



FORWARD

The

PATHFINDER

Vol. II. JUNE, 1934. No. 4

Annual Subscription 2/6 post free.

P.O. LOVEDALE, C.P.

EDITORIAL

Very sorry, everyone! This was to have been, as you know, the big Transvaal number, but though some good material has been collected there, it is not all ready yet, so we must go ahead this month with news and some special items that have been sent to us.

NEWS.

On Wayfarer Sunday, at the end of April, the Third Randfontein Venterspost troop under J. Pika, P.M., joined the Wayfarers and Sunbeams under S. Pika, Leader, in welcoming the Fourth Randfontein Troop who came, under the care of G. Makabela, A.D.P.M., D. P. Sibeko, G.P.M., and P. Mabooe, A.P.M., cycling the thirteen miles from S. Randfontein to Venterspost for a combined meeting and display. Parents and friends at the latter place are grateful to these visitors for their friendly help, and the girls were very pleased to have the support of the Pathfinders. Also it was somewhat of a triumph to get parents and older friends really interested and even enthusiastic, for it has been a hard task to get them to see the good in these new movements.

An address was given by the Catechist, Mr. S. Ramela who said "*Tsuga! Tsuga! mo Afrika u eme ka mauto*" ("Awake! Awake! African and stand on thy feet") and quoted Isaiah chapter 60.

This was followed by speeches from parents and leaders. The aims and objects of Pathfinding and Wayfaring were given so that parents and friends might realise how good they are for the children and for the public.

The spirit of that Sunday was quiet and inspiring.

After prayers and encouraging addresses the Pathfinders, Wayfarers and Sunbeams sang and gave short displays.

The parents gave messages which the boys signalled.

Nkosi sikelela i-Afrika was sung, the Pathfinder Prayer recited, and the visiting troop left for home in high spirits.

[We thank J. Pika, P.M., for this news, and for wishing us luck, but we in the country don't think a bike ride of thirteen miles is anything to "write home about,"

We beg readers to look up that 60th chapter of Isaiah. A catechist who sees in Pathfinder and Wayferer work some fulfilment of the prophet's splendid words is indeed a man of vision. *Ed.*]

* * * *

We are very glad to have a copy of Canon Woodfield's Bulletin to his Transvaal officers (you see the Transvaal *will* creep into this number!) From it we learn that Captain White, M.C., once of the Free State, and lately D.P.M., Pretoria, is moving to Cape Town about now. Please note this, Cape Town P.F.s, and give him the welcome he deserves, and make good use of his tremendous keenness.

Canon Woodfield himself paid a visit to the Cape Midlands recently in the capacity of special Commissioner for the Chief Pathfinder. He says "I believe that there is a very fine future before the Cape Midlands but they badly need qualified leaders."

* * * *

No doubt a large number of our P.M.s do their Troop work in the vernacular. It occurs to us that many of you could help your boys by translating *The Pathfinder* into the language they know best. You can do this in the course of your yarns to the kids.

Somebody suggested to us that you could make much better use of a Pathfinder Play if it was in a Native language. Do please feel quite at liberty to write the parts of this play printed in our last issue in any language you wish.

Also, if our readers find it hard to express their ideas in English, they may write to us in Xhosa, Sesuto, Zulu, Secwana, or any language they like within reasonable limits.

* * * *

In our last number a reference was made to the song: "Marching Home." You haven't heard of it? Well, here it is. It has a most cheery tune which a few "old hands" may remember from War days. Each verse is sung by the patrol it speaks of; thus the Lions patrol sings "Here's to good old Lions. . ." and, after the word "roar," all the others shout the cry of the Lions' patrol. The patrol names may be altered to

But once on the Hogsback, the toils of the journey were soon forgotten—so enchanting is the scenery. Not only that. I have always known apples to have a wonderfully soothing effect especially after a long journey, "and syrup for that matter" suggests Soom. You can be sure we had no reason to doubt our opinions on this occasion.

It is not my intention to bore you with the little details of the Camp, but allow me to refer to some of its significant episodes. Patrol No. 2 (Soom's) was on duty that Friday evening. The supper they cooked us was not very appetising owing, I suppose, to the effects of the journey (on the cooks may it be understood). But, tasteless and lumpy though the porridge was, M-s-h-sh would have a second, a third, and a fourth round.

On Saturday morning, after breakfast and kit inspection we set out to see first of all the Swallow-tails, a series of waterfalls on a tributary of the Tyumie River.

The descent was very steep and Soom stumbled (as is his custom) more than once. But what with the fatherly encouragement of our guide, "Come on lads," and the sparkling sheet of water on which our eyes fed, we could not but be gay. A few of us who felt so inclined bathed under the chilly spray.

Our next objective was the "big tree" of ancient standing (3000 years old, it has been estimated). It took seven of us to span round this gigantic monarch of the jungle. We took a photograph of it, and intend, if possible, to reprint it in one of the issues of *The Pathfinder*, for the benefit of our brother Pathfinders who have never gone beyond Eloff Street, and probably don't know what a forest is except from seeing it in a picture (A-pa-z-z-z). Then we went to the real Tyumie Falls, where we could not but be poetic, and indeed actually made some compositions. Please don't ask us where they are. We had difficulty in trying to make our exit from the basin in which we found ourselves. To retrace our steps would be to double our homeward journey, and we did not feel inclined to do so. After scrambling over projecting rocks, and climbing on boughs of trees, we managed it at last. How tired!

Our Camp-fire that night was opened with the burning of Old Man Grumble—what a pitiful sight at first. But as the flames crackled and scorched his gloomy face, they sent an inspiring glow which lit up ours, and anon we were dancing and singing around the Camp-fire. The scene is not to be forgotten. The yarns were wonderful, almost impossible. There was any

amount of *hobela-ing* and "*Xentsa-ing*." We were told a most delightful story about the first Pathfinders who camped on the Hogsback. Who were they by the way? Kirk, Geotham, Piliso, Oppelt, Dietrich, etc. We thank you brothers for having blazed the trail. We assure you, never more shall grass grow upon it! Our Camp-fire was ended with our awe-inspiring War-cry, which rent the skies.

On Sunday morning, after prayers, the more daring of us started to climb the first Hogsback—a very steep mountain, in fact so steep that one of us, from Mohales Hoek, was heard to say that the Hogsback was more difficult to climb than Thaba Bosigo. (Of course he has never been there). L-t-l did not go because he "had a backbone." "Washout!" After very hard walking we got to the top of the mountain. We could see for miles and miles around. Indeed M-l-si swore he could see the sea, some seventy miles distant, and well may he boast that, of all that crowd, he was the only one who could. (He wears spectacles, no wonder!). We signalled by means of a mirror to the chaps in camp to ask them to expect us in three hours' time. We received the illuminating answer: "None eggs for she."

Thanks to Patrol No. 3 for their dinner. We went to bed quite early that night (especially the officers, for we had arranged to give a false fire-alarm.) Accordingly we arose at two o'clock, blew on the bugle, and yelled out "Fire! Fire! Fire, you chaps!" as hard as our throats could bear the strain. Shall I record you all the dreadful confusion that followed? Impossible! Only one man in the troop maintained extraordinary presence of mind. Despite the incessant kicks and admonitions of the P.M. to "Get outside, the house is on fire!" he stuck to his post stoically, choosing rather to be consumed in the flames like the martyrs of old, than to abjure the comfort which his blankets afforded him. He was awarded a medal—piece of charcoal tied to a string—for this remarkable feat of bravery.

Unwillingly we had to return to College on Monday morning. Our hearts literally sank within us when the bugle sounded the retreat. We could never have hoped for a better camp.

(We offer our heartfelt thanks to Mr. Atkinson who not only allowed us the use of his car, for the transport of our provisions, not only put his entire dwelling place on the Hogsback at our disposal, but actually accompanied us in all our walks. "*Ungadimca Nangomso*.")

W. M. TSOTSI.