

ENDURING FOOTPRINTS

by

PHYLLIS NAIDOO



Enduring Footprints

First Edition
December 2009

ISBN 978-0-620-45645-6

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Typeset and Design by
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This collection of short stories is
dedicated to **children** worldwide.

OTHER WORKS BY PHYLLIS NAIDOO

- 1 Death Row articles in Lutheran Publication
(Harare) by Phil Davis* (1989)
- 2 Waiting to die in Pretoria (1990)
- 3 Le Rona Re Batho (1992)
- 4 Izinyanya: A Millennium Diary (1999)
- 5 The African Millennium Diary (co authors
Daniel/Ramdhani)
- 6 Footprints in Grey Street
- 7 The Docrat Files on Detainees / Banning
Orders (UDW -2003)
- 8 156 Hands that built SA (2006)
- 9 Footprints Beyond Grey Street (2003)
- 10 Know Africa 1, 2, 3 (Maps: Political,
Economic& Demographic)
- 11 Make South Africa safe for our children
(Calender 2007)
- 12 More Footprints that Shaped our World (2009)

* Phil Davis is a nom de plume

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ACRONYMS

APDUSA	African Peoples' Democratic Union of South Africa
ANC	African National Congress
BPC	Black Peoples' Convention
CCB	Civil Co-operation Bureau
COSATU	Congress of South African Trade Unions
CPSA	Communist Party of South Africa
ECC	End Conscription Campaign
NAMDA	National Medical and Dental Association
NEUM	Non-European Unity Movement
Oz	Australia
SA	South Africa
SACP	South African Communist Party
SACTU	South African Congress of Trade Unions
SADF	South African Defence Force
SWAPO	South West African Peoples' Organisation
UCT	University of Cape Town

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author would like to thank the following:

But for Viroshen Chetty, Jackie (Ujala) Sewpersad, Vino Reddy, Gops Reddy, Betty Govinden, Clive Pillay, Dina Daniels, Carol Hall, Irene Gale, Dr Gonda Perez, Yogan Moodley, Sukhthi Naidoo, Mosala Mosegomi, Jeeva Rajagopaul, Omar Badsha, Paul David, Willy Leslie, Betty Leslie, Soobiah Moodley, Nalini Naidoo, my computer (Amoi), Dudu Mtembu, Bongani (Sipho) Njengele, Herby Govinden, Max Singh, Fawzia Moodley, Aziz Hassim, Priscilla Dindar, Len Rosenberg, Rajes Pillay, Margaret Daymond, Debbie Quin and daily Badger's (Café in Glenwood), ENDURING FOOTSTEPS would not have seen the light of day.

The above living friends and comrades are those that come to my degenerating mind, but there are many more. The many dead, our ancestors, my peers - have also contributed much of the work within these pages.

We remember especially Che Guevara and Camilo Cienfuegos, whose lives touch us daily.

There are the children who have persistently nagged our footsteps daily and we acknowledge and thank them.

These songs, music and more made 'Enduring Footsteps' possible. We list the following: *Hey Jude*, Harry Belafonte's *Banana Boat Song*, Bob Dylan, Tom Waits, Randy Newman, Bob Marley, Vusi Mahlasela, Pete Seeger, Miriam Backhouse, Classical and Chamber music on SAFM before 5am, Bruce Springsteen, Sting, The Dubliners and Il Divo among others.

THANK YOU ALL

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
2 November 2009.

FOREWORD

There are many questions that come to mind when you pick up this book, but the questions bound to be more prevalent than others will surely be: **“What! Don’t tell me that cheeky *old bag* has produced yet ANOTHER ONE!?”** Closely followed by: “Will this series ever end (or for that matter – HER)?” and securing third place: “Hasn’t anyone yet told that woman to stop publishing and enjoy her bloody retirement?”

I will deal with the questions with all brevity I learnt from Phyllis – the answers (in order) are: YES; NO; and HELL YES!

And just a quick glance at the contents page will answer any question as to why this collection had to be published.

Anton Xaba

If you haven’t met Anton Xaba before, you will delight in the acquaintance of a giant of our struggle. In 1976 Anton Xaba stood trial with among others, Harry Gwala, Cleopas (Cass) Ndlovu and Joseph Nduli for recruiting for the ANC. He passed away this year (2009) and the little account in this book is taken from the speech Phyllis Naidoo delivered at his funeral on August 1, 2009 at the Sobantu Sports Ground in Pietermaritzburg.

David Webster

The son of a miner, born in colonial Rhodesia, who later became one of our most beloved activist academics, David Webster, is also featured in this collection. The forces of apartheid murdered David at a time when we sorely needed his immense contribution.

Professor Ronald Albino

One activist academic who survived the dangerous struggle period was Professor Ronald Albino from UKZN, who passed away earlier this year at the grand age of 93 years. Professor Albino conducted isolation and sensory deprivation experiments on himself and his students to prove that evidence given by detainees were inadmissible. In this story Ronald Albino is brought to real full colour, everyday life in the way only Phyllis Naidoo can do.

Richard Dudley

Yet another academic and activist who features here is Richard Dudley, from UCT, who died in June 2009 at the age of 85. Banned many times, and prejudiced for his activism, Dudley believed that the popular cry of “liberation before education” was playing the apartheid government’s game. This great educationist used the system to politicise and empower hundreds of mathematics and science graduates, many of whom, like Dr Gonda Perez, contributed more richly to our ongoing struggle.

Reverend Charles Hooper

If you start thinking that Volume 4 of the Footprints series is dedicated to academics only, let me tell you that priests and nuns live in this collection too. Reverend Charles Hooper – the activist man of the cloth, who penned the widely read “Brief Authority” once wrote a very intimate and humorous account of the part he played in helping Wolpe and Goldreich (two of the four escapees from Marshall Square in 1963) get to safety. The original of this 14 page article, typed by Hooper, entitled “Red Car” found it’s way to Phyllis Naidoo many years ago. Here it appears in published form for the first time.

Also included in the article is the eight scanned pages of “Diary of a Country Priest” a brief autobiography of Rev Hooper, told by himself, which first appeared in ‘Africa South’ July-Sept, 1958, edited by Ronald Segal (yes the same Segal we featured in “More Footprints that Shaped our World.” – how integrated our struggle was!)

Sister Christine Obotseng

Sister Christine, Catholic nun, teacher, and anti-apartheid activist was detained on numerous occasions but still she persevered. She passed away this year (in Dobsonville, Soweto) on September 7, 2009. How broad and diverse our struggle was!

Bishop Denis Hurley

Phyllis Naidoo’s association with Bishop Hurley goes back to 1938, Pietermaritzburg. In this inimitable account, Phyllis tells us how throughout the long years she interacted with him as a young Catholic girl, as an atheist (much to the chagrin of her mother), as an activist and as a friend.

Kgoti (Andrew Moletsane)

I met many of Phyllis’s fellow struggle comrades through her written works, and that is how I met Kgoti, and now may I tell you, it is hard to

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forget Kgoti. He must have been a great person to know personally. Through several accounts (by Phyllis, by Mosala Moegomi, by Willie Leslie and by Irene Gale), his life shines large and proud. He met a tragic and early death and was one of many who didn't live to see the fruits of their toil.

Many others

You will meet many others too in this collection of over twenty rare stories. Incomparable comrades who gave assistance either directly or through solidarity or through inspiration – Dennis Brutus, Helen McCue, Monty Moodley, Solomon Sokupa (Soks), and many more including Che Guevara and Chedi Jagan (the son of an Indian Indentured labourer who became Prime Minister of Guyana, who was an active anti-apartheid campaigner and who was honoured by our government with one of its highest accolades - Member of OR Tambo).

Children

Lastly, this book is dedicated to the children of South Africa. It is hoped that they will carry on the legacy bequeathed to them selflessly by the stalwarts of the struggle. In order to understand their journey they must know their past. This is why this book exists.

Our attention in one of these stories is turned to schools and the challenges faced there. Sometimes the help given by parents is too little and in other cases it is too much. Parents, especially those whose children are in former Model C schools or private schools, are increasingly taking over their children's homework and sometimes even outsourcing the homework to professional service providers. There is an old saying that goes "In the long run feeding your child with a silver spoon will teach him nothing but the shape of the spoon." We also look at the impact of the Matriculation Dance hype and teenage pregnancy.

That you hold in your hands yet another book in the Footprints series is no fault of Phyllis's prolific pen. It is also no fault of her overflowing memory of the struggle (a memory which she complains is getting ragged - though I wish I had even half that capacity). The fault – if fault is a correct term – lies in South Africa's rich vein of the most diverse, mostly amazing, and almost forgotten, struggle heroes who played their little walk on part in our epic fight against apartheid and colonialism. That legacy is so deep and because of that there are so many untold stories.

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We can only hope the stories that do get told will continue to inspire generations to come, even after authentic writers of our contemporary history – like our old bag of 82 years “shuffles off the mortal coil.”

And finally yes, everyone does tell Phyllis to put away her ‘razor-sharp’ pencil and to ‘go and hibernate’ in some frail-care-home – but lucky for us she is as stubborn as an old bull – an old bull, mind you, with ‘blood-dimmed’ sights that sees the red rag of new fights to fight.

The Footprints journey endures yet again. Thank you, Phyllis. Live long, old friend.

Viroshen
3/11/09
Durban

PREFACE

It is with the assistance of Jackie (Ujala) Sewpersad and Viroshen Chetty that this collection of short stories, makes its appearance. So aim your brickbats at all three.

Hitherto, I have been the architect of the errors in my publications. At 82, a pensioner, the exorbitant fees of editors are beyond my purse, not to mention the mind-boggling recession that has made our country having the largest divide between rich and poor in the whole world.

I want to put into the tapestry called the STRUGGLE a few more names in this issue of ENDURING FOOTSTEPS. I have planned not to tell the stories that the media tell of our icons. These are known! I want to tell of the thousands you don't know. Maybe I might manage a few!

Some worked in the underground at great cost to themselves, their families and friends, and naturally they were not public property. You may have known them, worked with them but did not know of their underground political work.

In this regard I want to recommend for your reading Raymond Suttner's book – 'The ANC underground in South Africa.'

Look at Willy Leslie's account under Kgoti, in this book, where he tells he did not know that his political work in the country was in the underground. Thousands can tell similar stories!

Call it what you will – freedom, democracy - was hard fought for and not the subscription you pay today (R12.00 per annum). Today you cannot do anything, and I mean anything, without a sponsor. **The struggle was not sponsored.** We won solidarity all over the world by our integrity and hard work. Study carefully in this collection Helen McCue of Oz! She tells that story most eloquently.

We have dedicated this issue to our children, our future. We trust you will emulate the lives of the heroes in these stories as best you can. Temper your lives with the pain of theirs. Laugh with them if need be, but mainly enjoy them. You might find so much in their lives that is new to you. Possibly they are much older and lived in a different and difficult period. But read them and stop depending on your clever mobiles and the TV box.

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My stories include Kgoti, Willy Leslie, Mosala Mosegomi, Sizakele Dlamini, Helen McCue, Professor Albino, Sister Christine, Yogan Moodley, Mrs Sheila Hooper, Rev Charles Hooper, Solomon Sokupa, Dr Richard Dudley, David Webster, Monty Moodley, Simon David, Mogam Moodliar, Anton Xaba, Bishop Hurley, President Cheddi Jagan, Dennis Brutus, Rick Andrew and last but not least, our Children.

Many more comrades feature in each of the stories. Perhaps you should put a cloth, a metre square, in a frame, pin it to a wall and write the names of persons you enjoyed in this book and you can repeat these stories in a class. It will be your own story in time and you will assist others to read these and other stories.

We have been pained with the story of a parent who had a design agency prepare an assignment for her child with pictures and diagrams to present to the teacher. A real professional job! The scholar had no hand in the preparation of the assignment, so, has the child learnt anything?

All these 'loving parents' have not assisted their children – what future does the child have in this competitive world?

Who is the parent assisting - her child or her inflated ego?

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
31 October 2009.



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“Alongside Dr. Jagan in all these struggles was his American born wife, lifelong friend and political partner, Janet, who left the USA for life in Guyana where she remained until her death on March 28, 2009

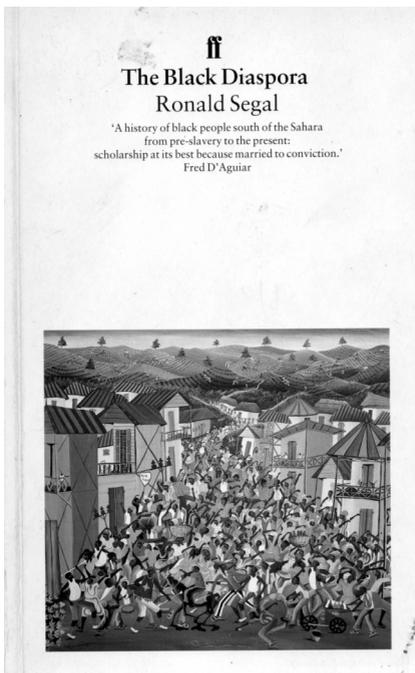
“They were the founders of the country's first mass political movement and unquestionably the leading political figures in the history of Guyana for over the last 66 years.

“Through their tireless efforts, the small country of Guyana experienced a wealth of benefits, social advancement and economic prosperity.

“As international figures they are well known for their fight for peace and freedom around the globe. **Dr. Jagan's ideas on globalisation and debt relief, as well as his proposals for a New Global Human Order, were adopted by the United Nations General Assembly on November 14, 2002.** As such, he deserves credit as a major figure in modern history.”

I sought help from Ronald Segal's writings which I encountered in my research for my book on the 156/7 treason trialists - “156 Hands That Built South Africa.”

I remembered that Segal had written profusely about the black diaspora and his book (“The Black Diaspora”) included a section on British Guyana, the home of Cheddi Jagan!



And here he is on page 189: (I do suggest you read “Racial Politics in Guyana” from page 186 before you start on our icon.)

Excerpt from Black Diaspora:

“Cheddi Jagan, whose father was a ‘driver,’ in command of cane-cutting gangs on a sugar estate, was lifted above the expectations of all but a very few local East Indians by the effort of his parents. Sent to Queen’s College in Georgetown, the leading secondary school, he left in 1936 for further education in the United States, where he worked his way first through Howard University in Washington, D.C., and then through the Northwestern University Dental School in Chicago.

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“By 1942, when he received his degree in dentistry, he had come to regard himself as something of a Marxist and was involved with Janet Rosenberg, whose own more determined opinions were closer to the line of the Communist Party.

“In the summer of 1943 they married, and Janet followed her husband to Georgetown, where she soon won over his parents to the strangeness of having a white daughter-in-law. Her training as a nurse was useful to him in the dental practice he established, but dentistry was not the preoccupation of either. Along with others, they formed the Political Affairs Committee in 1946, to prepare for the launch of a political party that, equipped with the theory of “scientific socialism” would unite black and East Indian workers in confronting colonial rule.

“For the elections of 1947, the first since 1935 and with a much less restrictive franchise than had then applied, the Committee fielded three candidates. Of these only Cheddi Jagan had been successful, in a constituency where support from the large East Indian component of the electorate was augmented with a black vote mobilized by the black school teacher Sydney King. Using his platform in the legislature to assail the dominance of the sugar and bauxite companies in the colony, Jagan attracted a mounting popular following.

“In April 1948, discontent among the sugar workers surfaced in a widespread and protracted strike. In June, five workers were shot dead by police during a demonstration on the Enmore estate. The Jagans led a huge protest march the sixteen miles from the estate to Georgetown. The time was fast approaching for the launch of a political party, and the prevailing view in the Political Affairs Committee was that a suitable black should be found to hold a high position in it as confirmation of its interracial commitment.

“Linden Forbes Sampson Burnham, whose father was headmaster of a Methodist primary school, had gone to Queen’s College and won the sole government scholarship for university education in Britain, where he had received his law degree from the University of London in 1947. Much affected by the racism he encountered in Britain, as Jagan had been by his own experience in the United States, he had become a political activist, serving as president of the West Indian Student Union in 1947 and indicating a loosely socialist affiliation.”

You can continue reading until page 291.

You should know that our country honoured Chedi Jagan as indicated in the article below (from a Georgetown newspaper, CMC dated Tuesday, May 10, 2005) under the heading:

South Africa honours Cheddi Jagan

“GEORGETOWN, Guyana - South Africa has posthumously honoured Guyana's late President Cheddi Jagan with its highest national award to distinguished international personalities - **Order of Companions of O R Tambo**.

The award is named after the longest-serving leader of the African National Congress (ANC), President Oliver R Tambo, who is credited with playing a major role in the growth and development of the international movement against apartheid in South Africa and racism generally.

The O R Tambo award in gold to Dr Jagan for his "exceptional contribution to the struggle against racial oppression and colonial exploitation", was presented at the weekend in Georgetown to his widow and former Guyana President Janet Jagan.

It was first received by General Secretary of the ruling People's Progressive Party (PPP), Donald Ramotar, from South African President Thabo Mbeki at a ceremony in Johannesburg last month when a similar award was also presented posthumously to two former icons of the Non-Aligned Movement - India's first Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, and Indonesia's founding President Sukarno.

In accepting the award at the PPP headquarters, Freedom House, Janet Jagan, who was unable to attend the official ceremony in South Africa, said that she was quite pleased to accept what was a recognition of Cheddi Jagan's struggle for independence and democracy, linked to the international struggles against racism and oppression.

Late former Jamaican prime minister, Michael Manley, was also posthumously awarded the Order of Companions of O R Tambo in South Africa, last year.

Manley, who died in 1997, served as prime minister from 1972 to 1980 and again from 1989 to 1992.

The elements of the OR Tambo award, given for "**active expression of solidarity and support to South Africa**", include a walking stick entwined with a golden snake, as well as a neck badge and a miniature and lapel rosette."

“The World Guide (1999) A View from the South” gives the statistics of the island – printed below:

STATISTICS

DEMOGRAPHY

Population: 838,000 (1996) **Annual growth:** 0.6% (1980/1996)
Estimates for year 2000: 900,000 **Annual growth to year 2000:** 1% (1994/2000) **Urban Population:** 35.9% (1996) **Children per woman:** 2.4 (1996).

HEALTH

Life expectancy at birth: 64 years (1996) male: 60 years (1994) female: 67 years (1994) **Infant mortality:** 60 per 1,000 (1996) **Under-5 child mortality:** 83 per 1,000 (1996) **Safe water:** 61% (1990/96).

EDUCATION

Literacy: 98% (1995) male : 99% (1995) female: 98% (1995) **School enrolment :** Primary total: 112% (1990/95) male : 113% (1990/95) female: 111% (1990/95) Secondary: male : 56% (1990/95) female: 59% (1990/95)

COMMUNICATIONS

100 newspapers, 491 radios, 40 TV sets and 53 main telephone lines per 1,000 people (1994) **Books:** 4 new titles per 100,000 people (1992/94).

ECONOMY

Currency: 140.5 Guyana dollars = \$ 1 (1995) **Cereal imports:** 50 metric tons (1994) **Food import dependency:** 7% (1994) **Fertilizer use:** 302 kgs per ha (1994) **Development aid received:** \$ 88 million (1995) \$ 106 per capita (1995) 19.2% of GNP (1994).

HDI (rank / value) 104 / 0.649 (1994)

For those thinking that indentured labour was the sole domain of Natal, refer to page v of “Girmit Tales” by Neelan Govender (launched jointly with “More Footprints that Shaped our World” by Naidoo, on March 21, 2009):

“The Indian Indenture system started from the end of slavery in 1834 when thousands of Indians were transported to various colonies of European powers to provide labour for the (mainly sugar plantations), under the indenture system.

“ Between 1842 and 1879 a total of 525 482 Indians emigrated

to the British and French Colonies.”

Interestingly, *The Whitby* sailed from Port Calcutta for British Guyana, arriving in Berbice on 5 May 1838 – a full 22 years before indentured labourers reached Natal.

It is important that the study of indentured labour be undertaken in its global footprint. But this is our story of Chedi whom we salute. We thank him and Janet for their solidarity and their work for peace.

Phyllis Naidoo
 4 April, 2009
 Durban

Indian indentured labour importing colonies

Name of Colony	Number of Labourers Transported
Mauritius	453,063
British Guiana	238,909
Trinidad	143,939
Jamaica	36,412
Grenada	3,200
St Lucia	4,350
Natal	152,184
St Kitts	337
St Vincent	2,472
Reunion	26,507
Surinam	34,304
Fiji	60,965
East Africa	32,000
Seychelles	6,315



PROFESSOR RONALD ALBINO

Born 21.01.1916 – Died 04.05.2009

In the obituary columns of *The Mercury* on the 11 May 2009, my eyes were caught by this small announcement of a funeral.

I wanted to attend the funeral. Even Vito Reddy knew I wanted to attend, but getting a lift proved too much for me, and I gave up.

I started looking for some material on Albino and found the following in George Bizos's book *Odyssey to Freedom*:

A debate among academic lawyers and medical doctors current at the time of the trial concerned the acceptance of evidence from

FUNERALS

PROFESSOR RONALD ALBINO

31.01.1916 - 04.05.2009
A Funeral Service for the late Ronald Albino will be held at St Thomas Anglican Church, Musgrave Road on TUESDAY 12th May 2009 at 2.30pm. Please send donations in place of flowers to Highway Hospice Association, P.O. Box 28, Westville, 3630.

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people held in detention without trial and obliged to make a statement to the satisfaction of their interrogators. Inevitably, detainees were also threatened with perjury if they later repudiated their statements in court. Prominent among the South Africa academic lawyers involved in this debate were John Dugard and Barend van Niekerk of Wits and Tony Matthews of Natal University.

When we tendered to lead the evidence of professors Danziger and Ronald Albino, psychologists at the universities of Cape Town and Natal, Yutar accused us of attempting 'to make political capital out of the provisions of the ninety-day detention clause.'

(Paragraph 2, page 259 of *Odyssey to Freedom* - George Bizos.)

My audience understood what I was saying. I would refer to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and speak of political and personal justice and draw attention to the provisions stipulating that every one had the right to full citizenship, the right to vote, the right to be elected to high office. I stressed that everyone had the right to a democratic government with regular elections and a right to equality and dignity, and that when people were deprived of those rights they almost invariably rebelled. I would usually end by quoting Pericles from Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*, a passage highlighted by professors Tony Matthews and Ronald Albino in an article published in the *South African Law Journal*...

(Paragraph 2, page 433 of *Odyssey to Freedom* - George Bizos.)

I (Phyllis) read for a Bachelor of Arts Degree at the University of Natal (non European section) at Sastri College from 1955 to 1958 with Psychology I and II forming part of the degree. Both Professors Danziger and Albino were my lecturers. Most of the students were teachers and part-time students then. Sometime we moved to factory premises in Lancers Road, quite close to a pub. We were not allowed into the hallowed halls of City Buildings Commerce Section.

Albino was a non-stop smoker. You just saw a cigarette hanging from his mouth and ash everywhere. I cannot recall an ash-tray. Like his face was attached to the cigarette – how he lit up I cannot remember.

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Then at one lecture, there was something strange and I wondered what? There was no cigarette. Later in the lecture I noticed him pinching out of a snuff box. Me and my big mouth, I blurted out: 'You are snuffing!'

He was embarrassed and said 'I will talk to you after the class.' I did wait after class and he said to me 'how can you do that?' He ended up giving me a lift to my home in Wills Road and just chatting. His lectures I enjoyed.

Much later I was aware that he conducted experiments with his students to inquire into the effects of isolation on detainees under the 90 day laws. He gave evidence in a number of trials and especially the Rivonia trial where his arguments with Yutar, the prosecutor, were carried by our local press.

Christopher Merrit, a journalist attached to *The Witness*, in his email to me dated 19/6/09 said:

From 1985 to 1990 I was part of the detainee support network (Descom/Dacom) in Pietermaritzburg, but was only vaguely aware of Professor Albino. However, I do know that he testified for the defence in Kader Hassim's trial of 1972 about interrogation in detention as a form of duress likely to lead to inadmissible evidence in the form of false statements (this is covered in *Detention and Torture in South Africa* by Don Foster, Dennis Davis and Diane Sandler)

He was also the joint author with Tony Matthews, who was the country's expert on security legislation, of a 1966 paper in the *South African Law Journal* (83: 16-43) entitled "The permanence of the temporary: an examination of the 90-day law and the 180-day detention laws."

He lived till 93 years despite his one-time addiction!

Margaret Daymond, unlike his students and colleagues, was his partner for 37 years. When I was in practice as a lawyer, the statistics read 'out of 4 marriages three ended in the divorce courts.' I am not sure of the present figures, but divorce is high in societies around the world. There are suggestions by celebrity figures that the recession can be dealt

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with, if the parties continue to live together. Difficult for families who have lost their jobs and their homes!

Ronald and Margaret had one of those rare and proud relationships. Albino's fall in December led to his loss of mobility for the next four months. With the help of a nurse, Margaret cared for him until his death on the 4 May 2009.

They were both busy academics (her research is on writing by African women writers) and they took turns in cooking, and were bound by the rule **'he/she who cooks does not wash up.'** He did not like gardening but she did – not those park-like affairs, but shrubs and easy plants. She had planted a herb garden, vital for their cooking ventures. Both loved classical chamber music. He loved and painted to music. She loved music to cook to.

The chaos of academics did not find a place in their home. Both were fussy about order and cleanliness. But it was not 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness?' NO! They were not church-goers. In reference to his funeral, he asked to 'keep it simple.' Their joint bed-making had come to an end and Margaret had lost her cherished partner.

Betty Govinden remembers Ronald as keenly interested in drawing, painting and aesthetics. He held two successful solo exhibitions of his paintings in Durban, in 1987 and 1988. He also exhibited at the Constructa Romantika exhibition in Milan a few years later.

At his funeral, his colleague Phillipa Clark said her goodbyes as follows:

I was fortunate to know Ronald for more than fifty years – as a trusted and valued friend, then as my professor and supervisor when I became what is politely called a mature student and later as a colleague when I joined the staff of the Department of Psychology at the University of Natal. It is on his role as a colleague that I shall focus in this short tribute.

In talking to some of those colleagues whom I was able to contact, including Linda Richter, Shirley Tollman and Anita Craig, a clear theme emerged: that we all owed much of whatever success we had enjoyed to the guidance of Ronald

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and his influence on our thinking. I believe this is a very important part of his legacy.

He also played a critical role in setting high standards and encouraging many students and junior colleagues to further their studies locally or at overseas universities and research institutions. Those who returned and joined the Department as staff continued to benefit from his broad knowledge and insightful analysis of developments in our discipline and in our profession. Tea-time discussions in the staff common room were always stimulating and Friday lunchtime visits to Aldo's could develop into afternoons of riotous debate.

As a former colleague on the technical staff, Pat Daniels, remarked, 'although Ronald was a very clever man he never made you feel that he was looking down on you and he treated everyone as equals.' Others remembered that though he could be a severe critic, it was of the work or the idea and not of the person.

Under his leadership the Department grew significantly in both students and staff numbers and in the number and range of courses offered. Even more importantly it earned a good reputation for sound scholarship and research.

During the apartheid years there were many difficulties to be faced both within the University and in the professional bodies to which psychologists belonged as pressure mounted to force conformity to Government policy.

Ronald took a principled stand against discrimination whether it was on the basis of race, gender or sexual orientation. He was prominent in the non-racial South African Psychological Association and internationally he retained the respect of those who knew him.

Linda Richter recalls that even during the academic boycott he was able to arrange for her to spend time with specialists in the UK who were at the cutting edge of a paradigm change in the study of children.

Ronald's own special interests were in the areas of the nature of consciousness, its relation to brain functions and the

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pivotal role played by the development of language. His inclusive approach encompassed both the experimental and the philosophical, the biological and the social.

John Lucas, whom some of you will remember, sent this tribute, **'I knew great kindness from Ronald, but it was as a teacher that he enriched my life enormously. I came from Pretoria to do Honours in Durban because I had heard what an interesting man Ronald was. Twenty years later I left Durban feeling that I had hardly begun to explore the treasures of his mind...** For me his death is not like that of lesser men. I feel like a student at the Grammarian's Funeral: "Our low life was the level's and the night's - He's for the morning."

To end on a lighter note, others will remember some of his idiosyncracies when he was lecturing, such as taking out a bright paisley hanky for a wipe after taking a pinch of snuff, or his endless cups of tepid tea when he was reading or writing. On one earlier occasion, when he used to smoke, he was even seen having two cigarettes sticking out of different sides of his mouth!

However the over-riding sentiments that come across as his colleagues recall their days in the Department are those of admiration and great affection for Ronald, together with recognition and regret that his passing marks the end of an era.

Whites joining the struggle were few and a very treasured addition. Thank you for your contribution to the struggle for democracy in South Africa.

Hamba Kahle Prof.

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban, 8/11/2009



ANTON XABA

aka Anthony Ndoda 'Mfenendala' Xaba

Born 1 April 1933 – Died 21 July 2009.

Speech given by Phyllis Naidoo at his funeral Saturday, 1 August, 2009, at the Sobantu Sports Ground, Pietermaritzburg.

On the 5 December 1975, when William Khanyile, Judson Khuzwayo, Harold Nxasana and two others left my office in CNR House, Cross Street, Durban, they were immediately detained. I only realised this when my neighbour told that he saw 5 arrests outside my office. Reading the Daily News that evening told of 75 detentions under The Terrorism Act had taken place in Durban and Pietermaritzburg, I only knew of the detentions of the five comrades who had left my office.

Footprints

We had no news of Comrade Zuma and worried about his safety. On the 5 January 1976 he called his 'attorney' to say he was safe in Swaziland.

I was soon visited by the families of the detained both from Pietermaritzburg and Durban. We checked with the Special Branch of the Police Force and they confirmed the detentions but denied the detention of Stephen Dlamini. It was Lulu Gwala who saw him lying in his pee (See Footprints in Grey Street by Naidoo)

It was Mavis Magubane, Elda Gwala when released from detention, Peter Brown, Drs Chetty and Motala and others who took care of the families and detainees in Pietermaritzburg. Daily in Durban my office sent parcels for each detainee that we had identified. Police refused visits by the families, but allowed fruit, nuts and sealed food.

If you speak to Jeff Radebe articulated to me then, now Minister of Justice he will tell you how he parcelled food daily for detainees. Bongzi Dlomo will tell you of her detained brother who had parcels daily from my office. So too Beauty Khuzwayo will confirm that Judson had parcels daily. In a later detention we were able to send Judson warm clothes as well, as that tiny frame of his, was freezing.

I was banned and House arrested from 1966 to 1976, in exile from 1977 till 1990, I've lost my two sons Sahdhan and Sha both MK cadres. It is 34 years since this trial commenced!
At 81 my memory is not to be relied on, so do some research and check the facts of my memorial to Comrade Anton.

The trial started in March 1976 and the accused were shocked to learn of Joseph Mdluli's death in detention on the 19 March 1976. They were devastated! What a way to start their trial?

So who were the accused?

Harry Gwala, John Nene, William Khanyile, Azaria Ndebele, Joseph Nduli, Cleopas Ndlovu aka Cass, Matthews Meyiwa, Zakhele Mdlalose, Anton Xaba (in the box before you) and Truman Magubane, the last accused is alive. If he has a good memory after the torture he endured, he will help you with Anton.

Footprints

CHARGES: They were charged with recruiting for MK!

DEFENCE: Their defence was that they were recruiting for SACTU the forerunner to COSATU. They were sending cadres for trade union studies to the UK, and not MK.

The dilemma was that while there were some trade unionists on trial, there was also two kidnapped accused – Nduli and Ndlovu who were involved in MK activities with Joseph Mdluli who had already been kidnapped. Some MK recruits, who once they were in Swaziland, refused to go further and wanted to return home.

While Mdluli was murdered, the young recruits were on the list of the State's list of witnesses, and ready to give evidence against the accused.

Who were the lawyers?

Senior Advocate George Muller,
Junior Advocate Chris Nicolson (now judge),
Rowley Arenstein consultant on SACTU – wanted by Gwala, Attorney Navi Pillay, Arenstein wanted her. Pillay had done trial work before (now judge in International Criminal Court in Geneva)
Phyllis Naidoo, comrade and attorney for their welfare.

The trial lasted until July 1977.

I had to leave the country before the decision to appeal the sentences was taken. The underground cell I worked with was blown with the arrest of Shadrack Maphumulo, murdered later in Swaziland. I went to Lesotho. Judson left via Botswana.

Anton's footprints in the struggle against Colonialism/Apartheid are firmly imprinted in our democracy.

I won't traverse the obituary that you would have found in The Witness, The Mercury and the Sowetan.

He is survived by his wife, Ncongwana Regina Xaba. There were no children. Thirty years in prison does not help either!

There were two sisters Theodora Xaba and Florence Xaba and their children were known as Anton's grandchildren.

Footprints

These family members must have contributed to Anton's well being whether in detention or in prison.

Anton joins our hallowed ancestors – Chief Albert Luthuli, Comrade Moses Kotane, Late President Oliver Tambo, Comrade Joe Slovo, Comrade Lillian Ngoye, Comrade Helen Joseph, Amah Naidoo, Comrade Stella Damons and so many icons of our struggle.

Thank you Anton, we salute you!

Hamba Kahle comrade!

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban.
31 July 2009.

SOLOMON SOKUPA

aka 'SOKS'



In the Sunday Times of the 4 October 2009, (in the Business Times, Careers 3 section), I found this picture of my comrade SOKS.

It took me a while to make him out in the business pages. My magnifying glasses came to my rescue.

Why do I remember this face when so many thousands took part in the struggle to liberate South Africa?

Soks was in my hut in Maseru West on the 5th July 1979. Having had lunch, we waited for Father John to deliver our *Sechaba*, which when opened bombed all six of us.

Soks had a deep hole in his forehead. He was treated in Tanzania and when I saw him again there was hardly a mark. **If we had a great friendship before 5 July 1979, the bomb sealed our families for life.**

Nomaqabi (Soks and Siphokazi's eldest daughter) was 10 years old, when she spent a night with Sewale's children – the same night that home was burnt by the SADF raid into Lesotho. (She is in my book *Le Rhona Re Batho*.)

Recently she came with the family to visit and is now the mother of a little boy!

Soks and Siphokazi's second child was Mayibuye, born just before we were bombed. While we lay on our beds with bottles of blood attached to our hands, Soks and I talked about Mayibuye. Siphokazi, his wife had not recovered from childbirth, her breasts swollen with the milk she could not feed to her baby. One of the child's grandmothers had taken him home to the Eastern Cape.

Holding Sok's hand, I felt the pain of a father who was separated from his son virtually after birth, his pain for his wife and the pain of the bomb to his head.

Footprints

If my memory serves me well, I think news of Cuba's offer of medical studies for Siphokazi arrived while we were in hospital.

Sukhthi, my teenage daughter, arrived from school in Swaziland at the hospital. She was not allowed to see me. I saw her screaming 'I will not kill my mother'. But Lesotho security would not budge. I think it was Monroe Gilmour my American friend who took Sukhthi home that night.

When some semblance of family had returned to the Soks family, they all arrived to celebrate the award of a doctorate to me from UDW in 1998. It was a happy occasion!

Soks told me then that Mayibuye wanted to become a chef. They had hoped he would be in a "briefcase-carrying-job". I added that if it was Mayibuye's life that we were concerned with, he had to choose the life he wanted to live.

Later I heard that Mayibuye was traveling and he had called from Japan. It was part of his training.

For those who divide the ANC into exiles and those who stayed home, do these exiled lives look any better than yours?

When Mayibuye met his family again, you will have to ask him!

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
5 October 2009.

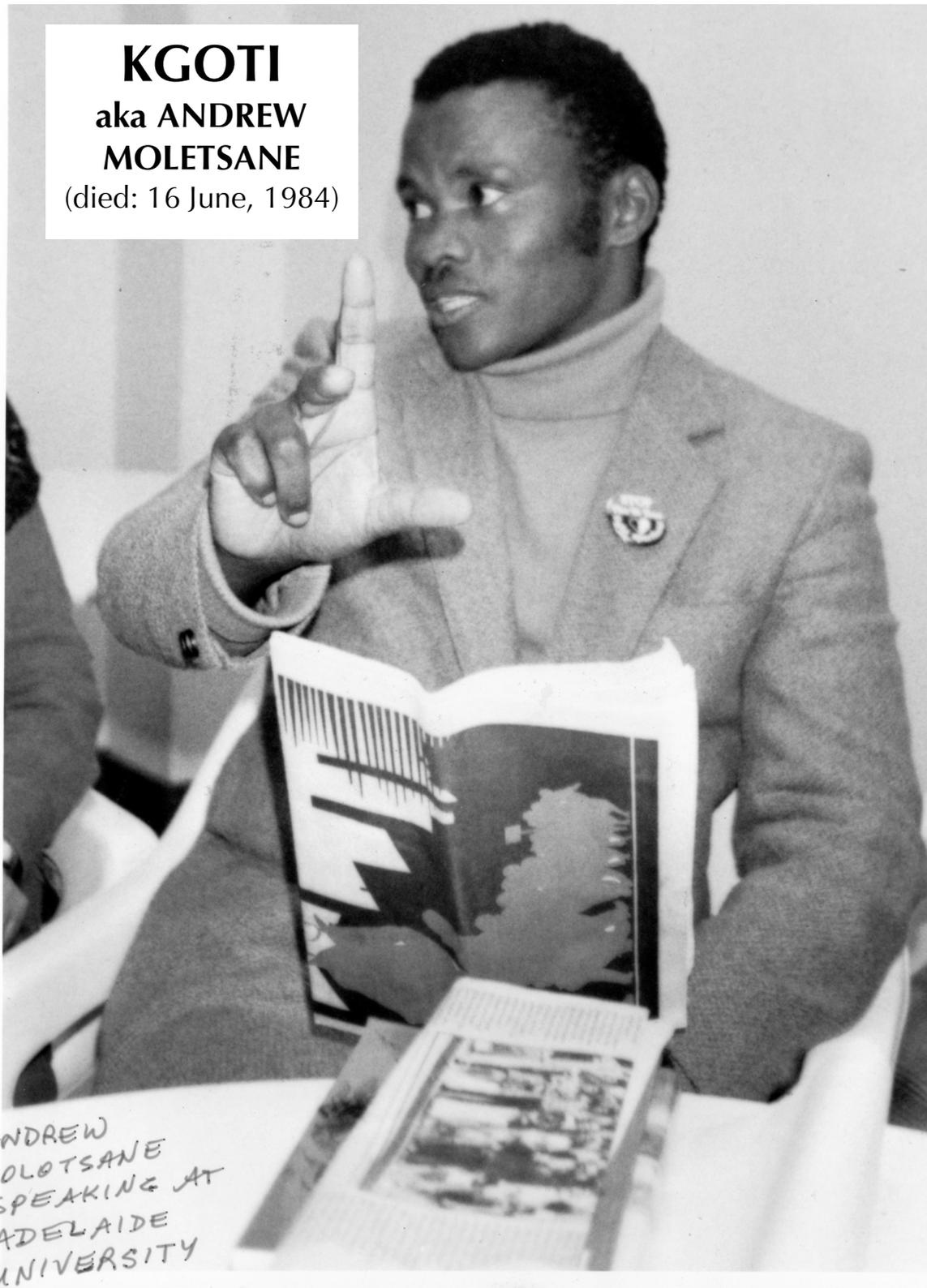


KGOTI

aka ANDREW

MOLETSANE

(died: 16 June, 1984)



ANDREW
MOLETSANE
SPEAKING AT
ADELAIDE
UNIVERSITY

Footprints

When Kgoti arrived in Lesotho on 16 June 1976, I was in Pietermaritzburg in a cell with my 10 clients/comrades who were held at the prison during their trial. No bail was granted them.

All our energies were concentrated on understanding the massacre of our children who protested the use of Afrikaans in some subjects at school.

It was a year later, before exile snatched me into her ranks, that I met Kgoti. We were instant friends. He had a sense of humour and could tease mercilessly.

Early in January 1978 he was one of the speakers at a memorial meeting called by students of Roma University to remember Dr GM Naicker, Advocate Duma Nokwe and Dr Rick Turner who had died.

I was sitting next to Khalakhi Sello and when Kgoti spoke - in addition to the three named, he mentioned the name of Jack Hodgson. Sello asked when Jack had died. I replied there was a small article in the Rand Daily Mail in December 1977. How can this young fellow (Kgoti) know about Jack - my peer?

I had learned from Kgoti that he had met Jack in Botswana before Kgoti's arrest. He told me how impressed he was with Jack who had been in the Treason Trial of 1956 (*see 156 Hands That Built SA by Naidoo*).

I was shocked to know then, he (Kgoti) was a member of the banned South African Communist Party and that he was on Party business with Jack. So was the banned Communist Party active in 1976?

Kgoti had married a young Mosotho woman, Sieptha, whom he wanted to divorce. He was going for military training – Umkhonto weSizwe. The marriage got him residency.

He drew papers from precedents I gave him and filed the papers and argued his divorce. He was amazing! Judge Mofokeng called me to his chambers and asked me to ensure that this brilliant 'child' was given a legal training.

He was much better without legal training than many who had spent years at University, training to be lawyers.

How could I tell the Judge the truth?

Kgoti was a teacher of politics to young refugees coming into Lesotho. He worked with Rev. John Osmer's caring for the young in Lesotho. He cared so completely for the youth who arrived daily.

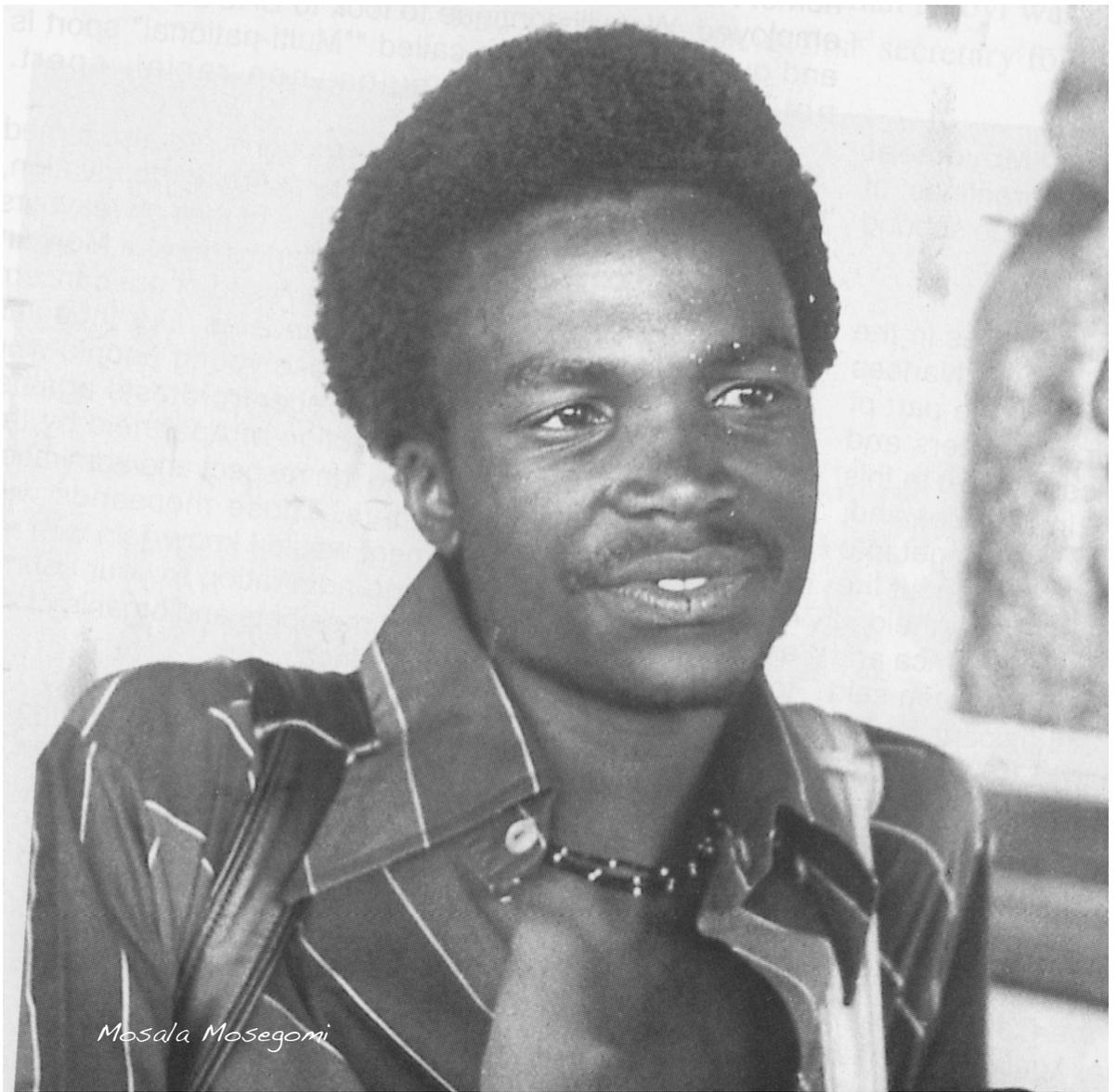
Unlike some refugees, Kgoti did not have a drinking problem then. When he left us for military training he was sober as a judge! (How true is this saying, when at the moment we are in the dog box with our Judge Motato, convicted of drunken driving in September 2009)?

Kgoti returned from training and I had heard that Willy and Kgoti had a party and both were seen drinking. He was too ashamed to see me again and scared of my "razor sharp tongue." Maybe the training was so severe that the alcohol habit kicked in.

It seems that all armies suffer this problem and articles written on the US army tell that this highly militarised state, has ensured that the USA has the biggest drug problem in the world.

Kgoti was deployed to Botswana, and in 1984 after hearing of his death I was told that, like our Judge Motato, he wrapped himself around an electric pole in a drunken stupor.

What an awful waste of such great talent to our country! Dear Kgoti!



Kgoti - as told by MOSALA MOSEGOMI

Mosala, who knew Kgoti long before any of us, lived in the same street as him. In an email to me dated 23 July 2009, he said:

"Hi Phyl,
When Kgoti died I was in Morogoro, Tanzania. What happened that morning was that I walked into one of the offices at Mazimbu. There was an elderly lady that had arrived from Zambia and was talking about her trip. During that brief moment she mentioned something about Kgoti, I waited to hear what was being said about my friend only

Footprints

to hear she was announcing his death. I could not believe it, and could not even get the details - I just left. I could not talk to anybody about it, because nobody would know or understand. So I mourned my friend's death in silence, without anybody knowing.

"I so much wished to attend his funeral, but did not know who would understand just how important that was to me. Something that was interesting was that Kgoti arrived in Lesotho on the morning of June 16 1976 and died in Botswana on June 16, 1984.

"The most touching for me was the last time I saw him in South Africa. It was in John Vorster (Police headquarters) during our detention. It was the day he was taken away after being charged. Since he was on the third floor and I was on the second floor, on the day of their departure they were all brought to the second floor to take a shower before leaving. He tried all means to peep at me through the window to say something, but the SB's (police) was following them, so he had to make an excuse that he wanted toothpaste from me. I gave it through the small window.

"The next we were to meet was at a reunion in Lesotho. It was an emotional meeting. I had lost so much weight and Kgoti attributed that to the stand I had taken in order to save him (Kgoti). Ever since we have remained very close until his death. "He was the best friend I ever had in exile because that was where our friendship and comradeship grew.

Bye
Mosala Mosegomi."

I (Phyllis) recommend that Mosala's book '**Soweto Explodes**', be incorporated into the school system. For those who thought June 16 was an event, Mosala's dissertation puts paid that notion. Like Mandela's Long Walk to Freedom, he builds up his story with the Nationalist Party making law of the Bantu Education Act (1954) and the countrywide protests it attracted.

How the protests countrywide built organisations and the formation of the African Students Movement (ASM) followed by the South African Student Movement (SASM) in every remote corner of our country.

Footprints

The detail of these committees, their names of personnel, students, some teachers and head-masters he covers are amazing. I too have learnt so much from this author.

On page xvi of his book, Mosala commences as follows:

"I thus start the book by chronicling the events and circumstances that led to the formation of the student's movement that came to be known as South Africa Students' Movement (SASM). SASM was formed from African Student Movement (ASM). ASM was a student movement that was initially somewhat aimed at helping secondary and high school student improve their performance in school. If it was political, the political agenda was covert.

"As the organisation associated with mature university and former university students who were members of Black Consciousness Movement, it became overtly political and changed into an inclusive South African Student Movement. The organisation was to grow from Soweto to other parts of South Africa. The discussion is necessary to provide both a context and a full understanding of the road that eventually led to the events that made Soweto explode on June 16th 1976. The discussion also clears misunderstanding about the national debate of who played a role in the events that were to change a nation."

Let me (Phyllis) add here that not much consideration has been given to:

- 1 Over 3000 ANC, PAC and others on Robben Island therefore families in SA
- 2 Several Namibians in prisons and Robben Island
- 3 The international Red Cross visits to our prisons
- 4 The UN and its recognition of the ANC and PAC
- 5 The anti-apartheid groups all over the world.
- 6 Families in SA receiving grants from Defence & Aid.
- 7 Banning of D&A groups in SA in 1966
- 8 H/A and banning orders on many South Africans
- 9 Banishment orders on hundreds of South Africans

And more, much more carried in our censored media!

Soweto Explodes carried the NAYO trial, in which Kgoti was an accused and Mosala, the author, was one of the seven State witnesses, who courageously refused to give evidence against their comrades.

The following is from another email by Mosala to me:

“(Soweto Explodes) is very comprehensive and contains a lot of new material particularly regarding youth and students movements before June 16, 1976. I have created a website to support the book: www.sowetoexplodes.com. There is a whole chapter on NAYO. This is the only book so far that tracks the history of NAYO and SASM from the beginning right to 1978 when the organisation were banned. It also has information on the whereabouts of all those students and youth that played important role in the different youth movements.

“In the NAYO Trial there were seven accused. Malebell Joe Molokeng (known as Bro Buti in Lesotho died in April 2009), Kgoti Molotsane, Sandile Benjamin Mfenyane (became a doctor after completing studies in Bulgaria), Bheki Langa (Ambassador in Russia), Phumzile Dyanti (became a doctor after studying in Cuba), Amos Masondo (Mayor of Johannesburg Metropolitan got five years in Robben Island) and David Nhlapo (who got five years in prison).

“Critical witnesses that refused to give evidence was myself, Kgaogelo Kgosana (became a doctor after completing studies in Bulgaria), Themba Kubheka (current Ambassador in Angola), Mphakama Mbete (Ambassador in Mexico and brother to Baleka Mbete who was also a member of NAYO) and Robbie Khame. “The five of us brought the case to its knees by refusing to testify, hence the state could only convict two out of seven. All the drama and stories are captured in the book.

“I grew up with Kgoti from the same township of Killarney in SOWETO, we met at high school in 1968. We got involved together in politics and that is how we both ended up in the NAYO Trial. After refusing to give evidence against Kgoti, I was charged under suppression of communism but later charges were withdrawn due to lack of evidence. Kgoti's acquittal was due to my refusing to testify and to corroborate another witness's evidence. He never stopped thanking me for that, but to me it was more a matter of a principle stand and commitment.

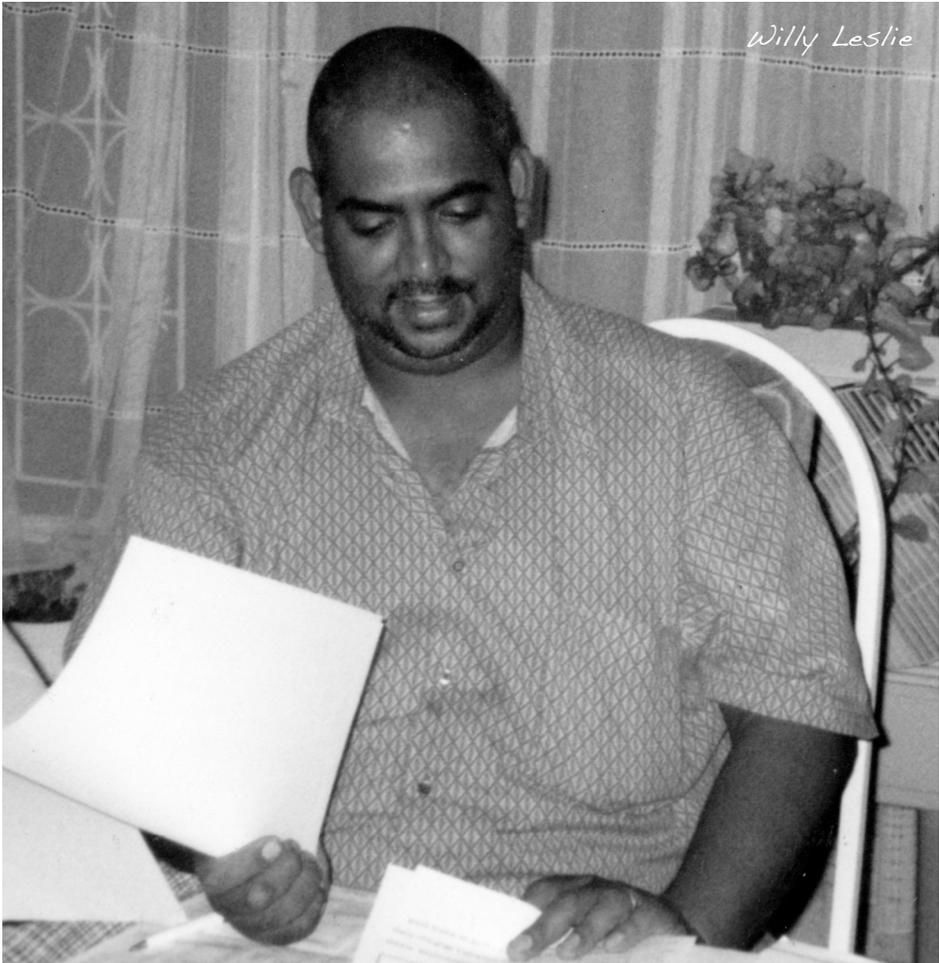
Mosala Mosegomi “

As told by WILLY LESLIE

(Born 19/7/51)

Willy visited today (2/7/2009) and in the discussion I realised how fond he was of Kgoti. They lived and worked together in Maseru as refugees.

It was Peter Wellman (*See Footprints in Grey Street by Naidoo*) who said before his death: "Waiting to die is boring." At 81 years I am also in the 'waiting' business, but as you can see from these great stories that need to be told, 'boring' is not a state of mind I can sustain. I hope you agree!



Footprints

On the 20 August 1976, Willy armed with a letter signed by Steve Biko on a South African Students Organisation (SASO) letterhead found himself in Maseru. I will attempt to piece their stories together.

Khoti arrived in Maseru on the 16 June 1976. In the book "The Road to Democracy Volume 2", the authors Gregory Houston and Bernard Magubane have this to say:

"Between June and October 1975, the majority of the leaders of the Ekukhanyeni Youth Club (NAYO) and several other organizations were arrested and later brought to trial in Johannesburg. The seven accused were Joseph Molokeng, Amos Masondo, Andrew Moletsane, Bheki Langa, Pumza Dyanyi, David Nhlapo and Benjamin Matenjane."

Let me tell you the story as Willy tells it. He takes long, and like Comrade Zuma, there are no **'no or yes'** in his account. A poor witness in our courts, nonetheless a great story teller.

After our children's uprising on the 16 June 1976, protesting the education system, children fled the country to Swaziland, Lesotho and Botswana, some as young as 9 years and sought freedom from torture and oppression of the ruling South African regime. But were the three governments prepared for this 'invasion'? Three of these independent states had just emerged from British Colonial rule.

So how free were they? In Lesotho 150 000 men were working in the mines in SA. Their wives unable to support themselves worked as domestic workers in South Africa.

Mostly the children cared for themselves unless lucky enough to have grandparents who lived beyond 45 years. The only jobs available to the Basotho were teaching, the church, the mines and the civil service under the British. (*See Le Rona Re Batho by Naidoo*).

It became known that Willy residing in the 'Coloured' Township of Wentworth, near Durban South Africa, would be forced to leave the country, to avoid being called as a state witness in the SASO trial. Newly married Willy (to Betty Montgomery), was assisted by Betty's reluctant parents, to Maseru, where they had relatives. Willy describes them as RICH relatives! They were the Andersons who owned the only Dry Cleaners (laundry) in Maseru!

Footprints

Willy crossed at the Ficksburg border (not at the border post) but wading through the Caledon River in winter. The Montgomery's went through the legal border, picked him up in Maputsoe, a little town in the north of Lesotho and drove to Maseru.

They met with the Andersons by lunchtime and were taken to the Maseru Club. They were not members nor dressed for this elite club, a remnant of British colonial rule, now with civil servants as members. While they ate others played bowls on the lawn. No blacks played bowls then!

Willy knew a Saso member Gabi Sandamela (PAC), formerly a student at Natal University residing at Wentworth Student's Residence, who was now at Roma University. They went out to find him. He could not help as a student and was not willing for his family to deal with a political stranger and refugee.

He referred Willy to Bogart who had an upmarket clothing outfitters shop near Sello's office in Maseru. Bogart (PAC) could not accommodate Willy at his Seapoint rooms which were occupied by the PAC.

Both Bob Matjie and Kay Sello were ANC, but Willie did not know of them.

With no accommodation, he was taken to the police at 10 pm to declare himself a refugee. Listening to the SAP being questioned by the South African parliament today and the response of Tim Matthews acting police Commissioner saying "I am not aware that there are (police) stations without telephones..."

Willie remembered the police in Maseru taking his statement. It was tedious with Willy spelling each word and having difficulty with the word REFUGEE. This was a ruse of the Lesotho police as their literacy rate was the highest in Africa. Maybe checking to see how authentic Willy was!

Emmanuel Malopo, son of CD Malopo, then Minister of Foreign Affairs in a BNP party (Basotho National Party) was called to help. They were anxious to find a home for Willy and Betty's parents - but failed! They decided to keep them in jail for a few days. It was formality to keep applicants in prison for two weeks or longer until satisfied that

Footprints

applicants were not South African spies or BCP (Basotholand Congress Party) members.

They did the same with Kgoti and Jerry Modisane, who arrived before the Soweto Uprising.

During the interview Willy showed them the SASO letter, signed by Steve Biko, which was read several times. Who was Steve Biko they asked? A year later they got to know who he was. But for now they were puzzled!

The police confronted by Mr Montgomery, could not understand his command of Sesotho in spite of his name! They wanted to find alternate accommodation, being confronted by the tears of Mrs Montgomery and the pleading of Willy's father-in-law.

The police did not want to lock up Willy and his in-laws, and kept asking if they knew anyone in Maseru. The in-laws said they had relatives by the name of Moshabisha living in the Seapoint area. One officer knew of them. They pretended to be looking for this relative at both Victoria and Maseru Hotel but instead Willy paid for their beers and cigarettes.

Between 2am to 3am they arrived at his home but the occupants pointed to the hut across the road. This hut had its thatch coming off the roof and parts of the mud-plastered walls with huge holes. Following the police Willy and his in-laws watched them kick the door in and rudely awaken the occupants from whom they wished help.

Eventually it was settled that Willy would live in this one roomed house. The only bed occupied by the couple and their baby. Luckily, Will had packed his sleeping bag and slept in it on the floor beside the bed, while Betty's parents slept in the car. It was winter!

There was no bathroom except a large basin where the young couple washed and left for work when the child minder arrived to boil water and fix Will's wash basin. Betty's parents washed in the basin too and with breakfast over they went to the police station.

Daily reporting at the police station meant that Willy had to write his statement again. When completed he met his host and they went shopping at Maseru Supermarket near Queen 2 Hospital on Kingsway.

Footprints

Willy filled up the trolley with over R90.00 groceries etc. and that must have eased the tensions of how this poor family was going to feed three extra mouths. Willy's in-laws left soon as he was established in the home at Seapoint in the first week of his exile.

Before exile in Lesotho, Willy worked in Umbilo Road as a fitter, turner and exhaust technician. It was these skills that set him apart from other exiles. He found work or could be easily self-employed. I remember a time when he employed several refugees.

By now his host's wife and child had moved to the family home across the pot-holed street, and Willy could sleep on the only bed with his host.



At independence the only macadamised road in Lesotho was in Maseru from the British ambassador's house to his office.

Within the first week, returning after the daily visit to the police, Willy heard a familiar voice behind him saying 'don't shout, carry on walking. See you at 7.00 pm this evening.'

Willy knew that it was Gwaza who left the country in 1974 with Keith Makoape. They had lived with Bishop Phillip in Merebank, whenever they were in Durban.

Footprints

That evening at 7pm, Willy was visited by Chris Hani, Japhet Ndlovu, Rev. John Osmer and Gwaza. He found difficulty being introduced to John Osmer (from his black consciousness training white people were the enemy). He behaved similarly to Rev. Mike Lapsley when he worked with students at the Wentworth Campus. His 4 visitors welcomed him to the ANC.

He met Comrade Khoti the next day!

Willy was very surprised: **'I did not know I was ANC'**. He worked with Gwaza in South Africa not knowing he was working with the ANC! John had arranged that Willy live at the Anglican Centre. A month later he was joined by Betty.

After Willy had left South Africa, they raided his home in Wentworth (SA) and took Betty in for questioning, asking for Willie's whereabouts.

Betty enrolled for a teacher training course, and both went for political education and their tutors were Gwaza, Charles Ntai, Jongwe, and yes Comrade Kgoti.

Those seeking political asylum were growing and the Lesotho government had acquired a home, which the exiles promptly named the CAMP. When I saw it there were some 30 comrades living in a three bed-roomed house with one bathroom/toilet, and 30 foam-rubber mattresses. Willy and Betty lived in the "guest house" (misnomer for servants-quarters). John Osmer took my extra blankets and one of my two heaters for the camp.

As more homes were found, so too the venues for our political classes changed. Soon thereafter Willy was employed with CARE Lesotho, with the help of Rev. John Osmer, and Kathy Royer the Menonite representative dealing with refugee issues. This gave Willy a home of his own and a home to exiles.

Willy and Betty are alive and they must be interviewed. For wonder of wonders, he became the South African ambassador to Lesotho, shortly after democracy, following the death of Japhet Ndlovu (the first South African ambassador) and that is a great story. His Excellency Willy!

As told by IRENE GALE

Irene Gale's email to me -12 July 2009:

"I'm sure I told you that, on both occasions he stayed with us, Andrew would head off to his bedroom early to work on his papers. But on the last day of the second visit, when I got back from the airport and went into his room to change the sheets etc, I was hit by the smell of whiskey.

"I found that he had clearly tipped over a bottle of it, and there was a large wad of soaked pages from a notepad in the rubbish basket, filling the room with fumes.

"Later the young people he'd stayed with in Melbourne commented on his keen liking for whiskey. It was clear that while he was staying with them he had felt quite confident to drink with them, but while staying with us old fogies he had not been game to drink and so had gone into his room each night to 'work on his papers'. We were rather stunned that he'd felt so constrained when with us. We drank wine with our evening meal, but didn't drink much other than that. We would not have been shocked."



ANDREW MOLOTSANE SPEAKS WITH SOME
ADELAIDE 'CARE' MEMBERS.



On March 29, 2007 Kgoti's name rang loud and clear in the Australian parliament as evidenced below:

"...and I can recall too Madam Speaker, a very personal connection to South Africa. I recall one brother, a member of the ANC who fled the terror in his homeland, Andrew Moletsane. Andrew came to my home in Otara in South Auckland, to give testimony about the terror being imposed by the crumbling apartheid regime of South Africa. A few years later, Andrew Moletsane was hunted down and murdered in Botswana by one of Botha's goon squads. His name is recorded forever in the List of ANC Members who died in Exile: March 1960 - December 1993."

- Hone Harawira, Spokesperson for Disarmament and Arms Control during a debate on the Terrorism Suppression Amendment Bill - 29/3/ 2007

Footprints

As we know Kgoti's died in a car accident, but the speaker above may not be so far off the mark – Botha and his "goon squad" and other architects of apartheid must be held accountable for the deaths of our comrades in exile.

The Maori of New Zealand and most indigenous people all over the world have suffered (and continue to suffer) from the disease of alcoholism brought by the colonisers.

Kgoti looms large in our proud heritage!

Hamba Kahle Kgoti, my son and comrade!

Phyllis Naidoo

Durban

14 September 2009.

A ~~CATHOLIC~~ nun, teacher and former anti-apartheid activist Sr Christine Obotseng has died.

Sr Christine died at the St Angela's Convent in Dobsonville, Soweto, on Monday after a short illness.

She was a teacher at the Holy Cross School in Diepkloof, Soweto. Before that she also taught at St Mary's in Munsieville and St

Activist Sr Christine dies

Peter's, both on the West Rand, and then at St Angela's.

Sr Christine was, with the likes of Sr Bernard Ncube, detained on several occasions for her work with communities and organisations fighting

against apartheid.

A memorial service will be held at St Margaret Catholic Church in Diepkloof at 1pm tomorrow.

She will be buried on Saturday at Sterkfontein cemetery after a service at St Angela's at 6.30am.

Sowetan page 8 9/9/2009.

SISTER CHRISTINE OBOTSENG

Died: 7 September 2009

On September 8, 2009 an article on page 8 of the Sowetan read:

“A Catholic nun, teacher and former anti-apartheid activist, Sr. Christine Obotseng has died.

Sr. Christine died at the St. Angela's Convent in Dobsonville, Soweto, on Monday after a short illness.

She was a teacher at the Holy Cross in Diepkloof, Soweto. Before that she also taught at St. Mary's in Munsieville and St. Peter's - both on the West Rand, and then at St. Angela's.

Sr. Christine was, with the likes of Sr. Bernard Ncube, detained on several occasions for her work with communities and organisations fighting against apartheid.

A memorial service will be held at St. Margaret Catholic Church in Diepkloof at 1pm tomorrow.

She will be buried on Saturday at Sterkfontein cemetery after a service at St. Angela's at 6.30 am.”

Thank you Sowetan!

For those who do not understand why an activist is buried at the unearthly hour of 6.30 am, then you have not read the Sowetan on Thursday and mainly on Fridays weekly.

Footprints

These are only the paid advertisements of deaths. How many of the poorest of the poor have died, you will have to guess.

Weekly on Saturdays and Sundays, as many as 30 to 40 are buried in many of the churches in Soweto and elsewhere. As one undertaker removes the coffin from the church another coffin is wheeled in.

In Durban when we lost Comrade Florence Mkhize, after the service as she was being wheeled out another coffin arrived. We had to move to the floor below to have comrades and friends say their farewell to her. She was a great comrade and you will find her in my book (*Footsteps in Grey Street*).

So Sr. Christine will be wheeled out, while another body comes into the church to be blessed and sent on her way to where she believed she was going to.

Daily the newspapers in our neck of the woods will tell you those who have died, some with photographs, but mostly not. You must remember these notices are paid for! Sometimes these are included in the undertaker's charges, sometimes not.

The poor never reach the obituary columns. Remember they are in the majority in our country! Those killed by drunken drivers on the side of the road etc are mentioned in the news columns or the TV bites.

I am presently reading my son Mosala Mosegomi's book "Soweto Explodes". You will be amazed at the students, teachers and some headmasters who contributed to the struggle against apartheid education (Bantu Education, 1954). Amos Masondo from Guateng was in the initial SASM, African Student Movements and other organisations that went before it. Mosala will dispel the notion that June 16, 1976 was an event.

Sr. Christine at Diepkloof, a teacher in those days right in the heart of Soweto, must have been one of those teachers, whose

support of her student's struggle against the lowering of the Matriculation standards preparing them for serfdom was never in dispute.

An account of her experience in detention, written by her and featured in the book "THEY'RE BURNING THE CHURCHES" by Patrick Noonan - a priest in Sebokeng in the mid 1980's (pg 191-194, published by Jacana), gives us a fascinating insight of this great icon:

Sister Christine's health broke during her imprisonment. She has never completely recovered. Little did I know what was happening behind the scenes. Sister Christine recalls some of it:

"One day, during the late morning session of 23 December 1986, the political prisoners were assembled in the small prison hall which also served as the place for religious services. As we sat there, two white security police started addressing us by asking us whether we knew why we were imprisoned. Most of us were highly annoyed by this type of question, because we could not understand why they came to pose such a question to us after we had been six months in detention.

While we were still puzzled by this arrogance, one of the two policemen suddenly turned to me and said: "Sister, what's your name?" I instantly got angry and just stared at him without uttering a word. He then posed the same question to one of the girls who happened to be an ex-pupil of ours at St Peters. Her name was Segakweng. I think the question found her unguarded and, unthinkingly, she answered "Sister Christine". "Christine who?" "Obotseng," came the reply. Then he continued in Afrikaans saying: "*Daar is ander bobbejaan onder julle wat ...*" (there are certain monkeys among you who ...) Before he completed the sentence something within me at once seemed to say: "This man is insulting us and I for one am not going to listen to such offensive people." I got up at once and left, followed by

Patricia Nzwane of Kagiso 11 and Nobantu Nkosi from Randfontein. The three of us remained outside until the meeting was over after which we returned to the cells with the other detainees.

Early the next morning the three of us were told by the warder to take all our belongings and go to the reception. (Of course this move did not surprise us much. We expected a reaction from the security police, in response to our previous day's behaviour.) When we arrived at the reception, we found two security police, one black and one white. We never got to know their names. Our fingerprints were taken. As I stood next to one of the policemen I noticed that he was writing: "Transferred from Johannesburg prison to Vereeniging prison." It was Christmas Eve.

When we arrived at Vereeniging, south of Johannesburg, the three of us were placed in one cell. One day after three months the warder, Ms Smith, told us that we had to move out and go to single cells. This meant solitary confinement. This was just too much for us to accept. We could not face single cells again. The stress was too great. We knew from the past. We resisted. Ms Smith realised that we didn't want to shift to the single cells. She took a hosepipe and sprayed us with water, right inside the cell. We reacted with fury. We grabbed her and struggled to dispossess her of the hosepipe. Eventually one of us got hold of her, tightening our grip around her hands, which were still gripping the hosepipe. She became helpless and was now suspecting that we were about to spray her with water.

As we were hosing her with water a black warder entered the cell. Smith shouted: "*Druk die klok. Hulle wil my doodmaak!*" (Press the alarm. They want to kill me). Then a certain Mr Labuschagne from the male prison department came to her assistance. When he came in he pulled Ms Smith and tore her from our grip. He then grabbed me and tried to kick me. I grabbed him by the jacket and held on to him.

The floor was a mini-pool so we both slipped and fell. From the floor we were a sight for a fly on the wall!

The number of warders had now risen to six. They stood there and watched. I continued to argue but he again grabbed me and pushed me. I was a bag of emotions, anger, humiliation and frustration. I felt like crying, but something within me said: "Don't. You cannot afford the luxury of being seen to shed tears in such a situation. You cry, then what?" I became victorious.

Tears were blocked through exercising my will. I continued to argue with Mr Labuschagne but that did not help me. He eventually managed to forcefully put me into one of the single cells where we remained until we were taken back to Krugersdorp prison to be released ...

But the time I really felt helpless, frustrated, bitter and powerless was when Sisters Mary Modise and Anne Mayhew came to see me at Leeuhof prison in Vereeniging, and broke the news of Sister Raphael Molokwane's death. Sister Raphael had been detained originally (19 June 1986). I pleaded with the warders to request the prison officials, i.e. whoever was the rightful authority, to grant me leave to go to her funeral. The answer was "No, that is impossible." I even begged them to accompany me to make sure I came back to prison and that was met with a flat refusal. This is one experience that pained me very much during my detention."

~

The article of journalist Fikile-Ntsikelelo Moya in the Sowetan 11 September 2009 (on the next page) tells you so much more of this grand struggle veteran.

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11/9/2009

'Her' kids felt special

Fikile-Ntsikelelo Moya

ONE of my earliest memories of Sister Christine Obotseng was when I was in Standard 4 (now Grade 6): I had a boil on my thigh and could not walk properly.



For some reason I had to go to the offices of the St Angela's School, where she was principal and teacher.

I can still see the concern on her face when she asked me what was wrong and then uttered what was the most amazing thing any adult had said to me up to that point of my life: "Do you mind if I look what's wrong or will you feel offended?"

Here was this adult in authority asking this meek 11-year-old if he minded taking off his pants so that she could see his wound.

Had she demanded that I strip I would not have thought twice about it. That was what adults did.

Sr Christine assumed that as a human being I had inherent dignity. My age had nothing to do with anything. And because I was a human being in pain, I deserved compassion.

She was not my teacher then but would be the following year. She only knew me as one of the kids at school.

She had just arrived from St Peter's in Kagiso, where she had a reputation for being political and for liberally admin-

istering the cane.

So it made perfect sense to me when she was detained with Sr Bernard Ncube and Nomvula Mokonyane for a range of anti-apartheid activities.

As she had done in my case, she would not look on while people suffered around her.

In Standard 5 (Grade 7) she simplified for me what I would years later learn was the thrust of Liberation Theology. "If you are not used to living and being

treated justly on earth, you are going to have problems when you get to heaven because there everybody is equal".

Social justice was therefore a Gospel imperative. To seek justice, peace and dignity on earth was simply a trial run for those who expected to find themselves in heaven.

One day she beat everyone in class except a few because we had decided that 1m x 1m couldn't be 1 square meter. It had to be more.

With the aid of the rod, she taught us an important lesson. Logic has a life of its own and it does not have to sound "nice" to be cogent.

Having learnt that lesson, nothing could be the same again. How could it be?

My most enduring memory of Sr Christine is that of a mother figure who made all "her" children feel special.

Her fellow Companions of St Angela nuns might have lost a sister with her death on Monday, but a generation or two has lost a mother and South Africa a great teacher and gallant freedom fighter.

A requiem mass will be held at the St Angela's Catholic Church tomorrow at 6.30am and the cortege will leave for the Sterkfontein Cemetery at 8am.



Michael "Kaizer" Xhomo, 232 Rampa, Diepkloof, will be buried tomorrow at Diepkloof Cemetery. The service will be held at 10am and the cortege will leave at 9am.

Michael "Kaizer" Xhomo, 232 Rampa, Diepkloof, will be buried tomorrow at Diepkloof Cemetery. The service will be held at 10am and the cortege will leave at 10am.

NOTICES

service will be held at Umlazi section-CC hall at 10am and the cortege will leave at 1pm.

MAGUBANE

Bongani Sydney Magubane of F294 Umlazi will be buried tomorrow at Umlazi Unit-17 cemetery. The service will be held at Faith Mission Church at 10am and the cortege will leave

We salute and thank you Sr. Christine!

Hamba Kahle our comrade!

Phyllis Naidoo
9 September 2009
Durban.



MATHS MADE EASY

Reading the Echo of The Witness today (3/9/09) I was struck by the article headed **Maths Made Easy**, where Dr Cassius Lubisi, MEC Senzo Mchunu and Consul General for India Harsh Shringla were in discussion of how to make Maths easy for our learners.

It sent my mind to decades ago when I had a similar book with the same title. It was a big book the size of my Dad's bible the one he bought from India in 1965. The Bible he valued so much and which lies in my book shelves.

My book was not a Bible, but the collected works of V.I.Lenin. It was covered very professionally and firmly with brown paper.

I am not able to say now, who did the covering. It was possibly my friend then, called Mogambry Moodliar.

He was in practice as an attorney in CNR House at the corner of Cross and Prince Edward Streets Durban. His office was on the second floor, while mine was on the fifth floor.

Footprints

Whether this happened before his detention of 1972 or after I cannot recall. He was going to be called as a state witness in Kader Hassim's trial and we worked together to avoid that.

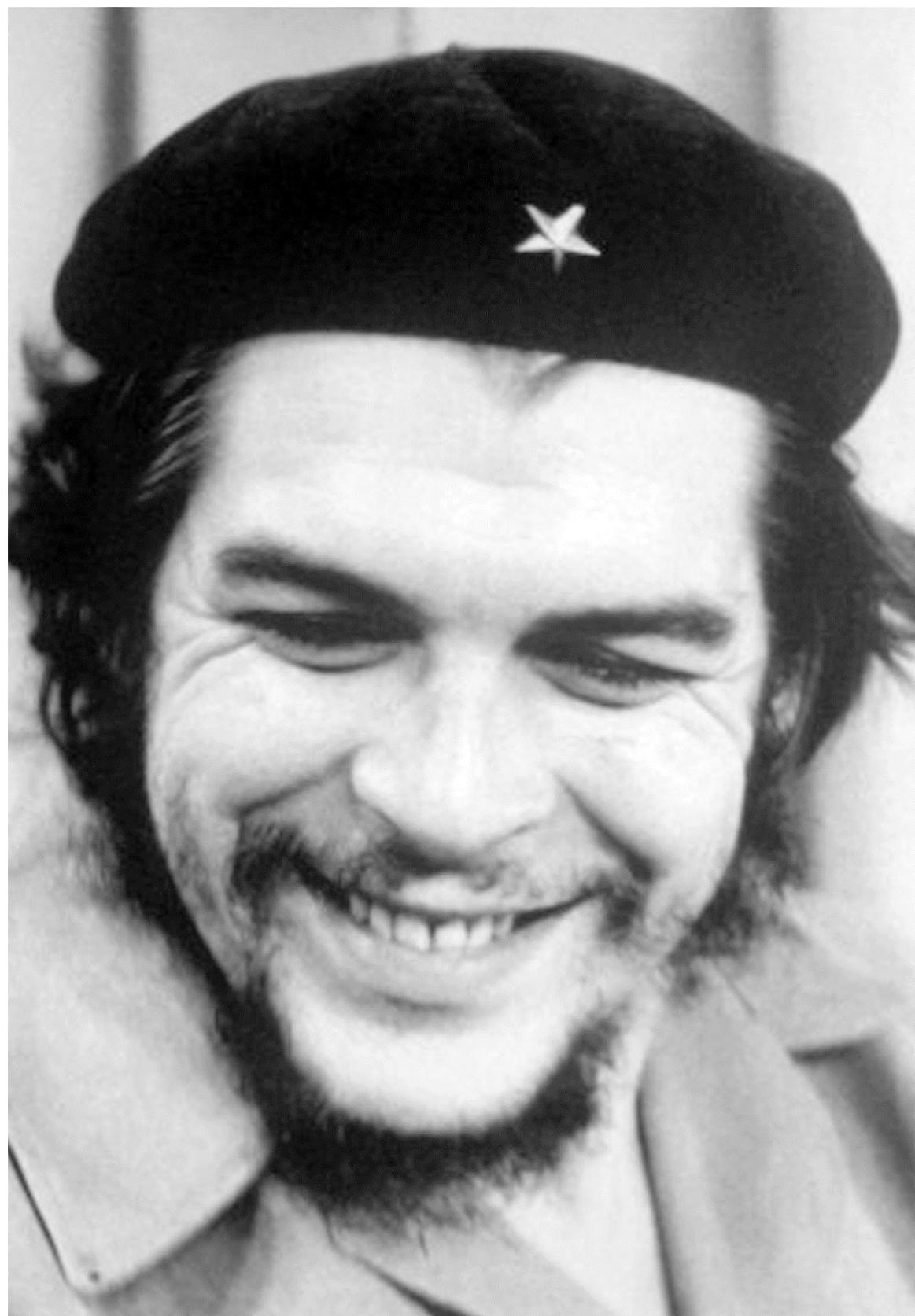
Comrades giving evidence for the state were an endangered species. If evidence was not given conducive to the state's case, a jail term of 3 to 5 years looked at you. If you gave evidence you were a disgrace in the eyes of your comrades and your death sometimes was an option.

He is with the Human Rights organisation. Pravina (my friend) is in touch with him and she tried to find out what he remembered. She reported back that he has no memory of the book. But "Maths Made Easy" lived on my bookshelves for decades.

The Special Branch of the South African Police missed it on their 14 searches of my one-bed-roomed flat. They missed also Che Guevara's poster belonging to my sons Sahdhan and Sha. (See the story "We Sailed Close to the Wind" in this collection).

Thank you

Phyllis Naidoo
3 September 2009
Durban



Why Che Guevara Road is in Durban

(A portion of this story under the heading “We sailed close to the wind” appeared in the ROCS project book “Wellspring of Hope” by Len Rosenberg)

It was after one of the very many raids by the then Special Branch of the South African Police (SB's) on my flat at 208 Scala Mansions, that my little sons Sahdhan and Sha ignoring me, rushed into the porch, which served as their bedroom, and returned screaming “They missed Che, Ma”

Unlike some eThekweni residents who complain that change of street names to persons they did not know (Che Guevara being one); Sahdhan (S1 -5 years) and Sha (S2 -4 years) knew this international revolutionary.

Behind the door to the porch a six foot poster of Che hung underneath our raincoats and umbrellas. Only in 1977 before leaving for exile they handed the poster to Sam Moodley for safe-keeping until they returned home. Sam in her several home-moves could not find the poster.

Despite the raids, Che had a safe home in our Scala flat for almost 11 years. Memory of where my sons acquired this Che poster has dimmed now, but I have a strong feeling that their uncle Docrat (AKM) had a hand in it.

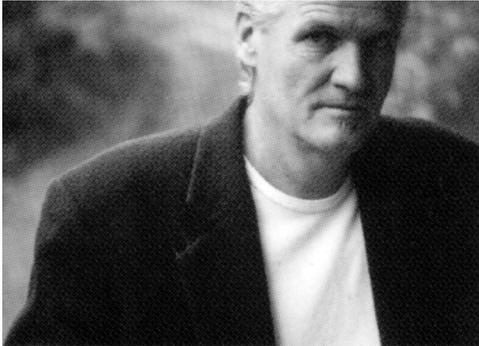
Phyllis Naidoo
24 September 2007.
Durban.



Aleida Guevara at the official renaming of Moore Road in Durban after her father, the Cuban revolutionary Che Guevara, yesterday.
PICTURE: PURI DEVJEE

RICK ANDREW'S "BURIED IN THE SKY"

Having dealt with Cuito Cunavalo in "More Footprints that Shaped our World" (by Naidoo) the following account is an interesting look at Botha's Army (the other side).



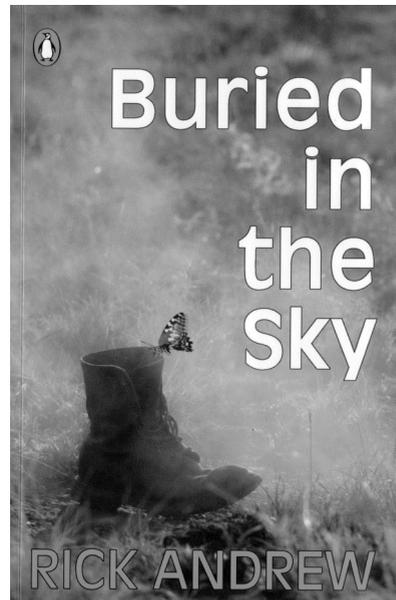
Sometime in August 2009, I met Rick with Syd Kitchen at Badger's in Davenport Centre. Syd introduced him as an author, and left. We talked for a while and I paid for a copy of his book and left. Later that morning Rick turned up at my home with a copy of his book 'Buried in the sky'.

I read through it and was staggered by the waste - both human and military hardware. The myth of the SADF being the biggest military force in Africa began to wane. I needed another view and so I asked Jackie (Sewpersad), our artist involved in our struggle, to read Rick's book and this is what she said:

Jackie's views:

"Buried in the Sky is an unexpected warm and captivating book that I read in one sitting. The author, Rick Andrew, is easy to identify and empathize with "a minstrel in a green jacket"(p 2) who played the guitar and "believed that art was life itself"(p 3).

"While Andrew knows that "to go to the border with the SADF would be to side with the racist regime and to go against all that was moral and right" (p 7), he has little money and doesn't want to leave the country, to refuse would mean six years imprisonment.



Footprints

"The stories told by Rick Andrew and his fellow conscripts give an idea as to what life on the border was like. I expected there to be a lot more hatred and anger towards Black people by the white army. However, it seems that in Andrew's regiment, at least, many have been forced into the army by threat of a long jail sentence and a sense of morality and guilt prevails.

"In the chapter *Manie's Secrets*, Manie Dippenaar relates how he and three others chased and killed the enemy who had fired on them. While the listeners were surprised at the sudden ending to the story, "they noticed how his tone of voice had changed from the excitement of 'we chased them', to the quiet, almost ashamed resignation of 'and we killed them' "(p 161).

"One is also informed that the 'enemy' is not to be taken for granted and stereotyped. In the chapter, *Morphine Sister*, a whole convoy is stopped for nearly two hours by heavy gunfire. Eventually an Eland arrives and silences the shooter. "Then, and you won't believe this, we check that the gun is being manned by a chick! True's God. This black chick is handling the gun like a mamba!"(p 158)

"Andrew manages to bring a balanced account of liberal and right wing views into the book. The sergeant-major thought Bob Dylan was "kak"(p 73) and had never listened to Eric Clapton.

"Andrew says of the sergeant-major in the book: "The problem, though, was that since he had no knowledge of culture outside of his own ghetto, he tended to see my cultural tastes as being semi-criminal and subversive, and I suppose they were a threat to the closed Calvinistic nationalism that gripped South Africa – that communist-hating, fag-baiting, apartheid-swallowing, self-righteous, arrogant patriotism that included only those whities that shared your tastes and fears. Brother-hoods of big biltong-eating men in short-sleeved khaki shirts. Their women, kept 'madams'. Such fear of diversity. Such repression."(p 74).

"Deon Bristow thinks that 'The Afs are like the Arabs, lazy and jealous. They want to pull things down to their own level, or steal the clothes off your back' (p 165) and that 'there are people God has chosen. Some are going to heaven and some aren't. I read my Bible.'(p 166) While Neil Carter says 'Ah, come on, Deon. Are you mad? Don't you realize that internationally South Africa's race laws are seen as a crime

against the rights of humanity? Why do you think the churches are protesting?’(p 167).”

“Buried in the Sky made me realize that belonging to any race group in South Africa is not a simple and straight forward issue. We all carry baggage and are sometimes forced to make choices that go against our being and principles by forces that are in power.” – Jackie.

When I (Phyllis) received Rick’s book earlier, I told Beverley Naidoo (UK) about it and she ordered it immediately. Before the end of the week Nandha her husband was reading it. Both Naidoos are South Africans forced into exile by our then apartheid policies. Nandha’s initial remarks are below:

Nandha’s remarks:

“I started reading the book. So far the narrator tells us that he was opposed to apartheid but did want to go to jail for 6yrs so he does not disobey the demand to enter the army but smoking dagga and being found smoking dagga would have got him thrown out of the army with a likely sentence of 12 months imprisonment. What does this tell us about the narrator. You remember the two ANC members who chose the gallows to giving state evidence in exchange for their sentence being commuted to life imprisonment.

“Jews, citizens of the Austro-Hungarian empire, went to great lengths to avoid serving in the army...even to the extent of crippling themselves, which must have been painful.

Lots of love Nandha”

25th Anniversary of ECC

However, this year is the 25th anniversary of the End Conscription Campaign (ECC). Their announcement of this momentous decision is in our “Millennium Diary” (by Naidoo) and The ANC News briefing of the 7 August 1984.



EST. 1846

THE WITNESS

PIETERMARITZBURG, NOVEMBER 5, 2009



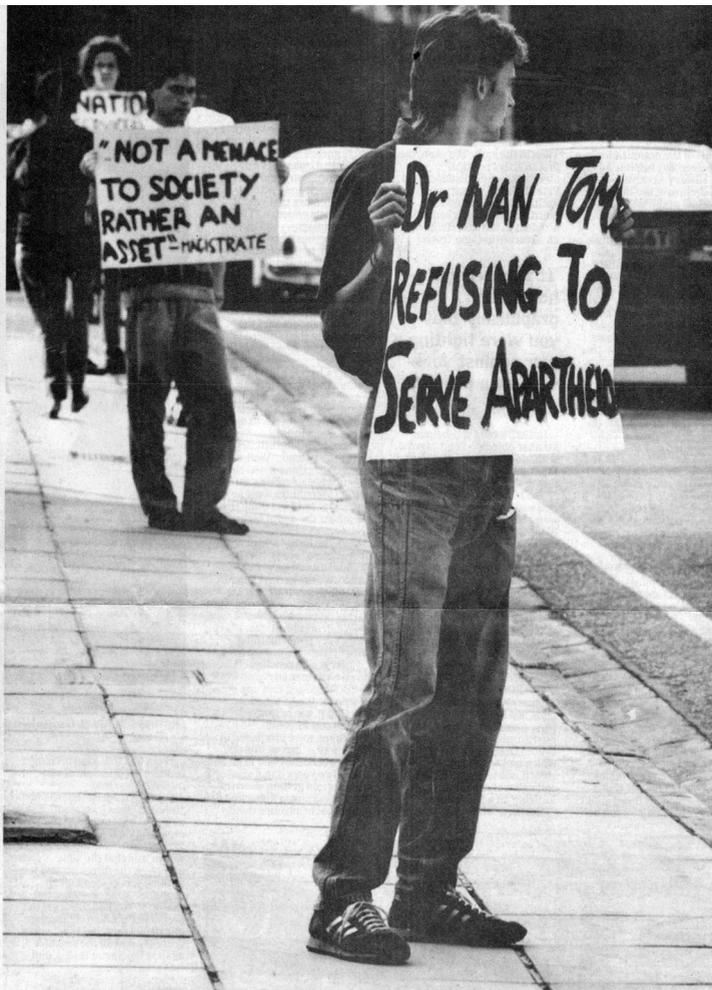
WHAT IS PATRIOTISM?

THE 25th anniversary of the End Conscription Campaign (ECC), highlighted once again in this newspaper yesterday, raises important questions about the nature and meaning of patriotism. Were those young white South Africans who refused compulsory military service in the seventies and eighties unpatriotic or can it now be clearly seen that they were true patriots acting in the best interests of their country?

The debate on this will persist, depending on people's political persuasion. Former president F. W. de Klerk has said that though he understands the objectors' point of view, he still thinks they were wrong to avoid the legitimate defence of this country against a cataclysmic revolution. Archbishop Emeritus Desmond Tutu, on the other hand, continues to sing the praises of those who bravely resisted a brutal apartheid regime.

Similar issues around patriotism exist for conscientious objectors to military service in contemporary Israel. Two of these, Omer Goldman and Yuval Ophir-Auron, have been in this country at the invitation of former ECC members. Their issue with the state of Israel is what they consider to be their country's illegal and immoral occupation of Palestine. They see a close resemblance between objection to military service in the apartheid state and their own in Israel today. They have said openly that while they are against the stance of the Israeli government, they are strongly in support of Israel as such. Like the members of South Africa's ECC, they see themselves essentially as loyal citizens. The South African Jewish Board of Deputies disagrees and resists the comparison between apartheid and the tensions working themselves out in the Middle East.

Whatever the differences in political judgment, the presence of a principled critique such as that evidenced by conscientious objectors in this country's recent past and in Israel today should be recognised for what it essentially is: a carefully considered and costly love for one's country and for the moral wellbeing of humanity.



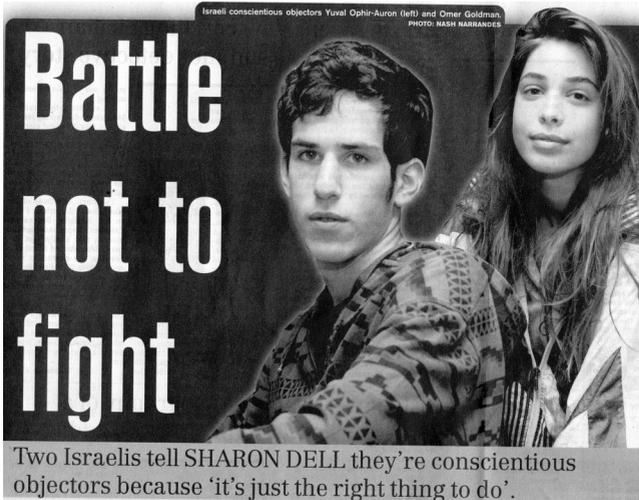
HOLDING THE LINE: An End Conscription Campaign picket in March 1988

Picture: R BOTHA

In the Natal Witness of the 4/11, Steve de Gruchy writes about how he took his 15-year-old son to the celebrations to enable him to understand the pain and penalties conscriptees faced and how they responded.

The posters of that period, the cartoons that accompanied the organisation were awe-inspiring, and their courage left you speechless.

The editor of The Witness was constrained to respond to the 25th anniversary in his editorial of the 5/11/2009: **What is Patriotism?** (see alongside).



In the same page as Sharon Dell tells of the two Israelis conscientious objectors, is the story of Michael Worsnip who commends the bravery of our conscriptees and tells how he solved his own problem.

What were we thinking?

The End Conscription Campaign, which has just celebrated its 25th anniversary, was small but very brave

MICHAEL WORSNIP
THE WITNESS - 4 November 2009.

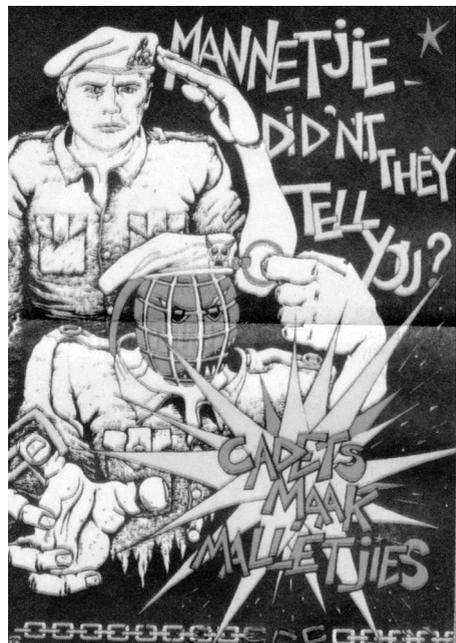
I would suggest that Rick reads, **'Soweto Explodes'** by Mosala Mosegoni and other writers for a better understanding of this period of our lives under apartheid.

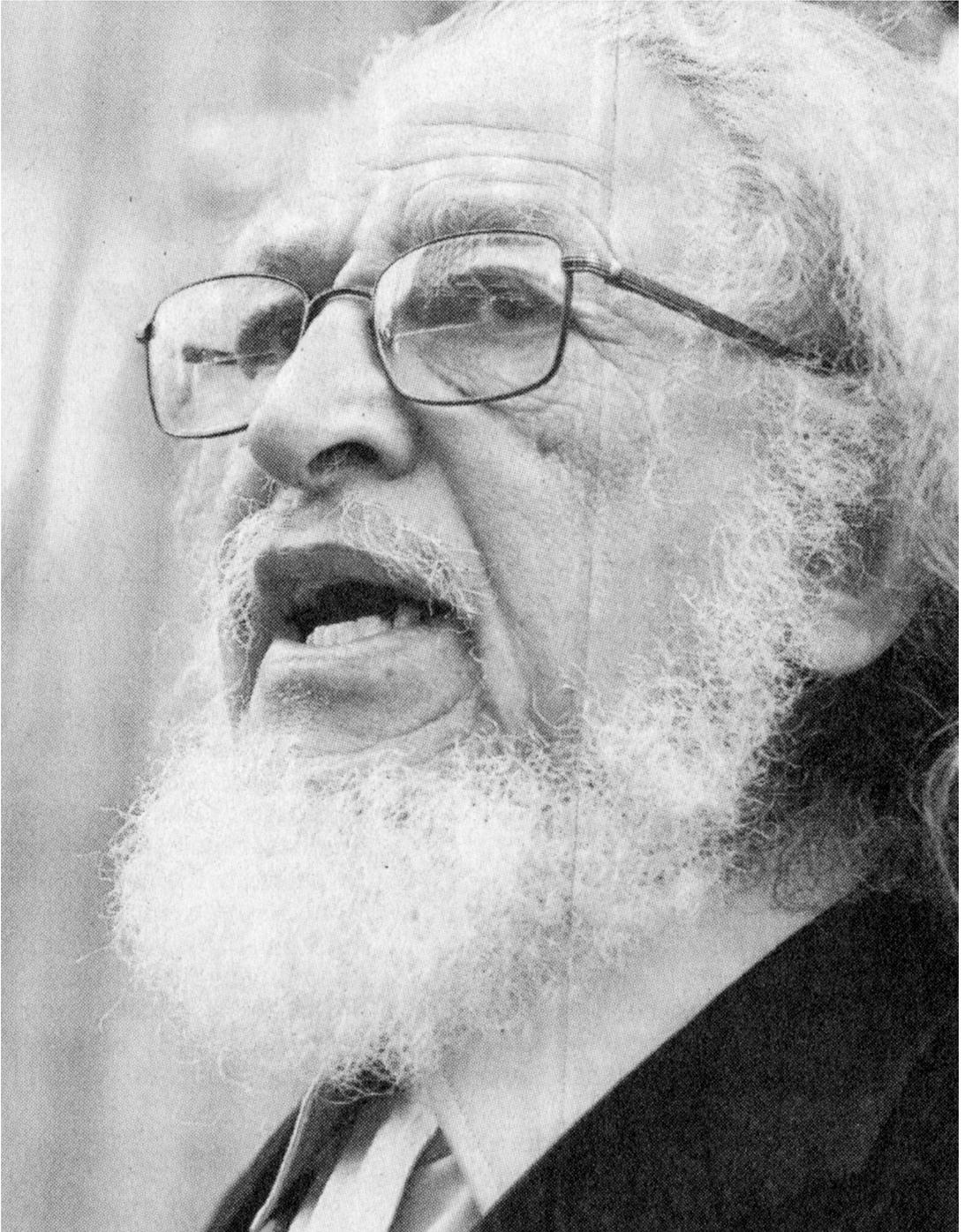
It is a difficult road to travel. Also remember it is easier for Rick to publish and market than it is for blacks. While we have democracy and a more open society today, the divide between rich and poor is the largest in the world.

We need to find new ways to help those who do not have the opportunity to publish to tell their stories.

We have to stretch out and help each other and work towards a more egalitarian society. We dare not fail the thousands who died for our country.

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
6/11/2009.





Dennis Brutus activist and former Robben Island prisoner is one of the plaintiffs in the lawsuit of gross violations of human rights. He was banned from teaching, publishing poetry, and attending meetings. PHOTO: NONHLANHLA KAMBULE-MAKGATI

DENNIS BRUTUS

At a tribute to Pete Seeger, Patrick Bond, from UKZN read out a poem Dennis Brutus wrote for Pete on the occasion. What's the connection between the two ?

Patrick Bond (from UKZN) explains below (from his introduction to the poem - Dennis's poem follows on the next page):

Dennis has a broken rib but in his absence, this poem was read today (May 3, 2009) at the local tribute to Pete Seeger at UKZN's outdoor amphitheatre, organised by Phyllis Naidoo and friends, which attracted more than 100 musical and political fans.

A vast concert (was subsequently) held in Madison Square Garden, USA (featuring the likes of Bruce Springsteen, Dave Matthews, Joan Baez, etc.)

Seeger has been Dennis' friend since 1967 when they teamed up to fight apartheid. In the mid-1970s they worked against a white South African rugby team sneaked into the US for a match in Chicago which was moved to Albany; together they opposed that tour, marching in the rain.

In 1984, when Dennis was targeted by the Reagan Administration as a subversive, and subject to deportation, Seeger volunteered to do a benefit concert at Northeastern University Law School for Dennis' appeal that raised \$18,000 for legal fees and saved the day.

This is just one way those memories continue... "

– Patrick Bond

A tribute to Pete Seeger

on his 90th birthday, 3 May 2009

by Dennis Brutus

There is joy in that voice
and lilting courage in that music
his message will endure, will endure
will endure, will endure
even while the years roll along

He has sung his songs in the face of hate
he has endured the storm's bitter cold
he has preached his faith, his tolerance
confronting scorn he said "Be bold,
we will not be trapped or lured by gold"

His voice joins a mighty chorus
Arlo, Paul Robeson, Dylan and Joan
and all who sing in support of Freedom:
we know we are never alone
we know we are never alone

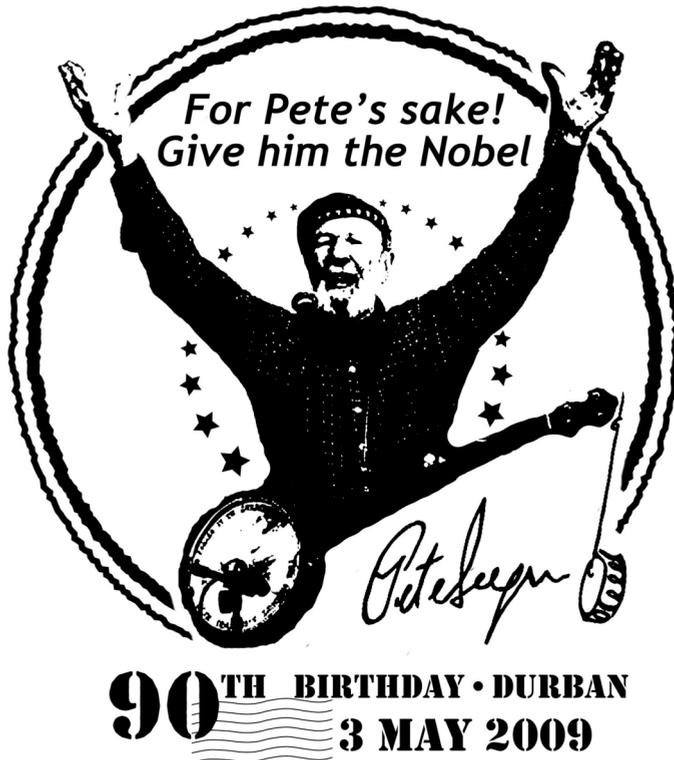
Footprints

My young comrade, Viroshen, said that Dennis Brutus cost him a distinction in his final matric English paper in 1990. An unseen poem by Dennis Brutus appeared in the Exam paper and so delighted was he by the communist nature of that poem about a girl on a red swing, coming as it was in the apartheid education system, he spent nearly the whole session analysing that poem – writing 4 or 5 pages on it, and then waking from his reverie realized that time was almost up and the poem only really accounted for 15% of the total marks. So he didn't have time to write for 85% of the marks.

“But what a poem!,” he said, “what a poem! - it was worth it.”

Dennis, our comrade, our friend, our enduring political activist – we salute you.

Phyllis Naidoo
6 November 2009
Durban



DAVID JOSEPH WEBSTER

Born: 1945 – Died: 1 May 1989

When my son was assassinated on the 15 April 1989, I had several calls from comrades and friends from all over the world, but I waited for that voice from Johannesburg who with his partner had spent a few days in Harare having come up to listen to Black musicians who were billed to play out of town. We were there together and I remember him with his partner squatting and dancing on his haunches and his laughing face etched in my memory. Why did he not call?

Then on the 1 May, 1989, May Day I heard he was shot and called his partner who said, 'David was going to call you today as he could not bear the pain of talking to you earlier.'

Janet Smith in the Independent on Saturday 13/6/2009, and Margaret Von Klemperer in The Witness on Wednesday 24/6/2009, reviewing Jacques Pauw's latest book *'Little Ice Cream Boy'* brought David Webster to my mind. While reading Janet's account, Richard Whamba was playing David's music that he loved. I was in tears.

David and partner Maggie Friedman visited me in exile in Harare. They had come to listen to a band that was due to play in the outskirts of Harare. Their visit was the first time I had met David. I had sent to him international activists to visit him in Johannesburg. They had returned with glowing reports of what David and Maggie were doing. One group was in time for the annual Christmas party with detainee's children.

They had created such happy occasions for families of the detained. With so many detentions it was a time of great fear. Their fearless lives were public property, while the government, with its military-might governed in fear of the majority of its people.

Footprints

May Day has always been celebrated. We phoned each other – Jabu and Don Kali always called until exile took over my life. Later when the nationalist Government unbanned May Day, great celebrations were held.

This international Day of Hope, protest of Worker's Day has memories of the deaths of Comrade Judson Kuzwayo (1/5/1985) and Comrade David Webster (1/5/1989)

My son Sahdhan was assassinated on the 15/4/1989 in Lusaka and David shocked at his death did not call me immediately. He was going to call me on the day he was gunned down. Maggie told me this, the very evening he was never coming home again.

So who is David Webster?

Let Eddie Webster, no relation but a colleague of note, tell you: (Eddie was an activist from the early days. He was lecturer at Natal Check the internet if you want to know more about Eddie).

A TRIBUTE TO DAVID WEBSTER **by Eddie Webster**

"We are gathered to pay tribute to our colleague, valued teacher and friend, David Webster.

"From time to time in the history of opposition to apartheid in our open universities, there has arisen from within our ranks men and women who have had the courage to transcend the narrow confines of the established role of university teacher. By their combination of theory and practice they have been able to go beyond the 'ivory tower' and engage directly with the struggle of the majority for democracy. By challenging racist practices they have threatened the apartheid system. David Webster was such a man.

"But David was different He was different in two ways. Firstly, David did not come from a comfortable liberal background. His father was a miner and David was brought up in the Copperbelt in colonial Northern Rhodesia. But unlike many graduates of working class

Footprints

background David did not develop a narrow careerism. Instead he chose the difficult path of an activist academic. What does this mean?

“For David it meant that he fused the role of anthropologist with that of active engagement with the struggles, the sufferings and the hopes of ordinary people, both black and white.

“David was no common-room politician pronouncing on the struggle from a distance; nor was he an opportunist trying to make money out of the anti-apartheid struggle. David's involvement in these struggles was, as he himself has said, always a personal, grass-roots experiential thing, rather than a fully intellectual one.

“David's first anti-apartheid act was in 1965 at Rhodes University. I remember it well as we were students together at that time. It was the period of high apartheid, and the Grahamstown City Council had banned blacks from watching — let alone playing in — the Rhodes First rugby team. We were outraged and organised a dawn to dusk sit-in on the library steps. It was the time of the civil rights movement in the South and we sang freedom songs such as WE SHALL OVERCOME. David's hero at the time was the liberal civil-rights campaigner, Bobby Kennedy.

“But these were dark years for opposition in South Africa. Despairing liberals turned to acts of individual violence, others emigrated or became apolitical businessmen. David was fortunate to join the staff of Wits in the early 1970s as a new generation of academics began to develop a radical critique of the very core of the apartheid system, the exploitation of black labour.

“Although David's PhD had been on the traditional anthropological topic of kinship his field work had taken him to southern Mozambique where he had been exposed to the effects of migrant labour. Arising out of this field-work

“David wrote his widely quoted article on underdevelopment and migrant labour in Mozambique. This led him to explore related issues such as the social history of tuberculosis and the social causes of malnutrition. David's reputation as an anthropologist grew rapidly both here and abroad and in 1976 he was invited to lecture for two years at the University of Manchester, the leading department of anthropology in Britain.

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"This period overseas was to prove a turning point in David's life. We all noticed the change in his personality and his priorities when he returned to Wits in 1978. But it was the detention of some of his students in 1981, in particular Barbara Hogan, that was to catapult David into the role that led to his tragic assassination on that fateful May Day morning.

"I suggested at the beginning of my talk that David was different in two ways. The first was his social background. The second was that, unlike most people who go through a temporary phase of radicalism while students that rapidly fades with age, David's commitment to change deepened as he got older.

"Initially David tried to bring his colleagues with him. In 1981 he formed CADS — the Conference of Academics for a Democratic Society — as a pressure group designed to persuade the university to become more involved in community issues. In a statement of principle for CADS he wrote:

'We must be prepared to broaden our concept of education beyond the boundaries traditionally imposed on it the boundaries of ivory towers and scholarly monasticism. We have to understand that education is that which enables people to take control of their own lives. We are thus involved in a social practice which is potentially a major force in the struggle for a just and democratic society and we must face up to the consequences of that involvement.'

"CADS failed to win much support from his colleagues. David was deeply hurt by the dismissive attitude of some. It was only recently that he began again to interest himself in the politics of the university, as Wits began to demonstrate a new awareness of the relationship between university and community.

It was during this period of renewed intellectual creativity that David was to write his most relevant work - his close monitoring of the growing repression and violence in South Africa.

'Assassinations,' he wrote, 'are used as one of the methods of controlling government opposition when all other methods such as detention or intimidation have failed. It is a very rare event indeed when such assassinations are ever solved.'

Footprints

“It was also recently that David began to write academic articles again around his research on ethnicity and gender in a KwaZulu border community. Those who have read them see in David's latest work a new maturity that benefits from his political engagement. Who knows what this new phase in David's life would have led to?

“I had the privilege of spending an evening with David a week before he died. He described the confrontation he had had with the security police that afternoon at a detainees 'tea party'. He had had to intervene on behalf of detainees' families when police and soldiers harassed and disrupted the tea party. I was struck by the significance of his mediating role and how powerful his quietly spoken manner must have been in that situation.

“Perhaps his unassuming and gentle manner ironically posed the greatest threat to the violence of apartheid. The university has quite rightly called for his killers to be punished. Many observers believe the finger points squarely at an element within the system itself. They have noted that those responsible must have had information about David's personal life. This information could only have been gained through intense and systematic surveillance, by bugging his telephone and following him.



“But no amount of punishment will bring David back. The best tribute we as university academics can make to David is to take more seriously the challenge he made to us to become academics for a democratic society. “ – Eddie Webster.

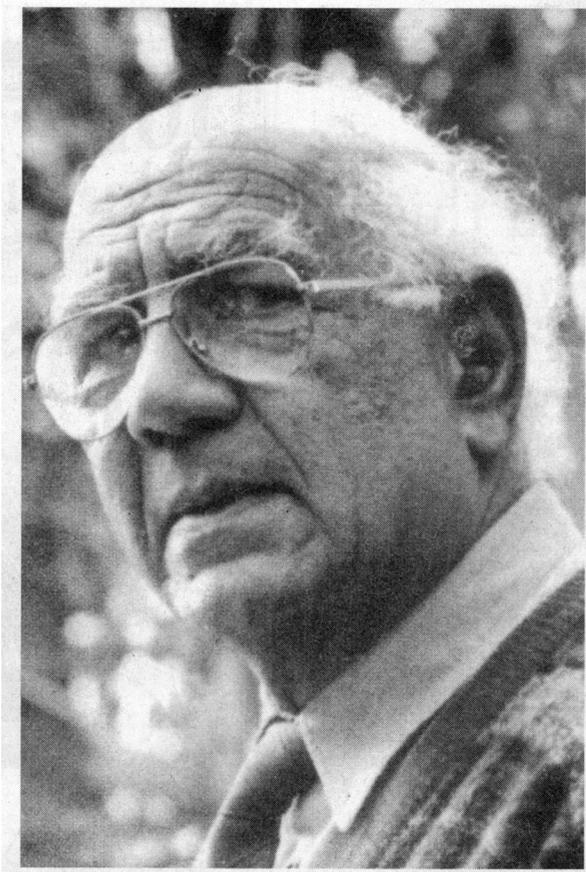
There is much written and published about David, I shall bore you no further. His footsteps are deeply embedded in our democracy!

Hamba Kahle Comrade

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
30 October 2009.

RICHARD DUDLEY

Born 15 April 1924 – Died June 2009.



It was Dr Gonda Perez, now Deputy Dean Health Sciences Faculty, at University of Cape Town, who two years ago while chatting told me that she loved one Dudley who taught her in her Matriculation year at Livingstone High School in 1973 (See Footprints Beyond Grey Street)

Today 15 June 2009, Goolam Aboobaker, erstwhile employee of the Presidency, now working in New York, USA, while visiting confirmed that he knew Dudley and that he was a great teacher and belonged to the

Unity Movement. They came a cropper over the popular cry of “liberation before education” – Dudley believed that the ANC was playing government’s game. In spite of this difference, Goolam himself a Mathematics teacher in Durban says that Dudley was an excellent teacher.

In the undermentioned motivation to the Honorary Degrees Committee, more of this great educationist comes to the fore to better understand this icon of the struggle.

“MOTIVATION FOR AN HONORARY DOCTORATE

(Taken from “Teacher and Comrade – Richard Dudley and the Fight for Democracy” by Alan Weider)

Richard Dudley was born in 1924 to Samuel and Alleta Dudley in Newlands, Cape Town. Samuel Dudley was the principal of St Andrew’s Mission School in Newlands, the primary school that Richard Dudley attended. He then went to Livingstone High School and later the University of Cape Town, where he obtained his education qualifications.

Dudley entered standard five at Livingstone High School at the age of 9. He excelled academically and wanted to study English and History at university but the School committee decided that they should “study science so that you could come back to Livingstone to teach science and mathematics”

Dudley was just 15 when he enrolled at the University of Cape Town (UCT), while World War II was raging. It was while at UCT that Dudley began his political activities as part of the New Era Fellowship (NEF) the Student Socialist Society and later the Non-European Unity Movement (NEUM). Dudley excelled at UCT and after his first two years, began teacher training and a master’s degree in biology, which he completed within five years of entering university. Dudley graduated in 1944 with a bachelor’s degree, master’s degree and a teacher training certificate.

Dudley began his teaching career in 1945 at the age of 20 at Livingstone High School and remained there for the next 39 years. Family responsibilities prevented him from continuing at university to pursue an academic career. Initially Dudley taught Maths, Science and English but gave up English after a year. While at Livingstone, Dudley developed his own curriculum as he was opposed to the “coloured curriculum” that was being put forward by government.

Politics and opposition to racial discrimination and apartheid was part of what made up Livingstone High School. Many of the teachers were members of the Teacher’s league of South Africa (TLSA). The principal when Dudley first joined the school was Edward Roberts who was the President of TLSA and chairperson of Anti-CAD (Anti Coloured Affairs Department). The school boycotted many events arranged by the CAD

Footprints

to celebrate colonial history such as the anniversary of the arrival of Jan van Riebeeck in the Cape. In 1953, on the retirement of Roberts, Dudley was named acting Principal, on motivation by the school committee.

Dudley believed that every child had potential for growth and dignity and worked towards ensuring that they reached this potential. He ensured, like his predecessors, that the learning at Livingstone was not limited to academics but aimed at education in the fullest sense of the word. Political issues were integrated into the teaching. It was this ethos that ensured that Dudley never became principal, even though he was eminently qualified for the job. In 1955 the Livingstone School Committee approached the superintendent general of education, Mr Malan to ask that Dudley be appointed as the principal of the school. This request was repeated frequently throughout the 39 years that Dudley spent at Livingstone High School but was always refused. Mr Malan's response was that he would not pay for Dudley opposing the department's school policies.

Despite many attempts by the Department of Education at repression of what was seen as "politics" at Livingstone (the banning and detention of staff members some examples), Dudley saw as his mission to continue teaching and working towards democracy in South Africa.

In the 1960s the Dudley family became one of thousands to be removed from their home in Newlands as the area was declared "white" under the group Areas Act. Most of the family moved overseas at this time. Dudley was committed to staying in South Africa and continuing the work at Livingstone and in the struggle for democracy. Richard Dudley was affected again by the Group Areas Act in the 1970s when Claremont where he lived was designated as a "white area" and he was forced to move to Elfindale.

In 1961 Dudley was banned along with 200 other teachers. He was allowed to continue teaching at Livingstone but was not allowed to attend meetings or participate in NEUM or TLSA activities or teach at the technical college. In 1963 Dudley returned to UCT to do a degree in business administration. The decision to study was mainly to "assert the right to attend the University of Cape Town without getting permission from the Minister of Education". He obtained a B.Comm degree after 4 years of study.

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Dudley continued, throughout the apartheid years, to push his students academically towards a university education. Teachers at Livingstone and other such schools went way beyond what was required by the syllabus provided by the Coloured Affairs Department. Despite protests by the Department, Dudley found ways of maintaining high standards and included political awareness in whatever was taught.

The greatest legacy that Dudley has given South Africa is the success of hundreds of pupils who obtained professional qualifications and university degrees, many of whom became academics and reached the professorial level. Dudley taught them that while maths, science and academics are important, it is more important to be a critical thinker and fight for what is just.

For this contribution to education and democracy in South Africa, Richard Dudley is deserving of an honorary doctorate from his alma mater, the University of Cape Town. “

This is Dr Gonda Perez who conducted the funeral:

“Words seem so inadequate to describe the impact that RO Dudley or Pops, as we affectionately called him, had on me and the hundreds of students he taught – not only at Livingstone but also at UCT, the townships around Cape Town and within the political structures he led and participated in. Mr Dudley, as we heard today, was an intellectual giant, a freedom fighter, a political leader, a person of great integrity and moral standing, and a person who could debate intelligently on any subject, be it sport, medicine, literature science or languages.

Mr Dudley’s influence extended way beyond the classroom and it would be an injustice to restrict his value to education.

However it is as a teacher (Gary and I were in the same class) that I and hundreds of others encountered Mr Dudley. He could have been an outstanding physicist or mathematician, sociologist or historian and made a huge contribution to the academe, such were his intellectual skills. He elected to teach young people and be involved in the struggle for justice. For this, I and hundreds of others are grateful. He taught his pupils way beyond what was prescribed by the Coloured Affairs Department. He ensured that we were taught to think analytically, to reason and look critically at the world around us.

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Mr Dudley brought issues of social justice into our lessons. He encouraged us to read about global events and analyse what was happening in the world. As Malcolm Campbell, from the class of '73 says: "Mr Dudley's teaching was such that in addition to performing academically, we had a social and political role to play, which was equally important... He constantly emphasised the need to subject everything that may have seemed commonplace to critical scrutiny, and would never miss an opportunity to display with what rigour this critical scrutiny should be applied."

Another fellow pupil Denise Sims reminisces: "Probably the most significant of the contributions RO Dudley made to our impressionable and developing minds as high school students, was the deep conviction that as human beings we were entitled to dignity and the same rights and opportunities as everyone else, irrespective of race, colour, creed, and gender. He also instilled in us as students, both through what he said and did, that we should not be passive in the face of oppression, that it was our moral obligation to take a stand against injustice."

The policies of the apartheid government ensured that he would never be a principal, but all of us knew who led the school.

I visited Mr Dudley, when he was ill in bed. I reminded him of how intimidated we were of him when he taught us. He was a strict disciplinarian and anyone who broke the rules was punished. Sometimes he resorted to corporal punishment. But we all knew that Mr Dudley's tongue was more effective than any cane and no-one wanted to be on the receiving end of a tongue-lashing from Mr Dudley.

Mr Dudley, in a conversation that we had when I was trying to get him to agree to accepting the honorary doctorate from UCT, reminded me that he could not have done it on his own – that he was privileged to teach alongside the best teachers available at the time. He spoke of Mrs Petersen, GL Abrahams, Tessa Fairbairn and others who preceded and antedated them. Mr Dudley of course rattled off all the names along with a brief bio-sketch of each – I unfortunately don't have his memory and can only repeat some of the names.

I would like to end off with a piece I wrote the morning after Mr Dudley's graduation with an honorary doctorate from UCT on the 7 April 2009:

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“Last night I was privileged to be part of four UCT people and Mr Dudley's immediate family who attended his graduation with an honorary doctorate from UCT. It was very moving. In typical style, Mr Dudley would not allow us to take charge of what would be his moment. From his bed he was the centre of it all and commanded from that position. He took time to acknowledge everyone - mine was "my pupil from class of '73" - said the names of each of his family members and where they fit in and what they do.. He welcomed everyone, remembering everyone's names - it was so moving, I felt tears that I had to hurriedly choke back. After the reading of the citation and the conferring of the degree Mr Dudley - although visibly tired, made a short speech of thanks. The ceremonial hat kept slipping and Mr Dudley had to frequently adjust it - Max Price, the VC, said maybe he would prefer to take it off but Mr Dudley kept it on. Even from his bed and being ill and weak he was very much in charge...

“To RO Dudley's family I want to say thank you for sharing your father and grandfather with us. “

Thank you Dr Dudley. Our democracy is deeply in your debt.

Hamba Kahle comrade!

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
30 October 2009.

ARCHBISHOP DENIS HURLEY

(Born: 9 November 1915 Died: 13 February 2004)



Archbishop Emeritus Denis Hurley, centre, at the Freedom March in 1989 with other religious leaders.

The Mercury, 20/08/2009

On the morning of the 17 August 2009, my copy of *The Witness* and yours held the story of Paddy Kearney's second book on Hurley. This was followed by Patrick Leeman's article in *The Mercury* of the 20 August and *The Sowetan's* picture of Paddy flanked by our Premier Mkhize and Judge President Shabalala on the 27 August. I remembered some other insights of Hurley that I would like to share with you.

You cannot expect these in order in which they happened. My near 82 years makes that impossible. I shall try:

Around 1938, we moved from Pentrich to Thomas Street, the bottom end of Church Street in Pietermaritzburg. We started attending St. Anthony's Church at the corners of Loop and Retief Streets. Here Father Gabriel was priest in charge. You noticed immediately he had a wooden leg as it squeaked noisily and mercilessly. He managed the altar and his priestly duties in that area.

The body of the Church was flanked by two areas – on the left was the choir and right was an area for whites. **Very few whites came to Mass. From time to time Hurley and his mother sat here as well.** He was a handsome fellow and young lasses twittered their approval.

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He and his mother received Communion first. The others mostly Indian received Communion after Hurley.

As you can see this was long before The Nationalist Party came into power in 1948!

I recall teasing Hurley about white seats at St Anthony's and why he received Communion before us. Where was his humility? He acknowledged that it was a painful period.

In 1948, my 12 year old brother Buck died very suddenly. We sought the assistance of the Catholic Church he attended - Maris Stella in Mugrave Road. It was a white church but the priest heard our confessions before Communion and we attended Mass on Sundays. When Buck died we were told that we did not belong to that church, but St. Theresa's, in Sydenham, as we lived in Overport.

When we saw the priest in charge at St Theresa's, **he shouted that we look for the church only when we had a dead body and refused to bury Buck.** My father, Simon David, a Methodist said he would seek the help of his church to bury Buck.

My mother, Violet David got everyone screaming and crying and at the same time Sisters Regis and another walked into our home. Buck was in Standard 4 at St Anthony's school in Centenary Road, Durban.

The phone had not become part of our home and I had to accompany the Sisters to the tearoom across the road for use of their telephone.

She phoned the Cathedral where the priest on duty said he was agreeable to taking the funeral, if Buck's body was at the Cathedral at midday and not a minute later. I am not sure what happened but he was buried in a grave close to the Cathedral.

That was the last day that I went to church. Buck's death rattled my Dad who was an agnostic until then. Many friends visited my Dad including his best friend BD Lalla who offered advice to deal with his grief. It was soon after Buck died that family prayers in the evening found its place in the family home. Later he read with the children Alan Paton's book "Cry The Beloved Country".

I was living in Durban while the family home moved from Umzinto to Verulam. On one occasion I visited in the evening and found the

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family at prayers. I sat outside the home until they were finished. My Catholic mother went to her church with some of the children.

I am glad that I had both religious parents of differing faiths as it made my choice to atheism easier. My Mum was very worried by the lack of God in my life and feared I would be excommunicated. She arranged to see Bishop Hurley. I think this is how the interview went:

“I am worried about my daughter, who does not attend church nor has she been to confession and communion for years.”

“Who is your daughter?”

“Phyllis Naidoo.”

“She is my best Catholic! Don’t worry about her!”

Why, I do not understand!

In 1974 there were several releases from prison. Finding jobs and clothing was an ongoing job. I wrote to Bishop Hurley asking if he knew of any help available for someone who wanted to work with leather. We needed R100. He replied soon saying he had asked The South African Council of Churches (SACC) and they had no funds. (Aside the SACC wrote to me asking me on whose authority I was assisting prisoners. It was signed by John Rees - who later suffered some problems that took him to prison).

Bishop Hurley asked soon thereafter if Paddy Kearney could sit in my office in CNR House, to see how I handled ex-Robben Islanders. I remember discussions with Paddy. The work of Diakonia began and it was better funded than my office. They were doing great work. They had a library or was it a Reading room?

In 1976, Bishop Hurley’s home, which later became the Indian Ambassador’s home in the elite suburbs, was petrol-bombed. The nuns admitted me and I found others on ladders clearing the burnt curtains. I asked for the Bishop and the nuns said he was waiting for me. I thought this was a joke and went into the garden.

He was sitting alone on a garden bench and I asked why he was alone. I will never forget what his reply was: **“You don’t think I carry my church with me.”**

There were many Catholics in the municipality and I expected there would be many people with the Bishop!

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1977 found me in exile and after I found a job and could pay my daughter's school fees, I sent Paddy a cheque for Diakonia in the sum of R100. I was receiving their publications and knew they were in need of funds.

When I returned from exile in 1990 I went to see Paddy after giving the library boxes of publication. Paddy, then, was best described as hostile. He mumbled that he was detained by the Special Branch for the cheque I had sent him.

At first I was confused. My son Sahdhan was assassinated in Lusaka and this had much publicity as my brother Paul had to seek permission to leave South Africa to attend the funeral. Paddy would have known, but he was very angry and went on about his detention. I eventually left.

I visited Hurley as well and he was very happy that the Soviet Union was no more. It proved that the Catholic Church was correct about Communism. I teased that the Catholic Church would continue to be the largest land owner in the world, now that competition was no more!

When Hurley was pensioned and became a preacher at the Cathedral, I was living in a flat that belonged to a family known as Sissing, who had worked in the Coloured Affairs (an apartheid structure).

They were in a hurry to migrate to Australia and they refused to be civil to me and referred me to their attorney who was dealing with transfer of the Flat.

Even when they removed their property from the flat they refused to talk to me. Were they afraid of me or the new black government? There were two children who were not allowed to speak to me.

Naturally I took over their Post Box and directed their letters to Australia. After sometime I opened my post and found one from the Cathedral asking for their tithes and it was signed by Bishop Hurley. I wrote to him apologising for opening the letter and told him that the Sissings had moved to Australia, and had forgotten their Catholic duties.

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There was a further celebration for Hurley at the Cathedral – I am not sure why, but I attended the service which was packed. I sought him out and wished him well.

He was pleased at the crowds that attended the function and I reminded him about that lonely visit in 1976 and asked if the crowds today had not come for the biryani.

“God knows, Phyllis!”

Hamba Kahle Bishop and thank you for your role in the struggle to establish democracy in our country!

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
16 September 2009.



PIC FROM GCIS

THE INAUGURATION

9 MAY 2009

I switched on the TV at 11.00 am, hoping to cut out the preliminaries to South Africa's fourth Presidential inauguration ceremony. This was not to be. Viewers were forced to endure the commentator Tim Modise talking to a military big wig about soon-to-be President Zuma's late arrival. Thunder storms were threatening to upstage the proceedings. We in the 'third world' welcome the rain – it's a sign of better things to come. Superstition like Hope springs eternal!

The 'first world' usually dressed for a cattle show dare not have rain, as their top hats and woman's head dresses, costly hairstyles and facials would be reduced to an unsightly catastrophe.

The 'first world' lent its glitz and glamour to the event, while the 'third world' which gave its votes in thousands to the soon-to-be President, awaited him, after the pomp and ceremony of the oath-taking to begin their musical extravaganza.

I watched the President (he of many wives) arrive with his senior wife, Sizakele Khumalo holding her hand. I choked with delight at his choice on this auspicious day.

Thirty five years ago, in 1974, after a ten year stretch on Robben Island, he visited my crowded flat in Brickfield Road, Overport, holding Sizakele Khumalo's hand, guiding her to lunch with my children, Sahdhan, Sha and Sukhthi.

Sizakele Khumalo answered to another name then, one which evades me now, but I recalled her severe, pained face which she carried 35 years ago.

Prior to his arrest, detention and subsequent incarceration, she had been engaged to Comrade Zuma. I had learnt from Zuma, the awful cost to her of his incarceration.

I am uncertain whether Zuma with his limited level of literacy and he himself learning to read and being self-taught had written to her in Zulu or whether Sizakele would have been able to read at the time. It was an impossible time for both.

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Lobolo had not been paid, and her father impatient for grand children, wanted her married to another man. To avoid this heartache Sizakele drank winter-green, an external medicinal preparation. The excruciating pain and subsequent disability she endured made it impossible for her to ever have children. She had performed her own execution! (See *'Footprints in Grey Street by Naidoo*).

My memory plays tricks with me now. In those dark years I interacted with so many ex-Robben Islanders from the then Natal Province and their families, that I am not sure of this. I thought it was Zuma who brought 10 Christmas cards when he visited me saying that they were all the letters or cards that he had had while at the Island. I had sent them all!

I am sure though he had told 'his lawyer' that he had not received a single letter on the Island. In this vacuum Sizakele had not lost faith in him. Ten years is a life-time to live in a vacuum!

My children and I were in awe of our luncheon guests. Before this lunch I had bought Sizakele a sewing machine for R150 to help earn her keep. Much later I bought house-arrested Leonard Mdingi a similar machine to help him patch and mend clothes at 6 cents a piece in Umlazi or was it Lamontville?

It was Archie Gumede, my partner in our legal firm, who persuaded me that Lobolo was a contract like any other and I should help Zuma with the R400 he required, if I was able to.

I think I was able to pay part of the '**umvula mlomu**' (open your mouth) ceremony as well. I love this ceremony. The elder (most times the father) would sit on the branch of a tree and had to be persuaded with gifts (eg. a shirt) to come down and start the matrimonial negotiations. Today, our guys (kneeling) do it with a boxed diamond ring and after marriage, deal with the mother-in-law - daily these are in our comic strips.

There were so many arrested in 1963! In Durban we had the ANC 27 on trial in Ladysmith and Billy Nair's 21, umKhonto weSizwe trial in Pietermaritzburg and others.

I was not aware of Zuma's arrest on the 12 August 1963, but met 'Jo' a co-accused in 1977 in exile. He had served a similar 10 year sentence on Robben Island. They were MK cadres arrested crossing the

Bechuanaland (now Botswana) border on the way to acquire military skills. Jo, while hanging out of the window of the 10th floor (similar to Babla Saloojee, murdered in detention 9/9/1964) told the following story:

They were going to Tanzania to study music.

This was their defence! The SB's (special branch of the South African police) laughed, saying Cape Town University (UCT) taught music. Why did you not go to Cape Town, where no illegal crossing and passport was necessary?

What my informant did not tell his torturers then, was that UCT did not admit Africans.

I am not sure what Zuma's defence was, but you do not plead guilty. The court must be used to politicise the visitors in the gallery, the court officials and the judicial officers.

Zuma was released from Robben Island at the end of 1973. By the end of 1974 he had left the country. He rang me on the 5 January 1975 (my birthday) to say he was safe in Swaziland. In all he was at home for a year into which he packed so much.

His marriage to Sizakele, his jobs, 3 meetings a day – one before work at 7am, one at lunch time and one after work at 5 pm – returning after 11 pm.

His constant need of money for petrol, for work - he travelled to Pietermaritzburg, to beyond Stanger, to a comrade on the South coast and to Newcastle.

His work took him to other comrades all equally poor. One was Riot Mkwanzazi, our boxer who flattened many a Special Branch officer and who spent ten years on Robben Island. On his return Riot was jobless and dependent on his poor family. Whenever he walked to Stanger to visit comrades, he would see my brother Paul David, his attorney. Paul took care of him and his family when he was house-arrested and until he left for exile to complete his military training.

The large family and friends Zuma has today were not around then. He only had his brother Mike and Sizakele. He wore Mike's old clothes on

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his return from jail, but nothing that was bought from Casanova (a popular men's boutique in Grey Street)!

Then the other incident I recall was the fact that his first job was at a pet shop at the end of Berea Road, where he filled bird seeds into little packets similar in size to those in which sweets are packed and given out at a child's baptism or christening. It was boring work, mind-destroying work. At the end of the week he earned R17.34 cents

Does he run to the furniture shops to buy a radio? He complained he was better informed on Robben Island. Released he was starved of information – he could not afford the daily newspaper. So which was his jail?

He walked into my office throwing his wages on the table, saying "Put this into your Trust Account for Curnick Ndlovu's father to visit his son on Robben Island."

He who had never had a visit for the ten years on Robben Island wanted Curnick (serving a 20 year stretch) to be visited by his father.



PIC FROM GCIS

Footprints

I am shivering! It was only a year in the country of his birth in 'freedom' and then forced into exile. Read my book ('Footsteps in Grey Street') for more.

For the most part, I write about comrades who have died and end with, 'Hamba Kahle.' But I say the same to President Zuma:

Hamba Kahle - Go well – on this challenging path before you!

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
19/5/2009.

HELEN McCUE

(b. 10 April 1949) Australian
Educator, Nurse, Refugee Advocate and Researcher

**Visiting Durban (16 - 19 September 2009) en route to receiving
the Elijah Barayi Award at the Cosatu Conference**



Helen McCue (centre) with Phyllis (right) and Jackie (Left)

BELOW - FROM AN EMAIL INVITE TO ATTEND A TALK BY HELEN DURING HER BRIEF STAY WITH ME IN DURBAN:

The CCS (UKZN) and SMI-KZN cordially invites you to a seminar / discussion with Helen McCue (Australian Community Activist and Author).

Topic : **Grassroots Mobilising within Refugee Communities:
Perspectives on Palestine and Australia**
Date : 18 September 2008, Friday
Time : 10am - 12pm
Venue : CCS Seminar Room - F208, Howard College, UKZN

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Helen McCue is best known as a co-founder of Rural Australians for Refugees (2001). A trained nurse educator she worked with the World Health Organisation (WHO) in the Middle East in 1981, was then seconded to the United Nations Relief and Works Organisation (UNRWA) in Lebanon, and subsequently worked as a volunteer in refugee camps in Beirut 1982-83. In 1984 she co-founded the trade union aid body Australian People for Health Education and Development Abroad (APHEDA), and was its first Executive Director and regional adviser in South Africa and the Middle East until early 1994. She founded the Women Refugee Education Network (1996) and the Wingecarribee Community Foundation (2001), and was involved in the establishment of Wingecarribee Reconciliation Group (1997).

Helen has been with us in the struggle for many years. I recall meeting her in Lusaka working with the ANC and SACTU. Living with me in Harare, Zimbabwe! She returned with us from exile and lived in Braamfontein and when in Durban lived with me in Durban.

Helen probably told me her work was part of the solidarity work with Apheda and the ANC/SACTU, later COSATU. Some of this work still continues to the present. We lived with the premise in the struggle period, 'know only what you need to know' and of course memory at 82 years is not predictable.

In answer to questions about APHEDA, Helen sent the following.

I am staggered by the depth of her involvement in our struggle and the depth of her skills she brought and also the magnitude of her commitment. She was involved in so many aspects of our life that we were not aware of. And yes, she deserved that most prestigious award named after Elijah, the first president of Cosatu.



Elijah Barawi

Here it is (next page):

APHEDA: 20 Years of Working for Freedom

The story of how, through Union Aid Abroad—APHEDA, Australian trade unionists have made a strategic contribution to the achievement of non-racist non-sexist democracy and development in South Africa and to fighting poverty and HIV across southern Africa.

Programs in Southern Africa, 1985-2004

Soon after APHEDA was formed by the ACTU as the overseas humanitarian aid agency of the Australian trade union movement in 1984, Helen McCue co-founder and Executive Officer held meetings with Eddie Funde, the ANC representative based in the Sydney Trades Hall, about how to get assistance for those struggling against apartheid, in particular those refugees in Zambia and Tanzania associated with the liberation movements. APHEDA focussed initially on refugees and national liberation movements; its first training programs were with the Eritreans, nurses from the Palestinian refugee camps, and the ANC.

Not long after the discussions with Eddie, Helen McCue made her first trip to Lusaka where she met with the exiled ANC leadership, in particular President Oliver Tambo and Treasurer-General Thomas Nkobi. With Nkobi, known affectionately as "TG", Helen mapped out a strategy for a program of support to the ANC.

Programs in exile in the frontline states, 1985-1990

From 1984 to 1990 during this period of exile, Helen visited Lusaka in Zambia and Harare in Zimbabwe and Mazimbu in Tanzania at least twice or three times a year, coordinating, monitoring and evaluating APHEDA's program of leadership training support to the ANC. APHEDA placed several technical experts, ESL, Donna Burns being one of these (in 1987, with AEU support), at the **Solomon Mhlangu Freedom College**, known as SOMAFSCO, at Mazimbu in Tanzania. She was followed by Ailsa Purdon in 1989. Here we worked closely with Muhammad Tickly implementing an extensive program of technical and vocational support. APHEDA provided computer training for the ANC's Department of Education, Finance and Culture in Lusaka and extensive **administrative and management training** for many of the ANC's departments, including Women, Sports, Media and Finance. Scholarships for training in Zimbabwe, Zambia and Tanzania were offered to ANC staff in technical areas such as electrical, printing and librarianship.

APHEDA also provided support to the SA trade union movement through SACTU (South African Council of Trade Unions) and later worked with **COSATU** inside South Africa. Kay Moonsamy and others became firm friends. ACOA and MOA (now CPSU and ASU) supported management and administrative training for SACTU staff in 1986-8. The South Australian PSA and MUA supported occupational health and safety training with SACTU/COSATU from 1988. APHEDA also worked with the South African Olympic movement in exile, meeting and working closely with Sam Ramsamy and Steve Tshwete, who became Sports Minister in the first democratically elected government.

Advocacy, training and visits to Australia

In addition to development assistance, APHEDA and Helen McCue as Secretary to the **Australian ANC Support Committee**, supported the ANC which was the dominant voice of the anti-apartheid movement in Australia during those years to 1990. We provided considerable administrative support to the committee's various activities such as the sports, cultural, travel and consumer boycotts, and the visits to Australia of the ANC's Foreign Affairs Minister Johnny Makatini, President Oliver Tambo, Thabo Mbeki, Gertrude Shope and, on his release from prison in 1990, Nelson Mandela.

The Australian ANC Support Committee also brought to Australia the famed Amandla cultural group. As part of APHEDA's advocacy work we also supported a number of speaking tours by various members of the ANC leadership. A particularly noteworthy one was in April 1989 with TG and Steve Tshwete. The major purpose was to raise funds for the ANC's various primary and secondary schools, and technical and vocational training projects. There was also a series of meetings for Steve Tshwete with key sports bodies, in particular the Australian Rugby Union which was about to send a team to South Africa breaking the international sports boycott. We met with ARU President Jo French and Steve gave an impassioned speech about the need to maintain the boycott. It was an extraordinary meeting leaving Jo with tears in his eyes. Soon after this Jo made a phone call to the South African Rugby Union cancelling the tour.

In Australia APHEDA provided scholarships for **media training** for staff of the ANC in exile, and with the support of the ABC Staff Association, trained a number of people who later worked for the South African Broadcasting Corporation, now chaired by Eddie Funde. Barto La

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Guma and Peige Boikanyo came for TV editing training in 1986, and Victor Moche for 4 months of training in film production techniques. Sual Pelle came for a longer training period in mid-1989. APHEDA also provided scholarships in project office and educational management and administration and **community arts** in Australia: Lux Motau came in mid-1989. It was an extensive program of leadership training in preparation for the new democratic non-racist, non-sexist South Africa that everyone hoped and worked for. Like Eddie, many of these people now hold leadership positions in the South African government departments.

Programs in South Africa during the fight for democracy 1990-1994

After Nelson Mandela's release in February 1990 and the unbanning of the liberation movements, APHEDA was able to establish an office in Johannesburg (located with the Institute for Contextual Theology in Braamfontein) and provided considerable support to the ANC during the transition period.

In March 1990 prior to going to South Africa, Helen suggested to TG that the Australian Government, and in particular Foreign Minister Gareth Evans, would be keen to make a significant gesture of support to Mandela at the forthcoming Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting. Helen recommended the ANC ask for \$20m of development assistance to support the transition to democracy. Eddie Funde, Mohammad Tickly, TG and Helen sat down in Lusaka and framed a development request. To TG's amazement the Australian Government agreed to this proposal and Gareth Evans was able to make this announcement to Mandela when he first met him.

Gareth Evans was able to visit South Africa in 1993, and staged a memorable visit to APHEDA's projects in **Soshanguve**, near Pretoria, where a sharp altercation with SA security gained headlines. In that township, in association with the Catholic church, community organisations and later the Soshanguve Residents' Trust, APHEDA supported a range of youth leadership, women's cooperatives, and local government training programs to 1996.

Planned with Sam Ramsamy, Steve Tshwete and Bill Jardine in Lusaka in 1989 was a program begun inside South Africa in 1990, with the anti-apartheid **National Sports Congress**, supporting sports training for young women and men in townships across South Africa designed to lead to the integration of the SA sports bodies, such as the National

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Olympic Committee of South Africa. This included the staging of the first large non-racial youth sport carnivals.

As soon as it was possible in 1990 the Australian government decided to grant through APHEDA a sum of almost \$4m for the **repatriation** of the South Africans from the liberation movements who were in exile. This involved costs of travel and resettlement. The **Batlagae Trust** was established to give thousands of primary, high school, college and university students from exile in the frontline states scholarships to integrate into the South African education system. Many found this process difficult, particularly those who did not speak local languages, and who had lost parents during the struggle. The Trust also assisted the establishment of a model non-racial community school in Yeoville in downtown Johannesburg, with specialist learning services to cater for the particular needs of the primary students coming from exile.

In 1991-92 APHEDA supported the **Association of Ex-Political Prisoners**, with members from different liberation movements, in work skills training: brick-making in Natal and poultry, pig and vegetable farming skills in the Transkei.

The friendship between **Australian unions** and COSATU has been growing since the new union movement burst onto the scene in Durban in 1973. In 1991 COSATU requested support for its adult education and skills grading work, and Adrienne Bird, from the metalworkers union, NUMSA, visited Australia to learn about skills grading systems. She subsequently became head of the SA National Training Board. Australian unionists Alistair Machin (COSATU), Chris Lloyd (COSATU and NUMSA) and Kate McLear (textiles and clothing, SACTWU) went to SA to provide technical advice to the unions on these issues.

The total cash value of these APHEDA programs up to 1994 was around \$9m from Australian government, unions and other donors.

Programs in South Africa for post-apartheid reconstruction 1994-2004

The Government of National Unity elected on 28 April 1994, led by President Nelson Mandela was mandated to carry out a Reconstruction and Development Program to provide jobs, houses, clean water, education, electricity, communications and primary health care to the majority of the SA population living in poverty. That struggle for a transformation from the apartheid economy and an unfree society to a

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more equal and democratic society has not yet been won, but international aid was promised to assist that transition. The promised aid didn't always materialise, sometimes it was used up in providing warring foreign advisers to the new democratic government, and unions and community-based organisations lost leaders to government and to the corporate world.

Starting before the first democratic elections were agreed to in late 1993, was a series of projects with the Johannesburg-based Institute for the Advancement of Journalism, established by the eminent anti-apartheid journalists Allister Sparks and Hugh Lewin.

The aim was to build skills for the **democratisation of the media**, which had been disproportionately government-controlled in South Africa, and which needed to train and include large numbers of professionals from non-privileged backgrounds. When the democratic movement nominated a diverse group of leaders to the board of the SABC, to help drive the democratisation process of the state media, APHEDA and IAJ supported a preparatory seminar. There were programs in journalistic English for journalists from communities where English was not the home language. It was not simply journalists who benefited from these programs; in order to develop a culture of free media, IAJ ran programs helping school students to develop school newspapers discussing local issues and the transition to non-racial democracy. IAJ trained people elected or assigned as media officers and spokespeople from the union and organisations in the democratic movement. These programs were run in association with the ANC Department of Information and Publicity. Two Australians, Sharon Davis and Geoff Parish from ABC began training at IAJ in broadcast journalism/radio and community television skills from March 1995.

The SA Reconstruction Development and Education Trust was set up in 1994 by Eddie Funde, with support from Walter Sisulu and managed by Ernest Kgaile until his death in 1999. This channelled donations from South Africans in Australia with funds in SA towards a range of development projects, in President Mandela's home town of Qunu in the Transkei, and in Soweto.

Due to a high rate of gender violence in workplaces, COSATU asked APHEDA to support the **Sexual Harassment Education Project**, initially based at the Centre for Study of Violence and Reconciliation in Johannesburg for two years from mid-1995. SHEP worked with

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COSATU unions on policy development, advocacy, and education to prevent violence and sexual harassment in workplaces, using over \$200,000 from Australia's Women in Development fund and Australian trade unions (such as CPSU). SHEP was also supported by the Canadian Auto Workers.

From 1995-99 APHEDA was proud to support a struggling organisation based in Umlazi township south of Durban, the Natal Workers History Project which recorded the stories of local labour and township activists and created **literacy** texts in isiZulu and English for local women and men to learn how to read and write.

HIV

As Nelson Mandela has many times affirmed, HIV is the major challenge facing South Africa and its youth today, killing more people than apartheid and its wars. When APHEDA began work inside SA in 1990, less than 1% of the adult population tested positive to HIV. Now in the eastern provinces between a fifth and a third of women giving birth are HIV positive. This new burden of illness and grief is having a vast impact on all communities in southern Africa, and threatens the social and economic development needed to overcome the poverty to which apartheid consigned millions. HIV requires SA transform primary health care, laws, education, industrial rules and gender relations.

In 1991 APHEDA had worked with **COSATU** in staging the unions' first policy conference on AIDS, within an overall program of occupational health and safety training. In 2001 APHEDA began a two-year project with the HIV and campaigns officers of COSATU which produced a million copies of a booklet on HIV for COSATU members and 30,000 copies of a training manual for shop stewards. COSATU developed policy on HIV and discrimination and on treatments, and was a leader in the mass Treatments Action Campaign which is fighting to antiretroviral treatments to the millions of South Africans with HIV who need them. Theo Steel, COSATU's national campaigns officer has been able to visit Australia twice, speaking about workplace AIDS programs and the international campaign by union, NGOs and churches against the western drug profiteers and for treatments access.

From 1994-2001 APHEDA supported a community-based AIDS initiative, which pioneered HIV education, home care, testing and support in the large impoverished township of the **Winterveld**, north

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west of Pretoria. This built on efforts by the non-government clinics since 1988. From 1998-2000 APHEDA also supported maternal/child health and child nutrition programs in the Winterveld. Between 1996-9 APHEDA also supported HIV youth education in a range of Gauteng and Mpumalanga townships through the Johannesburg-based Health Education, Training and Information Project.

Cooperation with autonomous fundraising groups in the Australian community, such as the **Boomerang Project**, to provide funds for **Rehoboth**, a developing foster care village for babies and toddlers with HIV in Murchison on the coast of kwaZulu-Natal, for the Nkosi Johnson Foundation, Educo youth leadership training, Pieter-Dirk Uys' education work based in Darling, and for HIV treatments.

The **Rural Womens Movement** arose in the early 1980s as a federation of local campaigning and income generating groups in 3,000 villages, representing largely illiterate landless mothers and grandmothers in areas of forced relocation by the apartheid regime. In 2001 APHEDA was funded by AusAID to support a capacity building program so that the five regions of RWM would be able to help their constituents respond to HIV. In the regions centring on Dennilton and Ermelo in Mpumalanga, Brits in NW province, and Estcort and Vryheid in kwaZulu-Natal, groups are doing outreach education, structured training courses on sexual health and sexual rights, providing home care and orphan support in impoverished rural communities.

APHEDA has transferred a total of over \$3m (about 13m Rand) to SA projects since 1994.

Programs in other southern African countries

The ANC exiles were hosted for many years in Zambia, and TG asked APHEDA to support programs to benefit the Zambian hosts. In 1989 APHEDA began a five-year project with the **Zambian Department of Youth Development**, supporting Rural Youth Training Centres, such as in Mumbwa, which trained youth in carpentry, sewing, blacksmithing and other skills (as well as culture and health issues such as HIV) to prevent a drift to unemployment in the cities.

Beginning in 2001 is a project with the **Zimbabwe Congress of Trade Unions** training union officers and delegates from all affiliates in all regions of the country in how best to respond to HIV, though prevention education of workers and their partners, through peer support for workers with HIV, policy development, and a drop-in

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centre on health and HIV in the Western Region office of ZCTU in Bulawayo. This project was coordinated by Mrs Clementine Dehwe until her appointment as head of the HIV program at the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in Brussels in January 2004. The program is continuing, despite the social, political and economic chaos engendered by the Mugabe dictatorship, and sometimes-severe repression of the trade unions.

Future

Until 2004, APHEDA was able to win substantial funding from AusAID, the aid agency of the Australian government, for its development projects in SA and Zimbabwe. The introduction of a new funding system unfortunately precludes APHEDA and many similar non-government agencies, gaining such funding in coming years. But development problems, poverty and HIV in southern Africa grow worse each day. Union Aid Abroad will continue community and trade union projects in southern Africa with donated funds, and will prioritise the international campaign for HIV treatments until workers and their families with HIV in southern Africa access the support they need to survive.

Remembering those who made great contributions to these efforts and are no longer with us:

- Walter Sisulu
- Treasurer-General Thomas Nkobi
- Steve Tshwete
- Bill Jardine
- Ernest Kgaile
- Cliff Dolan
- Donna Burns
- Eugene Hendricks
- Tas Bull

Statements of support to APHEDA:

In 1994, at APHEDA's tenth anniversary, **Nelson Mandela** wrote:

On behalf of the African National Congress we would like to express our deep appreciation for your efforts, both past, present and we are sure in the future. Thousands of people have benefited from more than 40 health, education and development projects conducted by

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APHEDA since 1984, and for this we are truly in your debt.... We thank you and the people of Australia, and will be eternally grateful for your magnificent contribution.

On the occasion of the tenth anniversary in 1994, **Allister Sparks**, as Director of the Institute for the Advancement of Journalism wrote:

We at the IAJ drink a toast tonight to APHEDA on your 10th birthday -- a decade of great work in helping to democratise this oppressed land with whom we share a hemisphere. The programs you have helped us run have not only been vital in opening up the South African media and strengthening its human rights role: they have also established close ties between media people in our two countries which is already leading to a special relationship between Australia and the new, non-racial South Africa. The remarkable work you have done in our country has been largely due to the imagination, energy and personal commitment of Helen McCue, whom we salute as a much loved-friend as she takes her leave from APHEDA. Viva Helen and Viva APHEDA!

From **Father Smangaliso Mkhathswa**, Executive Mayor of the City of Tshwane January 2004:

It is only in hindsight that we can fully appreciate the selfless contribution that was made by the individuals and solidarity organisations to the ultimate triumph of the South African revolution. The mere missing of faces, jokes, words of encouragement and ducking from the physical dangers has now been superceded by the realisation that our revolutionary agenda was much bigger than anyone of us could have realised when we shouted "Down with apartheid and forward with democracy and freedom".

...it is a new revolution that not all the developing countries want to subscribe to. The solidarity groups and individuals who helped us to smash apartheid cannot now fold their arms and hope that the apartheid backlogs will simply go away.

Subsequently in reply to my questions, Helen sent the following:

"I came to work. I came to South Africa in March 1990 and opened the office in Braamfontein in November 1990. I lived in SA for four years and

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in total I have been with you for 25 years (1/4 century) just under half of my life! Thank you for all your caring also.”

In reply to a question about her speech on receiving the award, she said: “I congratulated COSATU on its milestone 10th Congress and its magnificent achievements over the past twenty five years. I extended solidarity greetings from the ACTU and workers of Australia and also congratulated COSATU for their leadership in the international Boycott Disinvestment and sanctions against Israel.

“The address emphasised the fact that the international community looked to South Africa and worker’s movement for leadership in this campaign and in the fight for Palestinian liberation and drew the parallel between their own experience of apartheid and the suffering of Palestinians under an apartheid Israel.

“I ended by expressing my sincere thanks for this extraordinary recognition of the Australian trade union movement and Union Aid Abroad – APHEDA.”

For more information on our comrade in solidarity, the following brief summary would be useful:

BRIEF SUMMARY OF HELEN McCUE

(Sources used to compile this entry:

Helen McCue interviewed by Ann-Mari Jordens, ORAL TRC 5770;
National Library of Australia, Oral History & Folklore Section)

Helen McCue is best known as a co-founder of Rural Australians for Refugees (2001). A trained nurse educator she worked with the World Health Organisation (WHO) in the Middle East in 1981, was then seconded to the United Nations Relief and Works Organisation (UNRWA) in Lebanon, and subsequently worked as a volunteer in refugee camps in Beirut 1982-83. In 1984 she co-founded the trade union aid body Australian People for Health Education and Development Abroad (APHEDA), and was its first Executive Director and regional adviser in South Africa and the Middle East until early 1994. She founded the Women Refugee Education Network (1996) and the the Wingecarribee Community Foundation (2001), and was

involved in the establishment of Wingecarribee Reconciliation Group (1997).

Details

The daughter of Phyllis neé O'Connor, a typist in the public service, and John Burns, a hairdresser, Helen's family had strong links with the Canberra community. Her maternal grandfather was a bricklayer on old Parliament House, and her paternal grandfather, a linotype operator for the Canberra Times, established the printers' union in Canberra. She has two siblings. Educated at local Catholic schools she became a nurse and trade union representative at Canberra Hospital. She married Kevin McCue in 1970 (divorced.1979) and travelled with him to London where she obtained further qualifications in nursing. On her return to Australia she completed a diploma in teaching and a degree in nursing education in Adelaide in 1979. She visited China in 1977 and 1978.

After completing a Masters in Health Personnel Education at the University of NSW in 1981, McCue worked with the World Health Organisation in the Middle East in 1981-82, evaluating nursing services for the United Nations. She was then seconded to the United Nations Relief and Works Organisation (UNWRA) in the Bekaa Valley in Lebanon. Following the Sabra-Shatila massacre she left the UN and worked as a volunteer in refugee and other camps in 1982-83. In 1984 she initiated and co-founded with Cliff Dolan the trade union aid body, Australian People for Health Education and Development Abroad (APHEDA), to provide training for workers in refugee camps. Initially its Executive Director, she later worked for two years as its regional adviser in South Africa and the Middle East until early 1994, when she returned to work as a volunteer in refugee camps in Lebanon.

McCue moved to the Southern Highlands in late 1994 and in 1996 she founded the Women Refugee Education Network (WREN), an education advocacy group to bring women to Australia to talk about their work in refugee camps. In 1997 she, with others, started the 'Sorry Books' in response to the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission (HREOC) report on the Stolen Generations and was involved in the establishment of the Wingecarribee Reconciliation Group. In 2001 she founded and was the inaugural chairperson of the Wingecarribee Community Foundation, which provides support to local youth, aged, palliative and respite care, Indigenous and environmental concerns in the Southern Highlands. In 2001 she, Susan Varga and

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Anne Coombs established a network of refugee support groups, Rural Australians for Refugees, which quickly spread to other rural towns across Australia.

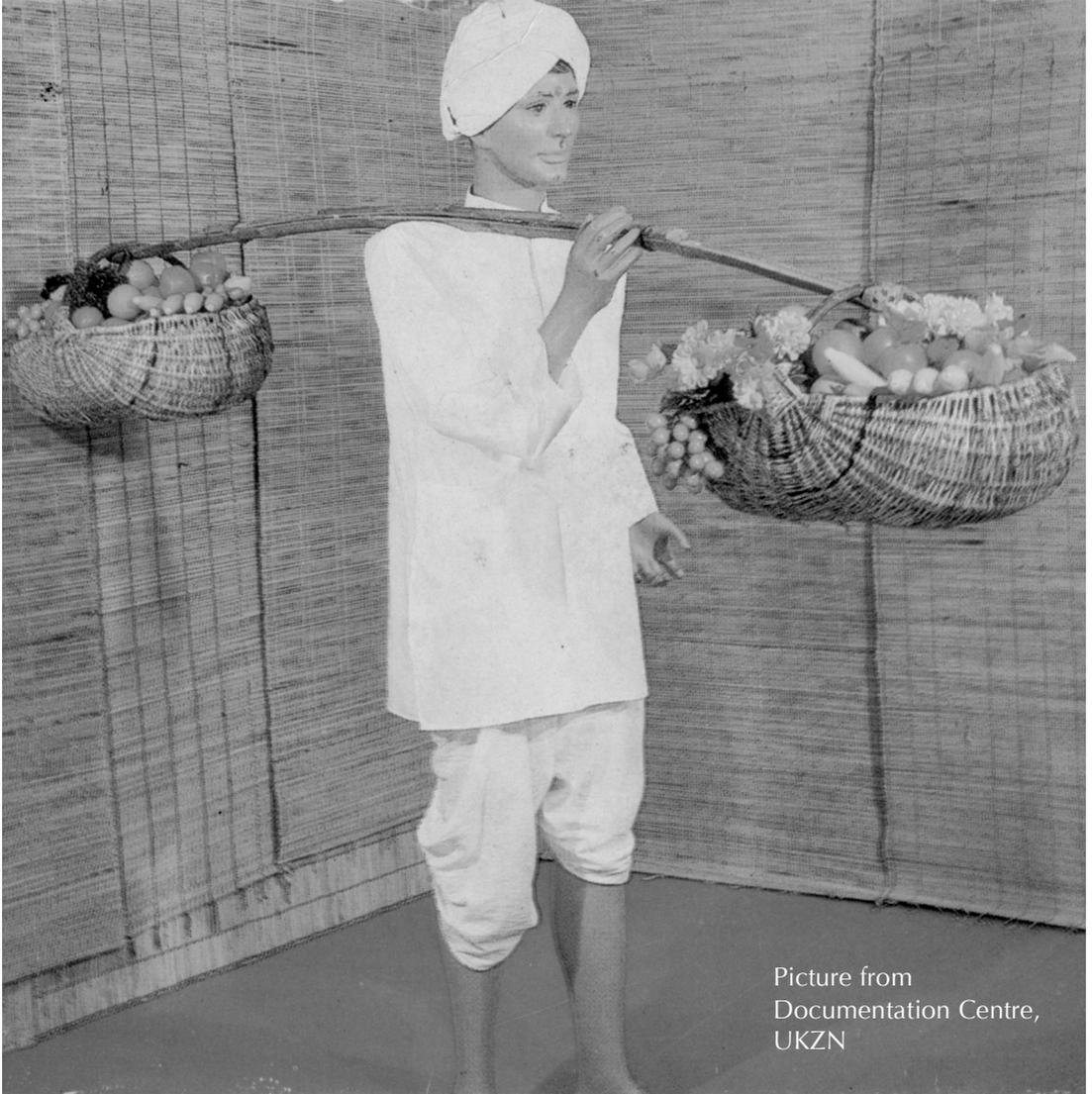
Since completing a PhD in political science on women in Islam at the University of New South Wales in 1999, McCue has held various academic positions including that of Visiting Honorary Associate at the University of New South Wales School of Politics and International Relations 2001-04, Associate Lecturer, Faculty of Arts, University of Wollongong 2002-03, and in 2005 she taught a course on Women in Islamic Civilisation at the ANU Centre for Continuing Education. Since August 2005 she has been a Research Fellow at the Centre for the Study of Contemporary Islam at Melbourne University, researching Muslim women in Australia, and has completed a book on Palestinian refugee Olfat Mahmood, *Return to Tarshir*, which she hopes to publish. She has received a number of awards in recognition of her work with refugees, international development and reconciliation, and was made a Member of the Order of Australia in 2003.

Helen and APHEDA we thank and salute you. The Elijah Barayi award has found a good home.

Your mind-blogging solidarity is a humbling experience.

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
29/10/2009.

EARLY INDIAN HAWKERS



Picture from
Documentation Centre,
UKZN

Some lessons are forgotten, others with no reference to time are etched in one's mind. It refuses to be sand-papered away. These relate to my school master father, Simon David, a disciplinarian like few I have met in my lifetime.

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There were two incidents I recall; one in Tongaat on the north Coast and the other in Umzinto on the South Coast, while he was employed by the Natal Provincial Education Department.

In 1943, he was transferred to Tongaat from Woodlands Primary School in Pietermaritzburg, where he taught Standard 6, a public examination. Dad held the impressive record for 14 years, for producing a one hundred percent pass rate in his standard six classes. Not a single failure - a very proud record indeed! Do you think his students were proud?

We were all in boxes then, with Whites, Coloureds, Indians and Africans having separate schools with separate teachers in our individual boxes. There were a few Whites teaching in secondary schools and Teacher Training institutions in Indian schools.

Both Sastri College (for Indian boys) and Girls Indian High School had white principals. Sastri College had some Indian teachers Fort Hare University trained, while the girls' school had White teachers, with Indian females being employed from the 1960's.

My time spent at the Indian Girls High School, as a teacher, was less than a term as I had used the white toilet!

My Dade (he corrected us when we called him Dad, perhaps to add to his disciplinarian profile) was appointed acting principal of a secondary school in Tongaat. In those days he was the first 'Indian'. There was nothing White about him except part of his eyes and his teeth. Dade left for Tongaat with my Catholic mother and 8 children.

Such provision for secondary education for Indians was wholly inadequate and lent itself to corruption. Like African workers today who are forced travel long distances to work, Indian students were also forced to travel long distances to school, if indeed there were schools.

The Education Department had decreed that a list be drawn up, with Tongaat scholars requiring Secondary education to be first enrolled and thereafter a list of students from other areas.

Uncle Perry, the Vice-Principal at the same school as Dade, related this story to me. This is my recollection of that story.

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"I heard your father scream and rushed down the stairs to his office and found this grey-haired man, bent over, collecting money from the floor. Nobody would talk to me, until this man had left. I closed the door and asked Sye (short for Simon) what had happened? He told that he had shown the man the list and that Tongaat pupils would be first to be enrolled. If there was place, other students from elsewhere would follow. The grey-haired man had placed 42 pounds on his desk saying "Will this change your mind". Your Dad explained the procedure a second time. The parent's response was "Come Mr David, you do not earn this sum, please register my son."

Your Dad lost his temper and knocked the cash off his desk and told the grey haired chap to take his bloody money and leave the school premises. I think there were more expletives, thankfully none of that comes to mind.

My brothers and sisters were at the same school and they whispered during study time, at home that Dade had lost his cool at school. It was why I asked Uncle Perry about Dade. We had to deal with his temper at home –banging doors, silence at dinner, dead silence when we studied with him after dinner. Our silence and whispering made us appear that we were in an Anglican Retreat!

Sometimes before Tongaat, in Pietermaritzburg Dade found examination questions for Standard 6 and handed this to the department. There is a letter in his files from the Department commending his honesty. Perhaps if our grey-haired chap had seen this letter, he might have saved himself my father's ill temper!

My brother Romesh (12 years) died suddenly on the 17 December 1948. This was followed by the Afro-Indian Riots in 1949. My Dade was headmaster of a school in the Cato Manor area. He had been appointed head master of a new high school in Umzinto on the South Coast and had gone to his old school in Cato Manor to pick up his papers. It was the day the Afro Indian riots started.

When the police found Dade near his school he was disorientated and lost his speech for two days. My mother and the children were traumatised. When he could speak, he told us that sticks-carrying mob, were coming towards him. He was standing in the verandah of a house vacated by its owners. My Dad, dark as the night with only his teeth and eyes white, was surprised to find himself being called 'Baba' by

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the mob. They left both the house and Dad and went about burning and looting. 'My colour saved me' he explained.

The death of Buck, and the riots, turned my Dade from an agnostic to a believer. That is another story!

Umzinto was sugar cane and more sugar cane. We moved to many homes, black mambas and pythons, barracks telling of indentured labour, telling of long hours of labour, two iron bars for stove, no bed no furniture of any sort, aluminium pots and tin mugs, sometimes school uniforms hanging from the window.

My Thatha (grandfather) who died in 1947 would have been reminded of his early days of exchanging the shared poverty of India for the painful poverty of Natal.

It was our second home in Umzinto, where the second incident took place. I thought my Mum was buying vegetables from an Indian hawker who had put down his two baskets and the bamboo holdall lay on the lawn. My Dade peered over my Mum's shoulder asking the hawker what was the problem in Tamil. My Dade spoke impeccable Tamil, but could not read or write it. Another story!

The hawker had a dhoti and very little else (unlike the photo from UDW Documentation Centre, on the first page of this story).

He had brought gifts, two baskets of beautiful organic vegetables for the new principal. It was vegetables for a month. My Dade was not pleased. His face lacked a smile, but addressing the hawker as Nynah (father in Tamil) he explained as follows: (I had been to Tamil school Standard 6 and wrote my Thatha's letters to India and replied to his brothers}

Dade said, "Look here Nynah, I get paid for the work that I do. I can pay the rent of this house, pay my children's school fees and uniforms. With my new appointment I will earn more than I ever did and while I walk to school now, soon I will be able to buy a motor car." (Show-off!) (That arrived only 20 years later)

"Please take these vegetables and sell them. Perhaps you will come and sell your vegetables next time to Amah (Mum)"

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The hawker was further softened by a cup of tea and a slice of bread in the dining room. No phones existed then, so Mum made arrangements with Mr Puckree, the hawker for weekly purchases.

“Bring your children to school,” said Dade, “and I shall inform you if I can enrol them at my school or at another.”

I remembered these two incidents when Comrade Sbu Ndebele and his wife were ecstatic, when he received gifts of a Mercedes Benz and other gifts at the end of his premiership of our province.

Phyllis Naidoo

24/5/3009.

Durban.

Toilets

My friend and comrade, **Yogan Moodley**, selling toilet paper to a Building Construction Company presently building on the North Coast was reprimanded for the quality of his paper.

They examined the temporary toilets built for the workers on the site, and arrived at the conclusion that the crap was enormous. He compared it with elephant's faeces.

He with the boss of the Company decided that it was not the toilet paper that was the problem, but the size of the crap.



Even this 'horror' (above) is not available to our poor.

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You would have read about the Group Area's Act of 1950 and similar acts that sought to remove black persons out of urban areas and pushed them as far as possible.

In Durban these areas were named Kwa Mashu in the north and Umlazi Township in the south. For Indians it was Chatsworth and Coloureds in Wentworth. Indians, Coloureds and Umlazi residents had water borne toilets in their houses.

Why our civilised rulers did not build toilets within the houses allocated for Africans is beyond me, but built toilets outside the home. And of course building houses so far from work meant that travelling costs were increased. Wages of course remained the same! This also meant that workers had to rise earlier to get to work in time.

The early travelling meant the ablutions were curtailed. Workers carried their crap to work daily. Before tea at 10 am the toilets were very busy.

By now you know the Group Areas Act sent you far away from the towns and you increased your travelling costs with no addition to your wages!

You also know that our squatter camps are situated on pavements only to get closer to the workplace?

Now you know there is a further problem. One you do not want to think about as well. What of the toxic effects of carrying that crap in your body? Constipation problems! Costly medical contraptions to deal with this costiveness!

Whatever toilet paper you used it could not cope with the volume of crap.

Our domestic workers union has never brought this issue to the table. Workers usually have their own toilets at the back of blocks of Flats or to the outhouse, which now have become guest houses at exorbitant rentals.

I have yet to see the domestic worker use the toilet of her Madams, even though the worker cleans and disinfects it.

If you think I was spinning a yarn, then look at The Witness of the 2nd October 2009, under the heading; “Man shot for using boss’s toilet.”

Man shot for using boss’s toilet

AN employer allegedly shot a worker, a Malawian national, in the ankle after he used the employer’s toilet.

The shooting occurred in the Durban central business district, police said yesterday.

Said Captain Khephu Ndlovu: “The Malawian man went to the toilet and on his return his employer asked him where he had gone to.

“He told him he was at the toilet and showed him the toilet he had used.

“The employer then drew out his gun and shot him once in the left ankle.”

Ndlovu said the incident happened on Monday.

The employer was expected to be arrested yesterday afternoon, Ndlovu said.

“A case of attempted murder was opened,” said Ndlovu.

— Sapa.

The Witness 3/10/2009

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
27/9/2009.



Vera Inber, Leningrad, 1943

Leningrad Diary

Vera Inber

*Translated by Serge M. Wolff
and Rachel Grieve*

With an Introduction by
Edward Crankshaw

Malroba
4/10/74.



HUTCHINSON OF LONDON

LENINGRAD DIARY

Here is how this book (Leningrad Diary) found its way back to it's first owner who read it while in the underground 35 years earlier...

During the late 1970's and early 80's, most of those involved in anti-apartheid and anti-colonial struggle of South Africa were either in exile, prison or underground.

This account is of an underground comrade. For those of you who do not know the meaning of the word underground, you deserve your ignorance.

Footprints

The one feature of underground is that you have lost your home. Home in South Africa may mean plush accommodation in lush areas, or it can mean ordinary homes built by government to house the police, prison warders and the railway workers etc, or it could mean squatter camps or government created townships for Coloureds, Africans and Indians.

It is usually home for one night and then you move on. Underground could mean sharing accommodation with a security guard, sharing a home – one that comes to mind is Nalini Naidoo and Dennis Dickson and two children in Pietermaritzburg who shared their home with Mseleku – the fellow in the Health Ministry. He is a very tall fellow whose legs did not fit in the bed. In fact from his legs to his feet, the bed could not cater for him. In winter it must have been horrible. I think he was safe here for more than one night like a B&B.

African comrades underground were constrained in the main to extremely marginalised places – no running water, toilets – like the present floods in Cape Town where children are playing and living in water that is dangerously infected while we watch on TV the 91st birthday bash for Mandela!

On my way to exile, I waited in Clermont in a wood and iron structure no bigger than a toilet with a huge hole in one wall. I was told not to walk across the hole, the neighbours would notice. I was left with a bucket to pee and crap in which was covered with old newspaper. Yes, she left a tin of milo. I was petrified to light the paraffin stove.

But then Ebi, my son, was held at Point Prison in a space that only allowed him to sit and stand. He could not stretch his legs for 23 days.

But Goolam Aboobaker, whose book this was as at 4 October 1974 had probably taken it to read before he went to sleep in the underground home he sheltered in.

How did we find it?

It was on Monday the 15 June 2009, when Goolam on a visit to Durban, from the USA where he is presently deployed, took Rajes Pillay and I to breakfast at Wilson's Wharf on the harbour but arrived late. Both Rajes and I are smokers and Goolam had to find a restaurant that catered for our addiction.

Footprints

The coffee was excellent and the muffins much too large for 10.30 am tea. Both company and coffee were stimulating. We decided to walk around to enjoy the sun. Rajes saw a dark passage saying bookshop and suggested we look at the books.

We ignored her and strolled around and even got some cash from the Standard Bank's ATM, when we found ourselves in a dark passage in the book shop we avoided earlier. It was Rajes who found Leningrad Diary. We all looked at the first page with a signature on it. Goolam claimed the signature was his and that this was his book, many years ago. He said he was reading it while he was in the underground.

Can you believe this?

I bought the book for Rajes as a souvenir of an amazing coincidence.

Phyllis Naidoo
20 July 2009.
Durban.



MOGAMBERY 'MONTY' MOODLEY

Born: 12 December 1949 - Died: 31 August 2009.

The Daily News of the 3 September reported after the funeral of Monty as follows:

"Members of the legal fraternity, politicians, and police officers streamed into the Clare Estate Crematorium yesterday, to pay tribute to Monty Moodley, head of the KwaZulu-Natal Asset Forfeiture Unit.

"Speaker after Speaker spoke of his passion for his work, his love for his family and his courage as an anti-apartheid activist. Monty, 59, died on Monday, contracting an infection after an operation for colon cancer. He leaves behind his wife Fawzia, his three children Shivan, Nikhail and Narushka.

In a memorial tribute handed out at the funeral, a message from Fawzia to her husband read:

“My love, my life, my friend, my love, you have wrenched out and taken away a part of me, rest in peace my darling. I will love you until eternity.”

Moodley’s daughter Narushka Moodley-Reddy’s message read:

“A line in the song of Charlie Chaplin says ‘I smile even though my heart is breaking’. My beautiful daddy, even though my heart is breaking I smile to celebrate your life and thank you for being my incredible father.”

Reading a letter to his father, Moodley’s eldest son, Shivan, said:

“I am proud of you, I am proud to be your son. You were so highly regarded. I want to be just like you.”

He said stories of his father’s generosity were legendary and the only way he could do justice to his memory was to live his own life with dignity.

Shamila Batohi, the Director of Public Prosecution in KwaZulu-Natal, recalled that when she first became the head of the Scorpions in the province as a woman of colour, in what was ‘supposedly a position of power’ she faced many challenges.

“During those many challenges I knew I could always turn to Monty to listen to me and to offer advice.”

Batohi said he was a highly principled man who was passionate about fighting crime.

“I will miss you, the National Prosecuting Authority will miss you, but the criminals won’t” said Batohi

She credited much of the success of the Asset Forfeiture Unit in the province to Moodley’s leadership.

Willie Hofmeyer, Deputy National Director of Public Prosecutions who met Monty while setting up the Asset Forfeiture Unit in 1999 said Moodley wanted to make a difference in the lives of ordinary people.

He ascribed much of the success of the Asset Forfeiture Unit in the province to Moodley’s exemplary leadership.

Hofmeyer recalled that Moodley was happiest when he had a drug dealer in his sights.

Judge Thumba Pillay and Deputy Minister of Public Service and Administration Roy Paddayachee spoke of his involvement in the ANC and his dedication to the party and his family."

Fawzia, Monty's wife has been left the job of raising her three children and grandchild alone. She has been left without her 'man for all seasons'

The funeral was very emotional. The children were bereft and Fawzia was not in a position to comfort them. Most of the family were inconsolable, so too his comrades.

Sam Moodley, his first cousin and comrade read the following poem at the funeral:

DEATH IS NOTHING AT ALL

by Henry Scott Holland

I have only slipped away into the next room.

I am I, and you are you,
Whatever we were to each other,
that we are still.

Call me by the old familiar name.
Speak to me in the easy way which
you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.

Wear no forced air of solemnity or
sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
At the little jokes that we enjoyed
together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for
me.

Let my name be ever the
household word that it always
was.

Let it be spoken without an effort,
Without the ghost of a shadow
upon it.

Life means all that it ever meant.
It is the same as it ever was.
There is absolute and unbroken
continuity.
What is this death but a negligible
accident?

Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight?
I am but waiting for you, for an
interval,
Somewhere very near,
Just round the corner.
All is well.

Paddy Harper in the Sunday Times (6/9/09) describes Monty as 'A humanitarian to the very end'.

OBITUARY

S. Times

6/9/2009

A humanitarian to the very end

PADDY HARPER

MOGAMBERY "Monty" Moodley, head of the KwaZulu-Natal Asset Forfeiture Unit and anti-apartheid activist, died in Durban on Monday after an operation for colon cancer.

Moodley, 59, was a lifelong humanitarian who put the needs of others ahead of his own.

After finishing school, he studied law in Durban and became involved in community and political struggles, joining the Black Consciousness Movement in the early 1970s.

A cultural and sports activist from an early age, he became involved in guerilla theatre, penning and staging several hard-hitting plays, including *Feed and Condemned*.

His political and social beliefs drew him into the anti-collaboration movement, and he opposed the South African Indian Council (SAIC) and the House of Delegates, used by the apartheid regime to give Indians second-class rights and a qualified franchise.

It was his humanity and fierce belief in the unity of the oppressed that motivated him throughout his life.

Through his community involvement, he became involved in the Charterist movement, eventually joining the ANC and its above-ground structures inside the country in the 1980s.

His Isipingo legal practice also became a tool of struggle. He was constantly engaged in cases representing victims of apartheid.

During the political violence that ravaged KwaZulu-Natal in the early 1990s, his legal interventions saved many lives in townships south of Durban and he was active in the National Association of Democratic Lawyers.

When the ANC was unbanned in 1990, he was elected chairman of its Isipingo branch and served on the Southern Natal regional executive committee. He was also on the ANC's parliamentary list.

After the 1994 elections, he decided to close his lucrative practice and take up public service.

It was this route that took him into the Asset Forfeiture Unit.

Moodley dealt with a series of high-profile cases throughout KwaZulu-Natal, getting results against drug dealers, corrupt civil servants and businessmen by identifying and removing assets they had generated through crime.

His funeral on Wednesday was testimony to the type of life he had lived: cabinet ministers rubbed shoulders with carpenters; businessmen with bricklayers.

The deputy minister of public service and administration, Roy Padayachie, who addressed the funeral, said: "Monty had a real commitment to his beliefs. He sacrificed a very lucrative legal career as a private attorney and pursued the belief that post-liberation there was a need to support the new democracy by becoming a public servant."

"He translated this commitment by demonstrating what a public servant should be, fighting corruption and criminality, particularly through his passion against drug dealers."

"A really outstanding feature about Monty was his humanity, the way he got on with people, irrespective of their political views. He was a congenial character, very humble and totally unassuming."

"In many ways, the political movement has not given adequate recognition to his talent and his contribution."

"He built a multi-cultural home, and his family represented the kind of history and commitment to the new democracy for which he stood."

"Monty believed that the welfare and struggles of the Indian and African communities could not be separated."

Moodley is survived by his widow, journalist, Fawzia, sons Shivaan and Nikhail, and daughter Narushka.

Thank you
Monty for your
exemplary life
in the service of
our people!
Hamba Kahle
Comrade!

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
7/11/2009

MY DENTIST

Let me see whether your dentist can hold a candle to mine?

I think I heard him say he is 10 years my junior. If I am 81 years, he must be 71 years. How is my maths?

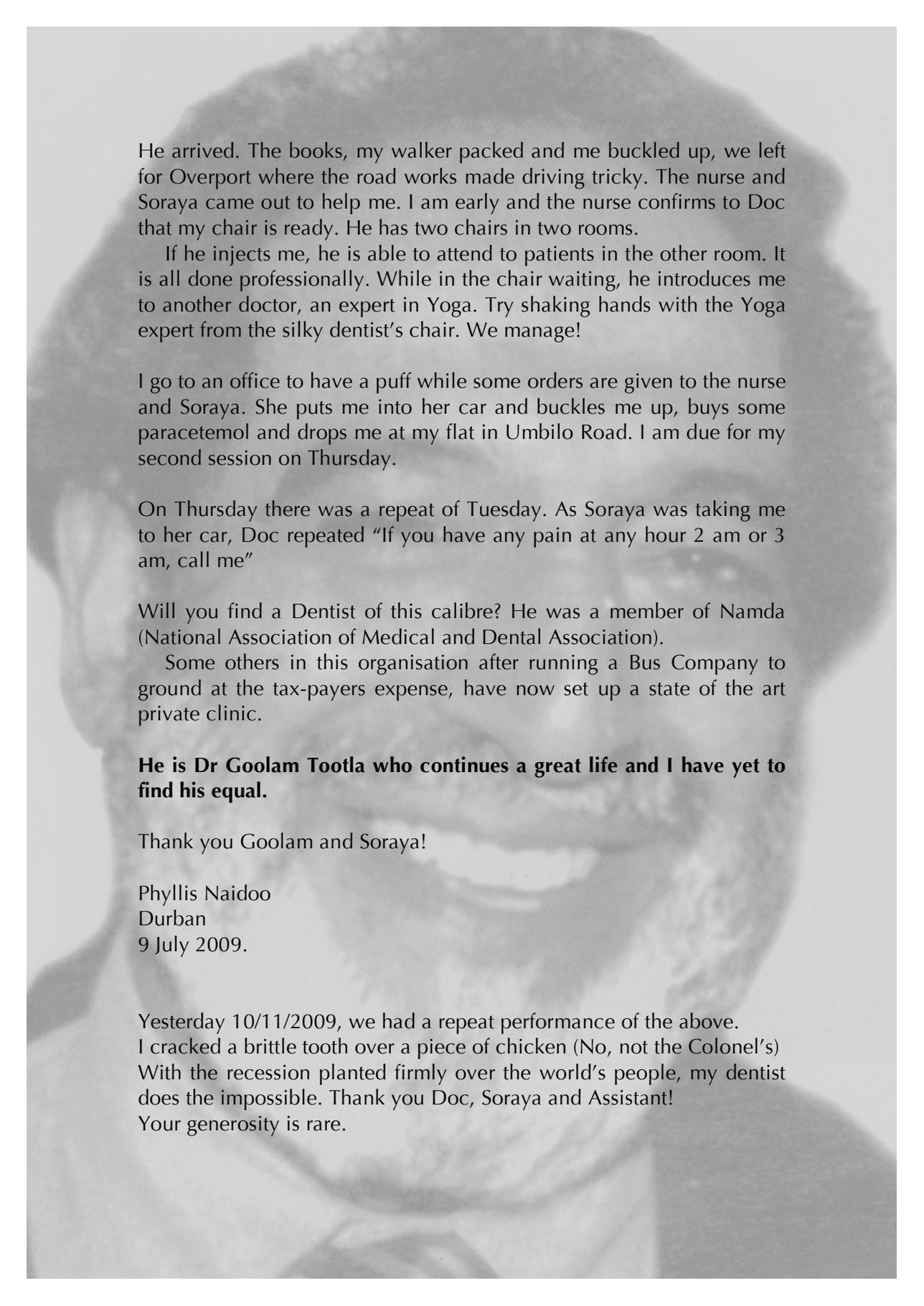
Last Monday, with the cold weather covering our country I awoke to cleaning the only six teeth of my bottom set. I had sharp pain. I have been using cold water with all the electricity constraints (at 34% increase at the time). I called my dentist only to find he was on holiday. His youngest son was on school winter holidays. His receptionist said he was away for a week. The horror of seeking a new dentist crossed my mind, but I decided I would turn on the red tap for warm water. That worked!

The dentures that fill my mouth, are top set complete dentures and bottom complete, except for the six my own. With four children who parasited on the calcium of my bones and teeth (along with the mosquitos that lived on my blood), and the bomb which removed 7 in Lesotho, my teeth were not the proudest of my possessions.

My dentist took care of my children, spouse and myself **at no cost**. My first-born was lost in the wars of West Africa, while my two boys following were lost in the struggle against the apartheid regime of South Africa. Though their bodies were cremated, my dentist has the X-rays of their teeth and that of my only daughter. He will say that both my boys did live here, however for a short while, in the event this is at issue!

Following his short holiday I rang to find my dentist was back at work. By now I was on painkillers and immune to pain and could not tell which tooth needed attention. I had to attend Community Clinic on Monday and would see my dentist for a 9 am appointment in Tuesday, 7 July 2009. He would pick me up at 8.30 am.

The following morning at 8.15am, Soraya, his wife called to say Doc was leaving home and he would be with me in 10 minutes. Enough time for the bathroom and to take to the front gate the box of 100 of my books for his school of over 2000 students at Inchanga. The teachers would present the most, hard working student in each of the subjects taught, a book.



He arrived. The books, my walker packed and me buckled up, we left for Overport where the road works made driving tricky. The nurse and Soraya came out to help me. I am early and the nurse confirms to Doc that my chair is ready. He has two chairs in two rooms.

If he injects me, he is able to attend to patients in the other room. It is all done professionally. While in the chair waiting, he introduces me to another doctor, an expert in Yoga. Try shaking hands with the Yoga expert from the silky dentist's chair. We manage!

I go to an office to have a puff while some orders are given to the nurse and Soraya. She puts me into her car and buckles me up, buys some paracetamol and drops me at my flat in Umbilo Road. I am due for my second session on Thursday.

On Thursday there was a repeat of Tuesday. As Soraya was taking me to her car, Doc repeated "If you have any pain at any hour 2 am or 3 am, call me"

Will you find a Dentist of this calibre? He was a member of Namda (National Association of Medical and Dental Association).

Some others in this organisation after running a Bus Company to ground at the tax-payers expense, have now set up a state of the art private clinic.

He is Dr Goolam Tootla who continues a great life and I have yet to find his equal.

Thank you Goolam and Soraya!

Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
9 July 2009.

Yesterday 10/11/2009, we had a repeat performance of the above. I cracked a brittle tooth over a piece of chicken (No, not the Colonel's) With the recession planted firmly over the world's people, my dentist does the impossible. Thank you Doc, Soraya and Assistant!
Your generosity is rare.

THE RED CAR

BY CHARLES HOOPER

Re-typed - 31 May 2008

This is the article I found in M.B. Yengwa's memorabilia that Bongzi Dlomo gave to me for safekeeping. Subsequently, we arranged for Mrs Yengwa to present MB's papers at Luthuli Museum at Groutville. MB was the secretary during Luthuli's presidency of the ANC. This original (and to my knowledge unpublished) article -14 typed pages entitled "The Red Car" and a copy of Hooper's book "Brief Authority" are in my possession. When it is possible, I will send these to Groutville.

This is a re-typed version of the Hooper's manuscript:

The list of those who knew some of the facts about the escape in 1963 from Marshall Square, and then out of South Africa via Swaziland, of Harold Wolpe and Arthur Goldreich begins to read like the bidding at the mass of All Saints' Day.

Sheila endured it; Bram Fischer ordered and organised it; Vernon and Yolande Berrange dealt with the Swaziland end, and cast us for our parts; Shulamith Muller was out when I appealed to her for help; Mimi Tloome filtered back some of the relevant facts afterwards; Lovell spoke the epilogue.

They are all dead. All knew that the public version of events was riddled with fiction. Goldreich and Wolpe will have their accounts of what happened; this is mine.

In the middle of 1963, acting on the information of a double agent named Ludi, the South African security forces surrounded an estate on the fringe of Johannesburg, known as Lilyleaf Farm, and found in their net the top leaders of the African National Congress, and its allies, who were not (like Yengwa) already

Footprints

facing charges, or (like Mandela) already in custody or (like Luthuli) confined to distant places, or (like Tambo) abroad. What came to be called the Rivonia Trial, in which life sentences were handed down to Mandela and Sisulu and six others, subsequently took place. These men had been in varying degrees, underground since 1960 when the ANC was banned; we had been visited by some in Swaziland; now they were above ground and about to have the whole book thrown at them. The trial and its outcome are history.

Soon after the initial arrest, and long before the trial, four of the arrested men broke out of Marshall Square police headquarters in the centre of Johannesburg. Two did not come up for air until they reached Dar es Salaam; but Goldreich and Wolpe pitched up on our doorstep in pre-independence Swaziland, and the next part of their story became confused inferior fiction, the reason for which will emerge.

The news that four men had declined Marshall Square hospitality and disappeared into the night, leaving no forwarding address, was some slight antidote to the disaster; but, for private reasons, for us they were the wrong four. It was an apartheid accident; the african men under arrest were kept in separate quarters, and even Bram Fischer could not arrange two simultaneous escapes; and the single escape could be worked only for two indians and two whites, with the help of a luckless young warder named Kriel, whose price was one coveted motor scooter – he got the scooter, but he also got six years hard, so he did not have an immediate chance to enjoy it.

Our guests did not come by arrangement. When the press announced the escape, I said flippantly to Sheila, 'Now I suppose we wait for them to materialise here.' At that point in our joint odyssey, our profile was too high for comfort. Comfort didn't seem to be what our lives were about. We had been banned in South Africa in 1958, and when we left for Swaziland in 1960, the Johannesburg Sunday Times gave this incident imaginative front-page coverage of poor quality. Rumbling followed in parliament. This, and our being known to the ANC hierarchy, resulted in the tendency of people on their way through

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Swaziland – not that there was a way through –to home in on us; as did several Swazi politicians in search of ideas, pending independence. Hence my idle comment.

The days and the weeks passed and nothing happened; or, rather, we failed to notice what was happening. We were being auditioned, meticulously, by Vernon and Yolande Berrange. Vernon was a South African Barrister of eminence. Some time before this the Berranges had struck up a friendship with us, and we had become -- their phrase –their 'best friends in Swaziland.' We went occasionally to their Swaziland home near Siteki, close to the Mozambican border, 40 miles away.

Now and then they visited us on school campus where we taught and I was chaplain. After the Marshall Square breakout, we saw more of them. The breakout was mentioned, it must have been, but idly. Casually they established the dates of the school holidays, the routines of the sisters who ran it, and who was in residence when. It was skilfully done.

The route finally chosen for the two men who left via Swaziland had two stops in South Africa, each, like their destination, at the home of the Anglican priest. What this tells us about Anglican priests eludes me still. The journey was made by two cars; there were trial runs right through from Johannesburg on the two Fridays preceding the decisive one; none of the fall guys in dog collars was given a hint of what lay ahead. The two stops on the long South African haul were for quick refuelling while the vital passengers took cover; for us, under British protection, was reserved the role of providing extended hospitality. The Berranges had us sized up with fair accuracy. They were wrong in concluding that it would serve them best to bounce us, but right enough in deciding that there was no danger of our rushing for the Raj when we saw what was on the doorstep.

Was I ungracious when I answered my doorbell on the third Friday and the two men standing in the drizzle checked that I was who they hoped I was? I said, 'You must be Goldreich and

Wolpe. But where is Walter Sisulu, where is Mandela? Oh well come in. One could say we've been expecting you. You must have had a raw time.' As they shuffled into the dingy passage, I caught a glimpse of the car they'd come in gleaming under the dripping avocado, but it was too dark to see the colour or the make. When we'd threaded our way through the warren of rooms to the large attractive rondavel, I introduced them to Sheila. 'We have guests, Goldreich and Wolpe.' She said, 'Just the two of you? I thought there were four. And what about Mandela and Sisulu?'

Poor men; they looked shaken. They were in fact far more shaken than at first we knew. Using a forest track, they had crossed the border cramped agonisingly in the boot of the car outside. Once across, they had been released, and the second car had turned back, taking their driver. From then on they had fumbled their way to where they were now, free, but not home and dry.

For two weeks before the journey, they had spent the daylight hours of every day in the ceiling of a Johannesburg home, where any unwonted sound might land them back in Marshall Square. At night, when the ubiquitous (and almost omniscient) servants were in their quarters outside, they had been able to come down briefly, to eat and wash and take a little exercise; for the rest, they had to keep unnaturally still, and endure their company as best they could. All the decisions were in other hands. They could only wait.

Now, with their arrival on our doorstep, they had succeeded in carrying out their immediate instructions, and had come to the end of the initiative they would normally have had. They were hungry for directives.

Both were on edge, they exuded tension. Wolpe the larger of the two was a burly man, slower in movement and speech than Goldreich, and so more restful. Goldreich was darker, wiry and compact, and was probably more aggressive and nervous.

Footprints

Decisions, very few in this situation, may have lain with him, but it was not easy to discern. They were an ill-sorted pair, with one overriding purpose in common and not much else. Their mutual tolerance was strained: they needed a holiday from each other; but that would have to wait.

The next three days are scarcely differentiated in my memory. Early on I asked them what came next. Apart from knowing that they had a phone call to make, they were at a loss; or that was what they said. They awaited orders; but whose they could not, or did not, say. They knew as well as we did that to the east was Mozambique, Salazar country, which would be privileged to return them to Marshall Square. And on the other three sides lay the country they had left, though its government did not know this yet. But, apart from the phone-call their briefing ended on arrival. I wondered if Berrange might turn up; but our guests assured us that he was not taking risks, and was establishing an alibi by making court appearances in Johannesburg on Friday and Monday; between, he intended to be ostentatiously not in Swaziland.

By day the 'escape car' proved to be a brilliant geranium Ford, second-hand but practically new, a well-kept six cylinder affair. I was glad the school and staff were away, and the sisters in retreat. Then Goldreich produced the car's papers; it had been registered in the name of 'C. Hooper, Siteki.'

'But why on earth,' I asked, trying to work it out, 'was the bloody thing registered in my name? Why not Smith, or van der Merwe, or say Berrange?'

'So that you can get it transferred and get it a Swaziland registration.'

'So that I can? Why? And why me?'

'The idea is for it just to disappear. Those were our instructions. As soon as possible.'

'I doubt if Vernon is in a position to instruct me. Still, I'll think it over; but I don't live in Siteki.'

'Yes, well, that was our mistake. We had to buy it in a hurry, and we forgot the name Bremersdorp, and put down Siteki.'

Footprints

'A name you could remember. But did you buy the thing yourselves?'

'We were sent to a particular garage just as it was closing, and paid for it in hard cash.'

'It must have cost you a packet. Who signed? I mean who signed my name?'

'I suppose I must have.'

He was beginning to look unhappy, so I decided not to tease him with the idea that he'd committed a felony—lawyers were thick on the ground! Wolpe was a lawyer; so were Fischer and Berrange. No doubt they 'instructed' him.

Sheila listened to this conversation with interest, but she did not comment at the time. I took in the news that, if things went wrong, I would have to do some agile thinking: "C. Hooper, Siteki' –how did one explain that? There was no such person, but would C. Hooper, Bremersdorp' ever get the chance to say so? The implausibility of the truth was to become something of a problem. It seemed high time that one of them should make the phone call; but no - their instructions were to dial a certain number at a certain time on Monday. There was nothing to do but accept at least two more days of this. I had no idea what contingent arrangements might exist; an unplanned move might bring disaster.

On Sunday morning I went, in their car, the land wide and drenched in sunlight and silence and heat, half across Swaziland to see if Shulamith should come up with any helpful words or phrases. It was an idiotic thing to do; I wanted to feel that surge of horse-power. But Shulamith was out, and there were no repercussions. On the way back I stopped to find food for our guests, and closed the driver's door on my little finger and had to get in again and drive to the Nazarene Hospital to have the loose end stitched on; no analgesic, not even an aspirin, three stitches. Serve you right, I thought, running around in a hot car out of your class, for all to see.

Footprints

When I got back I found our guests with Sheila in the garden, basking in a world that was unconfined, under a huge sky. They looked etiolated, but they were becoming aware that they were not, for the moment, in somebody's ceiling, or in Marshall Square or the boot of a car.

Each was less impatient of the other's company, and now they grew voluble about the arrest and the break-out and the journey, and about the organisation of Lilyleaf Farm before they had been rounded-up, and generally about what was going on in the resistance, at home and abroad, most enlightening. But they worried too: they were safe for the moment, but not yet clear. Among other things, they worried about the Swazi woman who worked for us. Sheila said, 'Lucy knows exactly who you are; she knew it as soon as she set eyes on you. I've issued no warnings, but she won't tell a soul. You could call it Swazi reticence.'

Wolpe said, 'Well, we're in your hands.' Was I now to be held responsible, with no qualifications, for an underground cell, in addition to having this car hung round my neck? Goldreich dug up some earth and held it in his cupped hands, this is British protected soil,' he said. 'How stunning, how wonderful'

On Monday morning at the indicated time, I introduced Goldreich to the phone in the school office. He phoned a man, Aldwinkle in Siteki who did charter flights in a four-seater Piper Cub. Goldreich said, 'You're expecting this call. When do we meet at the agreed place?' and then after a pause, 'That will do fine.'

After he'd put the phone down, I said, 'Vernon lines up Aldwinkle and says nothing to me. Security, no doubt. Do you plan to tell your current hosts when and where this meeting takes place?'

Goldreich had the grace to look slightly abashed. 'Tomorrow at eight, at the airstrip here. He'll fly us to Bechuanaland. From there it ought to be straightforward.'

The four of us, all perhaps a little light-headed at the prospect, spent much of the day preparing to part. How were they to get to the airstrip?

They looked blank, until one of them recalled that Berrange had suggested I might be asked to take them. Oh, all right; but what did they say if somebody at the airstrip (where at that date there were no formalities about flights to the Republic or the High Commission Territories) asked who they were and where they had been staying. They had no ideas, none at all; and at that point and just as well in view of what was to come –fiction got into its stride.

'You've been staying here,' I said, 'there isn't anywhere else. Hotels can be checked, and you can't have been in the long grass. Now, why were you here and what were you doing? I'm an Anglican clergyman. Only nice people visit Anglican clergyman. They don't associate with riff-raff, its all changed since the Gospels were written. So you've got to be nice. But what kind of nice? Scholars and gentlemen, something respectable. Sociologists? Historians, some sort of researchers? Anthropologists - no they'd have made contact with an anthropoi. All right, let's try visitors from somewhere outside Africa. England?—it's just possible there won't be an old Etonian at the airstrip. Why does a friend from England spend three days, call it a weekend, with us? Did Barbara Castle suggest it? No, I've already spent a full hour of life being interrogated about her. I didn't enjoy it; anyway, she evokes Left Politics. Canon Collins, then? He must be one of the few Anglican clergymen who's out of reach and not yet involved, another radical priest, so your reason for touring round may have something to do with the church. Now what? Could you, do you think, be clergymen yourselves?'

Sheila said, 'Look at them carefully. Then slowly repeat your question,' and left the room. Either of them, alone, might pass muster for a few minutes; together, they didn't even look like what they were, a lawyer and an architect. They looked irredeemably underworld, the Lilyleaf mafia. Sheila came back with a couple of threadbare stocks and two clerical collars: these made a quite unexpected difference for the better. If you didn't stare, and if the collar didn't strangle him, Wolpe might suggest to the unperceptive a bumbling parson - he'd need lessons in bumbling. And was Goldreich just conceivably a very smooth, very Anglo-Catholic priest? No, not conceivably; but then did they need careers back to ordination? I suggested that we begin with what we had—one Wolpe, one Goldreich, two collars, two stocks—and jack that up and add or subtract whatever helped. Wolpe said they had a whole suitcase of disguises in their room, but I said no, not false whiskers, and anyway they were tourists. I was to regret this bit of producer's hubris. Their readiness to fall in with any suggestion we made was unnerving.

After a good deal of experiment and foolery, offsetting the tensions and irritations among us, we settled for the clergyman-on-tour clothing; not a disguise, but something which would mislead the casual eye, and at least carry no hint of escaped prisoners wanted for High Treason, Magwitch and Provis.

They had to have names now. One turned into Mitchell, the other into Shipton, Though I've forgotten who was which, or why. Pastors Mitchell and Shipton had come to us with a letter of introduction from Canon Collins. On what business? 'You don't have to say why,' Sheila said. Just talk about the Mother's Union or something,' and Wolpe said with real anguish, 'The Mother's what! I've never heard of it! We know nothing that will fit.' I said unsympathetically, 'Sheila's right, you don't need an agenda, only vague church interests, church education—this is a school. And Aldwinkle already knows you're bogus all through; you won't have to make conversation behind him in that shaky little plane. We're concerned with a few minutes between the car and the plane, and a couple of airstrip personnel.'

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Before the cloud-cuckoo day ended, Goldreich, extricating bundles of high-denomination banknotes from two loaded pockets, offered to pay for the trouble they'd caused. Simultaneously, we both said no.

In the morning, when the sisters were due to come out of silence, I took out of the garage my own car, a dilapidated grey Humber. I decided to drop the two men about a quarter of a mile short of the airstrip and let them walk the rest with grip and haversack. If asked to guess, I'd have said their luggage was a shaving kit and money. No Prayer Books, that was certain, and not much use if there had been. As I drew up to set them down, I said, 'There's your transport,' and the Piper Cub sank slowly across our bows. They began to walk.

At home the first thing that assailed my vision was the brilliant incongruous scarlet car. Its status was ambiguous, it invited questions; I moved it into the garage, leaving mine, as I often did, under the avocado.

Indoors I said to Sheila, 'Well, they should be airborne by now. I suppose next I'd better go to town and make this red car disappear; it embarrasses me.'

The strength of her reaction started my rivets; 'No, no, and no! You must be unhinged! Can't you see the damn thing's a trap and a bribe!' We mulled it over for a few minutes, intuition in good order against fatuous sweet reason, and then Sister Prudence came to tell me I was wanted on the phone.

It was Goldreich at the airstrip. 'We've got the wrong pilot, A fellow called Truter.'

'I expect he can fly.'

There was panic rising in Goldreich's voice; 'But what must we do?'

'Just get on that bloody plane, the two of you, for God's sake, and go.

Goldreich gasped slightly and put down the phone; then I heard the second click as the listener, too, rang off.

Even Swaziland ran to its own Security Branch; his name was of the Freeman-Freeland sort; I'd met him once or twice about refugees. I reflected now that, in the last few minutes, he'd collected a perfect specimen of an underling asking for orders and getting them.

I have little doubt now that Freeman-Freeland had been privately briefed by the Resident Commissioner. If the missing men were to leave via Swaziland, the last thing the Resident would want would be to catch them at it. At this moment Freeman and the Resident would have held the rest of these men's lives in their hands; the one thing certain is that Freeman took a quite abnormal amount of time reporting what he'd heard to the local police commissioner.

None of this was on my mind when, at home, I found Sister Prudence with Sheila, and told them of the phone that rang off twice: 'We seem to be in the borshch, but I'm not sure yet how deep in.' We briefed Sister Prudence, who agreed to look unsurprised by any public version of events. Then a second sister pounded over the convent to call me to the phone, and I dawdled across and found Ansell, the Bremersdorp Station Commandant, on the line.

'Is that Reverend Hooper?'

'I'm Hooper, yes.'

'Do you know anything about two clergyman who left the airstrip by plane this morning?' Well, they'd left, and were now somewhere over South Africa.

'Yes, of course. They stayed in my home'

'Who are they?'

'Pastors Mitchell and Simpkin; Congregationalists, I think.'

'I must see you at once.'

'You can't possibly. I'm in a meeting.'

'No, I must see you at once.'

'I've told you I can't.' By 12.30 Goldreich and Wolpe would be in Bechuanaland, if they weren't already on the ground in Pretoria. 'Can you give me a single reason why I should shut down an important meeting to talk to you?'

Ansell began to splutter, so I finished off with, 'I should be free by 12.30, I could see you then. Here.' I rang off.

When I'd got back and collected a stray wit or two, I said to Sheila and Sister Prudence, 'That was Ansell. We're in an important meeting; we finish at 12.30. Now we know that this business will make headlines far and wide. Will somebody propose a vote of thanks to Berrange who left us to play by ear in the dark, agreed.' A firecracker went off behind my eyes: 'Do you two realise that if Goldreich and Wolpe are now sweating it out in Pretoria, nobody, probably not even you - will ever believe that I did not sell them down the river: they escaped; they came here; they are back inside; QED. And Truter is a loyal little Verwoerd man: he can do a service to baaskap, and collect the reward. And Goldreich knows I knew Truter was flying that plane.' Then the grenade exploded. 'Oh my God, did I say it would hit the headlines? It will whether they're in Pretoria or Lobatsi, but it won't be only their story; it will include everything any journalist can dig up, which means us too, and what they don't know they can invent. Can you imagine what Die Burger or The Sunday Times will make of this lot -omissions, additions, nuances, the Communist Front Anglican Church, the cloak of religion, there's almost nothing missing.'

We were not happy as we turned these developments over in what had become, for us, an important meeting. The crux seemed to be to get my version of these bizarre events into the newspapers first. This might inhibit other fantasists; and anybody who cast doubt on my manifest rectitude would risk being sued, a thing, editors are said to be touchy about. We thought at length of Laurence Gandar, the editor of the Rand Daily Mail, whom we had met about five years earlier. If he was willing to print my

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story - as why should he not be? - I was in an unassailable position to get my version first.

But what was my version? We spent the next half-hour working at that, the bits to include, the bits to avoid.

It evolved essentially out of the story we'd invented for the escapers. It shed a new light for me on the gifts of a mature nun in lifelong vows; I already knew the other two.

I thought I'd better hear, first, what I said to Ansell. He appeared promptly with his swagger stick and Freeman. He pointed his stick at the avocado and said, the bonhomous approach, 'You should strip the bark off that; you'd get better fruit. May we talk somewhere?' I took them into a ramshackle ex-dining room with matchboard pseudo-beams and a lot of crevices for bats. They sat facing me, all of us uncomfortably sprawled on easy chairs that hadn't been serious for years. It was the standard interrogation layout, but this was a British-protected occasion, and Freeman, though he hardly uttered a word, left out the unwavering gimlet stare. Our eyes met from to time: he seemed mild, and perhaps faintly amused.

The story of our recent guests unfolded in response to Ansell's questions, a True-False Narration. No, I'd never seen either man before (T). They'd come on Friday (T), with a letter of introduction from Canon Collins (F). No, we hadn't expected them (T). They'd taken the letter of introduction away with them (F). No, I couldn't be certain they were clergymen (F), the letter bore it out, and one often went by what people wore: I'd never asked a policeman in uniform if he was a policeman. They arrived in a car (T). They left the car behind when they took to the air (T) They said they'd collect it on their way back (F). The car was now here (T) and of course Ansell could examine it. As far as I knew, they hadn't been in touch with anybody else (F) They'd said their next stop would be Basutoland else (F). But what was this all about, anyway?

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In the end, Ansell said, 'We don't think they were Mitchell and Shipton. Do you know who we think they really are?'

'I mustn't steal your surprise.'

Ansell managed the difficult feat of sitting forward in an uncooperative chair. He looked at me very straight, elbows out, hands grasping thighs: 'We think they're....Goldreich and Wolpe.'

'Oh, yes, those two, Scharnhorst and Gneisau. But I thought they'd been arrested some time ago... at Howick or somewhere?.....No, of course, it was someone else who was caught at Howick.... So in your view, we've been imposed on? Still, there's not much family silver.'

Ansell became brisk. 'May I see the quarters they used?' I took them to the scruffy room with its two school beds - poor men, those purgatorial springs - where Goldreich and Wolpe had left their high-class luggage. Its contents astonished all three of us: clothes and disguises for all occasions and for either sex. I remember the cascade of an auburn wig, and a range of professional make-up in tubs and tubes; there were even false eyelashes, and corsets, and a handbag. 'Yes,' I said, 'it does look a bit unusual for a couple of clergyman.'

Something was upsetting Ansell. He said 'A bit unusual! I want to see the car.'

'It's in my garage. Let me fetch the keys.'

Ansell put his finger on the embarrassing feature at once: 'Do you mean to tell me you leave your own car outside while you lock theirs away?'

'I don't mean to tell you anything so obvious. These men were strangers and I took them in.' Ansell seemed, if anything, more put out.

I moved my car and backed the red one out; the two of them poked for a while until finally Ansell said, 'I'm afraid I'll have to take this car. And the luggage as well!'

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'You're welcome to the lot. Just remember that my fingerprints are all over the driver's area, you can take a sample if you like.' While they piled the luggage into the car, I looked at my watch: by now the issue was settled, Goldreich and Wolpe were retaken or free.

At least this encounter had not been with the South African Police; it was an improvement to have men like Ansell kept in check.

First I put the car's papers into the kitchen stove and watched them burn. Then I found Sheila, who was getting knotted up. 'Since you won't guess who Ansell thinks Goldreich and Wolpe really are, let me tell you: he thinks they're Goldreich and Wolpe, a deception had been practised on us.'

'But is it all right?'

'So far, in a formal sort of way. They know I'm being disingenuous, not to say lying, but I doubt if they can do anything about it. As far as Swaziland is concerned, it's actually lawful here to have guests whom Vorster and Verwoerd don't like. Ansell will probably be on to Pretoria about now. He'll phone back triumphantly if things have gone wrong; for some reason, Ansell really dislikes me.'

'I've told you before, it's the cut of your jib: you alienate policemen.'

'Anyway, if we hear nothing, they're probably clear. Lets eat and then try Gandar.'

It took a little time to reach Gandar, the man at the top of the pyramid, but eventually I was able to introduce myself and tell him where I was phoning from. I said, 'If you want it, I've got the exclusive story about how Goldreich and Wolpe come to be at this moment in Lobatsi.' Gandar's surprise was reassuring, though carefully suppressed.' He wanted the story, all right; but he did not want my condition: 'You can have it provided I'm allowed to tell it my own way, and provided you print anything attributed to me inside quotation marks, word for word.'

'I could never give such an undertaking, there may be legal obstacles; no, I can't possibly agree.'

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'Your lawyers won't mind one bit. There's nothing remotely actionable. I know what you are taking about and it doesn't apply.'

'I'm afraid what you ask is quite unacceptable.'

'All right - It was just a gesture. You leave me to find out what the Editor of Die Vaderland will think of the exclusive lowdown on the escape of South Africa's two most wanted men.'

I put the phone down, an act that seemed to punctuate the day. I simply waited among the school stationery, seeing with terrible clarity how lying to the police in the morning led to attempted moral blackmail in the afternoon. Where would it end? Thank God my bishop was in Toronto.

The phone rang after fifteen minutes or so; sure enough it was Gandar, who'd consulted his lawyers and, yes, they agreed to his undertaking to do what I had suggested, yes-yes exactly, and he would put me through to a stenographer.

I had no notes, but by now, with Ansell's help, I had mastered my material. The stenographer slowed me down: she kept breaking off to voice her thrilled incredulity. What she read over to me in the end seemed unlikely to embarrass absent friends, there was no mention of the school, and Canon Collins had become 'a prominent English churchman'. Yet again, I put down the phone.

Next morning's Rand Daily Mail was dominated, on its first two pages, by the escape story, and Gandar had kept to his undertaking; so there the authorised version was, a scoop. This was embellished by a photographic treatment of the upper ends of Goldreich and Wolpe masquerading as the upper ends of two clergymen. Included was an account of their arrival in Lobatsi, whence they had been promptly spirited far north to Francistown. Truter must have been unhappy: on the day this news broke, the SA Minister of Transport prohibited over-flying, so he was not to have another chance to be a national hero.

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The Rand Daily Mail's self-portrait of the Dupe as Outraged Halfwit served its purpose. Having no alternative source, other newspapers basically followed the authorised version, however implausible it might have seemed; so, by the time the SA parliament had got round to its ritual denunciations, the story had moved on.

Unfortunately Ansell did not follow suit. He phoned. He said, 'Come and get your car.'

'As you know, I've got my car.'

'Man, you know what I mean.'

'If you're talking about the one you took, you must be fully aware it's not mine.'

His tone was almost conspiratorial: 'Oh no, of course it's yours. I've got proof.'

'You talk in riddles, Ansell; no such proof exists.' I felt I could hardly tell him that even the forged proof, evidence of which had clearly been unearthed for him in South Africa, had perished in my stove. Anyway, he knew I was not 'C.Hooper, Siteki'. It was the first of his nuisance calls.

I wandered into the kitchen where I found Sheila confronting in the doorway a reporter from Die Transvaler. She seemed to be coping: 'Look, you little squirt, I'll trouble you to get the hell of my house.' All he wanted was a short authentic interview. He raised his camera and Sheila closed the door on it hard. The cost to his newspaper was his expenses and one camera, no interview, but he could hardly complain: it was our door. I said 'Bully for you,' and Sheila burst into tears. The press left us alone.

I was getting launched, now that I was relieved of anxieties about the safety of our former guests and the reputation of the Anglican Church, on a new worry: how would we, with our one-year temporary residence permits, stand with the raj? And I was free, now, to feed this anxiety with the rage I felt about what our 'best friends in Swaziland' might have brought down on us.

A plane of suitable size crossed Africa from Dar es Salaam to gather up Goldreich and Wolpe; that night it was blown up in Francistown, and the two men got asylum in police cells until a second plane came. This was big league stuff: somebody in Pretoria was in real earnest.

Though the main story had moved, the red car appeared in follow-up stories for a week. It was photographed at the police station: it only needed Ansell holding an elephant rifle to put his foot on its bonnet. But it was simply 'The Escape Car' - no newspaper tried to fasten ownership on me. Still, I went cold when I remembered how, but for Sheila's insistence, I would be pinning it firmly on to myself two doors away from Ansell when he first phoned me.

Ansell persisted: 'Reverend Hooper, when are you coming to collect your car? The tyres are going flat.'

'You took it, Ansell; you bring it back. I didn't ask you to impound the thing.'

Then it was the District Commissioner on the phone saying the Resident wanted to see me. We met in the DC's office, where the DC sat at his desk and said nothing throughout; but this was no interrogation. Brian Marwick, the Resident Commissioner, the current embodiment of the raj, explained that we were meeting there because the office in Mbabane was besieged by reporters who wanted to know what he intended doing about Hooper, and he preferred to spare me that - a gracious deed in a naughty world. I answered a couple of questions in line with the authorised version; he put an end to that by leaning over and patting my knee and saying, 'That's right. You stick to your story.'

'Well, sir, it's the only one I've got.' So there was no rehash, and nothing about the red car.

As far as I could judge from the drift of what followed, Marwick's main, and perhaps only, interest was to establish that I was not running a regular escape route. I have never seen how one

proves that one is not doing something which one might be doing, but he seemed satisfied.

He gave me one piece of advice: might it not be as well if I now found somebody else to do the job of helping refugees? Perhaps this was a tactful order, but it cost me nothing to agree.

Was there, the Resident wanted to know, anything I wished to ask of him? I said there was one thing: we wanted to remain in Swaziland, and this unlooked-for event did nothing to make me feel secure about that; I was furious about being bounced in the way I had been.

Marwick slid his question in neatly: Did I perhaps have some idea who bounced me? I said, 'None; none at all,' and then I thought, Oh no, Berrange, I owe you nothing, not one jot of loyalty. So I looked at the ceiling and said, 'it does interest me that this car was registered in my name, but in Siteki. Siteki makes me wonder.' Though I realised as I spoke that I'd slipped, the matter was not pursued.

Only when Marwick said, standing up, 'Well, we'll look after you, never fear,' did I realise what his earlier question 'was there anything I wanted to ask' meant: did we after the Francistown explosion, want police protection? He patted my shoulder and added, 'If you feel you need me for anything, don't hesitate to ask.' Was he thinking, perhaps, of the other two escapers?

I said, 'Thank you sir,' and left: and when next got Ansell on the line, I didn't hesitate. I phoned the Resident and asked him to take Ansell off my back. It was the last time I heard from Ansell. Subsequently, Major Ansell found a niche in Durban, in the South African Special Branch.

That would have been the end of the episode as it concerned us, but for the final Berrange visit. And the red car. The Berranges came at the weekend. At first, when I answered the doorbell, Yolande seemed to have come alone in an estate wagon; but then a rear door opened and Vernon shot into our passage. He'd

arrived flat on the car floor; taking no chances. In the big rondavel, greetings were curt. At first I thought Vernon's arrogant tone and manner signified anger, until I began to wonder if he was not rattled silly. He demanded abruptly, 'What went wrong?'

'Among other things, rather a lot of them, Goldreich phoned from the airstrip and Freeman or Freeland was listening in. I've got no phone: he must have had to ask for me by name.'

'Goldreich phoned! What the blazes did he do that for?'

'They'd got Truter as their pilot.'

'Truter, why Truter? I told Aldwinkle to do it in person.'

'Maybe Aldwinkle felt like taking no risks, maybe he likes to make his own decisions, maybe he had a bad cold.'

'Is the car registered in your name?'

'You've been reading the papers. What do you think?'

'I asked you a question. Did you transfer it to your name?' This was courtroom stuff, counsel dealing with a refractory witness. I wondered where Vernon thought he was. Sheila and I began to answer together. She said, 'What explanation would you like to suggest for our owning the "escape car"?' I said, 'It appears to have been put in my name in Benoni or somewhere.'

'Yes, but I gave explicit instructions to have it registered in Swaziland.'

'So one of them told us; but Vernon, look: I simply don't take instructions from you, yesterday, today, tomorrow. The car is still registered in the name of C. Hooper, Siteki.'

'Siteki, Siteki, Siteki!' Vernon was shouting now. 'How the hell did that happen? I told them exactly how to register it.'

'In my name, forging my signature, without my knowledge or consent. They did their best to follow instructions; they forgot my home town - I suppose they were flustered - so they put down your home town; nice irony. Would you like to moderate your voice and tell us why you gave us no warning.'

'It was all cobbled together at the last moment.'

'Somebody did trial runs all the way here on two previous Fridays.'

'Did they tell you that?'

'They hardly stopped talking for three days, except when one of them broke off to comb his hair-

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'- using as a mirror,' Sheila finished off, 'the glass in front of my El Greco Madonna.'

Yolande broke in pacifically. 'How did the police get the car in the first place?'

'Ansell charged up here with Freeman. It wasn't third degree, but he asked questions. How had they come, how had they left, where was the car now? I could hardly say it had driven itself away in the night. I didn't refuse to let him take it -it's not mine. So, they took it, along with the luggage.'

'What luggage?'

'The fancy clothes and the disguise kit.'

Unexpectedly, this knocked the wind out of both of them. In assembling the props, various items had been bought by various people; now the South African Police might trace these through shops. The Berranges were thoroughly alarmed, one could see why - yet Ansell need never have seen the luggage.

The encounter simmered on for a while. As they made to leave, Vernon said, 'Is your house watched?'

'No idea. Marwick said he'd look after us, whatever that means. We have not seen a soul.'

They left as they'd come, with Vernon in the back on the floor. Sheila said to me, 'I wonder who next will qualify to be their best friends in Swaziland. I resign.'

'Very dignified; but I think we've both been sacked.'

Standing outside the police station in all weathers, the red car delivered itself of one final jolt. Weeks later, I was called out of my classroom to find Leo Lovell, a South African with a law practice in Swaziland, proffering a document. Goldreich and Wolpe wanted to sell 'their' car; the snag was that it was registered in 'my' name; would I sign this affidavit so that the sale could take place? It was a longish document, which Lovell wanted me to sign forthwith.

But I said, 'I'm busy, leave it with me,' and with that he had to be content.

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The 'Affidavit' was couched in narrative form, a novelette running into pages and including a number of fictions, all mine and all already current. Whoever was employing Lovell knew they were fictions. And Lovell? Now I was being invited to sign this farrago on oath. I was never in danger of perjuring myself; but I did want to see the end of that car.

I temporised and Lovell kept pestering me, two phone calls and another visit. The second visit was acrimonious. I said, 'I will sign what I wish. When I'm ready.'

'But dammit, Goldreich and Wolpe are in a hurry.'

"No doubt. Someone should have thought of that before they forged my signature. I'm not obliged to sign any affidavit; as far as I'm concerned, that car can stay where it is till it rots. I've told you: I'll sign when I'm ready, I won't be hustled.'

My own draft affidavit ran to three lines: I was not the owner of the car, make, year, registration number; I had not authorised anybody to acquire it in my name. I took this to a local solicitor whom I knew by repute and explained the situation. He read both versions, a good deal diverted by the longer one; he thought mine should meet the need. So it was got up by the typist, signed, stamped, and witnessed, no fee.

I phoned Lovell and offered to post it, but he preferred to collect it in person. The sight of how his (or his clients) creative writing had shrunk to nothing in the wash caught him entirely off guard, but his fury was something he couldn't explain: the scrap of paper he took from me met with all his requirements.

Lovell bought the car himself. Goldreich and Wolpe prospered; with no animus towards them, I still wish they'd been Sisulu and Mandela.

WHO IS CHARLES HOOPER ?

Who is Reverend Charles Hooper and what is he doing in this book. Let him tell you himself. Africa South - Volume 2 - No. 4 - July-Sept. 1958 (editor- Ronald M. Segal), contains an article by Reverend Charles Hooper which tells more about himself, his wife and their activities!

3. DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST

Rev. CHARLES HOOPER

Anglican Rector of Zeerust.

It is, I suppose, no accident that the Anglican Rectory in Zeerust became for a time one of the focal points of recent events in that area. Accidents there were, however, such as our discovery that there was no place in Zeerust where defending counsel from Johannesburg could interview their African clients. It seemed reasonable to my wife and myself to offer the defence the use of the Rectory for consultations. We had seen the police breaking up attempts at consultations on the Zeerust pavements; and we knew that, apart from the pavements, the only place for consultation was Johannesburg, 150 miles away, or the Reserves, forbidden to Whites without permits, and scattered over 80 miles. From the use of the Rectory as a meeting place for client and counsel to the use of the Rectory as a source of help or a place of refuge was a quick and inevitable development.

But the basis of our involvement in the toils of the Zeerust agony is not accidental. It is really an exceedingly simple matter. Long before there was any question of the issue of reference books to African women, long before the holding of illegal tribal councils and the burning of houses, we had both come to know as fellow human beings the people among whom we had elected to work. My wife and I knew the names of their children, and the places of work of absent husbands. We accepted gifts of eggs from destitute widows, knowing the wound that refusal would inflict. We were asked to settle feuds and comfort the bereaved. Daily we moved among the Bafurutse in the relationship of missionaries to people entrusted to our care—a relationship as remote from the master-servant one as can possibly be imagined. There was, of course, an inequality about the relationship, for priest and teacher are in authority over their people. But one of the points of such authority is that it is something accepted, not something imposed; and it is counter-balanced by the example of Maundy Thursday, by the Christ who girded Himself with a towel and washed His disciples' feet. In the event, it was we who learned humility.

We were involved, also, by the simple fact that we are

South African citizens. To put it naively, we believe in law and order; and so, a year ago, did the Bafurutse. Before April, 1957, there could have been few more peaceful districts than the Reserves near Zeerust, where 30,000 African people lived, settling their differences quietly according to tribal custom, without the clash and violence that are so appalling a feature of South African city life. We have watched the destruction among our people of this acceptance of rule by law. We have watched the emergence of gangster chiefs ruling by fear, terrorising their own people with the arrogant impunity afforded by police protection. And we have watched the police themselves reducing the Bafurutse to an acceptance of the belief that might is right. We have listened with horror to our people arguing with each other about whether the only solution to their dilemma is not the murder of the 'rebels,' as they have come to call the gangster chiefs. Inevitably we have taken part in such arguments, pleading with our people, sometimes for hours, not to follow the gangster example which they were experiencing on this scale for the first time. And we have listened, with perhaps greater horror, to the conversations of policemen. On one occasion a policeman—a youngster of about eighteen—said to me: "The Chief Police Commissioner is here, I hope he'll give us permission to shoot these bloody rubbish." On another occasion I was told, about an Anglican woman who had been arrested with others for having allegedly burnt her reference book: "The others pleaded guilty, so we are letting them go. But this one wouldn't plead guilty, so we're sending her to gaol." The moment I offered to bail her out, she too was released. But the classic expression of the police attitude to the recognized processes of law came during the hearings of the Commission of Enquiry, when an officer complained bitterly that the police were being made fools of, because accused persons who had found themselves legal defence were being acquitted on a large scale. Their legal defence, he maintained, was a serious cause of unrest!

And far more destructive of trust in the law than police talk has been police action. Raids in the small hours of the morning; the indiscriminate arrest of nearly naked women dragged out of their blankets and out of their houses in the night; assault by the police or in the presence of the police; the levying of indiscriminate fines by pro-Government Chiefs on people arrested by the police in the presence of the police; the terror-

ising of people who have dared to seek legal help, or to appeal against fines—all these, and more, have been the order of the day in the Zeerust district for more than a year now. Coupled with the fact that in not one case has action been taken on behalf of people alleging assault and bearing the marks of assault, it all amounts to simply this: almost everybody is afraid of the police, and nobody believes that a blameless life is any protection.

Simply because we are South Africans, it has been impossible for us, either by co-operation with the authority which sanctions such violation of law, or by gathering up our skirts and passing by with eyes averted on the other side, to consent to the undermining of the foundations on which a sane society must rest: regard for the rights of the individual and an adherence to natural law.

Our involvement in the Zeerust disturbances has brought consequences both for the Church and for our people. From very early on, once our position seemed clear to those in authority, it has been virtually impossible to transact Church business with the Native Affairs Department. And since the hearings of the Commission of Enquiry last November, not only have our frequent encounters with the police in the Reserves been extremely unpleasant, but Anglican Church members have had to run a sort of gauntlet. In the village of Motswedi, for instance, Anglicans on their way to Church services have encountered roaming 'bodyguards' who have prevented their attendance on the grounds that, instead of the normal words of administration at the time of Communion, the priest has gone down the line of Communicants hissing to each woman: "Burn your reference book!" In this same village a sort of smelling out has been conducted. It has deviated from its almost forgotten traditional pattern in that the objects of enquiry have been, not witches and heretics, but A.N.C. members, Anglicans, and Huddleston-boeties! The irony is that a year ago none but a few of the intelligentsia in the area had heard of either the African National Congress or of Fr. Huddleston.

At the Commission of Enquiry we listened to the official attitude towards our deviationist behaviour. The then Mayor of Zeerust stated how, with his own eyes, he had seen us "shaking hands with, and conversing with, Natives in our back-yard." How, he asked, were the White children of

Zeerust to be properly reared with such an example in their midst? The Zeerust Native Commissioner described "how we enticed Natives with tea and cigarettes, had A.N.C. members on our premises, had our photograph published in *Drum*," etc., etc. This official indictment did not contain any mention of incitement or other illegality; yet the indictment was made to illustrate that we were "causes of unrest"—that we were, in fact, guilty without being law-breakers.

I do not know what the Commission made of all this, as it has published no findings. But without question, during the three months between the date when the Commission concluded its hearing and the date when our entry into the Reserves was prohibited by Dr. Verwoerd, the business of carrying on our ordinary missionary functions became nerve-racking to an almost unbearable degree.

We returned early in December from our annual leave to find the Reserves dotted with armed police camps. Life in the villages was fear-ridden almost to the point of panic; and where previously there had been no more than a trickle of people leaving the area, there was now a daily exodus on a large scale. A number left the district via the Rectory, afraid to go to the Zeerust railway station as it was raided from time to time by groups of 'bodyguards'. They spent the daylight hours hiding in the long grass or in the house itself; and by night they made their way to stations further up the line. I shall not easily forget the day when I walked into my study expecting to find it empty and found in it seven women, some with babies, lying flat on the floor. They had heard that the 'bodyguards' had come to town and they were in full flight. It emerged that these women were out on bail awaiting the hearing of an appeal. They had been chosen as candidates for bail because of age, infirmity, or the fact that with them in gaol had been ailing babies. On their return to their village a couple were beaten by 'bodyguards', and all were immediately hustled out again by their friends who chartered a lorry for the purpose. Their chief, it appeared, took the original line that, he having put them into gaol, it was an act of defiance for them to emerge, bail or no bail; and he went on to fine their menfolk up to £10 each for having the temerity "to treat these guilty women as though they were precious china". The chartered lorry drove straight to the Rectory.

As day succeeded day in December, as the Christmas holidays

came and went, leaving in their wake turmoil, burned houses, mass arrests, small-scale riots, and one death, the Rectory took on at times the feel of an air-raid shelter. And most horrifyingly, the main victims of assault were women, many of them old women; and the assaults were not idle slaps; they were vicious attacks with sticks, with fists, and with sharp-edged slices of car tyre. We did not see the weapons; we did see, frequently, their effect: weals inches long, a quarter of an inch deep; bruises on heads, arms, backs, thighs; loose teeth and clothes clotted with blood.

But there was nothing, apart from elementary first-aid and an attempt at encouragement, to be done about it. We tried.

One wet Monday we took three thoroughly beaten women and their attorney to the police station to make statements and lay charges. The women were afraid to go without us; so, clinging to our antique belief that a police force is designed to protect people and deal with offenders, we went with them. We waited outside the charge office, watching through open doors. The attorney was inside with her clients. Beyond saying that she had brought the women to make statements, she said nothing and did nothing except listen. Half-way through the second statement, a senior Pretoria officer appeared. He read through the first statement and then came over to the attorney. He did not look at her, but said: "You must get outside."

"I am here in the interests of my clients."

"If you do not get outside," the officer jerked a thumb in the direction of the door, "I will have you put out bodily."

"I see." The attorney joined us on the verandah, and the statements were completed. While we waited three men were brought in. Two I did not know. The third I did not recognize at first. Behind a policeman's back he caught my eye and made signs to show that he had been assaulted, and then I recognized him. A week earlier he had been at the Rectory, quietly well dressed. Now his face was thoroughly disfigured, his clothes torn and discoloured with blood.

On the Wednesday following the making of statements by these three women, a fourth woman arrived from their home village in a near-hysterical state. She had covered the 40 miles on foot, and she was related to one of the three. She pleaded with them not to return home. Her story was that their Chief would do them grave harm if they did return, as he had been

told by the police that these three women were trying to get him arrested. The women left the district, and there the whole matter rests.

The refugees who left the district, via our Rectory were a fraction of the total. Many left by less obvious routes, seeking shelter in Bechuanaland or, more precariously, on the Reef. When we went into the Protectorate to gain an inkling of the situation, an official there told me that Bafurutse were scattered from the border to the desert. We saw some: others, we were told, were in hiding in the hills, fearing that they might be returned to the Union.

By mid-January some of our congregations had melted away almost to nothing. But at least the fugitives were having a rest. The ones who stayed were the ones who paid.

On January 24th four people were shot dead and others wounded in the village of Gopane. The shooting took place in the morning, and shortly afterwards one of the villagers put through a telephone call to me. I could hardly understand his frenzied babble, and he rang off abruptly. So we went, and as we were on the point of leaving the village we met, inevitably, a large party of police, to whom, by then, we were well known. We spent forty minutes surrounded by sten guns, having inane questions barked at us about who we were, where we came from, what we were doing, where our identity cards were. A blustering performance. The man who had put through the call to us was subsequently beaten up in the presence of the police, and his sister told us that she paid £30 to have the assault called off.

We were not again treated to sten gun drill; but we did again encounter the tough manner. On one occasion we were entering another village (Leeuwfontein) when the car was stopped at a police camp. We watched policemen carving up an ox—a gift, perhaps, from a 'loyal' Chief who had in turn 'fined' it out of a villager? A sergeant detached himself idly and came over to us: "You'll have to clear out at once."

"Why?"

"The Chief doesn't want your Church here."

"I've a congregation to care for, whatever the Chief may want." The sergeant fetched the Chief who repeated his piece. I repeated my piece and then asked for the officer in charge. I was taken to him.

"Am I being forbidden entry here?" I asked.

"I'm not forbidding you."

"Well, who is then?" The officer turned to the Chief. "Look, Chief, write that letter to the Native Commissioner and then we shall see what happens. We can't tell this priest not to go in." So we went in, passing people from the next village herded into a cattle kraal. Coming out we gave lifts to some who had by then been released. And they all had bruises and cuts on their faces.

Finally, a new technique was evolved. One Sunday, in Gopane, we found a police van with armed police inside, back and front, accompanying us wherever we went. They said nothing and did nothing—they just rode with us until we left. That was the end of any pastoral work in Gopane, as it did not take us long to recognize that the most brave Anglican would not be over-eager, in a village seething with fear, to receive benefit of clergy together with five police. Furthermore, the last man whom we visited was forthwith, on Sunday, taken by the police to the Chief and fined £40 for what was called a "Congress offence".

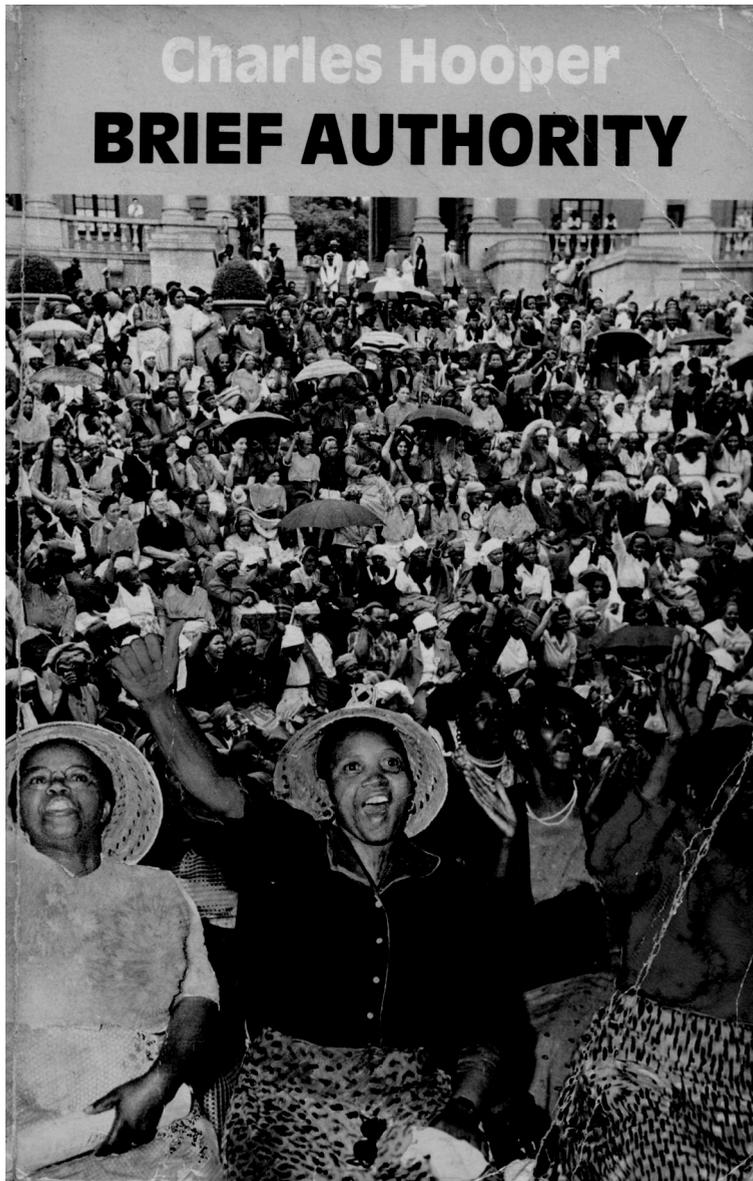
Earlier on the same day we had been chased by a police car, hooting all the way, down a road with a sixty foot sheer drop on the off-side—not the side on which the police seemed desirous of passing. I did not stop until I reached the bottom, when I was asked, to my utter astonishment, if I had seen a large green bus anywhere! Despite my inability to produce one, the interior of the parish car was inspected, and then we were allowed to go on. The police car turned back, questing no doubt for the large green bus which has not yet been found.

Even at home, in Zeerust, well out of the Reserves, the ordinary day to day transactions of Church life were drastically inhibited. The Rectory stands directly opposite the large, imposing buildings of the Native Affairs Department; between the two properties there is nothing but a road and a low wire fence. Each morning we would see our familiar informer taking up his watch on the Rectory, to be relieved at intervals during the day by other 'loiterers', and then ending his day affecting to read a newspaper—in pitch darkness. For teachers, clerks, African policemen, a call to the Rectory meant interrogation afterwards—questions to which the real reply that the call was made to pay rent, arrange a baptism, ask advice, discuss a premature pregnancy, was not acceptable. In the end much of our ordinary out of Church work was done in the late even-

ings. So great was the fear of the authorities that, during the day, except at times of worship, the most inoffensive and unpolitical of Anglicans tended to keep well clear of the Rectory. By the time we were banned, the routine of the Rectory had changed utterly: the business we dealt with was, for us, urgent, often grim, nearly always hurried, and quite unending. The days of impromptu parties with the Mothers Union, of play-production for the children, of vigorous and uninhibited unrehearsed 'concerts' round the Rectory tap, had given place to days that began before dawn with trouble, and ended after sunset with more trouble.

For a year now we have had a question put to us, by our own people, by visiting overseas journalists, by idly curious fellow South Africans: "What is going to happen? Where will all this end?" I do not know. But it is clear that the Zeerust district has become in some way a testing ground for new techniques. The police have learned, and taught, a good deal there in a year. Some Chiefs have learned new tricks, and a totally new method of rule; others cling with admirable determination to the old method, conscious for the first time of its value. The people have learned on a new scale the meaning of fear. I do not presume to predict the outcome, but of this I am certain: where a year ago there was a belief in peace and law, now there is hope only of an eventual dénouement which will have to be catastrophic, perhaps for rulers and ruled alike*.

* Those who are unfamiliar with the background to Rev. Hooper's experiences are referred to, "Zeerust—A Profile of Resistance" by James Fairbairn, in AFRICA SOUTH, Vol. II, No. 3.



Phyllis Naidoo
Durban
23/10/2009



Picture by Mark Wessels

Our Children

Daily we are confronted with the parents who are experiencing problems with the education of their children. These have not improved since the demise of Bantu Education and others from May 1994.

Teachers and governing bodies who are closely aligned to the education of our children are not only responsible for the state of affairs. It is a national problem.

On the following pages are some thoughts about some of these problems:

IN THE KNOW ON THE MOVE

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INSIDE

TimeOut

MILLCENT IS NOT MAD ABOUT WHEELS



SCHOOL PREGNANCIES



GIRLS OF 12 AND 13 AT SAME SCHOOL PREGNANT

RANDY TEACHERS ON THE LOOSE

78 fired for impregnating pupils or having sexual relations with them

PAGE 2

BAFANA COACH HOPING FOR IMPROVEMENT BACK PAGE



1.

Teenage Pregnancy

by Logesh Subramoney (frustrated teacher)

The matriculation class of 2008 is totally silent, pens are furiously scribbling, heads are bent and eyes are focused on their answer books. I walk through their aisles as unobtrusively as possible. A three hour invigilation session stretches in front of me – enough time to inspect the young adults all around me and contemplate what their future holds for them the minute they step out of the examination room for the last time. I would have to be blind not to notice that about 15 girls have bulging stomachs – 10 of them came from the 12A class.

They will be mothers soon – some of them even before their results are published. I cringe inside. What is their future? More important what is the future of those unborn children? They travel from the township to this previously “Indian” school in the hope of securing what they deem to be a better education and now in their final year on the eve of the next phase of their lives – they throw it all away.

These are not girls who have never been exposed to sex – education or are unaware of the perils of unprotected sex. Beside the media – the school has ensured that there is enough information cascaded to them. Earlier in the year medical students did workshops on how to use condoms, STD’s and other related issues. So when we unpack this “phenomenon” or should I say “epidemic” let us be clear that the teenagers I talk about are not sheltered girls, who have no idea of what the consequences of their actions would be. No, these are bright girls, stylish and vibrant ladies who have chances in lives that their mothers never had.

And that is what frustrates me! Through the 5 years of teaching them English I have not been able to empower them as women yet! I have not been able through literature to break the shackles of their patriarchal backgrounds. I have not been able to make them see themselves the way I see them: - as powerful individuals with a destiny to forge on their own. As girls who are the architects of their own future and that now more than any time in the history of South Africa they have a chance to realise their dreams.

I am the mother of 2 teenage daughters myself so I have no illusion about “raging hormones” and “mistakes” that can occur – but when they have a certain pride in their conditions and when friends start falling pregnant one after the other, almost as if it is a competition – it is then that my spirit drops.

I think of the “gogo’s” who will have to fork out from their old age pensions to look after great-grand children and shake my head. The government grant of R240 will barely cover the cost of milk! I wonder what happens next. So who is to blame? You would have noticed that I have not even touched on the teenage fathers yet (presuming the fathers are that young). When I ponder this question I look beyond culture and race and socio-economic factors. I want to look at the individual – the individual who has the right to decide what to do with his/her life.

So who is to blame? Myself maybe – for not showing these girls clearly enough that they can be complete within themselves without a boyfriend or a husband to define them. That there is a time for babies later on – when they have a job, are earning their own money and are independent, That this will ensure that they will be equal partners in any relationship and not subservient to anyone. I want them to see the beauty that is them and more than anything I want them to see their potential and power. I want...I want...– How can I get THEM TO WANT???

“5 minutes more”, the second invigilator called out. But for 15 girls and their unborn babies – I hope it’s not too late!

- Logesh Subramoney

Today, (5/11/2009) The Echo attached to The Witness on Teenage Pregnancy has this to say:

“Your rights while you are pregnant

Going to school

“In the old days pregnant learners were sent away from school. Now the law says that everybody has a right to basic education, and this includes pregnant girls. Pregnant girls are allowed to be at school until close to the birth date, and they are allowed to write exams.

“In the last few weeks before the birth it is safest for the girl to stay at home and rest. If a school tries to exclude a girl because she is pregnant, she can complain to the Provincial Department of Education.”

2. Homework? What homework? by Jackie (Ujala) Sewpersad

To most learners and I’m beginning to think to a lot of parents too, ‘homework’ together with ‘projects, assignments’ and other related terms is a four letter word. In the government school that I taught in, in Phoenix a township that reminds me of the Chinese curse, “May you live in interesting times” I estimate that only about 20% of learners did their homework. The others either copied from these diligent few or didn’t bother to do it at all. While only 20% doing their homework may seem shockingly low, from talking to educators in other government schools, this is good compared to some schools where about 5% do homework.

The reasons for this phenomenon as far as I can tell are varied. Some learners are bone lazy and won’t do any work even if you sit with them and force them to do it. A few will tell you that it’s a waste of time as they are going to be drug dealers or taxi bosses and are going to be richer than you. Others have legitimate reasons for not doing homework – their home environment is not conducive to doing school work – there is no space, no resource material and no support.

Some children are heads of their households and have to take care of younger siblings while others are parents themselves and have to take care of their own children.

Coupled with not doing homework the other major problem is dead lines. Almost 95% of learners do not keep to dead-lines. As an educator you can remind the class everyday for a week and on the due day you will get almost no work handed in. Learners never seem to understand the importance of things that we think is critical for the working world: punctuality and dead lines.

Footprints

In the subject that I taught, Computer Studies (old syllabus), the matriculants had to do a project that made up 20% of their final mark. It was vital that they did well in this project in order to pass.

However, for as long as I can remember teaching the subject, a substantial number will not hand in the project for assessment. I, as the educator cannot give a learner zero, as the moderator will want to know from me what I as the educator was doing for the whole year that I couldn't get any work from the learner. So every year I would be driving around to learners' houses to pick up their work or to find them as some don't come to school when work is due. This is after having the computer room open from 07:00 to 19:00, including weekends so that those learners who don't have computers at home can use the school ones.

Even when you get the project, you sometimes know immediately that this was not the learners work but that they got it from somebody in the previous year. When you push the issue of dishonesty, the learner will bring a parent or guardian who will swear that the work is the learners own. What kind of example are we setting for our children? We let them get away with lying and then complain about crime and corruption?

Thankfully, outright dishonest parents are a small number. Some parents are bullied into lying for their children, one mother showed me bruises and bite marks on her arms inflicted by her son. Others do the homework and projects for their children because they want their children to get high marks and be high achievers. They don't see that they are setting their children up for failure and defeating the purpose of the task, which is to teach independence, research skills, creativity etc.

At parent meetings, most of the few that attend have a common complaint, "I do everything for my child, all he/she has to do is school work but he/she refuses to study. I don't know what to do." My friend Prema who is an educator as well as a parent of three girls, says that parents need to create a culture of learning and doing homework as soon as the child starts school so that by the time the child reaches high school he/she doesn't have to be supervised. She also thinks that it's important to teach children about delayed gratification for long term goals – give up pleasures for a while and reap the benefits of a good matric pass.

If parents have not inculcated these values they have to resort to doing homework and projects for their children or lying about their children copying or even to buying projects which some enterprising individuals are selling.

As an educator the buck stops with you. Committed educators, especially those teaching matrics, get burnt out. You have no April, July or September holidays, all your time is spent in getting your learners to pass. After 19 years, 15 years of which I taught matrics, I resigned from teaching. I couldn't cope with the work load and the responsibility of being educator, parent, councilor, police woman and entertainer.

To my fellow educators on the front lines of the chalk wars aluta continua!

- Jackie

3.

Matriculation Dance: 'Passage into Adulthood'?

by Sandhia Panchoo

The matriculation dance is mostly a much anticipated event in a student's life. Elaborate preparations are put into motion months before the actual event. Choosing fabric, seeing the designer, choosing shoes and accessories, generally takes precedence over everything else. There are other rituals too – such as booking a hair stylist, facial and manicure and of course there is the flurry of excitement and racing pulse when choosing the partner.

To most - this is an exciting time – yet to others (perhaps the shy, retiring ones) this is an ordeal.

Exactly how important is this event?

In a modern world that possesses few meaningful ceremonies that formally mark a teenagers passage from teenage-hood to young adulthood, the Matriculation Dance can be seen as a rite of passage.

Footprints

On this day, the teenager gets to taste centre stage and bask in the spotlight. There is the magic of walking the red carpet as one's name is called – and in that moment, the teenager is the star in his/her own movie and is provided with an image of self as a 'successful' person.

It is however not the best model of an authentic rite of passage. The materialistic nature of the event precludes this. This is not a situation that fosters team spirit or co-operation, or discovery of one's inner resources of strength and resolve – rather it allows for subtle competition to simmer. Parents go to great lengths to ensure that their child has the best outfit.

I even know of a parent that flew over to Dubai to buy her daughter's dress. Those in this so called "big-league" have been known to throw elaborate "Before Parties". For the uninitiated – this is a soiree where a photo-shoot is done. Of course only the affluent can afford the services of a professional photographer – leaving the "commoners" feeling inadequate.

For some, the Matriculation Dance itself is the highlight of their school career – a really treasured moment, respected and anticipated. Others just go with the flow and invest more energy in making plans to exit the function as quickly as possible in order to hightail it to the "After Party". Unfortunately, some of these after parties have been notorious for booze and bad behaviour. As this can be done at anytime, the Matriculation Party is debased.

The student with limited financial resources sometimes puts great pressure on the parents – who would indeed not want their child to feel left out. Others are happy to do odd jobs to earn money for this special occasion. Some have a more practical approach – preferring to go simple and be given the money to do something they really want to do. Shy guys suffer agonies – tongue-tied as they do not know who to or how to ask out as a partner. Hopefully there will always be some compassionate friend or adult who will facilitate a match. Those unaffected by such an affliction spend many happy moments with their chosen partners, co-ordinating their outfits and indeed they do look smashing together on the great day.

Unfortunately, in the less advantaged schools, the Matriculation Dance is used as a foil for fund- raising for the school. Called a "Debutantes' Ball" it is a good opportunity to raise funds for their not - so – fortunate

Footprints

schools. Sadly, this becomes an open function as tickets are sold to the public in an endeavour to raise as much money as possible for the school. Thus outsiders infiltrate – many of them wait for such opportunities as it brings them into contact with easy targets – schoolgirls. Still, it is a day much looked forward to by the debutantes and each debutante vies to be the Queen – by trying to raise the most money.

I personally do not believe that a fund-raising dance should be confused with a Matriculation Farewell Dance. It is important to give that student a glittering farewell.

The extra touch of excitement and experience that comes with the students pooling together to hire a limo or an ice-cream truck or a horse and cart to make their dramatic appearance to the ball, brings a special warmth and smile and smile I do however I draw the line at the fond mother who paid a whopping R15 000 to hire a helicopter so that her son could make his dramatic appearance at his ball. All this – so that it could compensate for his “suffering” due to his fathers’ early death – she was quoted in the article that was published in the Sunday Times.

- Sandhia Panchoo.

Are we in “Alice in Wonderland” ?

Phyllis Naidoo
5/11/2009
Durban



ABOVE LEFT:
Three year old Pablo from Cuba, emulating Camillo Cienfuegos on the 50TH anniversary of the heroic guerilla's disappearance.

Camilo was Cuba's Army Chief of Staff. On October 26, 1959 his plane disappeared on a flight back to Havana.



ABOVE RIGHT:
Some of the millions of children around the world this book is dedicated to – take a look at this group of happy Cuban school children. Cuba has the world's highest literacy rate – 100%

BELOW:
Phyllis (right), Jackie and Viroshen (the architects of "Enduring Footprints")



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