

THE BLACK SASH

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WAR AND PEACE

“IT looks,” said Mrs. Margaret Ballinger in a recent article, “as if Afrikaner nationalism — certainly Afrikaner nationalism as it is led today — does not want peace but victory, not accommodation but conquest.”

Victory, conquest — these are the aims of a nation at war, and the rules governing the conduct of the Nationalist government are indeed those that apply to war, not to peace. This is not always realised by critics of the government, nor is it readily admitted by government supporters.

Critics accuse the government of being undemocratic, of having no regard for human rights, of restricting liberty and of not being willing to compromise: they apply the criteria of democracies in peacetime. Often the Nationalists try to defend themselves in accordance with the same criteria: they protest that they *are* democratic in outlook, that they want freedom for all to develop to the full, and that their discriminatory legislation is really in the ultimate interests of the people discriminated against.

But occasionally the truth emerges that the Nationalist government is fighting a war, the “enemy” being comprised of all those who do not accept the Nationalist view of what their legitimate interests are. We hear Nationalists in the House of Assembly drawing a parallel between present-day restrictions on liberty and those that were imposed by the Smuts govern-

OORLOG EN VREDE

„DIT wil voorkom asof die Afrikaner nasionalisme — bepaald die Afrikaner nasionalisme soos dit vandag gelei word — nie vrede nie maar oorwinning verlang; nie aanpassing nie maar verowering,” het mev. Margaret Ballinger onlangs in ’n artikel geskryf.

Oorwinning, verowering — dit is die doelstelling van ’n volk wat oorlog voer; en die voorskrifte waarvolgens die nasionalistiese regering handel is inderdaad dié wat op oorlog van toepassing is — nie op vrede nie. Dit word nie altyd besef deur mense wat die regering kritiseer nie; ook word dit nie maklik deur regerings-ondersteuners erken nie.

Dié wat kritiseer beskuldig die regering daarvan dat hy ondemokraties is, dat hy geen ag op menslike regte slaan nie, dat hy vryheid inkort en dat hy nie bereid is om toe te gee nie: hulle pas die maatstawwe van demokrasië in vredestryd toe. Dikwels probeer die nasionaliste om hul optrede ooreenkomstig dieselfde standarde te verdedig: hulle protesteer dat hulle *wel* ’n demokratiese uitsig het, dat hulle verlang dat almal die vryheid moet hê om ten volle te ontwikkel, en dat hulle diskriminerende wetgewing eintlik tot voordeel strek van diegene waarteen gediskrimineer word.

Maar enkele male kom die waarheid uit dat die nasionalistiese regering ’n oorlog voer, en dat die „vyand” uit almal bestaan wat nie die Nasionaliste se opvatting aanvaar van wat hulle

ment during World War II. Their war is also, in their eyes, a just war, a war to protect their interests against forces that they regard as hostile.

Many acts that would not be countenanced in peacetime become accepted as legitimate in time of war. Telephones are tapped and correspondence is intercepted. Civil liberty is curtailed. The government assumes absolute power over the population. It imposes censorship and makes propaganda through all available media to stiffen its supporters in their struggle and to weaken the enemy's resistance. Truth becomes a value of secondary importance to the prime objective of winning the war. Officials are expected to lie when necessary, provided the lies are not too easily detected.

Of course, the normal human values need not be entirely discarded. Lies are not told unnecessarily; the practice of religion continues; prisoners are often well treated; subdued peoples are fed and clothed. Death and destruction are not caused wantonly beyond the requirements of the situation, although the situation may sometimes call for a demonstration of ruthless power.

THE relevance of these observations to South Africa is obvious. And one could draw further analogies between the acts of our government and those of nations at war. Is not the driving of Africans out of "white" areas akin to a military occupation of enemy territory, and the removal of "black spots" similar in essence to mopping-up operations? Even the Bantu homelands will have something in common with prisoner-of-war camps.

This magazine, as the official journal of the Black Sash, carries authoritative articles on the activities of the Sash. The leading article adheres broadly to the policies of the organization which does not, however, necessarily endorse the views expressed by contributors.

wettige belange nou is nie. Ons hoor soms hoe nasionaliste in die Volksraad 'n vergelyking trek tussen die huidige vryheidsinkortinge en dié wat gedurende die Tweede Wêreldoorlog deur die Smuts-regering opgelê is. In die oë van die nasionaliste is hulle oorlog ook 'n regverdige stryd, 'n oorlog om hul belange te beskerm teen kragte wat hulle as vyandig beskou.

Baie handeling wat nie in vrede tyd toegelaat sou word nie, word in oorlogstyd as wettig beskou. Telefoon oproepe word afgeluister en briewe word onderskep. Burgerlike vryheid word ingekort. Absolute mag oor die bevolking word deur die regering toegeëien; dit maak propaganda deur alle beskikbare media ten einde sy ondersteuners in hul stryd te versterk en die weerstand van die vyand te verswak. Die waarheid word van minder belang as die hoof doelstelling om die oorlog te wen. Van amptenare word verwag dat hulle leuens sal vertel wanneer dit dienstig is, mits die leuens nie te maklik uitgevind kan word nie.

Dit is natuurlik nie nodig om die normale menslike waardes heeltemal te verwerp nie. Leuens word nie onnodig vertel nie; daar word nog kerk toe gegaan; gevangenes word dikwels goed behandel; onderworpe volke kry kos en klere. Dood en verwoesting word nie ligsinnig buite die vereistes van die posisie aangerig nie, hoewel die posisie soms 'n vertoning van genadelose mag kan vereis.

DIE toepassing van hierdie opmerkinge op Suid-Afrika is duidelik genoeg. En 'n mens kan verder vergelykings trek tussen die optrede van ons regering en dié van volke wat in 'n oorlog betrokke is. Is die verdrywing van naturelle uit „blanke" gebiede nie iets soos die militêre besetting van vyandelike gebied nie, en die verwydering van „swartkollie" basies soos die opruiming van vyandelike reste nie? Selfs die Bantoetuistes sal in dié opsig met 'n

in that the activities of the inhabitants will be supervised from without.

But the Nationalist war has some peculiar features. It is a war which is not intended to cause casualties. When attention is drawn, for example, to the suffering inflicted on one of the victims of apartheid, it is regarded as unfortunate, or an accident, or a temporary inconvenience. The Nationalist war is also peculiar in that any sign of retaliation from "the enemy" is regarded as morally outrageous!

Nationalist aggression has hitherto been met mainly by peaceful protest only occasionally erupting into violent resistance. But people who are persistently treated as enemies are likely in due course to act as enemies. *Their* conduct also will then be governed by the rules of war and not of peace. That stage has not been reached, but it is perilously close. The additional powers to be assumed by the Government in terms of the Defence Amendment Bill are the latest evidence of the desperate situation with which South Africa is faced.



Cape Times.

"Psst, Dominee, I think the chap in the second pew is Special Branch."

kamp vir krygsgevangenes ooreenstem: die bedrywighede van die inwoners word van buitekant af toegesien.

Maar daar is eenaardige aspekte aan die nasionaliste-oorlog. Dit is 'n oorlog wat nie ongevalle beoog nie. As aandag bv. gevestig word op die lyding van een van die slagoffers van apartheid, word dit as iets ongelukkig beskou, of as 'n ongeluk, of as 'n tydelike ongerief. Die nasionaliste-oorlog is ook eenaardig in soverre dat enige aanduiding van wedervergelding deur „die vyand” as iets skandaligs beskou word!

Nasionaliste-aggressie het tot dusver hoofsaaklik voor vreedsame proteste te staan gekom wat slegs enkele male in gewelddadige verset uitgebars het. Maar mense wat voortdurend as vyande behandel word sal waarskynlik mettertyd soos vyande optree. Ook *hulle* optrede sal dan volgens oorlogsvoorskrifte wees. Dié stadium is nog nie bereik nie, maar dit is gevaarlik naby. Die addisionele magte wat ingevolge die Wysigingswetsontwerp op Verdediging deur die Regering toegeëien sal word is die jongste aanduiding van die uiters gevaarlike toestand wat Suid-Afrika nou in die gesig staar.

Give me Liberty!

I AM aware, of course, that men may waste precious time in reading corrupt books, and that some may be corrupted by them. I am convinced, however, that the ordinary law of the land must be left to do its best in the post-publication penalizing of abuse; but I set comparatively little store by laws and regulations; for in the last analysis truth and understanding must be allowed to make their own way in the world as it is. And, therefore, I would say, with Milton, "give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience above all liberties."

—Professor D. V. Cowen in a public address on censorship and freedom of the press.

SASHERS' JOURNEY

STORY OF AN EVICTED FAMILY

First of Two Case Histories

ANNA PEARCE

On the events at Wellington

KLEINBOOI SIKADE was well known in Wellington as he swept the roads wearing an old army greatcoat, several sizes too large, and a khaki woollen cap. He had his wife Pauline living with him in his tin shack in Sakkieskamp. He had brought her back as a bride when he last visited the reserves. The authorities said he had done this illegally, but he knew nothing about that. He also had two children, aged five and one, of whom he was very proud.

Then came the "troubles", triggered off by Sharpeville. Kleinbooi, together with many others, put his reference book in a drum supplied by the Municipality, because some Africans were beating up those who had not burnt their passes.

When all was quiet again, Kleinbooi went to fetch his pass. It took some time for the officials to find it and Kleinbooi was away from work two days. When he returned he found that a Coloured labourer had taken his place. He was then endorsed out of the area, like many of his friends.

Arrested

Kleinbooi was not unduly worried, even though he could no longer get work. In the past he had helped others in their difficulties. Now they would help him. But suddenly Kleinbooi was arrested. For the first time in his life he found himself in gaol, for not having left the area as ordered.

At home, Pauline lay on her bed and moaned. She was tubercular, but her friends said this was not a sickness the doctor could cure. She was utterly dependent on Kleinbooi, and they had never before been parted since their marriage.

After Kleinbooi was released, the Black Sash applied for a railway warrant so that the family might go to Lady Frere, Kleinbooi's birthplace, to which he was entitled to return. Kleinbooi and Pauline were willing to go anywhere so long as they could stay together, but by this time their savings were gone and they could not afford to pay for their tickets, plus all the expenses of moving

THIS is the story, told by two Black Sashers, of how an African family came to be evicted from their home in accordance with the "Eiselen Line" policy and how they eventually reached the Transkei. The Black Sash, which is most disturbed by the great hardships being suffered by Africans and their families who are ordered to leave their homes in the Western Cape, was anxious to gain first-hand information about the difficulties encountered by evicted families and the kind of conditions they meet upon arrival at their destination; and so it was decided that a member of the Sash should accompany this particular family and record their experiences. No two cases are exactly alike. This family were lucky to find a stepmother willing to take them in — although how they would have reached her without Black Sash assistance is a matter for speculation. There must be many less fortunate cases. There are more than a hundred families living in Sakkieskamp who have been "endorsed out". It is believed that no more than 30 of these families will be able to find an alternative home. What happens to the rest is apparently nobody's business.

a family. Weeks and months went by. During this time their house was broken into on a routine raid for pass offenders, but Kleinbooi and Pauline escaped. They had been spending the nights with friends, in hiding from the police.

One day, however, Pauline was sitting outside in the sun, when she was arrested. The authorities eventually released her when the Black Sash explained who Pauline was, and that the family had been ready to go to Lady Frere for some time.

Their troubles, however, continued. Kleinbooi developed acute asthma and the children, too, were ill. Still there was no news of the railway warrant nor, indeed, any confirmation that they would be allowed to go to Lady Frere. Before a family

returns to the reserves, or anywhere else, it must be ascertained by their head man or the Native Commissioner that there is a place for them there and that they may return. The reply to letters asking for this permission may take months to arrive.

In the case of Kleinbooi and Pauline Sikade permission did not come and they were told there was no chance of a railway warrant either—they must just get out of Wellington somehow. Perhaps if they had gone to the magistrate when he sent a message to them through the police in order that he might investigate their case, something could have been done for them, but it seems they never received the message.

It was at this stage, when there was no other hope for them, that the Black Sash decided to take them to Lady Frere.

There were many other families who needed help, some in even more dire straits, but here was a family typical of the many being endorsed out, and we



Kleinbooi and Pauline with their two children prior to their departure from Sakkieskamp.

felt it might be helpful to the work in general to see what difficulties such a family had to overcome.

First a reply-paid telegram was sent to the Native Commissioner in Lady Frere asking for permission for the family to come. As Pauline was tubercular, a special compartment had to be booked on the train at extra cost to cover the subsequent disinfecting. A lorry was hired to take their goods to the station, and it was arranged that they should start loading the lorry at 9 p.m. in time to catch the 11.30 train on Sunday night.

No Time to Argue

At 10.20 p.m. members of the Black Sash went into Sakkieskamp to make sure that everything was going according to plan. There was not a sign of life in the township, and there was no lorry outside Kleinbooi's house, which was locked. After repeated knockings Kleinbooi came sleepily to the door, wrapped in a blanket.

"Nee, Missus," he said. "Ons gaan nie vanaand nie. Ons gaan maar môre."

There was no time to argue. The neighbours woke up and helped. The lorry was fetched and pots and pans, a pick, a milk churn, a mattress, battered suitcases and bundles of clothes were loaded into it. The small boy watched his home being dismantled. He was wearing nothing but his mother's coat draped over him. Finally he climbed on with his parents and amid fond farewells the party moved off.

There seemed to be only one official on duty at the station. He was appalled when he saw the amount of luggage. However, the Black Sash got busy labelling it, weighing it, and loading it on to trucks.

Then the train came in and Kleinbooi and his family were ushered into their coupé, while other Africans in the carriage helped to pass the luggage through the window.

As the train drew out of the station those left behind saw the family surrounded with their belongings and not an inch of room to sit or stand. It was as well that they had decided to leave their double bedstead behind!

MARY BIRT

Describes the Journey

AT this stage my responsibilities in the expedition started. I carried the family's train ticket, the Black Sash correspondence with the Chief Bantu Affairs Commissioner of the Western Cape, a copy of the telegram from the magistrate of Lady Frere giving them permission to come, a copy of the Black Sash letter to the magistrate of Wellington

SASHERS' JOURNEY—Continued

(from whom no reply could be got in writing). Kleinbooï's medical certificate from the Native Affairs Department, and a letter asking the health officer of Lady Frere to inform Wellington where Pauline would receive further treatment, so that her health report could be forwarded.

Part of my job was to see that they were fed, as the family was penniless; in fact they had been receiving rations from the Black Sash for many months.

It took such a long time to reach their coupé through the crowded corridors of the train that it was easier to take them their meals along the platforms at stations. The saloon provided them with coffee or tea and stew at 1s. 6d. a carton.

The ticket examiner said that he had no objection to my visiting them provided I did not stay for two or three hours, for that upset people's idea of apartheid.

I had been given instructions not to lose the family, or allow it to get lost. The Sash knows from experience of working with Africans who are forced to travel against their will that they often never arrive at their destination. My family carried no written permission to live or work anywhere and would be helpless if questioned by the police.

Almost Lost

Having seen at De Aar that they had all they needed for the night I went to bed thinking that all was well. Imagine my alarm when early the next morning the ticket examiner, on being tendered the family ticket, announced that he had no 3rd class coaches on *his* train. I asked where they had been abandoned and he replied quite cheerfully. "Probably De Aar."

"Oh, no!" I protested, "I saw them on this train at De Aar. I know they were on it then."

"Then at Stormsberg," said the examiner.

"How far away is that?"

"Not far."

"When will they arrive at Queenstown?" I asked.

"Perhaps 9.10 a.m."

"Is it usual to divide a train at Stormsberg?"

"It's the first time I've ever known it," said the examiner. "It's a special—following this one. This is the first time I've not had 3rd class carriages on this train."

"What will happen when the ticket examiner finds they have no ticket?" I enquired.

"He will probably put them on to a report card, and you can put it right at Queenstown. It will be quite all right," he assured me.

The family arrived at Queenstown one and a half hours after I did.

Mrs. Curry of East London met us, having been up since 3.30 a.m. She stowed the luggage in her

microbus while I took a photograph of the family. I was asked my name, address and organization by a Railway policeman. I assured him that the magistrate of Lady Frere was expecting the family.

On the return trip I tried to find out how an African family would get from Queenstown to Lady Frere by public transport. It took me three hours to learn the simple facts, part of this time being spent on a stool in the railway goods shed waiting for Mr. Brewis or Mr. Strijdom to turn up, as both were expected "any minute." Each runs a transport service and neither could be reached by telephone.

The assistant magistrate at Lady Frere was considerably put out by the arrival of the family. He had thought that the telegram (which he looked for but could not find) referred to someone else who owned land. He asked Kleinbooï repeatedly whether he owned land.

At Lady Frere

It was soon discovered that Kleinbooï had a step-mother with a piece of land about 25 miles from Lady Frere on the way back to Queenstown and it was immediately assumed that their home would be with her.

We were told that relatives are always pleased to receive members of the family. When we said, "Even if they bring no money or food and stay for ever?" he replied: "That's up to them, there's plenty of work."

"What sort of work?"

"There is always work on the mines and on the road."

We pointed out that with Kleinbooï's asthma (here we showed the Wellington doctor's note) neither of those jobs would be suitable.

"He can be registered at the labour bureau and when his turn comes he'll be offered a job."

"Can he get a job locally, or will he be sent far away?" we asked.

"Maybe there will be a road gang that works locally for a while, but there is plenty of work outside the territory." (I learnt in Queenstown magistrate's court later of the serious unemployment in the Queenstown district.)

"What will happen to them in the meantime?"

"If he is really too ill to work, he must come and be examined and arrangements will be made for a pension," was the reply.

Since Step-mother's home was to be theirs whether she liked it or not, the next thing was to arrange for treatment for Pauline.

The assistant magistrate told us that Pauline would have to walk to Lady Frere twice a week to receive this treatment. We said that 25 miles there and 25 miles back might be fine for healthy Africans.

but surely not very good for a T.B. patient.

"They all do it," was his reply.

"A hundred miles a week for treatment seems a bit unrealistic!"

"It may be unrealistic but thousands do it. There is a bus."

"What do they use for money?"

"The ones who are prepared to work do very well for themselves."

We asked to be allowed to drive to the stepmother's kraal.

"You shouldn't leave the road," we were warned.

"How will they get all the luggage to the kraal if we don't drive it there?" we asked.

"All right," said the assistant magistrate, "but don't talk to anyone and don't stay long."

District Surgeon

We first saw the district surgeon. Numbers of patients lay about outside his surgery and he was heavily burdened looking after the 80,000 people in his district. We talked in general terms of the Government policy of moving people about and the subsequent devastation in their lives. "These people have no roots—that's their trouble," he observed.

"Then why upset the few families that have some roots—those with a home like this family in the bus outside?" we countered.

To this there was no answer, but he invited us to return that evening to hear about the lack of co-



The end of the journey. Kleinbooi and Pauline at Stepmother's kraal.

operation from his patients and the people of his district in such matters as typhoid prevention and the building of stone-lined pools for drinking water.

The next step was to get Kleinbooi's name down for a job. While he was giving his particulars to an African clerk, Mrs. Curry and I were asked to wait in an adjoining office.

The magistrate walked in and there was a repetition of many of the points covered in the previous interviews regarding the family. He said that Pauline's T.B. condition could not be dangerous or the authorities would have kept her at a SANTA centre. He wanted to show us all the healthy people living round about, saying that those who worked hard earned a lot of money and that there was enough to eat.

We mentioned Race Relations reports, which repeatedly stress that there is not enough to eat and that the people suffer from malnutrition.

"I won't say there isn't malnutrition but it's because their diet is wrong. The quantity is all right but the quality is insufficient," said the magistrate.

"Would you be willing to say that beyond these four walls?" we asked.

"Why not? This is my district and I should know." He said it was fantastic that I should have come all the way from Cape Town with this family.

To Stepmother's Kraal

We eventually arrived at Stepmother's kraal set in beautiful surroundings—but Africans can't live on views. Stepmother came out to welcome everyone. Pauline was nervous and giggled unhappily until Stepmother kissed her baby. Pauline too was embraced and she in turn kissed Stepmother's smallest piccanin. One rondavel was in use and there were two well-built unfinished huts close by, either of which would make a good dwelling for the family when roofed. That night there would be ten souls asleep in the only habitable rondavel.

After unpacking we drove Stepmother and Kleinbooi to her lands about a mile and half away, where we photographed her standing among the crooked furrows recently ploughed.

Conversation was difficult, as Mrs. Curry's Xhosa was only a little better than Kleinbooi's Afrikaans, but we did learn that his children would probably go to Gqebenya school fairly near by, which goes to Std. I and has four teachers.

After farewells and good wishes all round we returned to Queenstown feeling that this family, in all its tribulations, was yet a great deal more fortunate than it might have been.

No Right to Live Anywhere!

By ANNA PEARCE

Second of Two Case Histories

GILBERT NOMPOZOLO, an African lay preacher, came out of prison seven months ago. Since then he has struggled unceasingly, with the help of the Black Sash, to find some corner of South Africa, his own country, where he may live without constant fear of arrest. He has travelled over a thousand miles in his search.

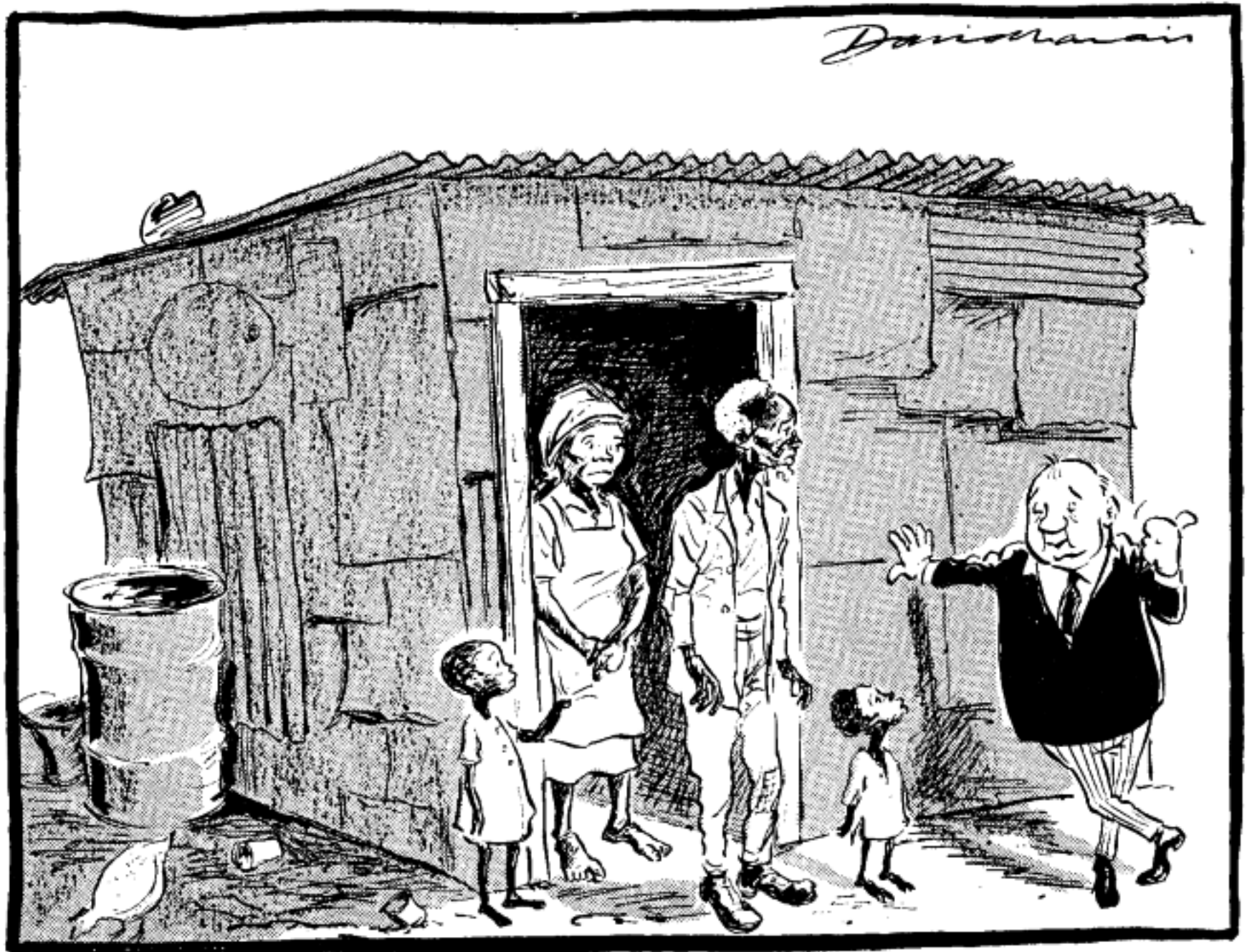
Mr. Nompozolo was arrested in May under the emergency regulations (4 bis) for having no permit to be in the proclaimed area of Wellington.

When he was released, some weeks later, he came

to the Sash for help, and while we questioned him he told us, without any trace of resentment, how he had first been sent to Roeland Street gaol in Cape Town, where, with about two hundred other men, he had been lined up and beaten with a baton.

He was then sent on a nightmare journey to East London, sitting on hard wooden seats for three nights and days, chained to another prisoner.

At East London he was "sorted out" and sent to Butterworth, where he was born, but was not allowed to stay there, and was given a railway ticket and written orders to go to Clanwilliam, a town where he had never been, and where one rarely sees an African face as the workers in that area are predominantly Coloured.



"This will save you a lot of unnecessary hardship — you are endorsed out."

—Cape Times.

Mr. Nompozolo was probably sent there because he had once worked for a short time in Lamberts Bay, and during that time he asked a friend to pay his poll tax for him. This had to be done in Clanwilliam and as a result the name of that town appeared in his reference book.

He went to Clanwilliam and returned with a letter from the Town Clerk saying:

"Due to the fact that no native location exists within the municipal area of Clanwilliam, a permit to reside in the aforementioned area CANNOT be issued to GILBERT NOMPOZOLO."

Family in Hiding

All this time the Nompozolo family was living in Wellington. The Bantu Authorities would not allow Gilbert to seek work there, and much of the family's time was spent in hiding from the police to avoid arrest.

The Black Sash saw the Chief Bantu Affairs Commissioner for the Western Cape, who said that he could not deal with individuals, as it was the duty of the Native Commissioner—that is the magistrate in Wellington—to decide what Gilbert and others like him should do.

The magistrate in Wellington said he could do nothing, but when pressed he suggested that he should go back to where he last came from, and if he could not get permission to live there, to try all the places he had ever lived in—Somerset West, Stellenbosch, Wolseley, Paarl and Tulbagh.

Gilbert Nompozolo went to all these places, but nowhere could he get permission to stay for more than 72 hours, and nowhere could he get permission to seek work.

Meanwhile he received repeated calls to a church at Uitenhage, where there is accommodation for his family, but he could not get permission to go there.

In desperation the Sash took him to Clanwilliam again, as it was understood that it might be possible for him to get work on a farm in that area, which was still unproclaimed.

The Black Sash saw the magistrate in Clanwilliam who said that, in his opinion, it was a waste of time trying any farms around Clanwilliam. He also mentioned that it was five years since any African had come to him for work, although he represented the Labour Bureau. He said he could do nothing for Gilbert, but, after some insistence, he gave the names of three farmers in the Citrusdal area who might be able to provide work for him and accommodation for his family.

These farmers and a number of others were approached with no success, though some of them expressed sympathy and, but for various difficulties, might have been willing for him to live on their farms, even though they did not need the

labour. It was difficult to house one African family when all the other employees were Coloured. In any event, Gilbert had never done farm work and was no longer young. How would his family live if there was no work for him? There were no suitable schools for his three school-age children. Finally, what would happen to the family when the area was proclaimed, which could happen at any time?

We learned that, where Africans are employed in any number in the unproclaimed area, they are generally recruited from the reserves for the fruit season, and these men live in compounds. When the season is over many stay on and seek work elsewhere, so there is no shortage of labour and no need for an employer to take on the responsibility of a family.

We returned to Wellington and, after another battle, the authorities agreed to go into Gilbert's case, but they would still not give him a permit to work or live in Wellington. The family remained in hiding to avoid arrest.

Gilbert Nompozolo's case has since been brought to the notice of Mr. M. D. C. de Wet Nel, Minister of Bantu Administration and Development, who granted an interview to Mrs. E. Stott and Mrs. M. Stoy at which the heads of the local authorities and senior Bantu Administration Department officials were present. An investigation into the handling of displaced persons has been promised, and Gilbert has since been granted a temporary permit to remain in Wellington.

THE GREATEST HORIZON

THE University of Natal is asking us to focus our attention upon the frontiers of man's understanding, the horizons to which he is moving, and the achievements that are within his grasp. At a moment when so many of us are tempted to feel that the world is closing in darkness about us, this is a call to optimism and faith. For me the greatest horizon is the oldest horizon in all of history, the horizon which Saint Augustine almost seventeen centuries ago called the City of God upon earth, the destiny of mankind. On this horizon are the new stirring masses of the earth, the billion and a quarter of our fellow human beings who are underprivileged, underfed, and ignorant. Of these most live in Asia and Africa.

—Dr. C. W. de Kewiet, President of the University of Rochester, N.Y., at the Natal Education Conference.

AFRICAN LEADERS

Men with power who know what they want

By TOM HOPKINSON

Extract from an address at a PEN literary luncheon in Johannesburg.

THE new type of African man is The Leader. Nkrumah, Balewa, Azikewa Sékou Touré, Mboya, Banda, Nyerere, the late Lumumba—what would these names have meant ten years ago but a series of strange sounds? Yet today all over Africa the names are words of power, symbols of hope and awe—at times, to those outside, symbols of terror or exasperation.

What are they like, these strange fish swimming in the vast ocean of Africa? What kind of men are they who have sprung from being—most of them—utterly unknown in the middle of our century, to being household words only one decade later?

Immensely different as individuals, they have certain things in common: great drive, great charm—yes, even Lumumba had real charm, and immense oratorical gifts.

Oratory

This power of oratory has almost gone out of the lives of White people. In South Africa, for instance, I have heard far more brilliant, more profound, more witty speeches made in the African townships than I have heard from the most applauded of White speakers.

And no wonder! Most White audiences come to applaud their own thoughts handed back to them in convenient, commonplace form. They want to be assured that no one is saying or thinking anything different from what they were saying or thinking five years, ten years, ago. They come for reassurance that nothing is going to happen. But a black audience comes to be stimulated, to be given ideas. It comes to be woken up, not sent to sleep.

An orator such as Mboya plays on an audience of tens of thousands as if they were a penny-whistle. If at a given moment he tells them all to throw their arms up in the air, the arms go up like a forest.

Finally, these men who come—many of them—from territories which are backward or left behind, are completely at home in the modern world.

Nyerere is an instant success on television. If Mboya wants £50,000 to send students to America, he has no more difficulty in getting the money and organising the arrangements, than a business tycoon would have.

In dealing with men of this stamp, one thing should be borne in mind. The leaders of the New Africa want—in my opinion—that the White man should stay. But he should stay on the same terms as anybody else. He will no longer be granted a privileged position just for being White. If he wants a privileged position he must prove that he is worth it.

The new leaders are ready to do a deal. But they are completely assured, and they hold powerful cards. They will not be bluffed; still less will they accept either sneers or patronage. They expect, at this time of day, nothing less than a straightforward negotiation upon equal terms.

If they don't get this in one quarter, don't be surprised if they get it in another.

A point that is easy to overlook is the pride felt by the people of an African territory in their Leader—in having produced a figure who can take and hold the stage of the modern world.

Take the case of Ghana. Three years ago it was the almost unknown and unimportant colony of the Gold Coast. Today everyone knows Ghana and everyone knows Nkrumah. Though Nkrumah is still only the ruler of a small territory, with fewer than five million people, his—and its—opinion and support are sought for eagerly on all great issues.

The Ghanaians, many people think, have put up with a good many restrictions on their liberties in the past year. So they have. But I think they would put up with a good many more from the man who has made them, they feel, a power in the world.

APOLOGY CALLED FOR

It is the kind of gathering where one feels a need to apologise for not having been to prison.

—*Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, at the unveiling of the Christabel Pankhurst memorial.*

Learning from Africa

(A further extract from Tom Hopkinson's address)

A BOILING ocean. Huge Leviathans coming to the surface. What does this mean to writers past and present? Literature goes where the drama goes. It is made where the history is made.

Forty years from now, as this century draws to an end and a new one dawns on the horizon, literature will be concerned above all with Africa. And it will be dominated, I believe, by writers of African origin, writing in French and English. Our own moment of time will be looked back upon as crucial. The writings of our own day—some of which are neglected now—will be sought for eagerly for the picture they paint of the moment when it all began.

By the year 2,000 it will not be America or Russia that will be making the pace and launching new ideas, it will be our own Continent—Africa.

I believe that its influence will be for peace.

And I believe that it will have another influence, exceedingly profound and important for all of us—an influence on the actual quality of life.

For the return the African will make for the rapid mental and economic progress which he is now, with Western assistance, beginning to achieve, is to give back to Western man what he has lost and what he most deeply misses—the capacity to enjoy his term on earth.

From Africa, Western man will learn an extension of his values. He will learn that life was never intended to be just an arduous progress—by way of examinations, overwork, increases in salary, stomach ulcers and heart attacks—to a final commemorative slab.

From Africa, man will recover the knowledge that life was above all intended to be enjoyed. Roll on the year 2,000! Not only for the sake of Africa and Africans. For the sake of all mankind—neurotic, hygienic, ulcerated, bewildered, guilty and overworked mankind—roll on, roll on the year 2,000!

Nadine Gordimer on Cultural Isolation

CULTURAL isolation seems to me to be *the* problem of intellectual life here. A South African culture can no longer be valid as such if it is regarded as the product and prerogative of one minority group in the country. The PEN Club is, and always has been, according to international charter, an association without race or colour bar, but in South Africa, given the best intentions in the world, we all know that that in itself is not enough. If PEN is to be part of the reality of life in our country, if it is to make a live attempt to help writers face their intellectual obligations, it must be prepared to do more than admit African or Coloured writers. We White writers in PEN must consider the problems of African writers and would-be writers as our own, the difficulties of African writers as our own, for their culture and our culture are in fact one—the culture of South Africa—and we are impoverished in our lives and work by whatever inhibits their achievements.

It is our concern, for example, that these fellow writers do not have access to libraries—a simple necessity for most writers. And it is our concern that when they are given opportunities for travel and study, they often have to forego them

because they cannot get passports. It is our concern, in fact, to get all writers, Afrikaans- and English-speaking, African, Coloured and Indian, to assume the intellectual's obligations here, together, and to hold intellectual freedom clear above the snapping jaws of ideological and political dog-fights.

The advantages of the alliance are far from being on one side. The African, on the receiving side of the ancient English literary tradition, and the new but well-established Afrikaans literary tradition, offers in exchange the means of propagating both languages and both traditions in the future of the African continent. The only way to keep these things alive is to hand them on . . .

Cultural isolation is something that does lie within the power of individuals and small associations to break down. It is not a task that requires reckless courage or a revolutionary spirit; only honesty of mind and a distaste for the pot-bound society, rapidly exhausting its own compost, strangling itself with its own roots.

—NADINE GORDIMER, in an address given at the PEN literary luncheon in Johannesburg.

Permits More Precious Than Gold

By B. B. RAMJEE

GROUP AREAS permits issued to non-Whites have become more precious than gold. The person who is unable to get such a permit is deprived of the right to own and occupy a place he can afford.

You fill in a form witnessed under oath, furnish a copy of the diagram of the site for 25c from the Surveyor-General, obtain a copy of the locality sketch from the Municipality for R6 and send a supporting letter explaining your hardship, etc.

In due course you are invited to appear before the regional Group Areas Board to amplify your case either in person or through counsel. Thereafter you are told that the matter will be referred to Pretoria and you will be advised of the decision. So far so good.

Your local official of the Group Areas Board knows the geography of the town, has seen and heard you personally and you feel that you have made out a very good case. You are almost certain that you will not be refused.

No Reason Given

After a month or two you get your refusal from Pretoria where your case has just been another name and a sheaf of papers. No reasons are given.

From there on it is a story of endless delays. You appeal to the Minister of the Interior depositing R20 (sometimes refundable). After some time you may again be advised that you are refused. No reasons need be given.

This process may take from one to six months. In the meantime your landlord is charging you rent for premises you may not occupy, or the unoccupied premises you hope to occupy may be damaged by vandals.

Somebody suffers the loss of rent, be it the landlord or tenant.

I know a case in one town where an advocate pleaded an application but it was refused. Yet a "consultant" was able to negotiate a permit, asking R300 for his effort.

From this we must assume that, in some towns, it is not what you know but whom you know. Fortunately Port Elizabeth does not fall into this category.

It is not suggested that the senior officers of the Board are even aware of the practices of these

"consultants". But it is a fact that there is much talk of them in some towns.

Now the most important point in considering an application is the question who occupied the premises previously, and evidence of hardship. From non-White to White occupation the problem of transfer is as easy as winking. But from White to non-White it is like the proverbial camel trying to pass through a needle's eye.

One would expect that a successful applicant would explain the method and assistance he used. But his permit may be endorsed "that only he and his family may occupy the premises" and "the permit is to be renewed after one, three or five years."

Thus the fear of prejudicing the renewal silences the successful applicant for a Group Areas permit.

Yet the successful applicant's troubles do not end there. Many landlords take advantage and step up the rent where business premises are involved—knowing full well that non-Whites have little alternative.

Butchers and businesses dependent on quotas are most vulnerable, because such quotas are not easily transferable elsewhere.

As far as houses are concerned, a new racket is practised. A landlord sells the property, or a portion of it, at a fabulous figure. The instalment is higher than rent and is subject to cancellation and forfeiture of previous payments if an instalment is missed.

The tenant is inevitably the loser because he has legally signed a hire purchase agreement and the Rent Board cannot interfere. The Group Areas Board is not interested.

Let me quote a few cases of unsuccessful applications. These are of Indians, because Coloureds are affected to a lesser degree and Whites hardly at all.

● An Indian, part heir of a property, lives in a Coloured township. His property, occupied by Whites in another part of the town, has been vacated voluntarily by the tenants. It is a small wood and iron house and there are plenty of other Indians in the vicinity. He has been refused a permit and is unable to find good White tenants.

This house has been empty for about nine months and vandals are removing lead piping and smashing windows.

● An Indian in a country town hires a shop and a few small rooms at the rear. Many years ago he bought a house next door but as his family was small and the White tenants were good he did not bother to change.

Now these tenants have moved to another town, giving him a letter that they have no objection to his occupying the premises. He obtained signatures from other Whites in the immediate neighbourhood, who have no objection.

His application was supported by his doctor, the health inspector and finally by the Town Council itself.

This man's father has been in the town since 1910 and he himself was born there. In spite of all this he was turned down. His subsequent appeal was supported by the Mayor of the town but even then it was refused. The house is still empty because the applicant hopes and hopes . . .

Busybodies

No reasons are given. But who knows if some White busybody who has the vote has not secretly sent an objection to the Group Areas Board.

● A classic case concerns a semi-detached house where Indians and Whites lived side by side. The property and vacant plots on either side belonged to the Indians. The White tenants vacated the place, much to the relief of the police and neighbourhood. The Indian decided to build and applied for a permit to occupy the rooms vacated by the Whites. Even if he demolished these, the land would still need a permit.

He began building in both vacant plots, but as he was refused a permit for the rooms these have had to be left standing vacant within the large shop.

Access to the shops is by a passage across the front of this monument "to the past presence of White occupiers." An inspector calls regularly to check that the rooms *are* vacant!

Knowing that permits are invariably refused, many take a chance and move in without applying for one. They hope and pray that somebody will not report them.

Such people live at all times in fear of every gossip or busybody in the neighbourhood. If reported they are easily caught out by the inspector, who traces the previous occupier, no matter where he has moved, checks up electric light, milk and newspaper bills, questions the dustman, postman or neighbours.

Then the wretched family's suffering really starts. They are guilty of unlawful occupation, and an application is prejudiced by the conviction.

What are the reasons for refusal of these permits? Unofficially it is learned that these are:

- People must move to their own demarcated areas.
- If there are no demarcated areas in that district then persons affected must select and negotiate an area and help in the implementation of Group Areas.

The more stubborn any group is against accepting a group area the more it seems to be punished by permit refusals. The greater the congestion the quicker the area can be proclaimed a slum and the residents forced to move by some other authority.

Can these refusals be challenged? In May last year a Transvaal Judge said: "The Group Areas Board have heard depositions and evidence on behalf of the applicant. The board had not questioned any of the important facts . . . had made no comments unfavourable to the granting of the application."

This Judge held:

- That the Chairman of the Group Areas Board should have given his grounds for his decision plainly when the appeal was noted;

- That the application for a permit was of a quasi-judicial nature . . . the applicant should have been informed of those grounds on which the ultimate refusal had been based, so that he would have been able to rebut them.

The Judge also stated: "It is evident that a period must be allowed for economic and social adjustments, and relief in absolutely urgent cases becomes necessary and Parliament has given the Minister discretionary powers.

"The permit system is to remedy and temper any individual cases that may be affected adversely by the Act."

The matter was referred to the Chairman for further consideration.

But court cases cost money and neither landlord nor tenant likes to involve himself in court costs plus the loss of rentals.

When will certain officials realise that in the words of Lord Goldsbury: "When it is said that something must be done in the discretion of the authorities, that something is to be done according to the rules of reason and not according to private opinion, according to law and not to humour—it is to be not arbitrary and vague, but legal and regular."

Unless this is heeded the whole system will become corrupt, adding further misery to persons affected by a law in the making or application of which they have no say.

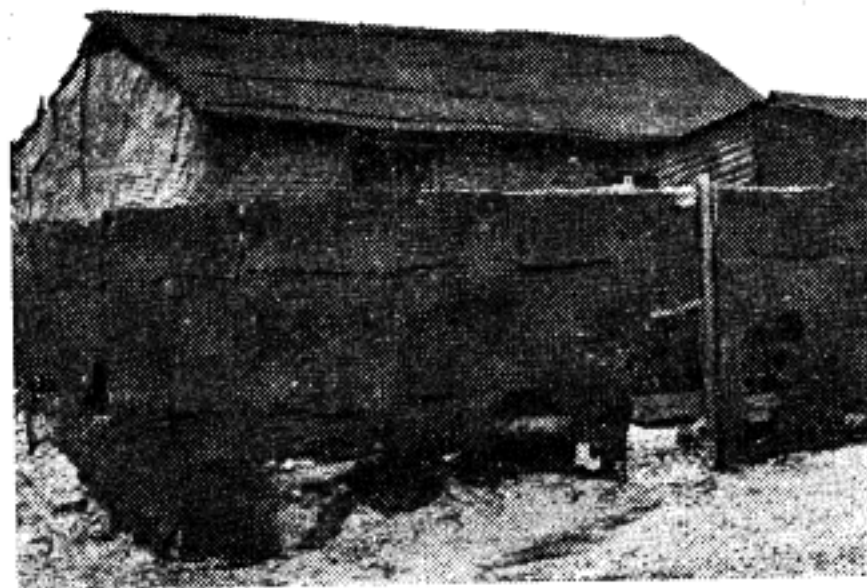
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A VENTURE IN HOUSING

A SUM of R2,500 was recently raised by Mrs. E. Stott for the building of five prefabricated houses for five African families. Without her intervention these families, removed from their homes in Grassy Park, would have been compelled to knock up shacks for themselves, to the best of their ability, in Nyanga West location.

In the Cape Town area there are three recognised locations: Langa, Nyanga East and Nyanga West. The Cape Divisional Council controls Nyanga East and all Africans working in Divisional Council areas are obliged to live there. The Cape Town City Council controls Langa and Nyanga West and Africans working in the Cape Town municipal area are required to live in one of these two municipal locations. Legally, Africans may live only on their employers' premises or in locations; but, for a number of reasons, many Africans, particularly those with families, live outside the locations. From time to time the police and local authorities inspect areas throughout the Peninsula, instructing Africans to move into the locations.

African men have the right to have their families with them only if they were born in this area, if they have worked continuously in the area for 15 years, if they have worked continuously for the same employer for 10 years, or if the family is classified as "displaced"—with no other home to go to. If they can comply with one or other of these conditions, they are entitled to a brick house.



Saved from this.

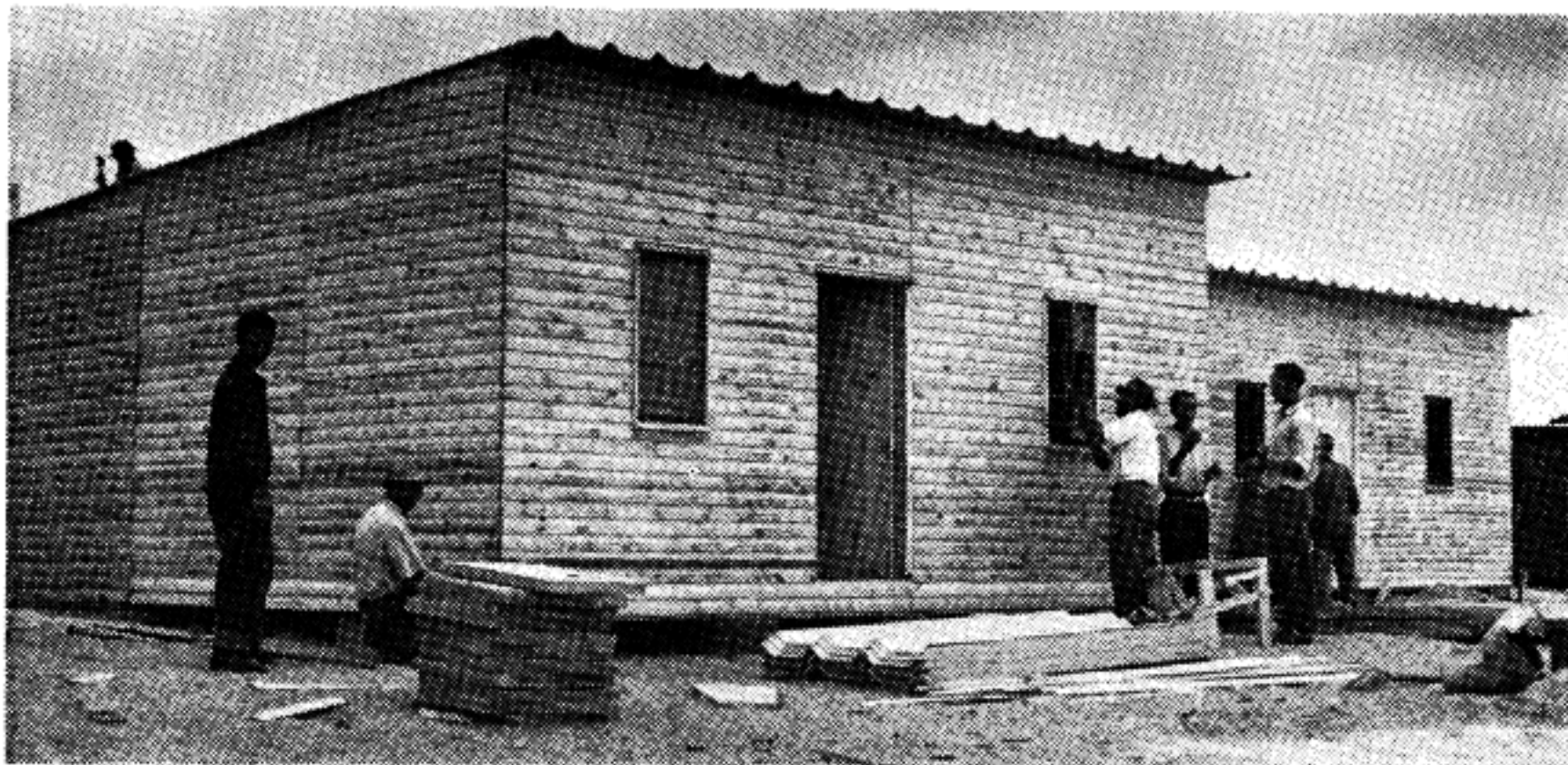
THE BUILDING of prefabricated houses for families who had been evicted from their homes was a valuable piece of work accomplished at great cost in time and effort. But the story is told here in detail to emphasise the difficulties confronting Africans under notice to leave their homes—the raid, the Court order, the appearance before various officials, the endless waiting, the travelling, the search through junk yards for second-hand building materials, the loss of working time, and the extra expense.

Africans who cannot comply with these conditions have no right to have their families with them. In practice, Africans are allowed to live in a location with their families only if it is established that there is no other "home" to which the families can be sent.

Living Illegally

At Grassy Park (Muizenberg area) a large number of Africans live illegally with their families. Several of these men qualify for the right to have their families with them, and are entitled to brick houses in the Nyanga West location. But there are no brick houses available, and, according to the City Council, none will be available for at least 18 months. At present the Africans in Grassy Park live in decent houses—brick or galvanised iron, properly lined. They are willing to go to Nyanga West but are unwilling to remove their families from houses to shacks.

There are Africans at Grassy Park married to Coloured women. (Coloured people may legally live at Grassy Park, but "African" laws apply to a Coloured person who marries an African.) These men are either "foreign" Africans and cannot qualify for brick houses, or they have not worked in Cape Town for 15 years or for the same employer for 10 years. Since they have no other home, they are entitled to rent a piece of ground in the Nyanga West location and to erect a shack there from whatever materials they can find; or, if a family vacates a shack, this may be "bought" for about R60. But



Putting the finishing touches to one of the prefabricated houses in Nyanga West, Cape, which Mrs. E. Stott had built at a cost of R500 each after raising the money from sympathisers.

[Photo: Cape Times]

in any case, like the others, they are reluctant to leave their present houses to move into location shacks. Families that have saved a little money want to keep it for emergencies.

In October, through the Divisional Council, under whose jurisdiction Grassy Park falls, 38 men were arrested one night and wrongly charged with trespassing. They had all paid their rent and could produce receipts, but this did not save them from a night in gaol and two days in court. Through the efforts of Mrs. Stott, the case was remanded until November. The Divisional Council was sceptical about the Africans "turning up" for their case, but in fact they *all* appeared in Court on 17th November. The case against the majority was withdrawn, and finally all were discharged, but as they left the court they were each handed an order to remove to Nyanga East location within *three days*.

Appeal to Sash

They went first to the administration offices at Langa and were told to report to Nyanga East; there it was found that they could live legally only at Nyanga West. These investigations would have taken two days of working time and lost wages had not Mrs. Stott hired a lorry to transport the men from Grassy Park to Langa, to Nyanga East and back again.

There were then two days to go. Strenuous

representations were made and the period of grace was extended (unofficially) to the end of December. The men then appealed to Mrs. Stott to help them find decent homes. The Sash is not constituted to provide this kind of help, but Mrs. Stott decided to raise money to build prefabricated houses for as many of the families as possible.

Finally R2,500 was raised (a business man, a Sash husband, interested himself in the scheme and took custody of the money) and five houses were built—four by a firm and one by an African builder with materials collected from various junk yards. This was an experiment to see whether the houses could be built at minimum cost. Two-roomed wooden houses, with asbestos roofs, proper floors, ceilings, doors and windows, and a kitchen, were constructed for R500 each. The *Cape Times* reported: "The result has been amazing and heart-rending. Ever since the families moved in on Saturday (28th January) there have been endless streams of delighted spectators from other parts of the location."

The five families who are now decently and happily housed at Nyanga West will repay the R500 over a period of seven years at the rate of about R6 a month. This approximates to the rent they paid at Grassy Park. Many more families require houses.

[Since this report was written three more houses have been erected.]

Book Review

BIRTH OF A UNION. By A. Gordon Bagnall.
Oxford University Press, Cape Town. 50c.

THE birth of our Union was not witnessed by a squad of stenographers or by a battery of tape-recorders. No official record of the proceedings of the National Convention of 1908-09 was kept, and all sessions were held behind closed doors. Fortunately, however, a few delegates kept diaries or wrote letters which have been preserved, and it is from this rather scanty material that Mr. Gordon Bagnall has produced a fascinating account of the Convention in dramatic form. Fascinating, but with tantalising gaps.

It is interesting to compare the number of pages devoted to the different aspects of the discussion: to the basic discussion to form a Union, sixteen, to non-European franchise, seventeen; to the choice of the capital city, nineteen. This last problem, described by President Steyn as "so minor a matter", now well-nigh forgotten and resolved by one of the few really successful South African compromises, came nearer to wrecking the Convention than anything else.

The case for a Federation as opposed to a Union was pressed with little apparent conviction by the Natal delegates and turned down almost summarily by everybody else.

The Franchise

On the approach to non-European franchise the point emerges very clearly that the division between baasskap and liberal opinion did not coincide—any more than it does to-day—with the division between Boer and Briton. For instance, Sir Frederick Moor of Natal was of the opinion that "the history of the world proves that the black man is incapable of civilization . . . we should have no Native franchise whatsoever, abolishing it where it exists to-day, namely in the Cape Colony." These opinions caused Mr. J. W. Sauer "heavy sorrow" (how much heavier would have been that sorrow now!) and Senator F. S. Malan of the Cape expressed his views in prophetic words: "No one suggests that the Natives should be prevented from collecting goods and possessions; or that education should be withheld from them. Is it not therefore childish and dangerous to exclude them only from the franchise? Let us draw no colour bar in South Africa. How are we to draw a line, among men, of colour? What is to be the colour line? And are we to go into every man's ancestry, and try to discover whether

there is any trace of colour? Are we to do that? Let us rather adopt a civilization test . . ."

A point of especial interest is the account given by the Chairman, Sir Henry de Villiers, of conversations which he had with Lord Selborne, then High Commissioner in South Africa, who had suggested the following four tests of civilization: (1) monogamy; (2) speaking a European language; (3) owning property of a certain value; (4) habitually wearing clothes and living in a house as distinct from a hut. Furthermore, he suggested that even with these qualifications the non-European should be given at the outset a vote equal to only one-tenth of the European. The value of the vote for each succeeding generation could be increased by one-tenth, so that only in the tenth generation could a Native receive a full vote! But it should be remembered that until much more recently than 1909 it was the general Western belief that history would grant centuries rather than decades for the solution of the "Native problem."

Colour Bar

Neither should it be forgotten, particularly by those who have recently produced glib answers to our problems, that the British Parliament passed the South Africa Act without a division in either House. It was Mr. Merriman who successfully resisted the proposal that the draft constitution should begin with the words "trusting in the guidance and blessing of God Almighty" on the grounds that the principle of a colour bar had been accepted. Has this not a contemporary lesson?

Mr. Bagnall has performed a service of real value to all those within and without South Africa who are genuinely interested in our problems, to which his little book provides such an illuminating backdrop.

Hugh Spottiswoode.

FORUM IN JOHANNESBURG

REPRESENTATIVES of mining, commerce, industry, education, the Bar Council, the political parties, and other organisations have been invited to attend a multi-racial forum in Johannesburg on March 25 convened by the Black Sash.

Leading representatives of the four different race groups have been invited to speak on the Pass Laws, Bantu education, the Group Areas Act, Coloured housing and job reservation.

It is not sporting to be a good loser when the prize lost is freedom.

—*The Graphic, Indian weekly.*

Parliament Remote from Reality

By OWEN WILLIAMS

TO a greater extent than usual, there has been an air of unreality over the proceedings of this session of Parliament. In particular, the no-confidence debate and all the millions of words earnestly spoken on the Republican Bill bore little relation to the fermenting Africa of 1961. The general pattern of legislation—almost all discriminatory and racial—was in sharp and unreal contrast to events outside the borders of the Union.

Mixture as Before

The mixture, in short, has been as before. There have been no new trends worth noting. Nationalists are still Nationalists; the United Party is still the United Party, limping along sadly behind the gathering rush of events; and the Progressives, though bringing a little light into the murky atmosphere, give a slight but unfortunate impression of a body intent mostly on moving amendments to embarrass the very easily embarrassed United Party.

The House misses very much the leavening of the three unseated Natives' Representatives, Mrs. Margaret Ballinger, Mr. Len Lee-Warden and Mr. Walter Stanford—and going back a little further it misses even more the bellicose, honest and intelligent Mr. Hepple.

That the proceedings give the impression of being peripheral and illusory might be because people feel politically a little limp after Sharpeville, Langa and the emergency; it might be because of the gathering clouds of the Prime Ministers' conference in London. But whatever the causes, this has not been a stimulating session.

The main point of interest has been Mr. Douglas Mitchell's effusion on Natal. It is, of course, fairly obvious that Mr. Mitchell's truculent "over my dead body" attitude is little more than a sort of pantomime magnesium flare explosion, for if one took the member for Natal South Coast quite literally he would have died more than one death, and more than one Nationalist action would have taken place over his recumbent corpse.

His words were couched very vaguely, and a flurry of United Party apologies and explanations obscured them even more. They did, however, serve to embarrass the Progressive Party, particularly in the Green Point election.

The strong support that Mr. Mitchell's vague words have received does indicate, a little unexpectedly, the powerful anti-republican feeling that lingers among large sections of the English-speaking people who, with typical illogic, seem rather to resent the Progressive Party's "let's get on with the major job"—race relations.

In fact, the whole attitude of the Opposition to the republic falls into what the *New Yorker* calls "Department of Utter Confusion"—which, as usual, is all very nice for the Nationalists.

Another event—and this one has passed without much attention—is the Government's decision to establish a special division for Asiatic Affairs. It has been uncharitably, but probably quite accurately suggested, that it is an indication that the Government is getting ready to switch the racial controversy to the unpopular cause of the Indians, there now being all this talk of a "new deal" for the Coloured people, and the situation in regard to Africans being explosive indeed.

New Deal Sequel

An ironic sequel to the "new deal" talk, coming almost simultaneously with the benevolent assurances of Deputy-Minister Botha during the second reading debate on the Preservation of Coloured Areas Bill (the principle of which was supported by the four Coloured Representatives), are the Group Areas proclamations made in the Cape Peninsula.

As Dr. R. E. van der Ross puts it: "The general effect of the proclamation is that, except for two or three small pockets, one at Garlandale, Athlone, and one at the Battswood Estate, Wynberg, all the land on the mountain side of the Cape Flats railway line and, in the south, of the suburban line, is reserved for white ownership and occupation. For the Coloured people, the sandy wastes of the area from the Flats and suburban line to Strandfontein road."

Perhaps the answer to the Verwoerd "new deal" plan will be given by that extraordinary cross-section of Coloured opinion that speaks of working for the abolition of the colour bar and full citizenship for all South Africans, and is pledged to a national convention. If groups as diverse as the Coloured People's National Union, the Coloured People's Congress and the Unity Movement, reach agreement on these issues, it will be one of the most remarkable political events in South Africa for many years.

NEWS FROM REGIONS AND BRANCHES

SOUTHERN TRANSVAAL

Multi-Racial Forums

SPURRED on by the success of our first "experiment in consultation," reported on previously, we are embarking on a series of quarterly multi-racial forums, designed to meet, to some extent, the urgent need for contacts between the main racial groups of our country. The first is to be held on 25th March, at a venue yet to be decided upon, and the subject will be "Life in Johannesburg — a Multi-Racial City."

A White speaker will open the proceedings, and will deal with statistics, economics, employment, etc., and the inextricable interweaving of the population. He will be followed by an African, a Coloured and an Indian speaker, each of whom will deal with aspects of the daily lives of his people, and the particular problems they face. Open discussion will follow.

Courtesy Campaign

Our Waverley Branch has had another bright idea. It arose as the result of an experience by a Waverley member.

She entered a shop where she is a valued customer, to find an African customer already at the counter. The shopkeeper moved forward to serve her, but she intimated that she would wait until the African had been served, whereupon the shopkeeper shrugged her aside and turned to serve another White customer who had entered the shop after her. The Sash member insisted that the three customers be served in the order in which they had entered the shop, and by threatening to withdraw her custom, gained her point. She left the shop angry and resentful about the lack of courtesy shown to Africans by shopkeepers and the White public alike. She reported the incident at a Waverley Branch meeting, and it gave rise to the Waverley Courtesy Campaign.

The scheme is simple. When a member observes that Africans are treated discourteously in a particular shop, she reports it to the Committee, which arranges for a group of women to visit the shop, prepared to make small purchases. When an African is pushed aside for a White customer, or otherwise treated discourteously, the leader of the group demands fair treatment for him. If this is refused, the "customers" leave the shop in a body without making their purchases.

We cannot yet report results, as the scheme has just been launched, but we understand Waverley intends to improve the plan by bringing pressure to

bear upon shopkeepers in the area to join in the campaign for according civility and consideration to their African customers.

Education

Many of our members have been fully engaged during the past six months assisting in the campaign organised by the Transvaal Education Vigilance Committee against the proposed Education Advisory Council. Although the Education Vigilance Committee is separate from the Black Sash, it was originally launched by a member of our executive, Mrs. Rankin, who is now its chairman. We are in complete agreement with its aims and objects and give it our full support.

The Transvaal Education Vigilance Committee is now affiliated with many organisations of educationists, parents and the general public throughout the country, and an extensive campaign has been completed to gather signatures to a petition asking permission for a delegation to appear before the Bar of the House, there to plead for the complete withdrawal of the proposed Education Bill pending a full Commission of Inquiry into the whole educational system throughout South Africa. On the 2nd and 3rd February a successful final "blitz" was carried out, tables were set out in the cities and suburbs, and many thousands of signatures were added to the petition.

Country Branches

The campaign of the Transvaal Education Vigilance Committee has brought together again many women in Reef and country towns who were among the original members of the Black Sash, but who had lost touch with the central organisation through lack of proper local organisation. This lack of local organisation and of members able to accept executive positions in the Branches was one of the main reasons for incorporating the South-Eastern Transvaal Region into the Southern Transvaal Region. Now we are drawing back into the fold many of our former South-Eastern Transvaal members, who can be added to our ranks, if not as country branches, as small groups of women who will keep together and in touch with Johannesburg.

In addition to our established country branches of Rustenburg and Witbank, who send us regular reports, and are frequently able to attend general meetings in Johannesburg, Pretoria has now become one of our "country" branches and, more recently, Bloemfontein has joined us. We are delighted to welcome these two groups. There is also a good prospect of reorganisation in the Northern Transvaal.

BORDER

Christmas Party

THE region had officially gone into recess. Sash members, politics temporarily forgotten, were busy with last minute Christmas shopping, and other festive activities.

But if some were occupied with thoughts of turkeys and Christmas puddings, others still thought of more mundane fare—like sugar and tea, samp and rice. For the work of feeding the detainees was still going on.

Each week the parcels were being made up, ready for those still desperately needing support.

Amidst all the seasonal turmoil someone said: "What about the children of these families? They won't have much of a Christmas, will they?" The idea caught on. Of course the children must have a party!

Needless to add, the detainees' fund didn't stretch to luxuries. But someone approached a friend in the cool drink business and we had free cases for the taking. Someone else told a friend who told a friend . . . and soon we had money, biscuits, buns, ice cream, jelly, oranges, and plenty of helpers. Someone offered the use of her home.

When the detainees' families collected their weekly parcels, invitations were issued. They left armed with the fare, and instructions to catch a specified bus to a specified corner, where Sash cars would meet them.

Everything worked perfectly; even the weather was fine. Carloads of children (and a good handful of mothers!) arrived for an afternoon of great excitement. Everyone ate until they couldn't eat any more, and finally went home with sweets, cakes and presents.

There were dolls for the girls and motor cars for the boys or, if they were older, a pen or a necklace.

It had been one of those spontaneous and heart-warming things. It made Christmas so much happier for members of the East London Black Sash, too.

Special Booklets

A special edition of our *Border Bulletin* was issued during the holiday recess. In the form of two small booklets, the issue was designed to help Sashers in a membership drive.

The first booklet, called "The Black Sash and YOU," listed twelve comments and answers. Many of our members have found that in approaching women to join the organisation they have met with the same sort of evasions, and yet on the spot they have sometimes not been able to reply adequately. The booklet, we hoped, would help both these members and others who had been interested in

the Sash but for one reason or another had not joined.

Our second booklet, headed simply "What We have done," contained a shortened account of activities in all the regions throughout the country.

CAPE WESTERN

ACCORDING to Mr. C. Greyling, Nationalist M.P. for Ventersdorp, the philosophy of apartheid is the most liberal policy ever developed, because it aims at giving all races complete territorial independence. He said this at a Black Sash "brains trust" held last month at Green Point, Cape. Mr. Leo Marquard, for the Liberal Party, retorted that it was terrifying to hear someone calling the doctrine being applied in South Africa to-day "liberalism".

The two other members of the panel were Dr. Z. de Beer, Progressive Party M.P. for Maitland, and Dr. B. de Villiers, representing the National Union.

Mr. Greyling declared also that never before in South African history had the Black man had more political rights than he enjoyed now. The Bantu was perfectly satisfied with Bantu Authorities, and the Coloured people had the Coloured Affairs Board. As for the Indians, they should be allowed to develop in their own areas.

On the same subject to which Mr. Greyling gave the above reply—political equality—Dr. De Villiers said he did not think a qualified franchise would work yet (as expounded by Dr. De Beer), but the Coloured people should be allowed their own representatives in Parliament, on a separate voters' roll at this stage.

Both Dr. De Beer and Mr. Marquard favoured a Bill of Rights. But Dr. De Villiers said one could always get around a Bill of Rights and he did not favour it. Mr. Greyling's view was that all we should entrench was language rights; for the rest, the people of South Africa should go ahead in mutual trust. This raised laughter among the several hundred people who were present.

She's In!

SHE'S IN! This glad cry was passed from Sasher to Sasher throughout Cape Western, and further afield, when it became known that Mrs. E. Stott, national president, had secured ratepayers' nomination for election to the Cape Town City Council.

Mrs. Stott's success, on which she deserves hearty congratulation, should encourage other Sashers to stand for public office and to try in this way to secure the implementation of their ideals.

NATAL MIDLANDS

A SUCCESSFUL "all branches" meeting took place in November at which we heard about the 1960 national conference and listened to a hard-hitting address on the Union Education Advisory Council Bill given by Professor MacMillan. This talk was tape-recorded and sent to our Kokstad branch.

In January Mrs. O'Callaghan represented the Sash at a group areas conference held in Pietermaritzburg, which was opened by the Hon. Richard Feetham. Shortly afterwards Mrs. O'Callaghan was guest speaker at an "all branches" meeting in Durban, when she spoke on The Rôle of the Sash.

NATAL COASTAL

THE Natal Coastal Region of the Black Sash has severely criticised the Provincial Executive Committee for the action it took on receiving a request from the Natal Municipal Association for a provincial investigation into the question of extending the municipal franchise to non-Whites. The Provincial Executive referred the request to the Government.

The letter sent to the Administrator and members of the Provincial Executive Committee reads as follows:

"The Black Sash learnt with concern that the Provincial Executive has found itself unable to deal with the important matter of the municipal franchise for non-Europeans without first approaching the Government.

"Surely our Provincial Council was elected to represent the views, and act in the interests of Natal?

"In view of the recent deputation of Natal leaders to the Prime Minister to ask the Government to respect the autonomy of the Province, we find it strange that our Provincial Council should be so inconsistent.

"Are the leaders of our Province unable to formulate a policy of their own on this issue?

"We feel it is especially unfortunate that the Provincial Executive found it necessary to associate the matter of the non-European franchise with the Group Areas Act, the harshness and injustice of which is so forcibly demonstrated in the latest group areas proclamation.

"All peoples of Natal are looking to you to give a lead in this matter, and to protect and uphold the rights and liberties of those who reside in this Province."

Not doing more than the average is what keeps the average down.

—William Winans.

SASH DEDICATION

(Revised by National Conference)

WITH pride we declare our devotion to the land of South Africa, and humbly dedicate ourselves to the service of our country, to the upholding of the rights and liberties of all the people of South Africa, to the ideals of mutual trust and forbearance and of peace and justice for all persons. We pledge ourselves to resist any diminishment of these, and to seek courage to meet these duties, confident that this is required of us, and that history and our children will defend us. So help us, God, in Whose strength we trust.

LIBRARY APARTHEID

THE recent statement by the Administrator of the Cape that library apartheid is to be enforced in Cape Town as from the middle of next year, was described in a statement issued by the Black Sash as another example of the priority this Government gives to racial ideology over welfare and culture.

"No matter what the subject under consideration, whether it be education, employment, housing, health, recreation, or what you will, the over-riding aim of official policy is not to respect individuals' rights or to satisfy the needs of the citizen body as a whole, as adequately as possible, but to ensure that White and non-White South Africans shall not experience or enjoy anything in common. And this regardless of the strain upon public resources which the duplication of services or amenities involves.

"When, as is usual, this duplication makes it impossible to meet the needs of all, it is the demands of voters, i.e. the Whites, which are given precedence over the needs of the disfranchised non-Whites, and so apartheid has inevitably become synonymous with unfair racial discrimination.

"Library apartheid is an extreme example of this unjust and oppressive policy. Throughout the long history of our city, public library facilities have been open to all, without a single instance, so far as we know, of inter-racial friction, or the straining of inter-racial respect and goodwill."

The statement rejected the Administrator's claim that separate libraries for Coloured people would not mean inferior libraries.