

THE WORLD TODAY

by BEN GILES

HOTTING UP THE COLD WAR

IN America, where they talk loudly of 'booms' and spend the nights worrying gloomily of 'busts', the "Eisenhower for President" boom is getting under way. But the C. in C., North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, sits silently in his headquarters in Europe and says nothing. In fact, despite the boom and ballyhoo, Eisenhower is not yet a candidate.

Only in the U.S.A. could it happen this way. The great political machines are getting under way, holding their election-before-the election — their so-called "primary" election — in which each party selects its own candidate to run for office. Eisenhower's name does not appear on the ballot papers of the Republican Party; but his name is being written in and voted for. But Brer Dwight, he says nuffin.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES?

As the papers have it, it's still anybody's race in the Republican primaries. And it is a race run to the beating of martial drums. In the dim and not very hopeful background, stands the sinister figure of Douglas MacArthur, discredited spokesman for all-out war in the Far East. Nearer the tape, is Senator Robert Taft, leader of the anti-Communist drive, tub-thumper of the "bring our boys back from Korea and let Chiang fight our wars for us" line: and for my money, way out ahead, the military leader of the cold war in Europe, chief organiser of the military preparations for the hot war of tomorrow.

I tip Eisenhower to win the Republican race, because the cold war is big business, America's biggest. It is the money spinner which has sent corporation profits sky-rocketing along the golden stream of Marshall Aid, war orders and the Korean war.

These primaries are not popular elections as we know them. They are the swinging into action of great political machines, of political bosses whipping up the votes of henchmen and job-seekers, of back-stage intrigue, bargain and quid-pro-quo arrangements. And in these machine-operated campaigns big business calls the tune, Republican and Democrat. And big business is for the cold war, and for its chief of staff, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

ARE THERE DEMOCRATS?

Against the flamboyant challengers from the Republican ranks, the Democrats have little to offer. More significant than is the sudden "bombshell" announcement by President Truman that he would not stand again for election, an announcement made at the height of the Eisenhower boom.

It cannot be that Truman has stepped aside in the belief that any one of the colourless selection of Democrat aspirants has a better chance of victory, for seldom has there been so undistinguished a collection of candidates. His decision can only be a manoeuvre designed to make the election of Eisenhower inevitable, and so bring to its fruition the policy of the cold war and anti-Soviet bluster in international affairs which was fathered by Truman and completed by Eisenhower.

To South Africans, steeped in the traditions of bitter party strife, the idea may seem fantastic. But not in America, where the two main parties are as distinguishable as Tweedledum and Tweedledee on a dark night. No arguments on foreign policy; no arguments on home policy; this has long been the fact of the two major parties of the American scene. Differences, where there are any, revolve around whose loyal supporters are to be appointed to which lucrative jobs. For the rest, a Southern Democrat votes more often in the house with the Republicans than with his own party.

Truman, Democrat, commences: but Eisenhower, Republican dispenses.

ALL CUT AND DRIED.

That at least is as big business sees it in America. The policy of stockpiling is reaching its end, with the first signs of a crack in war commodity prices. The policy of cold war and rearming is reaching its saturation point, with hot war boiling over in Korea, Tunisia, Egypt, Malaya. The state of war hysteria and tension which has been whipped up will begin soon to let down if it proves to be all caused by shadows.

And so the Truman regime of the cold war must end too. The reins of state must pass to the hands of its reigning military genius; and the military domination of American state affairs must be completed. The hierarchy — as big business plans it — will be presided over by General George Marshall and General Dwight Eisenhower. The cold war and its leaders must give way to the hot war and its generals.

But like all these calculations, they omit one thing. And that thing is the people. Their voice will not be heard yet; but it will be heard in the Presidential elections later in the year. And it is here that the plans of big business may go astray, as they did last time, when all the power of the press, radio and the Gallup Poll sought to tell the American people that Dewey could not lose.

And yet he lost, decisively and handsomely. Not that any fundamental differences of foreign policy divided Dewey from Truman — just the people, not prepared to be herded into support of the more violent and outspoken propagandist of war.

It may happen again, if the American people can still think for themselves, and have not been drugged with their ruler's dreams of American domination of the world, and the "American century". If anyone can beat Eisenhower, it is, the virtually unknown Senator Estes Kefauver, who had greatness thrust upon him as leader of the Corruption investigations which sent several of Truman's toadies to a well-earned rest in Federal penitentiaries.

He may not be the answer to a peace-lover's prayer. It is certain that he supports the Truman doctrine of the cold war. But every vote registered for him will be a vote against the conspiracy to bring America under military rule; and it will be a vote of protest at the frantic efforts being made to hurry up a new world war which is the logical end of the Truman road.

BRANCH



ITEMS

THE political crisis has inevitably brought the Johannesburg Branch a good deal of work, albeit work of the most worth-while nature. The newly-elected Branch Committee had its first meeting shortly after the decision of the Supreme Court invalidating the Separate Representative of Voters Act. The Committee immediately decided to call a Branch Meeting on Monday, 7th April to discuss with our members our attitude to the decision and Dr. Malan's statement, and also the non-European resistance to the Nationalist Government's unjust laws.

* * * *

IN addition, the Branch has applied to the City Council for permission to hold a public meeting dealing with these issues. A big leaflet distribution is planned, and the Branch is hopeful of having a really successful meeting, which would incidentally expose the half-hearted stupidity of the Anti-Nationalist organisations who are "observing the truce."

* * * *

ON Monday, 31st March, Dr. Y. Dadoo addressed a meeting for the public organised by the Branch on: "The Non-Europeans and the Nationalists." Dr. Dadoo explained the reasons which lead the Joint Council of the Non-European National Organisations to plan a campaign of resistance to the Government's "Apartheid" policy. He particularly emphasised the fact that the campaign is directed against oppressive laws, and not against the European section of the population.

Dr. Dadoo outlined the new laws introduced by the Nationalists and the old ones which they have stringently applied to oppress the Non-Europeans. He spoke with passion and sincerity of the desperate position of the Non-Europeans, the forcing of African Labour to farms, the culling of their cattle against their wishes and interests, their abandonment

to a shocking housing position, and the application of the Group Areas Act, which clearly intends to make the position of Indian South Africans so desperate as to drive them from the country.

Dr. Dadoo told the meeting of the joint plans of the Non-European National Organisations. First they had asked the Government to repeal six unjust laws which discriminated against Non-Europeans. This request had been rejected by the Government. On April 6th demonstrations of support for the resistance plans would be held all over the country, after which small units would invite prosecution by openly defying discriminatory laws.

Several questions were put from the floor by Legion members. It was announced that the Legion would discuss its attitude and plans at the Branch Meeting on the following Monday.

* * * *

BRANCH members are busy collecting jumble for the next jumble sale. It is gratifying to see members accepting the responsibility of raising funds and realising that without sufficient finance the Legion will be crippled in all of its planned activities, such as producing pamphlets, holding meetings, etc.

A Gem from the New World

West Virginia, U.S.A.: Wheeling city fathers seized every penny-candy machine in town when it was discovered that among the miniature geography lessons enclosed with the candy were ones which read: "U.S.S.R. Population 211,000,000. Capital Moscow. Largest country in the world."

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS!

THE attention of all Legiannaires is drawn to the Ninth Annual Conference of the Springbok Legion, which will be held at the Trades Hall, Kerk Street, Johannesburg, on the 26th and 27th April, 1952.

Whether you are a delegate or not, we will be very pleased to see you in attendance, since it hardly needs stressing that our organisation faces a grim struggle in the ensuing year — a struggle which has been made doubly severe by the set-backs, both economic and political which this country is experiencing.

Don't forget the date, time and place.

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THE LESSON OF BELGIUM

THERE are many parallels in recent history to the constitutional crisis through which South Africa is passing at the present time. The end of World War II found a virtual epidemic of pro-fascist cabinets, collaborationist ministers, traitors — actual and potential — at large in most of the countries of the world.

In few countries outside South Africa did they actually succeed in assuming the reins of powers. But they made very strenuous attempts to, indeed, and the manner in which various peoples foiled these attempts is worthy of the closest study.

Here we elect to throw the spotlight on events in Belgium in 1950, because the Belgium crisis offers in many respects a parallel to our present crisis so close as to offer us — the Democra-

There are times in every struggle when the retreat must stop before it becomes a rout. Such times were Stalin-grad, and Alamein. The decision to turn and fight turned retreat into victory. Vrededorp could be such a turning point, turning retreat into attack and victory. But if its lessons are not learnt, Vrededorp can be just another of those sorry Tobruks which litter the path of our democracy over the past twenty years.

And now I ask — and the question demands an answer — will the Torch Commando turn and fight before it is too late?

tic peoples of this country — a ready-made blue-print, as it were of the tactics and plans we should follow if we are to rid ourselves of the Nazi collaborators who are now busy trying to entrench themselves in power.

The central figure in the Belgian drama was, of course, Leopold III who, at the commencement of the Nazi invasion of Europe, surrendered his country to the Germans without affording his people the least opportunity to resist the invader. It may almost be said that by that act of treason Leopold created the Dunkirk debacle which led to the Nazi conquest of Europe and the subsequent attack on Russia.

It cost millions of lives and years of bitter suffering to undo the work which Leopold III carried out in a matter of hours, and when the millions had died and the agonising years had passed away and Belgium was liberated at length from the Nazi yoke, the majority of Belgians found, if one may be permitted an understatement, that they bore no particular love for their former Monarch.

One must, unfortunately, refer to a majority of Belgians, because there were — as in South Africa today — a minority, led by the Catholic Social party, who could still bring themselves to make a common cause with their Nazi King, who were for granting an amnesty to von Falkenhausen, the ex-German Administrator of Hitler's Belgian colony, and reinstating Leopold on the throne of Belgium.

When, in the beginning of 1950, Leopold at the instigation of the C.S.P. took the bit between his teeth and announced his intention of ending the regency of Prince Charles and resuming his place as the head of the state, a crisis was immediately precipitated. The anti-Leopold parties, the Belgian Socialist party and the Belgian Liberals immediately withdrew from the existing coalition Government and announced their unremitting hatred of the Fascist King, demanded a referendum on the question among 5½ million voters and proposed, failing a satisfactory majority in favour of the king, to pursue an extra-

parliamentary struggle involving "all legal means including a general strike" in order to rid the country of the Fascist collaborators.

To the proposal for a referendum the C.S.P. agreed, and it was set down for March 12, 1950.

But the question immediately arose — what would constitute a "satisfactory" majority in favour of King Leopold? Proposals were discussed which sound very familiar to our ears: the C.S.P. insisted that any simple majority would constitute a mandate for the King's resumption of office; the King himself stated that he would regard a vote of 55 per cent. in his favour as the "Go Ahead" signal.

What was the attitude of the opposition?

The Socialist Party replied unequivocally that they would regard nothing less than a two-thirds majority in favour of the King as a mandate for his return, and the Liberals, while not stipulating a particular ratio demanded a clear majority in his favour among each of the two linguistic groups, i.e. in the provinces of Flanders and of Wallonia.

The actual result of the referendum was as follows:

In Belgium as a whole:
57.68% in favour of Leopold.
43.32% against.

In Flanders 72% voted in his favour; in Wallonia 42% and in Brussels itself 48%.

The referendum thus failed to resolve the crisis. Leopold adhered to his earlier decision to regard 55 per cent. of votes as a mandate in his favour but fearing the consequences of a precipitate seizure of the throne on his own part, announced in a broadcast statement, that he would leave the final decision in the matter to parliament. The C.S.P. in consequence issued a statement welcoming the result of the referendum and dissolving the regency.

Now, the events of the next few days bear close study — not the least by Mr. Strauss:

March 16: Socialist Party declares the so-called decision of parliament is actually the decision of one party and is thus invalid.

March 17: 24 Hours "Warning" Strike of 300,000 workers in Wallloon provinces.

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by BEN GILES

NOT SO QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

AFTER two bloody and exhausting world wars have flowered on the soil of German militarism, it would be expected that the world's press would keep a vigilant eye on German affairs, testing every new development there from the effect it will have on the creation of conditions of a third world war.

Life does not live up to such expectations. German affairs are veiled in deepest secrecy, except when there arises a handy stick of circumstances with which to beat the U.S.S.R. What passes for news is designed not to inform but to confuse and obscure the realities of the German threat to world peace. There was the news recently that the Western Powers had negotiated a "Peace Treaty" with Western Germany. This news was followed closely by the surprised and pained outcries from the same Western Powers at the drastic steps taken by the East German Republic to seal off its frontier with the West, and to create a border security zone. It was all written up in a way designed to make the reader shrug his shoulders, mystified, and to turn his back on the whole affair with only a suspicion that "those reds are up to some dirty work again."

THE NEW MUNICH.

Turning backs to what goes on in Germany led in the 1930's to world war. It may well do so today, again. The Western "Peace Treaty" with Germany sets the seal on the division of Germany into two separate states. Having decided that it is necessary to do this, the Western Powers' reaction to the East Germans' sealing of the frontier is as hypocritical as would be surprised at the existence of a guarded and fortified frontier between say Italy and France.

What made this indecent one-sided treaty necessary, and inspired its signature in defiance of solemn obligations undertaken at Potsdam and Teheran? From the Western powers, Britain, France and America the treaty was an essential step in the process of rearming Western Germany, and drawing her projected army of twelve divisions into the so-called European Defence Community, from which the U.S.S.R. has been deliberately excluded. It is part of the western strategy of building up an armed alliance against the Soviet Union and the Peoples' Democracies of Europe.

In the work of mobilising German cannon fodder for a new war against Communism, West German Chancellor

Dr. Adenauer has been a prime mover. But it is not as easy as the Adenauer-Acheson axis imagines to scrape up German mercenaries for the resurrection of the dreams of world conquest which perished at Stalingrad. Snags have been many. There will be more.

There has been the refusal of Adenauer himself to fall in wholeheartedly with the American plan. He has demanded, as the price for German co-operation in the western bloc armies, the full and unfettered right of Germany to build its armies, its war factories and its natural resources to the limit, without Allied supervision or direction. Once again the spectre of an appeased Germany turning West rather than East haunts the would be builders of a new German Army. Accordingly, there has been difficulty with France, the two largest political parties, the Communists and the De Gaulle Rally, refusing to commit national hari-kiri at the American say so. It has become necessary to try and suppress the French Communist Party in order to carry through the treaty and the rearmament of Germany.

TROUBLE UPON TROUBLE.

There have been further troubles. the sort of troubles that everyone expects with Frankenstein's, except apparently American foreign ministers. Dr. Adenauer, now a full fledged head of state, announces that West Germany seeks the reconquest of all her territory, including the regions East of the Oder-Neiss river line, now by international agreement part of Poland, and the Saar region, now part of French territory. The time is past, he declares, when these frontier lines could be "forced on a defeated nation." France, twice devastated in thirty years by the metal and coal munitions kings of the Saar grows yet more uneasy. The Bonn Parliament, assumed by America to be a tame plaything of Dr. Adenauer announces, that it will only consider ratifying the "peace treaty" if it can discuss, amend and if necessary reject each and every clause. The satellite has got well and truly out of hand.


AGAIN ALL THAT?

Is history just repeating itself? The old appeasement and building of German militarism happening again, with Chamberlain replaced by Truman as the arch appeaser? It sounds like that. But that is not the whole truth. The world has moved on since 1933. This time it is no longer Germany which is being rearmed for the Drang nach Osten. Only West Germany.

The scene has changed. East Germany once the home of the Prussian junkers who lent their weight to Hitler, is today a land transformed. The feudal estates have been divided amongst the peasantry. The industrial empires of the Nazi millionaire backers have been nationalised. The purified nationalism of Hitler has given way to a new nationalism, which finds its expression in the development of culture and of international friendship and co-operation replacing the old nationalism of Deutschland Über Alles.

East Germany is more than just another state in Europe. It is a canker eating at the heart of arising post-war Nazism. If Nazism is arising again in West Germany, it does so on the basis of preparation for war, and of the division of Germany into two separate states. But East Germany has not, and will not abandon its strivings for a re-uniting of Germany into a single state. That striving, which finds a powerful echo in the feelings and aspirations of the people of Western Germany itself, produces a powerful current of public opinion against the rearmament plans which require perpetual division.

The struggle for Germany is not yet over. The German mercenaries are not so readily forthcoming as they were when Hitler ruled. The Western Powers' scheme has many a pitfall to overcome before it reaches its full flowering in a new world war. Despite the desperate manoeuvring, the frantic scheming and the reckless tearing up of treaty obligations, there is a long way to go yet before West Germany can again become what she was in 1941, the policeman and hangman of all Europe's discontented and rebellious peoples.



The World Today

Troubled Waters

by Ben Giles

OIL, it is said, should be poured on troubled waters. Maybe so in the Navy. But not in the Middle East, where troubles of all kinds flow from the pouring out of oil. Generals stage coups d'état; kings tremble and prime-ministers flee in the heaving, oil-born ferment of the Middle East.

All the deep and bitter conflicts of the fight for mastery of the world's oil are coming to full flower in these sun-baked lands of the Arabian Nights — in Iran, in Egypt, Iraq, Trans-Jordan and Saudi-Arabia. Above all in Iran, the old order is passing, and there will be few save the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company to mourn.

It was oil that destroyed the old order, the sinking of wells and the laying of pipe-lines. Nomadic tribal herdsmen left their hill-side tents for the prefabs, lathes and rivet-tents of the Abadan refinery. The local chieftain of antiquity, deriving his authority from his followers' respect and exercising it under the guidance of Allah and the tribal elders, gave way to the standing army and the Vickers gun. The feudal potentate in keeping with his new status of junior partner and guardian of a millionaire enterprise became an absolute monarch, surrounded with the trappings of Empire, paid, flattered but kept strictly to the rein of the oil concessionaires and their navies.

It is against this background that oil has flown from the underground reservoirs of the Middle East to the markets of the world. Millions of gallons feeding millions of machines. And bringing in millions of pounds to the investors in London and New York and Paris and Amsterdam. Twenty-five million tons of that oil flowed from Iran in a single year, and from it the Anglo Iranian Company netted over seventy million pounds profit.

THE OLD ORDER PASSES.

But the measure of the change wrought by the tapping of Iranian oil is not to be found in the counting of money or the filling of barrels. It is to be found in the destruction of the old, feudal and nomadic way of life, and in the hurling of Iran's people in one generation from their ancient ways into the modern, twentieth-century civilisation of capitalism.

Not surprising that here, as in every country of the earth, this convulsion has been accompanied by the spectacular rise of modern political parties and political creeds. Inevitably there are trade unions, not fashioned on the constitutional and legalised pattern of the British, but in keeping with the harsh conditions and the harsh tyranny used against them, revolutionary, crusading, and going forward through strike action. Inevitably too the liberal parties, fighting the claims of the Iranian merchants, professional men and petty manufacturers to own and exploit their country's oil resources for themselves. And inevitably in modern times, the Communist Party, heading the assault of the workers against foreign exploitation, leading them to national independence as a step towards the goal of socialism.

The developments have not been easy. Backward local monarchs, safeguarding the interests of the foreign investors, and thus too their own share in the fabulously mounting profits, have met every new development of consciousness and opposition with the most brutal and feudal measures of oppression and repression.

OIL AND WAR.

So it was in Iran in all the years before the second world war. But oil attracts militarists as well as profit-seekers; and the Nazis began the steady infiltration of Iran in the early years of the war. They found a congenial and ready-to-listen atmosphere at the Shah's court. The way was patently being prepared for an invasion of the Soviet Union from the South. Obvious too to the U.S.S.R.: in accordance with a 1921 treaty with Iran, the Soviet Armies occupied the Northern portion of the country for the remainder of the war.

When the Soviet armies withdrew from Iran, strictly in accordance with the treaty provisions, they left behind a new Iran — an Iran through which the

war-time winds of liberation had blown strongly, an Iran in which, under the new conditions of Soviet-supervised freedom of association and assembly, great political parties had emerged, openly and strongly. The Iranian national cry for liberty and independence rose to new heights — "Iranian oil for Iran". As the tide of war ebbed, the tide of struggle against the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company surged up.

The post-war world did not return to the patterns of before. New competitors of Anglo-Iranian had emerged, strengthened by the war — the oil millionaires of America, entrenched behind the benevolent facade of Marshall Aid. A cut-throat race between American and British business-men and diplomats for the domination of the world's oil supplies got under way. Key to victory was Iran, producing two-thirds of the Middle East oil.

Into the already bubbling cauldron of Iranian political life, the Americans dropped a suggestion that any move to 'nationalise' Anglo-Iranian oil-wells would have U.S. support. There was neither altruism nor political sincerity behind the suggestion. Just the hard calculation that a nationalised oil industry under the weak control of Shah and tame liberals would need U.S. dollars to keep the winches turning. Dollars, they calculated, buy everything, including political allegiance.

THE UPHEAVAL.

'Sow a wind and reap a whirlwind.' The Americans in Iran have learned the truth of the old saw. The movement to nationalise the oil fields started as a respectable, sober movement of men and property. But its influence gripped the Iranian masses, under the leadership of the Tudeh (Workers') Party. Where liberals sought to compromise, the workers' movement by strike action carried the nationalisation measures through to the bitter end. Where liberals and Shah hesitated, the workers demonstrating and rebelling in the streets, forced them to bend to the peoples' will or break before it.

The Anglo-Iranian Company has gone from Iran, unwillingly, fighting a bitter rearguard action through the courts, through political threats and armed manoeuvres. Nonetheless, it has gone. And Standard Oil of America has found no foothold, because the people in the streets, in revolutionary mood, defeat every attempt to compromise with foreign capital which lays claim to Iran's national heritage. Where the Shah hangs

(Continued on page 14)

THE best thing about Economics — from the politicians' point of view — is that the average man knows so little about it. In these days of world-wide political consciousness, politicians (unless they are making a tour of the platte land) cannot easily put one across the voter in the political field, but in the Economic sphere it is still unfortunately true that they are on much safer ground. Thus Mr. Havenga might declare that a higher Gold price is the panacea for all South Africa's Economic ills, and his statement will go unchallenged—leastways in South Africa! And when he talks his most arrant twaddle about South Africa acting independently of Sterling, even those who follow the opposition are inclined to nod their heads gravely and mumble something about, "... the best finance minister we've ever had."

But of all the Economic Problems (with capital letters!) which have bedevilled modern man, probably none is so completely shrouded in mystery as the so-called Dollar Problem. What with Hard Currencies and Soft Currencies

essential and restore its depleted wealth, it required very large stocks of all manner of raw materials. Since few of the countries of Western Europe are self-sufficient, large quantities of raw-materials and other requirements could be ob-

tain the "normal" course of competition. Or it can come about by one country refusing to buy foreign goods, while demanding that foreign countries buy its goods.

And in this second possible cause, we have the basis of the Dollar Problem, for herein lies the essence of the Economic Policy of Uncle Sam. There is at the moment in operation in America a law which forbids the American Government to buy foreign goods unless those goods are 25% cheaper than the corresponding American article. Do you get the idea? At the same time Uncle Sam has so arranged matters that he seeks to force other countries to buy exclusively in America — unless the particular ma-

WAR, PEACE, and . . .

and Visible Trade and Invisible Trade and the E.P.U. and the I.M.F., most people are inclined to shrug their shoulders, say "What the Heck!" and get on with their own business.

IT'S OUR BUSINESS.

The trouble is, you see, that the Dollar Problem is their business — and yours and ours. The average Englishman while he may have only a hazy idea of what it is all about, does at least realise that it affects him profoundly — affects his standard of living, how much he has to eat and how much he has to pay in taxes. But the average South African is not nearly as aware of the profound importance of this drafted problem — of its solution or intensification.

And the point about the problem is that it is an artificial one — or rather it is a self-imposed one, however real it may be. It springs from the fact that world trade is a gley, that one half of the world will not trade with the other, that the productive capacity of the Western World is increasingly geared to the production of guns instead of butter. Inject one atom of sense and sanity into Western political and economic policies, and this problem would be resolved easily enough.

THE PROBLEM.

What, then, is the problem? Briefly it is as follows:

One of the consequences of the War was the widespread destruction of the economic wealth of Europe, of its means of production, its scope and its factories, and the impoverishment of its people. In order to rebuild its economic po-

litical and restore its depleted wealth, it required very large stocks of all manner of raw materials. Since few of the countries of Western Europe are self-sufficient, large quantities of raw-materials and other requirements could be obtained only as imports from foreign countries. However, it has often been remarked that one can buy nothing if one has not the money to pay for it, and the only way in which a country can get the money to buy goods is by selling goods. Thus, if Britain wishes to buy beef from the Argentine, she can do so only if the Argentine will buy goods from her in exchange. A complicating factor in international trade is that — in the above example — the Argentine will not accept British money for her beef, but will demand payment in either Argentinian currency or Gold or, in these days, dollars. Likewise Britain will usually refuse payment for her goods in Argentinian currency.

This problem presents no particular difficulty while there exists a continuous flow of trade between the two countries, for then British and Argentinian purchases are continually being balanced against each other, and whatever either country buys in excess of what it sells, can be paid for with relatively small quantities of gold or the required currency, of which there will always be stocks in the Argentinian and British banks respectively.

THE BASIS OF THE DOLLAR PROBLEM.

Now, the trouble starts as soon as one country consistently buys more than it sells or sells more than it buys. This state of affairs can come about in many ways: by one country collaring the bulk of the world's trade, either by force or

In the language of the layman, W. Miller discusses the vexing and highly involved subject of international money and its relation to war and peace.

terials required are unobtainable in the United States.

This results in two things: (a) America does all the selling and Europe does all the buying. (b) Since America will accept only gold or dollars as payment for her goods and yet denies Europe the means to earn either, there is a chronic inability on the part of Europe to pay for American purchases. And that is the long and the short of the Dollar Problem — the problem of how to get dollars.

UNCLE SAM'S PARTNER.

The question immediately compels itself: How on earth did Britain and the other European countries, which, one assumes, are not completely lacking in self-respect, come to be parties to Uncle Sam's abominable Economic policy? Can you imagine yourself, in your normal economic life, accepting a proposition whereby a particular firm demands that you shall buy its goods while denying you the right to work and earn the money to pay for them!

Well now, do you remember how, in 1946 was it? — there burst upon a startled world a plan which Mr. Churchill hailed as the greatest example of national generosity the world has ever



IF THE SOIL DIES . . . THE NATION DIES!

by T. C. ROBERTSON,
Editor of Veldtrust.

NINETEEN times I have listened to red robed judges pronouncing the death sentence on men and women. On Africans and Europeans. I never got used to it or to the death odour of fear that came from the body of the condemned murderer and pervaded the court room in these agonising moments of terror.

Death suddenly seemed to become tangible and real, a visual and audible symbol of the final tragedy of all mankind — even if it were only a bad and anti-social human that was being told of the grim penalty.

For months now I have been listening to the death sentence being pronounced, not on one man or woman but on a whole nation.

But the strangest thing about it is that I can find no trace of terror or even fear. It may be that the words of the sentence lack meaning and drama, for it comes not from the judges but from scientists. There is no black-bordered parchment on which the sentence is written. It was published as an official report, the Annual Report of the Department of Agriculture for the year 1951. The Secretary for Agriculture, who wrote the words, simply said that the soils of our intensive farming area were showing an alarming collapse of structure.

It means that life and fertility are ebbing from our good earth.

In his annual report the Chairman of the Veld Trust pictured the situation in economic terms. He said that if the people were told that the reefs of the Witwatersrand no longer contained their precious grains of gold, they would understand the seriousness of the threat immediately. But this loss of "structure" in our soils was a far worse calamity to the nation. And nobody pays any heed to the warning.

The statement by the Secretary for Agriculture means that we are losing that battle, that our nation and our culture will vanish in the sands. We have learned nothing from the fate of Carthage.

I think the main trouble is that there is no sense of time, of finality, in this verdict. There is a feeling that it is all part of a slow, natural process, like the formation of mountains and valleys, and that the day of the execution may be indefinitely postponed, halted for future generations to decide.

But if you know how soils are formed, how the lifeless mother rocks become fertile, then this idea is quite wrong. Slowly through the long ages climate, plants, animals and microbes build up a soil. When modern man farms it with tractors and ploughs or his grazing herds, he is drawing on a reserve that took thousands of years to build up. This is known as "the exploitation of virgin fertility." At first the process of emptying the storehouse is gradual. There is a steady decline which, depending on how intensive the exploitation is, may last for twenty or thirty years. But then there is reached what is known as the "breaking point". It is a stage which can be measured with scientific accuracy, by men working with sieves and test tubes, with electronic spectographs or by looking at the plants growing on that soil.

With far greater certainty than any doctor examining a patient, who might have cancer, they can say:

"This soil has reached breaking point. It will be lifeless in five years' time."

That is what happened in the American dust bowl. At first it seemed that the great farming corporations with their fleets of tractors and combines would be able to go on exploiting these plains forever.

But within a few years the soil had reached breaking point, the dust bowl was upon them and Dr. Hugh Bennett could point to the red clouds over Washington and get Congress to agree to a conservation service.

If you were to talk to the soil chemist in his laboratory at Potchefstroom he could, with greatest certainty, show you all the evidence that in large areas of our Maize Triangle, the agricultural heartland of our country, the soils have reached "breaking point".

That is why the Secretary for Agriculture writes about an "alarming collapse of structure."

And the time left for us to remedy the situation can no longer be measured in terms of generations or decades. It is a question of years. The great South African dust bowl is upon us in our lifetime — unless the nation goes to war, unless it acts as it would if faced by the most implacable enemy of man.

"THE NEW POLICE OATH"

Attention: Mr. C. R. Swart

*'Dost thou accept the old creed of coercion
Tried and true?*

*Dost thou regard all freedom with aversion,
And hate her name?' 'I do'.*

*'Wilt thou respect, court, venerate the Nat. classes,
Whate'er they seek to compass — good or ill?
Wilt thou molest and vilify the masses
In word and deed?' 'I will'.*

*'Swear'st thou to wield thy baton cruel and gory;
To smite and curse, and wound, and overbear?
Then seize and persecute with lying story
Some injured wretch?' 'I swear'.*

Adapted from the original of Henry Salt.

HISTORY is Made at Night !

McKERRON has always been one of those fellows who get ribbed mercilessly wherever a crowd gets together. Whether it is his hangdog expression that accounts for it, or the fact that secretly he enjoys this way of getting into the limelight I've never really decided.

They were all at him hammer and tongs when I cut through the fog of cigarette smoke and gin fumes and joined the party in Jake Paitley's room. They stood around him, in a circle, and he had that sheepish smile on his face, protesting mildly, but not enough to make them stop. Most of the men were supporting themselves on the shoulders of girls they'd found about the place and dragged along, in the way journalists always manage to do in foreign towns. And they were all screeching to make themselves heard above the unheeded boogie-woogie that was coming from the radio in the corner.

I felt rather tired as I poured myself a drink. The whole thing was as stale and flat as last week's beer. Just another of those nights like so many I had been through in the same place. There was something about those interminable Council of Europe discussions in Salzburg that was driving us all to these nightly huddles in one room or another of the Kammerplatz Hotel, until we knew all of each other's jokes and anecdotes, and knew at exactly what stage of the night each of us would pass out quietly in a corner, or stagger unsteadily and greenly to the door.

The trouble was probably that there was no news fit to send; or if it was news, that we all knew that no-one was interested in reading it when it got to

by

ELWOOD C. CHOLMONDELY.

Last month the front page of the "Rand Daily Mail" carried a story in bold type about hungry dogs in Hungary. Fighting Talk is privileged to publish the inner facts of the story, as revealed by one of Europe's leading correspondents, who impaired the linings of his stomach and the tissues of brain to present this exclusive scoop.—The Editors.

the other end, and finally appeared, much mutilated by the editor, on page four of the London, New York and Paris papers. We were as miserable as retired army colonels in seaside boarding houses. Only gin and ribbing McKerron made life bearable.

Nobody took any notice when I said "Hi!" and joined the circle. Manning of the *Tribune* had the floor, grinning insanely over the same old stuff. "And he had to come back the next morning, with a police escort, to ask her husband for his trousers back," he said. A pause for the punch line and then: "Had the key of his typewriter in them." There were screams of laughter from the new girls, and some hearty and insincere Ha Has from the rest of us. McKerron just looked sheepish, and grinned a sort of "Well-I-am-a-bit-of-a-Don-Juan" smile all around.

Cain of the *Daily News* started off as soon as he could make himself heard: "Do you remember the time . . ." but McKerron cut in on him, timidly as usual, saying: "Look, fellows. I really must go. Got to get off a dispatch. Really must." He started to push his way through them, grinning at the raucous "Good God! Do they pay you for that stuff?" and jeers that always greeted his suggestion that he too reported like the rest of us hacks. He seemed to be drunker than usual, pushing rather more heavily than was necessary.

And then Parker of *United Press* said something that seemed to hurt him. "Don't give us that act!" he said. "We all know that none of your dispatches ever get published."

McKerron, for the first time that I can remember, got angry.

"What the hell do you mean?" he shouted. "All my stuff gets printed. Everything." He tapped his chest for emphasis two or three times. "I can write anything, see. Anything at all. And they'll publish it."

Parker loves having the last word. Instead of letting it ride, he said into the rather strained silence, "Try the one about the dog that peed on the Russian Commandant's leggings, and see if they publish that." McKerron's anger subsided a bit, and he grinned again. "Anything" he said. "Anything at all. Want a bet on that?"

"Sure," Parker said. "Anything for a laugh in this morgue. I compose it; you send it." McKerron just nodded. "Come along," he said. "Never put off till tomorrow what you're too sober to do

(Continued on next page)

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today." "Count me in," Cain shouted. "My party. Must have my say," said Jake Paitley. There was a chorus of me toos from all over the room. In the end we all trooped down to the writing room, which had been turned over to us for typing during the Council of Europe talks.

McKerron put some paper into the machine and waited. "Shoot!" he snapped, like a Hollywood tycoon.

"Dateline Budapest," said Parker. The keys clattered for a moment, and were still. "Headline: Hungry dogs in Hungary," Cain dictated. McKerron typed. "Outlawed", Paitley snapped before he had finished typing. McKerron put it down just like that. We all began to take a hand in it, topping each other as we went along. It wasn't brilliant, we were all too much under the weather for that; but no worse than a lot of the stuff we send out from time to time. It went like this:

The Hungarian Government has issued strict orders that in future, all dogs are to be fed twice a day, on pain



of death. "The Central Committee of the Communist Party has announced that dogs are purely proletarian animals, and to be treated as such." That was from Carré of *Soir*. The reason for all this? "Dogs bark too much when hungry," was the best follow-up from Westley: "And drown the sound of the radio — I hope, I hope, I hope," from May Bannister of *Radio Times*. "Police can't hear people listening in to banned broadcasts," Parker filled in; "Especially the Voice of America and the B.B.C.," said Tom Allen of *Time*. And that was how we ended it.

We all went along in taxis to the telegraph office to see he sent it as it was. On the way McKerron, who was in my cab, knocked back several gins from the bottle, which helped him carry it off without a moment's hesitation. Afterwards we stood on a street corner in the bitter moonlit cold and sang "My country 'tis of thee", until a policeman reminded us it was 3 a.m. and moved us on.

All the next day everyone seemed a little depressed. Partly it was the hangover; but largely the sense of doom as

we waited for the curt telegraphed message from McKerron's chief telling him to look for another job. We did our drinking silently in the bar that evening. And at last the message came. There was dead silence as McKerron opened the envelope. Then he gave a loud, "Yip-pee-eeeee." "Drinks all round on me," he shouted. "I've done it. Listen to this." And he read it. "Dispatch scooped press much appreciated stop. Transfer immediately to Budapest for follow-up and background story stop arranging syndicate to USA Brotherton Editor."

Only Parker rose to the occasion. "Well cut my legs off and call me Shorty!" he said. I think he spoke for all of us.

But doom for the rest of us was not far behind. The messages began to come in thick and fast. *United Press* to Parker: "Associated Press scoop us hungry dog story stop skiing and report." *Hearst* to Paitley: "Flash pictures hungry dogs biting secret police or bite some yourself." *Time* to Allen: "Balding pressman McKerron says 'Hungry dogs not shaggy' stop send two paragraphs urgent."

It was like that all down the line. We all felt the hot breath of some young-and-coming - cub - reporters breathing down our neck if we slipped again like that. We redoubled the doses of gin and got back to work, with our stomach- ulcers a little worse and our codes a little lower than our ankles.

"There's only one thing for it," May Bannister said at last. "Let's have a party again. My place this time." "And this time," said Paitly, "not just a straight gin. This time I mix the drinks; but good." "This lot of stories," Allen said, "will have to slay them. Let's see. What about cats?" "Climbing the iron curtain," Cain added, quick as a flash.

Ah well. Here we go again. Watch for it in your papers.

(Continued from page 6)

declared legal but all forms of coalition such as the Union Democratcia — a coalition brought about for the Presidential Elections — were banned, thus securing to the Peronista a certain majority in the next election.

(5) *The Army*. All officers of the old regime were dismissed on trumped-up charges or no charges at all and replaced by "loyal" men.

(6) *The Press*. A vigorous attack was launched on the independent press, particularly on the newspapers, *La Prensa* and *La Nacion*, on the grounds of falsifying reports and aiding Argentina's enemies. Their editors were imprisoned, their distribution machinery destroyed at the instigation of the so-called Union of Newspaper Vendors, their offices searched and their presses attacked. Finally they were closed down, to reappear some time later under new management and inspired with a suitable enthusiasm for the Government of Colonel Peron.

Coincidentally vigorous attacks were launched on the "venal foreign press", accused of "misleading reports on events in the Argentine." (Ping!)

Needless to say the gallant Colonel won the 1951 elections by a handsome majority.

PROPHECY

And now, may we venture a prophesy? It is not too much to assume surely that since the programme of the Nationalist Government in South Africa has hitherto followed so faithfully the pattern designed by Peron, it will continue to do so.

If this assumption is correct, then the Government's programme for the next few Parliamentary sessions will very likely include:

- (1) the alteration of the constitution to eliminate the Entrenched Clauses;
- (2) the impeachment of certain judges by the "High Court of Parliament" sitting *in camera*;
- (3) official government control of the trade unions, the outlawing of strikes, and the establishment of Labour Courts;
- (4) control of the opposition press;
- (5) the banning of party coalitions.

See how easy it is to be a prophet! Make no mistake — all this is going to happen, and it will all be done by "constitutional means", unless —

unless the Opposition comes forward NOW with a strong clear cut progressive policy based upon the extension of democratic rights to ALL liberty-loving South Africans.

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PERON LEADS— MALAN FOLLOWS

AMONG the many countries which showed a partiality for axis ideals during the late war, Juan Peron's Argentina stands high on the list. It was not, in fact, until March 1945 that this country declared war on Nazi Germany, nor, it goes without saying, because the Government of Senor Farrell, in which Peron was Vice-President, had become convinced of the justice of the Allied cause, but in order to gain a place in the queue when the final hand-out took place.

The truth of the matter is that neither Farrell nor Peron had ever been remarkable for their enthusiasm for the democratic way of life. In the Argentine, members of the Opposition have always lived dangerously. They have a high mortality rate, the cause of death being, usually, shooting at the hands of "spontaneous" demonstrators, proving their devotion to the cause of Argentinian Nationalism.

And yet, if you were to accuse the good Colonel Peron of being a Dictator, he would, like Dr. Malan, Blackie Swart and other Cabinet Ministers, raise pious hands in horror and cry, 'But how can that be? Look at my record! I have extended the Franchise to the women for the first time in Argentina's history; during my first term as President, I legalised the C.P. for the first time in 15 years; I have initiated great improvements in the conditions of the working classes — how can I be called a Dictator?'

"CONSTITUTIONAL DICTATORSHIP"

Yes, all these things Colonel Peron has, indeed, done. And he has done more than that — he has achieved a new form of state organisation, which might be called the "Constitutional Dictatorship", a form which is of particular interest to us in South Africa.

When in May 1946, Colonel Peron was elected President by 1,479,517 votes to 1,220,822, his supporters were quite delirious with enthusiasm. Banded together in an organisation called the Peronista, they swept through the main towns and cities, burning shops, attack-

ing Jews, Americans and 'foreigners', and making quite a night of it. Scores of people were shot by stray bullets fired from the guns of exuberant youngsters having their "bit of fun." *During these "celebrations" the police acted as benevolent onlookers. Smitten it would appear by an acute rush of impartiality to the head, they conceived it as their bounden duty to remain "neutral" and "above politics". Meanwhile the Peronista made certain demands, among them an end to "foreign domination" and revenge against "traitors and unnational elements."*

Peron, obedient to the Volkswil, proceeded to arrest and imprison numerous members of the opposition for carrying on activities "against the best interests of the state". He singled out a certain Mr. Braden, the U.S.A. Ambassador, for particular attack, accusing him of plotting with the opposition to falsify the election and gain control of the country by force.

Notice that the opposition was a large one. Only 250,000 votes out of a total of nearly 3,000,000 separated Peronista from the Union Democracia, the opposition coalition. On the basis of this scant majority, however, 304 Peronista were returned to the Electoral College — which finally elects the President — as against 72! Peron gained an almost 100 per cent. majority in the Senate (after two opposition members had "resigned") and a 75 per cent. majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

CONSTITUTIONAL MEANS

What did the Opposition do in this situation? The answer seems to be — nothing much. In the first place the composition of the Union Democracia was so diverse — ranging from bankers and industrialists to near communists — that the Opposition found it almost impossible to agree on a common plan of action.

Secondly, one finds no evidence of a clear-cut policy which could exercise an appeal to the masses of people as

strong as Peron's nationalist anti-U.S.A. slogan.

Thirdly, Peron had captured the trade unions by means of infiltration tactics, similar to those employed by Albert Hertzog, Du Pisanie, and others in our own country. Particularly the working class women, fired by the promise of the vote, were staunchly Peronistic.

And now Peron proceeded to entrench himself in power — and always by constitutional means.

His attack followed six lines:

(1) *The Constitution.* Like our own Nationalists, Peron suddenly discovered, to his infinite sorrow, that the Constitution was "out of date and designed to perpetuate foreign domination by keeping the people divided." He, therefore, proposed altering it by:

- (a) making the election of the President the subject of a direct appeal to the popular vote instead of via the electoral college. The object of this change was to circumvent the position whereby (as in this country) a majority of Opposition electors might result from a small swing-over of borderline voters;
- (b) enabling the President to stand for a second term of office, which he had not been permitted to do in terms of the old constitution and
- (c) prolonging the life of the "safe" Senate from 4 to 6 years, while reducing that of the Chamber of Deputies from 9 to 6 years.

It is interesting to note that the Chamber of Deputies approved the New Constitution by 101 votes to 0 after 15 Opposition Radicals had walked out as a protest against Peron's "steam roller tactics" (does this ring a bell?).

(2) *The Courts.* On July 17, 1946, the Senate instituted proceedings against several judges of the Supreme Court on the grounds that they had shown anti-government bias in declaring Peron's Labour Courts (see 3) ultra vires. Take particular note that the Senate declared itself a High Court and heard evidence in camera. On April 30, 1947, these judges were finally impeached and dismissed from office. Needless to say, all responsible opinion is agreed that their impeachment was merely a pretext for their replacement on the Bench by Peronista.

(3) *The Trade Unions.* These were placed under Government control. Strikes of any sort were declared illegal while all disputes were to be referred to the Labour Courts (see 2).

(4) *The Opposition.* All parties were

(Continued on previous page)

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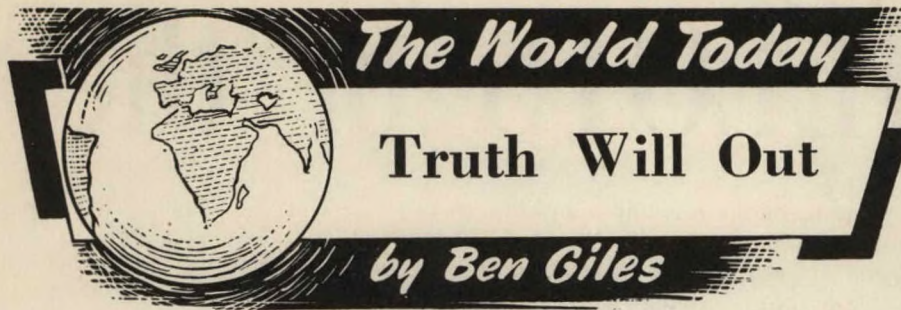
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CAPE TOWN.



THE daily press dismissed the new Soviet Five Year Plan in a few curt lines. It was not so easy to dismiss the UNO statement which announced that Soviet production figures were up, while the Western world's were down.

Truth has a way of coming out. Figures of a plan can be ignored, suppressed; but the results of that plan, if they are large enough, if they are important enough will eventually break through the confines set by the most hide-bound editors and the most prejudiced opponents. The Fifth Five Year Plan can hardly be described as large. It is tremendous, gigantic — one fumbles for a word. Its effects, when it has been completed, are incalculable. It is hard to reduce such a plan to cold print, for in figures it is just a long string of percentages; but those percentages spell happiness and plenty, leisure and culture, security and comfort for the people of the Soviet Union.

Think of it that way when you read that the U.S.S.R. aims to produce £170 worth of industrial goods in 1955 for every £100 produced in 1950. In some fields more — 85% more oil, 80% more fertilizer, 220% more cement; 210% more canned goods; 92% more meat products. And think of it with the realisation that there are no meat or cement magnates to reap the profits, no shareholders to gain the benefit. Remember that the benefits of that vast boom are going to the people who produce the goods, partly in the form of wages, partly by way of lowered prices, partly by way of social services and partly by way of state re-investment to make the Sixth Five Year Plan more startling still.

ROAD TO LIFE

This is a plan that cannot be brushed aside. But it needs explaining. What is it that drives the Soviet people on to

these feats of enthusiasm, feats of which they have proved themselves capable in the previous Plans, but feats which have never before reached the startling heights now being attempted. From the reading of the cold print of the plan it becomes apparent that what they are seeking is best described as "The Good Life". The plan calls it "... growth of the material well-being, rise in the health and cultural level of the people."

Production is to be the base of that good life. Not just more goods, but better goods. And those better goods to be produced in greater quantities by the rationalisation of labour, and by the widescale development of automatic, mechanised processes. Already the first of these "robot" factories have been tried, tested and found successful, carrying through complicated industrial processes virtually without the aid of men. The electric brain can be used for better purposes than complicated calculations on behalf of manufacturers of atom-bombs. It can be used for running vast electric generating stations, determining the output needed to cope with the load demands, starting, stopping and organising processes. It will be so used in the U.S.S.R. by 1955. It can be used for directing and controlling a vast industrial plant. It will be so used in the U.S.S.R.

Such an innovation in the Western world would be a mixed blessing. It would throw thousands out of employment; it would so shrink the national wage-envelope as to paralyse trade. But in the Five Year Plan, with its unbounded horizon of industrial, agricultural and commercial expansion, there are none who need fear unemployment. The plan caters for their future. Despite the great increases planned for industrial and agricultural production, there is to be an increase of 15% in the number of office and factory workers. Real wages, that is the amount of goods actually bought by the worker's wage envelope, will rise by 35% as a result of the reduction in retail prices. Farmers' incomes in cash and in

kind will rise by 40%. And this is not the end.

A LEISURED PEOPLE

Despite all this, there will be more leisure, and consequently greater opportunities for the flourishing of culture and education. Life will be easier because public utility services — water supplies, sewerage, heating, gas and public urban transport will increase by 50%. Hospital beds and nurseries for children will increase by 20%, and kindergartens 40%. And 35% more trained, qualified professional people in all branches of the professions. Educational, scientific and cultural institutions will increase by 50%. Agriculture will be more highly mechanised to ensure that "the most arduous operations" are no longer performed by hand; mechanisation levels for harvesting, cultivating and sowing ranging from 70 to 95%.

There is more to it, much more. Not a field of enterprise nor a channel of social service is omitted from the vast scheming of this plan for plenty over one-sixth of the earth's surface. Above all, it is a plan for peace; because without peace it cannot be fulfilled. It could not have been produced by men whose minds were concentrated on thoughts of war.

This is its significance for us, and for all the peoples of the West. He who wants war prepares for war. He who wants war prepares robot weapons; he who wants peace, robot factories and schools. This is the simple truth. And that truth will out each day as the five year plan moves towards its fulfilment in 1955; that is the truth that will out each day the robot planes and the napalm bombs fall from the skies of Korea.

THE BAITED TRAP

(Continued from page 1)

cial, based on the capacities and needs of all the people. Such a policy must have twin pillars to carry the superstructure — an extension of the franchise and the breaking down of the industrial colour bar.

If no political party exists to propound and implement that policy, then such a party will have to be established.

In the meantime, the task for intelligent voters is to expose the fallacy of "toenadering"; to hold back thoughtless men and women from falling into the trap of voting for the Nationalists; to propagate a constructive policy on race relations, which will put new life into the campaign to defeat the Nationalists at the polls next year.



HELOTS of the C

It is with a sense of shock and dismay that one reads the resolutions and demands, in connection with Native Education, presented by delegates to a Nationalist Party Congress in the Free State. (Reported in "The Star" of 10th September, 1952). Prof. du Plessis, Professor of Economics at the University of the Free State, suggests that the Government should make it quite clear to the Universities of the Witwatersrand and Cape Town that they should no longer enrol "kleurlinge, kafirs and koelies". The offensiveness of his language appears to be deliberate. Another delegate says, amid applause, that school feeding merely increases the Native's innate irresponsibility; while a third claims that it is education which turns the non-Europeans into "skollies".

Mr. Viljoen, Minister of Education, Arts and Science, soothes the angry delegates by telling them that, as soon as the next general election is over, these demands will be met and, *despite anticipated opposition from the Provinces*, the Bantu will be given a more *practical* education. He points out with pride to the fact that this Government has withdrawn the subsidies for non-European medical students at the Witwatersrand University. (*Infant mortality rates, the incidence of T.B. and deficiency diseases among Africans are almost the highest in the world; nevertheless Mr. Viljoen regards it as an achievement to have withdrawn medical bursaries*).

It would be wrong to dismiss the demands of the Nationalists as the perennial cry of a farming community, frustrated in its efforts to obtain cheap, illiterate, unskilled labour. It would be as wrong to dismiss Mr. Viljoen's statements as vague assurances, never to be implemented. The Nationalist Government has its blueprint for this more practical education in the form of the "Report of the Commission on Native Education 1949-51 — with a Dissident Report by Professor A. H. Murray". (UG. 53/1951). This report should be studied with the greatest attention for it lays down in detail the means whereby the new Dark Ages will be introduced into South Africa.

FANTASTIC

In the factual part of the Report, the Commissioner admit that: "No evidence of a decisive nature was adduced to

show that as a group the Bantu could not benefit from education or that their intelligence and aptitudes were of so special and peculiar a nature as to demand on these grounds a special type of education." (Paragraph 60).

In their recommendations, however, the Commissioners entirely ignore this admission and lay down a plan of Bantu Education so specialised that it becomes fantastic. They state, initially, that there must be a Development Plan (undertaken by the Government) which will lay down the future role of the Bantu in South African life. They themselves cannot give details of this Plan, but their recommendations give a clear indication of the role the Bantu are expected to play.

Their most important recommendation is that Bantu education must aim at building up Bantu culture and the preservation of Bantu social institutions. "*The march of events and the staggering power and glitter of western culture have tended to make the educated Bantu despise their own culture. Any proposal intended to focus attention on the importance for the Bantu of preserving their institutional life is regarded with great suspicion . . . Your Commission . . . wishes to stress the prime importance from an educational standpoint of carefully considered government action to assist the growth of social institutions which will be able to co-operate with, benefit from, and support the work of the schools.*" (Paragraph 763).

FRUSTRATED!

A note of warning is sounded by the Commissioners that Bantu education must not be too rapid, as the Bantu social institutions will not be able to

keep up with the schools. They claim, therefore, that there is no point in teaching Bantu children hygiene, as they will be frustrated if they cannot practice this hygiene in their homes! (Paragraph 760).

The preservation of tribal institutions is to apply to urban areas as well as to Reserves. To this end, Bantu school children will be atomised into minute tribal groups; Bantu teachers must be trained in the area where they are to teach; they must teach children of one tribe in that area and all teachers are to remain permanently in the area in which they are trained. The Commissioners cannot envisage a teacher-training course broad enough to enable a Xhosa teacher trained in the Eastern Province to make himself intelligible to Zulu children in Zululand. Nor can they envisage that a Mosutu child born in Alexandra Township will have a similar environ-

Phyllis Altman, author of this article of the Springbok Legion. Her novel, a South African setting, has arrived

mental heritage to a Pondo child born in the same Township. Their attitude is in keeping with Christian National theory that every group is an "ultimate diversity". These particular recommendations make it clear that under the Development Plan the Bantu will be immobile; rooted to particular parts of the land.

As far as possible, the education of the Bantu will be in the mother tongue (vernacular). English and Afrikaans are to be taught only "in such a way that the Bantu child will be able to find his way in European communities; to follow oral or written instructions; and to carry on a simple conversation with Europeans about his work and other subjects of common interest". (Our italics, Paragraph 924). This statement is devastating in its simplicity and in its revelation of the attitude of the Commissioners on the rôle of the Bantu under the Development Plan. No doubt, at this moment, the Commissioners are drawing up English and Afrikaans text books for

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REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

THE frenzy of rioting at Port Elizabeth's New Brighton township should be the writing on the wall for all South Africans. It is a first rumbling of that furious violent civil clash towards which this country is moving with its blind primitive racialism, born of colour bars and colour legislation.

There are four Europeans and seven Africans dead, twenty-seven injured in this "model native township". Violence burst suddenly, out of nowhere, on a peaceful Saturday afternoon. Some say it is the work of provocators, agents seeking to shatter the Defiance Campaign in its most powerful stronghold. Possibly. But what are the festering sores that lie beneath New Brighton's surface that provocators can call forth an unparalleled and insensate mass-outburst such as this?

In Johannesburg it has become a commonplace to answer that all such outbursts, all riots, crime waves, demonstrations are the fruit of a desperation whose roots are to be found in the lack of non-European housing. But New Brighton's housing scheme is perhaps the best native township in the country. Clearly the beginnings of the trouble lie deeper.

How are we to explain the fact that the Defiance Campaign finds its greatest strength not in the police-raided, pass-law-ridden, apartheid-crazy cities of the Transvaal, but in the villages and towns of the Eastern Cape, where conditions are kinder, where pass-laws are milder, police-raids less frequent and land-ownership more common? Can it be that it is here, where non-Europeans are accorded treatment more nearly

resembling the treatment of men in a civilized world, that they feel most strongly the sense of outrage at the intolerable conditions of serfdom, of tutelage, of indignity which white civilization has imposed on the black men?

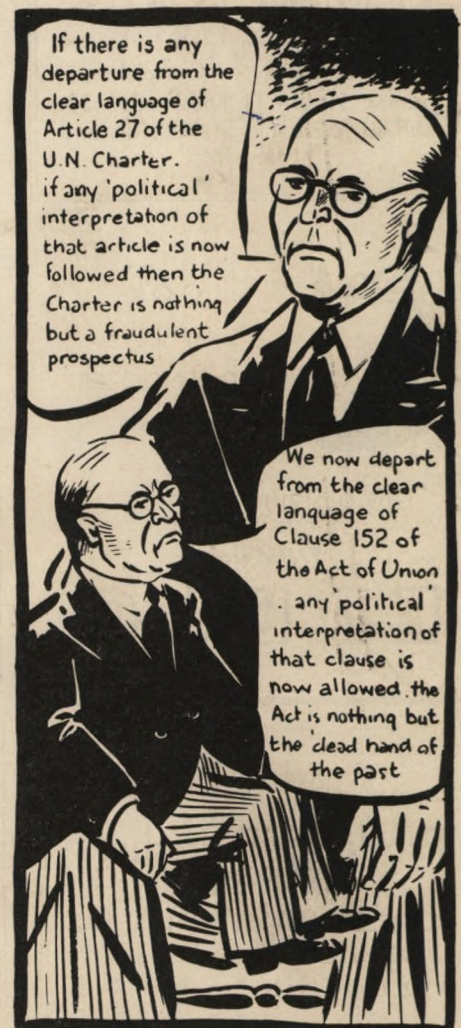
"As ye sow, so shall ye reap." White South Africa has sown its seeds of racialism, of inferiority, of violent suppression. In its blindness, now at this late hour, it sows new seeds of hatred, of race discrimination labelled 'apartheid'; it sets its police loose to badger, bludgeon and harrass men, to deprive them of every last remaining shred of dignity and of liberty. And at New Brighton the reaping has begun, because the day of harvesting of the crop is drawing close for all South Africa.

The Defiance Campaign was the first warning. Now New Brighton's riot is the clear writing on the wall. There is little time left to set things right, little time, and so the need is for bold decisive action to repair some of the damage we have done. The need is for immediate, large-scale European support for the Campaign, as an earnest of some white South Africans' desire for friendship, for harmony and co-operation with free liberated black men. The need is for outspoken European action now for the raising of the most insufferable barriers to the manhood and dignity of black men, for the ending of pass-laws, the ghetto acts, the white monopolies of votes and skilled jobs and land.

There is little time; and no other way. Neither the mailed fist nor the pious promise of something sometime in the future will avert the storm. The time for

those things has passed and the time for liberation is upon us. For us in South Africa, no less than for the white men in Kenya, history is moving fast to the inevitable day when there will be no other prospect than that which asks:

"... 'what will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?'
'Blood for our blood', they said."



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REPUBLICAN KNIGHTS

By *ELWOOD C. CHOLMONDELY*

[T'S terrible to think I might have missed the whole debate — at the Nationalist Party Conference in the Transvaal I mean. As it was, I missed only the opening remarks on this particular debate, which I think is one of the most important debates we've ever had.

When I pushed my way in through Stormjaers at the door and tobacco smoke inside, old Piet van der Walt, who I've known all my life as one of the whitest white men, was moving the resolution. White in the figurative sense, if you know what I mean, because there's always been a bit of a yarn around our district about Piet and the tarbrush. Not that you can depend on these stories, of course.

He was saying, "Also, Mr. Chairman, I move that no native be allowed to live within 1,000 yards of the nearest white man's farm outside a native reserve". I thought it would be one of those things that would be carried with acclamation without debate. But Abram Kriel was up on his feet like a flash, waving his pipe at the chairman until he got a turn to speak.

"You all know me", he said. "I'm a simple man . . ." Loud 'hear hears' made him turn round angrily. ". . . and when I see something's right, well I say so. But when I see something wrong, I'm not afraid to say so. And, Mr. Chairman, something's wrong here."

Someone, I don't know who, shouted, "Kafferboetie" and old Abe got so mad and spluttered so wildly he lost his teeth and we had a noisy recess of a few minutes, while he searched for them under the chair. At last, all straightened out again, he went on.

"Now, sir, I propose an amendment to make that resolution read 1,400 yards. Yes sir! 1,400 yards. And I want to say this, sir. My suggestion is based not on idle whim, sir, but on scientific investigation." He spoke slowly as he got out the last two words, emphasising them. "Like this, sir. Many a morning, while I've been hard at work on my stoep, sir, and watching my kaffirs hoe the land, I've had occasion to note the stink they give off, sir — begging the pardon of the fair ladies present." He's a real fine gentleman of the old school,

is Abe, never forgetting his manners, no matter how heated the debate.

"And I've paused from my labours, sir, to determine at what distance the stink cease to carry. And I have found, sir, scientifically, and I hope the Natives Affairs Commission will take heed of what I say, scientifically, that, with the wind blowing towards you, the range, sir, is 1,400 yards. I move accordingly."

Now any mention of science is just the thing to set old van Straaten off. He's been reading Popular Science for the last fourteen years and, between pig-farming and wenching round our district, he's given considerable attention to science, and that's a fact. He jumped up immediately, as I knew he would — he don't give ground to nobody when it comes to science — and without waiting for the chairman to recognise him, he said loudly but calmly, "Sir, the Lindley Branch wishes to observe that, speaking scientifically, the wind only blows sometimes from leeward and sometimes from windward, roughly fifty-fifty. We propose, therefore, to allow half the distance suggested by our friends over there" — he waved a lofty arm at Abe — "since the wind only blows toward you half the time and move that the scientific limits be set at 700 yards".

I saw Dr. Verwoerd nod learnedly to himself and make a note in his little black book, jotting it down for the next Cabinet meeting I'll bet. There were shouts of 'nonsense', 'let's get on with it' and 'bliksem' from all sides of the hall. Tempers were getting a bit frayed and in the uproar a reporter, being slightly manhandled by the Stormjaers, was heard to shriek, "I said 'Vaderland', not 'Guardian'!" They threw him out anyway, just in case.

Just then Oom Baart stood up. Perhaps I shouldn't say 'stood', because actually he was pushed up by a little black boy who was brought along for the purpose. Oom Baart is 97 and doesn't stand so good, if he isn't propped up on his little black boy for support. The whole hall burst into the Transvaal Volkslied, as they always do for Oom Baart — he's an oudstryder and served as cook to General Delarey in

the days when he could stand on his own two feet.

"Mr. Chairman," he quavered and the black boy sweated under the weight of him, "I don't trust kaffirs, never have and never shall, and I say the only good one's a dead one. And so, sir, I say that in considering this matter, we must consider that, or else we can make a very grave mistake. I remember, sir, in 1902, when General Delarey . . ." Young Baart, sitting next to him, tugged at his jacket and Oom Baart's discourse shifted somewhat, tailed off and he said vaguely, "Oh yes, of course, where was I?" Then he seemed to recover his bearings and went on, "And so, sir, the range of a .22 being only 1,000 yards for accurate shooting, any distance over 1,000 yards is madness and will stop us from hitting the target, sir. Some will say that I'm no sportsman, but I propose 500 yards to be safe, and I want to say that never, in all my years of campaigning, did I shoot a silly . . ."

At this moment though, the black boy, who had been sweating worse and worse and growing pale, suddenly collapsed under the weight and Oom Baart sat down too with a loud crash.

The chairman then called on Piet van der Walt to reply. Piet was angry. I could see it and he shouted very loud in his reply. "I said 1,000 yards," he bellowed, "and I stick to 1,000 yards. And I say that anyone who opposes 1,000 yards is undermining the foundations of our volksbeweging and is injecting liberalism and communism into our ranks. Nationalists, beware! I know the native. And I know that he'll steal anything he can lay his hands on. But I know that he's so bone lazy that 1,000 yards is more than he'll walk to steal anything, no matter what, and anyone who proposes less than 1,000 yards is offering your sheep and cattle on a plate to the native. And anyone who proposes more is making certain that the devils will be too bone lazy to walk to your farms to work. These are the voices of communism and I say beware! 1,000 yards", he spat out and sat down.

Well, after that, we voted and 1,000 yards carried the day. I suppose you who saw the few lines reported in the lying English press thought we passed that resolution without real concentration. Believe me, it was hard work. As Mr. Strydom said at teatime, "At this morning's session we have struck a fine blow for republicanism and our independence."

BOOK REVIEW

LAW OF THE VULTURES

THIS is the author's first novel. But, since Phyllis Altman was for many years a Social Welfare Officer for the Springbok Legion, her name will be familiar to many thousands of ex-soldiers and particularly to non-European ex-volunteers. Many of these will remember her with gratitude and affection just as they will remember her sincere and courageous efforts on their behalf in the days of demobilisation. Indeed, for many of them Phyllis Altman was the Legion.

The same burning sincerity and integrity she displayed in her work for the non-European ex-volunteer are apparent in her novel.

The original title, which had to be changed as some other writer had used it already, "The Fire in the Flint", was more apt and descriptive of the theme of the book than the title it now carries, for the theme is the effect of the oppression and repression of our Baasskap society on the millions of non-Europeans. It is a warning to White South Africans of the danger to themselves of their failure to participate actively in the struggle for the integration of non-Europeans into our economic, social and political structure. It shows the developing process of Black Nationalism with all its implications of savage reprisals, bitter hostility and bloodshed.

The note on which the book ends — the affirmation by N'Kosi, that the struggle is not for others "only the Africans", is a forthright challenge to all progressives, regardless of colour.

I feel that, while the author has made a very real contribution by the content of her novel to a better understanding of the non-white peoples and the ferment that is at work among them, she might have rendered an ever greater service by writing at greater length. In her book she has introduced a number of characters, who are perhaps more representative of the mass of the African people than the principal characters she has drawn in such detail. Moreover, I believe the political picture Mrs. Altman presents would have been better balanced, had she affirmed the reality that only out of a common struggle of white and non-white progressives can come a lasting solution to our racial conflict.

As it is, the authoress presents her thesis with a harsh simplicity, making no concessions to the tender suscepti-

lities of white readers. Unlike Alan Paton in his novel, "Cry the Beloved Country", Mrs. Altman has looked at the truth and has portrayed its bitter, stark, cruel features with uncompromising fidelity.

"The Law of the Vultures" is a story of the lives of some of the people who live on the other side of the Colour Bar. Here is the story of their struggle for existence, the frustration of their simple hopes and aspirations, their individual reactions to the manifold pressures inherent in our society. It is the story

into a bitter hatred, which finds expression in African Nationalism.

I would say that one of the merits of this book is the author's ability to capture the feelings and thoughts of Africans. It is a measure of Mrs. Altman's artistry that she has accomplished this most difficult of tasks with quite unusual conviction. She reveals an intimate knowledge of African customs, both in Basutoland and in the crowded city settings of Alexandra and Sophiatown. How exquisitely she recounts the tribal ceremonies that accompanied the marriage of Thaele to Joalane: how subtly she creates the atmosphere of Mamamoka, the village to which N'Kosi returned on demobilisation.

There are structural weaknesses in the book which, however, do not impair



Mrs. PHYLLIS ALTMAN, whose first novel, "The Law of the Vultures", is here reviewed. The authoress took a B.A. Honours degree in History at the Witwatersrand University. In 1945 she assumed duties with the Legion as our principal Welfare Officer for non-European members. The amount of work she accomplished was prodigious. Meticulous, patient, sympathetic, persistent, she achieved more welfare benefits for African ex-volunteers than any other individual in the country, so much so that the Legion was recognised as the authority on non-European welfare matters.

She spent three years in England, where she wrote her book in addition to keeping an office and running her flat in Chelsea. She returned to South Africa last December with her husband, Ray Altman, who is secretary of the National Union of Distributive Workers.

of their fumbling for a method of struggle against injustice and the tragedy that follows their actions.

In the character of Thaele and N'Kosi and in the description of the daily events in their lives, there is an unerring picture of what is happening to tens of thousands of our African people. In the face of white hostility or indifference, respect for the white people is curdled

its dramatic and emotional impact. It is very moving, even unbearably so at times. For many of us it will have more significance than "Cry the Beloved Country."

In the small treasury of South African literature this book will take its place. I recommend all thinking South Africans — particularly all Legionnaires — to read it.



The World Today On the Tightrope

by Ben Giles

A SYMBOL of false teeth and spectacles should be engraved on the family crest of "Nye" Bevan. For it is from these humble symbols that he has risen from the ranks of Labour back-benchers to the real power in the British Labour Party today.

But the symbols serve only to obscure the reality. False teeth were the issues on which he rose to attack the British Budget two years ago, but in the attack the real issue rapidly emerged — the issue of Britain's burden of armaments which was drastically reducing the living standard of the people, and leading to economy cuts in the national Health Scheme. Into the startled House of Commons, Bevan and his small gang threw the bombshell proposition which rocked both Government and opposition benches — "Less armaments" he declared, "More health services".

It was the old issue of guns or butter. And the Bevan group was small in those days. Many wrote his attack off as demagogy, for the former Welsh miner is a master of all the arts of tub-thumping. But demagogy or not, Bevan's voice found a hearty echo in the people outside the House, especially in the ranks of the individual branch members of that sprawling colossus, the British Labour Party.

AT THE TOP

At last month's Labour Conference, those individual members — as distinct from the block affiliations of Trade Unions with their millionaire card vote — tumbled all the anti-Bevan figures in the dust, and raised the Bevan group to the National Executive. Nor was it only the "old guard" which was dispossessed.

In the shocked announcement of the results, the defeated counted amongst their ranks those one-time "left-wing" young radicals of the Party — John Strachey, Emmanuel Shinwell, Philip Noel-Baker. Clearly the victory was with the new radicals, with 'the stormy Petrel'

Nye Bevan, and with the battle cry of "Less Armaments—more butter".

A new force enters into the arena of British politics, — a force which seeks to perform the Houdini trick of balancing on a shifting tight-rope, without coming down on either side. A difficult manoeuvre, and one which cannot succeed for long. Bevan and his group have not broken with the policy of the "cold war", or with the theory that Britain's best interests lie in the stock-piling of more armaments upon the already mountainous burden of armaments. Thus far his protest is not against massive rearmament or the cold war strategy which makes rearmament necessary; his protest is against the *scale* of rearmament, which he seeks to see reduced.

ONE SIDE OR ANOTHER

It is an illogical position, an untenable one. Those who support the American theory of overwhelming strength and cold war cannot for long maintain a critical attitude to the policy of guns before butter. Bevan, let it be said, is no superman rising superior to the logic of history and the pressure of events. The act of straddling the tightrope, though it brings fame and glory for a while, always ends with a solid bump. Bevan will have to come down on one side or the other of the tightrope — either against the cold war and all its ramifications; or for rearmament — unless he chooses to suffer the harsh fate of those undecided tight rope walkers, who destroy themselves by falling with one leg each side of the wire.

Perhaps there is a clue to the future Bevan role in his past progress from defender of free spectacles to outspoken critic of the level of rearmament. Perhaps; but the idea needs to be kept in strict rein lest it runs riot. Bevan's jro-

gress from lone-wolf back-bencher to real power in the Labour Party is not the progress of the man of high principles whose ideas at long last win public recognition. It is rather the climb to the top of the cunning politician with his ear close to the ground, sensing the flow of public opinion and riding in on the crest of a wave like a vocal swimmer. If Nye Bevan is nothing else, he is a politician with ambition and with a talent for rising on a popular wave.

Today in Britain there is no wave more popular or gathering more strength as it rolls, than the wave of disgust with the crushing burden of rearmament, expressing itself in developing anti-Americanism, in a rising struggle against wage-freezes, in a growing campaign for world peace and East-West trade. Bevan rides its crest.

CAN HE LAST?

But to stay with that wave in its final breaking on the shore needs more than political talent; it needs principle and conviction. The rising tide of British feeling can only end in a break from the policies of cold war, and in a firm stand for British-Soviet friendship for peace. And here it is, on this issue, that Bevan's daily actions and speeches reveal that he lacks what it will take to keep up with the people.

He will not be the first Labour leader to rise like a rocket and to come down like the stick. Look again at the people he displaces in the party leadership. They are reflections in a dusty mirror of the corpulent Mr. Bevans of other times. Look at John Strachey, author of "The Nature of Capitalist Crisis" and "Theory and Practice of Socialism" — bright left wing 'radical' of the 1940's washed up through his own unprincipled belief in the 'American Century' and his blind rejection of all his own writings in favour of General George Marshall's "charitable" aid. Look at Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell, left-wing radical of the 1940's, critic and opponent of "imperialism", crusader for socialism against the 'wooly' theories of Herbert Morrison, led by his own opportunism and demagogy to preside over the war of reconquest of Malaya as Minister of War and lackey of the rubber barons and the tin magnates.

There, but for the passage of years, goes Aneurin Bevan. Yet the people go forward, throwing up their Bevans and their Strachey's, and outstripping them in the long struggle towards a Socialist Britain and a world of peace.

This article has been written by a contributor. It does not necessarily reflect the views of the Springbok Legion. We believe, however, that it expresses ideas which have to be faced up to.

We shall welcome letters of not more than 500 words commenting on the point of view put forward in this article.

THE LIBERALS

By "VOLTAIRE"

SINCE the end of the last war and particularly since the Nationalist Government was returned in the 1948 elections, the idea of a Liberal Party behind which progressive South African European opinion might be rallied has gained a good deal of ground. The realisation has been dawning — perhaps too slowly — that the United Party can offer progressives very little in the way of a political home, while at the same time the liberals have had to concede that there is no other organisation in existence at the moment that can hope to oppose the Nationalists with success.

The need for some more virile and realistic opposition party than the United Party has been thrown into sharp relief by the growth of the Defiance of Unjust Laws Campaign. The success of the Campaign has forced the U.P. to reveal itself as a party of vested interests, whose approach to the Native Question is not very different from that of the Nationalist Government. The liberal, on the other hand, has discovered not without dismay that there is very little difference after all between "separatism" and "apartheid" and that the continued application of either can only lead to racial warfare and disaster for the whole South African citizenry, regardless of race or colour.

While all that is very true, one may be forgiven at this late stage in the history of liberalism for hesitating to turn to the liberal as the saviour of South Africa. The various statements which have recently been made in the press above the signatures of prominent liberals do very little to arouse enthusiasm for the cause they have espoused.

LIBERAL POLICY

The liberal policy as applied to South Africa might be stated in the following terms:

- (a) It is recognised that the European is in advance of the African in cultural, social and economic growth:
- (b) Hence it is correct that leadership in South African affairs must still rest with the European for some time to come:
- (c) While the fundamental principle of European leadership or trusteeship or baasskap (the particular term one chooses as immaterial, prevails) it is recognised that, if race warfare is to be avoided, the practical application of this principle must be modified to some extent:
- (d) The extent of modification must be such that the present mood of African and Indian defiance might

be converted into one of co-operation with European interests and capitulation to the still necessary European overlordship:

- (e) Since the concept of the African as a partner — rather than as a servant or enemy — has been rejected by the United Party, some organisation must be created, acceptable to the Africans and able to meet the Africans around a conference table:
- (f) Such a new party must have as the basis of its approach to the Africans the offer of the extension of a limited franchise, the modification of the laws which the Africans consider unjust and a new approach to industrial segregation, skilled jobs and so on.

The 'limited franchise' is, as far as one can gather, to be based on "very high educational or property qualifications", so high, indeed, as to exclude the very large majority of non-Europeans from the voters roll.

Now, the main points of interest about this programme are that it represents no departure IN PRINCIPLE from standard South African racial policies and that it reveals no understanding whatsoever of the BASIS of racial discrimination or of the present mood of the non-European peoples.

To begin with, if the structure of racial oppression in our country be regarded as pyramidal in form, then the franchise or lack of it is the apex and not the base of the pyramid. At the base is the exploitation of the non-European as cheap, unskilled labour. It is upon this foundation of economic exploitation that the whole complex of oppressive laws rests. When the liberal talks of the "continued leadership of the European in the economic and cultural spheres", what he really means — whether or not he realises it — is that the role of the non-European as an unskilled labourer serving the interests of

a privileged — mainly European — group must not be changed.

What, the liberal feels, must be changed is the method by which this 'status quo' might be preserved. The Nationalists would seek to preserve it by means of police action, the intensification of oppressive devices. The liberal fears that such devices can lead only to bloody revolution which would destroy the foundation altogether.

ALTERNATIVE.

The alternative is thus to split the ranks of the non-Europeans on a class basis by creating a category of privileged non-Europeans whose interests would be identified with the privileged class of Europeans, and who would thus assist the Europeans to preserve the foundation of the pyramid — in the same way as the princes and other privileged groups in India for centuries aided the British in the oppression of the vast majority of Indians. As the British used to speak of giving "the subject peoples a stake in the Empire", so now the liberals speak of giving "the non-Europeans a stake in the Government of their country": i.e. in the economic exploitation of their fellow non-Europeans.

Now, it must be conceded that the liberal programme is not without merit. In the first place it would do much to strip the character of South African exploitation of its racialistic disguise. The problem would be revealed as a purely economic one and the whole mumbo-jumbo of racial superstition which now clouds the issue would be recognised for the futility which it is. Secondly, any policy which seeks to extend democratic rights rather than whittle them away is a welcome innovation in a country such as ours.

Unfortunately, the whole programme is so completely out of touch with the realities of the South African situation, that it is unlikely to make much headway. There are two major criteria

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