

Then get dressed, queue for supper, wash plates, more gossip, romantic wandering on the beach looking at the stars, then maybe a singsong or concert or bonfire on the beach. It must have rained sometimes, and the wind must have blown because it always does at Port Elizabeth but all I remember are glorious sunlit days and clear starlit nights. And so it went on for thirty days until we were all dark brown, even those who had peeled depressingly in the first week. Most of the brown was sunburn, some on the neck and behind the ears was plain dirt and we all knew we would be scrubbed by our mothers when we got home, but that was in the future, and not to be worried about.

The Harris were an interesting couple. Mr Harris was Head of the Jewish Government School where my mother taught. She respected him greatly, perhaps loved him a little and called him "the Boss". He always seemed to have a little flock of women teachers round him like a platonic harem. He was good looking in a round and florid way, grey haired, pink cheeked, blue eyes and gave an impression of irrepressible vigour. He really was full of energy and walked a great deal. He was good company too and whenever life began to seem boring for those around, he would organise something to divert them. He particularly loved singing. Mrs Harris ("poor Mrs Harris") was his opposite in every way. Grey, shadowy and unsmiling, she seemed naturally made for the background. Even her clothes, as I recall them now, were grey. He boomed, she whispered. He organised, she did the work behind the organising, and that made the organisation a success. It was she, for example, who catered and cooked for over a hundred campers, and if she didn't actually do the work itself, she organised its doing. They had four sons so even at home she was serving an all-male, rather demanding environment. Every year she got paler and greyer, and finally faded away altogether. That she was allowed to do so by her family probably meant that she was no longer needed to run a camp. The Boss had retired by then and spent his time striding briskly through Johannesburg's suburbs. The boys did, to some extent, help with the camps. The two oldest at least were usually part of the 'advance guard' which went ahead of the rest of the camp to put up the big dining marquee, the bell tents for sleeping in, and the latrines, showers and washrooms; and they acted as life-guards on the beach. But once the camp was set up, I don't recall them or their father doing any of the important daily activities like peeling potatoes.

After a couple of years of camp, I settled down with a steady boy-friend, Cecil, and he remained my 'steady' (though that was not a word we used at the time) for seven or eight years. When I first noticed him, he had another girl-friend but I didn't think she was good enough for him. He was, I thought, both clever and romantic looking, with large, dark eyes, long, dark lashes and a lock of hair falling artistically over his brow. 'Artistic' was an important word. Cecil painted and drew and was planning to be an architect, and these were all talents unknown, and therefore mysteriously attractive in our family. So I detached him from his unworthy girl-friend. I can't remember anymore what I actually did, so perhaps it was something shameful that I have repressed. But it was very satisfactory to have a boy-friend. We read poetry together, discussed ART, philosophised about the good life and went for long rambling evening walks through the honeysuckle-scented suburbs. It also meant I didn't have to be afraid of being a wallflower at parties; and it meant that I was admitted to the male world of Cecil's friends because I was now 'safe' and not likely to get entangled with any of them. His close friends were Sonny, Norman and Pat with a somewhat older mentor called Joel and I was now entitled to join in their conversations and some of their activities like hiking and country picnics. They contributed a certain amount of glamour to my status at school. Coming home at lunchtime, they passed our school and stood outside for a minute, whistling and cat-calling to announce their presence. This was on the science lab side of the school and our science teacher found the noise particularly irritating. She threatened to report them to their school, but never actually got close enough to them to identify them, and I and everyone else in the class denied all knowledge of them.

My last two years at school was a particularly happy time. I was sufficiently on top of my work to know that I could do well if I wanted to (and I did). I had interesting friends and although I never achieved any official status at school, I felt I was close enough to the 'top group' to satisfy my need for superiority. I was allowed to try out new skills like producing a play for the school. I knew that I could never be an actress but I felt sufficiently competent to tell others how to do what I couldn't do myself and I felt I'd done a good job on the play. Looking back now, I realise I didn't know anything about drama and production, but I certainly enjoyed myself.

Life at home was satisfactory too. There were a couple of University students living there who allowed me to join in their activities. I learned a lot of new card games, and I went with them for late night snacks (steak and chips) to George, the Greek around the corner from the boarding house.

I was also taken up by a bored batchelor who travelled the Reef as a salesman of steel ceilings. If I was free during the day, he would take me with him for company. I clambered over building sites with him and ate large steak dinners, the standard rep's fare. None of these friendships had any overt sexual content, which seems rather surprising as I look back on them. But I was very young -- 15 or 16 at the time -- and this was in pre Lolita days. I was also allowed to join in the gossip of the women at the boarding-house. This consisted largely of discussions about unhappy marriages, and information about how to mend ladders in one's stockings. This was the pre nylon age and stockings were either lisle (cheap and rather nasty looking) or silk (expensive, beautiful and fragile). All of these were darned and de-laddered until they could be mended no more. It wasn't a society where we could afford to throw things away.

Selma and I practised being grown up. For the most part, this consisted of experiments with cosmetics and with cigarettes. We would try out new lipsticks and eye-shadow, and then take our smokes to the kopje near the boarding house. This was a steep slope with the residential area on the top of the industrial area at the bottom. It had always been a part of my life. I had been taken there by nannies when small, and spent hours watching the horse and mule-drawn carts loading and unloading their goods at the bottom. By now most of the animals had gone, but there was still activity to watch, and because it was all so far away, I still got the same god-like feeling of being above it all. It was a very suitable place to learn to manipulate de Reszke silk-tipped cigarettes and decide whether we preferred Turkish or Virginian tobacco. It was also a wonderful place to watch, at some stage during this period, the splendid sunsets of purple and gold and magenta which were, I believe, the result of an earthquake somewhere near Japan, or perhaps the volcanic eruptions in the Andes. And on two or three occasions when there were power failures in Johannesburg, we would go to the kopje to watch the lights come on again.

At last school was over and I went to University. That sentence covers many aspects which I only dimly remember. I can't, for example, remember where I was when I heard my matric results. They were very good, a first class with lots of A's, especially the coveted A in the major language, English, which warranted a special mention. I don't remember whether there was any discussion of how my University career was to be financed. There were no student grants and paying for fees and books might have hit my mother hard; but with good matric results I was guaranteed a scholarship which would partially cover the expense; and Uncle Eddy turned up trumps and agreed to help as well.

I had decisions to make about subjects. Selma was doing a B.Sc., majoring in Botany but I inclined to the arts and I decided to major in English and Latin, both subjects I had enjoyed at school. I was pretty vague about my future -- I didn't want to be a teacher and I thought I might do something in journalism. The general pattern of the degree course was two majors, either of two or three years duration, a total of eleven subjects to be taken over three years, preferably 5 in the first year, 4 in the second and only the two majors in the third; so I enrolled for English 1, Latin 1, History 1 and Classical Life and Thought. What would I do for a fifth? I decided I would break the rules (or see if I could get away with rule-breaking). I opted for Psychology 1 which was supposed to be a Second year subject. The Dean of the Faculty was soft-hearted. He took a special interest in me because of the A in Matric English; there had only been three in the Transvaal that year (1932) and one of them had been his son, which gave him an even more personal interest. And that was why I was allowed to do Psychology 1 that year and inevitably Psychology 2 in the next year and then Psychology Honours in my final year, so in the end, I got two degrees at once, a fact which shaped my future career.

As well as the excitement about new learning, the University offered new social contacts. Cecil had been there for a year when I started so I had someone to introduce me to some of the social intricacies, take me to dances and generally escort me around possible pitfalls. But there were also new friends, and breaking of ties with old friends. Elsa wasn't at University and I saw less of Selma than I might have because our timetables clashed and our interests began to diverge. I had a new friend, Sadie, who seemed to have acquired me rather than my acquiring her. I had known her for some time without being particularly friendly. She was a not-very-close relation of Cecil's and shared some of interests in art. Between them, they introduced me to the stunning world of the Post-Impressionists and I started collecting prints. Sadie also taught me a lot about cosmetics and make-up which she took very seriously, and was prepared to spend Saturday afternoon curling my hair in film-star styles while both of us hid under facial masks of Fuller's Earth.

Another group of friends introduced me to politics and Socialism. In spite of all the reading I had done, I knew nothing about political theories and nothing really about the facts of life in South Africa, including what was called, "The Native Question"> I now began to listen to speeches and to read something about South African conditions. It was probably a very naive Socialism but it was new and heady stuff for me.

And there were other people who were 'just friends', among them a group of young men who called themselves the "Green Pontiac Club" because they met between lectures--- or when bunking lectures --- in Somebody's car. I was the only female in the group and I can't remember why I was allowed in. There weren't many cars in those days. The only ones I remember were the Green Pontiac, a Model A Ford which Cecil bought and which often failed to go because it had no petrol, and a baby Austin belonging to a girl, Petty, about which more later. We did a lot of walking and I can still remember the icy blasts coming up from the South Pole that crossed Ameshoff Street as we walked down the hill.

University of course had its rituals which were important to me at the time. There was Rag Day; I was involved with the Architects' float through my friendship with Cecil. One might think that future architects would know something about building floats, but as far as I remember, we worked very hard on the preparation of the float which fell apart immediately the lorry carrying it started up. It didn't augur well for the buildings of the future.

Another ritual was sing-song practice to get us ready to cheer our own rugby team. I have never been able to sing, and to begin with I knew very little of rugby, but I learned to cheer with the best of them and enjoyed it no end.

There were also less organised jaunts -- hikes, camps and an occasional week-end excursion. And it's on one of these that I have to introduce Petty and her baby Austin. Petty was more a friend of Sadie's than of mine, but I wasn't going to be excluded from any fun, and the promised fun was a long week-end in Durban. Petty had a boyfriend with an aeroplane in Durban, and I had a boyfriend Robbie, (second string to Cecil) and an aunt who might put us up; Sadie had no particular attachments in Durban but thought it high time to form some; she also had some influence with Petty who, after all, had the Baby Austin. So we decided to leave after classes one Friday, arrive in Durban the next morning and have a glorious long weekend filled with boyfriend, dancing and aeroplane flips. The story had to be slightly adjusted to suit our various parents -- none of them would have sanctioned an overnight trip -- but we did somehow manage to convince them that everything would be alright. Petty was the only licensed driver. I knew nothing about cars, but Sadie said she knew how to drive even if she didn't have a licence. The trouble was that by two or three in the morning, Petty was exhausted, couldn't drive any more, and we still had a long way to go. So Sadie offered to take over. I was dozing on the back seat and woke to find the car upside down and all three of us sitting on the inside of the roof. Sadie hadn't noticed a corner coming up. All might still have been well, because none of us was hurt, but we happened to be picked up by someone who told a local journalist the story. The result was that by the time we had managed to hitch a ride into Durban next morning, the local paper had banner headlines about, "Daring Girls' Overnight Disaster". The disaster was reflected in Aunt Dora's face. She didn't want to put us up, but she could hardly refuse in the face of possible publicity. After this, the weekend proceeded more or less as planned. We danced, had several flips in the aeroplane, went home by train, and were only left with the problem of explaining to parents how it had happened we were somewhere near Ladysmith in the middle of the night instead of safely in our beds in Johannesburg.

During my time at University, I had several homes. We left the boarding-house towards the end of my first year, and my mother and I went to live in a nearby flat. I liked that pattern of living because it gave me a lot of freedom, but as far as I remember, I didn't do much to help run the flat and my mother found it too much work. She especially disliked cooking and there is a family story (perhaps a myth) that one day she made a chocolate pudding and I came home and fried it thinking it was liver. It's obvious that neither of us could cook. What she tried next was a flat with a servant, but this meant sharing with Rose, because of the expense. Rose and I disliked one another. I think we were both very conscious of our dignity and importance and it wasn't possible for the two of us to live together, so very soon, I went to stay with Barney and Sarah, where I could live in luxury without stirring a finger. There were some disadvantages to this. Sarah was compulsively clean and was always tidying up after us; once I came home to find that I had no clothes in my cupboard -- they had all been sent to the cleaners. She was also compulsively unpunctual and any trip with her meant being late, or having an argument with Barney who, like all Moss-Morrises, was compulsively punctual.

Another disadvantage was Mons, the dog. He was a large, overweight bulldog who had to be taken for walks, which he hated. He was sloppy and wheezy, but Barney thought he might be useful if we had burglars. I think his only usefulness was to the burglars themselves; when we were actually burgled, Mons seems to have greeted them with joy. But despite these disadvantages both Sarah and Barney were marvellously hospitable and seem to have put up with me with equanimity. I particularly enjoyed my time with Barney. I discussed my classes with him; tapped his knowledge of the world, went for long walks with him and learned to do crossword puzzles in his company.

Wilfred, meanwhile, was having difficulty settling down. He hadn't done very well at school and it was obvious that University was not the place for him. He now called himself Bill, Wilfred being a foolish name, he thought, too much associated with the comic characters Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, and he had gone, without much enthusiasm, into the world of work, his first job being in an estate agency. He didn't like it at all and persuaded his mother he would do better in the world of popular music -- if only he had a set of drums. At great expense, she bought him a set of drums, which bored him almost as soon as he acquired them. Perhaps he would do better as a photographer, if only he had a decent camera. So she bought him a camera, and perhaps her faith in him was justified because eventually he settled down as a cameraman in the film industry. But till 'eventually' arrived, he worked only sporadically and was content to live off his mother and anyone else who would pay. He did take lots of photos including some carefully posed ones of me. Our relationship had changed over the years and I was no longer his devoted slave. He was much more dependent on me than I was on him. I did make use of his friendship with boys a bit older than my boyfriends, but he made use of my friendships as well, and was even prepared to escort me to parties and dances if I didn't have anyone else. We were much more equal in our friendship and this continued when we were both living in England after I graduated.

After I graduated came the question of, "What next?" I now had two degrees -- a B.A. and a B.A.(Hons) and I was reluctant to give up the comfortable life of sociability and study. I could have continued at Wits. University and gone on to do an M.A. but I wanted to get overseas and the question was, "How?" My best chance of a Scholarship was through using my Psychology -- that was the subject in which I had an Honours degree and in any case I had given up all idea of using Latin as a means to a career. I think we might have been rather badly taught in this subject because it never occurred to me that there was anything one could do with classical studies other than teach, which I didn't fancy at all. I hadn't done quite so well with my classics as I had hoped. The Latin was alright and I got firsts in all three years, but I had only managed a second with Greek 2. In fact I had pretty well given up on it, and if I hadn't been lucky with my "spotting", I wouldn't have been able to do the translations. So it had to be psychology, and to make a case for a scholarship, I had to think of some special aspect that interested both me and the people handing out the money. I settled on Child Guidance, about which I knew practically nothing, but which seemed a topic which could be applied in South Africa on my return. I really knew nothing about children except what I had learned in passing from my younger cousins. I didn't even like them very much, but I liked the idea of the Scholarship. So I applied for a S.A. government scholarship, and finally got it, though I didn't actually know this until I had begun my trip to England.

My mother, on another of her sabbaticals, had planned an overseas trip for the two of us. We started our voyage from Durban, sailing round the coast to Cape Town, and when we got to East London, there was a telegram requesting my presence at a scholarship interview, so I had to break my journey, go back to Johannesburg, say, "Hullo" to all the people I had said "Good-bye" to the previous week, make the best of myself in the interview, and return to Cape Town to meet the ship.

The planned trip was a sight-seeing one of Europe and England before I started work the following September, so we started our travels soon after we arrived at the end of February. I can't any longer remember all the places we visited. Travel may broaden the mind but often the effect is only temporary. We did the usual trips around London, went to Speakers' Corner, Hampton Court and so on, much as we had on our previous trip. As the weather improved we went further afield, eventually doing a car journey around England and Scotland. Neither my mother nor I could drive, so we shared the trip with a cousin of hers and his wife. I noticed no tension on the trip, but my mother told me that things got difficult because the cousin was enjoying the presence of a rather sexy teenager, and his wife was not. Apart from the trips with my mother, I did quite a bit with SA student friends. One day I remember in particular. I had gone with Maurice Milner for a picnic in Epping Forest and we spent the day basking in the unaccustomed warmth, only to discover when we got home that English insects could be more vicious than SA ones. I was bitten from head to toes!

When summer came, we went abroad. On one occasion it was a coach trip through Europe, taking in Holland, Germany, Austria and Hungary.. My mother felt the money spent on my fare was rather wasted, because I slept through most of the beautiful scenery and only woke up at the stops. I did however take in some of the experiences which must have had special significance for me. I remember eating herrings in the streets of Amsterdam, and the wonderful Dutch breakfasts, and the cool pleasantness of the canal banks. I remember a puppet show about Mozart at the Salzburg festival, which for the first time made Mozart's life and some of his music meaningful for me. I remember the impressive riverside castles in Germany. And above all I remember the colour and gaiety of pre-war Budapest. It was a city full of contrasts -- great wealth and great poverty; and I can still see the hungry eyes of beggar children peering through the railings into the out-of-doors restaurants where everybody seemed to be gorging themselves. I went swimming too, in the central city baths which produced waves every five minutes or so, and I remember hanging around outside the baths waiting to see which entrance was for females because there was nothing in the Hungarian words to give me a clue. We also did some sight-seeing around the town and I remember a disapproving guide talking about the reign of terror of the communist Bela Kun. Even then I think my sympathies were with the anti royalists.

Our next trip was a cruise to Norway, "land of the midnight sun". This was, of course, spectacularly beautiful, and I had my first real experience of walking in snow. The cruise itself was fun, just right for someone of my age, with lots of dancing and other social activities.

And then it was September --- time to say goodbye to a rather tearful mother who wouldn't see me for at least two years, and time to think about settling down to some work. It wasn't very easy to find a place in spite of all my letters of introduction, as I hadn't made much effort to get myself enrolled before September. Finally I was accepted as a graduate student at the London Child Guidance Clinic. This was a bit of luck because it was one of the more advanced institutions at the time. There was only one other psychology student at the time, and three post-graduate medical students. While I was there, one of these was John Bowlby who subsequently made a name for himself with his descriptions of the effects of maternal deprivation. At this time the training of psychologists was largely in the field of testing and assessment and my first task was to master the latest tests. This wasn't always easy. There were two trained psychologists at the clinic. The Head was Miss Fildes, rather a martinet of the old authoritarian type. I did learn a lot about testing from her, but her theories about life in general were not very scientific. She was firmly convinced, for example, that all black people smelled differently from whites and this had something to do with their basically inferior intelligence. But she was a good diagnostician where children were concerned and we never really saw a black one in those pre-war days. I learned a lot from her and also from lectures I was allowed to attend at the Tavistock Clinic. From the other psychologist, Mr King, I learned mainly what not to do. He was warm and friendly to the children but he was disorganised and untidy in his handling of the test material with the result that after ten minutes with a pre-school test of intelligence he seemed to be drowning in blocks and bits of jig-saw. From him, almost in self-defence, I learned to test tidily. But I think it was through his influence that I became interested in diagnosis through test pattern analysis, and it was this interest which determined where I travelled when later on I went to the United States.

When I started work I went to live at a boarding-house in West Hampstead where there were a number of SA students, mostly medicals. They were good company for me and we used to go to theatre and ballet together; but I didn't join in their weekend amusements. They used to get together in the largest bedroom on a Friday night and start a game of poker which was only interrupted for meals between then and Monday morning. No wonder they found it hard to study at the beginning of the week.

My room was at the top of the house, and had a sloping roof -- a real attic. I covered the walls with postcards and felt I had built a home. It was beautifully private, with a view over roofs and chimney pots. But being at the top of the house became a disadvantage when I became ill. I caught measles from a child at the clinic and had to stay in bed. My landlady was very obliging about providing meals on trays, but as she was seldom sober, it was difficult, often impossible, for her to negotiate all the stairs, tray and all. I would hear her approach singing cheerfully --- then crash! End of tray, and the whole process had to start again.

I used to go to work on the little West Hampstead railway, to Arsenal station, from where I would walk to the clinic in Islington. The railway amused me. Its passengers were, for the most part regulars who soon got to know each other by sight; but we never unbent sufficiently to exchange greetings and the only change I observed amongst my fellow passengers was when a gentleman who regularly wore an Anthony Eden hat abandoned it when Eden was unpopular because of his attitude to Hitler.

Eventually I tired of my landlady's cooking and decided to move into a flat. I was becoming more confident about my ability to look after myself. But finding a flat wasn't easy because I very unreasonably, according to the landlords, wanted a place with a bath. I suppose the English washed, but they obviously didn't bother much about baths. Some of them thought that baths were positively unhealthy because they washed the neutral oils from the skin. At one flat without a bath the landlord told me that if I really thought it so important, he could arrange for me to use the bath in another house he owned around the corner.

Eventually I did find what I wanted in the house of a 'comrade'. It was close to Lords, on the edge of St John's Wood and it had a bath and kitchen to be shared with the landlady. It was useful to be able to share the kitchen because I didn't know how to cook. Mrs Robson, my landlady, was horrified to discover that a girl of my age didn't even know how to cook peas -- a gap in my education obviously due to my bourgeois background. I loved that flat; I even loved it enough to sweep and dust occasionally. Remembering it now, it seems quite Spartan. But it had two rooms, a bedroom and a sitting room/dining room. It had linoleum on the floor and a tiny electric heater in the living room, but I don't remember feeling particularly cold, except in the great freeze-up of 1938/9. It was opposite Regent's Park so there was always a place to walk outside, and because I struck up an acquaintance with the chauffeurs and other servants in the rich houses in Regent's Park, I was always able to get supplies of freshly-ground coffee and other goodies. I didn't mix with eminent people, or not often; but I did mix with their servants.

By now I was a member of the Communist Party of Great Britain. I can't remember quite how this came about. I had been becoming increasingly interested in politics, particularly because of the rise of Hitler, but the final motivating force was a more personal one, I think, and it came about through the influence of cousin Bill. He had been in England for some time, trying to get work as a cameraman in films. He had been partially successful and had even taken me around one of the sets for "South Riding" then being made at Elstree. But he had difficulty in getting a union card without which he couldn't be employed and he was running short of money. So he was looking up some of his old South African friends in the hope of sharing their meals. One of these was Mich Harmel, already a passionate communist, and somehow through Bill's and Mick's influence, I was persuaded to attend some meetings. I have never been a lover of meetings but these were different. Even the chilly open-air meetings with minimal audiences seemed to have a kind of glamour. And the actual branch meetings, though I suspect now that they were pretty dull and pedestrian, seemed highly impressive and intellectual to me. I was finally enrolled in the Marylebone branch of the Party and because of the kind of area it covered it had more than its fair share of intellectuals and fewer workers. The only real working-class people I remember now were an unemployed joiner and an apprentice cook. The cook used to tell us stories of the horrors of the Savoy Hotel kitchens where he worked. If he was to be believed (and why not?) the kitchens were crawling with cockroaches and damp with the sweat of the workers.

The intellectuals seemed to be very intellectual indeed. Debates tended to be deeply theoretical and women members in particular were warned not to contribute unless they could start their sentences with some phrase other than, "It seems to me....." This, of course, made most women more timid than ever, and most of us kept out of debates and rendered Communist service by making tea and volunteering for chores like selling pamphlets and newspapers. I was, in fact, quite an enthusiastic Daily Worker seller. Once when I was assigned a pitch near Marble Arch I was recognised by a friend of my mother's who said, "My poor girl --- has it come to this --- can't you find any other job than selling papers?" I tried to explain but I don't think she was really convinced. However her sympathy didn't extend to finding me another job, or giving me money, or even buying one of my papers.

We were concerned with a number of different issues, mostly revolving around the anti-Fascist movement. We went on demonstrations to confront Mosely and his followers. These demonstrations terrified me. There was always the danger of an attack by the Blackshirts or a confrontation with the mounted police, though I can't remember actually being involved in any rough demonstrations.

Then there were the campaigns in support of the Spanish Republicans. We collected food and other comforts to send out to Spain and supported the "Arms for Spain" movement. One of my boyfriends later on had driven an ambulance in Spain which he had brought back; I very much regret that I repaid his generosity by treating him badly.

We were also involved with the miseries of the unemployed. Although perhaps some of the earlier depression years had been worse, there was still considerable unemployment, particularly in areas like Wales and the North-East, (Jarrow, for example). There were marches of the workless demanding the right to work, and there were spontaneous little processions of unemployed Welsh miners in the streets singing their haunting Welsh songs. We worked to organise canteens and accommodation for these visiting demonstrators and helped them sell their papers and pamphlets. Occasionally we were involved in tenant's organisations and I learned something of the difficulties of finding adequate housing in London if you couldn't pay a deposit on a mortgage.

And behind every campaign we conducted was the idea of the United Front against Fascism. Other organisations, including the Labour Party, were quite happy to use our readiness to work. I even helped to run an election campaign for a local Labour Party. But they resented our help and felt they were being used -- and so perhaps they were. We were obsessed with the need to oppose Hitler in every way. Later on I was involved in the "Stand by Czechoslovakia" campaign, one which had a personal meaning for me because I had spent a holiday there, and this was also part of the anti-Hitler campaign. (In our slogan chalking at night, we had to abbreviate this to "Stand by the Czechs" because Czechoslovakia was too difficult to spell.) We worked hard but I don't think we made much impact -- certainly not as much as we believed at the time. The opposition was too strong, the British Establishment too enamoured of Nazism. We lived through Munich and other Tory successes gritting our teeth in frustrated rage.

But the Communist Party wasn't all meetings and selling papers. From now on most of my friendships and social life were to be within this network of Comrades. We danced at socials, drank in pubs, went hiking, went to theatres and ballets and films, fell in and out of love, spent hours discussing "Life" together and generally managed to have a lot of fun. Even when we had been out chalking slogans or delivering leaflets there was always the later get-together where we could exchange experiences, exaggerate our narrow squeaks in avoiding capture by the police and generally bask in the sunshine of the approval of like-minded people. I may not have achieved very much in the anti-fascist cause during this time, but I was happy and I felt I was doing something worthwhile in the world. And I read the Communist Literature and believed the Labour Monthly where the editor, Palme Dutt, always managed to suggest that the revolution would have occurred before he could write his next editorial.

I had some notable holidays during this period. The three I remember best are a Swiss skiing holiday, one on the Norfolk Broads and a holiday in Czechoslovakia prior to the Munich sell-out. The first two were in the company of people who were really quite alien to me. They were the sons of one of my mother's friends who had made good in England and were busy climbing socially. The family had changed their name from Mendelsohn to Delson because it was more British; they had a grand house somewhere near Epsom and the father had occasionally invited my mother and me to "my Club" which sounded grand, but was in fact the RAC somewhere in the West End of London. I think the sons must have been pressured by the parents to "be kind to the little Lejeuse girl" and invite me to join them on a Swiss skiing holiday. I knew they despised me for my low-class accent and interests, and hated my politics, but I wanted to go to Switzerland and although they sometimes made me feel inferior, I felt I could cope by despising their snobbish way of life. And I enjoyed myself very much. We went by car through France which I hadn't seen much of, and the skiing itself was wonderful. I still have visual memories of clear, sparkling sunny days, blue skies, and sharply defined pine trees against the snow. Of course I didn't learn to ski well in two weeks, but I was sufficiently adept before we left to get off the nursery slopes and ski down a real mountain with only rare falls. I've never skied since but the experience was worth having. And I coped with the Delson's chilly disapproval by making friends with two Frenchmen who thought I was a knock-out.

Perhaps because I managed to cope, the Delsons invited me to join them again, this time on the Norfolk Broads; or perhaps they just wanted an extra body to share the expenses, or somebody to help with the cooking. Once again I went knowing the disadvantages because it was the kind of holiday I wanted, and once again I enjoyed it very much. I learned to manage the dinghy attached to our boat, I learned to make cocoa, I spent evenings in country pubs -- all the proper Broads pleasures.

In addition, because it was an early summer after a wet and flooded spring, we saw a drenched landscape somewhat different from the normal Broads. I even found the skeletons of some fish that had been marooned in trees during the floods.

The Czechoslovakian holiday was quite different. It was a package tour arranged by the Co-operative movement so had a marked political flavour. We toured by coach and visited some of the triumphs of the Czech Co-op movement --- schools, summer camps for children, factories and housing estates. In various places we were greeted (in Czech) by mayors and other local dignitaries, or by school children singing songs of welcome (in Czech). Sometimes our smiles froze on our faces when the welcoming ceremonies went on too long but on the whole it was interesting and we had plenty of time for socialising, dancing and having fun. Looking through the old photographs now, I see that I collected a Czech journalist, but I don't remember him at all.

I also had a couple of week-end trips to Paris with some of my London friends. These enabled me to see a side of Paris which I had missed when I was on tour with my mother --- sitting in the sun, drinking lemon drinks and watching young Paris at play. We seem to have managed very well without being able to speak French. Perhaps there is an international language of youth which I've now forgotten.

Other weekends were spent in more strenuous activity in England. If we didn't have a demo to attend or newspapers to sell we used to spend our Sundays hiking. Mostly I went with two Canadian girls who had similar interests to mine. Armed with flask and sandwiches, well-shod in boots, we used to follow the maps which were regularly printed on Fridays in one of the London papers. They were always of routes which could be easily reached by Green Line bus --- those were the pre-car days.

By September 1938 my time in England was coming to an end. I had finished my course at the London Child Guidance Clinic and I understood pretty well how English clinics worked --- on what was called the "Commonwealth" system, in which psychiatrist, psychologist and social worker co-operated in diagnosis and treatment. What I needed now was the opportunity to see different types of work and the obvious place to go to was America. There too I would find psychologists whose articles I had read and whose work on diagnostic testing I had found interesting. They were beginning to analyse the details of intelligence test results to provide information not only about intelligence but about wider aspects of personality. (Those were the days when we felt we couldn't embark on treatment without knowing everything there was to know about the child before we started.) We were also keen to pin labels on people -- 'maladjusted', 'personality disorder', 'delinquent' and similar labels which make me shudder today. Diagnostic testing helped to produce these labels.) I planned a trip to the United States which would enable me to pursue these interests -- spending some time working with a psychologist I admired, some time at a summer school learning some new ideas and some time visiting clinics and other institutions where different kinds of work was done with both 'normal' and difficult children. Decisions about which places I should visit were made only partly on the basis of knowledge of their work. For the rest I had planned to share part of the trip with a comrade from England, and I would go where she had engagements to speak. She was Winifred Bates, the widow of Ralph Bates, an author who had been killed in Spain and she was planning a lecture tour to rally support for Republican Spain, which at that time was tottering on the edge of defeat.

I spent the first couple of weeks in New York, divided between conscientious visits to clinics and institutions and light hearted sight-seeing and socialising. The visits were, I hoped, to give me ideas for work in South Africa. I found most of them interesting and they provided some variety from the rather rigid pattern of work in England. The worst part of the visiting was arranging them. I had left everything too late to make the arrangements by letter and nobody could understand a word I said over the telephone (probably the basis for my life-long hatred of phones). I tried to Americanise my phonemes but I'm not very good at that sort of mimicry and I think that sometimes the appointment was made out of sheer desperation from the person I was speaking to. Face-to-face apparently I was more comprehensible. I collected a lot of material that proved useful later on.



Accommodation presented a bit of a problem at first. I didn't have too much money of course, so it was cheap hotels and boarding houses for me. Many of them were not as clean as they might be. One night I woke scratching, turned on the light, and saw dozens of horrid creatures scuttling round my bed --- my first, and thankfully my last, encounter with bedbugs. I must finally have found a suitable place however, because I remember very little about where I stayed. I marvelled at the sights of New York. It was still midwinter with snow piled up in the streets, but the sun shone sometimes and there was none of the feeling of London greyness. I had my first contact with central heating, with indoor temperatures up in the eighties, it seemed, while it was freezing outside. What a contrast with my two-bar electric fire, and icy linoleum underfoot, of my London flat. None of my clothes was suitable and this gave me a chance to go shopping. Of course I window-shopped on Fifth Avenue, but the real shopping was done in the cheaper shops. There were lots of these, full of cheap, slick, attractive clothes, and I began to feel a bit contemptuous of the backwardness of London, the city I had loved for two years. I liked the clean lines of the sky-scrapers; I loved the view from the Empire State Building; I was impressed by the skating rink outside the Empire State, and was thrilled by the lights and colour of Broadway at night. I imagine I would feel quite differently about it these days --- but perhaps I wouldn't.

I met a lot of people in New York through my communist contacts. The Communist Party was less open and more unpopular in the States than it had been in England, so people were rather hush-hush about their membership. But there were a lot of exciting things going on for somebody like me, who didn't really feel part of the political scene, but was interested in theatres and films and having fun. It was the time of Roosevelt and the WPA administration and there were subsidies to reemploy out-of-work dramatists, writers and actors as well as the larger projects all over the country of dam-building and other kinds of reconstruction. I managed to fill my evenings with theatres and concerts and even some meetings, though I never felt very deeply involved in U.S. politics.

There was also the New York World Fair to visit. This was full of marvels. I had already visited the Paris International Exhibition while my mother was in England, but this I remember mainly as a cultural experience. I still remember vividly many of the pictures I saw at the Van Gogh exhibition there --- my first good look at original paintings; and I remember the soaring statue outside the Soviet Pavilion which impressed me at the time as great art. But the New York Exhibition was quite different --- a kind of super Rand Easter Show blown up to American dimensions, both a super trade show and a super fun fair. There was also the funfair at Coney Island. I only went there once and disgraced myself, I think. I was with a distant cousin of Sadie's, unlike most of my friends, a rather respectable young man, doing his best to advance as a lawyer in the F.B.I. (and therefore politically light-years away from me). He took me on the roller-coaster and there, at the very top, I panicked. I clutched him tightly and screamed, "Take me off --- I want to get off!". He wasn't very sympathetic. I suppose he was thankful that none of his colleagues were around to see him.

The next stage of my journey was to Wilmington, Delaware, to work at a mental hospital with a psychologist whose work I admired. This was a sudden and startling change from New York. Wilmington itself was little more than a backwoods country town. It had one major industry --- the Du Pont chemical(?) firm which at that time had begun to produce nylon. They were giving away nylon stockings as samples to people working in the town, and I must have had one of the first pairs produced. They were a wonderful change from what I had been wearing --- mostly rather thick lisle stockings because at that time we were boycotting Japanese goods and most of the thinner rayon stockings came from there. (Silk stockings were altogether out of my financial range.) But this was the most modern thing about Wilmington, an anachronistic place where women of a peculiar religious sect who dressed in black, old fashioned clothes, didn't look out of place at all. I already had a contact in the town --- a 'comrade' who ran a beerhall and he and his wife were very friendly and helped me to find accommodation. This was close to the hospital in the house of the head graveyard keeper. The graveyard was one of the latest kind --- no intrusive headstones but discreet plaques let into beautifully kept lawns which were surrounded by appropriately sad-looking cypresses and an occasional fountain. On Sunday afternoons a band played, and it was generally considered an acceptable place for a Sunday stroll, even if you weren't fortunate enough to know somebody actually buried there.

The hospital, I think, was almost as anachronistic as Wilmington itself. It was run by a White Russian refugee who had not the slightest idea of the needs of real people, either patients or staff. He kept a tight reign on both. Most of the staff were accommodated in houses in the hospital grounds and the Medical Superintendent made it his business to see that everybody behaved properly.

Within the hospital itself there was a rigid hierarchy and well-understood status system. For example, there were separate canteens for doctors, for nurses and for unqualified assistants. But where did psychologists go? This was a puzzle, perhaps because there hadn't been psychologists in pre-revolutionary Russia. In fact, we were allowed to eat in the top, doctors' canteen, which had its advantages because the food was slightly better with more mayonnaise on the salad; but which also had drawbacks. The doctors ate with us but didn't really feel comfortable talking to us.

But though the hospital was backward, the work of the Psychology Department was stimulating and interesting. In addition to the actual work in the hospital, we visited sub-clinics in other parts of Delaware, and I got to know the country quite well. Besides travelling through Delaware, I had the chance to visit some of the towns to the south -- Baltimore, for example, and Washington, which I remember as gloriously covered with cherry blossom in spring. It was in Washington that I heard Marion Anderson sing at an open-air concert in the state cemetery. I also had trips to nearby Philadelphia but most of what I remember here are the Sunday seafood dinners, rather than the art and architecture.

I had to think about the next part of my trip before I left Wilmington. Because I was going to share this time with Winifred Bates, it seemed a good idea to get a car. This would cut our travelling expenses and I hoped to see the car and recoup some of the outlay when I left America. But there was a problem. I couldn't drive. Winifred could and I expected her to do most of the driving and take responsibility for the car once we met. But somehow I had to get the car to New York and that would require a driving licence. How to get it? "No problem", said the garage owner --- if I were to buy a neat little 1936 Plymouth two-seater which he happened to have in stock and which was just the job for me, he would guarantee the licence. He would give me a couple of lessons himself, the test wasn't too strict and he'd have a word with the driving inspector. And so it came about. I took the test, was too nervous to get the car out of first gear, shook and rattled the examiner around two blocks and was handed a licence at the end. Fortunately I had a few more weeks of practice before I left Wilmington and by the time I actually went I was driving passably, though without much confidence. (It wasn't until I came to England twenty five years later that I actually took a test and passed legitimately. In South Africa, they simply took my American licence at face value and gave me a South African one with no test and no questions asked.) Because of my inexperience, the drive to New York was interesting. I went timidly through the tunnel from New Jersey being shouted at by policemen because I was too slow, then found myself going the wrong way on the Brooklyn Bridge. I am probably one of the few who has done a U-turn on the Brooklyn Bridge.

When I had finished my couple of months at the Delaware Hospital it was time to join Winifred in New York. After my adventurous journey into the city I was glad to hand over the car to her, and she, having seen me drive, was glad to take over. We didn't leave right away, but spent a bit of time planning our itinerary and enjoying the Spring warmth -- Spring heat in fact -- of the city. It really was hot. People were beginning to drag their beds on to the fire escapes to escape the heat (before the days of air-conditioning for the poor) and we made a couple of efforts to spend the hot week-ends in the country. They weren't very successful because everybody else who owned a car had the same idea; so after a couple of Sundays spent in traffic queues we decided to use the city parks instead, and very pleasant they were. I also enjoyed the fact that we had a room near the river, with a view of busy riverside and sea-going traffic.

Then we were off. Our itinerary mainly followed Winifred's lecture bookings but I did manage to fit in some work if it didn't take us far out of our way. I went to visit the Yale Child Study Centre, for example, and a number of Child Guidance Centres in Boston. We also did some touristy things like visiting Niagara Falls. Very impressive they were too. We discovered sea-food restaurants all along the East coast and for a time I more or less lived on crabs, clams and oysters. Then we struck out westwards, visiting Chicago, Detroit and the Lakes and tasting the splendours of the many kinds of ice-cream sold in the parks. We were aiming for Iowa city where I had arranged to do a summer course at the State University.

Iowa is typical Middle West, and although I enjoyed the work, I found the town and its environs disappointing. It struck me as being a real provincial town and not a city in spite of its grand name. It was also very hot and uncomfortable. I think it has a typical 'continental' climate with extremes of heat in summer and extremes of cold in winter. I often found I couldn't sleep at night and developed what I now think were mild asthma attacks. I used to wander through the dark streets, trying to breathe. Daytime heat was relieved by some swimming but there weren't a lot of facilities and I was glad when the time was up.

I travelled the rest of the way to the West Coast alone. Fortunately by now I was quite a competent driver and I usually managed to find someone to help me change a wheel. (Tyres were still very bad). I was a bit of a novelty to most of the Americans I met --- I spoke oddly, and they thought I had the glamour of Africa behind me --- the Africa about which they knew nothing at all. "So you come from Africa --- I wonder if you know my cousin, aunt, friend, etc. in Liberia?" -- or Kenya, or Ghana, or anywhere else on the continent. (Ghana was still called The Gold Coast then.)

My weeks spent with Winifred had made me quite a competent traveller -- I now, being more British than African, owned my own tea-pot and saw to it that the coffee making cafes understood that water for tea had to boil. I loved the Western cattle states like Kansas and Wyoming that reminded me of the Karoo and I enjoyed watching the cowboys perform, especially those who, properly booted and spurred, followed their cattle in an old Ford jalopy. That kind of sight appealed to my sense of the ridiculous. All the scenery was varied and exciting and I don't remember ever being bored on the long trip West.

And finally I was rewarded with San Francisco. I won't make this a travelogue but San Francisco was a glorious city, still retaining some of its older buildings, and with a glamorous Chinese quarter. I had a room nearby and ate most of my meals there. Although I was enjoying myself, I set about preparations for going back to South Africa. The car was sold to help pay for my ticket home, and I started looking for a route. I couldn't afford to go back to the East and travel to England on a luxury liner like the Ile de France which had brought me to the States so I decided on the direct route from the USA to SA. This meant travelling by freighter but this was no hardship in those days. Most cargo ships had accommodation for some passengers and the one I booked on, a Dutch freighter, took twelve passengers who would eat in the Officers' mess. The voyage would take four weeks and I had to pick up the boat in New Orleans, which meant a long trip by bus as I no longer had a car.

And then war was declared between Britain and Germany. We had been expecting it for months. In my circle of friends the talk was all of a United Front against Hitler Germany, but when it actually came it was a shock. I wanted to change my plans and go back to England. That's where all my friends were and I felt there was a job for me to do (those were the days before we were made more cynical by the 'phony war'). But my passage was booked, it couldn't be cancelled and I didn't have enough money for two fares. So I had to stick to the original plan. Fortunately I had booked on the ship of what was still a neutral country so there wasn't much danger that we would be attacked on the way home.

The trip to New Orleans was not as interesting as I had hoped. It was five days and nights of coach travel through the Southern United States. Sometimes the scenery was interesting, especially in the night travel through Texas, where we could see hundreds of flames above small oil wells. Often it was dull desert which couldn't be explored because the coach ploughed resolutely on without stopping. New Orleans itself of course was something different. I spent a lot of time in the old French Quarter and also discovered once again the wonderful seafood. Every Woolworths had its oyster bar and that's where I mainly ate.

At last back to South Africa. The usual unloading of presents and then trying to settle down. I had no immediate prospect of a job but my first consideration was to get back into the Party, a job that was more difficult than in England. They were rightly more suspicious of strangers and even of friends. Mick Harmel, who knew me well, was very doubtful about my suitability. But at last I managed to prove I was respectable -- or not-- and was once again a card-carrying communist.

There were some strange other members -- including one who believed he was the only person in the world who could trisect an angle. There were also some less strange people -- including Milners, Bernsteins, (not yet married), Harmels, (also not yet married), some people called Sinclair, and an old acquaintance of mine, Roy Kantorovich, whom I nearly mistakenly married myself.

The next two years (1940-1941) were so busy that really there is too much to document here. Busyness meant sticking leaflets on telephone poles, speaking at meetings, organising publicity drives, trying to organise Trade Unions for African workers and so on. One of my jobs was helping the Laundry Workers' Union, and other things which seemed important at the time. Whether my efforts had any effect at all is hard to say now although we wouldn't have indulged in them if we hadn't really believed in them.

Archie and I got to know each other better. We were part of a social group of Milners and other odds and ends. One particular odd or end was a young man called Meyer Chames. He was then showing the beginning of a future career in crime, although at that time he seemed simply hard-up. He operated a couple of bank accounts so that no bank manager ever really understood how hard-up he was.

In between being busy, we had quite a lot of fun. We often went swimming in the evening on my uncle's farm, or else we would gather in cafes to exchange our views of the world. In August 1940 the Harmels got married and had a super party where we all got a bit drunk and Archie and I more or less fell into each other's arms. We weren't ourselves married for another sixteen months but that was the beginning of our real relationship. Our wedding was quiet in the extreme. We had planned to get married on December 1st 1941 because that was the day we were taking possession of our flat. We didn't of course dream of taking a day off from work. We had a small party a night or so before but at the Registry office only my mother, Uncle Barney and Sheila were present.

The wedding ceremony was fairly straightforward except when it came to the ring. Archie had forgotten to measure my finger. From some pocket or finger, Uncle Barney produced Amelia's ring and I have worn it ever since. And then, after the ceremony, we all had a drink and went back to work. That day we moved into our new flat in Curzon Court, opposite the hospital. It was a lovely one-roomed flat with a balcony. One of its advantages was that it was at a bus-stop, if you didn't mind the squeal of bus breaks, which never really bothered me. Occasionally we slept on the balcony.

We didn't have a honeymoon because we were working, but a couple of months after our wedding, my mother went to Plettenburg Bay for a holiday and while there had an attack of indigestion. The local doctor diagnosed a heart condition and sent for the darling daughter and her husband. Archie managed two weeks at Plettenburg Bay which made a very nice Honeymoon and when he went home, my mother had another four weeks of 'intensive care' (in the hotel). This consisted of the help of a nurse who was over six feet tall and used to keep everything on top of cupboards and wardrobes. When things looked really black she quoted Pollyanna at us which was hardly very cheering. Still less cheering at the end of six weeks was the discovery that my mother had never really been ill. Beacon Island Hotel was glorious in February --- just the right time for a holiday.

I can't remember where we got our furniture from, but we had beautiful and expensive curtains over the huge picture window. For some reason I insisted on that bit of bourgeois display. In the flat below us lived the Harmels, and because I was still very much a South African, I couldn't cook, and shared a black servant with Rae, who did most of the ordering and decided what we would eat. Occasionally I cooked. Once Archie much admired my gammon and pineapple which was noble and unselfish of him because he hated gammon.

These were war years. We had no white flour so I carefully sifted out the bran and then put it back again because I was trying to make bran cookies. It seemed logical at the time but shows what a cooking idiot I was. We also used to make cream with a special gadget which worked on butter and milk, in order to make, under Margaret's direction, dishes like Lobster Newburg. The recipe for this we found in a detective story called "Too Many Cooks" by Rex Stout.

Andrew was conceived in Curzon Court. You might ask: Why a baby? And the answer would be something like Socialist competition. Everybody seemed to be having babies. Barbara Harmel was born in '43 (?), Toni in '43 (?), Gill in '44(D-Day); and that was the probable last stimulus. Andrew was born 8 months later, which shows that I didn't wait long to get into the baby race.

Archie had been away for four months during 1943 and this probably was an additional incentive. If the C.P. was going to take him away from me, I wanted something to play with. While he was away I moved back with my mother and let the flat to a pair of twins, Pam and Ronnie Lewis, and in fact I don't think I came back to the flat. Round about this time my aunt Bertha died and Molly was only sixteen and didn't want to leave Johannesburg. Her father bribed me to look after her with the offer of a larger flat rent-free, a free servant, Isabel, who stayed with us for years, only leaving me to go to my mother, and a car. So perhaps the bribe was worthwhile, though Archie found life with Molly very difficult. So did I. But when Andrew was born she was very loving and so was everybody else. He was the first child of his generation in our family and was spoiled rotten. I went back to work quite soon because he had one granny, one great-aunt and several doting great-uncles, so I was hardly necessary, and I didn't feel much guilt about deserting him.

By this time, although I still worked mainly at the Child Guidance Clinic I was beginning to do some work at the University in the hope of eventually getting a job there and I found that I was quite good as a lecturer and teacher.

When Molly was eighteen she got married to Gerald Mervis, Sadie's brother-in-law. She was then a very beautiful, very rich girl, and a catch for Gerald who was a doctor in the army towards the end of the war. It was a bit of a blow for us as we lost most of our privileges and bribes, but a few weeks before Andrew's birth Archie had left working full-time for the C.P. and had gone back to work in pharmacy, at more than twice his previous salary and I think I too was probably earning a bit more, so we managed in a hit-or-miss fashion. I wasn't a very good housekeeper and often the bills piled up. But we managed with occasional loans from friends or the bank.

We still had holidays, went to bioscope on Saturday nights and began to think about buying a house. By the end of 1946 I was pregnant again because everyone else was. Sue Milner was born in April 1947 and Patrick Bernstein in October of the same year. Linda was born in September 1947.

Finally we were advised, not necessarily well, to go for a house in Bellevue, -- that was Francis Street, where we stayed for the next thirteen years. I also understood that if I was to get on at University, I would have to go for a higher degree and I began working on a doctorate when Linda was about two or three. This could only be done of course because of all the help available from servants and family and Archie. We kept two women servants at the time, one for cooking and one for kids, and both children were at nursery school as well.

I was beginning to be a rather better housewife and learned to bake cakes and Sunday scones and when desperate, in spite of all the help, I used to dump the children on Uncle Barney and Sheila, who were always willing to help.

When Linda was five, we both achieved major awards. She passed her first swimming test and I got a doctorate and the opportunity of a full-time job at the University. I still worked at Child Guidance, but only part-time.

The next years I think were rather happy ones. We managed to buy a second-hand car which took us on holidays and we spent a lot of time swimming either at the Milners or the Bernsteins. Margaret taught me to sew and do a bit more cooking and I can remember spending pre-Christmas afternoons making economical presents for the children which were usually rather popular; things like dolls' clothes, cowboy suits and cheerful shirts for Andrew and dresses for Linda.. I had really become quite efficient in a fairly painless way and had acquired a sewing machine and a knitting machine. I think I led the field with the latter.

Politically we did very little, keeping what would now be called a low profile.. As far as we were concerned this was all in the past and friends thought of us as a 'safe house'> Imagine our surprise when after Sharpsville in 1960, Archie was dragged away in the middle of the night and I was left supposedly looking after my own family and the Bernsteins. I did quite well with Toni and not badly with Patrick and Frances, but Keith needed more than I could give him and so he was taken over by Lesley Schermbrucker.

We used to visit the prison as often as we could, at first in Johannesburg, later it was more difficult, in Pretoria. But I think we kept up the visits and supplies fairly well. Archie was one of the last to be released and by that time I was ready to leave South Africa but he felt he had served his sentence and now ought to commit his crime. So we began to think of being more mobile, selling the house and renting one in Hunter Street, Stuart Drive. This was a nice house, one of the best we had and we stayed for a year, then moved into a much better one in Parktown. We were on the way up socially but also we had a house which could be used for meetings, illegal broadcasts and other exciting events.

By 1963 we were all feeling pretty chuffed with the way the house was functioning. It was a safe house with lots of people coming to stay overnight, and a bit like a French farce. Bedroom doors opened and banged shut when the wrong person showed on the other side of the door. The only difference from a French farce was that everyone kept their trousers on. We ran some successful campaigns, trade union meetings and conferences (African), an illegal broadcast on Freedom Day (June 26th) and maps were made for campaigns that would never be put into effect. The cellars became drawing offices and we felt on top of the world with no reason to bother about security. That was the trouble at Rivonia. The whole High Command of Umkhonto met in one place, with no guard and no security. And it was no trouble to the police to round up the whole lot of them. Hilda's book tells the story so I won't add to it.

Archie and I had begun to apply for exit permits and passports, but we weren't in a hurry because we thought we had a whole year to get used to leaving our beautiful house. And then the Security Branch began playing cat and mouse with us. Yes we could get a passport, no we couldn't. They were having a lot of fun with us. Then one day in October they picked up Archie in a Chemist shop, brought him back to the flat where we were now living, searched the place, found some books we had never concealed and arrested him on the spot. They moved him around from Johannesburg to Pretoria so I was never quite sure where he was. That was a time of depression for me. But Archie fought back. It was still possible for white men to feel relatively safe from torture and Archie left his mark as well as suffering for it. By November, he was temporarily released which meant he was charged with "possession of illegal literature" and on bail. He couldn't leave South Africa but I could. Linda and I packed up and off we went on Friday December 13th, 1963. There were two nuns on board the plane as well, so every auspice was against us but we arrived in England and began to feel safe for the first time for years. No telephone tapping, as far as we knew, no bother when we heard car doors slam in the middle of the night. We felt human once again. We missed Archie and Andrew of course. I had to learn new skills like making a fire. But I had a job, Linda was at school, still sulking a bit, and there was every hope that Archie would be accepted in England without any further difficulty, partly due to the work of Amnesty. And so it turned out..

At the beginning of January, I stepped out of Stoke station, looked at a damp and dripping Josiah Wedgwood and wanted to go home. But of course there was nowhere to go. And that was the end of the old chapter and the beginning of the new.

# WOMEN WITHOUT MEN

A STUDY OF 150 FAMILIES IN  
THE NQUTU DISTRICT OF KWAZULU

by

Liz Clarke and Jane Ngobese

Photos by Dorothy Mclean

and

ANTHONY BARKER

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