

CHARACTERS.

- 1 Mr. Stephen Maluleke (a drunken teacher).
- 2 Mrs. Anna Grace Maluleke (a very sober person).
- 3 Miss Faith Ann Maluleke.
- 4 Geoffrey Stephen Maluleke.
- 5 Mr. Julian Malepe (sober person).
- 6 Mrs. Evangeline Malepe (also a sober lady).
- 7 Huxley Julian Malepe.
- 8 Tsakane Frieda Malepe.
- 9 Rev. Johannes Mashau.
- 10 Dr. Virgil Fuller (a Physician).
- 11 Mrs. Marthe Risenga (a widow).
- 12 ~~Jia (servant of Mr. & Mrs. Maluleke).~~
- ~~Samson (servant of Mr. & Mrs. Malepe).~~
- Jeremiah Kphe (a clown and heavy drinker).

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(Mr. Maluleke's home. He is absent, since leaving for school early in the morning he has not yet returned, although it is late in the evening. His daughter, Faith, is very ill. Mrs. Anna Maluleke is trying to comfort the suffering child by singing very sad ditties.)

Nobody knows the trouble I see
 Nobody knows but Jesus,
 Nobody knows the trouble I see,
 Amen Alleluia! etc."

(Clap, clap. A soft knock on the door. Mrs. Maluleke gets up quietly and goes to the door, she listens against it. The knock is repeated and Mrs. M. opens the door softly, in order not to waken Faith. She wonders who it is that knocks at the door so softly, for if Mr. Maluleke ever wanted to enter a room he banged with his fist. She discovers with great pleasure that it is her friend, Mrs. Risenga.)

Mrs. R.: Good evening Marthe, I am very glad to see you. Come in.

Mrs. M.: (smiling) Good evening Gracy, are you alone?

Mrs. R.: No, I am with Faith. Please speak softly, she is asleep. It is the first time she has slept since she awoke at two o'clock this morning.

Mrs. R.: Is she very ill?

Mrs. M.: Yes, she suffers from fever. No, I don't know what it is but her body is very warm and sometimes hot. See she is perspiring. She was vomiting during the day. I wonder what it is. I nearly came to you to ask for some quinine because I suspect that it must be malaria.

Mrs. R.: Have you ever been in malaria stricken areas? Ye-e-es! By the by it is a fortnight ago that you came back from Mountsoort.

Mrs. M.: Yes, and there were many mosquitoes during the nights, and though I was against her exposing herself at night, her father used to take her outside the house when he came back from the bottle-store with the doom of Hell!

Mrs. R.: By the way, Gracy, you haven't told me where your husband has gone.

Mrs. M.: Since he went to school in the morning he hasn't come back.

Mrs. R.: Where does he eat?

Mrs. M.: He only takes breakfast here at home. He gets his lunch at the what's its name, the accursed "feeding scheme".

Mrs. R.: Anna, is this what you think of the "feeding scheme"? Say the "blessed feeding scheme". It really helps our children. I think you still remember how my Peter looked before the scheme was introduced in our school. We ought to thank God for having moved the government to extend a helping hand to us.

Mrs. M.: I am sorry Martha, I quite understand what a great help it is to have a meal at school, but I only wonder whether it was wise of the government to have extended it to teachers. I think to have a cup of tea with a piece of bread wouldn't be bad, but Martha, to have a meal at school and in the evening go in search of beer, getting drunk and leaving all family troubles to the "she-slave" as my husband is doing, I don't approve. (She ends by weeping.)

Mrs. R.: Does he know Faith is ill?

Mrs. M.: (Wiping the tears from her eyes) I told him this morning when he was preparing for school, but he told me his cheque hadn't come yet, but it is difficult for me to believe it. The Indian to whom he usually goes for his brandy will never let him have a pint without paying for it in advance. Now I am tired of going to worry Nurse Gaincroft. She has always been very kind and sympathetic to me. The world knows too much of my troubles, surely, I sometimes feel like "falling in love with ceaseless death" but for the children that Heaven has given me. (She breaks into tears. The child wakes and starts groaning with pain.)

Mrs. R.: Sorry, Anna. (Martha touches her on the back) Look, you disturb Faith, she is awake, poor thing. Sorry, what is it? Where is the pain? (The child groans more and more. They are afraid) I think we should call the doctor.

Mrs. M.: But I have no money, I have only five shillings and Dr. Fuller asks for 10/- for a visit at night.

Mrs. R.: Don't worry about that. I'll see to it myself. I can't let my sony suffer like this.

Mrs. M.: No, no Martha, I know that you have no husband and every penny you have has been earned with great pains and I shall not let you sacrifice it. It seems that Geoffrey has got something, I saw him going to the European village this morning with half a dozen baskets. He must have sold some of them.

Mrs. R.: Where is he?

Mrs. M.: He is sleeping in the next room.

Mrs. R.: Let me call him.

(She goes into the next room and comes back with Geoffrey Stephen who is still showing signs of sleep in his eyes)

Mrs. M.: Geoffrey, your sister is very ill and your father hasn't come back yet. We feel we should send for the doctor.

Geoffrey: Yes, I can go to the phone and ring him, can't I Mama?

Mrs. M.: Not only that my dear, but also to pay for the visit, have you anything in your purse? Your papa hasn't come back to-night.

Geoffrey: Yes, I sold four baskets to-day, I am going to sell four more to-morrow and thought I would give the money to Mama when I had a pound or so; but now I have 12/6. Is it enough for the doctor?

Mrs. M.: O yes, go and ring for Dr. Fuller, please make haste, my dear, your sister is suffering.

(Geoffrey goes out. He comes back with 12/6 and hands it to his mother. He sits down on one of the chairs next to his mother)

Clap, clap, clap.

Geoffrey: A knock at the door, Mama.

Mrs. R.: It must be the doctor, thank heavens.

(Geo. opens the door and Dr. Virgil Fuller comes in with his bag of medical instruments. They all stand and greet him with a curtsy)

Mrs. R. & Mrs. M.: Good evening Dr. Fuller.

Dr. Fuller: Good evening ladies, and how are you?

Mrs. M.: Faith is very bad, doctor.

Dr. F.: What is the matter with her? (He takes her pulse, examines her eyes, touches her brow and he does all the little performances necessary for a diagnosis)

Dr. F.: She has malaria. (He takes a syringe and gives her an injection. He takes a few pills out of his bag.) You must give her two pills to-night and two more tomorrow morning. I'll come again at about 8 o'clock. Have you ever been to a malaria-stricken area?

Mrs. M.: Yes, doctor, we went to Komatipoort during the short holidays.
Dr. F.: O yes, no wonder. But you ought to have been careful with the children at least. Where is Mr. Maluleke?
Mrs. M.: He hasn't come back since he went to school early this morning.
Geoffrey: I saw him going..... (His mother nudges him with the point of her elbow which means "Keep quiet!")
Dr. F.: Saw him going where?
Mrs. M.: No he means he saw him going to school...
Mrs. R.: No, this is wrong Gracy, you musn't prevent your child from telling the truth. Besides this is a doctor, it is only right that he should know all about your husband. Mr. Maluleke is at the bottle-store, doctor.
Dr. F.: Does he always go there?
Geoffrey: Yes, doctor, he doesn't even give money to Mama. (Mrs. M. nudges him again.)
Dr. F.: All right, I'll see him and give him a lecture to-morrow at the school. Don't worry much about the child, she will sleep now; don't make any more noise. Good night everybody.
All three: Good night, doctor.
(Dr. Fuller goes out. A noise outside. Somebody is half singing and half talking)
Clap, clap, clap, clap. (A heavy knock at the door. Mr. Maluleke comes in with a terrible noise.)
Mrs. M.: O good gracious me, Stephen, please do not make a noise. Faith has just fallen asleep now. You know she is ill.
Mr. M.: What? I have no faith myself. I am Mr. Maluleke and that's all. Faith! what for? There is no beer in heaven and therefore no Faith.
Mrs. R.: For goodness sake Mr. Maluleke, think a little, your child is terribly ill. Dr. Fuller has just left us a few minutes ago and he said....
Mr. M.: Dr. Fuller's a fool. He says I must not drink beer. What does he know? Nothing! I am a teacher myself. I am the principal of Gelukskool, I get a cheque from the government and that is for the Indian who feeds me with brandy and gin. the dry old gin that is my food. O ho, ho.
(He falls asleep.)

ACT I.

SCENE II.

(Enter Jeremiah Mphé and Mr. Stephen Maluleke)

Jer.: Good afternoon teacher.

(He bows down and takes off his cap and bows down again with affectation of manners.)

Mr. M.: Hello, Jerry. How goes it? (With his hands in his pockets)

Jer.: All right, teacher, and how is teacher? (Bowing down again many times and trying to crush his hat in his hands.)

Mr. M.: Not very bad, thanks.

Jer.: I have been missing you for three days in the "Blessed Grotto" sir.

Mr. M.: Pardon?

Jer.: I mean I don't see you in the Beer Hall these days sir. Are you preparing yourself to take orders in the Holy Services, sir?

Mr. M.: Don't talk like a fool, man!

Jer.: Sorry teacher, I was just cracking a joke, it is very dry because my throat has not been lubricated for the last three long days.

Mr. M.: Is it your throat or your brains, fool?

Jer.: Perhaps both, sir, really that "skelm" of a Beer Hall manager will not give me a pint without your persuasion, sir, my throat is really burning with thirst.

Mr. M.: Look here you fool, you are a human leech. You live on my blood. I am always deserting my wife and children because of you. Soon doctors of medicine and ministers of religion will have to bore me with lectures and sermons because of you. The other day my little daughter Faith was suffering terribly when you and your allies were keeping me at the Beer Hall. Had it not been that my son phoned Dr. Fuller she would be dead by now. Please don't keep on tempting me with your beer halls and the like.

Jer.: Sorry, sir. O did it really come to that? I am sure you did not know before that she was ill!

Mr. M.: Well, I thought it wouldn't be too serious. But, man, have you any money on you at present, I am thirsty, I would like to have a glass of brandy at the Indian bottle-store; you know our cheques haven't come yet. I have just come from the superintendent and he says he hasn't received anything yet.

Jer.: Do you believe what the missionary says. I am sure he has got your cheque by now, but he wants to make some profit out of it before he gives it to you. I always tell you these crooks came for business to this country.

Mr. M.: Not as bad as that!

Jer.: I tell you, Mr. Maluleke, you will see after some years he will resign from the ministry and buy a farm, take off the dog collar, put on a helmet and "shambok" in hand, chase the farm labourers.

Mr. M.: No, you always exaggerate things, you foolish man. But, have you got any money man?

Jer.: Yes, all right teacher, let's go. I managed to coin four games out of six last night, though I cheated in two by hiding some cards, and since they were drunk, they couldn't see me doing it.

ACT I.

SCENE III.

(At Mr. Julian Malepe's home. In the sitting room Mrs. Evangelina is giving a knitting lesson to her daughter, Tsakane Frieda, while Huxley Julian is busy doing his home-work at a small table.)

Mrs. M.: Yes, my daughter, continue doing the same thing 50 times and then tell me and I'll show you the next step. Be careful not to make them too tight or too loose.

Tsakane: Yes, Mamma.

Huxley: Oo Jere! (trying to solve a problem) Oo God! This sum's difficult!

Mrs. M.: Hucky!

Huxley: Mamma.

Mrs. M.: Do you know the meaning of those exclamations that you are so unconsciously using?

Huxley: Which exclamations Mammy?

Mrs. M.: I mean those you have just been using.

Huxley: (Lifts his head up and tries to think.) Oh! You mean "ere" and "God"? Yes I know. They express my anger against this sum I am doing; I cannot get it right. It is so annoying. Yet, I want to get it right before to-morrow morning.

Mrs. M.: Does your arithmetic teacher use these terms during the lesson?

Huxley: Not always, Mammy, but only when he is drunk.

Mrs. M.: "Topsy" is the word, my son, never say drunk to your teacher.

Tsakane: What is "tipsy", Mamma?

Mrs. M.: It means to be drunk in a polite way.

Huxley: Can one be drunk in a polite way, Mamma?

Mrs. M.: No my son, it is a way of speaking. It is polished language for the people you respect. But tell me Hucky, does your arithmetic teacher come to the class tipsy?

Huxley:

Yes, Mammy, more especially on Mondays and Fridays. And he says he teaches better when he is drun.... tipsy..what do you call it Mamma?

Mrs. M.: Tipsy.

Huxley: Yes, when he is tipsy than when he is not.

Mrs. M.: Does he, really?

Huxley: He says so Mamme, but in reality he only speaks a lot, without one being able to make sense of what he says. He sometimes laughs at nothing and he wants us to laugh with him even if we see no joke in what he says and if we don't laugh he pinches our ears and if you cry he laughs again, just like the story you told us about a fool, Mamma.

Tsakane: But, Mamma, our domestic science mistress says we must not brew beer for our husbands, when we marry, because they are fond of vommiting on the white sheets and the table cloths, and I won't brew beer, isn't that so Mamma?

Mrs. M.: No, my dear. Besides you won't drink beer, my dear. Only those who are fond of drinking do brew beer, and make scape-goats of their husbands. Hucky, my son, lay the table for the supper; I am still showing your sister how to do this piece of work.

(Huxley goes to fetch the table things. He lays the table and while he is busy doing this a rap is heard at the door and Mr. Julian Malepe comes into the room. He pats his son's back and he smiles at his wife and daughter.)

Mr. M.: Hullo Tsakane! What work are you doing there?

Tsakane: I'm knitting a jersey for Hucky.

Mr. M.: That's really a good idea my daughter, and mother is helping you.

Mrs. M.: No, not much. She is doing most of the work. I'm just coaching her here and there. Are you ready with the table things, Hucky?

Huxley: I don't see the bread-knife Mamma.

Mrs. M.: I'm sorry, I forgot it in the pantry. Go and help your brother my dear, we shall continue this after supper.

Mr. M.: No, I'll help him myself. I am not tired, continue your work Tsaky.

(Tsakane sits down again and takes up her knitting)

Mrs. M. Do twenty more of these. I'm going to help your father to bring the food from the kitchen.

(She goes away and comes back carrying trays of food. Mrs. M. touches a small bell and all four sit round the table. They clasp their hands, bow their heads, close their eyes and the father says a prayer.)

ACT I.

SCENE IV.

(At the bottle-store. Jeremiah Mphé and Stephen Maluleke come into the shop)

Jer.: (Greeting the Indian) Good afternoon Dadoo. (He keeps his hat on.)

Dadoo: Good day, my friend, - Good day teacher (meaning Mr. Maluleke.)

Mr. M.: Hallo Dadoo! How goes it? (He keeps his hands in his pockets.)

Dadoo: Not bad, thank you; and how are you? I haven't seen you for quite a long time, man, what is wrong?

Jer.: A bottle of brandy, if you please.

(Dadoo goes and comes back with brandy and two glasses. He opens the bottle and pours the brandy into the glasses and places them on the counter. The two gentlemen sit on two chairs brought out for them and they start drinking.)

Mr. M.: You say you haven't seen me for a long time. What do you give me now to show you really missed me?

Dadoo: You want things given to but you never give yourself. I always make gifts when you come here.

Mr. M.: Don't talk like a fool, man! I always pay when I want anything in this shop; and you say you "always" give; what a nice joke!

Dadoo: Teacher, I always tell the truth. I never tell a lie. When I say I give, I really give. You say you think you pay for everything because I never tell you that the money I ask from you is only for the brandy that you take and nothing else. I always give you "my" time. In other words, I am serving you without asking anything from you. Man, I tell you I am a very kind and good person myself. I give you my services for nothing and because I make you pay for the wine you take you think I give you nothing without it being paid for.

Jer.: I say, you are right Dadoo, very right indeed. You really give, free-handed. You always give us this life-giving liquid. I think you are far better than that throng of lubbers who call themselves Christians. They always speak of Heaven with no wine. What is the use of living for ever without a drop of brandy. I'll revive the old Greek God of Wine Ba.... what do you call him teacher?

Mr. M.: Bacchus, they call him.

Jer.: Yes, Bacchus, and when I die I'll marry one of his angels or his priestesses whatever it be. Dadoo here is the money for the bottle of brandy. (He pays the Indian.) What religion do you follow?

Dadoo: I am a Mahomedan. But our religion is better than yours, because we are allowed to do anything we want here on earth as long as we keep saying prayers at certain hours of the day, and do not eat certain animals etc.

Jer.: Are you allowed to drink wine?

Dadoo: No, but we are allowed to sell it to those who drink. But you see our heaven is full of all sorts of beautiful women, so that though we won't drink there we shall marry as many wives as we like. What's wrong teacher, you don't cheer up to-day, are you sick?

Mr. M.: No, I'm just weak.

Dadoo: No man, you can't die while the medicine is so near, take some more brandy, it will enliven your spirits.

Mr. M.: Well, my wife....

Dadoo: Your wife, what man, you are mislead by this religion of yours! A woman must always obey her husband, then she has nothing to say to you. What is a woman? You buy a thing and it rules your life. Chuck it man. Never mind your wife. You see you are weak. You'll go home now, she will order you to go to bed and before you are through your sleep you'll see Dr. Fuller will come to tip you with some poison which will hasten your end.

(Meanwhile Jeremiah is walking about the shop.)

Take this "old gin" that will all the microbes that worry your blood, man. You teachers, I thought you knew enough about science not to be mislead by foolish doctors and ministers of religion. Come, man, take some more.

Mr. M.: Let me see. (He fumbles in his breast pocket and takes out his purse, opens it and takes out two 10/- notes and gives both to the Indian.) I want to see whether we can get through that to day.

Jer.: Bravo, bravo! That is what I thought you'd say, sir. The day is dull and cold, and we want to cheer and warm ourselves.

Mr. M.: (Speaking to Jerry.) Jerry, tell me what you have been doing about the proposal I made concerning the school. (Jerry empties a glass and shakes his head in approval.) Have you managed to do something with the Location people. I am really tired of being spied on and having my doings reported to the priests.. I would like this school to be put under the government as a tribal school.

Jer.: O yes, we are working on it. My sister is just now brewing some beer to try to get them when they come for drinking. I'll

speak to them again. So far we have convinced the majority of those who drink with us. The trouble still remains with those who attend prayer meetings and the like. They say the chief and the principal (meaning you of course) are not very moral. and behind these there is Rev. Mashau. He is very much against it of course, and there's also Dr. Fuller who seems to fear excess drunkenness in schools.

Mr. M.: Carry on man, and keep the chief under your control. He is still young and he distrusts all these priests and doctors. Does he always come to the meetings?

Jer.: Several times, but he will not take an active part in it. He is afraid of Dr. Fuller who is a friend of the Native Commissioner.

Mr. M.: O, I see. He is afraid of losing his position. But it doesn't matter, so long as you keep on urging people to join you we shall manage to have a good following and then it will be easy to convince the commissioner himself.

Jer.: The other day you spoke of the beer brewing in the Domestic Science Schools. What did you mean? I would like to know more about it so that I might speak about it at the meetings.

Mr. M.: O, I see, you mean... it, well, I meant that, you see, don't agree very much with my wife because she will not brew beer. But you see, I'd like her to brew beer for me so that I might call my friends to come and have a nice time together, and also I wanted her to try and speculate in that way by brewing some beer. You see, my salary is very small. I don't have enough to live on, so I think you understand me.

Jer.: Yes, teacher, I do follow you.

Mr. M.: Yes, for example, I'd like to have some more drink here, but I can't. It's really very bad. (He shows signs of drunkenness, he cannot sit properly.)

Jer.: Yes now exactly how should I put it, teacher?

Mr. M.: No, you just put it anyhow. For instance if you say to the men, "look you, you quarrel with your wives, because they don't know how to brew beer for you. They have not been taught how to do it. The government should make it a point to force all the Domestic Science School mistresses to have a course on "how to brew beer" and you'll be happy." That is how you must put it; do you see, Jerry?

Jer.: Yes, sir, I see it. But you see, to convince these people I must have some beer to give them. My sister was complaining of lack of yeast this morning and I have no money to buy it.

Mr. M.: All right, don't worry about that. (He produces a pound note from his purse and he gives it to Jeremiah.)

Jer.: That is it. I promise I'll do it, sir. (Just after this the brandy overcomes Mr. Maluleke and he falls asleep.)

Dadoo: Is he asleep?

Jer.: Yes, he is dreaming now.

Dadoo: He is a fool, isn't he. Do you think you can do all he asks you to do.

Jer.: Ah! Ah! He is a big one. I can't try to expose myself to the wizards and witches of this location. Besides, Rev. Mashau and Dr. Fuller are two very influential people in the location. There is Mr. Julian Molepe, he is another big shot who will never drink and he is doing a correspondence course in law. Who am I to try to move such a difficult motion in the location?

Dadoo: If he is not careful he will lose his principalship. Carry him out, please. I want to close the shop and go home. I shall be in the soup if they find me with him.

Jer.: I'll just put him outside and go home. I shall be in the soup if the police find me with him.

Dadoo: Let me call my boy to come and help you. (Dadoo goes out. Jerry thrusts his hand into Mr. Maluleke's breast pocket and extracts all the pound notes that remain, puts them in his pocket and the curtain is drawn.)

ACT I. SCENE 5.

(At Mr. and Mrs. Malepe's home. In the sitting room. Huxley & Tsakane have gone to sleep.)

Mrs. Malepe: Where have you been this afternoon Julian?

Mr. Malepe: By the way, I haven't told you that I was with Dr. Fuller and Rev. Mashau. As a matter of fact I was originally with Rev. Mashau as he ~~asked~~ had come to see the Principal, Mr. Maluleke but unfortunately he did not find him in, so we left together for Mr. Maluleke's home. but there again we did not find him.
(Mr. Malepe stops for a while looking at the newspaper on his lap)

Mrs. Malepe: Is he the arithmetic teacher at school?

Mr. M. : (seeming not to have heard the question goes on): His wife seemed to be rather worried about her husband's absence. She spoke about him not having slept last night, that he was feverish and then she asked for an interview with Rev. Mashau. I went out for some time, and when Rev. Mashau joined me he seemed to be thinking deeply, and was a bit absent minded with me. I avoided asking him questions. He asked me to come with him to help him draw up a scheme for the forthcoming Sunday School Christmas feast. But I had noticed that when Mrs. Maluleke came to bid us farewell, she had red eyes. It was about six o'clock when I left Rev. Mashau's house, and he took me half way home. When we reached the corner Dadoo's Bottle store, we saw someone lying on the ground with his face upwards and his arms outstretched. We approached him and found that it was our Principal, Mr. Maluleke.

Mrs. M: Was he drunk?

Mr. M: More than drunk! He was terribly ill. When I touched his body I found that it was burning.

Mrs. M: Had he fever?

Mr. M: We then decided to phone for Dr. Fuller. The hospital ambulance came with Dr. Fuller himself. We took ~~km~~ Mr. Maluleke to his home. Mrs. Maluleke was terribly shocked at the sight of her husband.

Mrs. M: Oh. poor Gracy!

Mr. M: But Dr. Fuller assured us that there was nothing to worry about, except that he was not to take anymore strong drink. He said it affected his stomach and his liver, The liver was swelling. and if he continued to drink, before long it would choke him.

Mrs. M: But now the drink lust is cronic. However is he going to stop it poor man!

Mr. M: I'm very sorry for him. Mr. Maluleke was my personal friend at College, as you well know.

Mrs. M: But didn't you know that he was drinking then, Julie?

Mr. M: What then, I knew, but at that time he used to moderate his drinking very well. I even was in half a mind to drink with him, for he really was always moderate. He could do his school work well, and as you remember, he was always number one in the class.

Mrs. M: Yes, I remember. He even got the prize for having read more books than any of us.

Mr. M: Exactly. But you see I still believe that he can overcome it. I think you remember that there was a bit of trouble just before they got married.

Mrs. M: Yes.

Mr. M: Now this trouble was caused by this same drinking business. Ann Grace had given him an ultimatum that if he did not stop drinking she would not marry him.

Mrs. M: Yes. she told me, and I supported her wholeheartedly.

Mr. M: That's right! Then he had to take an oath that he was going to stop at once/ And surely he did. When we came here to work with him he was not drinking.

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Mrs. M Now how did he start it again?
 Mr. M It started just after his friendship with that chap of the location, what do you call him, that slender almost skin and bone fellow that will not work anywhere.

Mrs. M Whom do you mean?
 Mr. M That guy with "Tsotsish" pair of trousers who keeps loafing about the location without working.

Mrs. M Ah! You mean Master Jermiah Mpho.
 Mr. M Exactly, that is the fellow that drove him back to drinking and took him away from his home.

Mrs. M Has he gone so far as keeping company with Mpho? Poor soul!
 But how did Mpho leave school it seems he had some education.
 Mr. M Instruction call it. I prefer to call it instruction myself; because the kind of education that he has got only informed him of how to use his brains in a clever way to exploit others. Mind you he knows a lot of English, Afrikaans and some science, but he never knew the true values of education. He will do anything to satisfy his own lusts. He was chased away from school when he was in the fifth year N.T.H. for excessive drunkenness and other serious offences. Since he left school about three years ago he hasn't tried to do anything practical.

Mrs. M It seems he helps his widowed sister to sell beer to the Blantyre and Boudougos during the weekends.
 Mr. M That is how he caught Mr. Makuleke.
 Mrs. M But won't you try to help Mr. Maluleke, Julian? Since you are so optimistic about....
 Mr. M Oh yes, we are three trying to help him; Dr. Fuller, Rev. Mashau and myself. Rev. Mashau has offered to see to his spiritual needs. Dr. Fuller will try to improve his health and I have been asked to try and revive our friendship and interest him in correspondence studies. Mrs. Mashau will join Mrs. Risenga and try to cheer Mrs. Maluleke a bit.

Mrs. M Because she has lost her spirits, poor thing. I'll also go to visit her to-morrow, perhaps she will like it.
 Mr. M Very fine. I was on the point of asking you to do that. Let's do all we can to help these people. To-morrow evening there will be a prayer meeting at Mr. Maluleke's and I'd like to ask you to go with me.

Mrs. M But how can you, or rather we, help Jeremiah and his sister?
 Mr. M Steady, no hurry in South Africa. We must help the principal first and then we will see what to do with that chap and his sister. They are all heading for destruction. I am the chairman of the "Literary Club" and I'll try to make my friends be aware of their duty to our members; Mr. Maluleke is a committee member, but hasn't been taking an active part so far. Lastly, but not least, I am convinced that here there is nothing that we by ourselves can do to help anybody in the position of Mr. Maluleke, unless our efforts are blessed and guided by the Almighty God.

Mrs. M Then shall we end our talk with a prayer?
 (They all bow their heads, clasp their hands and the curtains are drawn)

Act 1 Scene 6

(At Mr. and Mrs. Maluleke's home. Rev. Mashau, Dr. Fuller, Mr. Malepe, Mrs. Risenga, Mr. Maluleke sitting on a divan with his wife on his right and Dr. Fuller on the left; Mrs. Mashau, Mrs. Malepe, Master Huxley Julian, Miss Faith Ann, Miss Tsakane, Master Geoffrey Stephen, and some other women and men of the location who are members of the meeting.)

Rev. M (stands in their midst and says)
 Beloved brethren! I thank Almighty God for having brought us all together in this house. This is one patent proof that God never forsakes us. He always keeps listening for our earnest

prayers and waits for a propitious time to bring that which we are

praying for. It is last night that I heard, with great pleasure, our friend and brother Mr. Stephen Maluleke, promise to God in my presence and that of his wife and children and Mrs. Risenga; his wife's faithful friend; that he was going to renew his pledge of total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages and thus revive his relationships with all his old friends, beginning with his own wife and his two lively children. He will have time to speak himself in the course of this meeting; but I found it very necessary to introduce to you at the opening of this brotherly gathering.

Now before I say anything more I would like to call upon Dr. Fuller, our devoted physician in this location; one who took this holy profession not as a money making enterprise but as means of helping his brethren. I do not wish to praise him much when he is here, because I fear that he may think I am flattering him. (Dr. Fuller smiles, the members of the audience look at him with bright eyes). But I assure you Dr. Fuller that you enjoy our appreciation of your entiring efforts and we know very well that it is not you who does this but it is your Master whose obedient servant you are. Shall I call upon Dr. Fuller to say something?

DR. FULLER: (Before he speaks he smiles first of all to Rev. Mashau then he turns to Mr. Maluleke and looking at the audience at large says:) Dear Friends, I am very glad to have been able to give a hand in this difficult task of restoring the health of our friend and brother Mr. Maluleke. I say a difficult task because his case did not only need medical skill but also some psychology and the Spirit of God. The cause of his illness was physical, spiritual and mental. There are illnesses which we medical men cannot understand. Then if we really want to help our patient we have got to call a minister in to play his part; if it has gone too deep into the nerves of the patient and disturbed his brains we go as far as asking for the hand of a psychologist. Now when these work hand in hand as we have been doing in the case of our friend here, the result may be what you see today. Perhaps some of you may ask who the psychologist was. Well without waiting for the time when our chairman will point him out I'll just mention him straight away. It is Mr. Malepe. He is the one who helped us greatly in getting deep into our friend's mental trouble. And now here we are, all happy. Really the miracles of God are still to be seen even today. Let's all thank Him for this wonderful work. I would like to say this before I sit down, more especially to our friend Mr. Maluleke here. Remember this that your health depends largely on your spiritual and mental state. If you neglect your duty to God you will behave like a fool and all the other troubles will follow. Thank you, my friends.

REV. MASHAU: May the Lord be praised for this frank and straightforward testimony of Dr. Fuller.

Now I shall ask our friend Mr. Malepe to say a few words. Because this gentleman here is or better say was the friend of Mr. Maluleke when they were still at school, they came out together. He has moved every stone and pebble in order to get a way of helping his old friend, and he is happy today. Ah! he will speak by himself. Please Mr. Malepe;

Mr. Malepe:

Mr. Malepe; Rev, Mashau, Dr. Fuller, ladies and gentlemen; I am not a good speaker, but I just want to say a word about this whole business. We people drift into bad things unconsciously. When we start we think that we are O.K. It is only when we are deeply involved that we are startled and may think think of going back. I think this is what happened to our friend Mr. Maluleke, whom I know as a personal friend. Now today I'd like to advise him in this way; Since it is so difficult to know whether one is on the right track or not, what one ought to do is to remain always in Jesus, who is the only way, The only light and Life. So long as we are in Him we are safe, but as soon as we leave Him we are unsafe. Thanks.

Rev. Mashau: Now brethren, I hope each one of you is delighted to hear a teacher giving the same evidence that your minister gives you time and again...The unconditional surrender of your whole life, so that He might direct your affairs. Only then can there be such a thing as Peace in the human soul!

At this stage brethren, I shall call upon our beloved friend Mr. Maluleke, to say a few words.

Mr. Maluleke; Dear brothers, sisters and children, I am delighted to feel that the shame that has been crushing the heart of wife, children and friends has been removed. Though Rev, M Mashau has already told you my decision I feel that I should repeat it in your midst. I solemnly swear to stop drinking all alcoholic beverages, God being my helper and hoping to have the support of those who sympathise with my family. I shall try by all means to keep myself in the company which will give me the least chance of recurring to the state in which I was of late. I thank Rev. Mashau, Dr. Fuller, my personal friend Mr. Malepe and his wife, Mrs. Risenga and all the others who prayed constantly for me. As a matter of fact, the one who should have spoken on my behalf is my wife, and I shall ask you to forgive me if I hand over the end of my speech to her. Thanks. (He sits down)

Mrs. Maluleke; Dear brethren, I should like to thank Mrs. Risenga for sharing my troubles, and all those who helped me, by word of encouragement, prayer and financial assistance. I hope this will be a lesson to my children and to all of us. Thanks.

Rev. Mashau; Dear brethren, let us end this happy function by singing Hymn 333. St. Paul in his letter to the Galatians says "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness....", therefore we must thank Almighty God for having allowed this to happen to us here tonight.

(They all stand and sing the hymn. At the end the curtain is drawn.)