their every step towards the assembly spot shows that they are least worried by the fact that the bell summoned them a good eight or nine minutes ago. The students reach the assembly spot, and here it seems as if they are meeting one another for the first time, because here they start to gossip. Here they start joking, some start fastening their ties. The noise you hear at a municipal beer hall is nothing compared to the noise the students make at assembly. It seems as if they are all trying to outshout one another. Throughout all this, the teachers, in spite of the deafening noise, as if to show the students that they are less concerned by the noise, remain in the staff room. The principal remains in his spot saying not a word, and then as if told by somebody, the noise gradually subsides, and when there is almost complete silence, except for the occasional outburst of laughter from the staff room, the teachers who were not in the staff room take their positions. One of them stands behind the students, one of them takes his position a little to the right of the main assembly spot, and then as if told by somebody the teachers file out of the staff room still wearing broad smiles from the jokes they have been enjoying in the staff room.

There is now complete silence. The students stand gazing at the teachers, whose position is always opposite the students, the teachers gaze back at the students, some of the teachers do not look straight at the students but they look over the heads of the students. For about two minutes things remain as they are. Then one of the teachers, who is almost always late, comes from somewhere and moves to the front and beckons the students to come forward. There is a general shuffling of feet then the teacher says: "fold your arms", a pause and then he completes his speech by saying: "Close your eyes and let us pray", and then the very fast race through the Lords prayer begins.

The way the students recite the Lords prayer, would make you think that they were going to be paid at the end of the prayer, I mean those who finish first. After this there is a little pause. The teacher who conducted the prayers looks at the principal to find out if he has any announcement. If there is none, the principal simply shakes his head,

if there is he moves forward and says what he wants to say, and then moves back to his original position. After the principal's announcement, the teacher comes back and says "march in Form V". A group of about eighteen students moves away and then another group moves off. When they are about four yards away the teacher calls them back saying: "who told you to go away?" but when they reach their original position he then tells them to march in. This is a true account of how the school starts its day.

An interesting fact about the school is this, out of the twenty-one teachers who make up the staff of our school only two of them conduct morning prayers. I sometimes wonder what would happen if these teachers were to be absent on the same day.

ALPHEUS NDLOVU, Form IVb.

SITHINI ISICATHULO SIKA VUSUMUZI?

NGU VUSUMUZI W. MFEKA.

Ukuba uVusumuzi akazange angithenge!
Ngoba yena akazange angithande,
Uvuka ekuseni angifake—
Futhi kunjalo nje akangigezi.
Ngihlangana nawowethu—
Uvusumuzi akasoze angazisabona,
Ubona-nje sengijabha
Ngoba bathi ngimubi.
Nangu usekhahlela amatshe ngami!
Uthi uyazi nje ukuthi ngizwa ubuhlungu?
Selokhu ngazalwa angikaze ngilimale,
Nakhu phela sengilimele.
Ngalusuku lumbe usethenga owethu abasha,
Mina usengibeka ngaphansi kombhede.
Sekuhwalele — ngihlezi nabo phela onkabi,
Hawu! abatekuli bavimba indlala.
Ekuseni ngibone ngetshe selome inhlama,
Hawu baphi owethu?
Hm-m-m-m ngizwani, iphunga elimnandi!
Wena owazi ubusha bezicathulo.
Liyana izulu — umfanandini ungifakile,
Nango ehamba odakeni.
Kanti ubebagezelani owethu?
Okusho ukuthi mina akangithandi.
"Kusasa siyahamba", kusho owethu,
Nangempela kwabanjalo — usebafakile.

Habe! Vusumuzi mina ungenza isithutha
Kanti ungifaka uma izulu lina?
Kungcono ukuba awuzange ungithenge,
Ngisacabanga lokho — ngazibona sengihlala phandle.
Kuthi lapho engena noma ephuma emyango
Kuthi angimgcone, ngangalinga!
Ngisaphinda futhi; ukube Vusi mfana awungithenganga
Mhlawumbe ngithengwe ngumfowenu,
Engezwa ukuthi uthi ngimuhle,
Ngabe ngihlala ngimuhle nsukuzonke.

„Maar hoe dit ook al sy, my seun, jy is jonk en die lewe gee kanse vir elkeen, as 'n mens maar net gebruik wil maak daarvan. En die lewe is nie 'n spel nie maar 'n ernstige arbeid. Maar wat jy doen, moet jy goed doen, met jou hele hart. En nooit moet jy tevrede wees met jou beste werk nie, nooit nie, maar altyd strewe om beter te doen. Strewe is die geheim van die lewe, vorentoe beur met die krag en geleenthede wat jy het . . . strewe, my seun . . . strewe . . .”

—D. F. MALHERBE.

'N STORMAGTIGE DAG

Dit was 'n drukkende, warm dag en elke dier en mens het 'n skuilplek gesoek. Die omgewing was as gevolg hiervan baie stil. Stilte was gepaar met eensaamheid en dié het 'n groot vereniging gevorm. Die son was skroeiend warm en al die diere het na koelte gesoek.

Ek was alleen in die huis en daar was niemand met wie ek die stilte kon gebreek het nie. Dadelik het ek van my boeke gedink en ek het toe een uitgetrek en uitgestap om onder een van die bome te gaan sit en tweedens om van die treurige stilte van die omgewing getroos te word. Ek en my boek het toe 'n aanspraak in stilte begin hou en dié het ek ten volle geniet.

Skielik kom daar 'n skraal windjie wat my spring-spring binne die huis ingestuur het, maar gelukkig was dit net vir 'n kort tydjie. Alles was na hierdie windjie weer stil en die blare het roerloos aan die bome gehang, en die blomme wat die natuur so versier het, het sonder steuring gehang. Die omgewing was in hierdie veranderende lug doodstil.

In 'n kits het die lug geheel en al betrokke begin word. 'n Swart wolkbank het soos 'n groot kombes die hele aarde toegetrek en grilliger gedagtes het in my geheue gekom. Die weerligstraal het ver aan die gesigseinde gespeel en toe word dit skielik donker. Toe ek hierdie gebeurtenis sien, het ek my byna doodgeskrik en my hart het dadelik in my skoene verdwyn. Ek het net aan my ouers gedink wat na die lande toe gegaan het.

Die wind het nou begin waai. Woedend het dit die bome laat kraak en het ander blare weggepluk en hulle meegevoer in die rigting waarna dit gewaai het. Ek het deur die venster gekyk en gesien hoe die wind die sandwolke op laat styg en hoe dit hulle in hopies laat lê het. Ek het na die wind geluister wat so met forsheid geswaai het en wat die bome heen en weer laat swaai het. Dit was vreeslik.

Iets van belang het naderhand gebeur. Die sterkte van die wind het stadig aan verminder tot dat daar niks van die wind oorgebly het nie. Die storm was agter die rug en wat ek verwag het, was my ouers se aankoms. My wense het op daardie dag perde geword en ons bediendes het gery want my ouers was na 'n paar minute voor die deur. Ek was baie bly toe hulle my meedeel dat hulle 'n goeie skuilplek gekry het.

Alles was nou pluig en die laat middag-son het skuins oor die berg-hellings geval en weer was die lewe plesierig, en die hele huisgesin het oor die dag se ervarings gesels. Bo en benewens dit, het ma gesê dat die sweet onder pa se groot hoedrand op sy voorkop gepêrel het.

—JACOB KGARE, IVb.

OUR SCHOOL LIBRARY

Books are a source of knowledge and of information. They are the means of widening our narrow mental horizons from the world of intellectual and cultural starvation.

From time immemorial, man has been casting nets into the unfathomable surging tides of knowledge from which he was able to procure valuable information which is today recorded or preserved in the form of books. It was this desperate effort which made him intellectually superior to all animals.

Through the donations of kind-hearted people, our school library has books ranging from fiction, non-fiction, informative novels, biographies and encyclopaedias. All these books supply enough information in all subjects taught in this school.

Many of us do not make full use of these books, instead we are stereotyped to our text-books. We trudge in ignorance leaving abundant information at our disposal to rot.

It is said that reading makes man and that man shall be known by the books he has read in the same way as the tree is known by its fruit. Our text-books only, are not sufficient in the formation of a concrete foundation academically known as cultural background. Therefore, our school library is there to supplement our text books and to widen our mental horizons.

JOHN SIBANYONI, Form V.

ON PURSUING A CAREER

D. O. LENAMILE.

A man may not take a step before he actually knows where he is going to. Before any step can be taken the destination should be known. You and I already know our destinations. We have chosen our careers and should now pursue them for ultimate success.

It is unfortunate that the most suitable, and most remunerative careers are those that need long periods of initial training accompanied by hard and strenuous work. This is a challenge to those who choose to follow such careers. Many people give up careers and occupations because they cannot bear, or rather, are unwilling to bear the minor strain accompanying the pursuance of the particular careers or occupations.

A man may fear to take up the Medical Course because of its necessary long period of initial training with intensive and extensive reading. He may fear spending sleepless nights, engaged in study work. For the same reason a man may be unwilling to take up Law and other such professions.

Once a career has been chosen, whether it be educational, political, business or otherwise, the chooser should have the vigour, enthusiasm and unquenchable eagerness to pursue it: whether it be along the smooth path or rough path. The necessary hardwork and sacrifice should not be reason for anybody to give up a career. Remember that, while you may avoid occupations and careers that demand hard-work, it is the tendency for lazy and inefficient persons to move downwards towards unskilled occupations.

"Much may be done if a man puts his whole mind to a particular object." A student who wants success should know that certain social activities are to be sacrificed for him to attain success at any examination. Sporting clubs, singing groups, "movie-going", week-end parties and other pleasant commitments may have to give way to hard and unattractive work. Enjoying them now would mean sacrificing them in future, when those who struggled uphill, along the rougher path of hard work enjoy the spoils of their struggle, thus having more time and better opportunities to enjoy the aforesaid pleasant commitments more fully.

You may be a reasonable man, willing to persue your career properly, but your obstacle may be your friend who needs your company during HIS leasure hours. He may be a man who, being against your study work to secure your company, calls you a bookworm, refers to you as cold and aloof, calls you this and the other thing. In this respect, refuse to be deflected from your course by minor things. Keep to your resolutions. Note: "The wavering mind is base property."

Face forward in pursuance of your career, and remember—to quote somebody's words — "The men who labour and make real progress are those who love their work, who move forward to their achievements with tremendous eagerness."

OBITUARIES

PETRUS MOTLHAMME (1942—1963).

The death occurred on January 1963 (a week before the schools opened) of Petrus Motlhamme, a final year matriculation student.

Petrus underwent an operation in November 1962 at Baragwanath Hospital. In December 1962 he was discharged from the hospital and also promoted by the Examination Board (Pretoria) into Form V. He passed away while recuperating at his home.

The school has lost one of the cheerful and hard-working students.

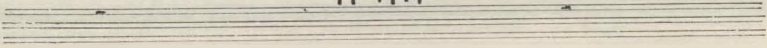
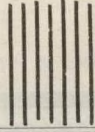
RABBIE DITSEBE (1945—1963).

Rabbie Ditsebe departed on the 20th July, 1963 (five days after the schools had reopened after the June holidays), shortly after being fatally stabbed. The school paid its last tribute to him on the 28th July, 1963.

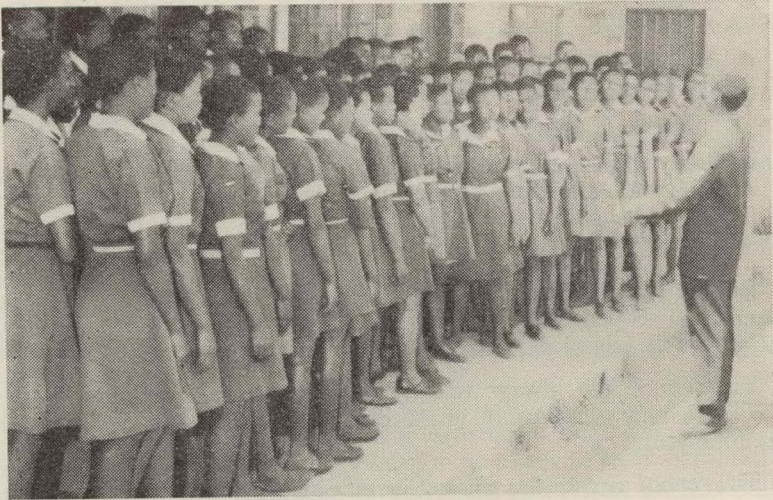
The school will always remember with affection and gratitude his hard work and energy both in the classroom and sports fields over the past four years.

The school also wishes to send its message of deep sympathy and condolence to all the students who were bereaved of some of their beloved family members. Among these students may be mentioned two final matric students: Kenneth Shange and Philemon Masipa who lost a father and a mother respectively during the third school quarter.

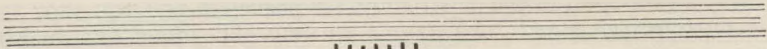
May all the souls of the departed rest in peace.



A Promising School Choir



Trainer / Conductor: Mr. D. M. PITJE



ON WINGS OF SONG

By A.M.D.

THE SCHOOL LOSES THE WOODRUFFS.

Mr. W. Woodruff, who accompanied the school choir during its annual speech day for the past five years, and Mrs. Woodruff, who is one of the founders of the school library, left the Republic in January for Australia where they are going to settle permanently. The school will always remember the bright colour and effect that the choirs produced when accompanied by this celebrated pianist. One of the school choirs gave two items at a special farewell function that was organised by the staff.

THE SUB-INSPECTOR TOUR SGREAT BRITAIN and AMERICA.

In April 1963, the school teachers, members of the school boards and committees and school children gathered at the Mofolo Hall to give the circuit Sub-Inspector and Mrs. Phatudi a send off party to Great Britain and U.S.A. Mr. Phatudi was travelling on a leadership exchange scheme. Morris Isaacson High School choir rendered three items.

HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC COMPETITIONS.

This year's music competitions were held at the Mofolo Hall on the 18th May, 1963.

Competitors: Alexandra, Morris Isaacson, Orlando West, Pimville, Vereeniging, Wilberforce and Sekano-Ntoane.

Results of the mixed choir songs:—

(a) VERNACULAR: Woza lapha mfana:

1. Vereeniging.
2. Morris Isaacson/Wilberforce.
3. Orlando West.

(b) AFRIKAANS: Send, Heer, U Lig.

1. Vereeniging.
2. Morris Isaacson/Orlando West.

(c) ENGLISH: Woodmen, shepherd . . .

1. Sekano Ntoane.
2. Orlando West/Pimville.
3. Morris Isaacson.

Here we wish to congratulate Mr. D. Pitje who was placed second in Afrikaans when he made his debut at Mofolo.

MUSA GOES TO COLLEGE.

June 21: Mr. and Mrs. Moacwi taught at Morris Isaacson High School for the last time on the eve of their transfer to Wilberforce. Mr. Musa Moacwi is now serving as the Vice-Principal and his colleague is on that staff. The two choirs rendered four items when the staff and the students said farewell to the Moacwis.

MR. PHATUDI'S REPORT.

The Sub-Inspector reported back to his circuit in August. Mr. D. Pitje's choir gave three items to spice the report.

OUR FAILURES:

The school choirs due to pressure of work failed to join the other high schools who are performing "Haiwatha's Wedding Feast" and also to defend one of the trophies won last year at the J.B.M.F. competitions. The preparations for our annual speech day have, however, revealed that we may join these groups next year. Mr. Moholi, from Lekua Shandu and Mr. Legwale are presently engaged in preparing their small groups. Mrs. Mosala, gave a fine show at the Catholic Music Competitions on the 29th September. It is hoped that these teachers will choose their choirs early next year.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Once more we wish to thank our businessmen most heartily for the interest they have shown in our magazine. They have encouraged us, by giving us valuable advice; and many of them continue to advertise in our magazine. May they truly prosper in their business undertakings.

The editorial wish to take this opportunity to wish all their supporters and readers, A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

LAST YEAR I HAD A VISITOR FROM U.S.A.

Visitor: I'm Jack Glew from Washington D.C.

Norman: I'm Norman Setjobe from Johannesburg T.J.

At the corner of Eloff and Noord Streets I happened to be wandering. I was standing on the curb, when suddenly I saw a blood chilling accident. I saw an empty lorry full of bricks. It ran over a dead cat and nearly killed it. Fortunately the cat was buried.

NORMAN SETJOBE.

LITERARY DEBATING SOCIETY (Senior Group)

GEORGE R. MABE (Chairman).

At the beginning of the year fortnightly general meetings were held so as to **tap for talent in speech**. The result was negative as most of the members were not keen on debating, and they became difficult to handle. The difficulty of handling them was soon overcome by the joint-action of the committee members who were highly co-operative, energetic and enthusiastic. The ultimate results of our labour were six ardent speakers who represented the school in all its matches.

The team won against Kroonstad High School Team, and pulverised Wilberforce Institution in a one-sided contest. Simply the Wilberforce Team gave us no opposition as had been expected. The third match against Mamelodi High did not take place to the utter disappointment of both teams. I am confident that if I was to predict the results, we should have won!

From the two matches won, members became eager to debate. Debates were then continued. These last debates proved that there is a nest of budding and blossomed speakers who lacked and wanted confidence and courage to be instilled into them. Unfortunately, the season was over for them to be trained.

The behaviour of the members forming the audience has still to be trained here and there so as to bring it to the required standard.

Thanks to members who willingly gave their time to prepare thoroughly to help the team in its preparations.

The patrons played no mean part in organisation and dealing with "culprits". Praising the role played by some of the staff members who acted as critics in preparing the team, will however be gilding the lily.

A special praise to Joyce Nene who was the only lady in the team. Her courage reminds me of Florence Nightingale who successfully toiled for men during the Crimean War.

The Literary & Debating Society Committee & some of Team



Chairman: George MABE, seated right

Secretary: Luck MASWANGANYI, standing 2nd from right

. . . . IN RETROSPECT



The new post of Teacher-Clerk gives us 21 approved grants in addition to one privately paid teacher whose services are invaluable, and one gardener! The teaching staff has thus increased by 16 since 1956 to 22 today. But this is hardly sufficient to cope with the work, especially now that we have Matric classes to contend with. Another three approved grants could make for greater efficiency.

After a few years' absence, Mrs. I. Mosala has returned to replace Mr. D. Lenamile in the English/Zulu department. Mr. D. Lenamile, who is privately employed, does bookkeeping. During the first two months of the year Mrs. J. Moacwi and Mrs. A. Buthelezi, who were on leave, were temporarily replaced by Mr. D. M. Pitje and Mrs. C. Matinga respectively. At the beginning of the second term Mr. R. Mabuza, who needed a change, was replaced by Mr. Pitje. Mrs. Matinga was employed as a Teacher-Clerk from April 1. The end of June saw Mr. Moacwi promoted to the Vice-principalship of Wilberforce Institution. We congratulate him on this well-earned promotion which cost us the services of Mrs. J. Moacwi, for Mr. Moacwi trekked lock, stock and barrel to envied Wilberforce. The memory of these two will die hard. We were, however, fortunate to get replacements of the same stature in Messrs. M. H. Manny and I. M. Moholi.

The many changes reflected above cannot help our results. Last year the J.C. results were as follows:- First Class, 6; Ordinary pass, 54; percentage pass, 70.6%. If our Social Studies and Biology results were not surprisingly poor, the overall results would have been better. The Afrikaans teachers did better than expectations. Other things being equal, this should be another average year at the J.C. level.

Some of the Matric pupils have been doing honest work and their progress has, by our perhaps unproved standards, been reasonably satisfactory. A few of them should satisfy the strict J.M.B. conditions. I wish all of them all the luck they deserve. . . . I should concede that this first Matric class has set a good example to the other pupils in various ways.

Except perhaps in 1956, when we passed only 51% of the J.C. pupils, our results have always been fairly satisfactory. I feel the advice we have been getting from the Inspectorate all along has something to do with these satisfactory results.

Our 'dream' Library appears to be illusive. The Building Fund now stands at R758-00 (only R15-00 above last year). What we hoped to save this year went into the building of the two urgently needed classrooms early this year. Having spent R900 on these two classrooms, and a further R200-odd on additional desks and tables, we are likely to end this year in debt, with these improvements as security against short-sighted indictment. We hope the new year will bring considerate hearts to help us achieve our goal, which, in fact, is a basic need that should herald the inception of even J.C. classes in any school.

I wish to thank the teachers for their efforts during the year. They are, like teachers the world over, aware of their responsibility to the community, and it is my hope they will continue to shoulder their sometimes thankless burden with dignity and efficiency. Reports of some of the activities they promote appear on various pages of this magazine. They say the next issue of this magazine will register progress in both Soft-ball and Drama, where preliminary, basic work has been done this year!

Without the efficient handling of affairs by our School Committee, very few things would go on smoothly. We are fortunate to have men who have a sense of duty, men who regard teachers and pupils as human beings who deserve respect, men who do not thrive on suspicion, men who are always prepared to examine facts as they see them, find the truth, and act on its dictates. For once, let me be immodest enough to say that this school has made such good material progress over the last few years that its School Committees (this is the third) have reason to be proud of the control they have exercised over its growth. I do not hesitate to say that the present School Committee will continue to do what the School Board expects it to do:—Keep a close watch on the activities of the school, making sure that it is properly manned at all times.

I must admit that Matric classes do require us to readjust our approach to accommodate the unwonted extra responsibility. Our task of readjustment should be simplified by the fact that our pupils have always been ready to be guided, and the School Committee cares for our every need; above all, our Inspectorate is always ready to help.

D. KOBE.

WHO'S WHO ?

This column has been introduced in order to keep the link between the school and its former students. Any institution becomes proud of its products when they hold positions of trust in the community and make a success. Those who are still in school will definitely be greatly influenced by the achievements of their predecessors. When you leave this school do not forget to inform the editorial before the publication of the next issue of "Mohloling" about your occupation, whereabouts, etc.

To make a start about 29 names have been chosen at random. These young men and women attended school here between 1957—1962.

JOSEPH NHLAPO—businessman, Zola.

Mrs. CHRISTINE CHITJA—saleslady representing Citrus Fruit Board, Mofolo.

DIKLOOF LENAMILE—staff-member, Morris Isaacson High School.

ETHEL RADEBE—registered nurse, City Council of Johannesburg.

{ SAUL MHLONGO—clerk, City Council, Johannesburg.

{ ISRAEL MAGENGENENE—Clerk, City Council.

{ STEPHEN MBELE—Clerk, City Council.

Keen music lovers (Capedium Trio).

GLADYS KGARE—student teacher, University College of the North.

BERNARD MINI—S.A.P. Constable, O.F.S.

AGNES BEHANE—student-nurse, Jane Furse Hospital, Middleburg.

SIMON PULE—woodwork instructor. Vocational Training Centre.

SAMSON SHABANGU—medical student, Wentworth, Natal University.

RICHARD MANOTO—registered taxi-owner, Molapo.

JOEL KUBYANA—Theology student, Stofberg.

GIDEON MANANA—actor/musician, Union Artists, Dorkay House, Johannesburg.

AMON MASEKO—shop assistant, Swaziland.

JACOB MAKWETLA—social science student, University College of the North.

STANLEY DIBECO—musician/actor, Union Artists, Dorkay House, Johannesburg.

CONSTANCE BUTHELEZI—typist, "Our Afrika" Offices, Roodepoort.

- CHARLOTTE SANTHO—school teacher, Dobsonville.
 JACOB KONUPI—2nd year student electrician, Vocational Training Centre.
 GENERAL MKWANAZI—driver, Ambulance & Fire Department, City Council, Johannesburg.
 PHYLIS MAVI—student nurse, Baragwanath Hospital.
 EMILY MODISE—Sports and Recreation Assistant, City Council, Johannesburg.
 MAGDELINE MOLISE—student-nurse, Elim Hospital, Louis Trichardt.
 ALFRED TSHABALALA—clerk, City Council, Johannesburg. Member of the Ionian Male Voice Choir.
 JEREMIAH MASHININI—clerk, Bantu Affairs Department, Germiston.

UTHEMBA OQOTHO

NGU T. NDUBE, Form IV B

UThemba wayeyedwa vo kwabo. Wayezalwa kwaHlangana umuzi wamakholwa, futhi wezifundiswa. Abazali bakhe babemthanda kakhulu uThemba njengoba kuvamile uma ingane iyodwa.

UHlangana nowakwakhe babengabantu abaqotho impela, ngoba uThemba bamfundisa ezasemakholweni wakhula naye ekwazi konke okulungile nokungalungile, okufanele nokungafanele. Kwathi noma omakhelwane babo sebethi uyiphethe kabi ingane kuyiyo kuphela, bavala izindlebe zabo abazali bakaThemba. Wakhula-ke lomfana engeyona incengcengane.

Ontanga yakhe abasithandanga lesisimilo sikaThemba, bambiza inyalanyala ngoba elokhu elalela konke okukhulunywa i"Ofi" (unina). UThemba akazange azinake zonke lezinkulumo kodwa wafunda waqhubeka.

Esekhulakhulile uThemba kwenzeka into ebuhlungu emuzini kaHlangana. Nawomakhelwane babengayindele into enje emuzini ohloniphekile. Kwabakhona ukungezwani phakathi kwabazali bakaThemba ngoba kwasekukhona abanumzane abangasonti ababelokhu bevakashela uHlangana. Wonke umuntu owayizwa lendaba wacabanga ukuthi cha, abazali bomfana baphazamisene kuzobuye kulunge.

UThemba wakhathazeka kakhulu uma ebona ukuthi lendaba kayipheli wabancenga abazali ukuba bayeke ukuxabanela into esobala kangaka. Kwaba sengathi ubabangile! Wase uyachitheka nje impela umuzi obuhlonishwa Basho abaningi ukuthi ayihlabi ngakumisa.

Sekwenzeke lolusizi, uThemba wakhetha ukuba kungabikho mzali omlandelayo funa omunye amzonde: lokhu wakwenza futhi ngoba efuna ukubahlanganisa futhi abazali bakhe. Wahambake umfana wayo-funa umsebenzi. Wathi lapho esethola iholo lakhe wathatha ingxenye yalo walisa kuyise enye wayisa kunina yena wasala nengcosana. Lokhu wakwenza kwaze kwafika isikhathi sokuthi naye azakhele owakhe umuzi. Noma esewakhile umuzi ngokuhlupheka nokubekezela okukhulu, uThemba akayekanga ukuvakashela abazali bakhe kulezondawo abase-behlala kuzo.

Kwathi ngelinye ilanga ebusuku ephuma endaweni kayise ethi uyo-bona unina waficwa izinswelaboya ezamthathela konke anakho zagcina ngokumbulala. Wafika umbiko kubazali bakhe; kodwa noma sekunje akabanga khona owafuna ukuxolisa komunye.

Wabamkhulu umngcwabo wendodana KaHlangana kweza ngisho nezitha zakhe imbala. Kuthe sekubuyelwa emakhaya kwasala abantu atabili ngasengcwabeni omunye ngala nomunye ngale. Ngulowo nalowo emungunya imicabango yosizi lokuzenza ngokungacabangi nokunakekela isikhathi sisekhona. Kuthe emuva kwesikhathi eside kakhulu uHlangana waphakamisa amehlo agcwele izinyembezi; ahlanguana nawen-kosikazi yakhe nawo egcwele izinyembezi zosizi. Bema babukana isik-hathi eside. Kuthe besuka lapho babedumelana bangana bekhala bobabi-bili becelana uxolo futhi bexolelana.

Umfana oqotho wayelele ngokuthula esewuphethile umsebenzi wakhe emhlabeni nanxa kwafanela anikele ngempilo yakhe.

Ntweng ya leeto la bophelo
Re ke ntse re fetoha ka mehla
Ka mehla re ntse re ithuta;
Mohla phetoho e felang
Ke mohla hae re fihlang
Ke mohla leeto le felang.

S. M. Mofokeng.

The best place to throw a party is out.

IZINKUMBULO

Iza sibambane ngesandla sicothoze kancane size siyongena ensimini yenkumbulo. Wena ukhumbulani? Ngoba mina ngikhumbula ngisemncane, sidlala nabanye abangangami. Umama usendlini yithi -nje sodwa. Phakathi kwezimbali eziningi eziphuzi kukhona sandophi enhle emibala bala, kodwa uma ngithi ngiyayibamba isuke ihambe. Kangingi sengizamile ukuyibamba kodwa iyabaleka. Aphume umama azobona ukuthi yini sibanga umsindo ongaka. Uma ebona lento engifuna ukuyibamba asho kakhulu "Hhayi! musa ukuyithinta leyonto, inyoka." Nangu umame engiyabula ngeyenjana, engimpansula ezingeni uvalo lwengozi ayebona ngikuyo. Pho mina bengazi ngani ukuthi yinyoka lento, ngoba mina bengithi yinto yokudlala.

Wena ukhumbulani? Mina ngikhumbula mhla ngiqala ukuya esikoleni. Yini lona ngibambelele ngithe nko elokweni lika mama, angisafuni ukumdedela, ngoba ngiyabona ukuthi ufuna ukungishiya. Umama usehambile sengisele ngedwa. Nakhu kukhala insimbi abantwana bonke bayagijima bayokuma isixuku. Pho mina ngizoya kanjani kubo ngoba ngiyabesaba labantwana, futhi ngibone omunye engivezela ulimi. Yimi loya sengikhihla isililo sengifuna ukuya ekhaya. Nangu omunye umama eza kimi, engiduduza ethu angithule.

Sekusukiwe esixukwini, lapho bekuthandazwa khona nami sengifakwe kwelinye ikamelo okuthiwa elabo bonke abaqalayo. Sihlaliswe emabangeni, kodwa loya sisi ohlezi phambi kwethu ilokhu ebiza ngamunye. Nami ngibizwe, ngimangala ukuthi ngibizelwani. Ngifike kuye angibuze igama, ngimtshele, abhale. Angibuze isihongo ziyime emthumeni kimi. "Ungowakwabani?" Esho ehleka losisi. "Angazi", kuphendula mima. "Umama akangitshelanga." Wafa yinsini losisi uma ngithi angazi. Uhleka -nje mina ngimangele ukuthi kanti kuyahlekisa yini uma umuntu engazi ukuthi ungowakwabani.

Emva kokubhalisa amagama sahlala lonke ilanga singenzi lutho, usisi lona elokhu ebhale njalo. Uma ngifika ekhaya ntambama yimi lo ngitshela umama ukuthi kusasa angiyi esikoleni ngoba losisi osibhala amagama uyangihleka uma ngithi angazi ukuthi ngingowakwabani. Futhi omunye umfana uthe uzongishaya kusasa. Lelo langa lokuqala esikoleni angilikhohlwa.

Ukhumbulani wena? Mina ngikhumbula ukujabula okukhulu, mhla ngifunda ukubhala. Injabulo inkulu ekupheleni konyaka mhla ngiphumelele ngaba owokuqala. Ngijatshuliswa injabulo ebusweni bukama nxa ngifika nalezizindaba ezimnandi.

Naku sekuthanda ukuhlwa asiphume ensimini yenkumbulo okunye siyokukhumbula mhla sinethuba.

NGU MDUDUZI NDLOVU, Form IV B

KHUMO LE LEHUME DI LALA MMOGO

Fa re sekaseka polelo e, re fitlhela e le gore e akaretsa botshelo go tloga bogologolo go fitlha nakong ya gompieno; re fitlhela e le gore e tliša pharologanyo magareng a botshelo jwa borraetshomogolo le jwa rona gompieno.

Bogologolotala motho o ne a rua dikgomo di le dintisi; a nna le meraka e le mentsi mme go ya fela ka moo Modimo o neng o mo abela.

Go tloga motsing o, khumo e ile ya itshupa go nna selo se motho a sa tshwanelang go se ikaelela. Leruo le dirile batho ba le bantsi go lemoga fa le tswana lemouwane o o tšeng o thibe loap! mme e re ka sebakanyana sa ponyo ya leitlho o bo o setse o nyeletse gotlhe-gotlhe, gonne o ka huma mme ka sebakanyana khumo ya nyelela mme ga sala lehuma.

Lesedi la thuto la wela mo bathong mme ba le amogela. E ne e le ka nako e dikgomo di neng di tšeneletswe ke bolwetsi bongwe mme tša swa ka bontsi. Boidiidi jwa batho ba simolola go elelelwa gore thuto ke sengwe se se botoka go feta metlhape e mentsi-ntsi ya dikgomo.

Batho ba gakologelwa gore thuto ga e fele, ga e swe, ga e utswiwe, le gore ga e senyege, empa fela e itshenyetsa ke ba ba sa e tlhaloganyeng. Bohle ba bona ga e sa bole; ba bona fa e tša aga e le teng ka metlha yotlhe. Thuto ke lefa le e reng fa o le fumane o itse gore ga go ope yo o tša go amogang lona. Ga go anna jalo le khumo. Batho ba ka go amoga marole le mahutsana a o a ruileng mme wa tswa sekopa se se diatla tše di itšoperweng. Go botlhoko jang go latlhegelwa ke leruo gonne tulo ya lone e tšewa ke lehuma. Babadi, bonang! e ke tlhagiso e botlhoko fa mongwe a aparetswe ke lehuma mme tswine yotlhe e e mo botshelong e a nyelela. Tlhotlhomiso ya polelo e ka tlhokomelo, e bontša bofefo boo ka bone leruo le felang. Diphetogo di ka tša ka bo bontši mme thuto yone e tša fenya.

Batho mo lefatšheng lotlhe ba ipofa matheka ka dikgole tša thuto mme ba bona tuelo ya tiro e e ntšeng jaana. Gompieno re bona batho ba ba neng ba ineeletse leruo ba setse mo bohutsaneng ka ntlha ya lehuma mme khumo ya bone e nyeletse ka lemena tali e ntše e amusa mme bodiba ba sa ba bo lebile fela go sena sepe se ba se ba ka se dirang.

Babadi, bonang! batho botlhe ba ba rutegileng ba mo mannong a a kwa godimo. Tlhagiso e e tliša pharologanyo magareng a thuo le thuto mabapi le ka moo ngwe le nngwe ya tsone e felang.

Lo ka sekaseka polelo e mme le tlhagise maikutlo a lona mabapi le yona. Khumo ga e na ape maemo mo botshelong gonne e lala mmogo le lehuma.

Ke JACOB KGARE, Form IV B



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