

FIGHTING TALK

ORGAN OF THE SPRINGBOK LEGION

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REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

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

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

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

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

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

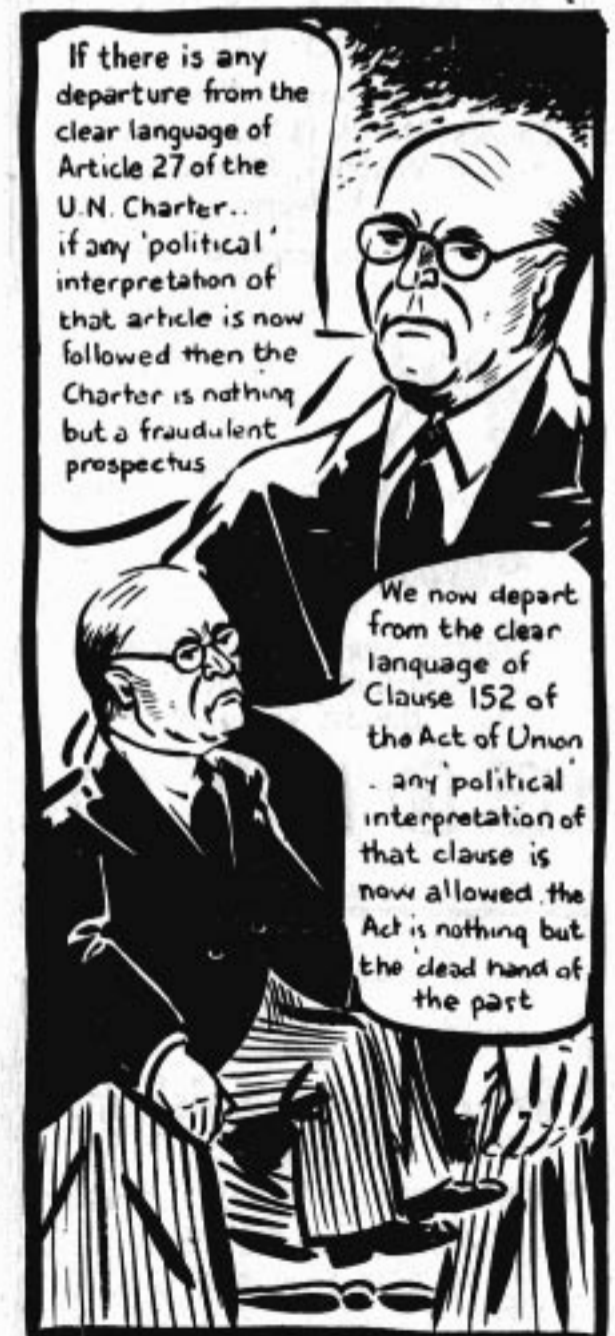
"As ye sow, so shall ye reap." White South Africa has sown its seeds of racialism, of inferiority, of violent suppression. In its blindness, now at this late hour, it sows new seeds of hatred, of race discrimination labelled 'apartheid'; it sets its police loose to badger, bludgeon and harrass men, to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

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

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

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

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



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REPUBLICAN KNIGHTS

By *ELWOOD C. CHOLMONDELY*

IT'S terrible to think I might have missed the whole debate — at the Nationalist Party Conference in the Transvaal I mean. As it was, I missed only the opening remarks on this particular debate, which I think is one of the most important debates we've ever had.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BOOK REVIEW**LAW OF THE VULTURES**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

PLANNING FOR APARTHEID

THERE is something exasperatingly stupid about the immense wastage of time, money and energy that the anachronistic policy of apartheid has involved South Africa in. There is not merely the sterile lucubrations of Nationalist Party professors to deplore: not merely the venomous puerilities of racist parliamentarians. There is also the prodigal expense of the time and brainpower of anti-apartheiders, who willy-nilly are drawn into the schizophrenic impasse which always confronts people who are trying to reconcile the realities of life with the fantasies of lunacy.

A further illustration of this national phenomenon is the setting up by the Government of the Witwatersrand and Vereeniging Racial Zoning Committee. Although the Committee has not been set up in terms of the Group Areas Act, yet its functions appear to be preparatory to an attempt to implement the unimplementable "Ghetto Act."

So far the Committee has spent several days listening to the points of view of various interests. Numerous memoranda have been hastily prepared: blueprints and maps etched out: town-planning experts have been called in: indignant residents of select Johannesburg suburbs have collectively risked thromboses in order to make their attitude clear. Highly qualified representatives of mining interests have clashed with spokesmen of the Johannesburg City Council: a delegate from a Coloured Township has crossed swords with the Nationalist Party's henchman: a town-planning expert has been rapped over the knuckles for daring to 'differ from the government' on the question of group-areas.

And so it goes on. People, time, money, brains, tempers sacrificed profitlessly at a time when the country is crying out for man-power.

"EVIDENCE"

The Committee, according to the chairman, Mr. F. E. Mentz, M.P., was appointed by the government to formulate proposals as a basis for discussion at a "greater conference" to be convened later. The items for investigation are the overcrowding of locations: the spread of 'squatting': slum conditions in locations and the weeding out of the "won't-works" from the present locations.

Let us glance at some of the evidence placed before the Zoning Committee.

Mining spokesmen said that potential mining areas (to the south of the city) should not be reserved for native housing, if the development of the country's mineral wealth were not to be impeded. New locations should, therefore, be sited to the north of the city. A residents' association spokesman said that the northern area should be for Europeans only. A town-planner said that the developing industrial area in the north-east demanded a new township. The Catholic Mission in Moroka said the natural development was to the south. A Nationalist speaker said that all natives should be cleared out of the Johannesburg municipality.

What a bleat! what a bluster! what a confusion of cut-throat motives!

MIGRATION

The bare fact is that South Africa over the past fifteen years has been experiencing an industrial revolution. New



industries, sited in the cities, have sprung up and developed — especially during the war years — at breathless speed. Thousands of white and black workers have migrated to the towns in search of better-paid jobs and a higher standard of living.

In a planned economy this phenomenon would not have left tens of thousands of workers homeless: would not have led to the lowest paid workers having to spend a large part of their wages and a large part of their waking hours getting to and from work.

The entire process would have been planned. Factories would have been erected near the homes of the workers: new towns and suburbs built in suitable proximity to the industrial areas: transport arranged so that workers, housewives, schoolchildren could reach factories, shops and schools at reasonable cost and in reasonable time. There would have been no vested interests to upset a pattern of planned and balanced development.

Such conditions do not obtain in S.A. — far from it. On top of the squabble between the mining interests and the interests of the city council, representing the property-owning, rate-paying class: on top of the diversity of interests between the commercial and industrial Chambers, there are the factors of social snobbery and, overriding every other consideration, the irrationality of race prejudice.

How can a fact-finding committee pick out the rational and scientific facts from such a hotch-potch of evidence?

EXPOSURE

Mr. A. J. Cutten, an authoritative town-planner, exposed the absurdity of the situation in his memorandum to the Committee. He said, "Since the entire economic structure of European life in South Africa is so dependent upon Native labour, it is important that such labour be housed in townships located conveniently close to the labourer's place of work. In general, however, industrial townships are located as closely as possible to the industrial market, and by practice, the Native location is located as far away from the European areas as possible". He added, "It is apparent that Native townships will require the facility of additional railway routes if the Natives are to be expeditiously transported to work."

Mr. Cutten did not estimate the financial requirements for his scheme, but one doubts whether the S.A.R. & H., now running at a loss, will ever have enough money to supply both additional railway routes and additional apartheid signs.

There is a dreadful quality of "Canutism" in everything we tackle in South Africa. We sit in our deckchairs and dare the sea of progress to wet our feet. On top of our uneasy, capitalist, herren-volk sandcastles we hear the roar of the incoming tide. We build a sand-rampart and label it 'Apartheid' and another we label 'Exploitation'. And as the spray wets our faces, we manage a final laugh.

Gai, toujours gai!

WHO FIRED FIRST

is not the issue!

HALF the world asserts dogmatically that South Korea started the Korean war. The other half asserts with equal conviction that North Korea started it. Neither side is prepared to admit that there is any room for argument or investigation. It will probably have to be left to the historians of a future generation to decide where the truth lies.

The side that started the war has at any rate one achievement to its credit—it has provided mankind with such a lesson in the futility of warfare as history can scarcely parallel. Since June, 1950, some millions of people have been killed, some thousands of millions of pounds worth of property has been destroyed, and that is all. Neither those who believe that the Koreans should all adopt Communism nor those who think that they would be happier under what Syngman Rhee calls democracy can point to any return from this ghastly investment. Both sides claim to have "checked aggression" and deny that they have any war aim beyond that. In the name of humanity and common sense, then, why is the war not stopped?

The truce talks are deadlocked, we are told, on the issue of the repatriation of prisoners of war. The communists have put forward a number of proposals on this issue of which the latest is that prisoners should be released in a neutral area, under neutral supervision, and then allowed to choose where they want to go. The Americans adhere adamantly to the proposal that they should be allowed to retain all prisoners whom they label anti-Communist. What they will do with these prisoners, they do not say. Their justification for this proposal is that over half of the prisoners in their hands are anti-Communist and refuse to be returned to North Korea or China.

It seems strange that the Chinese should have chosen predominantly anti-Communist troops for service in Korea. It is stranger still that troops so riddled with disaffection should have inflicted

several defeats on the American army. Strangest of all is the difficulty which the Americans are having in keeping order among the predominantly anti-Communist prisoners of war.

Whatever may be the truth of the allegations and counter-allegations made on this issue, it is intolerable that millions of men, women and children should continue to be subjected to the horrors of total war because of disagreement on the fate of a few thousand prisoners of war. The world is entitled to demand that this question be settled, and settled quickly. It is the duty of everyone to do what he can towards building an irresistible pressure of public opinion in favour of the termination of the war.

In tackling this task, we must realise clearly what we are up against. If it was merely a matter of clearing away muddle-headed and emotional thinking and persuading people to take the common sense point of view, the task would be comparatively easy. Unfortunately there is more to it than that. The war goes on, not merely because people are too stupid to realise that it should be stopped, but because there are certain influential people who want it to go on. They have a very clear and adequate reason for wanting it to go on. They make money out of it.

When a napalm bomb is dropped on a Korean village, two results follow. First, a number of Koreans are burned to death. Second, an order for a new napalm bomb is placed with an American factory. The owner of the factory therefore wants napalm bombs to go on being dropped. It is no use pointing out to him that Koreans dislike being burned to death. Business is business.

The only way to counteract the influence of such people is to expose their motives mercilessly and break their hold on public opinion. They will, of course, retaliate with names like "Communist" and "fellow traveller". We cannot allow this to deter us. Unless we are all to be slaughtered to make an armament king's holiday, we must take our stand uncompromisingly for peace.

BOOK REVIEW

VULTURES

---an African view

THABO THAELE is the chief character in this book. He leaves his home in Basutoland and comes to Johannesburg, where he finds work in an office, living meanwhile in Alexandra Township.

Before leaving home Thaele is advised by his father, a minister of religion, to obey all the laws of the white man in Johannesburg. "Carry them out," says the father, "and do not get into trouble with the police. Do not for one moment listen to people who speak against the white people."

Mrs. Altman's novel shows how for seventeen years Thaele observes his father's warning, until the patient black office-worker is wrongfully accused of stealing from the petty-cash box. He is arrested and sentenced to six months hard labour. The novel then creates the changes in Thaele's mind, how patience and trust turn to bitterness and resentment and to African nationalism.

One can only admire the sincere manner in which Phyllis Altman exposes our present day society. One is amazed to realise that the book was written in London, far from the actual scene of the story, for Mrs. Altman has conveyed so realistically the constant fear and insecurity which are always in the mind of every African urban worker. This book will remain an outstanding contribution towards the solution of the so-called 'colour' problem.

For us who live in South Africa today the story of "The Law of the Vultures" will remain a challenge, a challenge to our present society. For our society will go on producing many Thaeles, many Dhlaminis, Nkosis and Letsis, as long as it goes on producing the Fords, the Evanses and the Dents, who persistently refuse to face the truths and realities of life.

Very few novels have been written with such clear understanding and naked sincerity. The book brings us some hope that, if Mrs. Altman's warning is heeded in time, the day will come when innocent people, both non-white and white, will be saved from the cruel beaks and claws of the vultures.

— Nathan Molapo.

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The World Today
On the Tightrope
by Ben Giles

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

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

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

AT THE TOP

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

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

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

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

ONE SIDE OR ANOTHER

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

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

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

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

CAN HE LAST?

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

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

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

THE LIBERALS SAY...

By "VOLTAIRE"

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

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

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

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

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

LIBERAL POLICY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALTERNATIVE

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

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

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

against which the validity of any policy must be measured: the right to own land and the right to enter the skilled trades and the professions. Let us test the liberal proposals:

Bearing in mind that the majority of the Africans are landless peasants, do the liberals envisage a programme of land reform? Is the right of ownership of land to be conferred upon all non-Europeans or is that right to be vested in a privileged group only? If so, on what basis is the right to be restricted? Is it to be an unconditional right? or is such ownership to be confined to certain areas?

What of skilled jobs? Is the right to enter skilled trades to be confined to the privileged few? If so, how? One can hardly lay down that only Africans in possession of a university degree may be apprenticed as bricklayers or carpenters.

A DELUSION

In other words, what is the liberal policy regarding social and industrial segregation as a whole? If they are unconditionally opposed to such segregation, then they must be prepared to accept the implications of their stand. If not — if they are determined that the landless peasants shall remain landless outside of somewhat extended "reserves"; if they are determined that cheap-labour shall remain cheap-labour and the non-European workers shall not be permitted to compete with the European

workers — then talk of the franchise in a square and a delusion and will be recognised as such by the non-European people.

For these are the questions that are likely to be asked once European and non-European get around the conference table. It would be well to realise that the non-Europeans, having initiated the Defiance Campaign and having conducted it with no small measure of success, are unlikely to relinquish the promised fruits of such a campaign merely on the promise of discussion.

The outstanding fact about the present situation in South Africa is that by virtue of Defiance the non-Europeans have gained the political initiative. They have a policy, a plan and an objective. It is the European who is now incapable of resolving the political problem.

(Continued on page 18)

D DAY FOR DEMOCRACY

THIS, the latest Legion pamphlet, is a ringing call to all progressive Europeans to cast aside a negative attitude to the Defiance Campaign. In particular it calls on you, as a Legionnaire, to enlighten that part of the general public with whom you come into daily contact as to the true purpose and nature of the Campaign.

There are many opponents of Nationalist fascism who agree with Strasser, with the United Party, with the Opposition Press, that the Non-Europeans are playing with fire — are promoting a dangerous disregard for established law that can only lead to anarchy. Such people assert that the non-Europeans must seek to achieve their legitimate aims by constitutional means. Let us review some of these constitutional channels:

There are the Native Representatives in the House of Assembly and the Senate — those few stalwarts whose every effort to press the claims of the people they represent is met by violent abuse and threats of imminent removal from office;

There is the United Party whose untiring efforts to prevent the non-Europeans from losing their present limited rights and to prevent them from gaining any extension of those rights are too well-known to need repetition;

There is the Chamber of Mines, who were the first to offer the Afri-

can the opportunity of healthy employment, a comfortable concrete bed and a home free from the interminable nagging of women.

Thus speak some of the sizzle-heads who do not even know why they are anti-Nationalists! They go further with

This is an all-too-common line of thought for those with an uneasy conscience, for those who have not read "D. Day for Democracy", for this is one of the virtues of this little pamphlet — it dispels the fog of modified thinking and affers the logic of crystal clear thought.

Of course, this pamphlet is "just another of those 'jernicisms' and 'scarricous' documents". "Oh yes, it is brilliantly lucid, it is undeniably factual, its logic is irrefutable, but . . . but . . . it is embarrassing . . . it is written by an idealist who lacks the realistic approach. Why? the man even mentions Moroka, Gandhi and Bill Andrews in the same breath as Smuts! Gad, Sir! He evidently does not realise just what his white skin means to him in this country. Where would he be without it?"

Can't you hear the mental deafening?

And yet, where would you be without your white skin? Let me ask you that question . . . and let me answer it.

You and I with our pigmented skins would be in goal as Defiance Campaigners; unconstitutionally but peacefully fighting for the right to lead the sort of life to which at present in this country a white skin is the only passport.

I recommend you to read "D. Day for Democracy" with care and then to read it again and again. And when you have absorbed its wealth of wisdom, pass the booklet on to your friends.



their bright suggestions. The non-Europeans, they say, could of course achieve a settlement of their problems by direct discussion between their leaders and the Government. It's the one thing Dr. Malan and Dr. Verwoerd are pining for. All in all, those boobies say, we Europeans are altogether too lenient with these ingrates!

BOOK REVIEW*In the Presence of History*

THERE is possibly no more fascinating setting for a novel about men and women than a country in the throes of revolutionary change. In the Czechoslovakia of the first three post-war years Stefan Heym found a wealth of material and wove it with the skill of a true master into one of the greatest novels since the War.

The story he tells is of the three brothers Brenda; Joseph, the eldest, the owner of a glass factory; Karel, a doctor and Thomas, the youngest, a well-known writer. They are reunited after the Nazis are driven out, but instead of settling down as one happy family they find that the intense class and political divisions are sharply reflected amongst them too.

Joseph, who is naturally loth to give up his factory when nationalisation of industry is put into operation, becomes more and more hostile to the workers' demands and eventually throws in his lot with the counter-revolutionaries and is forced ultimately to flee the country. Karel, who suffers more under the Germans than his brothers, identifies himself completely with the revolution. Thomas? — well, Thomas is an intel-

lectual who cannot for the life of him discard his well-worn mantle of bourgeois idealism for the dynamic new force. At the same time, however, he finds it unthinkable to work actively for its overthrow. He worships at the shrine of Liberty and is therefore incapable of regarding it as a brother and sister with faults and limitations. After a tortuous mental struggle he finally takes his own life. Shades of Jan Masaryk.

"The Eyes of Reason" is, I think, a better novel than both "Hostages" and "The Crusaders", Heym's previous books. It is a mirror in which the life and times of ordinary people are intimately reflected. The way the book is written stamps Stefan Heym as a writer and not merely a reporter.

I recommend it wholeheartedly.

J.P.



SMILE PLEASE

I CANNOT too strongly condemn the current campaign to make Dr. Malan smile. After all, our Prime Minister is a man upon whose shoulders the burden of government lies heavily, pressed down as it is by the Defiance Campaign, the losing battle at UNO, lack of capital, administrative chaos, constitutional troubles and the cold certainty that he is possibly the most despised man in the world with the exception of Franco, Chiang Kai-Shek and Dr. Syngman Rhee. Uranium or no uranium, if I were in his position, I shouldn't smile, no sir.

Besides, that's probably his way of saving face.

PEACE ON EARTH . . .

WOULDN'T it be a wonderful Christmas present for the human race if the War in Korea would suddenly come to an end. This débâcle, for it can no longer be called a War, has given the American army chiefs a reputation which the shooting of P.O.W.'s has done little to enhance.

Everybody is heartily sick and tired of Korea and the ordinary man doesn't give two hoots if hill number so-and-so is held by Communists or Americans. All he wants is Peace and after two years of fighting, bloody and useless, he is entitled to expect it.

MEANIE HA HA

IT has been said that our Prime Minister Has a visage sinister—

If you had his enemies, lurking,
Would you be smirking?

. . . . WELL, IT IS FINISHED

"GO back to the Senate. Tell them what our voice says. We say that the world is tired of them, tired of your rotten Senate and your rotten Rome. The world is tired of the wealth and splendour you have squeezed out of our blood and bone. The world is tired of the song of the whip. It is the only song the noble Romans know. But we don't want to hear that song any more. In the beginning all men were alike and they lived in peace and shared among them what they had. But now there are two kinds of men, the master and the slave. But there are more of us than there are of you, many more. And we are stronger than you, better than you.

All that is good in mankind belongs to us. We cherish our women and stand next to them and fight beside them. But you turn your women into whores and our women into cattle. We weep when our children are torn from us but you raise your children like you raise cattle.

What a filthy mess you have made of life! You have made a mockery of all men dream of, of the work of a man's hand and the sweat of a man's brow. You have made a travesty of human life and robbed it of all its worth. You kill for the sake of killing and your gentle amusement is to watch blood flow. You put our little children into your mines and work them to death in a few months. And you have built your grandeur by being a thief to the whole world.

Well, it is finished . . .

We will tear down the walls of Rome . . . Then, when justice has been done, we will build better cities, clean, beautiful cities without walls, where mankind can live in peace and happiness."

(From 'Spartacus' by Howard Fast.)

FEDERATION— at a Price

FROM an abstract point of view, there are many arguments that can be raised in favour of the federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland. None of the territories is large enough to be a satisfactory economic unit. Their boundaries are arbitrary, cutting across ethnic divisions. Some form of larger unity seems an obvious solution. Yet the present federation proposals have aroused bitter opposition.

The opposition has come from two sides. On the one hand, extreme reactionaries among Southern Rhodesian whites have expressed the fear that federation will grant too many rights to Africans. Sir Godfrey Huggins has been at pains to assure these people that all constitutional safeguards for the African's rights will be illusory, and he seems to be confident of his ability to set European fears at rest.

Far more important has been the opposition of the African population. This opposition has been expressed by chiefs, trade unionists and leaders of national movements who claim to speak for the whole African population of the territories. Officials have tried to discredit these spokesmen by saying that they do not represent the mass of Africans, who are allegedly unconcerned and ignorant about the whole issue.

NO SUPPORT

A reply to this argument has recently come from a British writer, John Hatch, who has just completed an extensive tour of the territories involved. Mr. Hatch says:

"From my own personal experience in these territories in 1951 I know that the issue of federation has been widely discussed in the remote villages as well as in the industrial areas and that there is no support for it from any section of Africans."

The African opposition has in no way been lessened by official assurances that federation will be based on partnership between white and black. The Africans see federation as a grant of independence to the white communities of Central Africa, and they do not trust any promises emanating from those communities.

That federation will in fact place political power in the hands of the local whites can hardly be denied. A Federal Parliament of 35 members is proposed, of whom 26 will be directly elected, virtually by the European community. (Southern Rhodesia's existing 420 African voters will retain their franchise,

but a two-thirds majority will be required to extend the franchise). These 26 members will be divided between the territories in proportion to their white population, not their total population. Thus Southern Rhodesia, though her total population is considerably less than that of Nyasaland, will have 14 representatives against Nyasaland's 4. The remaining nine members of the Federal Parliament will be "native representatives". Of these, only six will be elected, three being appointed by the three territorial governments. The manner of election of the six is not laid down by the draft Constitution, but is left to be determined by the territorial governments. Indirect voting is clearly envisaged; presumably chiefs will vote on behalf of their tribes, advisory boards on behalf of locations, etc.

BAD BARGAIN

Clearly, then, the new federation will be a white-dominated state in which the Africans will exchange the rule of Whitehall for the rule of local settlers. This

in itself strikes them as a bad bargain, no matter how carefully the powers of the local government are to be circumscribed. Even if constitutional safeguards are devised which can effectively prevent any major invasion of African rights, the Africans will still be subjected in the day-to-day operations of government to the rule of their local herrenvolk.

The idea of a special African representative in the Federal Cabinet has been rejected, and the government will undoubtedly be one of local Europeans.

But this is not the whole extent of the Africans' fears.

They do not believe that the entrenchments and safeguards of the constitution will in fact be observed. This fear is based, not only on recent South African history, but also upon the past failure of the British Government to make use of the powers which it has to intervene in Southern Rhodesian affairs. Any Southern Rhodesian law affecting African interests can be vetoed by the British Government, yet Southern Rhodesia's racial legislation is almost identical with that of the Union. Will the Africans of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland fare any better under federation? They think not.

South African democrats cannot but sympathise with the African opposition to federation on the basis now proposed. We cannot welcome the prospect of our neighbours setting out on the same disastrous road as we are now travelling, nor can we approve of a new home being made for herrenvolkism.

KESSELRING RIDES AGAIN

In June 1951 we reported the revival of the notorious Stahlhelm in Western Germany. A manifesto issued by the organisation at that time stated: "The Stahlhelm rejects the claim of the masses to lead themselves. We see no salvation in majority decisions dictated by the mass of the electorate."

Latest news is that Field-Marshal Kesselring, who is serving a life sentence for war crimes, which included mass executions, has been elected the Stahlhelm's president.

Julius Otto Albermann, condemned to death in 1948 for his part in killing 30 Russian p.o.w.'s, was recently released from the British-controlled prison at Werl, near Dortmund.

The 1,600 workers of the Engels factory in Velbert, British Zone of Germany, unanimously rejected work on an order for 20,000 shell casings. The firm thereupon turned down the contract.

Dr. Manfred Roeder, former chief judge of the Luftwaffe, who tried and sentenced to death hundreds of anti-Nazis during the war and was 'denacified' without a stain on his character after the occupation, is now working for the Bonn Government as a special agent!

STOP PRESS: Since going to press, we have received news that Kesselring was released by the British authorities "as an act of clemency".

THE LIGHTS OF GENIUS

Things We Couldn't Say Better

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GERM WAR

"Methods of biological warfare afford ideal sabotage weapons, because they can be applied unobserved. Thanks to the difficulties of observing them, it is not easy to prove . . . In other words, one can create the impression that the deaths and diseases have resulted from natural causes."—U.S. Maj.-Gen. McAuliffe (1950).

THE 'A' BOMB

"The atomic bomb destroys not only life, but also buildings and other structures . . . Biological warfare agents, on the other hand, affect only living matter, do not destroy material structures and in most cases are non-persistent." — James Forrestal, U.S. Secretary of Defence (1949).

REVOLT

"Opposition, criticism, revolt are like the leaven in the dough without which the bread would turn out flat and tasteless. Prometheus, rising up against the power of the Gods, is the prototype of the creative person.

"Conversely: When opposition, criticism and revolt are forbidden and become unnecessary, the creative stimulus is choked or falls dormant. Since opposition cannot be legislated out of existence, since no church, no thought-police ever succeeded in extinguishing the little, irksome flame that keeps the kettle of unruliness boiling, we need not be too concerned, historically speaking, with the ultimate effects of what the Germans call, 'Verboten!'."

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

A SPRINGBOK'S PATRIOTISM

PATRIOTISM without criticism is of no avail. Patriotism with criticism, if well practised, moulds a man into a good citizen, who will fight so that justice can be administered without reference to colour or race or creed.

Nothing can be gained without struggle. This sentence is referred to all Legionnaires, who, I know, are fighting for freedom of speech, non-exploitation and co-operation between the different races. All of us Legionnaires must come out of our rut and fight for our rights, till we break through the front line of the Nationalists.

Just as in war, so in the present struggle, some fighters are injured, but the others must go on fighting. We see today many people deprived of the freedom of speech: many are unnecessarily sentenced to undergo punishments in gaol. But their comrades must not stop fighting. There must be no retreat, but only advance till the frontline of the dog-hearted Nats., is destroyed and gives way to the advancing front line of democracy.

(From an African member, who served up north with the N.M.C.)

WHEN I walked out of the cinema after the showing of "City Lights", with the laughter of the audience, my own included, ringing in my ears, I found myself saying over and over again: "Charlie Chaplin is the greatest entertainer of all time."

In a more rational frame of mind, I cannot wholly discard such an enthusiastic description of the great man. There are not many screen comedians who can make me laugh outright but Charlie can and make me roll in the aisles by a twist of his head, a flick of his wrist, a twirl of his cane. So it was with "The Gold Rush" and "Modern Times", his other silent films. The man has an amazing capacity for expressing exactly what is funny and what is sad in a situation in which a poor, under-nourished tramp could find himself in twentieth-century America.

Yet Charlie's tramp is a highly original character with a strongly developed sense of survival — a necessary adjunct for the fantastic situations in which he so often finds himself. He has no particular axe to grind, this tramp. He will be quite happy if he is left to hunt for food and shelter in peace and he is hopelessly inadequate at defending his constitutional rights.

"City Lights" is a treasure-house containing some of the most hilarious scenes ever filmed. I have in mind, for example, the abortive attempt of a panicky Chaplin to ingratiate himself with a particularly tough pugilist in the dressing-room prior to their fight; the exhibition of spaghetti-eating in a crowded night club, or the ceremonial unveiling of a statue to "Peace and Plenty" on which a tattered Charlie is unsuspectingly sleeping.

The incidental music, the beautiful "Won't you buy my Pretty Flowers" was, of course, composed by Chaplin himself, who also wrote the story and directed the film. And into everything he has breathed the breath of genius.

It seems rather ludicrous that Charlie Chaplin is the man at present being slandered and persecuted by a few envy-ridden cretins. They may even succeed in their efforts to keep him out of America. But for every District Attorney and Senator, for every Hopper and Pegler there are twenty million genuine people who idolise him, as his tremendous welcome in England has shown.

Carry on, Charlie!

JUMBLE JUNGLE

LIKE Ruth amid the alien corn, we stood knee-deep in jumble-dresses, suits, shoes, hats, underpants, socks, vests, petticoats and sports coats strewn around in colourful profusion.

We fingered each garment lovingly. This was Norman's shirt, he'd hardly worn it twice: this was Elsie's frock — bought it before she'd fallen preggie, almost new . . . should get at least 30/- for it. Not much wrong with these bloomers . . . gone at the seams a bit and this petticoat needs only a couple of straps, although the lace looks as if it came out of the ark. How much for this suit, made by a Saville Row tailor and only slightly frayed at the bottom? . . . at least four quid.

Then we had a good giggle over some antiquated undergarments — a man's underpants that looked like very long shorts and a woman's chemise rounded off at the bottom into a pair of drawers!

We argued about the prices — our sense of value often being unconsciously influenced by how much energy and time we had put into collecting the stuff. The philanthropists among us, who wanted to mark everything down to giveaway prices, were obviously not the ones who had spent hours on the phone badgering friends to dig out their jumble and further hours organising the collection of the garments! But the conflict between soft-heartedness and hard-headedness was solved by compromise.

In any case, we had got quite a kick merely out of collecting the parcels of clothing. However bulky the parcel, we speculated on its contents, as we clutched it under our arms. We tore open the brown paper and peeped inside. We saw a blouse that was pretty good and shirts that would bring in quite a few bob.

Saturday afternoon found us sorting out the jumble into different piles — men's, women's and children's. Once again we were pleased with the quantity and quality of our merchandise and looked forward to a successful sale.

Before 2.30, the appointed time to open the gates, our prospective buyers took matters into their own hands. Having waited since early morning, the first-comers decided that to wait another fifteen minutes would be intolerable. They defied the "unjust law" and with excited chatter and merry laughter flooded over the lawn, over the jumble, over our children, over the two dogs and pretty

nearly over us too! The waters of the Black Sea poured over us!

It was frightening for a moment and terribly funny. Knowing the kleptomaniac tendencies in most jumble-sale customers, our first thought was to rescue the jumble, which we did very effectively, securing most of it hastily behind closed doors. But "on they rushed those two hundred, clothes to the right of them, clothes to the left of them" — despite our protestations.

It is laughable even now to recall the stalwart Ian, who amid the chaos and pandemonium, calmly started business and sold two suits and a jacket at top prices. Derek, too, accustomed to appearing on public platforms, stood on a table and did a roaring trade, until the throng, urged forward from behind, knocked him off his perch!

Eventually, the sale got under way in the usual fashion. The crowds were controlled and bargaining went on at a furious rate. The garments disappeared and our pile of money mounted higher and higher.

Of course, the gentility and modesty and deference associated with our fashionable stores were all markedly absent. Hagglng over prices, casting garments

aside with disdain, rummaging in the piles, the African women forged their way through the process intent on snatching bargains . . . and bargains they got.

Gradually the fever abated, the waters subsided, the crowd thinned and we were able in a more leisurely way to get rid of the last of our goods, except those items definitely not saleable.

Over a more than welcome cup of tea, we rejoiced to see that the heaps of jumble — your cast-offs and the cast-offs of your friends next door — had all disappeared. Derek patiently went on counting the tickeys and finally announced that in just over an hour we had collected between £40 and £50.

And that's a jumble-sale. It's a messy job, a sweaty job, an exasperating job, and yet it represents a job of work done for the Legion. The Legion can get on with its responsibilities to South Africa, only as long as it can get the cash to pay for running expenses. A jumble sale represents your easy contribution.

May I take this opportunity of appealing to all readers to make a conscientious effort to collect their own jumble and jumble from their friends. Bring it to the office or phone us so that we can arrange to collect it. And, if any of you would like to spend an afternoon that is different, just sign on as a voluntary counterhand for our next sale.



THE WAGES OF SIN.

The Legion learns from the press that the British High Commissioner in Bonn, Germany, is reported to be studying the Legion's recent protest against the proposals to re-imburse Alfred Krupp, the Nazi armament king.

(Cartoon by ExGnr. Frank Hogshaw—with acknowledgements to "Ex-Service News".)

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DIE WAARDE VAN JOU STEM!

DAAR kan vrylik aangeneem word dat die konsepplan vir afbakening soos voorgestel deur die 1952 Afbakenings Kommissie met minder belangrike veranderinge die finale plan sal wees waarvolgens die Transvaal afgebaken sal word vir die volgende verkiesing.

Volgens hierdie plan word die Transvaal verdeel in ag-en-sestig kiesafdelings waarvan vyf-en-dertig binne die afdeling van die Witwatersrand val, agt binne die afdeling Pretoria, en die orige 25 gaan na die res. van die Provinsie, wat vir die doel as platteland beskou word.

Volgens die Suid Afrika Wet is 'n afbakenings-kommissie geregtig om stedelike setels te belaa tot 'n maksimum van 15 persent en plattelandse setels te ontlai tot 'n maksimum van 15 persent. Die Nasionale Party het dan ook van hierdie voorsiening gebruik gemaak om by die kommissie te pleit vir 'n maksimum be- en ontlading.

Die Opposisie en veral by monde van die Arbeidsparty daarenteen het gepleit vir 'n meer eweredige afbakening waarvoor hulle as rede aangevoer het dat met die huidige gerieflike transport fasiliteite die ou argument van onbekikbaarheid wat in 1910 van krag was, en waaraan hierdie voorsiening in die Wet sy oorsprong te danke het in 'n groot mate weggeval het.

Die Kommissie het egter die vertoë

van die Nasionaliste in beginsel aanvaar met die gevolg dat die gemiddelde belading van stedelike kiesafdelings in hulle konsepplan op byna agt persent te staan kom, terwyl plattelandse kiesafdelings gemiddeld met meer as veertien persent ontlai word. Dit beteken in effek dat 'n persoon wat op die platteland woon se stem gemiddeld 22 persent meer werd is as dié van 'n persoon wat in 'n stedelike kiesafdeling woon, en as verder in ag geneem word dat die huidige regering die laaste verkiesing gewen het met slegs iets meer as 39 persent van die stemme wat op alle partye uitgebring is, en dat die gemiddelde verskil in be- en ontlading toe slegs 15 persent was, dan is dit gladnie verre-gaande om te sê dat al sou die Nasionaliste slegs 35 persent van die totale stemme by die volgende verkiesing kry hulle nog 'n klinkende oorwinning kan behaal nie.

By die skrywe hiervan is die planne vir die ander drie Provinsies nog nie bekend nie. Te oordeel na wat in die Transvaal gebeur het is ons egter geregtig om te veg vir 'n verandering van hierdie verouderde voorsiening in die wet, wat die Suid-Afrikaanse platteland in staat stel om met 'n minderheid van stemme die hele land te regeer. M.a.w. 'n Party met 'n beleid wat die boere pas, ongeag van hoe ongunstig dit vir die stedelinge mag wees word deur hierdie voorsiening in die wet oneindig begunstig.

Gelyke waarde vir elke stem behoort die doel te wees.

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

I must apologise for not sending you a subscription sooner. I often pick up a copy of "Fighting Talk" in the streets, but I realise this is not good enough.

I have followed the Legion's career from the beginning with interest and I am pleased to see you are sticking to it manfully. I agree that you are "one of the few progressive MILITANT anti-Nat. monthlies" still on the roll. But I shall be more than surprised if you are left to trumpet the truth for another twelve months — and this whether the Tweedledum-Nat. Government or the Tweedledee-Dis-United Opposition runs the show.

We are veritably living in the Dark Ages again. I refer, of course, to the censorship. And never has such an astronomical mass of lies, half-lies, distortions and malicious untruths been let loose upon suffering humanity by a tiny clique of men who know exactly what they are doing — damn them!

I enclose a cheque for £2, to be appropriated as follows: two years' subscription to "Fighting Talk" for myself, one year's subscription for two friends, names and addresses hereunder, and 20/- donation to the funds.

Yours etc.,

Northcliff.

C.S.J.

* * * *

Dear Sir,

Your irresponsible attack on the United Party in your leading article of "Fighting Talk" — October number — was the climax of the immature and disruptive policy advocated by you for a long time past. If your policy had any influence it would be most detrimental to the efforts of the anti-Nationalist forces.

I herewith wish to resign my life membership of the Springbok Legion.

Yours etc.,

P.O. Bryanston.

R.C.

* * * *

OUR REPLY.

The leading article referred to exposed the trap laid by the Nationalists in the

toenadering talk and also exposed the political bankruptcy of the United Party leaders, as evinced by their weak-kneed attitude to the Defiance Campaign, an attitude of condemnation. It would be dishonest of the Legion to gloss over what everybody recognises today — namely, the U.P.'s lack of a constructive policy, particularly in relation to the Campaign. Our Constitution enjoins us: To give active support to any individual, group, party or movement working for a society based on the principles of the Four Freedoms. For this reason we have in the past vigorously opposed the Nationalist Party and given active support to the United and Labour parties. This has not, however, implied an uncritical support of the United Party, far from it. The need for progressives to propagate realistic policies for adoption by the United Party is today more urgent than ever. Certainly the United Party, no matter who wants or does not want to support it, cannot hope to win the election without producing a policy that is different from the Nationalist policy.

EDITOR.

* * * *

Dear Sir,

In your issue of September you print a remark of mine that the Springbok Legion should adopt the single transferable vote system of proportional representation and you add a footnote that proportional representation is a tricky business and "can be operated only when there are a number of different sections, groups, parties or territorial areas." Your footnote is completely incorrect. May I suggest that you read "The Ayes Have It" by A. P. Herbert: "Parliamentary Representation" by Dr. F. J. S. Ross and "Coupon or Face" by R. W. G. Mackay.

Yours, etc.,

Johannesburg.

H.F.L.

* * * *

Dear Sir,

I have read your pamphlet, "D. Day for Democracy" with interest and admiration. It is the first public support that has appeared from white non-communists, and I would like to send congratulations. I believe that it has gone to the heart of the present crisis — that it is one of the last opportunities open to white South Africa of settling with peace and honour the future.

All good wishes for your courageous stand.

Yours etc.,

PATRICK DUNCAN.

Maseru.

(Continued from page 9)

That being so, the non-Europeans will not agree to appear at a conference table in the role of mere consultants. The time has long passed when the European can make decisions and merely inform the non-Europeans of the decisions afterwards. If liaison is to be made, the non-Europeans must at least share in making them. It would be futile to attempt discussions based on a programme which, from the very commencement, is unacceptable to the non-Europeans.

It would be as well if the liberals were to postpone printing statements until they have studied more thoroughly not merely the political issues which confront them but their own motives too. Are they prepared to espouse the cause of equal rights for all? Are they prepared to scrap the pass laws? And, since these pass laws are a symptom of exploitation rather than the substance of it, are they prepared to destroy the foundation upon which these laws are built?

If they are not prepared for these things, then the proposed liberal party has no useful function to perform.

"A man has a little strength, a little hope, a little love. Those things are like seeds planted in all men. But if he keeps them to himself, they will wither away and die very quickly, and then God help that poor man because he will have nothing and life will not be worth living. On the other hand, if he gives his strength and hope and love to others, he will find an endless store of such stock. He will never run dry of those things. Then life will be worth living and, believe me, life is the best thing in the world."—(from 'Spartacus' by Howard Fast.)

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