

D. P. Mainwale

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The Principal.

The late Rev. A. Eberhardt and Old Lemana.

by D. C. MARIVATE.

I want my readers to cast their eyes back to the time when Lemana was situated on the slopes of the Little Letaba valley away to the south of the present College. What was the place like? It was beautiful.

Over the roof of the main building was a small tower in which the same old bell that is used today was suspended.

The roads and the surroundings were always kept nice and clean. The whole place was encircled by groves of oranges and naartjies. Wild banana trees as well as all the natural growth grew in profusion everywhere. The macrocapa and other pine trees lined the avenues, so that a visitor to this place always had the feeling that this was a chosen spot. The place was quiet, cool and comfortable.

We hear that the Principals who took charge of this College, were all of the same type, that is cool, quiet, and of rich hearts, but today we shall deal with one of them, the late Rev. A. Eberhardt, who came to this place about 1912.

He was to his student's eyes a paragon of the virtues. He represented a true example of a follower of Jesus Christ. No student noticed any weakness in him. He was firm, of one word, and never changed what he said; he could be trusted. He gave the students a holy impression and no one felt he could be as holy as he was. His Bible lessons were outstanding, and the main thing that his students connect with him is the BIBLE. The lessons were given in the mother tongue (a very good thing indeed) and the facts were driven home through and through.

His attitude towards the staff made the students respect their teachers and if one did not know one would have mistaken them for his own children; he protected and strengthened their positions.

Rev. Eberhardt loved the beautiful. His clothes were always neat and tidily put on. His appearance was very orderly, this of course being a reflection of the man's mind. He drove in a very beautiful carriage, which used to be washed and cleaned as soon as it returned from any trip.

His tidiness and orderliness created an eye for beauty in his students for, as you know, if a man at the head is neat in appearance, all his followers will be like him. Added to this was the example set by his wife, Mrs. J. Eberhardt, who trained the students how to sweep the grounds thoroughly, she did not allow the sweepers to leave any small feather or any twigs lying about after the place had been swept, it had to be scrupulously clean.

The legacy that is left, to all his students are the Bible notes wherein one is able to quench one's thirst after the day's toil.

Many of the students of his time are doing useful work wherever they are, some are Ministers of God's religion and a number of them are teachers. It is striking to notice that all these are very friendly one to another, and each time they meet they speak of their Principal as one who gave them a thorough foundation of the Bible lessons.

In the name of the Old Boys, therefore, I wish to thank God the giver of all good gifts, also the people of Switzerland who gave us such a thing as the word of God through one of their very best children in the person Rev. Aristide Eberhardt.

A Talk to my Friends.

by E. N. S. MAHLESA.

Every year a number of young men and women take the leap from the field of learning to the field of teaching. We leapt last year and others this year. It is to you who joined me in the field of teaching this year that I want to say a few friendly words.

When you were still at Lemana you used to wake up and find tea ready. You went to the class rooms and found religious instruction and lessons ready for you. After school you ate and slept - surely under that marula tree! - and the bell for manual work woke you up; another rang to tell you to leave your work; another to tell you to go and eat; another for prayers; another to keep silent and fall asleep - in short, you were reined and directed in every respect until you said to yourself, "I am tired of this place; June is too far!"

In a way, I congratulate you for having had that thought. On the other hand, I remind you that you have made a little mistake. For now you will not rest but work hard; you will not be given but required to give; you will not be taught but will teach; in a word, you will sooner or later think you are thrown on a bed of nettles. Things you might think are insurmountable difficulties are, in this field of teaching, found in galore!

As a young teacher you will probably find yourself thrown in a bush school like the one at which I teach, where you have to stay by yourself, buy your own food, hire a boy to cook; you will be expected to send money for your school fees; your clothing is behind the times while the older teachers are then at their best; your hut is more than poor in every

respect, its only possessions being a mat, a blanket, a portmanteau; no table, no bed, only a bench; you hate to receive visitors who are teachers things seem so dark, entirely different from what you had expected!

With these burdens at your back you enter your class room, only to find some four to seven classes awaiting you. Beginners, as dull as stones, also want you to teach them. Sometimes you want to begin a Pathfinder Troop and your boys refuse; or Sports, they refuse, other practices and they refuse. In short, you feel that you have been sent to the wrong school.

Friends, let me suggest a few remedies. Firstly, take courage and go ahead. Have constantly this expression in your mind: - "Not for a bed, not for a pillow, not for a suit, not for a shoe; but to teach and uplift."

Secondly, try to cultivate a sweet temper. Let those at whose house you lodge feel at home. When they are tired, don't think that they are cross with you. Be kind and helpful to them, even if they go to the length of ostracising you, bear it like a man and leave no blame on your side.

The difficulties at school can be left to your own discretion and knowledge.

If you find yourself lonely, take 3/-, buy exercise books, pen and ink, then write stories or songs of your own invention; or articles to the Lemana and Valdezia papers. To say what is common, "Read all you can; study your J.C."

Although you may find me theoretical, never mind. At least remember this: If you find you are discouraged, comfort yourself by saying, "Many who went before me have also slept on this bed of nettles."

**Waarom die Heupe van die
Bobbejaan baie dun is -
'n Legende.**

Daar was eenmaal 'n hasie wat baie slim was. Haar naam was Sankambe. Een dag het 'n klomp bobbejane al haar kinders doodgeslaan. Sankambe kon niks doen nie, want hulle was te sterk vir daar. Na 'n paar dae het sy 'n plan gekry om die klomp bobbejane te straf oor hulle haar kinders doodgeslaan het.

Toevallig het sy 'n byenes gekry, iets waarvan bobbejane vreeslik baie hou. Terwyl dit nog 'n bietjie donker was in die more, was sy al op om die bobbejane uit te nooi om saam met haar die heuning te gaan eet. Toe sy die bobbejane se plek bereik, was hulle nog almal aan die slaap. Nadat sy hulle wakker gemaak het, het sy met hulle gesels as of sy met hulle wou vriende maak. Die hele klomp was baie bly omdat hulle nou vriendskap met hulle vyand gesluit het. Toe nooi Sankambe hulle uit om die bye se heuning met haar te gaan uithaal.

Die byenes, wat sy gekry het, was onder 'n krans. Toe al die bobbejane onder die krans ingegaan het, het Sankambe hard uitgeroep : „Die klip bo julle wil val! Hou dit vas!” Dadelik hou al die bobbejane die klip op. Sy self gaan ook in die grot en probeer die klip ophou, maar na 'n paar minute het sy vir die bobbejane gese : „Hou julle solank vas; ek gaan gou 'n paal soek om die klip te stut.” Maar toe sy buitekant die grot was, het sy weggegaan en glad nie weer teruggekome nie.

Die bobbejane, wat binnekant die grot was, het vir baie dae die klip opgehou tot hulle naderhand

amper van honger dood was. Een vir een het hulle die klip gelos. Wat was hulle verbasing groot toe hulle sien die klip val glad nie!

Toe hulle buite kom, was hulle almal maer van die honger en hulle heupe was baie dun, omdat hulle die swaar klip so lank moes ophou. Sankambe het met opset vir hulle die klip laat ophou, hoewel dit nooit gedreig het om te val nie. Dit was net om vir hulle te straf.

FERNANDEZ (Third Year)

—:o:—

Student's Aim.

I. RAMALIBA (Second Year)

— —

I live in the extreme east of the Transvaal where civilization has not yet come in touch with my people, the Shangaan and the Barotsi. Considering the ignorance which still keeps my people in the great vale of darkness, my heart gets sore and my thinking powers weaken.

Superstition still rules supreme in the east of the Transvaal. The people have a strong belief that a person living on the earth can change into a bird that can fly the sky and beat the clouds so as to cause rain to fall. Again they have a belief that a living man can, unseen by anyone in the night, kill a person whom he dislikes.

So the main reason why I have an eager interest in education is that after I have passed my Third Year, I shall go home and lead my people to light by sharing with them the knowledge which I have got from the schools I went to. Education brings people from darkness to light.

FAREWELL!

By MISS A. BONNARD.

When in June the Third Year students say goodbye to the Old College, everyone feels a little melancholy and thoughtful. Those who go look forward to the future, to new scope, new responsibilities, new adventures; but in the thrill of it all there are apprehensions and regrets. It is not so easy to leave behind friends, teachers, all the fun of College life, and to face the unknown! Every year some come, others go, and the old place changes.

Next year you will again see a new face on the Lemana staff. The First Year teacher will have gone to other lands, talking away with him a wife that he had picked from that Staff. Feeling like students going off to a new phase of life, your two teachers wish to bid you farewell.

We are going to a new work to which God calls us. He asks us to give all our strength, enthusiasm and spirit, and to make a good use of what He gave us; we know not how, but we just trust. We are going to the Swazi National School, situated near Bremersdorp in Swaziland. We look forward, like the students, to the great adventure before us, though with the apprehension of the unknown. Are we not also students? For we must always be ready to learn, and we shall learn a great deal, as well as give all we can. Thus will every step bring us nearer to the ideal life in Christ. We have learnt a lot from you all, teachers, friends and students, and we shall try to make good use of it so that others may benefit from our experiences among you.

But, like you when you go, we feel sad at the thought of leaving the old College. Lemana was for

both of us the work to which we were called from Europe. It is painful to part with it, and with so many true friends. Somehow we feel we are deserting a field that is dear to us. But there will be other workers for that field. God never goes wrong in His plans, even if it seems so to us. May those who regret our departure just think of that; and, with what they received, may they carry on in the right spirit and with trust in the future.

You gave us friendship and we go feeling the richer for it. Thank you to all! We may never see each other again, but the Spirit remains, the Spirit that binds us to one another. Farewell to all! May you who stay and we who go, glorify God through our lives.

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From the Third Year Log Book,

January: Mr. W. D. Malan is appointed on the Staff.

March: The "Hurlimann Shield" for Inter-House Sports and Matches goes to Aggrey House.

May: Over 25 schools enter for the Inter-School Sports held on the Lemana Grounds. Lemana Football Team is beaten at Grace Dieu 6-0.

June: Miss Bonnard leaves owing to her impending marriage. Miss A. H. Cousins takes her place.

August: The usual picnics and walks take place, the most original being the visit paid to "Hugo" the Hippo.

10/8/34: Over one hundred students on roll for the first time in the history of Lemana.

Eclipse of the sun. (Probably a mere coincidence - Ed.)

October: Grace Dieu Football Team draws at Lemana, 2 all.

The most striking lectures and talks during the year were given by: - Mr. Horn, Principal of Louis

The Problem of Peace

by A. BALOYL. (Second Year).

Peace is a quality possessed by men and animals when they enjoy life and nothing happens to make other people unhappy. It is the ruler of the world and is accompanied by love.

How can we have peace on earth? There is only one answer to this question: Love. It is quite obvious that when two people love each other very tenderly there is always an inexplicable peace between them.

It is difficult for nations to be at peace all the time. There is one thing that prevents peace between them and that is "trade." What can we do to secure peace? The Great War showed us that there was no love between the countries which were fighting and because of that there was no peace.

There is nothing on earth so precious as peace. Peace is almost like paradise. When I am at peace I seem to be floating in the atmosphere like a bird. Peace is the foundation of every virtue.

It is the duty of all people to love each other so as to obtain peace on this earth given to us by the Almighty. We shall see that this earth is almost a paradise when peace will be prevailing everywhere.

— :o: —

Homeward.

by M. Mc. T. M.

Whose footsteps cannot go
quicker to his home?
In whose eye the glittering shines
not brighter when he's home?
Ah! there you feel again just a
little child,
Every little place is a little friend,
In the trees whistles the gentle
wind,
Ah! now you are at home.

The Countryside in Summer.

by M. NTSANWISI. (Second Year).

Nature has made everything on earth beautiful, but due to the different seasons everything changes as its time comes. In winter everything seems dead. Trees are without leaves, the grass has lost its nice green colour, the scenery is brown.

The first drops of rain in spring give a little change to the country, but when summer comes and heavy rains fall, then we begin to see the beauties of Nature. As one stands on an elevated ground on a clear summer day, one sees some parts of the country are red where lands have been ploughed, some are green with plants, and the veld is green and beautiful. The mountains are covered with green trees and grass. The horizon is blue. It is really striking to notice what Nature has done for us. The plantations are thick and dark and one cannot help thinking that perhaps a lion is lurking there. The water flowing in the rivers seems to be made of silver and mountain peaks appear like gigantic figures shooting out from the earth.

When the sun sinks behind the hills, the red light also gives change to the scenery. Slowly everything grows quiet. The shepherd drives home his flock. Only the gentle evening breeze blows. Darker and darker it grows and people retire from their work with hearts full of joy.

You forget your sorrows and sadness,
From your heart disappears all harshness,
There is no opportunity for little sad sighs,
There is only kind laughter and the shining of eyes,
When you are at home.

An Imaginary letter to a friend.

By E. Tlakula,
(now at Lovedale),

My dear Matitshiki,

Hullo old pal! How are you keeping? Do you still remember the good old Jays at Lemana when you and I used to crack our young heads pondering over big problems of life, as higher education, marriage, the development of Bantu art and music, and social work? Ten years have passed since then and it is time we took stock of ourselves. I propose therefore to take this opportunity of giving you my report.

Working on the ideals we set ourselves at College, I must say that my aims are slowly materialising. Firstly I am married and have three sons. Is that not an achievement to mention?

Educationally, success has crowned my endeavours for after many years of hard work the University of South Africa has presented me with a medal of paper in token of the heroic struggle I put up. This was the first move towards the realisation of my long cherished thought of crossing the Vaal to further my studies. How was this expensive plan to be realised? It is not an easy thing for a married man with a family to be away from home for studies. I discussed the matter with my minister who not only sympathised but offered to support my family during my absence. My heart melted when I thought of this noble heart with a generous hand. Cheered by his support, I started to collect money for my fees, and at the end of the year I had just what I required.

On February 2nd, I set out, not very cheerful but determined to meet the unknown. In due course the train carried me to the Promised Land.

During my stay here I have passed through many hands; I have seen and heard many new things, and many new influences have had their share in my poor self. I can assure you that my stay at this historical place has done me a lot of good and I don't regret my coming. As I stand gazing at the South African Native College, the highest centre of education for the Bantu, I cannot help but feel disappointed that I have to return home when one leap would bring me to its doors!

To be at this place is a privilege of which I am fully conscious, and I feel sorry that such a privilege is not always available to those who deserve it. I have nothing really wonderful, but here I am! How much greater would it be if you and others of your ability would make sacrifices, if need be, to further the cause of education among our people. It is very difficult for a married man to leave home for studies, but sometimes it is necessary and it can be done. The ways to achieve this end are many; what has been of help to me may not apply in your case. But I wish to tell you that whatever difficulties you have, you have many chances to succeed because you have brains to understand things. Your wonderful record at Lemana is clear proof of this. Your excuse, of course, is that you have no money. This is no excuse because history proves beyond doubt that poverty is no hindrance but a tool to success. What you need is to set yourself a definite purpose and adjust your system to the attainment of the goal which may lead you to undreamt possibilities. Go forward with a manly heart knowing that "where there's a will there's a way."

(Continued on next page)

Khama House.

When our previous Third Year members left us we thought it meant the downfall of our House. They had been the pillars of the House, especially the Chief and the Captain.

After the Sports of the first quarter our doubts were removed and we were full of new hope. This is due to our promising "gooms." These newcomers showed the spirit of sportsmen during the inter-House sports. This year Khama members are showing great improvement in football. It is because there are not so many "missionaries" in the House as in

previous years. Let me mention two outstanding players. On the left wing stands the terrible scorer called "Macox," and at full-back stands the "Slaughterer" like a hungry Maanhaar ready to devour anybody who comes across his field.

Girls are doing splendid work in the House. Emmy Johnson jumps four and a half feet in high jump and A. Mageza does 14 feet in long jump.

I would like ex-members to bear in mind that their House is well supported, and that the motto of "Steady and Sure" is applied.

House Chief: T. D, Jeleni.

—:o:—

Wayfarer Notes.

by Miss M. Grand.

Once we met the Elim Wayfarers and at another time the Shirley and Mbokota Detachments for parade, service and games. What happy hours we spent together!

The Lemana Wayfarers have worked to obtain more than that 100 badges and were asked to prepare (and how dainty they were!) a set of baby's clothes for the

Child Welfare Exhibition at Bloemfontein.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Bonnard, and we envy the girls with whom she will work. Our wishes go with her to Swaziland.

Since August our new teacher Miss Cousins (helped by Miss V. Cuenod) has taken charge of the meetings.