

FIGHTING TALK

ORGAN OF THE SPRINGBOK LEGION

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“ I FOUGHT FOR MY COUNTRY ”

A SPRINGBOK LEGION canvasser, calling at a house in a marginal constituency and asking the householder whether he would support the Labour Party candidate, received the reply: "I fought for my country."

The householder bore an Afrikaans name, was a railway worker, lived in a small house, had no university degree hanging on the wall, no limousine waiting outside. But his answer to the canvasser, crystal clear in its brevity, revealed a political understanding and a simple faith that put to shame the hivering-and-hovering of many of your so-called political "experts".

Here was a man who fought in World War II for his country and for the democratic ideals South Africa stood for in 1939. Here was a man who realised that his country and his own democratic ideals are equally in peril today from the Nationalist-fascist menace. His duty he sees clearly. Not only will his vote be cast on polling day for democracy and against fascism, but he will do his utmost before polling day to talk his fellow-workers into "voting right".

We have always maintained and do so today that from ex-volunteers a higher degree of political understanding is expected. From ex-volunteers a greater volume of political work is rightly demanded. At this critical time, therefore, we can conceive of no circumstances which can absolve an ex-volunteer from working and fighting in the election struggle.

The United Party, it is true, has given the progressives no inspiration. The United Party, it seems, has conspired to conduct a general election campaign without a single profound or constructive reference to the major problems confronting South Africa — the problem of race relations and the impending dictatorship, blue-printed by the Public Safety Act and the Criminal Law Amendment Act.

Nevertheless, every progressive, however strong his emotional antipathies, must, if he thinks clearly, realise that Public Enemy No. 1 is the Nationalist Party with its incredible reactionary policies. A defeat for the Nationalists is a defeat for reaction and a defeat for reaction means a clearer breathing space and a lighter load for the progressives. A defeat for the Nationalists means a defeat for their herrenvolkism, for their race hatreds, for their anti-trade unionism, for their deliberate attempts to segregate Afrikaans-speaking children from English-speaking children. A defeat for the Nationalists means a defeat for their attempts to destroy our system of law, their convictions without trial, their interference with academic freedom, their barbaric resort to physical violence, their orders to 'shoot first'.

Let us, therefore, defeat the Nationalists!

Let us be aware, of course, that in the long struggle for man's complete emancipation, we have moved only slight-

ly forward. But from our new vantage point, let us make fullest use of the respite. If we defeat the Nationalists on April 15th, let us with renewed vigour turn to and defeat the reactionary tendencies in the United Party. We shall have the opportunity to support and strengthen the liberal elements in the new government, so that, under the pressure of progressive Europeans and non-Europeans together, the new government will find itself compelled to move forward or move out.

In the few days that are left before polling day make your most vigorous contribution you may, by winning five extra votes, win a seat for progress.

Written by R. Cousins, Somerset House, Johannesburg.



“ If ye break faith . . . ”

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“ I CALL ON EX-SERVICEMEN ”

CALL on the ex-volunteers of South Africa. I am speaking to you in your thousands, tens of thousands — clerks, teachers, miners, welders, housewives, travellers, lawyers, drivers, messengers — to all of you in your diverse jobs in diverse parts of the country. All of you, however, have one thing in common — between 1939 and 1945 you were in the uniform of the U.D.F. You were gunners, pilots, ratings, nurses, engineers, erks, totalling the armed forces of South Africa.

It was not the uniform which made us all comrades, not the fact that we met in the same canteens, shared the same transport, journeyed to the Western Desert and Italy together. No! It was the underlying reason for the uniforms and the canteens and the foreign places. We were comrades because we shared a common purpose, a common ideal. Our purpose was to smash fascism; our ideal to make democracy secure throughout the world. Fascism to us a few years ago meant not merely a worldwide armed conflict. It meant an attempt to impose by force on all the peoples of the earth a pattern of government, which we feared, hated and utterly rejected.

We hated Fascism, because, however dimly, we knew that liberty is the breath of life. We knew that any tyrannical act which lessens our liberty, diminishes also our status as human beings, diminishes our individual worth, dignity and our talents. We had no choice but to resist an attempt to reduce us to mental and physical slaves. We took up the fight for our right to plan our lives so that happiness and health, the real joy-of-living might be guaranteed to ourselves and to each of our fellow human-beings.

And so we went to war. Without heroics we risked our lives to defeat tyranny and to safeguard democracy. Ten thousand South Africans gave their lives . . . for us and our children.

Today in our own land we discover the same fearful features of tyranny as called us to arms thirteen years ago. We have a system of government which affects us all, a system which robs us of a genuine joy in our day-to-day living. We are beset by fear and, worse, by apprehension and insecurity. The very real struggle to make ends meet is embittered by present political piracy and by the fears for our children's future.

We have seen the freedoms to speak, to organise, to publish, to protest ripped from our hands. We have seen the free trade union movement white-anted, sniped at, intimidated. We have seen interference in legitimate business affairs, the press threatened, passports confiscated, hooliganism and terrorism.

Above all we have with inward shame witnessed the inhuman suppression of ten millions of our fellow South Africans, until the very air is aquiver with anger

and fear. Ordinary well-wishing white South Africans prepare to leave the land of their birth to find a safer home for their children.

And all this Fascism, intimidation and suppression reached the high water mark in the 'martial law' acts of the last session — the Public Safety and the Criminal Law Amendment Acts. With these measures the Nationalists have given themselves and any future government the power to declare a state of emergency, to suspend all laws, to ignore the courts, to impose lashes and imprisonment . . . at the discretion of the Cabinet or even at the sole discretion of the Minister of Justice. Shades of Hitler!

Well, then, my friends, my comrades of World War II against Fascism! I call on you to rally against the threat of Fascism in South Africa. The general election is upon us. Here is our opportunity peacefully to cast out for all time this Nationalist government, which daily brings us nearer to chaos and ruin. Here is our chance to attend political meetings, to canvass, to do clerical work, to provide transport, to drive cars, to protect Opposition meetings from hooligans. As you answered the call before, so now let nothing stand between you and the uttermost completion of your duty to yourself, your family and your country. Work until you are foreworn and even then do more. Drag your friends and neighbours into the struggle. Recognise your responsibility as you did thirteen years ago and shoulder it.

I call upon you, in addition, to make your contribution to the policy of the United Party. At United Party meetings ask your candidate to pledge himself to the repeal of the 'martial law' acts, for we can never feel safe whilst those laws remain to threaten our liberty. The U.P. must be made to realise that, when they undertake to repeal these totalitarian laws, they have the solid backing of the people. We must infuse into the United Party our courage and conviction, so that, if they win, the laws will be repealed: if they lose, the U.P. will not rest until they force the Government to repeal or at the very least make it impossible for the Government to make use of these fascist powers.

Therefore, my friends, in the few remaining days remember this: You fought for the freedom of the world. Now fight for South Africa's.

Written by C. Williams, Somerset House, Johannesburg.



Cecil Williams, National Chairman,
Springbok Legion.

STALIN

An Obituary by Ben Giles

It is perhaps easy to explain away the ten-mile long queues of people winding slowly through the cold March streets of Moscow to pay last tribute and homage to Joseph Stalin. For these were his people, these Soviet mourners. And he was their leader, their inspiration and their guide through thirty years.

But the Moscow queues are only a small part of the measure of the man who lay dead. It is harder to explain the other acts and emotions which surrounded him in life.



There were the men and women of a dozen different lands, who crept out silently at night and at peril of their lives, to chalk the magic name on walls—“Viva Stalin!” And this though they had never seen the man, nor set foot in the country which he led. For it was part of the quality of this man that his name became everywhere the symbol of resistance to tyranny and fascism, and the symbol of the common man's triumph over it.

There were the banners carrying his name; and the portraits flowing in the wind amongst the standards raised by brown-skinned men and yellow in a thousand desperate struggles for national independence, waged in a thousand

backward and illiterate villages scattered over a dozen empires. This too was part of the stature of the man; that his name became inseparably woven into the fabric of every colonial struggle for equal rights and for liberation.

How to assess such a man as Joseph Stalin? None of the standard categories tell the whole truth.

Military leader of genius? Yes, in part. And the monument to that genius is the name of the city of Stalingrad, where he twice directed military campaigns that turned seeming defeat into certain victory over overwhelming odds. Here, under his leadership, were the turning points of two wars against foreign invasion. Here in 1921 was ensured the preservation of the Soviet Union; and here in 1943 were buried the hopes of Nazi world domination.

Outstanding political leader? That too in part. For under his guiding hand was built the five-million strong Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Into the ranks of his party were drawn all the foremost industrial workers and factory managers, farmers, artists, scientists, mathematicians and historians of a mighty nation. But more than that. Through his guidance there has developed the greatest international political brotherhood the world has ever known, acknowledging him as its leader and its guide, though he had never addressed nor belonged to any of its national sections outside his own country.

Teacher and scholar? Unquestionably yes, in part. A whole generation has grown to consciousness and understanding of their world through his written works — *The National and Colonial Question*, *Dialectical and Historical Materialism*, *Leninism* — and through his articles on linguistics, on the economics of socialism, on problems of organisation.

And yet for all the great talents which he possessed, for all the prestige and power which he wielded, Stalin remained that rare thing, a leader close to the aspirations and the sympathies of ordinary people. It was characteristic of him that, when Soviet audiences cheered and clapped for Stalin — how often we have seen it on the films — he too slowly joined the clapping. For to Stalin, the peoples' tributes were taken, not as personal adulation, but as an expression of popular tribute to the Soviet Union, to its socialist economy, with his name and personality as the symbol, but not the substance, of the popular acclaim.

A maker of history? “It is not heroes who make history, but history that makes heroes.” So runs a passage from a text-book for which Stalin was largely responsible. “It is not heroes who create a people, but the people who creates heroes and move history forward. Heroes, outstanding individuals, may play an important part in the life of society only in so far as they are capable of correctly understanding the conditions of development of society and the ways of changing them for the better.”

History created Stalin, history of our own times. It was the time of the first construction of socialist society; it was the time of the maturing of the colonial revolt against subjugation; it was the time of the rise of fascism, and implacable struggle against it; it was the time of a new world society emerging from the fearful armed clashes and primitive dictatorships of the old.

And no one of our age has more correctly understood “. . . the conditions of development of society and the ways of changing them for the better.” It is this that raised him to be the great figure that he was.

The world will be poorer for his passing, though the indestructible monuments to him remain in the minds and lives of men everywhere, and in the great socialist country which he led.

ON THE WAY UP AND UP

By ELWOOD C. CHOLMONDELEY.

YOU'D have to be here in Union Buildings to see how all the fellows have perked up since the news came through. What? Haven't you heard? Old Peter Steyn, the one who was Administrator of Farm Prisons, got promotion last month. He's Deputy Commandant for Native Affairs now; and I'm telling you it was like a shot of monkey-gland rejuvenation stuff, the way it affected us all. Gives us all a bit of hope, I can tell you; especially since he hasn't got any special qualifications for the job and doesn't even speak the lingo.

And hope isn't something there's a hell of a lot of in the civil service. Maybe we've got a bit more than the poor non-service clots who still think that policemen ought to be polite to the public; but not a hell of a lot.

But you should see the place these days. I tell you, I heard even Blackie Swart whistling about the place last week, and rumour has it that he smiled too. But don't quote me. It seems he's got his next job all lined up just in case we lose the election and he has to go back to working for a living. I heard he's going to be transferred, on promotion of course, to head of the Marriage Guidance Council. Seems they feel that what with his success with the immorality act, and all the tips he can pass on to husbands about the need to use the light cane, the heavy cane or the cat-o-nine as the occasion warrants, he's been picked as the ideal man for the job.

Well that's what I always say about the service; always manages to fit square pegs into square holes, if you get me. For instance, take old Vince Beyers — no, not the General. You remember, the old Impala House latrine attendant. Well he's getting on for fifty-five, which is a bit late in the day for carting buckets around. And after a hard day's work, he's always raised enough energy to cat-call all the way through Harry Oppenheimer's meetings; and that counts when you come to these loyalty tests I can tell you. So I reckon it's only justice that he's got his promotion at last. Yes, Chief Pastry Supervisor to the Railway Caterer.

Well no, I don't think he can actually cook. But dammit, fair's fair. He did take over and wash the cups for a whole week last year when Kleinbooi was off with pass-law troubles. The chap's a hundred percent loyal servant, I can tell you, and the service is good and satisfied with his promotion. Well, if the passengers don't like it, then they can just do the other thing, and see what it gets them.

Now don't get that way! I like people! Sure. All sorts of people. Well, for

instance I like Cronje, from the Receiver of Revenue's office. No, not *the* Cronje! Old Adolf Cronje, you know the one who runs the tea club. Now there's a real case of what I was saying: victimisation by the United Party, that's all it was, keeping him there with his cups and saucers for twenty years. The most loyal servant in the whole place, he was, and I don't care who hears me say it, even if he was a Stormjaer in his spare time. Never flinched from duty, not even after they lost the teaspoon in 1941. He's been stirring the tea with his finger ever since; and not a word of complaint you've heard from him in all that time. And that's for a staff of over a hundred too.

Well I say that's the sort of civil servant the country needs. But he's only got recognition since Karl Bremer took over. Believe me, he's a new man since they promoted him to a place where his real talents come into use. They say that there's been a complete change in the whole business since he became assistant supervisor in chief (Baking) with special responsibility for Bremer bread. Not that I eat the stuff myself; I find it sits a bit heavy on the stomach, what with all the soya bean and stuff they put in it.

Clements? No. Haven't seen him in months, since they took him off cattle-prodding at Kazerne. Heard he got promoted in honour of the ten-thousandth cow killed in a post-war derailment. And the poor sap thought it was recognition for the long hours he'd spent at night tearing down Torch Commando posters. Must have been a real wrench to him. Always used to tell the boys he was more attached to that cow-prodder than to his wife. Hear he's bought a new car since they made him Special assistant to the Railways Public Relation officer, and put him in charge of the 'Courtesy to Passengers' campaign.

By gosh, it makes you realise how time moves on, when you start thinking of all the old stagers. They've all moved up a peg or two since the early days,

alright; except for the dead-beats who were in the army, and those suckers who put their shirts on Smuts. You remember old Barry, who was assistant gaoler at Clocolan when we started? Seems he's given up his part-time job of hangman, and got himself promoted to head of a Pass Office somewhere in the Eastern Transvaal.

And then there's Smitty — not Jack; his dim-witted brother, the one we used to call Loony. He's certainly moved up a long way from tapping train wheels at Windhoek station. Been promoted to the Education Department, chief officer in charge of University apartheid, or so Jack tells me. And Abe Kriel, one of the senior law advisers to Donges, what do you think of that? Always said he was a bit of a shyster, even in the days when he used to pinch half the Brasso he was given to polish the door-knobs at the P.M.'s house.

Me? No! Haven't you heard! Gave up lift driving at the Post Office three months back; and damn high time too, after all I did to hawk subscriptions for the Transvaler to the telegraph messengers. Finding my new job a bit of a grind, but I suppose it'll all come right before long. I tell you, being statistician and economist in charge of Eric Louw's cost of living figures is no piece of cake, whatever the newspapers may say about it.

I tell you boy; it will be a real tragedy for the service if Malan gets beaten on the 15th. Well maybe the public doesn't think so, but who runs this country anyway? If the public doesn't realise it now, they will soon when the effects of all these new appointments begin to show themselves. You mark my words.

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Film Review

LIMELIGHT

Reviewed by
ROY COUSINS

TO ME the most remarkable feature of this remarkable work of art is that a sensitive artist living in our society has made such a vital statement of faith in humanity. Ours is an age of witchhunts and personal persecution, of atom bombs and war hysteria, of increasing fears about the future, so it is not surprising that the bulk of serious dramatic art is concerned with frustration and pessimism (as seen in the work of Eugene O'Neill, Carol Reed and Marcel Carné).

The philosophy implied in the film is that the fact of living is its own justification and must not be denied, and the plot development, the dialogue and its entire tone underline this attitude, asserting a positive belief in the individual's ability to fight back and to succeed.

Calvero, an ageing music-hall comedian faced with professional decline saves a young girl from suicide. She is a dancer crippled by a neurotic association of shame with her work. He persuades her that all life can contain happiness and through the force of his personality he helps her to walk again and to resume her career. She is attracted by his wisdom and courage and compassionately moved by the tragedy of his position while he, in turn, is enchanted by her youth and sweetness.

Her artistic success coincides with his complete failure and with her realisation that she is romantically in love with a young musician (charmingly played by Sidney Chaplin). But in addition to her being emotionally involved with Calvero she is desperately afraid that her new-found confidence will collapse in his absence — until he leaves her, forcing her to come to terms with life.

UNDAUNTED CALVERO

It is at this point that Carol Reed would leave his film, with Calvero in the gutter, a symbol of life's bitter irony. But in Chaplin's film, although he is reduced to performing on the streets for a living he remains philosophical, undaunted. He is found by the girl and through her he gets his chance to make

a magnificent return to the stage before his death.

Any such bald résumé of the plot completely fails to indicate the subtleties of the film, the intricacy of the main relationship in which there is a beautiful balancing of opposites, the manner in which the main theme is developed with minor variations as can be found in Shakespeare's plays or in classical music. "Monsieur Verdoux", for example, was rather clumsily kept together with shots of train wheels turning. Visually exciting to a degree un-

known before in Chaplin's films, "Limelight" has a most imaginative soundtrack, and well nigh perfect screen music composed by Chaplin.

BREATH-TAKING PERFORMANCES

The performances of Chaplin and Claire Bloom are breathtaking. Although I was not particularly amused by the music-hall turns — a personal taste — Chaplin's comic genius was revealed elsewhere in a dozen deft touches. His tragic close-ups are haunting, his temporary break-down is heartbreaking, and altogether he displays a range and versatility that is incomparable. Claire Bloom is enchanting, warm, sensitive, — a dramatic actress who rises to every demand of a difficult role.

Some intelligent filmgoers have been horrified by the failure of most critics and sections of the public to understand what Chaplin was saying and to appreciate how brilliantly he has said it. There is nothing new in this. Films like "Day of Wrath", "Give Us This Day", "Bicycle Thieves" and "The Grapes of Wrath" were seldom given the appreciation they deserved — although in some quarters there is a certain automatic prestige attached to any continental film. It is this lack of understanding that has driven talented artists like John Ford either permanently or at least temporarily to abandon their standards, but Chaplin's resilience inspires the hope that the cinema's finest creator will continue along the path of artistic achievement.

Charlie Chaplin as
the "Great" Calvero
in the brilliant film,
"Limelight."



Censorship**THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS**By *W. MILLER*

ONE of the more disturbing characteristics of the present Cabinet is its habit of regarding the public as a crowd of children or imbeciles. In this attitude is recognisable the teaching of that old enemy of culture and common sense, Hitler. In no way have the Cabinet so clearly demonstrated this attitude than in the manner in which they have mutilated our censorship laws.

We are not among those who decry any and every sort of censorship. If the guardians of the public morals wish to ban pornographic literature or salacious films or obscene pictures we are at one with them. Apart from the fact that we are not interested in such manifestations of Western (mainly American) culture, we agree that they can do no one any good, and if the banning of these products from the world markets will make their production unprofitable so that such streams of filth will dry up at the source, we would be very happy indeed.

However, what we are completely unable to understand and what we as free, adult human beings are unable to accept is the conception which seems to have gripped the mind of the public censor of what is or is not obscene. When world famous literature and the writings of some of the world's paramount statesmen, sociologists, economists and scientists are turned away at our ports, while still the shelves of most bookshops and the counters of most tearooms are packed with sex-trash, one is right to wonder whether we live in a sane world.

This issue forced itself urgently upon the public attention some months ago when a United Nations pamphlet on the race question, which had long been familiar to University students and thousands of others as a thoughtful, but on the whole, rather conservative treatment of the problem, was suddenly banned as being unfit for the minds of South Africans.

But while the banning of this particular pamphlet has brought matters to the public attention, it discloses a state of affairs which is of fairly long standing.

Bear in mind, first of all, that the censorship act has for years been used not so much to protect public standards of morality, but as a political weapon. As such it is an act as dangerous, in its way, as the Public Safety Act, and the Suppression of Communism Act, in that, whereas the latter are directed at the freedom of movement and action of the individual, the former aims at the very freedom of a man to think.

The lists of publications, books and papers, which have by now incurred the censor's disapproval is a formidable one. There is hardly a progressive periodical

published anywhere today which is allowed free entry into our country. It would seem that I, for one, must rate pretty high in what the Un-American Activities Committee calls "moral turpitude", for I have at one time or another been an avid reader of most of them. R. Palme Dutt's "Labour Monthly" used to be on my list of "Musts". "New Times" during and after the war was my guide to what was being said and thought behind the so-called "Iron Curtain"; "New China" was altogether delightful and what Springbok Radio calls "refreshingly different", for in its pages one looked in vain for war-like speeches of bomb-happy Generals, for reports of atom-bomb explosions or of the feasibility of bombing remote countries. One found instead reports of vast schemes of construction, of the cultural awakening of a free people. Why ban it? Why not ban "Life" instead, with its lurid accounts of war preparations, its sexy pictures, its incitement to hatred, its ever-recurring theme of brutality and aggression? One can only conclude that in the New Morality brutality is acceptable and culture suspect.

There appeared an article recently in an American magazine, commenting on what he called the "deluge of sex, perversion and murder" flowing from the pen of one Mickey Spillane. It appears that American teachers, sociologists and churchmen have been profoundly shocked by the filth and decadence of this writer. And yet, while his so-called books are freely displayed on South African bookshelves, the works of such writers as James Aldridge and Theodore Dreiser — of "American Tragedy" fame — are now on the black list. While the lat-

ter is almost unequalled among pre-war American men of letters, the former is certainly among the "greats" of the post-war world. His most famous book, "The Diplomat", while it deals harshly with Anglo-American diplomacy, is a work of such skill and depth that not to have read it is almost criminal. But its theme is political and its conclusions unflattering to the Western powers. Hence it is obscene. The "Sea Eagle", a novel of Greece by the same author, is of outstanding beauty, indeed a modern classic. Yet it is "objectionable" because it deals with the Greek resistance movement during the war.

"If there is anything which cannot stand free thought, let it crack". Crack it will and crack it must. For when a state gets to the point where it prefers pornography to culture, where it almost purposely rouses man's basest instincts in order to dull his conscience and drug his thoughts, then it cannot hope to survive in peace or in war.



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APARTHEID AT UNIVERSITIES

TO appreciate the significance of the crisis at the Medical School it is necessary to see events in their true perspective.

Dr. H. R. Raikes, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of the Witwatersrand in a statement to students last year said, "since a true University, by its very name, should be a microcosm of the Community, . . . admission of anyone to the University depends solely, . . . in the case of a student on his desire for instruction."

Dr. T. B. Davie, Principal of the University of Cape Town maintains that academic freedom is the freedom of the University to determine, without outside pressure or force, what to teach, how to teach, *whom to teach* and who shall teach.

Here are a few representative expressions of Government opinion on academic freedom:

- (1) 1948: Dr. Malan stated the intention of the Government to introduce "apartheid" into the Universities.
- (2) 1948: Dr. Malan said that non-whites should receive education at separate centres. (Dr. Davie said that the Universities were disturbed at the evidence of the pressure being brought to bear on them by the State).
- (3) 1950: Dr. von Nierop said the government should consider withdrawing subsidies from the "mixed" universities (i.e. Wits and Cape Town).
- (4) 1950: Two Natal Indian students at Wits ordered to leave the Transvaal.
- (5) 1951: Government grants withdrawn from bodies sponsoring adult education, unless they accepted apartheid.
- (6) 1951: Mr. Viljoen said at the Cape Nationalist Congress that the Government was anxious to have full apartheid in the universities.
- (7) 1952: Mr. Viljoen promised future Government action in respect of the "mixed" universities.
- (8) 1952: Dr. Malan attacks academic freedom: "they (the universities) have to bear the same general characteristics as the state itself, . . . upon which they are financially dependent."

In 1951 all Government scholarships to African medical students at Wits. were withdrawn. On 7/6/51 the Minister of Education announced that when the Durban Medical School was in full swing, the Government would not subsidise Wits. and Cape Town in respect

of non-white medical students. Now, at the beginning of 1953, the Durban Medical School is in full swing. Also, at the beginning of 1953, 16 non-white medical students at Wits., who are suitably qualified to enter second year, are not permitted to do so. It seems unnecessary to say more.

The facts are:

ALL 58 white students who passed their first year examinations in 1952 were admitted to second year. Only 6 of 22 non-white students in a similar position were admitted to second year. The President of the Wits. Students' Representative Council, Mr. Getz, said on 3rd March, 1953:

"The Selection Committee was apparently instructed to select only a certain number of non-Europeans — a fact which must have resulted in the resignation of two members of the Selection Committee." (Prof. McCrone and Dr. Roux.—Ed.).

Of the 16 non-white students refused admission into second year, 5 have at least one first class pass; 11 have at least one second class pass; and ALL 16 have better results than at least 15 white students who were admitted into second year. ALL 15 white students who passed first year supplementary examinations were accepted into second year. NONE of the 5 non-whites in a similar situation was accepted.

Two of the 16 non-white students, who were not allowed into second year, applied to do second year with the proviso that after second year they would complete their training elsewhere thus making no demand on clinical training facilities at Wits.—*They were not allowed to commence second year studies.*

On the second day of term (30/1/53) the Principal was asked to clarify the position of all the first year non-white students, who had, at that stage, not been admitted into second year. Only on the 17th February was a satisfactory reply received. By then it was known that only 6 of the 22 had been readmitted. The Principal denied that a

racial quota governed the selection. He stated that the restricted number of non-European entries into second year had been necessitated by a lack of clinical material and training facilities. Meanwhile, at about the same time, a reply was received from the Professor of Surgery (the Dean) in response to a request for detailed information about the clinical facilities available. The Professor stated that the information required was very complex and would take some weeks to collect and collate so as to provide any sort of satisfactory answer, so that owing to lack of time he was unable to furnish the S.R.C. with the required information. (Mr. Getz, 3/3/53).

The S.R.C. has instituted an enquiry to determine exactly what facilities are available and wherein they are lacking. It is known, however, that the Baragwanath Non-European Hospital (with over 1,000 beds) is not used as an official training hospital for non-white medical students. In addition, there are such hospitals as Baragwanath, Coronation and Bridgeman (serving non-white populations) at which white students train. These students could quite easily be accommodated at a hospital with white patients, thereby making available clinical facilities for non-white students.

The overwhelming majority at a general meeting of medical students regarded it as the duty of the University to readmit the 16 students. Whether or not clinical facilities are available, the University has no moral right to exclude these students on those grounds, because at no stage were these students informed that any criteria other than those of academic suitability would apply to their subsequent selection. If clinical facilities are lacking the University must take some measures to rectify the position.

At another general meeting the Students' Medical Council was instructed by the meeting to collect money to support the legal action instituted by the 16 affected students against the University. The S.M.C. was also instructed to enlist all possible support for the 16 students.

On 3rd March, the S.R.C. passed a resolution condemning the actions of the University and called upon all students to abstain from attending lectures for one day in order to draw attention to the grave injustice done to the 16 students. On further consideration, the S.R.C. felt that an abstention from lectures was not the most efficacious means of focussing public attention on the crisis at the University, so the call was rescinded and other steps are now being taken towards the same ends.

"The Government is certainly calling

(Continued on next page)

Play Critique

"REMEMBER ISLAND"

Reviewed by Cecil Williams

HOW rare an event it is when a South African playwright makes an honest attempt to come to grips with the peculiar problems of our land. Such an attempt was made by Michael Drin, the well-known actor and broadcaster, in his play, "Remember Island", recently presented at the Labia Theatre in Cape Town.

Having contrived a most ingenious setting — which is South Africa and is not South Africa — Mr. Drin proceeds to an exposure of the tyrannical attitudes and acts of the fascist-inclined government. We see this government making use of their "Race Areas Act" and "Public Morals Act" — the paraphernalia of apartheid — in order to bolster up their slender majority in parliament. On fraudulent pretexts they plan to uproot three thousand Coloureds from their homes on Remember Island and replace them with white government supporters, thereby winning the seat away from the Opposition.

The play shows how the white "Master" of the Island, his lawyer friend, a Coloured parson and his mother attempt to defeat the plot of the government and how finally they manage to get an appeal placed before the United Nations.

To my way of thinking Mr. Drin has not quite succeeded in what he intended. He has set out to show that freedom from tyranny is the most precious part of life and that tyranny can be defeated by the fighters for freedom. Yet in the development of his play he has given us somewhat feeble fighters, who compare unfavourably with the strength of character of their oppressors.

It does not seem to me either inspiring or convincing that the democrats of the play are able to outwit the fascists merely by the accidental possession of an American passport. But apart from

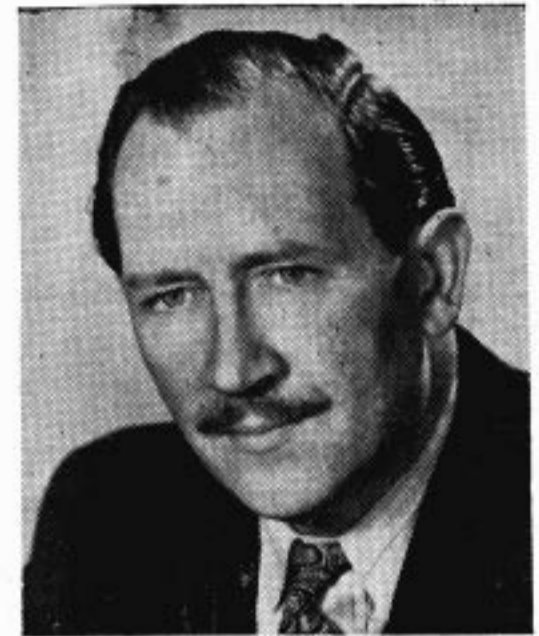
the scheme of the whites to outmanoeuvre the government, we are presented with a totally negative response from the Coloureds, who are the people vitally affected by the proposed application of the "Race Areas Act."

Whether the Cape Coloureds are not as vigorous in their fight for freedom today as the Africans and Indians has no relevance to the dramatic and political world created by the playwright. Dramatically Mr. Drin's play requires the emergence of a Coloured resistance movement and political considerations make the same demand. Instead of this, the Coloured people in the play, the young parson and the old man Carolus, are negative and ineffectual.

Herein, I believe, lies the inner weakness of the play. Instead of an inspiring fight for freedom, we are left with a cerebral puzzle. We are pleased that the puzzle is solved, but not uplifted.

Despite what I consider to be this defect, the play had a rousing reception and was warmly applauded by Cape Town audiences. The topical allusions were seized on and cracks which were assumed to be against the Nationalist government were spontaneously applauded.

David De Keyser produced the play with great skill and a fine feeling for characterization. The outstanding virtue for me was the pace with which the play moved along. There was a surging movement which was excellent, carrying the audience along from point to point with



MICHAEL DRIN — Playwright.

ever renewed interest. Apart from the torture scene—which I thought underplayed — Mr. De Keyser extracted from his cast a vigorous style of acting which suited the play admirably.

The producer was assisted by an effective set, designed by Jean Adams. It gave an impression of space, both to the room and the vista through the french doors across to the mainland.

The cast worked together so well as a team that it is difficult to single out individual performances. Michael Drin took the very difficult role of the charming, yet sadistic Captain Rahn and played it with conviction. Lawrence Ayris revealed great reserves of stamina as he gustily impersonated Mr. Farquhar. Joyce Bradley gave a fine portrait of the Coloured woman, homely, faithful, devoted with an independent and brave spirit — a very good performance.

"Remember Island" has put Mr. Drin in the very front rank of South African dramatists. I am told that he is already at work on his second major dramatic work on his second major dramatic work. I hope we shall be privileged to see it soon.

the tune, but we must now examine to what extent the University Authorities are dancing the appointed steps. In this respect we were seriously disappointed by the reply of Dr. P. M. Anderson, the Chairman of the University Council, to the attack on the mixed Universities by Dr. Malan. From the statement he was reported to have made it seemed that the presence of non-whites at the University was a temporary position, and was only dependent on the provision of facilities for non-whites elsewhere. If this is a correct interpretation of University Council policy, it is clear that this body cannot be relied upon to

adopt strong and firm resistance to the interference by the Government in the internal affairs of the University . . . we can only conclude that the University is failing in its duty. *At least let the same never be said about its students.*" (G. S. Getz — Annual Presidential Report to General Meeting of Students, March, 1953).

The net result of all these actions is a whittling down of the number of non-white students at Wits., after which it will presumably be much easier to legislate apartheid into our Universities.

Contact between white and non-white at Wits. has brought none of the de-

structive and degenerate results conjured up by racialist politicians. Instead, we have witnessed the growth of understanding and appreciation between black and white; we have witnessed the inestimable success of a blueprint for future South Africa; a South Africa based on truly democratic principles where every man is accepted and judged only on his merit and not by his colour or creed. The students of Wits. have shown South Africa their answer to the problems of our land. It is an answer that cannot be gainsaid.

S. SHALL,
Medical School, Johannesburg.

Book Review

"PLOT AGAINST PEACE"

— IVOR MONTAGU.

AT a table in a Johannesburg street recently passers-by were being asked to sign Transvaal Peace Council postcards to be sent to the United Nations urging a 5 Power Peace Pact, the settlement of the Korean War and other peace proposals. One woman who passed signed — but with the bitter comment, "You should get the Russians to sign". They have, of course, 115 million of them as opposed to 30,000 South Africans, but perhaps many can't be blamed for not knowing this.

Jean Paul Sartre has said that some newspapers whenever they comment upon a proposal of the peace movement translate the word "peace" into the word "war".

When a nation that calls for peace moves is dubbed an aggressor, and the purpose of furious arming is said to keep the peace, not wage war, it is not surprising that the skilled propagandist, the vote-catching politician and the general rousing soldiers to his flag have managed to bemuse people on the vital question of war and peace.

In his 120-page book "Plot Against Peace", Ivor Montagu lets facts and both sides speak for themselves.

In 1936, 1946, twice in 1947 and in 1948 as well as just before his death, Stalin said the different systems existing in the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. could peacefully exist side by side. Malenkov repeated this conviction of the Soviet Government only last month.

All bluff to shield the warlike intentions of the Soviet Union?

Well, then, let the other side speak for itself.

Churchill has named the price of peace between the powers: the restoration of Capitalism in Eastern Europe. Another spokesman of his camp said, "We are at war and will remain so while Moscow is Communist."

So Churchill's terms are the obliteration of the Soviet regime, and the American generals want to "liberate" the whole world.

Terms for peace? Hardly — more like a declaration of war.

No wonder the cold war hovers ever on the hot.

The Western war leaders haven't really even the excuse that they think the Soviet Union is going to attack them, for among the quotations Montagu has woven skilfully into the text are statements from prominent U.S. and British leaders making it clear they do not think the U.S.S.R. is planning a war, or that an attack is imminent.

Montagu's chapters unravel the methods of the cold war and reveal the

weapons of its armoury.

The United States has more than 500 air, naval and land bases scattered over every continent, and no corner of the globe is today out of range of its potential bomber attacks.

The "Wall Street Journal" has admitted that threats to withhold Marshall Aid have been used "to bludgeon our Western European allies into embarking on larger rearmament programmes than they think wise or necessary."

While the United States is the most powerful military state in all history, everything in her economy, her state and intellectual life are controlled and integrated for war.

Indoctrination of her people for war, the spreading of the belief that war is inevitable and the conditioning of Americans to believe that the "yellow Asiatic enemy" the "gooks", the "Commies", the "dagoes", "kikes" and the rest are not people, not humans, but vermin to be exterminated by the soldier who carries the standard of the "American way of life" goes on endlessly. It is as much part of the war preparations as the atom bomb tests and the air raid practices, in which schoolchildren are taught how to cower beneath their desks with their heads in their hands to protect them from atom blasts.

It has taken this kind of indoctrination to get normal people in the States to accept as natural the description of the bacteriological weapon as ideal because it destroys only human beings and leaves real property intact. These were the words of the U.S. Air Force Chief in World War II.

The rehearsal for war of the American G.I. is given him by comic books which feed him with stories of heroes who "skewer, punch, chop, jab, gouge, strangle and whip" the yellow commies. So the anti-Communist bogey has served both Goebbels and the Cabinet of twelve American millionaires and a plumber.

The use of spying fits naturally into the picture. The Mutual Security Act allocated 100 million dollars for espionage. "No government official will ad-

mit it," wrote the Nation's Business, publication of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, "but we are training men to be spies, saboteurs, specialists in the tougher forms of psychological warfare. They are taught to slip into the Russian fabric on their own to do some unravelling. They learn to blow up bridges, railroads, trains and war plants, are taught to use all types of weapons, both U.S. and foreign. They become expert map readers . . . They merge into hostile populations and spread disquieting rumours, help to frame up Russian stooges so that their own superiors will lose confidence in them . . . Our Government is not admitting whether it is actually using such tactics."

The effect of the war preparations and the indoctrination of a nation for war is seen in Korea, says Montagu. In this chapter, "The Trial Run," he examines only "friendly witnesses," Western newspapermen and other such observers. He leaves to one side the findings of the international commissions of lawyers, scientists and women whose bona fides are suspect among the Western leaders.

The testimony of the friendly witnesses makes the massacres of Lidice and Oradour pale into insignificance beside what is happening in Korea.

Allowed to speak for themselves, the politicians and generals of the United States and Britain build a devastating case against themselves in their policy of plotting against the peace.

Montagu's chapters describe the transition of "Cold war to Hot"; the activities of the Faith (Treaty) Breakers; and the Traitor Class of 1952. He deals with the German question and the role of the United Nations, with the policies of the Soviet Union, and finally the great adventure of the World Peace Movement.

Despite the machinations of the war lords and the millionaire politicians, Montagu shows that more and more people are growing impatient for negotiation, not war. The issue, he says, lie finally with them.

The armoury of every peace supporter should include a copy of this masterly little book.

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CAPE TOWN.



[I]t seems to me that as the date of the General Election draws near, the Nationalists are beginning to feel the strain somewhat. Gone, at least for the moment, is their old arrogant attitude of "We can't lose." They CAN lose and they know it full well. It is true that theirs is the simpler task; they need only 35% of the votes to retain power. But in spite of that, things are proving a bit more sticky than they anticipated.

The Transvaal Education Ordinance, for example, is sticking in the throats of very many undecided voters. Most Europeans, even Nationalists, are very perturbed about the future of their children under the guiding law of the F.A.K. It would not be so far from the truth to say that the people are at last realising the horror of living under a fascist police state — and they don't like it.

ENOUGH OF THE TRIPE!

[L]ET me briefly return to the Election to take to task certain aspects of the United Party propaganda. It is high time that the U.P. policy-makers woke up to the fact that their slogan of "Vote White — Vote U.P." is going to lose them votes, not gain them any. If the voters of South Africa really and truly fell for the white supremacy myth; if they sincerely believed in their mission of "keeping the black man in his place", then they would vote Nat — not U.P.! The continual peddling of the apartheid drug under new and camouflaged labels constitutes nothing less than sabotage of South Africa's hopes of a democratic government.

Written by J. Podbrey, Somerset House, Johannesburg.

"A PLACE TO LIVE"

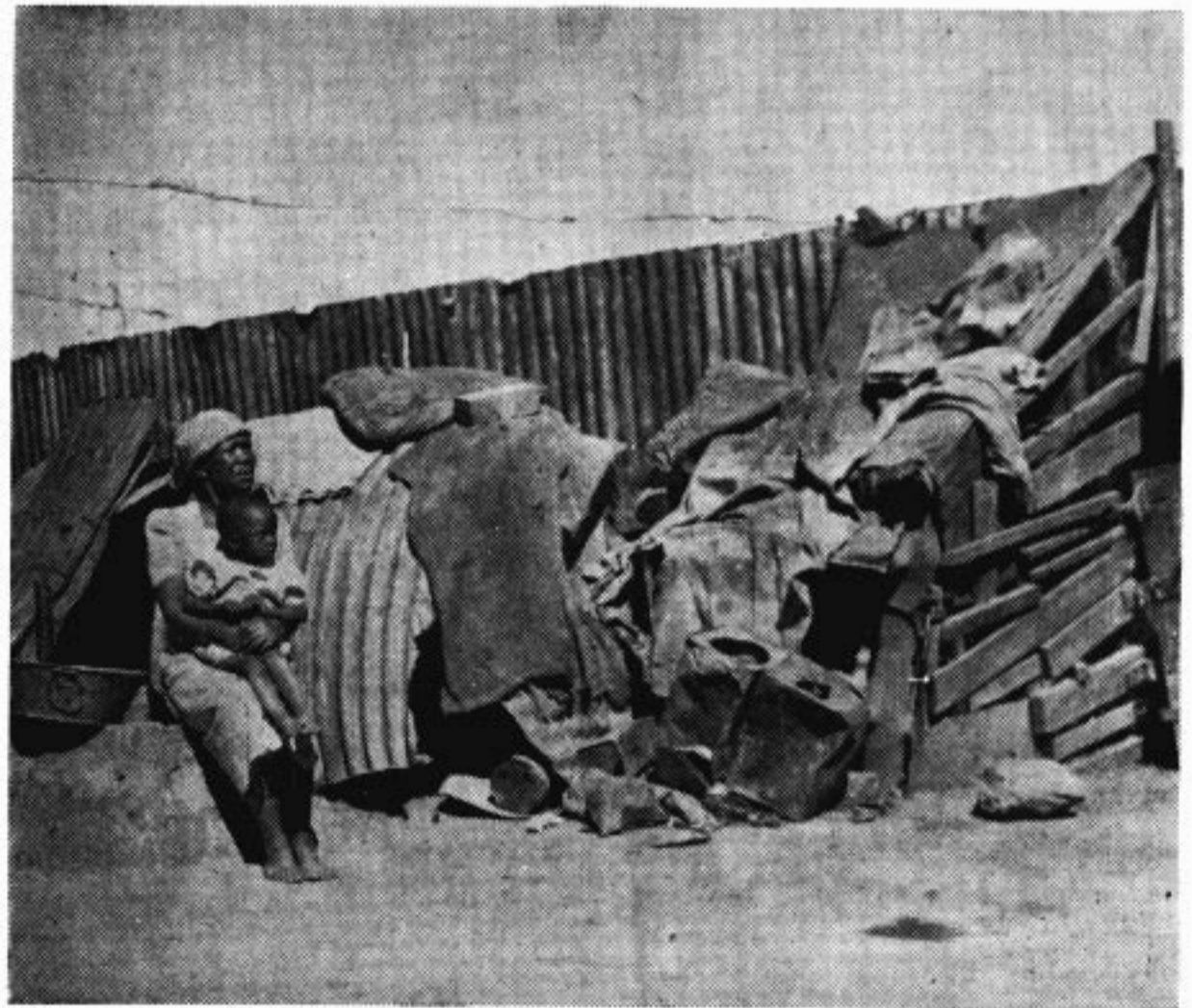
[T]HE Johannesburg Citizens' Native Housing Committee has produced what is probably the best pamphlet ever issued on the subject of the dire housing shortage among urban Africans. It speaks volumes for the integrity of the members of this Committee who have, in the teeth of Council opposition, persistently brought their case to the Johannesburg public.

The pamphlet with the above title tells the whole tragic story of disease and crime that thrive in a community where decent shelter is unknown. Most people, though sympathetic, never quite realise how important, how vitally necessary, houses actually are to human beings.

dra, Moroka and Western Areas. The comments accompanying these pictures are written in the refreshing language of common sense. It says and proves unmistakably, that we, the Europeans, must suffer through the disease and crime arising out of Native slums. As the Bishop of Johannesburg says in his foreword: "It (the pamphlet) needs no commendation, for the photographs and letterpress speak for themselves."

The pamphlet is excellently designed, laid-out and printed and we strongly urge all our readers to get a copy as soon as possible.

The address of the Committee is 3rd floor, Cuthbert's Wholesale Buildings, Smal Street, Johannesburg.



This pamphlet soon disillusion us. It is full of excellent photographs of the squalor of slum-life at Orlando, Alexan-

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MEETING ON THE ELBE

IT'S difficult, to-day, to remember exactly how we felt on that day in 1945 when the Russian and American forces met on the Elbe. To-day, eight years later, contact between Russia and American troops is a matter for alarm. When we hear of any such contact, we wonder anxiously whether an incident will take place. We prepare ourselves for arguments and accusations, if nothing worse.

It was not always like that. In 1945, the meeting of the allied armies was such an occasion for joy as we had not known for years. Not only did it mark an important practical step towards victory, but it had also a tremendous symbolic significance. For four strenuous years, the armies of the Soviet Union in the East and those of the other Allies in the West, had fought at opposite ends of the Continent, linked only by their devotion to a common cause. Now they were actually fighting side by side. Now the feelings of comradeship which existed between these great armies had found expression in the meeting of their officers and men on the battlefield. Russian and American soldiers had shaken hands in Germany, and we saw in their handshake an augury, not only of the swift defeat of the remnants of the fascist coalition, but also of an era of peace to come. Our statesmen told us that that was the meaning of the meeting on the Elbe, and we could see no reason why they should not be right.

To-day, acres of paper are devoted to telling us why we were wrong. Again and again we are informed that our hopes of 1945 were empty and fatuous, if not slightly treasonous. In ever more deafening tones we are invited to believe that it would have been better had the Americans on the Elbe in 1945 opened fire on their allies instead of shaking their hands.

Yet we do not believe it. We believed what we did believe in 1945, not only because it was what our leaders said, but because it seemed to us to be right and natural. All the hard experiences of the war years, all the burning hopes and ideals which we had learned to live for, pointed to one conclusion — that peace

was within our grasp. That conviction is with us yet, when we can hear ourselves think above the din of today's propaganda. In our hearts we still believe that 1945 was the reality: what we are asked to believe to-day has not the same ring of truth.

One thing is certain: either 1945 was a lie or we are being sadly deceived today. Is it not worth while to think back carefully for a moment and decide where the truth lies?



. . . FOR CO-EXISTENCE

READERS will recall the announcement in "Fighting Talk" that an attempt was being made by ex-service organisations to re-enact the meeting of allied troops on the banks of the River Elbe in Germany on April 25th, 1945. The suggestion was mooted originally by the Australian Legion and taken up by the Springbok Legion in South Africa, the American Veterans for Peace and the British Ex-service Movement for Peace.

It was hoped that the United Nations would sponsor the ceremony and that it would be attended by ex-service delegates from all the allied countries. Unfortunately, U.N. has no funds available for this specific purpose, so that the project has had to be dropped for the time being.

Incidentally, the Legion asked Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister, to instruct the Union's delegate at U.N. to support the proposal at the General Assembly. The Prime Minister replied that he was unable to act on our request!

In the meantime the Legion is planning to commemorate the meeting of the Allies by holding a gathering in Johannesburg at the Darragh Hall on Thursday, 23rd April. The purpose of the meeting is to stress the immense benefits derived by mankind from the Unity between the Great Powers, which brought about Victory and Peace in 1945. The inference to be drawn is that a revival of that unity today can bring nothing but blessings to mankind.

Prominent ex-volunteers will address the meeting and there will be a presentation of a stirring and moving radio play. We are trying to obtain for screening a newsreel of the actual meeting of the allies in April eight years ago.

Make a note of the date and see that your friends come along with you. In this manner, you, too, can express your desire for peace throughout the world and your belief that co-operation between the Great Powers can avert the unimaginable disaster of a third world war.

THURSDAY: APRIL 23rd, at 8.15 p.m.

DARRAGH HALL, JOHANNESBURG.

COMMEMORATION OF ALLIED MEETING ON THE ELBE.



SERGEI PROKOFIEV

★ An appreciation by
JOHN BURNS

WITH the death of Sergei Sergeyevich Prokofiev the world has lost one of its most important musical figures. Dying the day after his great leader, Stalin, he left behind a legacy of compositions most of which are very little known outside of his native U.S.S.R. He was born in 1891 in a little village in the Donbas and received his early musical education from his mother who was an accomplished teacher and pianist. Even before he was sent to St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music at the age of 13 he had composed a number of works — a couple of operas, a violin sonata and some piano pieces. None of these is listed in his catalogued works but many themes were later used in important compositions.

His teachers at St. Petersburg included, Giliere, Lyadov, Rimsky-Korsakov and Glazunov, while among his fellow pupils were Miaskovsky and Boris Asahev, now both famous Soviet composers.

Until he left the Conservatory finally in 1914 he was continually in conflict with his teachers for his advanced ideas. He regarded the followers of Tchaikovsky and his school as "dreary professionals" and considered that only the music of the West held any future for him at the time. His compositions shocked his teachers by their "harmonic liberties and audacities". He was, however, beginning to be regarded as a concert pianist of the first order.

In the early days of the 1914-1918 war he came under the influence of Diaghilev and Stravinsky. He composed several ballets for Diaghilev at different times and later disagreed with Stravinsky about his music which he regarded as "empty" and "pointless".

ABROAD

After the 1917 Revolution, Prokofiev left Russia to go abroad as he felt that he could develop only by contact with the West. Lunacharsky tried to dissuade him without success. Except for short visits to Russia on concert tours Prokofiev remained in voluntary exile until 1934. He had, however, always regarded himself as a Soviet Citizen. After his return he still went to America and Western Europe on concert tours. When the German invasion of the Soviet Union in 1941 occurred, he concentrated on composition and virtually gave up performing.

His works can be conveniently dealt with under three heads, (1) pre-exile, (2) years of wandering and (3) Soviet Composer.

Among the more important of his compositions under (1) are his Classical Symphony, First Violin concerto and the Third Piano Concerto. The latter work and several others written up to 1923, although finished while he was abroad, had been commenced while still in Rus-

sia and fit therefore properly into the first category.

BALLET AND FILMS

After 1923 his work deteriorated, became highly stylized and lifeless although his performing ability was acclaimed. Among the better known works of this period are "L'Enfant Prodiges", a ballet composed for Diaghilev, and "The Flaming Angel". His first work on his return to the Soviet Union was the music for the film "Lieutenant Kije". The anecdote about the lieutenant who existed only because of a mistake by a secretary offered great possibilities for grotesque effects, but Prokofiev resisted temptation and gave instead an almost realistic reproduction of the epoch with gently ironic touches. This music was later rewritten as a symphonic suite. (Op. 60).

He collaborated with Eisenstein in the making of the films "Alexander Nevsky" and "Ivan the Terrible", again later rewriting the music for separate performance. When war broke out in 1941, he started work on his great opera, "War and Peace". He wrote numerous pieces for children, for mass singing and his Symphonies, Nos. 5 and 6.

CHARACTERISTICS

His early style is characterized by a simple clarity in his basic chords, combined with extreme daring in his use of incidental and transition chords. After a modal extravaganza of impressionism he demonstratively returns his hearers to more earthy, accustomed tonalities. He was fond of stringing together long chains of parallel or diverging chords each more or less common but combined in such a way as to produce sound effects, new and startling (for example the finale of the March from the "Love of the Three Oranges"). He used all these deliberate dissonances for descriptive purposes, while at the same time having a lyricism which was at times fully pronounced and at others barely discernible.

With maturity he modified his satire and shocks and brought out fully the lyricism which some "Left" composers, such as Stravinsky, had criticised for being present.

The significance of Prokofiev's work will eventually be felt not only in the Soviet Union but throughout the world.

Prokofiev was a "revolutionary" in his music but until about the time when the U.S.S.R. was invaded by Germany in 1941, he did not fully appreciate the meaning of the Russian Revolution. He saw only the tremendous results of the Revolution around him. He did, however, realise soon after his return to Russia in 1934 the duty of an artist to the people, when he commented that "The music of the West now repels me. It strikes me as rather useless and is tinged with an indifference that might be called formalism". He had a desire to write for the "huge new contingents of the public that now fill the concert halls."

The way he did so can best be judged by the sorrow of the Soviet people at his death.

TRIBUTE TO AN ACTOR

Johannesburg Legionnaires will remember Derrick Forman, who died so tragically last January. He appeared in many of our playreadings and gave a fine performance as the Senator in the Johannesburg production of "Deep are the Roots."

The actors of Johannesburg are staging a variety show in his memory. The Committee responsible for the show is made up of representatives of the Reps, the Playmakers and the Mercury Players, and on the bill will be many of Johannesburg's best-known entertainers of radio and theatre who have volunteered their services. The Reps have donated their theatre for the night of Monday, 13th April. Among those taking part are Johan Nel, Peter Merrill, Olive King, Sidney Cherfas, Simon Swindell, Ian Messiter, Roscoe Behrman, Bernie Singer, Red Levy, Colin Romoff, and Basil Warner.

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U.S. VETS. FOR PEACE

THE Springbok Legion is in close touch with overseas ex-service organisations which are in the struggle for Peace and Democracy. We print below extracts from a letter received from an American veterans' organisation for peace.

Dear Springbok Legion,

Thanks for your very fine letter. It gave us a first-class boost, evoked the same "warm feeling of comradeship" you were nice enough to mention in your letter. I agree with you that this kind of correspondence can indeed serve as mutual encouragement, and the more of your type of letter I read from "peace vets" in other countries, the bigger "bang" I get and the more I think that this kind of liaison is one of our best reasons-for-being — second, perhaps, to doing all that's in us to curb our madmen over here who toy with split atoms.

Fact is, your letter was even more appreciated by virtue of the fact that it arrived in a bundle which also included the following from some unsigned sewer-dweller on the lunatic fringes of American fascism: "You dirty sons of bitches. Print this in your red rag: 'We'll hang you yet.'" That's what he thinks. Anyway, it's a sign of the times here of the kind of hysteria being whipped up in the land of the free and the home of the brave. We're getting a lot of insight these days into the whys and wherefores of Germany 1933 and are getting to un-

derstand better what happened. The parallel is striking. But be sure: if it's within our power, the end will be different.

Growing numbers of Americans (not nearly enough yet) are working feverishly to close the gap between the people's yearning for peace and its organised expression. We'll do what we can and are tremendously encouraged by goings-on in the rest of the world.

We agree that the 'Meeting-on-the-Elbe' idea is too good to be dropped, just because we got a cold shoulder from those from whom we could only have expected it. Let us pick up the idea again.

I am enclosing the names and addresses of veteran organisations in other countries who are also committed to the fight for peace — Norway, France and Germany. Come to think of it, we might have the makings here of some first-rate international liaison, maybe leading to something more organisational.

Thanks for the greetings for our "Elbe" meeting. Let us know if you decide to join the British lads and ourselves in having a local commemoration.

And thanks, last, for calling our wee little four-page a "magazine". What a heartbreak every month — the stuff we have to leave out!

Best to all there from all here.

Peace,

PAUL HARTMAN.

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REMEMBER '39 — '45

Presidential Address to the National War Memorial Health Foundation by Dr. Henry Gluckman

Sir,
The Native Commissioner has told me that they are no more allowed to give out exemption passes, because there are new passes which have to be carried by everybody.

Now, I would like to know from the Legion whether such a thing is true or just merely a talking. Suppose you try our native commissioner for me. Can't he hear your words more distinctly than mine, who is a black person? The reason why I appeal to you respectfully is that for us Natives they don't care whatsoever, except just to say, "Loop, Kaffir, en wat dink jy?"

What do you think of such words?

In respect of the Springbok Legion magazine, it has overminded me, but I am lacking in words to express my heartfelt appreciation of its meaning to us all.

Yours etc.,

Northern Transvaal.

Y.A.S.

"THIS is perhaps the time when we might ask ourselves if there is still need for the work of the Foundation. I maintain that the measure of need is the mounting expenditure on ill-health and on the problems created by disease, much of it preventable. What has been happening in recent years? Ten years ago when we toured South Africa as a National Health Service Commission the actual expenditure on Hospital services was approximately two million pounds. To-day twenty million pounds is being spent at time when the cost of living is at its highest.

Take for example tuberculosis, a great national problem. We find that the Ministry of Health itself has had to increase its vote for tuberculosis services by no less than a quarter of a million pounds and this does not take into account the sums spent on the actual building of tuberculosis hospitals. Every thinking person is agreed that it is utter folly to continue spending millions of pounds on hospitals to receive the results of the failure to provide preventive health services. What is the chain of control in this matter of tuberculosis? First of all you must tackle the basic causes: bad housing, malnutrition, bad water supplies and lack of recreation. Here you have the conditions which spread this disease. The logical answer is to concentrate on all these things and to begin at the beginning. This is where the Health Foundation comes into the picture for our work is precisely in that field of promotive health. It is not spectacular. It does not yield big dividends and no public body is charged by law to concern themselves with the problems and task in this great field of service.

The next step in the chain of control is early diagnosis. If you can find the sufferer at the very earliest stage of his disease you have a great chance of curing him. In the problem of how to find our cases early we pinned our hope on the Health Centres, staffed by teams of doctors and nurses trained in the early diagnosis of disease and thus equipped to obviate the spending of these astronomical sums on hospitals. That was our great dream. We hoped to have fifty Centres but for financial reasons only thirty were established. At that time it was not appreciated but it is nevertheless true to say that by spending one-tenth of what is now being spent on hospitals we were able to observe with profound satisfaction a great fall in the morbidity and mortality in the areas where they had been established. It was hoped that the Foundation would work in close co-operation with Health Centres providing as they do periodical medical examinations. The Foundation would have concentrated on the promotive field.

The public of South Africa must realise firmly that if we are ever to control tuberculosis we must provide for early and accurate diagnosis, for the isolation of those infected, for their rehabilitation and above all for health promotive services.

The Foundation continues to concentrate in the field of health promotion and there is a great urgent national need for our work. It is not the dramatic appeal of big hospitals nor the 'scare' appeal of dangerous diseases. We have to convince the public of the value of an idea from which dividends cannot come so quickly. But ultimately I am absolutely convinced that South Africa will be happier and healthier for the efforts we are making.

We have already established some twenty-eight services comprising nine Community Centres, seven nutrition schemes, three Play Grounds, two Holiday Camps, three Soup Kitchens and four Nursery Schools. Our policy of training students of all races to serve in the fields of promotive health continues. We may claim in all modesty that slowly but surely projects are beginning to appear which represent the attempt the Foundation is making to fulfil the intention of our founders."

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