

“SPEAKING for the NATIVES”

In their own peculiar way, the Liberal Party has taken up the "white man's burden", just when it was getting too heavy for the United and Nationalist Parties to carry. Whereas in the past, every South African compound manager and pass-office clerk claimed to "know the native" and was, therefore, well fitted to speak for and on behalf of him, today it is hard, almost impossible, for any but the credulous to believe that an upholder of 'baasskap' and white supremacy speaks for even the most backward blacks. The job of speaking for the native has fallen on new shoulders.

True the Liberal Party has a more plausible claim. In its constitution there is no colour-bar to membership. By all

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of Congress is open to all those who believe that the peaceful co-existence of different social systems is possible and necessary and that all outstanding problems between states can be settled by negotiation. In terms of the above definition there are few, except outright warmongers, who cannot express their ideas at the tribune of the Congress.

The broad representation of opinion at the Congress is undoubtedly to be the yardstick by which we can measure the success of past peace work in South Africa and the hope for truly nationwide peace work in the future; and this depends on the efforts of every single person in this country who believes in the cause of peace. What then can you as a peace supporter do?

- (a) Approach leading people in your town or area and ask them to endorse the Peace Call. (Churchmen, professional people, authors, artists, scientists, trade-union leaders, political leaders, etc.).
- (b) Get any organisation of which you are a member to endorse the peace call. Trade Unions, Sports, Youth or Women's organisations, national organisations, etc.).
- (c) Hold discussions with friends and neighbours, at your place of work, whenever you can gather a group of people together, and get them to elect delegates to Congress.
- (d) Invite Peace speakers to come to your organisation or area to address meetings on the importance of the Congress.
- (e) Organise socials or functions to raise money for the Congress.
- (f) Write to the Secretary, Transvaal Peace Council, P.O. Box 10528, for any further information you may require.

accounts it already has a handful of non-European members in its ranks and hopes to attract more. No doubt it speaks on behalf of this handful, and represents their point of view equally with that of their European members. It is a far cry from this to the claim that the Party represents the view-point of non-Europeans generally, or even of a strong body of non-European opinion. If the Camera Club claimed to speak for fishermen because one of its members owns a rod, the absurdity would be patent. But the centuries of colour-bar thinking of European South Africans has conditioned them to the belief that non-Europeans are incapable of independent thinking; and that accordingly, one or other group of Europeans must speak "for" this unspeaking, unthinking mass. Whose claim then can be better than that of the Liberal Party, which has its non-European members to lend colour to the theory?

WHO SPEAKS?

It is a hard truth for white South Africans to learn, but learn it they must, that the non-European people are capable of speaking for themselves. Not only individually, but more particularly in organised mass expressions of opinion. It was easy at the beginnings of the Defiance Campaign to accept the much-quoted Government theory that the Campaign was the work of "agitators", speaking only for themselves. The experience of the Defiance Campaign, the tremendous and unprecedented support it evoked from the non-European people prove otherwise. Today, for all but the most hard-bitten die-hard, it is apparent that the initiators of the Campaign, the African National Congress and the South African Indian Congress, speak for more than their own leaders, or even their own members. They speak for and with the voice of the widest cross-section of non-European opinion that has ever received organised and united expression in our country's history.

If there is any body in South Africa that can claim to speak for the non-

European people, it is the African and Indian Congresses. And, accordingly, if there is to be any body of Europeans in South Africa that can claim with truth that their policy is the policy which is favoured by the majority of our inhabitants, it must be a body which recognises this fact.

CONGRESS OF DEMOCRATS

The Congress of Democrats comes closest to doing that. Unlike the Liberal Party, it claims not to speak *for*, but *with* the non-European people as represented by the African and Indian Congresses. The basis for its claim is a close liaison with these Congresses, close co-operation and even alliance with them on immediate campaigns amongst all sections of the South African people. This approach which has permeated all its thinking since its foundation six months ago makes the Congress of Democrats something unique in South African politics — a body of Europeans which not only opposes the colour-bar in its legislative form, but breaks sharply with the traditional colour-bar-inspired fallacy that Europeans are fitted, by education, birth or "western tradition" to speak for non-Europeans.

In taking this stand, the Congress of Democrats has let a fresh wind in to blow through the South African political scene. But it has as yet a long way to go before it challenges powerfully the traditional trend of white South African politics, be they of the United Party, Nationalist Party or Liberal Party variety. The Congress of Democrats requires to be launched publicly, amid a fanfare of publicity, on a nation-wide scale at a national conference. Until this is done it will not be regarded seriously as a challenger for the allegiance and support of progressive, European democrats who today lean towards the Liberal and Labour approaches.

And until it is done, it will not be possible to claim that the Congress movement, which stands for equal rights and opportunities for all races in South Africa, speaks for and represents all races. It is vital to our future that such a claim can be made, thus bringing into one camp all the Africans, Indians and Europeans who favour democracy for all, so that the developing racial conflict can be turned aside and the impending struggle for non-European liberation can be fought not against the Europeans as a community, but against the fascists and reactionaries who hold it back.

BLACK SPOT FEVER

BY ELWOOD C. CHOLMONDELEY.

YOU can say what you like about Jakkals de Wet; but, without him, I can tell you things wouldn't be what they are with the Party these days. Although he modestly shrugs it off, he was the man who first thought of getting dead men to vote, way back in 1926. And a few years later he thought up the idea of getting fake applications for postal votes filled out by his own supporters.

I always tell him that if he'd only patented the ideas in those days, he'd have made himself an independent fortune in the last five years. I think he's always felt a little bitter that the party leaders never recognised his services with, say, a Cabinet post. But after all he hardly needs the money these days, what with the success he's had in getting his farm subsidised and getting prisoners to work it from his private jail. Not to mention a bit of I.D.B. on the side.

But the trouble really arose when Jakkals returned from his visit to America. Somehow he'd got the idea into his head that there's only one place for a man to live if he's got real money and a taste for cocktails and a well-turned ankle; and that's in a pent-house. His heart was set on a pent-house, and he spent all of two weeks interviewing estate agents, builders and caretakers about it.

He soon found out that Johannesburg isn't New York. It seems every building had a pent-house of sorts on its roof. But everywhere the native servants were in occupation of it. Some kink of the Johannesburg town-planners, apparently, had reserved the roofs for natives. As he went from place to place, old Jakkals got madder and madder, until one day when he was fit to burst, he suddenly struck oil. Or rather Solly Glick, who's not known to his friends as Solly the Gonif for nothing. And Solly, with a quick eye for an easy few quid, agreed to fix him up with a pent-house on the roof of Solglick Heights. For a month while he discussed plans, north aspects and the roofscape gardening.

But that only lasted for a month. Then he decided to pay a visit to the building and see how the work on his pent-house was going along. They tell me he nearly had a stroke there on the twelfth floor when he discovered that his pent-house was on the floor over the native quarters. He cursed, raved and threatened to "chuck Solly off the roof". He told him what he had always thought of Jews and foreigners and unassimilable elements who thought it was right that a kaffir should live closer to the ground floor entrance hall than a white man. Solly, who is not easily scared off when there's a profit sticking out, tried to explain to him that a white man should be closer to heaven than a black, even appealing to his political conscience and pointing out his duty to see that, at all costs, white men should be above blacks physically, no less than financially and politically.

Jakkals stalked off in a rage, threatening to sue Solly into the ground, and have his naturalisation papers cancelled in addition. For a fortnight he was like a bear with a sore head, but the frenzy

for a pent-house had entered into his blood, and he canvassed every one of the speculators and building-owners again, desperately.

Finally, he met Constanides. Now Nick had worked his way up from a fish-and-chips barrow at the Sophiatown bus terminus by hard work, fast thinking, and by sticking to his pennies as though they were glue. When Jakkals first approached him he thought it was a gag. Then the thought crossed his mind that a pent-house would be cheaper to build than a lot of servant's rooms, and would pay rent for all time where servants only cost him wages. They settled the deal over a cup of coffee, with the clear understanding on both sides that there was to be no natives' quarters whatsoever, neither above nor below the pent-house on Niccon Court.

For a few months while Nick's builders rushed the place up, peace reigned supreme. Jakkals blossomed forth into a benign philosophic gent, spreading philanthropy in a small way here and there. The Party branch got a new filing cabinet, and a danger-money fund to foot the bill for dead voters at the next election. We also got a few I.O.U.'s from Jakkals for various funds we had going, and of course we all thought we'd have no difficulty in collecting on them.

We changed our minds about that rather suddenly when the pent-house was finally finished. We all went to the opening party, and were on hand when Jakkals dramatically drew back the curtains and said proudly: "Just look at that view." We did. There was nothing to be seen except a watery grey winter sky, and a complete circle of natives' rooms on all the surrounding buildings, most of them with newspaper on the windows in place of curtains, and the washing hanging up on a sagging line outside.

Just as I was hoping that no one would mention it, Maggie de Wet opened her big mouth and said what we were all thinking.

For a moment there was a deathly silence; and then Jakkals, his rose spectacles smashed beyond repair, suddenly burst. He screamed about Jews, foreigners and bloody Greek dagoes. He cursed Englishmen and Rooineks who planned the town, and put natives outside his lounge windows. He exploded about "loyal Dutchmen" who manned the Government and did nothing about keeping the kaffir in his place. When I crept away, he was still cursing, and banging the floor with his walking stick.

The meeting of our Party branch the next day was a pretty dismal affair. We all realised that those I.O.U.'s were lost to us, and our dead-voters' fund was not likely to get anywhere near big enough to win us the seat. We were like drowning men, clutching at any straw that was likely to pull Jakkals back into the fold and settle this pent-house business. Finally in desperation, we agreed to send a deputation to the Minister to ask him to clean out all the natives from the roof-tops. But we didn't really believe that there was any hope that he could or would act.

Well, now we know different. You must hand it to Dr. Verwoerd. He's got his ear close to the ground, and knows what the people are really thinking. It wasn't a week from the time our deputation saw him before he was off on his campaign against "locations in the sky." Jakkals is back again in the branch, though it was touch and go that we lost him. And he's come to light with another idea that the Party will live to honour him for. I can tell you.

Confidentially, and off the record, he's hit on a scheme which will really bring the money rolling in. You've heard of these "captive planets" the American scientists are fooling with, things that just revolve round and round the earth in outer space in exactly the positions the scientists puts them. Well Jakkals sees this as the solution to the question of where we put our servants after they clear them from the roof-tops. Dr. Verwoerd has promised his support, and the scheme is being secretly discussed by the National Housing Commission and the Land Tenure Board, and even the City Council is thinking of revising its Group Areas scheme to make provision for it.

Only this time, Jakkals is going to patent it, with all proceeds for the Party strydfonds. So just you watch Hospital at the next election!

SWART BANS WILLIAMS



CECIL WILLIAMS.

FOLLOWING closely on his banning of Congress of Democrats' chairman, Abram Fischer, Mr. C. R. Swart, Minister of Justice, last week issued peremptory orders to Legion National Chairman Cecil Williams, ordering him to resign from the Springbok Legion, the Congress of Democrats and the Peace Council. For two years, Williams has been banned without reason from attending any gathering whatsoever anywhere in the Union.

Mr. Williams has answered Swart's ban with a typically forthright and uncompromising statement of his faith in democracy, and his hatred of all the Nationalist Party stands for. His letter to the Minister reads:

"I acknowledge receipt of your two notices prohibiting me from attending gatherings for a period of two years and calling on me to resign from the Springbok Legion, the Congress of Democrats, the Civil Rights League, the Transvaal Peace Council, etc.

It gives me pleasure to inform you that I consider these proscriptions to be of a temporary nature only, since history abundantly shows that purblind, reactionary attempts to stop the growth and spread of ideals tending towards the happiness and security of mankind have always failed, without exception.

My association with the above-mentioned organisations indicates that I have taken my stand on the invincible principles and practices of democracy; on an acceptance of the fact that all human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights;

on the basic civil liberties of freedom of speech, movement, association and organisation for all men; on the paramount necessity and possibility of preserving world peace through the instrument of negotiation between the nations. For these ideals you choose to stop my mouth.

In so doing, you give notice to South Africa and the world that you stand for none of these things: on the contrary that you fear the extension of

democracy; that you arrogantly reject the common humanity of all mankind; that you are prepared tyrannically to divest South Africans of their most precious liberties to secure your own ends; that you will in advance commit South Africa through military alliances to a third world war rather than use our country's influence to avert war.

I repeat my belief that my banning will not be for long.

I am surprised that you and your Party have not learnt from your own experience. You gave moral support to the Nazi tyrant who defied the principles of democracy and destroyed civil liberties. I am proud that I played a small part along with hundreds of millions of democrats to prove the Nazis and your Party wrong. Events in Asia and Africa since 1945 bring further proof that your doctrine of racial superiority has no scientific, moral or practical basis. Throughout the world mankind's organised and expressed will-for-peace is overcoming the dangers of world war.

For these reasons and because of my faith in the sturdy growth of democratic conviction in the white and non-white peoples of South Africa, I know that your gags and bans will not silence the voices of democracy, nor halt the march forward to liberty, racial harmony and world peace.

Yours faithfully,

CECIL WILLIAMS."

Proud Record!

Was born in Cornwall, England, spent his first four years in sight of the Witwatersrand's minedumps: then schooling in England, returning to South Africa to take an arts degree and teaching diploma at Wits. University.

Spent six years teaching at the Pretoria Boys' High and King Edward VII schools. Was well-known as a radio announcer and actor in Johannesburg. Before enlistment toured the Union as leading man to the Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies — Mar-da Vanne theatrical company.

Joined up in the S.A.N.F. and soon became C.O. of a secret operations station near Saldanha Bay. From there was sent north as the naval member of the S.A. Radio Observers' Unit. Moved far and rapidly round the Mediterranean, from Algiers to the 6th Div., poised for assault on Florence: To the invasion of the South of France, in the midst of the Jerries' obstinate stand in Marseilles and Toulon. Following an assignment in Britain, forced his way to Greece in December '44, when it was no longer a war against the Germans but against the patriotic Greek forces.

After V-E Day was seconded to the South African Army School of Education in Florence, where later he became O.C. During this period he supplemented the staff's exhilarating lectures on Civics and Politics and South Africa's "problems", by recruiting and organising for the Springbok Legion, as a result of which the Legion at home appointed him National Executive representative in the C.M.F. Was instrumental in organising a Regional Conference of Legionnaires in Rome. On the boat coming home, he signed on another 132 recruits.

Two months after demob. he became a Legion employee and has worked with the Legion ever since. Has represented the Legion on the Executive of the National War Memorial Health Foundation and on the extinct National Joint Ex-Ser-

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FIGHTING TALK

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THERE is a theory — I hear it often — that white South Africans are incapable of progressive action, because race prejudice has been bred too deep in their flesh and spirit.

Every time I hear the theory,

I THINK OF BRAM FISCHER

It would be comforting to say that he is a typical European South African. Would that he were. But Bram is something rare in the South African scene, although his roots and traditions are so closely woven in the fabric of South Africa's history that, if one were to search for a true "son of South Africa," one would need go no further.

How far the family traces its ancestry back, I do not know. Ancestry beyond living memory does not count for much in South Africa. I know that Bram's grandfather was a burger of the Orange River Republic, served in the Republican government under President Brand, and rose to be President of the Republic himself in the days when South Africa was changing from a geographical expression towards nationhood. I know that Bram's father was, like Bram today, a barrister, and one who rose to the highest rank — Judge President of the Orange Free State.

Bram could, if he had so chosen, have followed the family pattern, gaining high political and social honours for himself. He has all the attributes which go to make a cabinet minister or diplomat: personality which attracts people to him, and makes him the most popular and best liked figure in whatever circle he moves; powerful connections, both in his own right and, through his wife, with the family of J. C. Smuts; a tremendous capacity for conscientious and painstaking work, coupled with a keen and logical mind.

But Bram's chief attribute is none of these. It is his complete and undeviating honesty, which impels him to do what he knows is right, regardless of the personal difficulties and disabilities it may entail. All his life he has unhesitatingly followed his conscience and his honest belief; and the trail has led him away from the high and lucrative honours that would have fallen to a lesser man.

From his student days at Oxford, the trail led him steadily towards complete and unstinting participation in the struggle for the brotherhood of man. As a member of the former Communist Party, Bram sought none of the easy ways of satisfying his conscience; never willing to claim special consideration because of his special status or special social circumstances, everything demanded of every member was willingly undertaken by Bram, whether it were soap-box oratory on the City Hall steps, meeting with tiny groups of illiterate labourers in ill-lit backyard rooms, or hand-

ing out leaflets at a bus-stop or factory gate. It was typical of him and of his whole life that when, in 1946, he stood trial on the charge of assisting an illegal strike of African miners, Bram pleaded guilty because he believed in the essential justice of the miners' action, though he himself had been in the Game Reserve throughout the period of the strike.

Typical of him, too, that in 1951, when threatened with "listing" under the Suppression of Communism Act, with all its attendant victimisations, he joined with several others to write to the Minister of Justice:

"We decline to make . . . representations. The Suppression of Communism Act . . . deprives the most outspoken opponents of your Government of their freedom of speech and organisation, and of any legal remedy against persecution by the state . . . Your Government, incapable of solving the fundamental social and economic problems of South Africa, has passed this legislation in order to preserve a narrow, backward and primitive social system, based on race and class oppression. You are attempting to silence first us, but ultimately all critics of your regime."

There is a prophetic ring to that letter, written two years ago almost to a day. Bram refused to be easily silenced, though the penalties for speaking out for the ideas he holds were patent and heavy. While the Government cried "War!" Bram took up the cudgels for peace, once again following the unpopular road of conscience, campaigning ceaselessly and at great personal cost for an end to the Korean massacre, for Big Power negotiations to settle all international differences. For two years he pitted his voice and his energies against press and politicians conditioning the world to accept first "cold war" and later holocaust. Largely through his efforts and activities there emerged the Transvaal Peace Council, and now, with wider support and more representative backing, the South African Peace Council of which he has been elected Vice-President.

For another man, that alone would be

enough. But not for Bram. He has found time and energy—made time and energy—to launch and lead the Congress of Democrats, to carry on a struggle against South African racialism, and to hold out a hand of comradeship and alliance to his non-white fellow citizens who strive for democratic right and liberty.

This is the man on whom the Minister has served summary bans — dictatorial orders to resign from the organisations to which he belongs, and to stay away from all gatherings for two years . . . "First us, but ultimately all critics of your regime." If the ban on Bram Fischer goes unchallenged, the writing on the wall is there for all the critics of the Nationalist regime. For who amongst the critics can claim to be a better or a truer son of South Africa than this man they seek to gag?

It is no paradox that Bram, who all his life has fought "unpopular" causes, has more friends than any man I know. Not just the usual run of friends — the old school and college mates, who remember his ever-ready help and friendliness; nor just his professional colleagues, who know and appreciate his genuineness and sincerity; nor even merely his close and personal friends who respect and admire him. But he has friends far and wide in this land, many of them people who have never seen him, people of all races and political views, who know this man for what he has done and stood for, and for his fearlessness and selflessness in promoting their happiness and liberty at the expense of his own.

It is time for those friends, all of them everywhere, of all colours, to show that friendship today if they have never done so before. Not in expressions of regret, for Bram has no regrets. But in determined action to reverse the bans which have been placed on him, and to restore his voice and his activities to the democratic cause which South Africa needs so deeply.

Here is a South African of the finest kind. But the steel muzzle which has been placed on him will not be removed unless every one of his friends does what he can, now and without hesitation, to force the Government to retract, and to let his voice of honesty and hope for our future once again ring through the land.

L.B.

BUT TO BE YOUNG!

AT last our time has come! For years we have had to satisfy ourselves by listening to the exciting stories of the small band of South Africans who have been lucky enough to carry the green-and-gold at the Youth Festivals in Prague, Budapest and Berlin. We have had to capture, second-hand, the atmosphere of vast cultural and sporting gatherings, drawn from the young people of every land under the sun, in the midst of an irresistible surge of feelings of peace and inter-nation friendship which have drawn people from all over the globe to those Youth Festival centres.

Now, in our own small way, we will be able to start living through such a festival for ourselves, in our own home town. On September 26th and 27th, the Youth Festival message of Peace, Friendship and Racial Harmony will be translated into the reality of experience at the first South African Festival week-end camp.

On the Saturday afternoon when the Festival starts, there will be massed choirs, singing the songs of democratic youth of all lands; runners carrying messages of greeting from many parts of the Transvaal will arrive at the camp. Dinner will be served at international restaurants, and to follow it up in the evening there will be a concert of folk-songs, folk dancing, poetry and traditional drama. For the youngest and fittest, all-night dancing, with a braaivleis to keep the flesh from flagging, goes on from 11 p.m. till the sun comes up.

And on Sunday morning there is sport. Football, athletics, hockey on a strictly non-racial basis will be the main activities, and, just for the laughs, a "Youth vs. The Rest" soccer match exclusively for those who have never played the game before. Several Legionnaires nearing decrepitude by Youth Movement standards are slated to represent the Veterans in one of the morning games.

And — all this and pageants too. A grand pageant of solidarity with the young people of all lands will wind the week-end up. Youth — so the organisers are at pains to point out, especially for Legionnaires — is an elastic term; the festival is "open to the young in spirit, even though not qualified by the tenderness of their years". An invitation to participate is open to all Legionnaires, details from the office. Praise the Lord, and pass the applications.

EYEWITNESS

This is how a Legionnaire writes of the World Youth Festival in Bucharest, from which he has recently returned:

"Those hot dusty streets, the swarms of people suddenly clustering around something interesting, like ants suddenly diverted by a lump of sugar. The gaiety, spontaneity and lust for life implicit in the warm handshakes and interest in other people's worlds . . . A whole country participated with us. It was not only youth's occasion, but a time for enjoyment of a whole people, and in particular, a whole city. This was particularly in evidence the way they crowded into every theatre, every place of amusement, every hall and sports ground. We, the visitors, saw our share of the shows; but we did so with the local people. Then, on the final day, the crowds were so thick in the streets down which we were marching that on some occasions the whole procession was reduced to walking in single file, shaking hands and exchanging slogans, wishing each other good luck and goodbye.

Things were different . . . being in one of the most backward areas of Europe, and seeing what they can do in so short a time, and comparing it with home, thinking of the things we shall be able to do; because the amazing part is we are more highly industrialised than they, and do have some resources they lack, although apparently there is not much in the way of raw materials that has to be imported . . ."

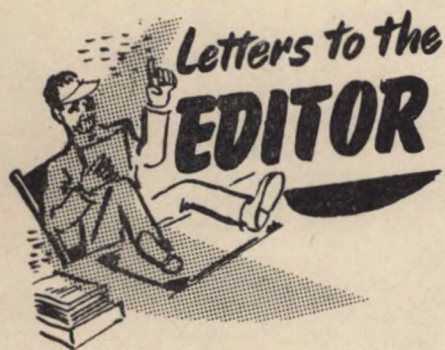
APPEAL TO YOU . . .

THE banning of our National Chairman, Cecil Williams, brings fascism to the very doorsteps of our Organisation. It is a grievously tragic commentary on our times that it should be possible for an organisation, composed of men and women who threw everything they had into the struggle against nazism, to be attacked by a government composed of men who at the time called us "red lice".

But the Legion, with its twelve years of unrivalled activity in the world-wide cause of democracy, must not falter for one instant. From our own ranks must come the new energies, new voices, new resources. When the Allied fortunes were at their lowest, we spurned the suggestion of a 'negotiated peace', and we held on and fought back to final and complete victory. The pattern of resistance, of hanging on and taking up again the offensive, applies equally to the democratic forces in South Africa today.

The Springbok Legion appeals to every single one of its members to stand firm on our basic principles, to encourage others to do likewise and to support the Legion more vigorously than ever. In this respect we invite you to give a token of your good faith by making an immediate, substantial contribution to the Legion's 'Fighting Funds'. Make a gesture in appreciation of Cecil Williams's years of sincere and selfless work, of his two-year leadership of our honoured and honourable Organisation. We appeal to you carefully to assess your financial potential to give to the Fund as generously and quickly as you are able. The struggle goes on . . . with YOUR help!

**SUPPORT
the
RED CROSS**



Dear Sir,

The un-signed article "Speaking for the Natives" in your July issue calls for comment. Your informant writes that the Liberal Party "has taken up the white man's burden", that "by all accounts it already has a handful of non-European members," but that "it is a far cry from this to the claim that the Party represents the viewpoint of non-Europeans generally . . ." Later on he says that "Unlike the Liberal Party, the Congress of Democrats claims not to speak FOR but WITH the non-European people . . ." And further on he writes about the "traditional trend of white South African politics, be they the U.P., Nat. or Liberal Party variety." For good measure the Labour Party, too, is thrown into the pot in the next paragraph.

Having had a good grounding by reading a lot of the Goebbels variety of this sort of journalistic cant, I need hardly ask your informant for his authority to state that the Liberal Party claims to "speak for the Natives." He has, of course, NO FACTS to substantiate his theories. Nevertheless, he presents his phantasies as facts and proceeds to draw his conclusions, as if his premises were true which they are not. He makes claims for the Liberal Party which this party has never made itself and he throws the Liberal Party into one pot with Nats., U.P. and Labourites, as if there were no differences between the three older parties and the new Party.

I protest against this kind of cheap journalism which smells too much of the practices of the totalitarian press (the bigger the lie, the easier will it be believed) to find room in "Fighting Talk". As you have allowed your informant almost a whole page for his unfounded assertions, you should, in all fairness, publish the Congress Resolutions on the Party's relations with non-Europeans which I enclose.

Yours sincerely,

GERHARD COHN.

IN DEFENCE OF LIBERALS

1. This Conference of the Liberal Party of South Africa expresses its profound sympathy with the aspirations of all non-European peoples for their economic, social, educational and political advance and their desire for liberation from those restrictions and humiliations which should not be suffered by any human being.

2. This Conference deplores the fact that non-Europeans enjoy no adequate constitutional means of expressing their just grievances and having them redressed, and the Party pledges itself to work for the provision of such constitutional means.

3. This Conference protests against the Government measures which are making it increasingly difficult for the leaders of the A.N.C. and other non-European organisations representative of the non-European peoples, to discharge their responsibilities to their members and to the country. The Party considers the existing policy of rendering non-European leadership ineffective to be both unjust and dangerous to us all.

4. This Conference regards individual membership of the Liberal Party as compatible with membership of the A.N.C. as at present constituted.

5. This Conference recognises the importance of consultation with all representative non-European organisations, and of collaboration wherever this is possible and necessary, and instructs the National Committee to set up forthwith machinery to carry out these recommendations as speedily as possible.

6. This Conference suggests that this machinery should be both National and Regional in character, but that public pronouncements should be made or approved by the National Committee.

The Party protests against the restrictions placed on the movements of ex-Chief Lethuli, the President of the African National Congress and objects to the description of the President as an inciter of feelings of racial hostility.

Sir,

Permit me to ignore reader Cohn's abusive tone, which serves only to prove that he writes with more heat and less careful consideration than the author of the article in question. Temper misleads his judgement.

Every national political party, after all, stakes its claim to governmental power; and the basis of that claim is that the party should speak not just for its own members but for the country and the nation as a whole. In this sense, every political party in South Africa claims — by its very existence if not by its words — that it speaks for the nation, including the eight million black men who are the majority of the citizens. The Liberal Party cannot, and does not, claim that it is the premier organisation of the majority of the South African citizens, nor does it claim to have arisen in response to the needs and desires of that majority. In the circumstances, every time the Liberal Party advances its claims to state office, it is claiming to "speak for the natives", in the same colour-blind arrogance as enables the older parties to stake the same claims with even less justification.

Can reader Cohn advance a single good reason why the Liberal Party's policy of a 'qualified' vote for non-Europeans is not merely a variant of the "traditional trend of white South African politics", which recognises that black men exist, but regrets that things being what they are, only second-class, "qualified" citizenship can be extended to them.

Finally, may I make it clear that the anonymity of the article referred to was the fault of the Editor, and not the writer.

Yours, etc.,

L. BERNSTEIN.

FIGHT T.B.

SUPPORT THE ALEXANDRA ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION,

14 Asher's Buildings, Joubert Street, Johannesburg.

Bug Bites Blikskottel

By ELWOOD C. CHOLMONDELEY.

I MUST protest at the injustice that the capitalist press has done Blikskottelberg, by ignoring our scheme for Group Areas. It may be true that Nylstroom stands at the source of one of the world's mightiest rivers, or that Balfour is named after one of its most two-faced Declarations; but I can say without boasting that what we, in Blikskottelberg, are doing about the problem, will be a beacon-light for all real South African patriots to follow — even though the jingo press boycotts us.

As one of its oldest inhabitants, I can claim to know what I'm talking about. I was in on the discussions, right at the beginning; which is only right seeing I'm the mayor. Piet Stoffel came straight to me, man to man, and said to me: 'Mr. Mayor' he said, 'I'm sick and tired of that bliksem.' 'Wat se bliksem is die?' I asked him, rather surprised; because Piet is not a talking man as a rule. 'Daardie bliksemse Cassim Naidoo' he said, spitting gently on the floor of the kitchen.

It took some prying, because Piet is not a talking man as a rule; but at last I got it straight. It seems Naidoo, without so much as a 'If-you-don't-mind' told Piet bluntly, 'Sorry! No more credit.' Considering Piet's prospects — he does grave-digging for the Council on piece-work rates, and we've had a very healthy year amongst our ninety-seven citizens — I felt there was some justification for Naidoo's point of view. But before I had time to appear really bloody angry at his bloody cheek, Piet said calmly: 'Think I'll take over his shop; that'll teach the bastard!'

Well that rather rocked me, what with the slump in grave-digging this year. So I said 'Uh huh. And what'll you use for money?' I thought that would shake him; but he just looked at me with scorn and said 'Money? Money? Whose talking about money? Watter soort Nasionalis is jy? I'll use the Group Areas Act' he said shortly, and walked off.

Well that set me thinking. I was so busy thinking I had no time to do any work that day. And after supper I said to Hettie: 'Think I'll take over Moosa's shop. Damned sight better than walking my bloody feet off as locust control officer. Hettie just said calmly 'Ja, my skat-tie' in the way she has when she doesn't believe a word I'm saying, but can't be bothered to argue. So I thought 'Alright! I'll show you!'

And by golly I did. I got hold of this advocate fellow who writes the books about things like this, and took a few tips — strictly on the Stadraad's account. And at the next meeting of the Raad I showed them a thing or two as well. 'Doesn't it make you despair for the future of your children, to see this mixing of the races?' I asked them. 'Do you want us all to be a coffee-colour in ten years time?' I could see that shook du Plessis, what with his menagerie of coloured skeletons in his cupboards. I had them in my hand, like that! Piet Stoffel seconded, and we agreed to draw up a scheme for group areas.

It wasn't all plain sailing either. We all agreed to move Naidoo and Moosa out of the dorp; that was easy. We fought like hell over who was to take over their shops. Piet was for drawing lots; but I fixed him by proposing sealed tenders, the shops going to the highest bidder. I fixed a ring with van Heerden, who's the only man hereabouts with any money — he'd put up the cash and I'd pay him back from the profits.

That advocate fellow put up a fight at the Board, I can tell you. But some slimy Johannesburg lawyer got up and said that the Board couldn't even consider the scheme until we made proposals where the Indians were to go to. Seems we overlooked that, and it delayed matters a bit; and led to another hell of a fight on the Raad. Van Heerden had a piece of rocky outcrop on the top of the ridge; Robinson had a piece of brak-land next to the swamp; and Smit has that old quarry. They all wanted to sell to the Raad; well, I saw my chance and fixed it for van Heerden, on condition I didn't have to return the money he put up for me to buy the shops. Fair's fair.

This time we had a full session with the advocate fellow, and really gave him the works. I told him the story Oupa Piet always told me when I was a child, about how Moosa had given him a dud sixpence for change and then refused to take it back. I told him about how Naidoo charged us four-and-six for a hat for Lettie, and then sold one just like it to the du Plessis family for four bob, only a year later. I told him how Moosa had only been in Blikskottel for seventy-two years, not more than fifteen years before Oupa got there. But he seemed

to be getting tired or something, because he turned on me and said: 'Dammit! Which side are you on?' I didn't like the tone of that; but you have to hand it to him. He did a damn fine job at the next meeting of the Group Areas Board.

'Slimy Indians, infiltrating into European areas where they're not wanted' he told them. 'White population, race proud, up in arms' he told them. 'Safeguard our children's future, no bastard race for Blikskottel, this is justice better than they mete out in India to their untouchables' he told them. I tell you, Robey Leibrandt couldn't have done better. But Naidoo's shyster lawyer from Johannesburg stuck his dirty nose in. Wanted to know what two Indian families were supposed to live on, ten miles from town. And what about water on the van Heerden site? 'They can trade' our advocate came back, quick as a flash; 'and what's wrong with rain-water?' That had the shyster stymied for a minute; but then he wanted to know who was going to pay for houses for them. Van Heerden, who's the only fellow with any money hereabout, and the only local taxpayer, turned pale, said a few words to our advocate fellow and the hearing was adjourned for the time being, to let us sort that one out.

I must say that there are some Blikskottelers, who've got no patriotism, who think that the new owners of the Indians' shops should pay for the new houses. But I ruled the motion out of order. 'Remember what the advocate fellow told us' I said to them, and you should have seen them cower. 'This group areas Act will, in the words of our great leader and Prime Minister be carried through with justice and impartiality. No one will suffer, and all will benefit from separate racial areas!' Well, that fixed them. But for the moment the problem remains unsolved. Next meeting we're going to discuss a motion by Stoffel that the Government be asked to double the tax on the Jews to pay for this fine scheme of national uplift. The advocate fellow is all in favour — thinks we can't slip with that, so it will probably go through.

And then just watch Blikskottelberg. We'll set an example to the nation of a fine, purified, upstanding, Christian, god-fearing, honest, all-white community, with no more incense burning in our main-street shops. And then I can tell you, Nylstroom, Balfour and all the rest will follow where we have led. But by golly, this patriotism is an uphill struggle.

"WE WON'T BE YANKED INTO WAR!"

Writes George Cross — Secretary of Britains Ex-servicemen for Peace.

"There are ten million ex-Service men and women in this country . . . Isn't it time that we stirred ourselves and fought together in an organised manner to save Britain from the unprecedented horrors that threaten us and our families . . . What a force for peace we could be . . ."

From a letter written to the Press by Capt. Robert Gaitt—August, 1950.

The hundreds of letters of support which our founder Bob Gaitt received in response to his appeal gave clear proof that the ex-Service men and women of this country were determined to work for a peaceful Britain.

On October, 1950, the inaugural meeting took place in London and the Ex-Service Movement for Peace began its campaign.

We declared at that time that we were not in opposition to any other ex-Service organisation — our job was Peace, and for the past three years the Movement has been putting before the people of Britain, especially ex-service people, the idea of Peace by Negotiation.

Sometimes we have worked on our own. On other occasions we have co-operated with other peace organisations. We have always urged our Branches and Groups to co-operate with everyone who genuinely desires peace.

The majority of our membership being Reservists, we were in the forefront of the immense protest movement which swept through the country in the early months of 1951 against the call-up for training of "Z" and "G" class reservists. E.S.M.P. action on this question rallied public opinion, thus forcing the Government to think again and reduce the period of training from the suggested three months to 15 days. This year there has been no call-up of "Z" and "G" men — we remain vigilant!

FIRMLY ESTABLISHED

This was an early success, but it brought on the usual smear tactics of certain sections of the press and some persons in high places. However, these attacks failed to shake the membership and the Movement is now firmly and surely established.

As ex-Service men and women, some of whom have served in two wars against German militarism, we are naturally opposed to the rearmament of Germany and we consider that the premature release and reinstatement of Nazi war criminals a shameful betrayal of our dead comrades.

We ask the British people to consider the justice of a situation where Krupp is released from jail and compensated to the tune of millions of pounds when a totally disabled British ex-serviceman, who was probably maimed by a Krupp

weapon, is only paid a pension of fifty-five shillings a week!

Likewise we condemn the remilitarisation of Japan and the reformation of the notorious monopolies whose support for the Japanese war machine is well known.

Having spent 3½ years of my life as a prisoner of the Japanese working on the Death Railway, I feel very

Service men and women in all lands can serve the cause of World Peace, we have sent delegates to Poland, the Soviet Union, the Congress of the Peoples for Peace in Vienna. Our National Organiser, Allan Schafer is, at the moment, journeying across Europe making contact with ex-Service organisations in the countries through which he is passing. We maintain close contact with the American Veterans for Peace, the Australian Legion, The Association Republique des Anciens Combattants of France and, of course, the Springbok Legion.

One of our policy points which has become increasingly important is our stand for the independence of our country. At the second National Conference

Peace Credo

THE AIMS OF THE BRITISH EX-SERVICE MOVEMENT FOR PEACE.

- To revive comradeship of ex-Service men and women to work for Peace.
- To promote friendship between ex-Service men and women in all lands.
- That there is no issue in the world today that cannot be settled by peaceful negotiations, which therefore makes the recall of Reservists to the forces unnecessary.
- The Movement opposes the rearmament of Germany and Japan.
- The Movement stands for the independence of our country.

strongly on this question. My experiences and the terrible fate of many of my comrades in that Siamese hellhole have spurred me on in the struggle to stop that sort of tragedy happening again.

PRESS BOYCOTT

Because the majority of the British press boycott news of peace activities, we decided to start our own paper — "Ex-Service News" — and this has been appearing monthly since February, 1951. We came up against another boycott, as most newsagents would not distribute our paper and so our members have to go out on the streets and sell it. At a recent ex-Service rally in London over 200 copies were sold in a few hours!

Our Branches and Groups have always been encouraged to put across the "peace point-of-view" from the platform and open-air meetings are held in many parts of the country every week. In London, for instance, three different meetings are organised every Sunday throughout the year.

Believing that friendship between ex-

opposition to the stationing in our country of foreign troops . . . The presence here of American troops not subject to British Law" they declared "is demoralising both for them and for our people." Just as we realise the importance of an independent Britain, we realise, too, that the independence of colonial countries is a vital necessity if world peace is to be assured.

In the three years of our existence we have turned into hardened campaigners. Many of our members who had never spoken on a public platform before are now "star" performers.

We have learnt that results do not come easily, but we are confident of the outcome of our struggle.

In conclusion, may I, on behalf of the E.S.M.P., send cordial greetings to our comrades in the Springbok Legion. We watch your activities with great interest — We admire your courage — We know that your work to defeat fascism and end racial strife in your own country is a most valuable contribution to World Peace.

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