

# FIGHTING TALK

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## THE BAITED TRAP

THE Defiance Campaign is testing the integrity of political parties no less than the integrity of individuals. During the past week or two the United Party has shown a sad lack of both moral and political integrity.

Speeches at party conferences and public utterances elsewhere divulge a retreat from the challenge of race relations that can arouse only alarm and despondency among the anti-Nationalist forces. Mr. Strauss condemns the Defiance Campaign: Mr. Mitchell fears it: Sir de Villiers Graaff misrepresents it: Mr. Blaar Coetzee states that there are no differences between the Native Policies of the Nationalist Party and the United Party: Mr. Tighy is indignant that the United Party should be accused of ever having considered extending the franchise to all Coloured men: Mr. Strauss announces a policy that boils down to "apartheid" in English.

United Party leaders in all provinces are urging that the "problem" be lifted above party politics. Mr. Strauss and Dr. Malan speak obliquely of 'making approaches' to each other: the Dutch Reformed Churches are planning a conference of representatives of all Christian churches to consider the "problem": "Die Vaderland" remarks on the ease with which political leaders could get together over this "problem": and, finally, the Nazi-admirer, Oswald Pirow, meets mining-men and other individuals and recommends a non-party solution to the "problem".

What utter political bankruptcy and moral turpitude these gestures show!

What, however, is of greater import than these despicable evasions, is the laying of a cruel trap for the unwary electorate. For trap it is. The trap has been designed, constructed and is being operated by the Nationalists with one single purpose — to catch voters. How

lamentable it is that United Party leaders, as voorlopers, are the ones to lead their supporters into the trap.

There can be no such thing as lifting the racial problem out of the political arena, for it dominates all day and every day our whole lives, political, social, economic and moral. There can be no South African political party which does not have a policy — or an apology for one — covering the field of race relations. As long as there are Africans and politics in South Africa, so long must there be political parties with different approaches to this major issue.

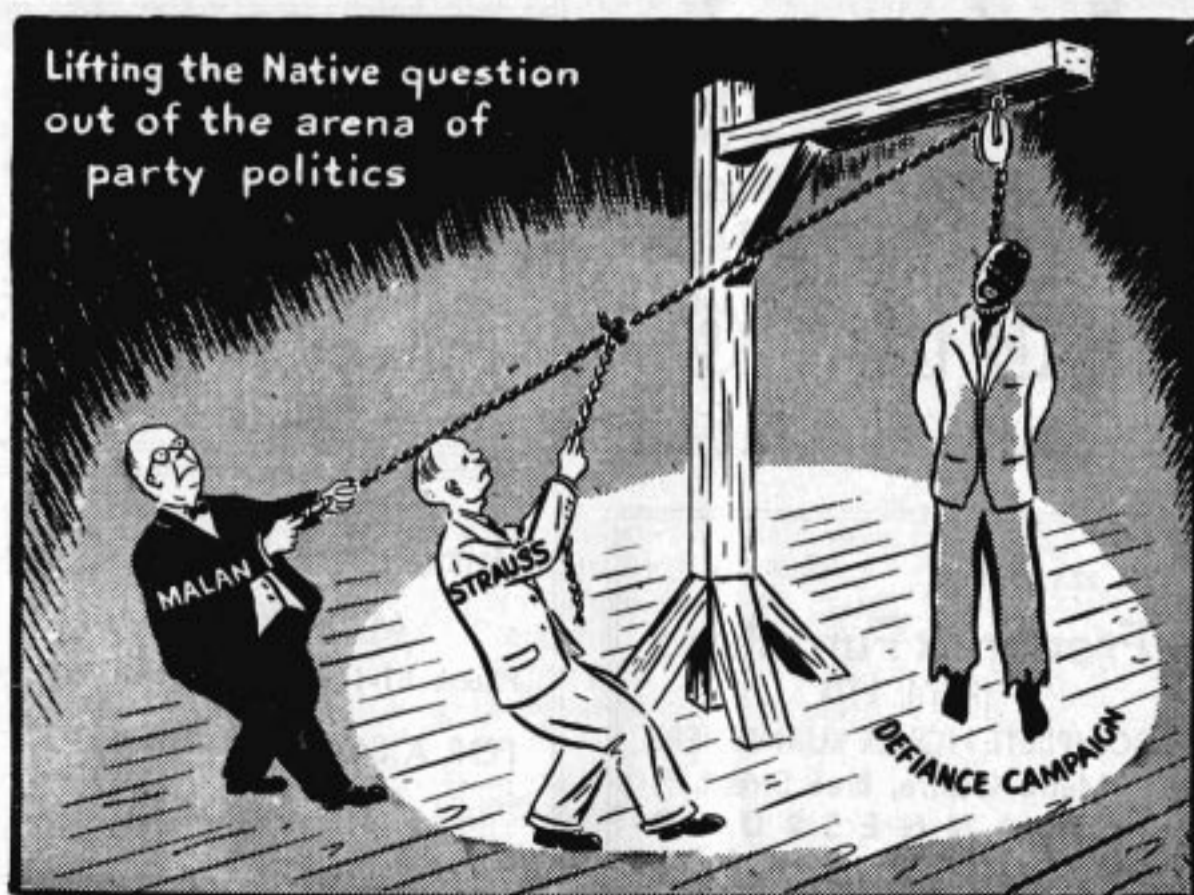
The Nationalist Party, recognising the emotional appeal of "colour", will never agree to a non-party approach to race relations, for without the slogan of "apartheid", it would surrender its chances of winning the general election

and that is something which, come day, come night, the Broederbond will never, never do. All talk, therefore, of a joint solution of the "problem" is a sham, a smokescreen. The Nationalists, having come this far, will not surrender power and will not, therefore, surrender their exclusive catchword, "Apartheid".

The United Party, because of the divergent interests it serves, both liberal and reactionary, cannot evolve a clear-cut Native Policy. It flounders, temporises, apes the Nationalists in an attempt to win platteland votes and now, finally, throws in the sponge, gives up the struggle and indulges in obscurantist talk of "a joint effort."

There is only one solution to the impasse reached in race relations and that is a policy, economic, political and so-

(Continued on page 7)



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# 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 got 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 hang-over; 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-eee." "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.

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(Continued from page 6)

declared legal but all forms of coalition such as the Union Democratia — 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 prophecy? 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.

# 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 Democratcia, 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 Democratcia 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

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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 COUNTRYSIDE



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. de 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 "kaffirs, kalins and iscolins". 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 huns 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. (Inflated 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 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 Commissioners 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 for 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 Alexandria Township will have a similar environ-

Phyllis Altman, author of this article, was formerly a Welfare Officer of the Springbok Legion. Her novel, "Law of the Vultures", written with a South African setting, has arrived in Johannesburg bookshops.

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 "ultra-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

Bantu children. There will be a basic vocabulary — "Go. Stop. Come. Work. Work harder" — branching into more specialised vocabularies for farm labourers, domestic workers and street-sweepers to enable them to carry on these simple conversations.

## FUNDAMENTAL

In this recommendation and throughout the Report, the Commissioners violate one of the fundamental aims of education, namely, the imparting of knowledge of the cultures of other communities, both past and present. In particular, this recommendation means that "Western civilisation" and "White civilisation" are to remain forever beyond the ken of the Bantu. They are to have a practical education.

This practical education, naturally, emphasises the teaching of manual skills.

"Your Commission recommends that handwork in the first four years of school aim at the establishment of the habit of doing manual work." (Our Italics, Paragraph 932 c.). "Experience has shown that where suitable methods are employed and the emphasis is placed, not so much on preparation for examinations, but rather on the development of skill, children over 12 years of age (admitted to school for the first time) make rapid progress". (Our Italics, Paragraph 1021). Wherever the content of education is discussed, agricultural skill is placed at the head of the list of subjects. " . . . In urban areas attention should also be given to a suitable form of gardening . . . in order to bring home to the Bantu the possibilities of exploiting profitably every piece of ground at his disposal. Poultry farming and agriculture should be within the means of most of the schools." (Paragraph 991 i and k).

Higher education, particularly University education, receives scant atten-

tion throughout the Report. This must await the Development Plan. The fact that the Plan does not exist has not prevented the Commissioners from making detailed recommendations for primary education. It is higher education, naturally, which must wait until the future rôle of the Bantu is blueprinted. Who knows if, under the Plan, University education for the Bantu will exist at all? With regard to the present set-up, however, there is a strong recommendation for segregated Universities.

In an article one can give only an indication of the trend of a Report and often the omissions are as significant as the recommendations. The Commission does not recommend compulsory education for the Bantu. Nowhere in the Report do they envisage education for citizenship. The Bantu are to be "wards" for all time. The education and development of the individual is to be subordinated to group and social education aimed at producing "the types of workers required by Government departments in order to carry out the Bantu Development Plan" (Paragraph 786 b). The Bantu are not to be taught to think, but are to be indoctrinated and moulded to play a specific and clearly marked rôle in our Society.

And the rôle envisaged ignores entirely the dynamics of a rapidly developing industrialised country. It is the rôle of a helot in an agricultural community; it is the blueprint and the answer to the angry demands of the Free State Nationalist delegates.

It can be defeated only by our demand for free compulsory education for all races; for equality of educational opportunity and facilities and by our insistence on the right of all members of the South African state to enjoy in the greatest possible measure the fruits of our civilisation.

The S.A. Institute of Race Relations considered this Report so serious in its implications that in July, 1952, it held a three-day Conference, attended by over 200 leading educationalists, of all races, to study it. The Report on this Conference will be published shortly.

## CHALLENGE TO REASON

(We reproduce below copy of a statement issued by the Legion to the South African Press.)

"MANY Europeans hold an attitude to the Defiance Campaigns which so far has been inadequately voiced. The Springbok Legion, therefore, wishes to state that it believes the Campaign has presented a challenge to White South Africans to declare and take their stand on fundamental principles.

We believe the Campaign compels us to declare whether we stand for democracy or dictatorship; for co-operation, justice and peace or for legalized persecution and prolonged strife.

The non-European people have unmistakably declared where they stand by taking up the struggle for democracy and justice. Their only means of struggle is the defiance of unjust laws.

The next move must come from us.

It is still possible for White South Africans to play a leading part in determining the pattern of future developments in our country. Very, very soon, however, we can lose that opportunity and we shall have only ourselves to blame for the tragic ensuing years of violence, destruction and civil strife.

Self-interest, no less than moral compulsion, demands that we make the correct choice now — rejecting the suicidal Nationalist and near-Nationalist policies, which are leading to economic chaos and bloodshed, and embracing a commonsense, civilised programme of integration of the non-European peoples into our economic and political structure, which will lead to prosperity and racial peace.

We regard the Defiance Campaign as opening up the road for the establishment of a full democracy in place of the present one-sided democracy, which the Nationalists with ruthless cunning are exploiting to suppress all opposition, especially from European opponents.

We are not deterred by the alleged "legality" of the Campaign, since the Nationalist programme presents — and will do so increasingly in the future — the same problem to White South Africans: defy unjust laws or submit to tyranny."





### DEAD DUCKS

THE three universal motives for murder, as any criminologist will tell you, are fear, funds and females. I have just become aware of the fourth. If I am ever arrested on a charge of murder, it will be because my victim has said to me: "You know, I think that the colour problem should be lifted out of the political arena."

This abysmally stupid and exasperating cliché has become a current favourite with every hack politician who wants to be a sage.

How the so-called colour problem on which every political party in South Africa is firmly based can ever be other than a party-political question is absolutely beyond me. Mrs. Ballinger once remarked that all South African politics were native affairs, and she was right. Since the cry of apartheid was responsible for boosting the Nationalist Party into power, the Nats. should be the first to admit that without the colour question they are a party of dead ducks. You might as well try to lift biology out of the scientific arena.

On second thoughts, the Dutch Reformed Church are having a damned good try at it.

### PROPAGANDA PLUM.

THE Prize Propaganda Plum is handed to the delegate at the Nationalist Party Congress in the Free State, which was held last month. Speaking on African school feeding, he said the feeding of Native school children should be stopped immediately. Their parents, he alleged, only send them to school for the food and not for the education.

A word in your ear, Mr. What's-your-name: The best education that African parents in the Free State can give their

children is how to get sufficient food out of a crowd of stingy, ignorant and backward farmers.

### POLICY-MAKER

DON'T remember which came first—Mr. Strauss's non-European Policy or his Workers' Charter. But one has followed the other to a speedy and deserved extinction. The United Party press has drawn a merciful curtain of silence over both these "hammer-blows for democracy".

Since Mr. Strauss seems incapable of producing any real alternative to apartheid and malanzism, it is perhaps not surprising that he talks vaguely about an above-party get-together on the colour question. It would relieve him of an awful responsibility.

?????

I AM afraid Mr. Strauss is behaving like a mouse instead of roaring defiance he talks alliance.



power, regarding it as a short-cut to corruption and betrayal — another object lesson. Zapata would have made a good president had he extended his power to the people and entrenched democracy with the active participation of the workers and peasants of Mexico.

But it was not to be. He returned to his farm, again became discontented and resumed guerilla warfare against a now firmly-entrenched military hierarchy. He was eventually ambushed and shot by regular army troops.

The film is charged throughout with the relentless heroism of a people who refuse to submit to tyranny, while avoiding always the synthetic glamour that we know so well from Hollywood. It is well directed against the authentic hills of Mexico.

Above all, this picture is food and drink to the contemporary spirit of the struggle for freedom. Zapatas are rare indeed, but they invariably arise once the struggle is under way. Some are successful, others not, but they are as inevitable as the final outcome of the cause they champion.

### FILM REVIEW

## "Viva Zapata"

EMILIO ZAPATA—a name that rings like a battle call in the history of Mexico. And 20th-Century Fox, throwing caution to the winds, have recorded that ring in the film epic, "Viva Zapata."

The name of General Zapata became a legend during Mexico's struggle against her dictator in the early part of this century. Starting as a peasant, he first became prominent in the agricultural upheavals which followed the universal demand for land. Outlawed, he built a guerilla army around him and led a bitter, tortuous and uncompromising struggle against the ruling clique in Mexico City, whose armies were sent again and again to smash both Zapata and the famous Pancho Villa, who was conducting a similar fight in the South.

But the revolution was successful. A new President was inaugurated and democracy seemed about to descend on Mexico; land reform was promised; Zapata went home. But no sooner were the peasants induced to hand in their arms than the old guard, army officers and politicians, staged a counter-revolution — a good object lesson to the political naiveté of the underdog. Back came Zapata, this time pushing his way right through to the Presidency.

His brief career as Chief Executive was an unhappy one, however. He was afraid of his own

# THE GERMANS' UNPAID BILL

By "ROLLUS"

**H**OW much is a man's life worth? What is the value in dollars, pounds, rupees or crowns? Who can estimate the worth of 6 million people, even if they be Bantus, Indians, or even Jews? And what is "compensation" for a life, let alone the lives of a whole generation of highly civilised human beings?

Yet the almighty Western Imperial Powers have fixed a price, and under the label of "Israeli — German negotiations" which they dragged out for months of humiliating haggling, finally showed the world that the Nazis and the Jews, of their own volition, had come to an agreement on "reparations". The Germans will pay 400-million marks before the end of the coming year, and 300-million yearly thereafter.

The Jewish people, remnants of the millions exterminated with bestial tortures by the Nazis, did not fall in with the idea of reparations with such enthusiasm as was suggested by the non-Jewish press. It was a bitter decision, and one which has deepened the schism already existing between the Israeli Government and the Opposition parties. The Knesset (Israeli Parliament) Foreign Affairs Committee approved the German reparations draft Agreement by only one vote (eight votes to seven), and sent Foreign Minister Moshe Sharet to Luxembourg to meet the German Chancellor Dr. Adenauer. The agreement was initialed in secret: reporters invited to the ceremony were not told beforehand the time or the place of the event. The reason officially stated was the possibility of threats against the lives of the signatories — threats from both Germans and Jews.

Neither Germany nor Israel wanted this agreement, but it suited the United States to establish some sort of rapprochement between these countries, and it looked more civilised in the eyes of the world that a gesture should have been made to erase this permanent blot on the escutcheon of a chronically cad-dish set-up. For there is no doubt that if Britain and America had taken suitable action at the commencement of the Nazi extermination of Jews, many millions of Jewish victims would have been saved. The so-called "compensation" is a salve to the conscience of those powers who stood by and watched the slaughter with cold detachment. They are experts in these matters and therefore they are

able to assess the price in hard or soft currency of 6-million lives.

In mitigation of the Israeli Government's acceptance of the agreement, it must be remembered that the poverty-stricken, infantile, minute state was forced into this course of action because she is tottering on the brink of bankruptcy. The paltry sum of reparations will mean an increased measure of security for hard-pressed Israel.

By all means, the Germans should be forced to pay and pay and pay for the greatest massacre in history; it is not the payment to which we object, but the manner and the quality and the quantity.

The first objection is that there should never have been any direct negotiations between Germans and Israelis. In any case the whole deal was British/American inspired, so they could have come out in the open and conducted the negotiations as intermediaries. It is beyond endurance for Jews to treat with Germans at this stage, and therefore the agreement was so derogatory to the Jews.

From the purely practical aspect, there are blatant points of criticism: the absence of guarantees against the devaluation of the mark, the length of the terms of payment, and the clause enabling the Germans to postpone payments for one year if their economic position deteriorates. Most of the Israel purchases must be made from the West Berlin industries, which have been severely hit by the cold war. Thus Israel will help to rebuild Berlin — a comforting reflection to those Jewish survivors whose families were obliterated in the

gas-chambers and concentration camps of the Nazis!

In spite of the constant Jewish reiteration that the negotiations with Germany must not be construed as a first



step to "forgiveness", or a prelude to the resumption of diplomatic relations, it is clear that the Germans do not regard this as the last word in the matter.

While the German opposition feels that "spiritual rehabilitation" should accompany the payment of reparations, Adenauer and his colleagues have expressed the hope that the agreement will "build a bridge of reconciliation between Germany and World Jewry, and will be accepted as a symbolic righting of a great wrong."

It is clear that as long as there is no real German contrition, talk of Jewish "forgiveness" or a "symbolic righting of a great wrong" can be nothing more than a mockery; for neo-Nazism grows openly in Germany, and the psychological approach of the German masses remains that of the bewildered innocent, unclouded by any conception of guilt or horror.

The German-Israel reparations agreement has been signed. Adenauer probably has every intention of honouring it, in spite of the opposition of powerful elements within his own Cabinet, notably that of the finance minister Schaef-fer. Whether and how far the agreement WILL be honoured, time alone will show. But even if it is honoured to the last detail, it will never right what Adenauer, against the judgement of the Germans, has called "this great wrong."

*"Yet today man's thought concerns itself once more with his freedom to speak and to act within the framework of civilized living alongside his fellow man . . . What has happened to the centuries-old postulate of our Master Jan Hus, the first moulder of the philosophy of the Czech people, who preached: 'Love each other, never let the righteous be oppressed, and grant everyone free access to the truth'."*

(From "The Eyes of Reason" by Stefan Heym.)

## A Contributor Describes . . .

# THE AMAZING DR. NJONGWE

It has often been remarked that every genuine people's movement throws up genuine people's leaders. In the current Defiance Campaign of the South African non-Europeans, the figure of Dr. Njongwe looms as a genuine people's leader.

In a *Who's Who* the entry alongside his name would probably appear as follows: "Njongwe, Dr. J. L. Z., medical practitioner, graduated Wits. University 1947, acting President Cape African National Congress, married, resides in Port Elizabeth.

In actual fact, Dr. Njongwe is far more than that. He is virtually the unchallenged leader of all the Africans in the Cape and the guiding spirit of the Passive Resistance Campaign in Port Elizabeth. He is a tireless dynamo who works an average of no less than eighteen hours a day. His medical practice is a large and extensive one, yet a good proportion of these eighteen hours is taken up with work on behalf of the campaign. If you should see him at about 5 a.m. trudging out in a location armed with a pick and shovel, then he is on his way to build a platform from which he will speak that night after his medical rounds are finished.

I am told that he uses up two sets of tyres for his car per month, but this may be an exaggeration. There is no doubt, however, that he covers an enormous number of miles per day in and out in the course of both his medical and political work and in his trips to other centres to attend meetings.

He has established an unfailing rule among the local volunteers that not a single "defier" can be permitted to go to gaol unless he or she has had a thorough medical examination. After completing the prison sentences, volunteers are again medically examined before being sent home. Dr. Njongwe sees to it that the families of imprisoned volunteers are well looked after, and he has organised supplies of groceries to the dependents and a fund for the payment of rent when the breadwinner is in gaol.

This anecdote illustrates the prestige in which Dr. Njongwe is held by all sections of the population in Port Elizabeth. The day before a batch of women



volunteers (led, incidentally, by Dr. Njongwe's wife) were scheduled to break the law, he received an urgent telephone call from a wealthy European resident. "Our maid tells us," said the caller, "that she has volunteered to go to prison tomorrow. My wife is expecting a child any day and I would esteem it a very great favour if you could spare her from this batch as she is needed very badly at home. Please, Dr. Njongwe, see what you can do." Njongwe agreed, and the girl was sent home.

At the moment, Dr. Njongwe is one of the candidates for the National Presidency of the African National Congress. He is opposed by such imposing figures as Dr. Moroka, the retiring President, and Nelson Mandela of the Transvaal. Since the vast majority of the Cape Africans, especially in the Eastern Province, are bound to vote for him, he is a strong favourite for the position. It will not be a bad choice at that. A few weeks ago, Dr. Njongwe was arrested under the Suppression of Communism Act and is now out on bail, awaiting trial.

When asked for the secret of working successfully amongst the African people, Dr. Njongwe replied: "Talk to them in their own language." Whatever the secret is, the doctor from Port Elizabeth has been remarkably successful, and this country will hear a good deal more of him as the struggle of the non-European peoples progresses.

## Play Review

# VOLPONE

STEFAN ZWEIG'S adaptation of Ben Jonson's *Volpone* is the current English production of the National Theatre Organisation. The direction is by Leonard Schach.

*Volpone* is an out-and-out condemnation of those members of society whose sole pre-occupation is with money. The characters Jonson constructed all have one overriding passion — their cupidity. The setting of the play is Venice in the seventeenth century, at a time when the display of avarice was more open and visible to the public than it is today, when the Volpones of our society are concealed behind incorporated companies, boards of directors and so on.

Unlike Shakespeare, Jonson did not write plays about real people. He observed the men and women around him, distilled from them certain recognizable common characteristics or 'humours' and then personified the 'humours'. His characters, therefore, are not flesh and blood beings, but caricatures of people, a method of character-drawing which permitted a savage castigation of the vices of contemporary society, which none could fail to discern.

The most commendable feature of Mr. Schach's production was its pace. Aided by Frank Graves's simple, clever set, the play fairly galloped along.

The players caricatured their parts to the top of their bent and some excellent caricatures there were. This, of course, is not the highest form of histrionic art, but the players are to be commended for their zest and consistency. Gerrit Wessels was outstandingly good as Corbaccio. His gestures, movements, make-up and voice were all of a piece — and very funny.

Siegfried Mynhardt as Mosca, the toady who turns good in the end, played a strenuous and difficult part with great skill. Mr. Mynhardt was able to convince us that the wickedness of his schemings could be transmuted into ultimate honesty.

The leading part of *Volpone* was very inadequately played by Frank Wise, whose appearance belied his foxiness. He failed to give an impression of craftiness and, especially in the scene where he is viewing his treasures, he gave me no feeling of the passion of avarice, which motivates the whole character.

All in all, *Volpone* provided us with an evening, which, if not adding any wealth to our artistic or intellectual store, nonetheless, gave us enjoyable entertainment.

# GOOD, CLEAN SPORT

by ROY COUSINS.

UNTIL a couple of years ago I was always very proud of my country's achievements on the field of sport. I pictured South Africa as a land where a wonderful climate and a grand sporting spirit combined to create heroes who performed marvels in world competition despite our tiny population (two million, of course).

Today I am pretty disillusioned. The All Blacks Rugby tour first gave me food for thought. We were hailing ourselves as "World Champions", but carping souls pointed out that our visitors had had to leave at home some of their best players — they were Maoris and their skins were much too dark for our rugby fans.

Then again, it seems that our brand of Rugby is a very minor affair in England and Australia, where most Rugby players play a more spectacular type of game called Rugby League, which also has a good following in New Zealand. Then our sporting fans at Ellis Park started to heave bottles which brought strong protests from some of our prominent local players (who really deserve that overworked word "sportsman"). After a while I couldn't get as much pleasure from our test victories as I had anticipated.

There was Mr. Samaai, of Port Elizabeth, who went to Wimbledon to play tennis. He did rather well, and had some excellent games with Sturgess and company, but one felt somewhat disturbed to realise that since Mr. Samaai is coloured, he could not play against these same men in South Africa.

There is a saying which you can hear in our club houses — on a cricket field all men are equal. But the brilliant West Indians can never be seen at Ellis Park because their skin is the wrong hue. The Pakistan Cricket Team (which seems likely to be more on our level of ability than the Australian) is to tour South Africa — but only to play against local Indians.

I am told that the reason for the American success in the sprint events at the Olympic Games is that Negroes (who won nearly all the sprints) tend to have the hip formation which makes for exceptional speed. I can't help wondering what our country could do at the Games if we drew from the whole population. I will say this for our Olympic competitors; they did not subscribe to the "cold war" conducted by our newspaper correspondents. Mr. Eric Shore of the "Rand Daily Mail" showed his sporting spirit in the anti-Russian propaganda he poured into his column. It was interesting (and in the true tradition of the sporting pages of this paper) that his biased reporting on events in which our people competed was often contradicted by Sapa's correspondent.

But now we have a situation that has really humorous potentialities. A local Native boxer, Mr. N'tuli, has gone to England and becomes Empire Flyweight Champion by brilliantly defeating the holder, Teddy Gardner. Local boxing authorities are very perturbed because a European South African, Marcus Temple, who holds the so-called South African Flyweight Championship, has been considered a strong contender for the Empire title.

Marcus Temple has challenged N'tuli (known in the ring as Jake Tuli) for his Empire title. What will happen if Tuli agrees, but challenges Temple for his S.A. Championship? Of course they must meet outside South Africa. It would never do for us to look at a white man fighting a black man. What am I saying? Oh! but a street brawl is not the same.

Really it's all most confusing. But I can't recover that mental picture of sporting little South Africa.

It's all very sad.

## BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

THE Springbok Legion wishes to add its voice to those already raised in protest against the alarming number of bans imposed by the censorship board on literature coming from abroad.

We consider the board's activities an unwarranted interference with what should be the individual's freedom to acquire and to hold an opinion. It is true that the Suppression of Communism Act already makes it dangerous to hold any opinion whatsoever, unless previously endorsed by the Nationalists, but the censors by stopping access to information and products of other people's minds are rapidly making it impossible for us even to acquire rational opinions.

It appears that the Nationalists, both lay and cleric, are deadly serious in their attempts to obliterate all modern knowledge and to strait-jacket our minds with the mediaeval ideology of Calvinism: witness, the banning of books, the Christian-nationalization of school curricula, the banning of Sunday sport, the attack on Dr. Broom and the evolution theory, the refusal of passports to various scientists and students wishing to study overseas. This pernicious plan must lead to our mental impoverishment and ultimate enslavement.

The Report of the Commission on Native Education reveals with horrifying clarity the Nationalists' callous plan to prevent the maturation of the non-European mind. There is evidence enough for us to realise that the same plan, however disguised, is to apply as well to the white population.

In addition, objection must be taken to the fact that the censors are using the original Act in a way that was never intended. The Act empowers the board to prohibit the introduction of literature that is morally objectionable. There was no intention to authorise the board to impose an intellectual or political censorship.

In fighting to get rid of the Nationalist Government at the earliest possible moment, we are fighting to preserve intellectual freedom, without which there can be no democracy.

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# TOENADERING IS OORGAWWE

**D**IE Springboklegioen glo en het herhaaldelik gesê, dat die V.P. alleen die volgende verkiesing kan wen mits hulle die politieke inisiatief kan herwin, en dit kan alleen gebeur as die party bereid is om met 'n beleid voor die dag te kom wat bedoel is om 'n oplossing vir ons menigvuldige probleme te bied. Dit is eenvoudig nie genoeg om te sê dat die beleid van die Nasionaliste geen oplossing bied nie, tensy die V.P. 'n alternatief het.

Deur voor te gee soos Mnr. Blaar Coetzee, L.P.R. en ander doen, dat daar wesenlik geen verskil is tussen die natuurlike-beleid van die N.P. en dié van die V.P. nie, beteken eenvoudig om te erken dat die Nasionaliste op die regte spoor is. So 'n erkenning kan maar net een gevolg hê en dit is oorwinning vir die N.P. by die volgende verkiesing. Ons glo egter dat daardie leiers van die V.P. wat wil voorgee dat hulle beleid eensins van die N.P. verskil nie, gladnie die gevoelens van hulle volgelinge vertolk nie, en as hulle sou oorgaan tot die veelgewaande toenadering waarop hulle blykbaar besig is om af te stuur sal hulle nie alleen 'n volslaë oorwinning aan die Nasionaliste besorg nie, maar hulle sal vind dat hulle hulleself in die politieke wildernis beland het.

Wat Suid-Afrika nodig het is: Nie nog 'n party wat glo in apartheid of segregasie nie, en diegene wat glo dat langs hierdie weg 'n oplossing gevind kan word mag net sowel by die N.P. aansluit,

maar 'n party wat bereid is om feite in die oë te staar en te erken, dat 'n oplossing alleen langs die weg van rassamewerking gevind kan word. 'n Party wat bereid is om die natuur te help om sy plek in te neem in die nywerheidsomwenteling wat vandag besig is om in Suid-Afrika plaas te vind. 'n Party wat erken dat die nie-blanke alle reg het om in opstand te kom teen wetgewing wat beoog is om hom as 'n ewigdurende goedkoop arbeider te behou. En dit is wat die N.P. se apartheidsbeleid en die V.P. se beleid van segregasie beteken. Tot tyd en wyl daar 'n politieke party met 'n beleid volgens hierdie grondslag geformuleer, tot stand kom moet ons egter erken dat sover die blankes in Suid-Afrika betref daar geen opposisie vir die Nasionale Party bestaan nie.

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# Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

Enclosed please find two postal orders for the amount of 7/6. The 5/- is for my subscription Sept. 52-53 and the 2/6 is a donation. I regret I can do no better, but most of my old-age pension goes to the home.

Yours etc.,

A.W.

Cape Town. \* \* \* \*

Waarde Heer,

U brief het ek ontvang waarvoor ek baie bly is. Ek belowe om die Springboklegioen in alle opsigte te ondersteun. Ek is van plan om vir lewenslang lid te gaan word maar sal eers die 7/6 insluit.

Groete,

R.F.

Luderitz, S.W.A. \* \* \* \*

Dear Sir,

I was very impressed with the article in this month's "Fighting Talk" in connection with the resignations. There may be members who don't like the real 'fighting talk', but here is one who does. As a matter of fact, it amazes me that people, even though their reading is confined to the daily press, still cannot distinguish the truth of America's drive to war.

At a time when the Nationalists are doing their best to shut us off from all independent literature, it is doubly valuable to have some fearless stuff in "Fighting Talk."

Yours etc.,

R.G.

Port Elizabeth. \* \* \* \*

Dear Sir,

I have noticed for several months that you have given a lot of space to the Defiance of Unjust Laws Campaign. It is obvious where the Legion's sympathy lies. I might add that my sympathies, too, are with the Africans in their peaceful campaign.

The thought that is uppermost in my mind is: How can we Europeans join in the struggle for genuine democracy in

South Africa? The United Party has condemned the Campaign and, according to Mr. Strauss' statement of his party's Non-European policy, he does not envisage any form of *co-operation* between the races. The Torch Commando is not a policy-making body, even though Mr. Ford, our leading local light, would like it to have some influence on the policy of the United Party. The Labour Party still has a colour-bar. There is no Liberal Party, through which we could work. Are we to remain voiceless and inactive?

What are your views?

Yours etc.,

L.McK.

Durban. \* \* \* \*

Our reply:

Agreed. It is extremely difficult for the liberal-minded European to find a political home. Certainly there is no political party to answer our needs. We are left with only one choice — we must make full use of the existing organisations which afford some opportunity for the expression of progressive views.

The Legion itself fortunately remains a progressive organisation, committed to racial harmony and the extension of democratic principle and practice in South Africa. We are limited in our activities by the persistent besmirching and cold-shouldering of all progressive ideas, individuals and organisations. This has curtailed our revenue potential, which in turn restricts the amount of propaganda we can plan. Nevertheless, we must remember that thousands of people read this magazine and are influenced by it. I still believe that, as honest people are more and more disillusioned with the middle-of-the-road camouflage policies, they will turn to associations like the Legion, so that we shall see again active branches in all the major centres.

There are, in addition to the Legion, the Civil Rights Leagues in Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban, cautious bodies, which, nevertheless, must hold fast to the basic civil liberties. Perhaps you might find a field of work in one or other of the Leagues.

The Churches and the trade unions remain potential fighters for democracy. If you have a place in church or union, your job is to state the progressive view on all occasions.

One other job a progressive can do is to write letters to the press, a fruitful undertaking.

We would welcome other suggestions from our readers.

Yours etc.,

EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for the August issue of "Fighting Talk", which arrived sometime during our holiday. What a wonderful edition. It fills me with admiration — you fellows are punching away like trojans — marvellous work.

I liked very much the article on the Defiance Campaign, tho' I thought it not long enough or cut. That point: "their liberation is my liberation." This I feel needed a bit of explanation. You're a white man: I (your reader) am a white man. I am free — I don't have locations, passes and I have the vote. What the hell, then, does the writer mean by "my liberation"? Liberation from fear, of course, is the answer.

The whole Western world is living in fear: fear is the corroding element, which makes Nazis and Nazi-appeasers.



Your liberal and humane people stay silent — their silence strengthening Nazism, their consciences telling them they have lost their manhood, until even they start shouting and roaring with the Nazis to find a place in society, where someone will give them the approval they can no longer give themselves.

But they are all doomed. Nazism is the last hysterical attempt to keep what is dead standing up, but the props are being hacked away. It can't last.

Yours etc.,

A.N.T.

London, England. \* \* \* \*

Sir,

Enclosed you will find £1 (note) being my 5/- subs. and 15/- for aiding the cause. I regret being so late but hope to make a further donation later on. I desire to let you know how I fully associate myself with the Springbok Legion's policy, as so well put out in "Fighting Talk". I feel Cecil Williams certainly is doing as good a job on the home front as he did in the war days.

I would like to know some of my local types, so that we may exchange ideas and develop a social feeling of common action.

Fraternal greetings,

Yours etc.,

L.K.

Cape Town.



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Unless otherwise stated, J. Podbrey 37 Mair House, Main Street, Johannesburg, is responsible for all political matter in this issue.

