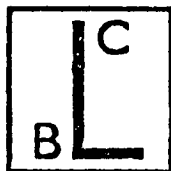


WHEN SMUTS GOES

by

ARTHUR KEPPEL-JONES



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A History of South Africa from 1952 to 2010

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by

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All the characters in this book are fictitious, and are not intended to represent any living persons.

NOTE

For their valuable help and advice I wish to thank my wife, my colleagues Paul Guénault and Julius Lewin, and Kenneth Kirkwood, who suggested the title.

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INTRODUCTION

POLITICAL DISCUSSION in South Africa is distinguished from the polemics of most countries by its unreality. With us conventional jargon, childish pretences and a tacit agreement to ignore certain categories of facts take the place of an objective handling of the actual situation. We speak of politics, of race relations and nationality in words which have little if any relation to our real sentiments. We cry "Peace!" where there is no peace. We speak incessantly of goodwill and co-operation and getting together as though the lack of these things were due to an oversight and could be remedied by words. We almost succeed in deceiving ourselves into the belief that the jargon must be the reality and the motives that really actuate us only an hallucination. The stranger who tries to understand our proceedings is accordingly bewildered and must give up the attempt.

One aspect of this unreality is the irresponsible optimism about the future of the country which is very generally expressed. We cling to such comforting thoughts as *Môre is nog 'n dag*, *Alles sal regkom* and *It can't happen here*. We tell ourselves *ad nauseam* that "South Africa has a great future": but we have not troubled to discover whether the ingredients we have put into the dish have, in fact, ever turned out very well on other occasions. The objective student of South African and world history, on hearing this hopeful talk, rubs his eyes and wonders if he is dreaming. Or is it the optimists who are dreaming?

This dreaming is an expensive luxury. Reformers who see the necessity of drastic measures beat helplessly against a wall of apathy built of the bricks of optimism. People will not be receptive of constructive ideas till they are brought down to earth, with an unpleasant bump, from the Cloud-Cuckoo-Land in which they are still floating.

Some people have tried to perform this service by a frank consideration of the future of the gold industry; others have done it in terms of soil erosion. This book attempts it by working out

the next half-century of South African history as it is likely to be shaped by the political forces which at present dominate the scene.

Everyone must hope that it will not work out that way. If there were no grounds for such hope it would have been a waste of time to write this book. But let the reader think well before saying "It can't happen here". Let him ask himself whether such a judgment is based on reason or on misplaced faith. One purpose of the book is to convince him that the salvation of the country can lie only in a reversal of historic tendencies, a reversal so thorough as to constitute a revolution. But if South Africa is to continue moving along the same tracks as in the past and the present, then, it is submitted, the future can be fairly easily predicted; it will be found in the following pages.

As the title suggests, the book deals with the period after the retirement of General Smuts. That event is generally expected to divide the immediate future from the era that is to follow it. But no attention is paid here to the problem of party leadership or to the parts which the present politicians may be expected to play. Even the circumstances of the present Prime Minister's retirement are omitted. General forces and tendencies, not personalities, form the subject-matter. None of the characters is intended to represent any person now living, and it would be unprofitable to try to identify them. It is naturally assumed that the events described here would lead to radical changes in the personnel of politics, business and the professions.

Certain assumptions have been made in writing this history. First, no remarkable change in international relations has been foreseen. That game has been allowed to go on according to the well-known rules. What if this assumption is wrong? It may err in one of two directions: it may be too optimistic or too pessimistic. If the former—if the nations are really heading for World War III—then the future of South Africa is a thing of small account anyway. If, on the other hand, the nations were to set up some kind of world government, it could be argued that the Republic whose history is told here would fare even worse than has been suggested.

The second assumption is that no scientific or military developments occur which have any effect on war or politics. This assumption is certainly wrong; but it would be difficult to imagine any such developments that would give our ox-wagon Republic an easier passage than it has had in this history. Their effect would almost certainly be the opposite.

The reader will notice that the ~~element~~ West Africa is entirely omitted from the story. No map is made of it. This is because at the time of writing the future of that territory is about to be considered by the United Nations. A decision may have been arrived at before the book is published, but what the decision will be is still anybody's guess.

The great and fundamental assumption, however, is that the Nationalist Party will come into power. In this connection it must be remembered that the Nationalists are the principal opposition party, and that it is an essential characteristic of the parliamentary system that a party in that position will sooner or later take office. This history tells the consequence of that accession to power.

It must not be thought that these revelations concern merely the Nationalist Party. They concern deep-rooted tendencies in South African politics and thought, tendencies which merely happen at present to find their most unequivocal expression in that party. But, as that is so, the Nationalists must not complain if they have the highest priority on the black list which enlightened and humane South Africans are forced to compile.

They cherish the vision of a Republic. May they derive instruction, if not pleasure, from a perusal of its history.

CHAPTER ONE

THE NATIONALIST'S TAKE OVER

A MODERN HISTORY of South Africa must begin in 1952, the year of the Tercentenary and the Nationalist victory. As we look back from this distance of time we see that year standing out as a kind of watershed in the story of the country, the greatest turning point since its settlement by white men three hundred years before.

The forces that were to play freely after 1952 were not, of course, new. They had been developing throughout the earlier history of South Africa, like flood-waters piling up against a dam. In 1952 the dam burst. The historian gratefully receives this dramatic event as a landmark to guide him in his course.

The political parties that had hitherto dominated the scene lived, as parties at many periods in other countries have done, on the impetus given by the events and experiences of a previous age. They no longer accurately reflected the divisions of opinion in the electorate. The distribution of seats in the House of Assembly is apt to deceive the student who imagines that each party stood for a clearly defined policy, and that this policy was supported by the public to the degree indicated by the party votes at the polls.

The Nationalist (or "Reunited National") Party alone stood for a well-recognised and consistent set of principles. It wished to detach South Africa from all connection with the British Commonwealth and to remove all threats, however indirect, to the domination of the white race over the black. Divisions in the party there were, but they were differences in degree, and differences on the tactics to be adopted—not fundamental differences of principle. The question of the leadership of the party had caused difficulty, but after the disappearance of the old rivals there was no one who could seriously dispute the claim of Commandant-General Jukskei. The party was unequivocally republican. The so-called "republican" wing did not differ in this respect from the rest, but merely in its un-

willingness to temper with A ssue for tactical reasons as Jukskei preferred to do.

The Communist Party had a certain sort of consistency, but no representation in Parliament. The Labour Party was still the organ of vested interests—the interest of the white skilled workers in maintaining their privileges. Yet the Nationalists could do this better than Labour, for the Nationalists would do it without qualms; Labour, which responded a little to the winds of leftist and humanitarian sentiment blowing from overseas, looked both ways at once, and was accordingly paralysed.

The Dominion Party suffered in much the same way as Labour. It stood for British imperial sentiment, yet at the same time for the assertion of white supremacy over the African and the Indian. In the long run these two things were incompatible. People who took the British Empire seriously were shocked and alienated by the illiberal colour policy of this party; those who did not care as much for imperial unity as for white domination were ultimately attracted by the Nationalists. For these and other reasons neither the Dominion nor the Labour Party could hope for more than a small number of seats in Parliament. A great number of voters who would in other circumstances have supported one of these parties therefore, in the extremity of their need to defeat the Nationalists, turned to the United Party.

The United Party, the old party of Smuts and Hofmeyr, was led in 1952 by Oudstryder—"Oom Sappie" to his followers—whose personal adherents formed the core of the party and whose many-sided character helped to keep it together. It was an even less homogeneous body than the two parties just mentioned. Most of the small group that favoured a liberal racial policy belonged to the United Party, yet they were distinctly a minority in it, and never carried much weight in its councils. This fact discouraged the liberal voters, who supported the party only *faute de mieux*. On the other hand, the presence of this element in the party alarmed the more reactionary, who tended to move over to the Nationalist side. The same weakness was exhibited on other issues. The party officially tolerated republican opinions in its ranks, thereby alienating the British section without detaching anyone from the Nationalist side. It spoke with two voices on the question of public or private ownership of the means of production. So, however, did the Nationalists. It was natural,

therefore, that little urn gave ~~elector~~ this issue in the campaign of 1952. ~~lists—though~~

The United Party ~~cases—kept~~ power since 1933. It split in 1939, shed its Nationalist ~~ties~~, and kept the country on the Allied side in the Second World War. A great electoral victory in 1943 had been ~~followed~~ by considerable losses in 1948, and these by further losses at successive by-elections. The loss of such seats as Calvinia and Potchefstroom had been regarded as inevitable, but when these had been followed by "safe" Government seats like Springs and Caledon it was obvious that the United Party was losing its hold. Oudstryder decided to dissolve in 1952.

From some points of view the decision may have been wise. The country was reasonably prosperous, but might not be so in 1953. The Nationalist tide, now in full flow, could not be expected to recede within a year, and an election would be due by then. On all counts an earlier election would seem desirable from the Government's point of view.

Yet the necessity to dissolve at that time was unfortunate, for Nationalist sentiment was given a great fillip in 1952 by the Tercentenary.

Three hundred years had passed since Jan van Riebeeck had sailed his ships into Table Bay and had begun his involuntary sojourn of ten years at that outlandish post. But he had now become the Father of a Nation. The historic emotions of 1938 were therefore due to be repeated in a slightly different medium.

When the plans for the tercentenary were first prepared it was expected that all sections of the people would take part. But control of the arrangements fell into the hands of the Nationalists, who soon made it clear that foreign—*uitheimse*, *volksvreemde*—elements would not be welcome at these celebrations. They became, as a result, a demonstration not so much of Afrikaner nationhood—since United Party Afrikaners were repelled—as of Nationalist Party solidarity.

The principal celebrations had to be conducted in the somewhat *volksvreemde* atmosphere of Capetown. That atmosphere was for the time being almost neutralised by the vast influx of visitors (some 30,000) from the platteland. Sunday, April 6, was counted as the anniversary, though van Riebeeck's landing had actually occurred on the 7th. The celebrants poured into the peninsula on the Friday and Saturday. Every hotel in the peninsula was full, and great towns of canvas appeared on

Rondebosch Common ~~with A~~ issue faces. On the evening of the 5th these camps ~~at~~ *leisaand*; the tide of emotion reached the flood on ~~at~~ certain sor

The early hours of the morning. The *Le* disturbed by the pilgrimage of these thousands—by ~~water~~ ox-wagon, in special buses, on foot—to the beach at ~~Woodstock~~ *Woodstock*, where the pageant was to be staged; there being no longer a beach where the landing occurred in 1652. North-west squalls churned up the bay as daylight revealed the antique shapes of the *Dromedaris*, *Reiger* and *Goede Hoop*, each with the flag of Holland waving at the truck.

Van Riebeeck stepped ashore, amid frantic enthusiasm, at the appointed hour, and played his part well in spite of having had rather a bad night on the bay. Speeches were then delivered by leading Nationalist politicians; their subject-matter was not unrelated to the approaching election campaign. The people of Capetown were in two minds about these celebrations. Many, repelled by their political character, held aloof—the Nationalist Press did not fail to note that thousands of the un-national spent the day on the golf course, the mountain or the sands of Muizenberg. Others felt that the occasion had a real significance for them and their city; they gathered on the fringes of the crowd at Woodstock beach, and held various gatherings of their own later in the day. The City Hall carillon joyfully rang out the old era in national melodies. But the proposal to make the Mayor of Capetown a Lord Mayor had been vetoed by the Government as not in keeping with typical South African traditions.

Not every right-thinking Afrikaner could be in the Cape Peninsula that day. Throughout the length and breadth of the country, on hill-tops and battle-fields, at monuments and at the graves of martyrs, there were gatherings, speeches, processions. In vine-clad Western Province valleys, in the dorps of Highveld and Karoo, bearded youths and *kappie'd* maidens dedicated themselves in an ecstasy of emotion to the Volk. Special numbers of the newspapers retold the old story of the trials and tribulations of the Volk, its desperate rescue from the jaws of imperialism, its great leaders, its true course on the *Pad van Suid-Afrika*. It was not forgotten that the centenary of the Sand River Convention should be observed in the same year, and a smaller celebration on the banks of the Free State river, on January 17, served as a curtain-raiser to the greater pageant to follow.

The pageant in turn gave ~~elo~~ to the electoral campaign. In this the Nationalists—though party discipline had to be sternly used in some cases—kept the republican issue in the background and concentrated on policies that they hoped would win some support from the British section, or at least not antagonise it. The Black Peril, in many guises, was given the greatest prominence; much was said of the need for a firm way with Coolies, Jews and Communists. On the platteland a good deal was said about Jingoism, and nationalism and patriotism figured in every speech; but not the republic.

None of the other parties could meet this attack head-on. None stood unequivocally for the things that the Nationalists opposed. A few United Party candidates spoke the words of liberalism, and thereby embarrassed others who wanted to appear as firm with "Kaffirs" and "Coolies" as their opponents.

The United and Dominion and Labour Party voters went to the polls half-heartedly or not at all; but the nationally minded were thrilling with the emotions of the *annus mirabilis* of their history. They won. It was a narrow victory, but good enough for their purposes.

The final results gave the Nationalists 83 seats; United Party, 56; Labour Party, 7; Dominion Party, 4; and there were six representatives of the Natives and Asiatics. The Nationalists had therefore a majority of ten over all other parties.

The provincial elections were held a month later, in August, and gave similar results. The Nationalists narrowly won both the Transvaal (34 out of 64) and the Cape Province (32 out of 56), they took every seat in the Free State but Odenaalsrust, and won two places in Natal. The provincial elections were important both in themselves and because they affected the composition of the Senate. Jukskei dissolved the Senate, as he was entitled to do, and the Nationalists then returned 18 of the 32 elected Senators. The Government nominees increased this number to 26—a clear majority even when those representing Natives and Asiatics were thrown into the opposite scale.

The defeated side consoled itself with post-mortems of the election. The analysis gave rise to speculations which, though they ought to have been made earlier, salved the wounded feelings of many. There had been many three-cornered contests, and in no fewer than four of these the Nationalist had

won on a minor scale, by the tie of the division between his opponents. Had there been slight fights in those four constituencies the Nationalist majority would have been reduced to two; and it did not take very much pleasant speculation to abolish even those.

On the other side the result provoked an outburst of excited enthusiasm such as had seldom been seen in South Africa. Never had the people known such happiness or hope. Dutch Reformed Churches, to the disgust of their few remaining "Sap" members, held thanksgiving services for the crowning mercy. The Lord, it was felt, had been merciful to His people. They had been delivered out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. They were about to enter the Promised Land. Illuminations showed the sentiments of many country towns. Miles of bunting, in the form of the old Transvaal Vierkleur, fluttered from flagpoles and windows. Several Karoo dorps spelt in white stones, on prominent hills, the words "Oorwinning—1952".

When the Commandant-General received his invitation to form a government he was at his farm, Woltoonkuil. Teams of young men drew him on an ox-wagon from there to Burgersdorp, where to a great crowd of supporters he delivered the speech that was to be the manifesto of the new era. He described the sufferings of an oppressed nation that had now become free. It would use its freedom with wisdom. Problems hitherto neglected would be solved. The farmers would be given their due and would take their rightful place in the community. They would be assured of labour and of markets. They would not be unjustly taxed nor deprived of their political influence by the sinister power of the big cities. The new Government would deal with foreign penetration and foreign ideas. There was no intention of depriving "Neef Brit" of his just rights; on the contrary, the Government held out the hand of friendship to him, confident that he would now be a true son of our one and only fatherland, putting behind him his colonial mentality of the past and his overseas connections. These remarks gained the loudest applause of all. Immediately after the speech Jukskei left for Pretoria, where the new Ministry was sworn in.

The Commandant-General was a man of great charm and many sterling qualities. He led the section of his party that believed in "racial co-operation", by which was meant uniting the two white sections in a policy of repressing the races of

other colours. He always stood for the cause of humanity, and was for many years a restraint upon the fire-eaters among his supporters. One of his chief sources of political strength was the belief prevalent among his opponents that to thwart him would merely be to strengthen the hands of the extremists. The effects of this belief and of the tactics that followed from it appeared clearly enough in the sequel.

The other wing of the Nationalist Party was led by Professor Bult of Potchefstroom. His personality, too, was revealed by subsequent events, in which he played a conspicuous part. It is revealed also by his autobiography, *Die Lewe en Strewe van Obadja Bult*. A grim picture, for his was not the mind that could soften the outlines of this self-portrait for the benefit of the non-elect. A very young man by parliamentary standards—he was only forty when he took office, ten years younger than Jukskei—he had never been young in spirit. No one could remember when Bult had not been a solemn and earnest witness to the national faith. His religion was the stern predestination of antique Calvinism, coloured by the political influences of the Great Trek and of German Nazism. His distinction of the elect from the damned was based on the criteria of race and political creed. Who was Man, to save those whom God had damned? On the contrary, the Lord had chosen Obadja Bult as His instrument to chastise the wicked. It is hardly necessary to say that his soul was devoid of wit and humour, and that he became on that account the butt of his opponents' jokes.

Preventing Bult from fighting the election on the republican issue had been the most difficult task of the party machine in 1952. The argument can be followed in his autobiography and also in that of Jukskei, *Groot Gebeurtenisse*. It appears that Bult gave way only at the insistence of the Rev. J. du Prêche, one of his strongest supporters, who, however, acted as party peace-maker on this occasion.

Jukskei arrived in Pretoria on July 18 and took up his task. Seldom has a Ministry been put together with greater alacrity. For endless years the party had waited for this moment. "Shadow" Ministers had come and gone during those years. All that had now to be done was to turn the shadows into substances, and the Volk had done that in the elections. So the shadow Cabinet became a reality.

The delicate problem of balancing province against province, one wing of the party against another, had already been faced. Of Jukskei's followers—the "moderate" wing—Simon

Eikeboom took Agriculture, A. Geelhout Finance and Gert Kwaaiman Native Affairs. E. was given the Interior, while Justice went to his Lieutenant, Piet van Langstoep. Colonel Oswald Base—an Afrikaner, though of English descent—is difficult to classify politically; he became Minister of Mines and of Labour. Jukskei attached great importance to British support and was determined to have English names in his list. John Turnman, one of the very few English-speaking Nationalists, was put in the shop window as Minister of Transport, while Defence went to Patrick O'Blarney, son of the Michael O'Blarney who had played what many Irishmen thought a most heroic part in the Easter Rebellion of 1916.

The heralds of the republic were now in the saddle, thanks largely to their self-control in keeping the constitutional issue out of the campaign. The republic could wait for the time being, and would come sooner for the political acumen that the party had shown. *Môre is nog 'n dag. To-morrow . . .*

What would the morrow bring for those who had gone down to defeat in July? There were some to whom it looked black indeed. Among these were some of the "Jingoes" of Natal. The Provincial Council having just been dissolved, ten of its former members, hastily gathering in Maritzburg, waited upon the Administrator to ask him to arrange for the secession of Natal from the Union. Trimways, who had held that office since the previous year, would not accede to the request. In a brief speech he appealed to the deputation to be loyal to the constitution.

On the following day he dealt with the matter more fully in a public speech. Referring to the "traitorous" scheme of secession that was afoot, he lectured the public of Natal on the principles of democracy, which require obedience to the will of the majority. He knew the people of Natal would show themselves to be true South Africans, loyal to their parliamentary traditions, which of course were of British origin. The Nationalists had won the election. It was their turn to take office. They must be given a chance. They would be much more moderate in office than they had been in opposition. And then, in a vague way, he suggested that Natal had many acute problems to solve and would find the new Government not unsympathetic.

That remark struck home. Natal was in the same dilemma as its child, the Dominion Party. It detested the Nationalists—but also the Indians. It could not abide the thought of a republic—or the thought of the rising tide of colour. This question had

been so prominent in the election campaign that many Natalians had succeeded in convincing themselves that the new Government would deal with Coolies and leave republicanism alone.

Others were not so sure. There were murmurings, protest meetings, violent language. The *Natal Witness* supported the secession idea until it was clear that no strong support from the public could be expected. Other papers gave a qualified support to the Administrator. There was no rebellion in Natal.

Thus passed, for the Garden Province, an opportunity that was not destined to recur. In later years the thoughts of many Natalians returned to these events, as they could be seen in better perspective, and many had reason to regret their acquiescence. But now, in 1952, these thoughts were still hidden in the womb of the future.

Very different was the reaction of the Communists to the new situation. Not only had they foreseen it, as indeed many others had done, but they had prepared a plan to meet it. Their plan was the General Strike. Many Communists occupied important positions in the trade unions. From these positions they had already canvassed their plan among union organisers, and hoped to be able to commit the unions to it when the crisis arrived. Now the crisis had come, and no time was lost in dealing with it.

On Sunday morning, July 20, a procession wound its way through the streets of Johannesburg to the City Hall steps, where a platform had been erected. Banners were carried, bearing such slogans as "Down with Fascism!" and "Workers, stand firm!" A small band, which marched in front, played the *Red Flag*, in the singing of which the crowd joined. Joe Krasny (the defeated Communist candidate for Johannesburg, Hillbrow) and others made short but vigorous speeches, calling upon the workers to strike, after which Comrade Joe read the text of a telegram to the secretary (who was then in Pretoria) of the Trades and Labour Council, inviting that body to take the lead.

The proceedings had reached this point—the reading of the telegram—when the leading files of another procession, in which were seen many young men clad in white flannels and blazers, reached the President Street side of the City Hall coming from the west. An uproar followed, in which the reporters could distinguish such cries as "Slaan die Rooies!"

and "There's a Fascist: ~~and~~ "Die Boere bo!" Stones, which became mysteriously available, were hurled by both sides. The commotion had not gone on for more than a quarter of an hour when two large bodies of mounted police approached the scene simultaneously, one coming northwards along Rissik Street and the other westwards in President Street.

It was after the arrival of the police that the first shot was heard. From that moment there was a considerable rattle of small-arms fire, which in a few minutes had the effect of dispersing the crowd. Large numbers of injured were carried off by ambulances. Ten people had been killed. Only one of these had been a member of the white-trousered procession, and his death had not been caused by a bullet.

The news of this event brought the country back to the pitch of excitement that had been reached before the election. The politicians and voters on the Opposition side were divided in their feelings. Some thought that a vigorous handling of the Communists was all to the good. The majority, however, saw in these proceedings an evil omen for the future. As soon as Parliament met the question was asked, Who was responsible for the action of the police? Who had given them their orders? Van Langstoep evaded the question by saying that they had been carrying out their routine duties in the ordinary manner. The Opposition was able, by diligent investigation, to discover that the mounted police used were a picked body sent from various places, including Pretoria, on the 19th. Van Langstoep had taken over the Department of Justice on the 18th, so he had evidently not let the grass grow under his feet.

At the same moment as the gathering before the Johannesburg City Hall, a similar meeting was being held on the Parade in Capetown. The same appeals, the same telegram, were sent forth. A few policemen looked on, but there was no rival procession and no interference. It may be that Van Langstoep felt one fracas would be enough for the purpose of influencing opinion. He must also have been aware that Communism was a stronger force in Capetown than in Johannesburg, that Johannesburg had a tradition of violence and that Capetown was not a very congenial soil for the growth of "national" ideas.

The appeal to strike, though so rudely interrupted, had not fallen entirely on deaf ears. Many trade unionists—not only Communists—tried to put the plan into effect. One or two unions, such as the Garment Workers, did strike officially. But in the great majority of cases the scheme was frustrated.

The Nationalists had never under-estimated the importance of the trade unions. There was hardly a union in which they were not represented, in most cases well represented, on the executive. Sometimes they appeared openly in the rôle of Nationalists. In other cases their true colours were concealed. They had their spies everywhere, even in the Communist Party itself. In the trade unions their influence was used to prevent the strike, either by openly opposing it or by creating divisions and uncertainty among the other members. They succeeded in preventing a general strike, and the sporadic strikes which were all that could be achieved served only as grist to their mill.

The leaders of the meetings in Johannesburg and Capetown were all arrested by the 22nd. Van Langstoep would have liked to charge them with treason, but he realised that the country was still suffering under a "foreign" constitution and laws which would not serve the purpose. He had to be content with minor charges and short sentences. Many of the strikers, who were similarly charged, were acquitted. That was what came of British-Jewish imperialistic methods of justice. It would be the Government's task to get rid of such anomalies.

The riot and the strikes were a heaven-sent opportunity for what had now become the Government Press. With zest they took up the official cry and played on the nerves of the public. "Red Revolution Narrowly Averted", "People Massacred by Communists", "Many Natives and Indians Present", said the banner headlines. The Red Peril and the Black Peril, in intimate association, showed how right the people had been in their decision at the polls.

CHAPTER TWO

FIRST FRUITS OF VICTORY

AS SOON AS the new Senate had been elected, Parliament met for a short session in October, after which it was prorogued till January, 1953. In the October session and in the ordinary session that followed the "National Revolution" was well and truly inaugurated.

The whole legislative programme of the Government for the Parliament of 1952-7 formed a well-thought-out and consistent plan, which nevertheless was not revealed to the public at the beginning. Each shock prepared the nerves of the Opposition to receive the shock that followed. The first aim of the Government was so to alter the constitutional system as to make it impossible for the voters thereafter to turn the Nationalists out of office. The next aim—the long-term policy—was to establish more firmly the supremacy of the White Afrikaners in the political, economic, cultural and social spheres. Parallel with these policies was to go a gilt-and-tinsel prosperity—for the white race—that would stop the mouths of the critics.

The first enemies to be struck at were the Communists and the trade unions. The Communist Party was made an illegal association; severe penalties were provided for any attempt by speech, in writing or by the holding of meetings to promote its interests. This Act was followed by the Industrial Conciliation Act (Amendment) Act of 1952, which dealt a death-blow at trade unionism. The registrar of trade unions had hitherto, as a rule, registered only one union of any trade in one area. This principle gave the unionists the "closed shop", the monopoly of skill that enabled a strike to be effective. Their bargaining power was based on it. The new Act compelled the registrar to register *any* union in an area if it could show not fewer than 100 members. The consequences were immediately felt. In opposition to the old organisations there appeared overnight a mushroom crop of "national-minded" unions whose main object was to play a part in the National Revolution.

In case this provision should not be enough, the Act made doubly sure by empowering the Minister of Labour (instead of the two interested parties in the industrial councils) to appoint, for any dispute, an arbitrator whose award would be binding. All strikes thus became illegal, and wages and other conditions of labour were placed at the mercy of the Government.

These two measures were passed in the teeth of skilful opposition in Parliament and, needless to say, of an uproar in the trade union world. The trade unions, which had shown their weakness in July, were paralysed by October. The new nationally oriented unions, pampered and flattered by the Government, could frustrate any attempt at united working-class action. Meetings were held, violent speeches made, calls to action put forth—but it was only sound and fury, signifying nothing.

The Opposition Press did its duty boldly, though with little hope; the most notable effort being made by the smaller papers, such as the *Friend*, the *Natal Witness* and the *East London Daily Dispatch*. The old flames of British liberalism burnt brightly again in the leaders of these journals. Here, for instance, is the *Natal Witness* on the Anti-Communist Bill (October 22, 1952):

“We believe that Communism is, and would always have remained, an insignificant force in South Africa. The Government hopes to gain credit with the public by removing a ‘menace’ which exists only in the feverish imaginations of the Ministers and their henchmen. But is the public really so short-sighted? Can it be blind to the obvious implications of this Bill? If this party and its opinions can be placed outside the pale of the law on the ground that they are ‘un-South African’—the Prime Minister’s expression—then other parties and opinions will surely follow. Professor Bult has already called the Dominion Party ‘the instrument of a foreign Power’. The Labour Party has been attacked on similar grounds. Where does the process stop? Its extension involves no further question of principle. The Rubicon will be crossed when the present bill goes through.”

The other Opposition papers opposed the Bill on the same principle, though in those of the *Argus* group there was a certain hesitancy which may have reflected the equivocal attitude of the Rand financiers. They opposed the Bill, but could not con-

ceal their pleasure at the demise of the Communist Party. Even to the trade union measure their opposition was something less than whole-hearted.

Afrikaans organs on the Opposition side, such as the *Suidersstem*, showed no such doubts. They knew their Nationalists better, and knew the Communist issue for the red herring it was. But the most fiery pyrotechnics came from the Communist *Guardian*, the only paper whose existence was directly threatened. Before the Act was passed, the *Guardian's* premises in Capetown had been sold, and its staff had vanished from sight, to begin an underground existence which constitutes one of the most curious romances of the succeeding period.

The English-speaking public does not seem to have been much influenced by the campaign in its Press. The Government Press was able to give a convincing account of widespread support for these measures in conservative English circles. One may imagine the smile on the faces of the "moderate" Nationalists as they demonstrated these results to the "republicans" in caucus. There can be little doubt that the Bills pleased the mining magnates; their position will be discussed later on.

The legislation of October, 1952, was paralleled by executive action in several directions. Various men who had been given life sentences for treason in the Second World War now received a full pardon, and were fêted and lionised by the "right-thinking" on their release. In the bad old days Civil Servants had been forbidden to belong to either the *Broederbond* or the *Osewabrandwag*, two somewhat sinister republican organisations. This prohibition was now withdrawn. More than half of the State's employees promptly showed their true colours by joining the *Osewabrandwag*. The *Broederbond* was for the élite only, but it has been shown that many of the bureaucrats of highest rank were at this time gathered into its fold.

The two great Bills of 1952 were no doubt introduced at that time so as to take advantage of the popular reaction to the riot and the strikes. They were not the logical starting point of the National Revolution. It was in 1953 that the logical beginning was made.

The object was to clip the wings of the Opposition. The method followed shows a brilliant appreciation of the weakness in the enemy's armament. The beginning was made with the six representatives of Natives and Asiatics.

The Government was helped by the United Party's laments

after the elections. The Nationalist majority was shown to have depended on a few unpredictable accidents. Had these chances fallen out otherwise, the representatives of "Kaffirs" and "Coolies" would have held the balance of power! The flesh not only of the platteland, but also of English-speaking suburbia, was made to creep at the thought. The good people of Johannesburg were told that if such an unhappy situation should ever arise they would be jostled out of their parks and swimming-baths by "Jim" and "Sammy". The people of Capetown were taught to expect the first-class compartments of their suburban trains to be similarly invaded. How could the dwellers on Durban's Berea expect to exclude Asiatic householders from that neighbourhood? And how, throughout the length and breadth of South Africa, could a white woman go anywhere in safety without an armed escort?

The point was not difficult to put across. It was these very thoughts that had kept Natal quiet after the elections. The Bill to abolish Native and Asiatic representation in the House of Assembly, as from the end of the current session, was piloted through the House by Bult. He had wanted to make the measure effective from the date of its signature by the Governor-General, but on this point he had been overruled by Jukskei. The Prime Minister wished to show a friendly courtesy to the departing members, so insisted that they should be allowed to function as lame ducks till the end of the session. He and the other "moderates" resented the truculent, defiant manner in which the Minister of the Interior chose to force the measure through. Jukskei regarded it as a Bill to remove friction and racialism and promote harmony and good fellowship all round. He dwelt, in his speech at the second reading, on the happy agreement shown on this issue by Durban and Dewetsdorp, by Parktown and Parys. "Never", he concluded, "has this House debated a measure better calculated to promote racial peace and build up the united nation of the future."

While the regular Opposition parties were nearly paralysed in the debate by the influence of their constituents, the members whose seats were about to be abolished made a noble stand. They saw clearly that the proposal was of a piece with the restrictive measures that had already been passed. Yet they dared not identify their cause with that of the Communists. Ministers, no doubt, hoped they would do so, thereby dispelling the doubts prompted in the minds of some Opposition members by the dying embers of liberalism. But the

six moribund representatives were too far-sighted to fall into this trap.

Instead, their line was to hark back to the memory of Hertzog, who had created this representation—the Native section of it, at least—in return for the surrender of the old common franchise. They treated the question as one involving the honour of the Afrikaner people in general, and of the Nationalist Party in particular. While carefully ignoring the reactions in other countries, especially India, to the Bill, they warned the Government that this chicken would, in good time, come home to roost. Their speeches were, of course, of no avail; nor could they have expected them to be. The doomed members were rather publishing a manifesto to which some people in years to come might turn for inspiration. The Bill passed, and the Ministers could in the mind's eye see their majority growing to sixteen.

It had not been difficult to push this Bill through. But Ministers attached much more importance to the very controversial and delicate measure that was to follow—a measure that united the Opposition and provoked the maximum possible resistance.

The old electoral system made it possible for rural constituencies to be up to 15 per cent. smaller, the urban constituencies up to 15 per cent. larger, than the average. This over-representation of the countryside (where their strength lay) was regarded by the Nationalists as a kind of birthright. The discrepancy had been further increased by the fact that many people in the towns, though few in the country, were too apathetic to register as voters. In 1940 registration had been made compulsory—a measure which led to increased urban representation. In later years the delimitation commission had tended to make the constituencies more nearly equal, not availing themselves of the right to vary the full 15 per cent. in either direction. The Nationalists regarded this tendency as a scandal. It had been obliquely referred to by Jukskei in his Burghersdorp speech.

The Electoral Laws Amendment Bill was designed to set all this to rights. Compulsory registration was to be abolished, and the variation in favour of rural constituencies was to be *at least* 15 though not more than 25 per cent. There could be no disguising the intention of the Bill: it was part of a scheme—of which there were no doubt other instalments to come—to make a change of Government impossible. The Opposition

closed its ranks and was given a new, though short, lease of life. The English-speaking public was startled out of the complacency into which it had fallen.

In Parliament, Opposition speakers appealed to the well-recognised principles of democracy. Bult, who was in charge of the Bill, sneered at these principles as a product of British-Jewish imperialism, and expounded his theory of people's government. People's government was government by the Volk, and the Volk meant only those who were nationally conscious. The cosmopolitan riff-raff of the cities could not be regarded as a part of the Volk. The nation had very nearly been destroyed by their influence; the Government was determined to remove the danger.

Other speakers painted idyllic pictures of the sturdy old farming population and its healthy influence on the State; the farmers were the "backbone of the country"; the unbalanced electoral system of the old South African Republic was quoted as a worthy example to follow.

Public meetings were addressed by Opposition speakers; the Press fulminated; telegrams poured in upon Members and Ministers; threats of violence were not wanting. Then the party whips put forth their maximum efforts, and what the Opposition called the Gerrymandering Bill was accordingly passed through both Houses by narrow but sufficient majorities.

The new delimitation under this Act was made in 1954. Two of the judges on the Commission had been recently promoted to the Bench in the face of loud Opposition protests. They were mere time-serving partisans, and in appointing them the Government departed from the high judicial traditions of over a century. These two judges overruled their colleague (a Nationalist, too, though of higher standards) and drew up the new electoral map on the worst gerrymandering principles. Many irregularly shaped divisions brought together solid masses of Opposition voters; in others substantial Opposition minorities were combined with sufficient majorities of Government supporters. By that time the public had received so many shocks that only a feeble protest was made against the delimitation. When the new system was rounded off in 1956 by an Act disfranchising the Coloured voters in the Cape Province, the public can hardly be said to have turned a hair.

This rough handling of the electoral system was the foundation on which all the rest of the Government's policy was to be built. With all fear of the polling-booth removed, Ministers

, could develop their scheme with confidence. They were wise, too, in their timing. The upheaval over the electoral measures was followed closely by attempts to win back the tolerant acquiescence of the English-speaking section.

The most notable of these attempts was the Asiatic Trading Act of 1954. Since 1946 Asiatics had been segregated in separate residential areas from other races. But this restriction did not apply to trading sites. The new Act, on a disingenuous pretext of tidiness and regularity, prohibited Asiatics from trading outside their own residential areas. Trade, wholesale and retail, was at that time for Indians the chief outlet for energies dammed up in other directions. Trading with white man and black was their chief economic resource. The Act deprived them of it.

The class affected no longer had any representation in the House of Assembly. The United Party, vigorously led on this issue by Oudstryder, took up the cudgels on behalf of the new victims of the National Revolution. It was supported in this by Labour, but not by the Dominion Party, much of whose support was drawn from the commercial rivals of the very men who were now to be eliminated from the field. But the United Party had an embarrassing record. Government speakers were able to point to its restrictive measures when in office, and to charge Oudstryder with inconsistency: he was trying to make party capital out of a problem which he if in office would have had to solve in the same way.

The Indian traders were faced with ruin, and the South African constitution gave them no way of saving themselves. Their only resource was to appeal to India, and, through India, to the United Nations. A monster petition was signed and a deputation chosen to go to New Delhi. Bult refused passports for the delegation, but the purport of the petition was of course well known in India, where the Government issued a strong protest and took steps to prohibit all trade with South Africa. Trade between the two countries had been conducted mainly through the Indian wholesalers in Durban. The new restriction was intended to prevent that business from passing into the hands of their successors. India then, as will be shown in a later chapter, raised the question in the Security Council of the United Nations.

The Act gave traders until September 30, 1954, to dispose of premises outside the permitted areas. There was, of course, no question of transferring this trade to Indian areas, which

were sufficiently catered for by the small shops existing in them. The great emporia and warehouses had to be liquidated under unfavourable conditions. The only course left to their owners was to petition the Government for passports to leave the country permanently.

There followed a tussle in the Cabinet. Bult opposed the granting of passports, partly because he was afraid of the emigrants' "making mischief" in India and elsewhere, partly because he was far-sighted enough to see that the Government's policy was not going to hold a cheap labour force in the country by its mere attractiveness. If a vigorous policy would drive its victims over the borders, what became of "Kaffir" and "Coolie" labour? Let the swindling old merchants go out and work in the cane-fields, or as waiters in hotels. It would be good for them. They needed to be put in their places.

On this point Bult was opposed by Jukskei and outvoted in the Cabinet. Jukskei was for making South Africa a true white man's country. What better way could be found than deporting "Coolies"? Bult had to submit. But he retreated from his first position only to take up a firm stand in another. Let the Coolies go, he agreed, but not take any property with them. This wealth had been cruelly extorted from the South African people. What right had they to cart it off to India?

Even Geelhout wavered as he thought of confiscating the ill-gotten gains of the Indians for the benefit of the Treasury. But Jukskei was opposed to everything of the kind. Again he reverted to the basis of his policy. It was to ensure the predominance of the white man. Whatever was necessary to that end must be done. But Jukskei was humane and charitable, and he had some understanding of public opinion in other countries. Why should the good name of White South Africa be besmirched by an act of unnecessary cruelty? Let them take their coins and precious stones with them. With a heavy heart Bult gave the necessary orders to his department. The Prime Minister ever afterwards spoke with especial pride of the great act of humanity which he had won on this occasion from the Cabinet.

It was hoped that the English business community in Natal would be filled with gratitude to the Government for thus removing its rivals. And this was not the only attempt to win support in exchange for material benefits. The Nationalists when in opposition had spoken so hardly of the gold-mining interest that it was taken for granted that Geelhout would

“soak” the mines in his first Budget. It was awaited with immense anxiety. A packed gallery of distinguished people looked down on the House of Assembly as Geelhout rose to make his speech, while the Johannesburg Stock Exchange nervously watched the ticker-tape.

The universal sense of relief at Geelhout's not altering the basis of mining taxation was reflected in the quite unreasonable boom that followed. Those who had assumed that the mines would be “soaked” were not well informed on the internal divisions of the Nationalist Party. Jukskei's wing of the party, to which Geelhout belonged, was prepared to do a deal with the magnates: no heavier taxation in return for no undermining of the Government. G. P. C. Ingot, the President of the Chamber of Mines, was on good terms with Colonel Base—often lunched with him at the Rand Club—and Base was at this time working very closely with Geelhout.

One or two knowing brokers had observed that during the past few months the depressed shares had been bought up by certain of the *tycoons* who might be expected to have some inside knowledge of Geelhout's plans. But this practice did not extend to the financiers of highest rank, certainly not to Ingot, who did nothing to betray any confidence that might have been placed in him. He was playing for much higher stakes than the margins on speculative shares. But some speculators were lucky that year.

The decision on mining taxation represented a triumph for Jukskei's over Bult's section of the party. On other questions of financial policy there was no such difference of opinion. The rebate of 10 per cent. on the income tax was mainly a sop to the English-speaking middle class. The reduction of excise duties and the sharp upward revision of customs duties would appeal to many classes—industrialists, wine-farmers, and other farmers, since there were heavy duties on the slaughter animals that came from Bechuanaland and Rhodesia. The deficit that remained was covered by doubling the General Tax. The main purpose of this tax was to drive Natives out of the reserves to work, to earn the money to pay the tax. Jukskei had promised the farmers that they would not lack labour; Ingot, too, was interested.

The other great vote-winning measure of 1953 was one that the Ministers took over from their predecessors—the textile corporation, or Texcor, as it came to be called. This was one of a series of enterprises of which Escom and Iscor were earlier

examples. Texcor was to have a capital of £2,000,000, and the State was to have a controlling interest. Two great mills were to be erected, one for wool at Vereeniging and one for cotton at Witbank. All the processes, from ginning or washing the raw material to weaving the cloth, were to be performed by the corporation. Provision was made for interest-free loans to farmers intending to grow cotton, in order to encourage the production of that material within the Union.

The Textile Corporation Bill was received with an enthusiasm that did much to abate the hostility to the Government stirred up by the "Gerrymandering Act". Every schoolboy—well, nearly every schoolboy—knew that the Industrial Revolution in Britain had begun in the textile mills, and long lines of twirling spindles were a symbol of industrialisation. South Africa would become a great industrial country, perhaps—who knew?—a Great Power, dominating the African continent. The inconsistency of this view with the "farming backbone" theory so recently put forward by Ministers did not pass unnoticed; but people were not inclined to be critical of Texcor.

For there was the immediate prospect of jobs—good jobs—for all. This economic development would provide for the young experts and technicians as fast as the universities and technical colleges could turn them out. To the farmers of the lowveld and Natal, too, the news seemed good. There were loans, and an assured market for cotton; and labour for growing it.

In 1954 the Government had the benefit of a rising tide of prosperity. Cotton-planting was beginning to promise wealth to many; the construction of the textile mills was proceeding; European traders were about to expand into the markets vacated by Indians; there was confidence in the mining world and a boom in shares. Though the parliamentary Opposition had been galvanised into vigorous and united activity by the Gerrymandering Act, the public was once more losing interest in politics; the hearts of many were warming to the Government. The disgruntled factions of trade unionists and liberals, Indians and "Kafferboeties", seemed very small fry.

Much of this prosperity, however, was unreal. The fact became painfully evident on the Johannesburg Stock Exchange when on "Black Tuesday", October 19, 1954, the inflated bubble burst. Many fortunes were lost that week. Loans were called in and the money market grew close-fisted. The usual symptoms of a trade depression overshadowed the New Year of 1955.

To understand the Government's method of dealing with this situation it is necessary to glance at the educational system of the country. The schools were the responsibility not of the Union but of the provincial administrations. The United Party, which had formerly controlled the provincial councils of the Cape, the Transvaal and Natal, had introduced into those provinces the system of bilingual education. Half the subjects in every High School were taught in the Afrikaans medium, half in the English. The Principal decided which were which. In the Transvaal the private schools were subjected to the same system. Some in the other provinces accepted it voluntarily.

In 1952 Dr. Horingbril became Director of Education in the Transvaal, and lost no time in carrying out the National Revolution in his department. His first object was to place men and women of "sound political views" in the principalships of schools. This was done as the posts fell vacant. Secondly, to fill the schools with teachers similarly qualified. He was assisted in his task by the eagerness with which the sons and daughters of the platteland—almost all "national minded"—entered the teaching profession; it had been unpopular with the English-speaking section, and became much more so under the new conditions. Principalships were in effect closed to them from this date. They were closed also, needless to say, to Afrikaners of "unsound" views.

As the school staffs were thus infused with the spirit of the times, it became possible to arrange everywhere for the more controversial subjects, especially history, to be taught through the Afrikaans medium. Text-books were carefully checked and examination boards brought into line. The training colleges were nursed with special care.

By 1954 the influence of the new authorities in Pretoria was very apparent throughout the schools of the Province. From this date there is an absolute decline in the number of English-speaking children sent to the departmental schools of the Transvaal. They were being drawn off by the private schools, the number of which steadily increased until 1958. It is true that bilingual education prevailed in these schools also, but the principles of their teaching were not controlled from Pretoria. They still recruited a large part of their staffs from England, and the subjects taught in Afrikaans were taught by South Africans who were for the most part British in sentiment and many of whom had been to English universities. On these

grounds the English-speaking population greatly preferred them to the Government schools. For the same reason they were the subject of regular attacks in the Nationalist Press and were, as he would have put it, "a thorn in the eye" to Horingbril.

The dual-medium system was more recent in the Cape Province, and did not extend to the private schools. Moreover, Waalstraat, the Superintendent, was more interested in education than in politics, and would not allow his policy to be dictated by political considerations. Yet circumstances forced the Cape schools to follow, though at a distance, the work of Horingbril. The teaching profession was overwhelmingly Nationalist in sentiment. It was inevitable that the schools would in time be dominated by the same spirit as in the Transvaal, though the flood took longer, in the Cape, to submerge the last islands of resistance.

In Natal there was no problem of this kind, as the Nationalists had no footing in the provincial administration. In the Free State, on the other hand, there was no bilingual education. But the political spirit of the other provinces was evident in the great majority of schools there also.

Unlike the schools, the universities were the concern of the central Government. It was represented on their councils, but each university was an autonomous body, not directly ruled from Pretoria. The Afrikaans-medium universities and colleges had been thoroughly infused with the Nationalist spirit long before 1952. The English-medium institutions belonged to an entirely different world. Having close contacts with overseas countries, they were influenced by the currents of thought flowing in the wider world. It was from these centres of thought that the strongest opposition to repressive policies had come, not only before 1952, but one might say ever since they had been in existence. There can be no doubt that they figured high on the list of "problems" to be faced by the new Government from the day it took office.

The policies revealed in October, 1952, would perhaps have provoked an uproar in the universities if they had not been launched just on the eve of the examinations. When the students returned after the long vacation they were faced with the new programme that included the "Gerrymandering" Bill. The answer of the Witwatersrand students to this was a mass meeting of protest on March 18, 1953. The Government Press not only denounced the Principal for allowing this meeting to

be held on the university premises, but also drew attention to the large (highly exaggerated) number of Jews, of Asiatics, of Natives and other menacing groups that had taken part. The *Transvaaler* demanded that the Government should take steps to protect itself and the Volk from this danger.

A similar meeting was held in the same week by the Cape-town students. Of the committee of five who organised the meeting, two were Jews, one a Coloured man and one an Afrikaner girl. The Government papers succeeded in obtaining a photograph which included these four and from which a few other visages were easily erased. Here, then, presented to the horrified gaze of simple country readers, was a picture of the menace to Afrikaner womanhood, of the Power from which the Volk had been saved by the crowning mercy of '52.

Country readers did not need to be convinced. The greatest use of this piece of propaganda was made among the quiet, respectable people of Rondebosch and Claremont, of Parktown and Musgrave Road. Free copies of the *New Era*, packed with carefully selected material of a conservative and almost royalist character, drew the attention of these pleasant suburbs to the Jew.

Many of the violent speeches of the last few months had been made by Jews. For years past material had been accumulating which could be used to develop anti-Semitism among the English. Some Jews had helped in this work by public attacks on the British Government, and indeed on the good faith of the British nation, for the policy pursued in Palestine. It was not difficult to draw attention to various political activities, as un-English as they were un-South African, in which a few Jews played prominent parts. From these and other small seeds a considerable anti-Semitic sentiment grew among the British.

The broadcasting system was now being used to fan this flame. In 1953 important changes had been made in the Board of the Broadcasting Corporation. The appointment of Dr. Twak as Chairman had, it is true, little significance; but he was the tool of more influential though less prominent men. B. F. Buncombe was nominated to the Board as a sop to the British section. But most of the remaining members were mere "voting cattle" at the disposal of the real manipulators, the Rev. J. du Prêche and Professor O. B. Network.

The new Board had adopted the policy of putting certain times at the disposal of a "Government spokesman", and this propaganda weapon was being used with considerable skill.

The talks in English differed in many ways from those on the Afrikaans programme. There was no direct reference to republicanism, but the Government's Bills were subtly defended and the public mind prepared for future Bills by gloomy accounts of the problems facing the country. And always, in season and out of season, the Jew was blamed.

When the economic life of the country was dislocated at the beginning of 1955 the Government determined to strike at the Jews. It considered the Jewish strength in the universities as the starting-point of the evil, and both for this and for more general reasons decided to subject the universities more directly to the Government. The Universities Act of 1955 accordingly empowered the Minister of Education to appoint the majority of members of the Council of each university and college. He appointed them, moreover, for an indefinite period and could remove them at any time. Each Council received the power not only of appointing but of at any time removing (with the consent of the Minister) the Principal and members of the staff. The Principals were to regulate the admission of students and, on the advice of disciplinary committees of the Senates, to expel them when necessary.

This Act was disposed of before the university term began at the end of February, so that the students had no opportunity of expressing their feelings. The time was past, however, for student ebullitions. The management of the resistance had inevitably passed into the hands of the professors. In the Afrikaans-medium universities there were very few who saw cause, in the new Act, for anything but gratitude to the Government. But in the Universities of Capetown, the Witwatersrand and Natal, and at Rhodes University College, there was a general realisation that an epoch had closed. What were the learned gentlemen to do? To protest would mean the loss of their positions. To acquiesce would mean to lose their own souls, without exactly gaining the whole world.

It was decided at various meetings to show no opposition to the present Act, but to resist if an attempt were made to remove anyone from his post on political grounds. Many optimists had refused to believe that the Act was anything more than "a gesture to the platteland". They were soon undeceived.

Two Johannesburg professors were dismissed by the new Council there, one, Deeply, for speaking at a meeting of protest against the anti-Jewish measures; the other, Fairword, for remarks made in the course of a lecture. He had said: "No one

here, I am sure, will believe the fantastic story that the present slump was brought about by scheming Jews. Anyone who accepts this nonsense—emanating, I am afraid, from high places—can consider himself unqualified to benefit much from the course of lectures I am about to deliver.” These remarks were taken down and reported by two students present. The Council was anxious not to lose the services of Fairword, who was very popular with his colleagues and students and enjoyed an international reputation. He was asked, therefore, to deny, on oath, the words attributed to him. He appeared before the Council, and not only refused to eat his words, but expressed his sentiments again in still more forceful language. The Council had no option but to relieve him of his duties as from the end of the current term. The affair of Deeply occurred a few weeks later.

The time had come, then, for the academic world to act. Many learned men, alas! now concluded that it would have been better to resist before the Universities Bill had passed. Their attitude must not be lightly condemned. What purpose would be served by their sacrificing their jobs? As soon as possible they would remove to universities in other countries; in the meantime it would be better to hold their peace. This cautious attitude only throws into sharper relief the action of the courageous few.

The names that stand out are those of two colleagues of the dismissed men—Beggary, a lecturer, and Professor Knowall—and also, to his great honour, Professor Boekenhout of Stellenbosch. The latter sent a circular letter to his colleagues calling on them to make a united stand against the attack on academic independence. The other two published a joint letter in the *Rand Daily Mail* explaining the necessity of a nation-wide movement to frustrate the reactionary schemes of the Government. All three were relieved of their duties.

Control of the universities was thus effectively provided for when the great measure of 1955 was introduced—the Distribution of Occupations Bill, promptly nicknamed the Pogrom Bill. Nationalist polemics had for many years made the most of the fact that there were too many Jews in lucrative trades and professions *proportionally to their numbers in the population*. The present measure aimed at nothing less than reducing their participation in certain occupations to 4.65 per cent., which was the percentage of Jews in the total white population by the census of 1951. Schedule A of the Act specified the medical and

legal professions (bar and side-bar), all branches of the teaching profession and of journalism, though it was felt that these latter had not yet been "penetrated" to any serious extent; nevertheless it was better to be sure than sorry. Schedule B dealt with commerce, industry and finance, including both public companies and proprietary enterprises.

The universities, which had been reconstituted partly with this object in mind, were forbidden to admit any more Jews to the medical or legal faculties until the number in those professions had fallen to the required percentage. When this condition was fulfilled the fact would be proclaimed in the *Gazette*. Thereafter they could (but of course need not) admit them to an extent limited by this maximum ratio. No Jew could be articled to a firm of attorneys until the number practising that profession had fallen similarly. No provincial administration, nor the proprietor or governors of any private school, could admit more than that proportion of Jews to their teaching staffs. Newspapers and periodicals were required to draw up registers of the journalists employed by them, with the names of Jews separately indicated. Here, too, the numbers were not to rise above the permitted maximum, but the Minister of the Interior was empowered to make exceptions in the cases of journals which were the official organs of Jewish institutions.

Under Schedule B no more trading licences were to be issued to Jews until the number in each branch of trade had fallen to the required level. No public company was allowed to have more than 4.65 per cent. of Jews on its board of directors after the following 31st of December.

The Act was a compromise. Bult and his followers would have preferred to eliminate the redundant Jews immediately, but Jukskei made a noble stand against so harsh a proposal. In the humane spirit that shone forth so clearly in all his actions, he insisted that existing interests should not be interfered with; the object could be attained by limiting future entry into the scheduled occupations.

The principle had thus been established that the right to earn a living in a freely chosen way could be limited, withheld, or regulated by Parliament on political grounds. That principle had, of course, been applied for many years to the Coloured races. But its extension to white people was something new, startling, and ominous for the future. The principle could be applied to other groups; Schedules A and B could be extended as required.

Such humanitarian feelings as had not withered in the unkindly climate of the National Revolution were stirred by the plight of Jewish families who found their children deprived of all hope of lucrative careers. On the other hand, the Gentile population was presented, in the midst of the slump, with golden opportunities. Business men had first Indian and now Jewish rivals removed or hampered. Great prospects opened before young men and women entering medicine or the law. And the anti-Semitic propaganda of the previous years had disposed many to regard the Act as meting out to the Jews nothing more than justice.

It is difficult to estimate how widely this measure was supported in Opposition circles. We depend for evidence not on public pronouncements or the Press, but on the letters and memoirs of the day which lift the curtain far enough to give some idea of what the man-in-the-street was thinking. A very useful book is the autobiography of the famous sportsman, Bouncer Hardcourt. He reports a conversation at a dinner he attended in Johannesburg after a tennis tournament :

“The talk was as much of politics as of sport, for that was the year of the law against the Jews. Ribald stories and sneers against that unfortunate people were bandied about with much laughter. I didn’t like it. I have had many good friends among the Jews, and I couldn’t help thinking then of men like Reuben Batski, the cricketer, and Abe Kickoff, who played for the Dribblers—jolly fellows both. I thought we should pay dearly for this cruel policy, and said so.”¹

Hardcourt was a kind and friendly soul, a good representative of the sunburnt, windblown, healthy-minded people that the outdoor life of South Africa had not yet ceased to produce.

The remarks bandied about at that dinner could be matched by others like the prejudiced comments of B. F. Buncombe in his letters to his daughter. There can be no doubt that this sort of feeling was widespread among the English-speaking people. It was still stronger, though by no means universal, among the Afrikaners.

The Jews, like the Communists, trade unionists and Indians before them, raised their united voices in vigorous protest. Their attitude, however, exasperated the straiter sort of Government supporters. A synagogue in Bloemfontein was

¹ Bouncer Hardcourt, *With Gun and Racket: Fifty Years of Sport*, pp. 280-1.

burnt down by young hotheads, and the business premises of Jews in various towns were sacked. Jewish organisations throughout the world took up the cry, and the matter was raised, as will be described in another chapter, in the Assembly of the United Nations.

Though this international move failed to save the South African Jews, it provided the Government and its radio "spokesman" with welcome fuel for the fire of anti-Semitism. In the latter part of 1955 the line taken on radio and platform and in the Press was that the Jew was, after all, a foreigner, always looking to New York or Tel Aviv for help. He was not a South African; he was "unassimilable". These thoughts were to fructify in the following session, for the "pogrom" of 1955 had alarmed the platteland by its incompleteness.

The gap was filled—though not quite to the satisfaction of Bult and his followers—by the Immigration and Citizenship Act of 1956. One of its objects was a revision of the system of immigration control, to enable the Minister to exclude would-be immigrants on the ground of race (as distinct from nationality), and further to exclude any person whom for other reasons, such as political opinion, he might regard as "unassimilable". After the Act of the preceding year, as well as the general trend of policy since 1952, there was something ludicrous in the idea of restricting Jewish immigration into South Africa. The main hope of the Jews was to get out of the country, not into it. But the principle of restricting their entry, born of conditions at a much earlier date, had a ritualistic value for the Government's supporters. The measure aroused great enthusiasm among them.

Much more important in practice was the retroactive part of the Bill. Not only was Jewish immigration to be stopped for the future, but its past effects were as far as possible to be undone. Jews who had entered the Union after May 31, 1910, were to be deprived of Union nationality and citizenship. Since they had already lost their previous nationality, they were now to fall into the class of stateless persons, but the Government expected that the Palestine authorities would provide for them in some way. In any case, they ceased to exercise the vote in South Africa, which was the important thing.

By 1956 the Ministry could therefore congratulate itself on what had been achieved in four short years. He might seem an unreasonable Nationalist indeed who could find fault with the

record. But in the face of these achievements the old differences among the Opposition parties had lost their significance. Discussions had gone on for some time between Oudstryder and the Dominion Party leader, George Dragon, and these culminated in the fusion of the two parties during the session of 1956. The name *United Party* was retained and the leadership of Oudstryder continued. Dragon had not succeeded in getting the new party to adopt the anti-republican principle officially, as Oudstryder hoped that many plattelanders of republican principles could be won over. Dragon ultimately gave way, as he felt the need to overthrow the existing Government justified any sacrifice. He had a clearer idea than most of his followers of the probable consequences of what Jukskei and his men were doing.

The Labour Party was not included in the fusion, but an electoral pact was agreed to by the two parties for the elections due in 1957. All these arrangements came, of course, just four years too late, and this was well understood by many of those who helped to make them. "Oom Sappie", it is true, was still optimistic. He hoped to sweep the country on a policy of "South Africanism" with equal rights for every civilised man, but the event showed that he had failed to understand the currents of public opinion that were now running strongly against his party and its sentiments.

After a short session the Government went to the country in May, 1957. The depression had passed. The textile mills had begun to function, and sheep- and cotton-farmers were flourishing. Vested interests had been created in the places cleared of Jews and Indians. Gold-mining continued to expand, and secondary industries as well as agriculture to develop on the impetus which it gave. The public had been safeguarded against the threats to its security or standard of living from Asiatics, Natives, Jews and Communists. Organised labour had been rendered harmless, and cheap, unorganised labour brought in sufficient quantities to farm and mine. Against all this, of what importance were the cries and agitations of a few Kaffirs and Coolies, Jews, professors and Kafferboeties? The Government stood proudly on its record of achievement and invited the public to express its confidence.

The relations of the Union with other countries were a subject on which Nationalist candidates preferred to be silent. But they could not prevent their opponents from raising it, and hecklers at Nationalist meetings found it a useful weapon. We

are keeping the whole story of foreign relations for a separate chapter, but it is necessary here to mention the treatment of the subject by ministerial candidates in 1957. They took the line that the attitude of other countries constituted a gross interference in the internal affairs of South Africa. Carrying the war into the enemy's country, they spoke of the caste system of India, the secret police of Russia, the peerage of Great Britain, the workings of Big Business in the United States. What would be said if the Jukskei Government tried to interfere with these institutions? But that Government would not sink to the level of its detractors. It would respect the independence of other nations, and would expect its independence to be respected in turn.

These were brave words, and they satisfied those who wanted to be satisfied. But they failed to convince anyone who was familiar with the world beyond South Africa's shores. Such people, however, were not numerous enough to affect the results of the elections.

The electoral system was by 1957 heavily weighted in the Nationalists' favour. As the *Transvaler* brazenly expressed it, "Does anyone imagine that the Volk triumphed over its enemies in 1952 only to hand over its power to a Sap Government?" The new delimitation of 1954, in terms of the Act of 1953, had greatly increased the representation of the country districts at the expense of the towns. The representatives of Natives and Indians had been removed from Parliament, and the Coloured voters of the Cape from the electoral roll. Many Jews had been disfranchised, and Opposition voters had emigrated in large numbers. The Government could use the broadcasting system for propaganda purposes, and it had increased its influence over universities, schools and the Press. The trade unions were split and the Communists driven underground. The influence of the Broederbond was again exercised openly in the Civil Service.

The result was what the Nationalist organisers had counted on, though bitterly disappointing to Oudstryder. The Government secured 112 seats, the whole Opposition 38.

Yet the victory was less gratifying to Jukskei than that of 1952, because the unity of his party had been impaired.

The party had, in fact, very nearly split on the issue of "republicanism in our time". Bult, Van Langstoep and their supporters had stood up to the Prime Minister in the Cabinet and demanded that he should now obtain a mandate to proceed

immediately to establish a republic. They maintained that the wishy-washy proceedings of the Government were exhausting the patience of the Volk. The advent of the republic must not be longer delayed.

Jukskei agreed that the republic must come soon, but he wanted to win for it the support of the general body of the public. His policy had been consistent throughout his career. It was to whittle away the connections with Britain and the monarchy by gradual steps, so that the British section, getting accustomed to one change at a time, would adapt itself to republicanism and secession without realising what was happening. He pointed out how successfully this policy had been pursued by the Hertzog Governments between 1924 and 1939, and how it was now being advanced by the Sons of South Africa, who formed a bridge by which English-speaking people were being brought into the Nationalist camp. He begged his colleagues to hold fast to that method.

The other section did not push the matter farther at the time; but it would not consent to be silent on the subject in the election campaign. Many simple English-speaking people, who hated Horingbril's schools but were only mildly critical of Jukskei's policies, awoke in 1957 with the alarm ringing in the Opposition Press. Republican speeches were printed at length in the English papers. The *New Era* and the English spokesman on the radio tried hard to give the impression that all this was but a sop to the platteland, and need not be taken seriously. Jukskei himself had not mentioned a republic in his speeches. Let all right-thinking people, Afrikaans and English-speaking, judge the Government by its record.

There was a great outburst of British and imperial sentiment in the big towns and in Natal, where it had been dormant while the Government had been fighting on other fronts. But it was rather late in the day to bring such sentiments to the polling-booth. There was no chance of unseating the Government, or even of diminishing its majority, under the conditions of 1957.

CHAPTER THREE

PAVING THE WAY FOR BULT

THE BRITISH SECTION of the people seems to have suffered from a kind of paralysis. While many of its leaders saw clearly the dangers besetting their people, and advocated suitable methods of resistance, these were never adopted. The British were obsessed by the feeling that they were a minority and could achieve nothing except by appeasing Nationalist and republican sentiment. Their ranks were, moreover, riddled with anti-Semitic and anti-Indian prejudices and fear of the Black Peril. These fears prevented them from opposing their political enemies in a consistent fashion.

On July 5, 1953, the British had celebrated the centenary of the birth of Cecil Rhodes. In Rhodesia this occasion was marked by excitement as great as that of the Tercentenary in the Union. But the gathering at the Rhodes Memorial on Devil's Peak was a small one and attracted little attention. Dragon had made a speech in which he described as "the bitterest irony cut in South African stone" Kipling's lines:

Living, he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.

The weakness of the British section had become apparent during the five years that ended in 1957. It had then risen in wrath against the republican and anti-British campaign in the country constituencies, and the result had shown it to be powerless.

It was about this time that some of the more determined and far-sighted of the British began to organise the Royalist Party. Foreseeing the persecution that was to come, they began a movement which would in due course be able to go underground and play its part in undermining the régime. The party was as yet, however, a very small thing.

The Jews had already established a secret society. The Indians were building up another, and the Communists had

been driven underground at the very beginning of the new age. Their organisation included, of course, people of all races. It was really a double organisation: on the one hand, an inner chain of contacts which could survive any betrayal on the fringes; on the other, the general membership, which had grown immensely since the events of '52.

These movements were, however, too well disciplined to take any premature action. Jukskei's headaches were caused by disturbances in another quarter. Bult had decided, probably even before the elections, to work secretly to expel Jukskei from the leadership of the party and to win control of its machinery for his own faction. As he puts it in his *Lewe en Strewes*, his personal feelings and interests had to be subordinated to his duty to the Volk.

At the stern call of duty the Minister of the Interior set about the task of undermining the Prime Minister's position in the party branches and its affiliated organisations. He was supported in this by the Broederbond. Bult himself, Van Langstoep, Netwerk, du Prêche, Horingbril and the incompetent Dr. Twak were all members of it. They had, of course, contacts in every branch of the Nationalist party. By means of these contacts they were able to draw up lists of the office-bearers in all branches, with accurate accounts of their political complexions. During 1957 great efforts were made to supplant unreliable office-bearers, and these efforts were successful in many places in the Transvaal and Free State; much less so in the Cape Province.

Jukskei was, of course, perfectly aware of these manœuvres, but he was uncertain how far the rot had gone among his colleagues in the Cabinet. He believed Bult could not count on the support of more than three or four—Van Langstoep, Dongas (Lands), Zegelman (Posts), and probably Nietskenner (Education). If he could retain the loyalty of the rest, and encourage his followers in the country, partly by continuing to solve racial and social problems, partly by mild republican reforms, he might still hope to weather the storm.

He did not know that Base and O'Blarney were to be counted among his opponents.

O'Blarney was in a difficult position. He was a Roman Catholic, and Bult stood for uncompromising Calvinism. Moreover, the Catholic hierarchy had publicly condemned the anti-Jewish and other racial measures of the Government. On the other hand, Patrick could not forget the Easter Rebellion,

nor the Coercion Acts, nor the death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, nor the treacherous quashing of the Treaty of Limerick, nor many other wrongs going back to the time of Henry II. And now there was Partition, the tyrannical oppression of a part of the sacred soil of Ireland by the perfidious Saxon.

Here at hand was a high-principled Dutchman—even if he was a heretic—who was prepared and able to deal a mighty blow at that cruel and oppressive nation. Patrick O'Blarney would support him; the Irishman in him got the better of the Catholic. But for the moment he concealed his feelings. The republicans did not think the time ripe for any show-down in the Cabinet.

The defection of Colonel Base was more important. It can hardly be said to have been founded on principle. With his ear close to the ground, he thought he detected a republican tremor afar off, growing in volume. He felt that his influence would be valuable to this movement. The ice was broken at a little private dinner at his house, at which Bult, du Prêche and Network were the guests.

Network, normally a self-controlled man, almost gave way to overpowering emotions at this dinner-party. He knew how intimately connected Base was, not only with the Jukskei faction, but also with Ingot and the Chamber of Mines. He thought it of the utmost importance that this connection should be maintained; so that Base, like O'Blarney, kept his tactics to himself.

The association of Ingot and the Chamber with Base, Geelhout and Jukskei had an important purpose: to strengthen the moderate wing of the Nationalists against the extreme republican wing. The moderates felt no deep-rooted hostility to the mining interest. They would treat it sympathetically if it gave the Government its loyal support. The republican wing, on the other hand, regarded the Chamber of Mines as the real power which had for so long kept the Volk out of the Promised Land. Bult would have to deal with the Chamber, and Colonel Base had for long been intimate with its leading members.

While Base and O'Blarney lay low, the campaign to secure the branches proceeded. At the Transvaal Provincial Congress of the party in 1958 the republicans were confident of the support of a majority. Resolutions demanding the immediate establishment of a republic were passed with frantic enthusi-

asm, but the question of the leadership of the party was not broached. The same scene was enacted in Bloemfontein, but the republican resolutions in the Cape Party congress at Graaff-Reinet were more cautiously worded, and the loudest acclamations were reserved for Jukskei himself when he appeared on the platform. All these results had been brought about by careful manipulation, and it remained uncertain what the rank and file in any province would do if faced with the question of the leadership. There was still much personal loyalty to Jukskei in the northern provinces, especially the Free State.

The Prime Minister felt that substantial concessions to the rising sentiment were necessary, and no one would be happier than he if they could be made without alienating the English-speaking section. The office of Governor-General had been vacant since the beginning of 1956, and in answer to a question in Parliament in April, 1958, Jukskei announced that it was not the intention of the Government to fill it again.

He then introduced a Bill suppressing, throughout the constitution, the oath of allegiance to the King, and abolishing the Union Jack as one of the official flags of the country. The Opposition resisted the Bill on principle, but knew that every word it said would strengthen the extreme republicans against Jukskei. The approaching rift in the Government ranks was regarded in Opposition circles as the most hopeful sign since the *débâcle* of 1952, and the United Party was reluctant to oppose anything put forward by the Jukskei section.

On this question, however, the attitude of many Opposition members was dictated by their constituents. In Capetown and the Eastern Province, on the Rand and in Natal, a passionate hatred of the Government began to burn fiercely in British hearts. The realisation that the mistaken acquiescence of the last six years had brought them to this pass did nothing to quench the flames. And this year 1958 saw the great emigration, which is described in Chapter V, reach its maximum volume.

Yet in Parliament English-speaking members were found who were unable to give up the old tortuous policy of opposing the extreme by supporting the "moderate" Nationalists. "It was with great distress", said W. Cringe, U.P. member for Wynberg, "that I listened to some of the speeches from honourable members on this side of the House. I little expected to hear such rabid racialism from anyone in the United Party. It seems

there are still English-speaking South Africans who have completely failed to understand the traditions and sentiments of the great majority of their countrymen. It is our duty to respect those sentiments, and I regard the attitude of the English-speaking people to this Bill as a test of that respect. The Union Jack and the King are regarded by the majority of South Africans as symbols of foreign domination. Who can doubt therefore that their removal will be an immense contribution to racial peace and goodwill?"

The oath of allegiance was duly abolished. It then fell to O'Blarney to apply the principle to the defence services—a task which he found congenial enough.

For a few confused days in November, 1958, the defence forces on land and sea passed out of existence, the commissions of officers having been revoked and the units disbanded. New commissions were then issued in the name of "the Government of the Union of South Africa", and new attestations required from the re-enlisted men. A considerable number of officers and men, especially those who had fought in the Second World War, refused to serve on the new terms, and departed from their quarters with black marks against their names. O'Blarney had no difficulty in filling their places with young republican enthusiasts, and, in the commissioned ranks, military experts from the fighting detachments of the party.

While O'Blarney was playing at soldiers, Van Langstoep was earning some popularity for the Government by his use of policemen. He had been able to impose on Geelhout a steadily increasing appropriation for Justice, and had used it partly to build new gaols and partly to increase the size of the police force. This was not a party question. All parties agreed that Native crime should be put down with a firm hand. Van Langstoep regarded the pass system as the basis of law enforcement. Registration of contracts of service, passes to seek work, tax receipts, special passes for travelling or being out after curfew—these were the warp and woof of the net in which all Native criminals could and should be caught.

The chief weakness of the plan was that no genuine criminal was ever found without all his passes perfectly in order. That they were forged was a fact not to be detected by the casually inquiring policeman. The exaggerated importance attached to the pass system arose probably from its being part of the folklore of White South Africa; it was sanctified by traditional associations.

Van Langstoep was firmly resolved to cleanse the towns of all Natives who could not prove themselves to be there on legitimate business. The police regularly combed the residential suburbs and raided premises where Africans congregated. The Minister's Black Marias became a more familiar sight in the streets. Householders still complained that no policemen were ever to be found when crimes were committed, and that they could not be brought to the spot till many hours too late. But the Minister persevered, confident that he was tackling the trouble at the roots. His efforts received much favourable publicity and must have won many votes for his party.

One would have expected Van Langstoep's efforts to have been directed more especially to the detection of illegal political activities, since the law had given him much scope in that direction. But the instrument in his hand was defective for that purpose. The plain-clothes policeman was, of course, a familiar sight in newspaper offices where leaders had been written castigating the Government, at Opposition meetings where hard things would be said, and at the lectures of suspected professors. Nor was it difficult to crowd the gaols with some of the thousands of Indians engaged in passive resistance to the laws. But the underground movements were for the most part beyond the reach of the South African sleuth. Year after year members of Parliament had waved copies of the *Guardian* at the Minister and asked him why he tolerated its existence. He replied that the Government was watching; that it knew what was going on; that it was not in the public interest to discuss the steps the Government was taking; at last—clutching at the memory of Paul Kruger—that the Government was waiting for the tortoise to put out its head. This was a well-chosen metaphor; the police force was not designed to get under a tortoise's shell.

Once, in 1957, Van Langstoep had a stroke of luck. A newly enrolled member of the Communist party was disgusted by the social equality of black and white in the party, and betrayed the names of ten other members to the police. The Government still had, it is true, two or three agents within the party organisation, but with one exception they did not hold positions of trust in it, and to have taken action on their evidence would have been to block this last key-hole through which the party could be watched.

The one exception was important. Otto Schlüssel purported to be a Communist refugee from Germany, whence he had

come in 1935. He had joined the South African Communist Party in 1940—a time when the Communists treated the war as an imperialist struggle—and had remained a member ever since, though not enlisting in the army, as many of the party members then did. Apparently he was in reality a German patriot who had had a foot in each camp, but who by 1953 had resolved to devote himself to the service of his Fatherland by working for the pro-German forces in South Africa.

The Broederbond made contact with him, and used him to keep them informed of Communist proceedings. So successful an impostor was he that he at last joined the staff of the *Guardian*. The portable apparatus of that paper was moved frequently from house to house in the poorer quarters of Cape-town between the Castle and Salt River. The distribution was done by the party members. What Van Langstoep wanted was to discover the premises and to identify the members of the staff.

It seems to have been at the beginning of 1957 that relations of mutual trust were established between Schlüssel and Professor Netwerk. The German had hitherto lain low, doubtful in what way he could best serve, and fearful of the consequences to himself if his treachery were known to the Communists. He was sure that a betrayal of the *Guardian* and its personnel would be traced to him by a process of elimination. This was not desired by Netwerk or Van Langstoep, any more than by Schlüssel himself. They wanted to catch their prey without losing the services of a valuable spy.

At the end of 1957 Schlüssel was persuaded to give them the information on the understanding that they would not use it in a way that would compromise him. Van Langstoep was given the names of the editorial staff and the address from which they were operating at that moment. His idea was to catch one of them on some other charge, pursue him to the known address, and uncover the whole business by a stroke of luck, as it were.

Could he apply torture to some of the ten Communists he now had in the Roeland Street gaol? The law did not yet allow it. All had refused to betray any of their comrades, and nothing short of torture would persuade them to do so. At any rate, he could watch the people whose names were in his possession. A few trusted detectives were given the task of examining their records.

It was certain that their income-tax returns, if any, would contain false statements. An inquiry at the department of

Inland Revenue revealed that none had been assessed for income tax.

Another fact revealed by Schlüssel was that the man calling himself Le Roux was really Joe Krasny. Schlüssel believed that some of the others, too, were passing under assumed names, but not having known them before 1952, he could not say what their real names were.

In the end Van Langstoep overplayed his hand. He got the Inland Revenue Department to send notices to two of his victims (not to the others, so as to avoid raising suspicions) asking for detailed specifications of their incomes for the financial year 1956-7, which were supposed to fall below the taxable limit.

The receivers of these notices consulted together and with their comrades of the *Guardian*. For some reason they guessed that there was more in the inquiry than met the eye. Schlüssel, anxious not to betray himself, agreed that it looked unpleasant. It was decided that the two men concerned should ignore the notices and should move to new lodgings, leaving no address behind. Krasny (*alias* Le Roux) made a further suggestion. The thought occurred to him that there might be a traitor in their midst. He therefore proposed that the two comrades should not inform their colleagues of their new addresses, but should maintain contact at the premises of the paper.

All this was reported to Van Langstoep, but he was now unable to follow up the Inland Revenue inquiry without a degree of fuss that would have frustrated his purpose. Moreover, he had aroused suspicions. Anxious to strike a blow that would enhance his prestige in the party and the country, he decided on direct action without regard to his undertaking to Schlüssel. The police would surround the premises and bag the lot.

Yet Krasny outwitted him, largely by good luck. The night fixed for the police raid was April 22, 1958. This was not known to Krasny, but he had decided that it was time for the paper to move. The staff executed the move on Krasny's order, without notice, when they met on the evening of Sunday, April 20. The next day two Communists who were thoroughly trusted by Krasny tapped the telephone wires to the Department of Justice. They reported that at 9.12 a.m. Comrade Schlüssel, from a public call-box, spoke to the Minister of Justice and asked him to come at once to an address in Mowbray, which he gave, to receive some information which he

could not give on the telephone. The wire-tappers left their post at once and reported to Krasny.

The latter communicated with the rest of the *Guardian* staff, other than Schlüssel, and by the morning of the 22nd the paper and the Minister's intended victims had vanished without trace.

The intended victims knew the extent of Schlüssel's information, and they knew that the Government must be in possession of all of it. Any one of them, if once identified, would be arrested. The idea of killing the traitor was mooted, but that, as Mrs. Slummer (*alias* Van Achterbuurten) said, would be like locking the stable door after the horse was gone. It would merely give the Fascists a new weapon to use against them. The *Guardian* moved to a hide-out among the dunes of the Cape Flats, but it was a long time before any of its enemies knew that.¹

Thus Van Langstoep's *coup* for 1958, which was to establish his reputation, proved a fiasco. In the meantime another development had begun which was to lead to the crisis of the following year.

The Minister of Transport, John Turnman, had fallen passionately in love with the beautiful Susanna Base, wife of his colleague the Colonel. The love was requited. Here was a situation full of explosive possibilities. The lovers, however, were extremely discreet. Turnman, who was a bachelor, had a friend and former boon-companion, Major Pimp, also a bachelor, who lived in a flat in the Gardens. The Major was, for political and personal reasons, very happy to encourage this liaison. It appears that, during the session of 1958, Turnman on certain mornings slipped out of his office in Parliament Street and drove up to Pimp's flat, where Mrs. Base was waiting for him. After the session was over the plot was continued under more difficult conditions in Pretoria, where it thickened. By the end of 1958 John and Susanna had achieved the almost incredible feat of conducting the intrigue without betraying it to a single person except the Major in Capetown and a couple in Pretoria who let lodgings and were well paid to guard the secret.

And Susanna had informed her lover of Oswald's secret support of Bult's moves.

Turnman's politics were based mainly on personal loyalty

¹ One side of this story is given in an interesting series of articles in the *Moscow News* during March 1959; the other in Bult's *Laws on Straws*.

to Jukskei. The defeat of Bult's schemes was at this time one of his chief preoccupations. The information Mrs. Base gave him was, therefore, the cause of alarm and despondency. How much further had the plot ramified? Turnman could not tell. It was clear that Jukskei must be warned and that steps must be taken to rally the party and the country to the Prime Minister.

The immediate difficulty lay in passing on the information to Jukskei without revealing its source. Turnman about the middle of December boarded his ministerial plane for Capetown, where a new extension of the docks gave him the excuse of official business. In the privacy of the flat which had such happy associations he told the story to Pimp. The Major was a friend of Eikeboom's. A plan was easily made, by which Pimp was to drive out to that Minister's farm at Stellenbosch when he visited it, which he was expected to do at Christmas, and give the warning without bringing Turnman's name into it.

This was done on Boxing Day. The gallant Major explained that through personal contacts which he could not possibly specify—Eikeboom knew the Major of old; of course he would not pry into his personal affairs—he had absolutely reliable authority for saying that Colonel Base was double-crossing the Prime Minister. He could not say what other highly placed persons, if any, were doing the same. Pimp had never liked the Colonel, and had always been ready to welcome an opportunity—such as encouraging this amorous intrigue—of ruining him.

Thus Jukskei was informed of the position just before the opening of the session of 1959. When the Ministers had all reached Capetown, early in January, the Prime Minister and Eikeboom summoned a private meeting of the two colleagues of whose loyalty they felt certain—Geelhout and Turnman—and imparted the news to them. Jukskei insisted on a showdown in the near future, and asked his colleagues' advice on the time and circumstances that would be most favourable to their interests.

It was clear that if the issue chosen were one involving pandering to the Jingoës, the support of Afrikanerdom would go to Bult's faction. The plan agreed on was to ask the party organisations to impose on their members an oath of loyalty to the Leader—the present moment, when allegiance to the King was just disappearing from the political scene, being an appropriate one for such a move. When certain members of the

Cabinet openly opposed the proposal, Jukskei could be represented as stabbed treacherously in the back, and the people's sense of fair play appealed to.

On January 12, Geelhout, in a speech at the Afrikaner Youth Camp at the Strand, put forth the suggestion that an oath of loyalty to the Leader from all members of the party would be an appropriate gesture of gratitude to him for his great action in ridding South Africa of allegiance to a foreign King. The speech was fully reported and officially approved by the *Burger*. Other papers took up the suggestion; the *Transvaler* and the *Volksblad* opposed it. A violent controversy raged in the correspondence columns.

On March 3 Turnman at a Cabinet meeting proposed that the Cabinet should endorse the proposal of an oath to the Leader.

Bult and his friends were prepared for the move. The Press controversy was obviously bringing the matter to a head. Network judged the time ripe for a show-down. Consequently Turnman's attack was met squarely. Bult said that for his part he lacked confidence in the Prime Minister and believed that his feeling was that of the Volk. He was supported by Van Langstoep, Nietskenner, Zegelman, Dongas, Base and, to the surprise of many, O'Blarney. Jukskei, trembling with emotion, replied that in these circumstances he would expect to receive the resignations of the discontented Ministers in the course of the day.

Bult would not be so obliging. He told the Cabinet that the proper course was a dissolution of Parliament. Let the Volk decide between them. Jukskei immediately broke up the meeting, and after lunch was able to inform an astonished Parliament and public that he had handed in his resignation to the Officer Administering the Government.

That stop-gap official took the responsibility of inviting the retiring Prime Minister to form another Ministry. It was not yet certain how many M.P.s would adhere to the seceding Ministers, nor whether any support could be expected from the Opposition. But Jukskei was prepared to take a chance. He reconstituted the Cabinet, filling the vacant places for the most part with nonentities, but he gained some strength by giving Defence to General Hoogte.

The seceding Ministers then took a substantial force of forty-seven (including themselves) into opposition. Jukskei retained the support of sixty-five Nationalists, a minority of the House ;

but the attitude of the United and Labour parties had still to be tested.

The issue was now squarely placed before the Nationalist Party organisation. Special congresses in the provinces were summoned. The Cape congress, held at De Aar, by a substantial majority supported the Prime Minister, as did the much less important organisation in Natal. The Transvaal and Free State parties went over to Bult. In each case a minority seceded. Over the country as a whole the support for Bult was greater than had been expected. Out of the existing party machinery in the Free State and Transvaal, and the new branches formed in the other provinces, he created the Christian National Republican Party. The old Nationalists extended their machinery to take in the seceders in the northern provinces.

The test of strength in Parliament came before the re-organisation in the country. Bult introduced a resolution calling upon the Government to make Afrikaans the only official language of the country. This was rejected after a heated debate, the United and Labour Parties voting with the Government. It was obvious that they now had no alternative to a servile support of the Ministry. Jukskei therefore lost no time in proposing to the leaders of these parties a fusion with the Nationalists; neither was prepared for it at that moment, but the idea did not take long to bear fruit.

Many members of the United Party were alarmed by the strength which Bult's party was seen to have in the country. The plan of merging with Jukskei's followers offered itself as a last ditch in which Bult might be resisted. Many members were pushed in that direction by their constituents. There seemed no hope of staving off a republic—those who objected to it were, in any case, leaving the country in large numbers—so why boggle at the Nationalist programme and party constitution?

On this question the United Party, in its turn, split. George Dragon could not stomach the fusion, and walked out to organise his supporters under the old name of the South African Party. Its strength in Parliament was eleven. The other twenty U.P. members, with the party machine in the country, fused with the Nationalists. These twenty included Trimways, the former Administrator of Natal, who had been in Parliament since 1957, but not Oudstryder, who retired from politics.

The Government could now count on a majority of twenty, the Nationalist strength having increased to eighty-five; on

the other side sat forty-seven Christian National Republicans, eleven of the revived S.A.P. and seven of the Labour Party—a disunited Opposition in any case.

The menaces hurled across the floor by Bult's "shadow Cabinet" were not to be taken lightly. His Republican Party, backed by the Broederbond, had numerous and important channels of influence under its control. In the Transvaal Horingbril (another Broeder and Republican) had revolutionised the educational system in 1958 by procuring from the Provincial Council the Private Schools Ordinance. This gave the Director the power to appoint a minority of the members of the governing body of every private school; it also gave him the power to appoint the Principal, choosing from a list compiled by the governing body in such a way that the Director's nominees could enter names on the list. To put it more crudely, the ordinance gave the Director the power of appointing the heads of private schools. The Director and Principal together were to choose the assistant masters or mistresses.

In the Cape Province the Transvaal system had been imitated, though not yet to the point reached by this ordinance. The educational system as a whole was strongly coloured by Christian National Republicanism. But the universities and the Broadcasting Corporation were the concern of the central Government, and that Government was now hostile to Bult's party.

Jukskei proceeded carefully; but he was determined to be master in the house. Dr. Twak was removed from the chairmanship of the Broadcasting Board, which was given to Waalstraat, former Superintendent of Education in the Cape Province. Netwerk and du Prêche remained, but some of their adherents were removed, and Waalstraat given the support of a bare majority of the Board. The Government thus retained this propaganda weapon for its own use, to the inexpressible anger of the C.N.R. Party. Jukskei was described by them as a traitor to the Volk, Waalstraat as the tool, lackey or toady of the cowardly Jingoos who were now running away from the country. Du Prêche made a speech at Alberton in which, as one in possession of inside knowledge, he denounced the Board as not only incompetent but *Engelsgesind* and the enemy of all that the Afrikaner held dear. The cry was taken up by the *Transvaler* and other C.N.R. papers. Nevertheless, the Government controlled the air.

Parliament had now less than three years to run. If Jukskei made good use of that time he might hope to survive the elections of 1962. Unfortunately his own policy was proving to be the foundation on which his opponents were building. The various measures of disfranchisement, the new delimitation, the republican tendencies which were driving English-speaking people out of the country by scores of thousands, all added to the strength of the C.N.R. Party.

The Government tried to develop its traditional policy of uniting the bulk of the white people behind a programme of suppressing all the other groups in the population. There was no trouble at the moment from the Jews, a large proportion of whom had emigrated, nor from the Indians, whose leaders were in prison. But the Black Peril loomed larger than ever. Jukskei was determined to deal with this.

The African community had been too little organised or disciplined to offer any serious resistance to the Government's policies since 1952. But there had been enough educated leaders to develop the public opinion and political consciousness of their people along lines alarming to the authorities. African opinion had become decisively anti-European. Hatred of the white man and all his works had eaten into the African soul. The only counteracting influence came from the High Commission territories across the borders—Basutoland, Swaziland, Bechuanaland—where loyalty to the British Crown had been intensified by the consciousness that it alone stood between the people and the menace from Pretoria. In the Union itself few Africans were conscious of the British Crown or Government, though opinion coming from the High Commission territories did exercise a certain influence.

Hatred of the white man expressed itself in crime. Two magistrates, who had been noted for the severity of their sentences on Natives, had been murdered in 1956. One of the murderers, when sentence was pronounced, had called out in court, "All right, Mr. White Baas, my people will get you," whereupon a policeman had shouted at him, "Tula, you cheeky Kaffir!" and he had been kicked on his way out. In 1957 the spirit of "my people will get you" had produced a wave of crimes of violence, which Van Langstoep had been unable to check.

It was about that time that the Native revolutionary leaders formed the secret society called the Elders of the Ethiopian Zion. Their object was to prevent waste of effort by discip-

lining their forces and reserving them for a propitious occasion. They had little success because there were too many Natives acting spontaneously and unamenable to control. On the other hand, their long-term plan, which comprised the drilling of men and the smuggling of arms, was the indispensable preparation for the ultimate revolt. While the Elders proceeded successfully on these lines, the Communist and Jewish underground movements distrusted them and were chary of associating with them. But not the Indian organisation led by Mahayana Swaraj, who was destined in the long run to be their most helpful ally.

It is not clear which, if any, members of the Native Representative Council were Elders; but that that Council was now the most effective critic of the Government was a very obvious fact. Associated with it in this rôle were the Senators who were still elected by Natives and Indians. The speeches of these men might undermine the self-respect of the Government; alternatively, as Bult expressed it, they "gave offence to the Volk in its innermost feelings and convictions". Jukskei resolved to deal with this situation in a way that would bring the Volk back to the old leadership.

The Non-European Representation (Consolidation and Amendment) Bill, introduced in February, 1960, abolished the Native Representative Council and changed the character of the Senators, who, instead of being elected, were now to be appointed by the Government, in addition to the eight already so appointed. This measure, of course, served the additional purpose of strengthening Jukskei's support in the Senate. No doubt these senators were to be chosen for their knowledge of the needs and wishes of the people they were supposed to represent; but who could define that knowledge?

The old Opposition parties had not yet been stricken dumb. The English Press, the Bantu Press, the Institute of Race Relations, the Opposition in Parliament, all let their voices be heard. Even the *Star*, though giving cautious support to Jukskei, warned him of the danger he was running:

"The Prime Minister would hardly deny that his restrictive measures of the last eight years, so far from assisting the growth of a sane South Africanism, have in fact given strength and encouragement to Professor Bult and his faction. Will the present measure not do the same? Will it not, in fact, merely smooth the path of that formidable opponent to power?"

These possibilities were not unknown to the Commandant-General. But he was gambling on the chance that his measures would recover for him the popular support that Bult's secession had taken away. It was always the good fortune of the thoroughgoing republican elements in South African politics that their opponents, instead of opposing them flatly, tried to draw off their supporters by compromising with the republican programme. It was a tactic that never succeeded for long.

This policy was not completed by the Non-European Representation Act. The opposition to that measure had suggested two more to the Prime Minister. One, which became the Unlawful Associations Act, enabled the Minister of Justice to dissolve any organisation whose activities were (in his opinion) contrary to the public interest. The power was used immediately by Trimwys (who had been given that portfolio) to put an end to the Institute of Race Relations, and to the Joint Councils—at whose meetings, many simple folk believed, white girls danced with Kaffirs! The other measure was the Journalists (Standards Enforcement) Act, which empowered the Minister of the Interior to remove from the profession of journalism any person who had written anything “offensive to the traditional feelings of the Afrikaner people”. There was no appeal from the Minister's decision.

This and the anti-Jewish legislation of 1955 thus gave the Government a considerable power over the Press. The public was not left long in doubt how the new measure would be applied. A young man called Penman, who had been expelled from the University of Capetown for making a speech advocating the admission of Non-Europeans to the university (there had been none since 1955), wrote in the *Cape Times* a lively report of some police raids at Langa. The Minister ordered his name to be expunged from the Register of Journalists. The anti-Bult Press was therefore left only the alternative of unquestioning support of Jukskei in all that he did. This course was facilitated by the fact that most of the journalists who objected to it had already been caught up in the Emigration¹ and their places were being filled by Jukskei Nationalists. On the other hand, the Royalist Party, whose existence was no secret, now disappeared from view and became the most efficient of all the underground organisations.

Many of the newspapers slid easily into the pro-Government course because a section of the mining industry which they

¹ See Chapter Five.

represented was committed to a full alliance with the Prime Minister as the last hope of staving off the deluge and had arranged for an unprecedented flow of funds to the Nationalist Party. These newspapers had appealed to the South African Party and Labour Party to make an electoral pact with the Nationalists. This was the state of politics when the session ended in June, 1960.

In the course of that session Turnman, emboldened by the apparent ease with which he had deceived the Colonel, became less cautious in his visits to Mrs. Base. On the morning of May 5 he took her for a drive beyond Camps Bay. They were seen by a Republican member who, knowing nothing of the circumstances, suspected that it was a plot of the Colonel's to cross the floor again, so reported the matter to Bult.

Bult was far from feeling confident of Base's loyalty, and determined to have him watched. For the remainder of the session he was shadowed by agents working for Professor Netwerk. No secret contact with anyone on the Government side could, however, be discovered.

After the session Bult invited Base to spend a few days with him at his farm Pisga, near Potchefstroom. Mrs. Base excused herself and remained in Pretoria. A few heart-to-heart talks decided Bult that the Colonel was very unlikely to be deceiving him. He therefore gently broached the subject of Susanna. The ice broken, the matter was discussed at length. Thinking back over the last two years, Base found light thrown on many little circumstances that had seemed odd. The Colonel's spirit seemed to break under this weight. The host was all sympathy and consolation. He suggested that the stay be extended, an offer eagerly accepted by the guest, who was in no hurry to return to his home. At last the suggestion came from Base that some of Netwerk's men should watch his wife during her grass-widowhood and try to obtain evidence. The thing was arranged, and when the Colonel returned home to Pretoria it was to announce to his wife his intention to sue her for divorce, citing John Turnman as co-respondent.

This *cause célèbre* absorbed public attention towards the end of 1960.¹ Turnman, of course, resigned from the Cabinet, but the harm was done. The holier-than-thou rectitude of the Republicans became even more unbearable than before. Jukskei's support was falling away, and did so all the faster for this.

¹ It was in the course of this trial that the facts of the liaison, as we have given them, were revealed.

The Prime Minister in 1961 did everything possible to stop the rot. Radio talks, the dismissal of some journalists, popular legislation—all were tried. But a high tariff failed to draw anyone away from the C.N.R. Party, which was willing to impose even higher tariffs. Nor could converts be won by stern police measures against Natives and Indians; nor yet by taking a high line with foreign Powers. The British Government was sent an arrogant demand for Basutoland and Swaziland, but this was firmly though politely rejected. In every one of these fields the Republicans could go one—or two—better.

And economic difficulties had accumulated. The measures which in one way and another had caused the great emigration have been compared by historians with the expulsion of the Jews and Moriscos by Spain. It is in many ways a just comparison. A class of people whose industry was indispensable had been driven out for ideological reasons; though in the South African case there had been no physical compulsion. The civilisation on whose behalf this was done was an agrarian and feudal one. In both cases the wealth of that dominant caste was largely dependent on the “alien” economy that was destroyed.

In 1961 the gold mines were still flourishing, and so long as they did so the economic difficulties could be dealt with after a fashion. The output of industry had declined very seriously, trade was stagnant, and the growth of unemployment further depressed both trade and industry. But farmers could still be subsidised out of the Government’s rake-off from the mining industry; and the Chamber of Mines submitted very patiently to Geelhout’s increasing demands. On the other hand, it was impossible to prevent a serious decline in foreign trade—no light matter for a country whose standard of living had been largely dependent on a high level of imports.

Though the wheels of industry were slowing down as a result of the Emigration, they were, of course, far from stopping. It was the flight of capital and of entrepreneurs that had the most paralysing effect; clerks, artisans and labourers could be replaced by new arrivals from the platteland, and by those left unemployed by the closing down of other businesses.

For some twenty-five years before this date the “national-minded” business men had been co-ordinating all their economic activities so as to squeeze the “un-national” out of business as far as they were able to do so. This process had been one of the causes of the Emigration, which in turn accelerated it. The

abandoned business enterprises were bought up cheaply by individual Nationalists and by powerful organisations such as the Reddingsdaadbond. In their hands, and in the new circumstances, business was far less profitable than it had been to their predecessors. But a result of the change was that the urban population lost its preponderantly British character, a fact which had been reflected in the provincial elections of 1961, and was now about to influence the composition of the Union Parliament.

The elections of 1962 attracted a great deal of attention throughout the world, though they were fundamentally much less important than those of ten years before. World opinion had in the interval become much more conscious of South African affairs.

The Government appealed to the country on its record, and was attacked for its failure to establish the Republic. The Turnman affair was dragged in. Election day came at the end of weeks of bitter recrimination. The result was what shrewd observers had anticipated:

Christian National Republicans	79
Nationalists	56
South African Party	9
Labour	6

From Pisgah the Promised Land could now be clearly discerned.

THE OX-WAGON REPUBLIC

THERE WAS rather less excitement in the country districts over the victory than there had been in 1952. It was well understood that the second triumph was the ultimate and logical consequence of the first. But its significance was not lost upon the new Government's various opponents, most of whom sank into a mood of gloomy resignation.

Most of the Ministers who had resigned with Bult in 1959 returned to their former offices. The Interior was given to Netwerk, who at last emerged from the shadows to work in the open for the culminating triumph of the Cause. He was nominated to the Senate. Van Smalspoor took Transport, Leëdam Agriculture, Zegelman was promoted to Finance and Draadsnyder took Posts and Telegraphs. Kwaaiman, a belated convert from Jukskei's party, returned to his old department of Native Affairs.

The Senate was dissolved in favourable circumstances, as the provincial elections of 1961 had given Bult majorities in all provinces but Natal. There were, moreover, now seventeen nominees in the Senate. The new Government was thus able to provide itself with a secure majority of twenty-one in the Upper House.

Its first action was to make a clean sweep of its opponents from the Board of the Broadcasting Corporation. The members removed by Jukskei returned, but with Dr. Schadenfreude instead of Twak in the chair. Schadenfreude was a German immigrant who had been interned during the Second World War, had then begun to take a part in politics, had been appointed Rector of the University of Pretoria by Nietskenner, and left that post to take the presidency of the S.A.B.C.¹ The new Board set to work immediately to make the broadcasting system into a propaganda weapon of maximum utility to the Government.

¹ A new member of the Board was Otto Schlüssel, the man who had betrayed the staff of the *Guardian*.

Network's task was the dismissal of twenty-six journalists whose writings could be regarded as offensive to the feelings of the Volk, in that the feeling of the Volk was Christian National Republican.

O'Blarney had his hands full in checking the nominal rolls of the Services against his political card-index, duly marking some names for removal and others for promotion.

The ultimate responsibility for suppressing opposition to the Government fell to Van Langstoep. His failure to deal with the Communists in 1958 was still a black mark against him, and he now returned to office with the determination to wipe that mark off his slate.

Parliament was summoned to a special session in October, for the Government's impatience knew no bounds. Imperialism had not yet been eliminated, nor the Republic proclaimed. But, impatient as Bult was, he had no intention of taking the last steps before the first. There were preliminaries to be disposed of, and no time must be lost in dealing with them.

The introduction of the Censorship Bill was a congenial task to Network. It provided for the appointment by the Minister of the Interior of a Board of Censors who would have full power to censor all publications, including the newspaper Press, and to stop the publication of any journal that attempted persistently to defy its rulings. It was also to control the import of publications of every kind. The register of journalists was to be kept by the Minister, and no person could practise journalism unless his name were on the register, from which the Minister could at any time, and without assigning reasons, remove it. This Act put an end to all opposition by means of the printed word.

Van Langstoep rounded off the system by means of the Sedition Act, which required a permit from the Minister of Justice for all meetings of more than five persons. Such meetings were to be attended by observers appointed by the Minister. Attempting by word of mouth (whether in public or in private) to "bring the Government into contempt" became a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment up to ten years.

The loud protests from Jukskei's party seem a little ridiculous in view of the measures by which it had prepared the way for this consummation. A few of the Opposition Nationalists, such as Geelhout, looking back over the last ten years, were now at last convinced that their whole course had been mistaken. Others persisted in the view that restrictive measures

had been rightly applied to the enemies of the Volk but could not in justice be extended to true-hearted Afrikaners like themselves.

It was of no use to waste energy in vain regrets. The Government now had complete control over the expression of opinion, and opposition was confined to underground organisation. The courts were servile, prisoners could be tortured, and trials of a political character were always held in camera, so that a prisoner had no chance against a determined prosecution. Yet, after all that had happened, more than half the former English-speaking population still remained in the country. This number included very few educated people or leaders of opinion, but the simple men and women pursuing humble occupations, without concerning themselves with politics, were still to be found in large numbers. Some of them were reconciled to the new state of affairs and tried to adapt themselves to it. Others disliked it, thought vaguely of joining the Emigration, but were kept back by inertia or fear of the unknown.

And there was still a class of much greater influence that had not emigrated—the men who were held back by great vested interests that could not be liquidated. At their head stood the mining magnates of the Rand.

What they had most feared had now come to pass. Bult was no friend of theirs. Base had ratted on them, and they could expect no sympathy from Zegelman. The mines would be "soaked". From Lowgrade's Diary, which has recently been published, we learn something of the anxious manoeuvres in the mining world after Bult had come into power. Regular meetings were held, at Ingot's house, of the inner group of financiers who controlled policy. Besides Ingot and Lowgrade there were C. N. A. Starr, Chairman of the Argus Company, and two other members of the Gold Producers' Committee, Nuggate and Dorado.

Their problem was to save their power and profits. It would not have been difficult for them, through their British and American connections, to present Zegelman with a few very serious financial problems. But though their running amok would have harmed the Government, it would neither have turned it out nor protected the mining interests. This was not the sort of government that could be turned out by financial stringency. Could it be bribed? Ingot and Lowgrade both thought the plan worth trying, while the other three were

against it. They saw no hope but in foreign intervention, and they were prepared for temporary losses if ultimate recovery at the bayonet's point could be assured.

Even foreign intervention, as will be shown later, was a risky business. It was a possible, even a probable, outcome of the present situation. But would the intervening Powers show any sympathy for the mining interests? Only the United States might be expected to do so. Lowgrade and Ingot preferred an attempt to influence the South African Government—a policy which had always succeeded whenever it had been tried.

Base was again Minister of Mines, and after the events of the last few years he was not likely to meet his old cronies on very friendly terms. Ingot was convinced that Base still had his price, though the price would be higher than before. A provisional arrangement was made to let Ingot try out his theory. But Lowgrade had later to confide to his diary that he and Ingot had been wrong.

The legislation of 1963 shows that even Bult was infected by the old tradition—surely a mere archaism by this time—of whittling away the old British connection by gradual stages. It was as if a straight line—the imperial tie—were to be bisected, and one of its halves bisected again, and that principle followed indefinitely as the bisector proceeded at diminishing speed towards the end of the line without ever quite reaching it, though separated from it by a hardly measurable distance. No full-flown republican constitution was set up in that year. But a grand start was made in the shape of a Flag and Nationality Act, which defined South African nationality so as to make South African nationals no longer British subjects, and for the existing national flag substituted the Vierkleur, which was to become a link between the old South African Republic and the new.

South African nationality was very narrowly circumscribed. The privilege was conferred on all people of white race, excluding Jews, who were born in South Africa; immigrants who had been in the Union for a continuous period of ten years (again excluding Jews) could acquire it at any time before December 31, 1963, by taking an oath of loyalty to the South African Government. Thereafter an elaborate process of naturalisation would be necessary.

No provision was made in the original Bill for contracting out of this arrangement, as many people wished to do who still planned to join the Emigration. They needed the status of

British subjects to facilitate their entry into other British countries. The matter was brought to the attention of the United Kingdom Government by that of Rhodesia, which included several of the earlier emigrants from the Union. It was not a matter in which the South African Government was concerned, since the Governments of the Commonwealth could accord the required status to any group of persons they might choose. But it was thought better to make a friendly arrangement with Bult, and the latter at the committee stage of the Bill inserted a provision excluding from South African nationality any person who before December 31 had registered with the High Commissioner his intention to remain a British subject. The narrow circle of the Elect was thus still further narrowed, to the evident satisfaction of Ministers.

The Act also defined as South African "subjects"—not nationals—all persons born in the Union who were not South African nationals in terms of the Act and who had not acquired any other nationality. This meant, of course, the Non-European population, and it would also include Jews, if any, who were born in the country and failed to register with the High Commissioner as British subjects.

The High Commissioner's office did its best to reach all who needed its assistance. Registering officers were maintained throughout the whole period at twelve places, and an effort was made to reach every magisterial centre at one time or another. The Government made no difficulty about allowing the public to be fully informed in the Press of these arrangements; Draadsnyder even had a notice put up in every Post Office.

Bult felt that the Volk and Republic would be well rid of every treacherous Jingo who could thus be excluded. Many of his followers, who thought rather in racial and national than in Calvinistic terms, had been alarmed by the large number of Afrikaans-speaking people who had joined the ranks of the emigrants. The sight of more fellow-Afrikaners joining the queues at the High Commissioner's branch offices enraged them. Questions were being put to Ministers on this subject before the session ended. Would the Government forbid Afrikaners to emigrate? Netwerk's answer was that an emigrant was not an Afrikaner.

W. Cringe was one of the members satisfied by this answer. The rush to register disgusted him almost beyond words. Speaking to the Sons of South Africa, of which society he had

been elected president, in November, he poured all the scorn at his command on "those Jingo racialists who think South Africa is not good enough for them. Well, I think they are not good enough for the great country they are deserting. (Applause.) We need no longer ask, now, why South Africa has been plagued with racialism for so long. We had in our midst a foreign population whose hearts were overseas, who never really put South Africa first, who to this day have remained colonial-minded, who profess to be democrats and yet refuse to accept the verdict of the majority. My friends, let us not mourn their departure. I say, let them go 'Home' if they want to. We are well rid of them." (Applause.)

The session over, George Dragon announced to his handful of followers his intention to register as a British subject, though not immediately to leave the country. He assured them he would extend a sympathetic understanding to any of them who took a different course. In any case it would be difficult for the South African Party to function any longer, and he, Dragon, could serve no further useful purpose in Parliament.

The South African Party had dragged out a painful existence, under the eyes of the police, since the Sedition Act. It had not been suppressed, mainly because the Government wanted to give to foreign countries an impression of democratic tolerance. Of course this impression was not created, and now that the party was decimated by the rush for registration the farce could soon be abandoned.

The Labour Party had been undermined in a similar way. Many of its supporters had emigrated, many were now among the "registrants". The party had continued to exist merely as the political aspect of the older (now completely emasculated) trade unions, and had been kept going in a handful of constituencies by the help of S.A.P. and Jukskei Nationalist votes, under the electoral pact.

The Jukskei Party was a somewhat harder nut to crack. Its main principle was loyalty to the old leader, which was embodied in an oath taken by every party member. By these stalwarts Bult was regarded as a traitor who had stabbed his leader in the back. So serious was the rift that in many places the Dutch Reformed Church had been split by it. Religious services were not meetings in terms of the Sedition Act, and Van Langstoep would in any case have hesitated to lay his hands on a predikant.

By the end of 1963 both the Labour Party and the S.A.P.

had dissolved, their remaining members going over to Jukskei as the last even partially effective opponent of the Bult régime. If we may take Bult's word for it, the Cabinet early in December was in two minds whether or not to proceed forcefully to uproot the whole Opposition party. After Christmas an event occurred which forced its hand.

Professor Netwerk had spent that festive season on his farm in the Ficksburg district. At 4 a.m. on December 28 he left the farm by car, accompanied by two friends, to return to Pretoria. At 6.30 a Native reported to the police his discovery of some dead people in a car. Netwerk and his friends had been shot.

The police report stated that the Minister's car had been found at a point where the road from his farm to the main road turned a sharp bend on a hillside. On the bend a road-block had been constructed of rocks. The car had stopped a few feet short of the road-block; the tracks showed that the brakes had been applied suddenly. The three occupants of the car had all been shot. The assailant or assailants had fired from the inner side of the road. From this point footprints led to a spot beyond the road-block, and from there the tracks of a car had been followed to the main road, at which point they were lost.

The bodies had been examined at seven o'clock, and had then been dead some hours. The owner of the farm adjoining gave evidence that he had heard shots some time before five o'clock, but had thought nothing of it, as he had assumed it was his neighbour going after buck, which he sometimes did in the early morning.

There was no doubt about the fact. But where were the murderers? The police had lost the tracks at the Ficksburg-Senekal main road, but were certain that they turned in the Ficksburg direction. Cars had certainly been seen coming into Ficksburg by the Senekal road. What then? Here was the case that must make or break Van Langstoep.

The police at Ficksburg had for years been developing a complex—the Caledon River complex. The Basuto Police at the other end of the bridge (they had real revolvers in their holsters!) seemed a living symbol of the perils besetting the Volk—the Kaffir menace and Jingo Imperialism in one. Time had been, years ago, when the bridge had seemed a friendly link with a picturesque land of tribesmen and mountains. Not so now. The Basuto used to come across the bridge in considerable numbers on their way to employment in the Union.

Now most of the traffic was in the opposite direction. Many of the Natives who crossed from the Ficksburg side were not Basuto, yet the British authorities admitted all without distinction. In recent years quite a few Europeans had crossed over. No one knew how many people had got across the river without using the bridge. But the Ficksburg police had no doubt whatever that the assassins of December 28 had gone that way.

The assassination was to Bult's Government what the Reichstag fire of 1933 had been to Hitler's in Germany. Radio programmes were interrupted frequently to give the latest reports. Solemn music was played. All the papers carried obituary columns with heavy black borders. The police made wholesale arrests. An atmosphere of terror gripped the land, which now entered the maddest New Year since 1896.

Netwerk was a great loss to the Government, but his death could be turned to good account. Parliament was dissolved and new elections held at the end of January. Jukskei's supporters held meetings in the presence of menacing files of C.N.R. *Stormjaers*. That private army of the party gathered in force round every polling-booth. Voters were allowed to fill in their voting papers openly, in view of the crowd, and the few who insisted on secrecy were ostentatiously menaced. Loyalty to Jukskei died hard. At many polling-stations there were brawls, and in a few cases the *Stormjaers* came very near to being worsted. At Paarl, for instance, they were encountered by Jukskei's *Strydspanne* with such effect that O'Blarney had to send a company of troops from Capetown to "maintain order". The *Strydspanne* were accordingly dispersed, and the voting proceeded under the protection of the troops and the *Stormjaers*. The result was a complete success. The Parliamentary Opposition was wiped out and the House of Assembly filled with an obedient band of 150 "yes-men". The farce of electing a new Senate was proceeded with, but, as the antiquated Provincial Councils took part, it was impossible to prevent the election of two Opposition Senators, one of whom was Jukskei himself. Complete unanimity could not yet be attained, but for the time being the results could be regarded as very satisfactory.

In the meanwhile Van Langstoep was having difficulty with the High Commissioner. The Basutoland Mounted Police were scouring the Maluti mountains for persons who might be suspected of the murder of Netwerk. The South African police were pursuing the trail as well as they could on the other side of the Caledon. But Van Langstoep thought the only way to

bring the matter to a rapid conclusion was for his men to go into Basutoland and do the job there themselves. This the High Commissioner would not allow. The Union Government treated his refusal as one more proof of the impossibility of allowing the "festering sore" of Basutoland to remain a British enclave in the midst of South Africa. But on this point the High Commissioner, with the full support of the British Government, was adamant.

If the South African police had been able to cross the river they might have made some interesting discoveries. Members of the secret societies came and went across that border, as across the other borders, with ease and frequency. The Indian, Mahayana Swaraj, was in Basutoland at that moment, though he had crossed by the much more difficult route over the mountains from Natal. A conference of the Elders of the Ethiopian Zion had been held at a remote spot in the Malutis some months before. This last fact was not at that time known to the High Commissioner. But Basutoland played a great part in the policy then being developed by Great Britain, and no South African interference in it could be tolerated.

The police terror produced, in February, the first large Native rising since 1906.¹ Its suppression was ruthless, the more so as the rebels were found to be well supplied with firearms, thus prematurely brought out of their hiding-places.

The mystery of the crime could not yet be solved, but the new Parliament could proceed with its appointed task. The Official Language Act, in keeping with the spirit of the times, made Afrikaans the sole official language of the State—that is to say, of the Government, Civil Service, Parliament, army, courts, local authorities and other public institutions. It had already become one of the media of instruction in the former English universities, and was now made the only one. Private institutions, such as shops, were required to have their inscriptions in Afrikaans, though a translation into "a foreign language" in smaller lettering was permitted.

The Control of Names Act gave the Minister of the Interior power to change the names of towns, streets, suburbs, places of public entertainment, hotels, and various other things "to bring them into harmony with the traditions of the people". Schadenfreude, who had taken over Netwerk's portfolio, enjoyed himself during 1964 putting this Act into execution. All names having patently royal or British associations were doomed,

¹ See Chapter Six.

but many names which had been unfortunate in their origin had since acquired a South African domicile—Wellington and Malmesbury, for instance—and were not touched. The names of the many “Empire”, “Royal” and “King’s” hotels, theatres and cinemas were changed; the Royal Hotel in Durban became the Hotel Natalia. His Majesty’s Theatre, Johannesburg, became the Voortrekkerteater, while the Carlton Hotel opposite rejoiced in the new name of Die Uitspan.

While sinister foreign influences were thus being removed, Van Langstoep was still investigating the Network murder. In May a man called Dunno was arrested at Ficksburg. He had come from Basutoland and had no passport. The police were sure they had got their man.

Tremendous but one-sided publicity was given to Dunno’s trial. From accounts sent from Maseru to the British Press we are driven to the conclusion that Dunno had a good alibi. He had, it is true, been in Ficksburg on December 28; but he had slept there the previous night, and could not be shown to have departed from the town between the evening of the 27th and the afternoon of the 28th. But when arrested he was in possession of a 0·45 revolver; and the police report stated that Network and his friends had been killed by bullets of that calibre. This was regarded by the subservient judges as sufficient evidence, and Dunno was hanged on June 30.

Van Langstoep had thus justified his existence; Schadenfreude had brought to completion the tendency of the last few decades in the matter of language.

The Education Act introduced a more radical change, in that it took the schools away from the provinces and concentrated all education in the hands of the central department which had hitherto been concerned with higher education only. The Act enabled the new Director—Horingbril was appointed to the post—to assimilate the system throughout the Union to that which had been built up in the Transvaal. Afrikaans was now, of course, the only medium of instruction. Private schools were completely absorbed into the State system.

In the early days of Horingbril’s activity in the Transvaal some private schools had removed themselves to places outside the Union—Roedeian, for instance, had gone to Rhodesia, the Ridge Preparatory School to Basutoland and Kingsmead to Mbabane in Swaziland. At a slightly later date (1961) the Louis Botha Hoërskool was founded near Mbabane to provide Afrikaans-speaking children with a way of escape

from the clutches of Horingbril, Bult and Co. But within the Union itself no escape was any longer possible.¹

The logical sequel of the Education Act was the abolition of the provinces, whose main administrative function that Act had removed. This supplementary step was taken in 1965. It was followed by a grouping of the magisterial districts into thirty large divisions, each under a Commandant who represented all the departments of the central Government except Defence, and exercised almost dictatorial authority in the Government's name.

The Government had in 1964 by the Public Service Discipline Act removed the last remaining obstacles to its full control of the personnel of the Civil Service, who could now be dismissed without reason assigned. It is true that few people were immediately affected by the change, as the Republicans had begun to dominate the public service long before the fall of Jukskei—indeed, in some departments even before 1952. But the power was assumed because it might be needed in the future.

Similar discipline had for some time been applied to the teaching profession, from which dismissals for political reasons were a common occurrence. In 1963, for instance, a man called Threadbare, one of the few remaining teachers whose home language was English (though he taught in Afrikaans), was foolish enough in a telephone conversation to call Professor Bult “a nasty bit of work”; the telephone lines were regularly tapped by the police, this remark was reported and Threadbare was removed from his post. He was fortunate to get across the Limpopo without being further molested. But the Nationality Act would in any case have forced him to choose, within a few months, whether to lose his job or his status as a British subject.

One more great measure of 1965 rounded off the system of controlling opinion—the Radio Reception Act. Wireless sets capable of receiving any but long-wave transmissions within a narrowly limited radius were henceforth forbidden. Owners of the prohibited sets were given a few months in which to bring them in to the Post Offices to be taken over at a valuation, after which they would be liable to confiscation.

In keeping with the spirit of the new era, the statues of General Botha in front of the Union Buildings, Pretoria, and in Stal Plein, Capetown, were removed at this time, on the plea that the General had been a “handsopper”. A standing figure

¹ By 1970 the schools that had gone to Basutoland and Swaziland had all made their final move to Rhodesia.

of Professor Netwerk was placed on the pedestal in Capetown, while the other was left unoccupied, probably with a view to putting Bult there in due course.

Bult had not yet made up his mind how to deal with the gold-mining industry. Zegelman had insisted on a substantial increase in the taxes it was to pay, and there had accordingly been a larger rake-off for the Treasury in 1963, and a still larger one in 1964. Several marginal mines had closed down, but Lowgrade and his friends had remained very quiet and done nothing to disturb the majestic progress of the State towards its republican goal. They had, it is true, almost without exception registered as British subjects, and thus became foreigners in the land. Starr had been compelled, with most of his colleagues, to leave the Argus company, as no foreigners could now exercise any kind of control over the Press. But as long as the mines continued to lay the golden eggs and steer clear of politics Bult preferred to tackle other problems. Nationalisation could come later, assisted perhaps by favourable circumstances.

In the course of 1965 the Constitutional Commission appointed by the Prime Minister handed in its report. With a few minor alterations the proposal was published and the Volk summoned to a plebiscite in November. There would in any case have been no doubt about the result, but the pressure of official propaganda and of *Stormjaers* at the polling-booths ensured an overwhelming success: For, 452,863; Against, 3,720; Spoilt papers, 6,189. February 27, 1966, the anniversary of Majuba, was the day fixed for the birth of the Republic.

The voters in November had been asked to approve not only the republican constitution, but also the choice of Obadja Bult as the first State President. This had been done by a majority only slightly less than that for the constitution. The election of the Volksraad was to take place after the inauguration.

In the meantime the Prime Minister and future State President made a large number of ministerial and other appointments, to take effect on February 27. A committee was entrusted with the arrangements for the celebrations, which were expected to be unprecedented in the history of South Africa. To give the whole of the people an opportunity to take part in the unique event, the programme provided for various performances in different parts of the country. There was to be a gathering at Majuba, one at Blood River, one at the

Paardekraal monument, one at Slagter's Nek, others in the principal towns and at other historic spots, in addition to the Presidential inauguration in Pretoria. From the Voortrekker Monument outside the latter city runners were to carry torches, lit at the perpetual flame in the Monument, to all the places where official celebrations were arranged.

The programme was carried out with scarcely a hitch. A few of the runners were attacked by Natives in lonely places and their torches extinguished, and at the Union Buildings, as the crowd waited for the President, a man stood up on a wall and waved a Union Jack; but he was soon overpowered by the police.

Between lines of *Stormjaers* the State President marched solemnly to the rostrum from which, on great occasions in the past, Botha and Smuts had addressed the people. But these names were not honoured or remembered now. The Volk was represented by its Moses, who had brought them to Pisgah and now, going one better than Moses, was leading them into Canaan.

His speech was a long one. After expounding the history of the struggle that had brought them to this happy conclusion, or rather beginning, he explained how perfectly the new constitution embodied all that was best in the Volk's traditions. Then he permitted himself a rosy-hued vision of the future, and ended on a note of warning:

“The will of the people has prevailed, and shall forever prevail. We now give notice to foreign powers that they had better leave us alone. We are no longer a mere colony to be trodden underfoot by overseas imperialists; we are from to-day a powerful nation: as the brave young *Stormjaers* here to-day are witness. (Applause.) And we have many friends. I wish to-day to refer only to our ties with a great people who, like us, have been through the valley of the shadow and are now at last emerging into the light again—I refer to the German people. (Thunderous applause.) We are a nation dedicated to the cause of freedom, and I solemnly warn the mischief-makers of the world that we will defend that freedom with our last breath.” (Applause continued for five minutes.)

Thus a slightly jarring note was introduced into the festivity. A shrewd observer, not blinded by the light of propaganda,

would see that some problems would have to be faced in the field of foreign affairs.¹ It had already been necessary to placate the British Government by ceding the small territory of Simonstown—that portion of the Cape Peninsula south of a line drawn from Fish Hoek to Kommetje. Here Great Britain built the “Gibraltar of the South Atlantic”, which was to play so vital a part in future events. There were difficulties enough, too, in the domestic field. But the optimists hoped that the Republic would solve all.

Bult had not waited for 1966 to acquire an unshakeable hold on the machinery of State. But the republican constitution gave a new *éclat* to an exercise of power that had worn an appearance almost of usurpation.

The power of the State President was, in practice, absolute. He appointed and removed all the Ministers, who had no seats in the legislature and were responsible to him alone. He appointed and could remove (without cause assigned) the judges. He controlled the Public Service Commission, which regulated admission to the Civil Service and could dismiss officials at any time. He chose and commissioned the officers of the fighting service, of which he was the Commander-in-Chief. He declared war, made peace and signed treaties in the name of the Republic. His assent was necessary to legislation, and he could himself, with the assistance of his Executive Council, legislate on a wide range of subjects by ordinance. He appointed the divisional Commandants, who on his behalf supervised all local government and administration.

Had the Volksraad been effectively independent these executive powers might have been held within bounds. But the elections were held under the eyes of police, troops and *Stormjaers*, under the influence of Government-controlled Press and radio propaganda, and of laws which prohibited all anti-Government activity. The Christian National Republican Party was the only party permitted by the constitution. Membership of it was the indispensable passport to patronage or promotion. The State President was the Leader of the party.

Only such nationals as were the heads of families enjoyed the full rights of citizenship—such as they were—and voted for the Volksraad, whose hundred members were, for these reasons, enthusiastically submissive and obedient to the Government. They met in Pretoria, which now became the legislative and judicial, as well as the executive capital. The

¹ See below, Chapter Eight.

original choice of President had been made by the people; but thenceforth, at intervals of ten years, the head of the State was to be elected by the Volksraad. There was no constitutional possibility of overthrowing the powers that were now so firmly in the saddle.

The chief domestic difficulty facing the Republic was an economic one. The South African economy had for several generations been based on the gold-mining industry, which not only gave the necessary impetus to agriculture and the secondary industries, but was also the mainstay of the Treasury. Taxation of the mines enabled successive Governments to subsidise agriculture, and thus build up a farming structure that was uneconomic and could not exist without artificial support.

Against this background the economic consequences of the Emigration seemed full of menace. So long as the emigrants had been allowed to take property with them (up to 1962) there had been an immense drain of wealth from the country. Although much property had been sold cheaply and bought at great advantage by worthy Republicans, the banks had exchanged the money thus acquired by the emigrants against other currencies; the ultimate consequence was the export of South African goods to balance this exchange—an export not compensated by imports.

The emigrants were to a great extent drawn from the wealthier classes of the population. They took with them a large proportion of the energy, enterprise and initiative of the country, as political exiles usually do. Some industries—such as sugar-refining—were denuded of their skilled workers. In others there was a surplus of labour left unemployed by the closing down of many enterprises which had become redundant. In some cases the emigrant had shut down the business and merely tried to get some sort of price for his physical assets; in others he had managed to sell out and the unprofitable concern was left on the hands of the purchaser.

It is true that farmers were still crying for Native labour, and that there need have been no unemployment in that class. But the serfdom of the farms was not regarded as a possible career by the skilled and educated Africans, of whom many lost their jobs. Some of these crossed the border; others put their services at the disposal of the Communist Party or the Elders of the Ethiopian Zion, so that a sharp rise in the temperature of Native discontent was one of the results of the Emigration.

From time to time between 1966 and 1971 the police were successful in unearthing a *cache* of arms in the Native territories, and a law of 1967 provided for the imprisonment of any Natives on whose land such arms were found. Throughout those years rumours of a revolt, of great clouds out of the North, of the sun standing still in the heavens, of white men being driven into the sea, became increasingly positive and alarming. But the white men felt that, come what might, the Republic would be a sure shield for its people.

On coming into power in 1962 Bult had immediately taken steps to control the export of South African currency and to limit the amount of property that could be taken out of the country to a total value of £25 per person, including clothing actually being worn. This measure had put an end to the old method of loading possessions into railway trucks bound for Rhodesia, or of driving across Beit Bridge in heavily laden cars. But it was not really effective, because money was now invested in jewellery, which was smuggled across the more remote borders.

While industrial production and trade declined, while farmers had increasing difficulty in making ends meet, and the Government's revenue (except from mining taxation) was shrinking, there had been an increase in expenditure. The international difficulties made necessary an expansion of the military and naval forces and heavy expenditure on fortifications. A republican government could not fail to respond to the cry of the farmers for more assistance. And the expansion of the Civil Service was a necessary concession to the people who looked on the Republic as a universal and open-handed employer.

This was Zegelman's problem. It had always seemed shocking to good Republicans that they should be in want of anything while the country's golden wealth poured into the pockets of alien capitalists, some living overseas, some in the midst of the struggling nation to whom their wealth was an insufferable insult. This feeling, too long denied an outlet in the way of practical politics, now came to dominate the Executive Council itself. The President at last agreed that nationalisation must be proceeded with.

Nationalisation would be no solution of the problem if the shareholders were to be compensated at the market value of their shares. Other methods of acquisition must be found.

The nationality legislation of 1963 was made the starting-

point of the new policy. Almost all the mining directors had chosen to remain British subjects. An Act of 1964 therefore provided that no mining company could operate within the Union after the end of that year unless all its directors were South African nationals. The same restriction was imposed on every company holding shares in a mining company. Any mine operated in contravention of this principle would be appropriated by the State without compensation to the owners.

The shareholders acted promptly on this order. New boards of directors were selected with some difficulty. A handful of the old directors had the necessary qualification. Here and there men with some knowledge of mining and finance, and who might be expected to be not altogether subservient to the Government, were found. Piet Geelhout was favoured by four companies. Jukskei himself was chosen by two. As a result of this directorial revolution, the entire personnel of the Chamber of Mines was changed. Dr. Banket became the new President of the Chamber.

These changes were, of course, far from satisfying the Government, which wanted to place its own men in control of the mining companies. It was not to be expected that a régime which used *Stormjaers* to "maintain order" at parliamentary polling-stations would hesitate to deal with a shareholders' meeting. It accordingly began to apply pressure in the latter half of 1965.

A beginning was made, of course, with the great holding companies which possessed controlling interests in the individual mines. At the annual meetings of these big corporations, which had in pre-Nationalist days embodied the greatest concentration of power in South Africa, uniformed and plain-clothes policemen, *Stormjaers* and other personages of unknown function, crowded in and stood round while the business was done. In each case the same method was followed: the Commandant of the Witwatersrand, H. Faustrecht, strode on to the platform as soon as the chairman had opened the meeting, and announced that the Government would not tolerate any seditious intrigue in the mining industry. The Government had therefore made a careful inquiry into the personnel of the industry, and had pleasure in presenting to the meeting a list of names, whose election would be regarded by the Government as a complete refutation of the charge that the Anglo-American Corporation—or the Central Mining and Invest-

ment Corporation, or whichever it might be—was a nest of treason which could not be suffered to exist in the new South Africa.

There was some show of resistance. Banket, Dorado and some others had the hardihood to protest on the spot at Faustrecht's proceedings and to call upon the shareholders to disregard the intimidation. *Stormjaers*, however, removed the objectors without delay and gave them a belabouring that it was hoped would bring them to their senses. The intimidation therefore succeeded. Subservient boards of yes-men took the places of the old directors. Once the holding companies were won it was an easy matter to deal with their subsidiaries, a task completed in 1966.

Dramatic as this intervention had been, it was only a preliminary. The purpose behind it had been to uncover the defences of the shareholders. The old Chamber of Mines was changed out of all recognition. The chair formerly occupied by men like Ingot and Lowgrade, and but recently by Dr. Banket, passed to C. N. Tailings, a man with an English name but very far from being an Englishman.

It thus became possible to deal with the shares without encountering open opposition from the shareholders. The first step was to remove the latter one degree farther away from direct connection with the mines. The Mining Investment Corporation of the South African Republic, launched in 1967, took over the ownership of all the capital of the gold mines, the former shareholders being compensated with stock in the new corporation.

The compensation was, of course, not commensurate with the value of the former shares. Moreover, every former shareholder had to apply *in person* at the Corporation's offices in Johannesburg for the compensating stock. No application would be received after March 31, 1968, at which date the unallotted compensating stock would become the property of the State.

Base, whose task it was to carry these measures through, had a telling argument in favour of the insistence on personal application in Johannesburg: "our ancestors whose slaves were confiscated in 1834 had to apply in London for their money."¹ The Government regarded this precedent as a complete justification of its policy.

A great many of the shareholders were nationals of Great

¹ The application could, however, be made by agents in that case.

Britain and other "foreign" countries. A still larger number was composed of South Africans who had emigrated, many of them taking property in defiance of the law. A few of those who felt that they had broken no law, and had migrated no farther than Rhodesia, were bold enough to make the journey southward to rescue some of their property. But for a very great number it was impossible to realise the claims, which thus fell in to the Government.

Nor had Base failed to learn something of high finance in the course of his association with men whom he now described by the collective name of Hoggenheimer. He had learned that stock could be watered. He planned for 1969 a watering of the stock of his Mining Investment Corporation, so as to give the treasury a large block of shares created out of nothing, and sufficient, together with those confiscated in 1968, to vest more than half the total stock in the State. The latter would be able to control the industry now without the compromising assistance of armed and uniformed bullies.

This plan was duly put into execution in 1969, by which year Zegelman imagined his budgetary problems were receding into the background of a happy, gold-tinted picture of endless surpluses.

By that year, however, the storm-clouds on the horizon, once no bigger than a man's hand, had blown in from that northern sky to shut out the sun and produce a sudden ominous chill in the Highveld air. The South African Republic had at last to handle its problems on the bigger stage of the wide, cold, unfriendly world.

We are concerned at the moment with only one aspect of that chilling world-impact on the Republic,¹ to wit, the international treatment of the gold question. As will be shown in another chapter, the Powers great and small, and their common instrument, the United Nations, had for many years shown increasing alarm at the South African developments. Intervention in South Africa had been proposed on several occasions by various countries, only to be turned down as a result of conflicts of interest and the strong preference for peace that the world had shown since 1945.

Bult's handling of the gold mines not only presented the world with a new problem, but also went some way towards providing a solution. The great clamour of the expropriated shareholders in Britain, America, the British dominions and

¹ Foreign relations are treated more fully in Chapter Eight.

elsewhere fell on sympathetic ears in high places. Sympathy was shown, in particular, by the Government of the United States.

President Randolph had in 1965 appointed Bryan Grunruck Secretary of the Treasury. Grunruck belonged to the "soft-money" tradition of the debtor school in American politics, as the President did himself. He had always aimed at an ultimate abandonment of gold as the basis of currency and of international transactions, largely in order to eliminate the waste of productive effort for which gold-mining was responsible. He had throughout his career been opposed in his economic policies by powerful interests; and at the Treasury he found himself thwarted by that section of Wall Street which was interested in gold and had in recent years come to possess an important stake in the Transvaal mines.

Grunruck's opinion was shared by the governing board of the International Monetary Fund, which was anxious to stop the further accumulation of gold. But the American Treasury had not dared to concur in such a policy as long as the opposition of Wall Street had made it politically dangerous to do so.

The confiscatory proceedings of Bult and Base removed a great part of this opposition. What was left was more than balanced by the political influences that were pressing for a firm hand with South Africa. The governors of the Fund, once they were given the green light by the American Treasury, with the full agreement of the British, no longer hesitated to take the first step towards their ultimate object of demonetising gold. On September 16, 1969, they cut its price from \$35 to \$30.

The Government of the South African Republic heard the news on the morning of Wednesday, September 17. Many Ministers were incredulous. So catastrophic a drop had never been heard of in the history of gold. South Africa was not the only country affected; but it was the only country whose entire economy was based on gold-mining. It was the only country whose Government depended on its gold-mining dividends to balance its budget. As Bult looked round the table at the members of his Executive Council that morning, he found no glimmer of cheerfulness in any face. Base and Zegelman realised the import of the news more clearly, perhaps, than the others.

A strong protest to the governors of the Fund was decided

on. But what good would that do? A proposal to rally all the gold-producing countries to a joint *démarche* was no sooner made than discarded; the United States was known to be mainly responsible for the new policy, and Canada, Russia, Australia, even Rhodesia, though they would suffer, were among the bitterest enemies of a Republic that had never harmed them and had no wish but to live in peace with all the world. On the other hand, the Republic's only friends—Germany, Japan, Argentina—were not interested in this question.¹

The country did not have long to wait to feel the effects of Grunruck's attack. Twelve mines on the Rand and many in other areas ceased working within the next few months, their margin of profit being too narrow to stand the shock. The direct loss of revenue to the Government, the loss to private shareholders, the unemployment caused by the closing down of mines, the loss of confidence—one should rather say the despair—throughout the country, produced ever-widening circles of depression, unemployment, bankruptcy.

At the beginning of 1970 the future looked blank. Even the subsidising of agriculture could not go on at the old rate. Taxation would have to be greatly increased, while retrenchment in the public services, and even a reduction of the expenditure on defence, were unavoidable.

During 1970 a way was devised of weathering the storm and adapting the Republic to the new conditions. The disasters of that year had destroyed fortunes, drastically cut wages and salaries and forced austerity upon the nation. The Government resolved to accept the fall in the standard of living as permanent and on that basis to expand exports, which could force themselves into foreign markets by their cheapness.

A cut in wages and salaries on the gold mines even made it possible to reopen four of the Rand mines early in 1971. But the impoverishment of the people could not easily be conjured away. The Government tried to make the burden fall upon the Natives; but their standard of living admitted of very little reduction. It would have liked to maintain full employment for whites at the expense of blacks—but whites would not do "Kaffir work". It tried to force the export of what were thought to be the cheap products of the textile mills and the iron and steel mills, of fruit and wine and canned fruit, of the hard-won gold and coal and diamonds. But only to discover that "cheap"

¹ Argentina and Japan mined a small quantity of gold, Germany none.

labour was not cheap in any real sense. And even in this effort the Republic was confronted by the United Nations. The Economic and Social Council, on the motion of Australia, resolved in 1971 that an increase in the customs-tariffs of member States against South African goods was justifiable in terms of the Civilised Standard convention of 1961, and appointed a committee of experts to recommend specific increases.

The condition of the Native inhabitants of the Republic at the end of 1971 was so pitiful that drastic measures had to be taken to prevent the matter from being given publicity in the foreign Press. Foreign correspondents were not allowed into any Native reserve or urban location, nor into a number of specified districts. Every correspondent had to be in possession of a special permit; if his paper reported anything at which the Government took offence his permit was withdrawn.

This hush-hush policy was almost completely unsuccessful. Correspondents saw many evidences of the real state of affairs even in the areas from which they were not excluded; they interviewed Natives coming out of the reserves; they waited till they had crossed the border to send their despatches. Poor starving creatures who got across the Limpopo or into Swaziland were questioned by reporters beyond the frontier. The truth could not be hidden from the world.

As we reach the critical period beginning in 1972 it is appropriate to cast a glance back over the previous twenty years and ask whether the course taken by events had been inevitable. Could South Africa at any time have taken a different road?

The cause of the unhappy developments over that period seems to lie in the combination of two forces: on the one hand, the general determination of the white population to maintain its exclusive privileges; on the other hand, the aggressive nationalism of the Afrikaner people, who developed this tendency out of a feeling of insecurity which appears to have been justified. This insecurity of the Afrikaner nationality was the main cause of its tyrannical and intolerant excesses. Its opponents were unable to defend themselves because the bulk of politically effective opinion shared the views of the Nationalists on the question of white supremacy. Their opponents therefore gave half-hearted support to principles which they (the Nationalists) advocated in a bold and unequivocal way. These were the circumstances that brought them into power and

inhibited any violent reaction that might have destroyed their power at the beginning.

The principle of white and Afrikaner privilege could not for long be reconciled with the liberal habits and usages surviving from the colonial period. The domination of the country by a caste including not more than 10 or 15 per cent. of the whole population could be assured in the long run only by silencing criticism and destroying the political system which made criticism possible. The followers of Bult understood this necessity more clearly than the Jukskei faction, and the logic of events therefore transferred power to them.

The people of British descent, and loyal British subjects of other origin, were in the position of having other fatherlands in which they could feel at home and to which their entry was unrestricted. The Native Africans could cross the borders into territories belonging to their own people. The Indians had the same advantage. In this respect, as well as in their great numerical preponderance, the victims of South African Fascism differed from those who suffered in Germany and other European countries at an earlier period. Thus there followed a significant loss of population. The emigrants helped, if that were possible, to inflame opinion in other countries against the South African régime.

The Republic was thus brought, by a logical and natural development, to the perilous position in which we have seen it at the beginning of 1972.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE SECOND GREAT TREK

AT THIS point it is necessary to turn back some years to the beginnings of that Emigration which historians have called the Second Great Trek, and of which a consecutive account must be given.

The years from 1955 to 1965 are the decade in which the greater part of the Emigration occurred. The movement had begun in a small way in 1952, and by 1953 the number of emigrants leaving the Union without the intention of returning exceeded the number of immigrants by a few hundred. But it was not until 1955 that the movement began to assume large proportions.

The exodus was determined by the combination of various factors, some operating in South Africa, others in the countries which received the emigrants. Departure was easier for some classes of people than for others. Some had connections, and even property, in Rhodesia and elsewhere and could make the move without greatly dislocating their affairs. Some were able to leave their jobs and get similar work in other countries without difficulty. Others had no such connections or were tied by property interests that could not easily be liquidated.

The facility of movement depended, therefore, very largely on conditions in Rhodesia, Australia and other countries to which the trekkers went. The movement of the later emigrants was affected also by the impression made by the earlier ones. Differences of opinion on the question of admitting them had been caused by the varying experiences which the receiving countries had had of the Trekker.

The Nationalist victory of 1952 turned the thoughts of some of the more far-sighted opponents of the new Government to emigration. Professor Fairword, who was responsible for the most thorough research into the Trek, has drawn attention to the number of advertisements in various papers before the end of 1952 offering shops, garages and other "going concerns" for

sale, and has in a number of cases shown that the seller emigrated shortly afterwards. In the same way the resignation of teachers and Civil Servants, the sale of farms and medical practices, have been shown to have been the preliminary to trekking in the course of 1953.

Of those whose cases have been examined, the majority went to Rhodesia; a few to Kenya, to Great Britain, Canada and elsewhere. Many artisans were among these early emigrants, driven away by the legislation against trade unions.

By 1954 the flow to Rhodesia had led to an improvement in the railway time-table, a daily service being introduced on the Mafeking-Bulawayo line. Sea passages to England and Australia became more difficult to secure, every ship sailing with a full complement of passengers, most of whom, however, were still not permanent emigrants.

At the end of 1954 there was a depression, and then followed the measures for controlling the universities and restricting the opportunities for Jews. The first great exodus was associated with these conditions.

The "pogrom" of 1955 did not eject any Jews from the positions they already occupied, but in effect deprived the younger generation of all hope of a career. Most fathers therefore felt it to be their duty to take their families away. The Jews were too familiar with the recent history of Germany to be deceived, as some Gentiles were, by the friendly and tolerant speeches of Jukskei. It was clear to them that worse was to come.

People who still clung to the old liberal traditions were now convinced that their battle had been lost, and that in emigration lay the only escape from tyranny and persecution. Others, who might have been less deeply imbued with liberalism, yet felt the old attachment to the monarchy and the British connection; and while some asserted that these were safe under Jukskei, many were uneasy.

The sale of assets of various kinds, of town houses and farms and furniture, reached such proportions in 1955 that prices began to drop significantly. The drop continued through 1956 and 1957, many people being glad to get enough for their few belongings to pay their fares to Bulawayo. In these circumstances it became usual for those going to Rhodesia to send all their transportable possessions by goods-train rather than sell them; even farm stock began to go in great quantities. Many leaving after 1956 preferred not to sell their houses or farms,

but left them in the hands of agents for sale at a more suitable time.

Before 1955 there was no public reference to the Trek. The British section still clung to its belief, now completely out of date, that a great influx of British immigrants would put an end to Nationalist hopes and set all things right again. A great *emigration* of good British subjects was a thing not to be contemplated. This complacency was ended in 1955 by the publication of the monthly figures of migration. In March the net loss of European population via land borders was 3,210; in April, 5,191; by September it had risen to 7,658. Then there was a temporary drop, but the excess of permanent emigrants over permanent immigrants, by land and sea, for the whole year was 51,862.

That was a fact not to be concealed. By the middle of the year its significance was generally realised, and public discussion of the matter was begun by the *Volksblad*, which rejoiced as follows :

“If any of our readers should be inclined to deplore this loss of white population, we advise them to be of good cheer. It is not many years since the rabid Jingoës hoped to crush the Afrikaner nation into the dust with the help of crowds of immigrants to take the bread out of our mouths and to vote as they were told by Hoggenheimer and the Colonial Office. And what is happening now? These same Jingoës are running away and leaving South Africa in the hands of its rightful owners, the Afrikaners. We say, good riddance! Let them go, and the more the merrier.”¹

The English Press began by deploring the movement. But, being as powerless against it as was Dame Partington against the sea, it soon adopted the line of showing that the Emigration, which was the natural consequence of the Government's policy, would bring ultimate ruin to the country. The *Cape Times* was the first to point out a fact which has since become an historical truism. In a leading article of October 7, Garrett Park, the editor (himself destined to trek within a year), pointed out that

“this easy way out—the Bulawayo train, or by car to Beit Bridge—is the real reason for the feeble resistance put up

¹ *Volksblad*, Thursday, June 16, 1955. (Author's translation.)

by the British section to the onslaught of Nationalism. Early in the nineteenth century it was the other nationality that was in that position. The Boer was accustomed to trekking, so his natural response to unwelcome governance was to depart to pastures new. The British settlers, on the other hand, fought for constitutional reforms and got them. In modern times the position has been reversed. The English, being politically impotent, have thought to themselves 'if the worst comes to the worst, there is always Rhodesia', and have let the case go by default."

If the loss of 50,000 people was an important demographic fact in the Union, it was something like a tidal wave for Rhodesia. The colony of Southern Rhodesia had initiated, after the Second World War, a policy of encouraging immigration from the United Kingdom, with such fruitful results that the white population in 1954 was estimated to have reached 146,000. Of the approximately 42,000 people entering the country from the Union in 1955, some 15,000 passed on to Northern Rhodesia and countries farther north, many following the new Broken Hill-Abercorn railway on their way to East Africa. That left 27,000 to be absorbed by Southern Rhodesia. The politicians of the colony were thus faced with the toughest problem that had ever confronted them.

Before 1952 various obstacles had been put in the way of immigrants from the Union. In 1952 these controls were relaxed, partly because British immigration on a large scale had weakened the old fears of the southern neighbour, partly because of a feeling that the country ought to do its best for the few loyalists who might be expected to leave the Union because of the new Government. The 27,000 of 1955 had not been bargained for.

Some of these were going to jobs for which they had negotiated before leaving their old homes. Some were farmers going to occupy Rhodesian farms that they had bought. A few were dependants on their way to join their families. But the great majority were merely following Rhodes' injunction to "go North, young man".

The colonial politicians plunged into angry controversy. There were many, irrespective of party, who felt that these settlers were not less valuable to the colony than the others from Great Britain whom they were making great efforts to attract. They were believed to be loyal to the Crown. If they

could be absorbed the development of the colony would be accelerated and the most optimistic hopes realised. The opposing school based its attitude on the view that all the people from "down South" were tarred with the same brush—"South Africanism"—and that their migration would eventually prove to have been a stage in the expansion of Afrikanerdom over the sub-continent.

Luckily for the immigrants, the first point of view prevailed. One of its advocates in Parliament was a Canadian, J. Canuke, who pointed out that the immigration of the Loyalists from the United States had been the foundation of all loyal and British sentiments in Canada; it was reasonable to expect that these South African Loyalists would serve the same purpose. Economically it was an advantage that most of the immigrants were in possession of capital, some of them being very wealthy. Their establishment in business would lead to the employment of many of the others.

In these circumstances it was decided to expand the organisation that was already coping with the British immigrants, to enable it to handle the new element. The transit camp outside Bulawayo, which accommodated for short periods the new arrivals who had no settled destination, was doubled in size; tents were provided at short notice and wooden buildings were erected by the end of 1955. Another camp was constructed at Beit Bridge.

As has already been pointed out, the people leaving the Union in 1956 were selling their possessions on a flooded market. Many reached Rhodesia with very little cash in hand. Hearing that a camp had been established at Beit Bridge, many from the Transvaal took train for that place and trusted to the Rhodesian authorities to get them beyond it. The authorities were noticeably less enthusiastic about these helpless trekkers than about the well-endowed group who were already beginning to make an impression on the trade and industry of the colony.

Since 1945 a loose association of Central African territories—Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland—had been developed for the advancement of common interests. As it became apparent that the Union was taking an anti-British course, this closer association of Central Africa acquired a new significance as a bulwark of British influence and resistance to the threat from the south. It was for that reason that Bechuanaland was removed from the group of High Commission terri-

tories in 1956, placed under a Colonial Office Governor, and associated with the Central African group. At the same time an end was made of the extraordinary anomaly by which Bechuanaland had its capital at Mafeking, outside its own territory. The seat of government was moved to Francistown.

The great immigration and the new importance of the Central African group for the British Empire impelled Rhodesians to press once more for a closer union of these territories. The Colonial Office, under E. R. Yielding, was not yet ready to make this concession, but the hope of ultimate success induced the Government and Parliament of Southern Rhodesia to make a further effort at successful absorption of the Loyalists—as they were now generally called—from the south.

The Government sponsored a Loyalist Refugees Assistance Committee—usually known as the L.R.A.C.—with sub-committees in the districts of the colony, to raise funds, organise the distribution of settlers, find them jobs and help them to establish themselves. The Committee was assisted by the Government financially on the £ for £ principle.

Thus the stream of migrants continued to flow through 1956 and 1957, the year of the general election in the Union.

In the meanwhile a new factor had begun to play its part. The various Dominions of the British Commonwealth had in the past made great efforts to attract immigrants from Britain, but there had been a tacit understanding that they would not tamper with one another's populations. The new situation in South Africa, however, put an end to this restraint. It was clear in 1955 that there were some hundreds of thousands of British South Africans who were remaining in the country only for lack of suitable opportunities of getting out. So a correspondent of the Melbourne *Argus* wrote to his paper while describing the exodus to Rhodesia.

To many Australians this looked like good news. They felt the urgent necessity of building up a big white population in their continent before the Japanese menace could revive. They preferred British immigrants, but the number coming from the United Kingdom was not commensurate with their plans, so that the balance was being taken from continental countries. The possibility of getting settlers of British stock from South Africa therefore seemed worth investigating.

The Commonwealth Government decided to make a beginning in 1956 on the traditional "tourist traffic" lines. An Australian Tourist Bureau was set up with offices in Durban, Capetown and Johannesburg; the P. and O., Aberdeen-White Star and Blue Funnel lines were induced to expand their services between South African and Australian ports. Anxious citizens in the South African towns were interested by posters showing happy surf-bathers at Manly, the snows of Mount Kosciusko or the majesty of the Sydney harbour bridge. The suggestion was scarcely needed; but the increased facilities of the passage were important—691 of the permanent emigrants of 1956 went east.

Then the tourist offices launched out more boldly. They were able (from December, 1956) to offer a return ticket for £40, of which £30 would be refunded on the surrender of the return portion in Australia. Streams of enquiries then began to pour into the offices to discover what prospects lay at the other end of the journey. Artisans, whose trade union movement had been crushed, needed little persuasion to embark for a country in which the forces of Labour were known to be very strong. Loyalists were attracted by the British character of the country. Farmers, however, accustomed to using Native labour, could not be induced to go in any numbers; almost all the emigrating farmers went to other African territories.

The year 1957 saw 11,767 South Africans land in Australia; the Commonwealth had no difficulty in absorbing them. They were, taken as a whole, a good advertisement for the new trekkers, for they included a large proportion of energetic and determined people with sensitive political consciences that had been deeply offended by the South African reaction. After receiving them Australia was anxious for more.

Canada and New Zealand, which welcomed the emigrants and did in the course of the whole period receive some thousands of them, did not actively assist their passage or do anything officially to attract them. Nor did the United Kingdom, though of course a large number, having family connections there, found that the easiest direction to take.

In 1958, the year when Jukskei abolished the oath of allegiance and removed the Union Jack, the tide of emigrants reached the flood. The Union's loss of European population during the year was no less than 112,560, divided as follows:

To Australia	51,189
Rhodesia	39,820
United Kingdom	11,769
New Zealand	2,250
Canada	1,816
East Africa	1,709
Other countries	4,007
	<hr/>
	112,560
	<hr/>

The following year the figure was 103,291; it dropped to a much lower level in 1960 and 1961. The first phase of the trek was therefore over by 1960.

Before that date it had become apparent that considerable numbers of Afrikaans-speaking people were taking part in the movement. The realisation of this fact caused great alarm among the supporters of Jukskei, whereas the Bult faction, whose own people were not among the trekkers, tended to welcome this development as promising to weaken their opponents.

The second Great Trek, like the first, was an experience lived through by thousands of human beings; it cannot be understood merely in terms of migration statistics. Fortunately, a great many of the people taking part in it have left records of their experiences and their feelings, and from these we can understand the human significance of the movement.

For a few people the trek was little more than a small local displacement. T. Shorthorn, for instance, who farmed near Louis Trichardt, had a ranch in the Chibi district beyond the Limpopo. He drove his stock and transported his family from one place to the other; the farm in the Zoutpansberg was not even sold, but retained till real-estate values should have improved. They did not improve, so in 1964 the farm was put on the market for what it would fetch. There was a financial loss, but hardly a great spiritual experience.

For some the departure was a painful wrench. W. Coopersdip was one of the few farmers who ventured to leave the African continent. In 1958 he sold his model farm in Alfred County, Natal, and went to New Zealand, where he had a nephew. His letters to the nephew before he left, which have been published, reflect the bitterness of a man torn from the environment in which he had grown up and which was endeared to

him by a thousand memories. At one time he considered remaining and trying to adapt himself to the new conditions. But in the end he decided that he could not be a citizen of a State for whose destruction he would have perpetually to pray. He felt that he would be shamed in the eyes of his relations in England and New Zealand by submitting to it. So the wrench was made, the farm sold, the journey to Port Shepstone and Durban made for the last time. "I have described Shepstone to you before," he wrote. "You know how we disliked the dust there and the muddy sea. But on Tuesday before the train left your aunt and I had a last look round from the bridge at the station, and felt we didn't really mind the dust or the muddy water after all! I must confess there was a lump in my throat as I got into the train, and I wondered if emigrants always felt like this. It is a painful experience to go through. Mind you don't produce any Bults or Jukskeis in New Zealand!"

Coopersdip was a man who had thought of politics mainly in terms of markets, labour and railway rates, until he had awoken, rather late, to discover that the new régime was flouting sentiments which lay deep inside him, but of which he had been very little conscious. Bouncer Hardcourt, the sportsman, was equally little conscious of politics, but he was a humane man who resented the rigours of the new régime. We have seen what he thought of anti-Semitism. In 1958 he went to Bulawayo, where his sporting friends had found him a job. It was characteristic of him that in his autobiography he described the move quite casually and without laying bare whatever emotions it may have aroused in him. Nor does he mention the great work he did on the local L.R.A.C. in helping to settle later refugees in Bulawayo. He afterwards played for Rhodesia in international tennis, as many readers will remember.

There were others who were more politically minded and fully aware of the dangers from the beginning. Young Penman, for instance, who had been expelled first from the University of Capetown and then from the *Cape Times* for political reasons. He did not leave until 1960, hoping that he might still strike a few useful blows by remaining.

He had no family to provide for and he had a prospect of a job in London. But it was very hard to tear himself away. This is how he describes his feelings the day before he sailed for England:

“I could not leave Muizenberg forever without once more climbing the mountain that had been a part of me for longer than I can remember. I got away to it after lunch, up the path strewn with great white sandstone flakes over which I had climbed since the days when I was not much bigger than the stones. I hardly stopped before the top, being driven on by the force of my emotions. There in the cold wind I sat for some time with thoughts that it was difficult to control. Conflicting memories, hopes, loves and hatreds crowded in. I looked at the bay, that incomparable jewel of scenery. There was Seal Island, which from the beach always looked just like the biggest and furthest wave. In the distance the mountains on the other side, lit up by the afternoon sun. I had often sat on this mountain and planned the great South Africa that was to be, but which now was not to be. This scene used to be a symbol of the happiness that South Africa could give to all her people, and to millions more who would want to come and share it. Now, as I looked towards the Strand, I could only wonder whether the arbiters of the Volk’s destinies were gathering there to plan some new mischief. Below me people could be seen in the streets and behind the pavilion. Some of them would be Jews, Wandering Jews, driven here to escape persecution in Europe, now due to move again to some more civilised land. To think that South Africa had come to this!

“And surely worse would come. I had a vision of racial wars, of burnt-out shells of buildings and corpses lying about in the Main Road. Then my feelings flowed together into one great feeling—hatred; an unspeakable hatred and loathing of the people that had brought us to this. Perhaps, I thought, some day it may be given to me to come back here with arms in my hands. I might then give expression to my hatred. Yet what had been broken down would not be restored, not by all the King’s horses and all the King’s men.”

Penman could not then know how close he had got to true prophecy.

Hundreds of thousands had already gone when he wrote these words. The accounts of those who wrote of their experiences give us dozens of variants of the same theme: the lump in the throat as the beloved scene is surveyed for the last time, the clenched fist as thoughts turned to the authors of the trouble.

George Rodwield was a Capetown schoolmaster who went to Rhodesia in 1959. As his train passed over the Karoo, where he had lived as a child, he felt much as Penman was to feel. Something in him responded to the distant lines of stony hills, *spitskop* and *tafelberg*, and bushes like the tufts on a Bushman's head. The very names of sidings and stations—Paardevelei, Behrshoek, Houtkraal—were music to his ears. Yet his allegiance to the King and his affection for England and her past—his own past—were a part of him, too; and these had won.

“At Mafeking”, he wrote in his memoirs, “I watched two small boys who appeared on the side away from the platform, just before we started. One was explaining to the other that this was the ‘Jingo train’; evidently the name their elders applied to this daily load of people they were driving out. No doubt they thought an expression of contempt would diminish the importance of what was happening.

“How this word ‘Jingo’ was done to death! Anyone who refused to betray his English heritage and allegiance was a Jingo. The hatred we felt for our revilers comes back to me as I write; but there is no need to dwell on that now—time has had its revenges.¹

“We were in the dining-car when the train stopped at Ramathlabama. It was many years since I had last passed this way, and I could not remember that there was anything remarkable about the spot. But it had become remarkable. The line crossed the border immediately beyond it. This fact seemed to become known to everyone, and as the train jerked into motion knives and forks were laid down and faces turned to the windows. Then we saw a new-looking beacon bearing a board with the words ‘Border—Grens’; beyond that a small police camp beside the line, some Native policemen and the Union Jack flying from a flagstaff. Perhaps this is what people were looking for; perhaps we didn't quite know what we were expecting. At any rate there was a spontaneous outburst of cheering through the dining-car; after which people sheepishly sat down again and got back to the bacon and eggs. It was a strange feeling, as if some urge had been inhibited for years and then suddenly at last we were free!”

¹ Rodwield wrote his *Memoirs of a Rhodesian Immigrant* in 1981.

Thus the thousands and the tens and hundreds of thousands went their way.

It must not be supposed, however, that the English-speaking population was unanimous in its hatred of the régime. A large section took the opposite view, which was thus expressed by Buncombe in a speech to the Sons of South Africa, of which he was President, in May, 1960:

“I must now refer to a painful subject, the fair-weather patriots who for some years past have been deserting their country in large numbers. A true South African of British descent can only blush with shame at the thought of them. (‘Hear, hear!’) What a sorry picture those Jingoës present! After a lifetime in our beloved country they have not acquired the least understanding of the meaning of South Africanism. Not content with fomenting racialism, with trying to tie South Africa to the apron-strings of a monarchy and empire that the great majority of our countrymen regard as foreign, they now run away from their country, so perverted is their sense of patriotism, and are actually engaged in trying to poison the minds of foreign nations against us.” (Cries of “Shame!”)

By 1958 it was obvious to those who had not known it before that South Africa was lost to the British Commonwealth. This realisation became the occasion of a new development in British policy. The new policy was accepted, but not sponsored, by the Colonial Office. That department was, in fact, overruled by the combined operations of the Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, War and the Dominions. Yielding, the Colonial Secretary, accepted the view pressed upon him by the majority in the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister himself, while insisting on the incorporation into the new arrangement of certain modifications of his own.

The new policy of 1959 was to concede the closer union which Rhodesians had so long desired. The two Rhodesias, Nyasaland and Bechuanaland were formed into the Dominion of Rhodesia, which came into being on July 5, 1960. Bechuanaland, Nyasaland and Barotseland, though part of the Dominion, received local autonomy which, with certain rights of Natives throughout the country, was placed under the guarantee of the British Government. The chiefs and other leaders of opinion in the protectorates accepted this arrange-

ment, partly from the same motive as had moved the British cabinet: fear of the danger from the south.

The first phase of the migration was over by that time; the second phase was shortly to begin. Many Afrikaans-speaking people had already trekked. They were, however, a very small proportion of the total number. Leaving the Union was a much more serious matter for them than for the others. The English were going to countries inhabited and ruled by their own people. The Afrikaners would find themselves, beyond the sea or the Limpopo, in a foreign environment. Rhodesians would find it hard to distinguish between them and the faction that was responsible for conditions in the Union. The Afrikaner emigrant would be abandoning his nationality as well as his home.

All these considerations were reported to the world by the correspondent of the London *Times* who interviewed a number of Afrikaners in the transit camp at Beit Bridge in September, 1959.

"I asked a tall, elderly and obviously well-educated man why, in that case, his people were emigrating at all. His reply threw an interesting light on conditions in the Union.

"Commenting on the recent split in the government, he expressed the view that Bult would come into power after the next election, and that he would be without the restraining influence of the present Ministers.

"People like myself and my friends here', he explained, 'are hated by Bult's party even more than they hate the English. Life would be very hard for us under their government. Even now I find my children's minds are being poisoned at school by the most disgusting doctrines and prejudices. I prefer that they should go to school in Rhodesia and be taught in English, in spite of the fact that I am an Afrikaner and proud of my nationality.'

"Others in the party, who put forward similar arguments, stressed the seriousness of the grievances that could drive them to adopt such a drastic remedy. This is certainly good human material and a valuable acquisition to the country receiving it. It is to be hoped the Rhodesians will show a sympathetic understanding of the problems facing this class of settler."

The emigrant whose statement was thus reported had no
D (When Smuts Goes)

doubt that Bult would win the next election. Many others, with the optimism born of inertia, trusted that all would still be well. In 1962 they discovered it would not be. The emigration figures show a sharp rise after the middle of that year; the trek entered its second phase.

In the second phase the proportion of Afrikaner emigrants was much higher than in the first. But the chief distinguishing feature of this new movement was the hardship inflicted by Bult's embargo on the taking of property over the borders. There was now no alternative to selling one's possessions for what they would fetch. Jewellers' shops did the greatest trade they had ever known. Men who looked far from wealthy invested in gems costing thousands of pounds. Everything they had possessed was now represented by those compact concentrations of wealth. And Van Langstoep was after them.

The Government required jewellers to obtain signatures, complete with addresses and other details, from all purchasers. These lists were to enable the police to watch the movements of likely smugglers. The purchase of jewellery was not in itself an offence, but anyone moving towards the frontier with such things in his possession would fall into the clutches of the law.

Many were caught, but a far greater number succeeded in the enterprise. It was now of no use to go out by train—although a few bold spirits did so and deceived the searchers—and it was impossible to take a car over the border by road, as any car would exceed the permitted value. The usual way was for women and children to go by train with few possessions, while the father and husband tried to cross the border at a remote and unguarded spot.

It soon became too dangerous to attempt the crossing from Messina or Mafeking, not to mention Komatipoort. Such places swarmed with police. But a man who was prepared to abandon his car could drive it—with a false number plate, of course—to any one of a number of regions which it was impossible for the police to cover adequately. A favourite stretch was the Limpopo border of the north-western Transvaal, over which cattle-smuggling from Bechuanaland had gone on for many years. Some of the men who had been engaged in this occupation got into contact with the underground Royalist Party in the Union and offered their assistance. The Royalists had a special branch for assisting people to cross the border, and were able to direct emigrants to places in the bush near the Limpopo, where they were met at night by the

quondam smugglers who conducted them across. Cars had to be abandoned at considerable distances from these trysting places, to avoid giving clues to the police.

Some people set out on foot or bicycle from places like Zeerust and Kuruman; some drove to the Kruger National Park and slipped across into Portuguese territory. From Barberton and Piet Retief there were well-organised "underground railways" into Swaziland. From points on road and railway south of Messina there were routes east and west which led to crossings of the Limpopo within reach of Beit Bridge.

Even Basutoland received large numbers, some over the Caledon, others climbing the mountains on the Natal and East Griqualand side, and so defeating the police by sheer physical skill and endurance. From Basutoland they were evacuated to the North by air.

The one frontier that could not be crossed in clandestine fashion was that of Simonstown. Over every other border scores crawled stealthily every night.

The Rhodesian Government—Sir John Cole-Wankie was the first Premier of the Dominion—came handsomely to the assistance of the new trekkers. A transit camp was established at Lobatsi, and arrangements made by which the Government of Mozambique received emigrants, whether they had passports or not, and sent them by troop-carriers to Beit Bridge along the new road that followed the Limpopo. The B.S.A. Police organised patrols to move along the Rhodesian side of the border to pick up pedestrians who had got across at places distant from the camps. Once there, if they still had their jewels, their troubles were over. Various firms had agents at the camps to buy these commodities, though at prices considerably below what had been paid for them.

It was in these circumstances that many tens of thousands got away in 1963 and 1964. Most were British subjects who had registered and now came out on High Commissioner's passports. Then came a wave of Afrikaners, many of whom had registered, too, in order to be able to get to Rhodesia. But the new suppressions following the death of Netwerk drove out many Afrikaners who were South African nationals and could not enter Rhodesia for permanent settlement under the existing laws. A proposal was made in the Dominion Parliament to grant naturalisation on easy terms to people who had been British subjects until the change of 1963; but this was defeated. The fear of the southern danger was too great.

The emigrants of this group did not therefore remain in Rhodesia. Many settled in Portuguese territory, and many sailed from Lourenço Marques to Australia, which was willing to receive them.

Speaking generally, the earlier emigrants were better human material than the later. This does not apply to the Afrikaners, in whom there was naturally a greater reluctance to go than in the English. But among the latter it is true to say that most who felt strongly on the political issues left early. In the later years there were many emigrants who were not men of principle, but merely calculated that the future republic would not be a good horse to back.

In so great a number—about 582,000 between 1955 and 1965—there were bound to be many black sheep. The large number of Union immigrants convicted of crime in Rhodesia in 1959 caused a temporary revulsion of feeling and proposals to limit the flow. Sir John Cole-Wankie successfully resisted these demands, and the rejoicings over the coming of the Dominion in 1960 diverted attention from them.

In Australia a number of the South Africans grumbled at the hardships they were suffering, especially through the lack of domestic servants, and indignant correspondents in the Press advised them to go back to their own Fascist country, where they belonged. A few did go back to Africa, though not to the Union, and the rest soon adapted themselves to Australian conditions.

On the whole, the trekkers, like other political exiles, were a great gain to the countries in which they settled. A few reached positions of eminence, the most famous, of course, being Mr. Fergusson, the present (2015) Prime Minister of New Zealand. He left South Africa as a boy of ten in 1957. Of the Afrikaners, J. Skaap became one of the leaders of the Country Party in New South Wales. Many won fame in the academic and other professions.

The effects were most noticeable in Rhodesia. It is doubtful if any country has ever shown such rapid and startling development as Rhodesia in the 'fifties and 'sixties of the twentieth century, and for that development the Trek was largely responsible. The construction of new railways would in any case have taken place after the turning over of the system to the Dominion Government in 1960. The Broken Hill—Abercorn line had been completed some years earlier. But the Beit Bridge—Fort Victoria, the Beit Bridge—West Nicholson and the

Fort Victoria-Umtali lines were directly stimulated by the immigration from the south, and the Zawi-Kafue line indirectly. The white population of Rhodesia in 1960 was about 375,000, and there were more to come.

The emigrants were not all white. Indians of the merchant class had, indeed, been the first significant group to go, nearly a thousand of them sailing from Durban in the S.S. *Panipat* in November, 1954, bound for Bombay. Thereafter a steady stream of them flowed out, mostly by sea to Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa, some to India. The total emigration of Indians between that date and 1970 was 67,901.

The migration of Native Africans is more difficult to assess. They came and went obscurely across the open frontiers, and after about 1955 it is clear that more were going than coming. So many white employers were leaving that employment in the towns was hard to find, and employment on farms was, under the new régime, less attractive than ever. Those who had once emigrated from Basutoland, Bechuanaland, Swaziland or other more distant territories now drifted back. Others who lived near the borders and had contacts with people beyond them were tempted to cross over. The contraction of employment due to the white emigration thus led to a steady Native emigration of uncertain dimensions.

The British Government bestowed large grants on Basutoland and Swaziland for the development of industries which would help them to absorb the additional population.

In 1971 the modest stream suddenly swelled in volume. The economic disaster to the Republic caused by the cut in the gold price had produced conditions of indescribable misery for the Natives. The way out had been shown by those who had emigrated in the past. It was believed that prosperity lay beyond the borders. The idea of trekking seemed to sweep over the people as wind sweeps over the tree-tops. The roads towards Mafeking, Zeerust, Messina, Komatipoort and Basutoland bore never-ending processions of trudging Africans, each with his wife laden with the family possessions and the baby. Sometimes the possessions overflowed the wife's and the piccanins' capacity and, contrary to all former order, the husband, too, was forced to carry a load.

Had this emigration merely taken off the unemployed it might have been regarded as a blessing. But, as always, the incidence of discontent fell with disproportionate weight on the serf labourers of the farms. These were stirred by powerful

longings and hopes. Needless to say, the farmers had not set up the Republic for the purpose of denuding themselves of labour. Their own standard of living had been cut by the fall in prices, but with plentiful, cheap and docile labour they might hope to regain something of what had been lost. There was an immediate demand that the President should stop the Native emigration.

Presidential decree No. 83 of 1971 accordingly stopped it as from December 4. A punishment of one year's imprisonment was imposed on any Native in farm employment who left his employer's farm without a pass, and on any other Native who without a pass left the district in which he was domiciled. On a Native who, being a South African subject, attempted to cross the borders to go out of the Republic, a life sentence could be imposed. Should he, being summoned by any European to stop, refuse to do so, he could be shot.

Van Langstoep called on citizens of the Republic to form voluntary organisations to stop all Natives in their neighbourhood and examine their passes. The *Stormjaers* were used for the same purpose. The police, whose numbers could not be increased because of the financial stringency, had enough on their hands as it was.

The execution of the notorious No. 83 leads to the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER SIX
BLACK PERIL

THE BANTU were a cheerful and long-suffering people. They had shown a curious loyalty to the country that treated them so badly. There had been isolated acts of violence in plenty, but no concerted revolution before Decree No. 83.

The occasional murders of 1956 and 1957 have been mentioned. In 1958 there had been location riots at Vereeniging and Ladysmith, in which several Europeans had been killed. Similar outbreaks occurred sporadically in the following years, but the influence of the Elders of the Ethiopian Zion tended to prevent them, since they could not possibly advance the African cause. In 1963 the new Government closed the Fort Hare Native College, whose existence was anomalous by that time. Early in 1964 came the police terror following the murder of Netwerk. Thousands of Natives were roughly handled by the police and many arbitrary arrests made.

These events produced the premature rising of February, 1964, which took the form of attacks on the police at many places in the eastern Free State and ugly demonstrations by Indians in Durban and by Coloured people in Capetown. There were also riots in many town locations. Troops were mobilised in the Free State and the main urban centres; special constables were enrolled. These moves followed naturally from the military preparations that had accompanied the elections in the preceding month. Many Natives were shot and order quickly restored. It was clear to the Elders that much more favourable circumstances were necessary if anything was to be achieved.

The economic collapse of 1970-1 produced for the Natives and other Coloured races unendurable suffering. The Elders, at a joint meeting with Swaraj and other Indian leaders in November, 1971, concluded that if resistance were not attempted very soon it would be too late to save their people. The smuggling of arms from Portuguese territory, both directly

and through Swaziland, and from ships off the Transkeian coast, was accelerated. Coloured fishermen brought illicit cargoes across False Bay from Simonstown to Stanford's Cove and other unguarded places. From the points of entry they were smuggled into Capetown and Johannesburg under the noses of the police. Then came the presidential decree and the wholesale arrest of Africans on the roads. Plans were hastily completed and the leaders in different parts of the country given detailed instructions.

The Royalist organisation, believing that the time was not ripe for revolt, and not relishing a Native rising which would be certain to develop a general anti-European character, did its best to dissuade the Elders and Swaraj. The attempt was vain, for the Natives were at the end of their endurance. The Communist Party had hoped to take the lead in the coming revolution, but, being advised from Moscow that the international situation was not yet propitious, tried at the last moment to obtain a delay. This intervention also was unsuccessful.

The directing mind behind the events now to be enacted was a man of Zulu origin called Funamali, known to various European employers as Sixpence (or Sikspens, as it was usually written). Some forty-two years of age, he lived in the great Native town of Orlando near Johannesburg. He had enjoyed a superficial education, had tried his hand at various trades and at trade union organisation, and in 1963 had joined the Elders, soon rising to a position of leadership in that body. His leadership was not universally accepted. Lincoln Mfundisi, two years his junior and better educated, regarded Funamali's policy as suicidal and resisted it up to the last moment. On the other hand, Mfundisi's influence was counteracted by that of two younger leaders, Durban Mampara and Jim Bulalazonke, who instigated Funamali to some of his impetuous decisions.

On February 6, 1972, a European bus on the way to the Johannesburg suburb of Newlands was held up, as it passed through the Native township of Martindale, by an impenetrable African crowd in the street. After some altercations the driver shouted some foul and abusive language at the crowd, which grew angry. Stones were thrown at the bus, windows broken and the passengers terrified. The driver drew a pistol (all bus drivers on that route seem to have carried firearms) and ordered the crowd to disperse. Tempers, which were already hot, were not improved by this threat, of which no

notice was taken. The driver, affected perhaps by the panic among his passengers, then fired into the crowd in front of him and tried to start the bus. With a great roar of uncontrollable rage the mass of black humanity surged forward upon the bus. It is difficult to penetrate the confusion of what immediately followed. The driver, conductor, and all the passengers, except three who survived in a badly wounded condition, were killed and mutilated. The bus was set on fire. Mounted police then began to arrive—but at the same time armed Africans poured out of the Western Native Township. In a short skirmish the police were driven back. The neighbourhood rapidly took on the shape of a military stronghold. Badges of military authority appeared and armed men took their prearranged places in the ranks. Within an hour of the shooting at Martindale the mask was thrown off at Orlando, where various white men were shot and Funamali's house was transformed into General Headquarters of the African Army of Liberation. The territory under its command rapidly expanded. The main railway line was cut between Mayfair and Newclare and a link established between Orlando and the Western Native Township. There were soon only islands of European resistance standing out of the flood that enveloped the western side of Johannesburg and was rapidly extending westwards and southwards as armed guards were sent to seize and retain bridges, reservoirs, the power-station, the radio transmission station and other vital points.

The news of these events, as it spread within a few hours over the whole country, became the signal for revolt in other centres. A rebel battalion marched out of the location at Langa to join hands with the Coloured army of Salt River, Woodstock and District Six. Central Capetown was thus cut off from the rest of the country. In Durban, Swaraj was the rebel commander. There was a sudden end of *satyagraha*. Detachments that were well armed and had obviously grown accustomed to discipline went rapidly about their appointed tasks. From the Bluff and Jacobs radio station right round to the banks of the Umgeni a belt of rebel territory isolated Durban except to the north. But as most of Victoria County had risen at the same moment, and the King of the Zulus had ceremonially declared the independence of his nation, Durban was in effect besieged.

In the Transkei the European magistrates were everywhere arrested (two of the more unpopular were shot), and the

Bunga, assembling at Umtata, declared the territory an independent republic.

In most parts of the country the Non-European population, armed and obedient to its leaders, vented its spleen on obnoxious individuals. *Stormjaers*, policemen and magistrates, post-office and railway officials, employers and shopkeepers—a very great proportion of these were marked men on account of their regular insolence to the African public; and many were early victims of the revolt. On every horizon could be seen the smoke rising over the ruins of some farmhouse and the corpses of its inhabitants. Though most towns were held by the white men, some were successfully occupied by the rebels, who sacked and looted shops and private houses, killed the more objectionable of their enemies, and defaced the public notices which drew attention to white privilege and black subjection. Barberton, Rustenburg and Netwerkdorp (formerly Kingwilliamstown) were conspicuous sufferers in this way, as well as innumerable small villages and some parts of Johannesburg, Durban and Capetown.

The story of the terror is relieved by curious instances of humanity shown to some Europeans. The farms that were protected by their Native domestics outnumbered those that were sacked. In the occupied towns and suburbs signs were chalked on many doors and gates to show that the occupants were to be left alone. The victims of attacks were often taken in and protected by Native or Coloured families until the danger was past. And there were some parts of the country to which the rebellion hardly penetrated. This is true of the western province of the Cape, outside the peninsula itself, and of some parts of the northern Transvaal.

The Government was caught off its guard by the rebellion. But its resources were immeasurably superior to those of the rebels, whose sole chance of success lay in foreign intervention. Appeals for this were sent forth from the captured radio stations. Had the revolt been sustained, intervention might have been attempted in good time; but in the then state of international relations it could not be decided upon at short notice, and the rebellion was suppressed, outside Zululand, in two months.

Bult presided over a meeting of the Executive Council in the Union Buildings on the evening of February 6, and took such steps to cope with the danger as were possible while considerable areas were passing out of the Government's control.

A state of siege ¹ was proclaimed in the districts of the Witwatersrand command. Twenty-four hours later it was extended to the whole republic. The punishment of death was to be inflicted by military courts on any rebel taken with arms in his hands, and arms included "spears, clubs, sticks, stones and other similar weapons and missiles". The courts were empowered also to condemn to death any person who obstructed the troops or police in the execution of their duty.

The President had also, on the 6th, ordered a general mobilisation of the Defence Force. This took some ten days to complete. But Air Force personnel were ordered to report for duty by 1800 hours on the 7th. *Stormjaers* were to report to their local headquarters by the morning of the 9th.

In many localities the police and *Stormjaers*, as soon as they had recovered from the initial shock, were able to extinguish a mere disorderly effervescence with a few bursts from a machine-gun. They would then stalk through the location shooting at everyone who failed to raise his hands; ordering people to come out of their houses; firing into the windows; throwing grenades through doorways. Parties of neighbours were made up to visit the farms that had been gutted, where every Native seen was shot and the huts of the compounds were fired. In this way order was quickly restored throughout the greater part of the country. Guards were posted to protect essential services and vulnerable points, and armed escorts were carried by all trains. By February 18 the scope of the rebellion had been limited to some half a dozen clearly defined areas, and what is called the Tenth Kaffir War had begun.

Without foreign assistance the rising could not have lasted long in any circumstances. The rebels had, with insignificant exceptions, nothing but small arms with which to attack a modern military organisation. Yet some temporary (but from the diplomatic point of view perhaps decisive) success might have been achieved if the rebellion had covered a large continuous piece of country, instead of being split into isolated theatres which could be dealt with piecemeal.

After the sporadic disorders had been put down by local initiative, the serious danger was confined to three widely separated areas. By far the largest of these comprised Zululand, the coastal belt of Natal, the Transkei and parts of the Ciskei. The reconquest of this territory was the ultimate task of the

¹ The English term Martial Law (nicknamed Martjie Louw) had been abandoned in favour of the usual continental expression.

Republic's military forces. But there were two other theatres of rebellion which, though small, were dangerous because of their proximity to the nerve-centres of the Republic. One lay on the western fringe of Johannesburg; the other, stretching from District Six to Maitland and Langa, isolated central Capetown. Outside these areas a few towns, such as Rustenburg and Barberton, were seized by the insurgents, and suffered severely before they were liberated, but these incidents lie outside the main stream of the story.

An outline of the main phases of the campaign will be intelligible if certain factors in the situation are borne in mind. The rebellion was precipitated by desperate men. Cunning and far-sighted revolutionaries, of whom there were several, could not have had any serious hope of success in the prevailing circumstances. Given the disparity in everything but numbers, which by themselves are of hardly any military value, why was the disturbance not quelled in one blow by a whiff of grape-shot? The chief reason was that, especially in Capetown and Johannesburg, the rebels held a great many hostages within their lines. The rising had caught numbers of Europeans in the danger zones; some escaped in time, but very many were detained as a guarantee against indiscriminate bombardment.

The Government did not care to wipe out its enemies by bombing or artillery fire at the cost of these hostages' lives; much rebel territory had first to be overrun by ground forces. Secondly, the desperate need to free the two chief cities made inevitable the temporary neglect of the eastern area, where the rebels therefore had a little time to consolidate their position.

It was not until February 18 that the Government forces in Johannesburg began their offensive with an attack which split the rebel area in two. In six days of hard fighting they freed most of the parts in which hostages were held, and closed round the remaining centres of resistance, Orlando and the Western Native Township. O'Blarney, who was with his troops on this front, then sent an ultimatum to Funamali in Orlando: unconditional surrender by noon on the 25th, or else a general bombardment and no quarter even to the unarmed.

No answer having been received, the bombardment was duly carried out. The slaughter at Orlando made perhaps a greater impression on the outside world than any other event of the war. O'Blarney intended the destruction to be thorough. The besieging troops had been well provided with heavy and light machine-guns. They were told that on the effective use of them

depended the chance of striking such terror into the Kaffirs, as would put an end, once for all, to ideas of rebellion. The description of what followed by the official bulletin and the republican Press differs very greatly from that given by eyewitnesses who were able afterwards to cross the border. According to the latter, great numbers of the inhabitants who survived the H.E. bombs tried to get out of the town as the flames began to envelop it, and these were mown down by the machine-guns.

Horrifying accounts of babies bleeding to death beside the corpses of their mothers, of screams of pain and terror audible in the din of battle, reached the Press of the world. The official account claims that the numbers involved were small and almost all "with arms in their hands", so that their deaths had been inflicted in accordance with the law. What country allows its laws to be defied with impunity? The people of Orlando and Pimville were, at any rate, annihilated; they had numbered over 100,000 in 1971. About 50,000 were killed in the Western Native Township.

O'Blarney naturally assumed that Funamali had been destroyed with the rest, but in that he was mistaken. The leader had on the previous evening, after rejecting the ultimatum, decided that he had been wrong in attempting to command the rebellion from an isolated place like Orlando. He and his chief "staff officers" therefore committed the defence to subordinates, with instructions to resist "to the last man and the last round", and themselves determined to pass through the enemy lines during the night. Miraculously, Funamali himself and one other succeeded. Moving at night, lying low during the day, travelling in or under goods-trucks, the rebel leader managed to reach the headquarters of Swaraj in Natal and continued to play his part in the war.

The fighting on the Capetown front presented many of the same features as the battle on the Rand. While Major-General Panzerwagen remained at Wynberg to command the whole operation, troops were collected at Bellville and Milnerton under Simon Eikeboom—the former Minister, who held the rank of Colonel and made no bones about serving the Government in the field—and Colonel Blaauwberg. After a bloody and macabre battle in the Woltemade Cemeteries, Eikeboom's force broke through to Maitland and cut the enemy in two, just as had happened in Johannesburg.

But it was soon found that the Capetown rebels were a harder

nut to crack. They had more education and political consciousness than Funamali's followers in Johannesburg, and better leadership. Although the Communist Party had tried to prevent the rising, its leaders were in the end unwilling to hold aloof from it. The direction of affairs was soon taken over by the old Communist agitator Joe Krasny. The *Guardian*, moving back from the Flats, was once more published openly in its old haunts, over which the Red Flag now proudly waved.

Krasny infused immense energy into the defenders. He planned to make munitions at the Salt River railway works, but the works were destroyed by artillery fire before that could be done. Owing to the large number of food-processing factories in the area, there was no danger of starvation; but water was a harder problem. The normal water supply was cut off. What little remained in tanks was strictly rationed. Sea-water was used for washing, and attempts at the condensation of sea-water were made.

All Krasny's hopes were based on Russian intervention. He therefore resisted the demand of his followers to "avenge Orlando" by shooting the hostages. Nothing must be done that would create an unfavourable impression abroad. On March 1, however, Comrade Krasny led his troops in person at the desperate battle which raged round Salt River railway station, and a stray bullet ended the career of the Communist leader. He was succeeded in the Command by a Coloured man called Willem Snoek, an advocate of the "avenge Orlando" policy. This policy was now put into effect: about 500 European hostages and prisoners were shot at the Castle Brewery. As soon as this fact was known to Panzerwagen he abandoned the restraint which was no longer necessary. Heavy bombers quickly reduced Woodstock, Salt River, Ndabeni and Langa to heaps of smoking and bloodstained rubble. The guns of Signal Hill and of the cruiser *President Bult*, lying offshore, joined in the work. Thus by March 4 it was possible for Panzerwagen's tanks to clatter triumphantly into the Herefrag.¹

Capetown and Johannesburg were now secure, but the biggest task remained to be done. Operations had already begun from the base at Maritzburg by Major-General Hoogte, a former supporter of Jukskei, but essentially a non-political soldier who had found little difficulty in giving his support to the new régime. When the fighting in Capetown

¹ Formerly Adderley Street.

ended, Panzerwagen, now promoted Lieutenant-General, took over from Hoogte, who was moved round to Netwerkdorp (formerly Kingwilliamstown) to direct operations on the Kei.

Before Hoogte's arrival the rebels had been chased out of Netwerkdorp, which they had occupied for a week, and the siege of Seshoekburg (formerly Queenstown) had been raised. Dreadful atrocities had been committed at the former place. Many of the relieving troops were local inhabitants who had left their families shortly before to join their regiment, the Kaffrarian Rifles, and now entered the town to find their wives and mothers dead and their homes in black ruin. This was the work of Bulalazonke, the most fanatical of the rebel leaders. He was a man of some brains and ambition who had been *voertsekked* and *bloody-kaffir'd* beyond endurance; his heart would never forgive the white man. He had also some military ability, and withdrew his men skilfully and in time from a dangerous position which his enemies had the means to encircle.

In the same spirit of caution he abandoned the siege of Seshoekburg. That town suffered no material hardship beyond a moderate reduction of rations and the substitution of horse-flesh for mutton. But the inhabitants were for a fortnight gripped by fear. Day by day the news of sack and massacre came to them over the air; and beyond the town's perimeter they watched the besiegers as the cornered mouse watches the cat. At last the besiegers withdrew. The defenders of Seshoekburg took their places in the general forces of the Republic, burning with the hatred that is born of fear. Among the scared but now relieved inhabitants were John Turnman and his wife Susanna, who had been visiting relations in the town at the time of the outbreak. Turnman volunteered to serve in the forces of the Republic. O'Blarney accepted the offer, and gave him a captain's commission. Base was not consulted, but Bult and O'Blarney thought that the régime would be strengthened by the belated adherence of such men as Turnman and Eikeboom.¹

Bulalazonke had retreated across the Kei, which he intended to hold as the western frontier of the new republic whose forces he commanded. He was dreadfully hampered, however, by the politicians at his back. The Bunga had declared the independence of the Transkeian Republic, and the grave legislators

¹ Both were killed in action, Eikeboom at Cala and Turnman at Fort Nottingham.

were for a time less concerned with the war than with creating the outward forms of sovereignty. After solemn and wordy discussion they would set up new offices with high-sounding titles, and nominate delegates to knock at the door of the United Nations Assembly. Two claimants to the paramount chieftainship of the Pondos wrangled before a council of elder statesmen while a committee of the Bunga considered whether to abolish the office in question. The supreme War Council of the Transkeian Republic presumed to dictate tactics as well as strategy to General Bulalazonke.

In these circumstances it was not difficult for Hoogte to push his opponent back across the Kei and the Bashee. By a series of left hooks from the direction of the Maclear railway he forced the rebels to withdraw from one defensive position after another; this campaign culminated in Hoogte's daring advance to Mount Fletcher on March 25.

Panzerwagen at Maritzburg had a more difficult assignment. Durban was besieged, and its relief admitted of no delay; but that meant clearing the enemy out of a forty-mile breadth of very rough country perfectly suited to the defenders. The attack began on February 27, the great anniversary of the Republic, and it was not until the evening of March 14 that the advance guard made contact with the tired defenders of Durban at Umbilo. These were thirsty men. The city's main water supply had been severed at the beginning of the rebellion. Even the evacuation of many non-combatants by sea, the unloading of casks of fresh water from ships and the distillation of sea-water had not been enough to exorcise the demon of thirst. But there had been no hunger, and the most serious menace—the blocking of the harbour by the rebels on the Bluff—had been dispelled by bombs and by the guns of the cruiser *O. B. Network*.

The relief of Durban, which the whole Republic celebrated with the same abandon as London had once displayed at the relief of Mafeking, had the effect of cutting off the rebels in Zululand and the north from those in southern Natal and the Transkei. All south of Durban now fell under the command of Bulalazonke, who was at this time beginning to be hard pressed on his southern front by Hoogte. Bulalazonke wisely would not attempt to hold too much, and withdrew his broken units from Lamontville, where they had assembled, to the great rebel stronghold of Umzinto. The liberators of Durban therefore advanced without opposition almost to Scottburgh.

South-western Natal had at that time a very small white population, most of which was concentrated on the coast. There was an explosives factory at Umbogintwini which had been blown up by its white staff at the beginning of the rebellion, and so denied to the enemy. These loyal saboteurs had got away in time. But as Panzerwagen's troops entered the seaside villages of the south coast on the heels of the retreating rebels they got the same sort of shock as some of Hoogte's men had experienced at Netwerkdorp. Amanzimtoti had been partly destroyed by fire. No living inhabitants remained, but the dead bodies of many lay in the open, in the houses, outside the wrecks of houses, just where they had been killed weeks before.

All the way to Illovo Beach there were scenes like that. A few survivors staggered out of hiding-places, but could hardly speak of their experiences. At Umkomaas the inhabitants had collected round the railway station to make a stand, hoping that they might somehow be rescued by sea; but no help had come. At the station, in the pavilion and on the beach, the gruesome signs of the last stand were seen.

The advancing troops stopped short of Scottburgh, but farther down the coast there was still an island of resistance at Port Shepstone. That town had been the scene of racial friction for many years, but since the Asiatic Trading Act of 1954 the Indian population had declined in relative strength. The white inhabitants of the Lower South Coast had been given cause for uneasiness during the months before the outbreak. Gun-running on the Pondoland coast had produced crops of local rumours, and loyal servants there, as in other parts, had uttered mysterious warnings. Most of the holiday-makers had gone home by the end of January; many who remained cut short their stay. The permanent residents of the smaller places began an exodus, which became general as soon as the news broke on February 6. From all directions people poured into Port Shepstone, which was in a precarious condition until the insurgent Native and Asiatic inhabitants had been driven out and preparations made to withstand a siege.

So long as a bridgehead was held on the north bank of the river, communication by sea remained open. The frigate *Slagtersnek* brought adequate supplies of food, arms, ammunition, a company of soldiers, all landed from boats, and took off many women and children. Port Shepstone held out until the end, and by keeping a large number of rebels engaged made a useful contribution to the final victory.

The men who opposed Panzerwagen in his advance to Durban were commanded by the Indian leader, Swaraj. He and many of his principal followers had planned this campaign for years, studied the ground carefully, accumulated arms—though mostly small arms—and maintained useful contacts in India, whence indeed most of the arms had come. When the fighting started, Indian aircraft began to arrive and to give the immigrants immense encouragement. One was shot down over Maritzburg; all its crew, though commissioned by Swaraj, were recent arrivals from India. The Republican Government and Press uttered shrill protests, but these fell on deaf ears, as the Republic had never had any diplomatic relations with India. The results of the intervention were, however, disappointing to the rebels. Aircraft need bases, and bases are at the mercy of an enemy who is greatly superior on the ground.

While Swaraj was fighting his losing battle to keep Panzerwagen out of Durban, he received an unexpected and not altogether welcome visitor at his headquarters in the Thousand Hills Hotel at Drummond. It was Funamali, who had escaped from Orlando and passed, no one quite knew how, through 500 miles of enemy country. Funamali had originally been accepted by all the rebels as their supreme commander, but his failure in Johannesburg and the circumstances of his escape had tarnished his reputation in the eyes of Swaraj at least. The latter was unwilling to recognise his authority; yet he could not afford to overlook any means of saving the situation, and Funamali had a plan which might save it.

He proposed to co-ordinate the rebel operations, which up to this point had been conspicuously lacking in coherence. Too much had been expected to result from the staggering initial blow; when that was parried the revolt became disorganised. Now unity must be restored. Above all, the non-belligerent Shaka II of the Zulus had to be turned into an ally. That King had done no more than to declare his independence, hoping that if he made no hostile move the Republic would leave him in the enjoyment of his sovereignty. He mobilised, as a precaution, three large armies, but kept them some distance from the frontiers. Shaka, like the other rebels, had been accumulating arms. The young men who now formed his *impis* were wild with excitement at the chance of reviving the glories of their ancestors, but they could hardly be described as trained soldiers. Funamali came to the Court of Eshowe to prove to the King that there was no chance of his

retaining his crown or independence if he allowed the rebellion to collapse. The *impis* must be let loose.

The evidence for Funamali's case was overwhelming. Bult had openly and often expressed his determination to make the Zulus pay dearly for their offence. The Press harped upon the historic memories of Retief and Pretorius. Shaka could no longer conceal the truth from himself: he must stake all on an immediate intervention.

Before Durban was relieved the Zulu columns began to cross the Tugela near Kranskop and at Rorke's Drift. A month earlier the farming population of Umvoti Country had begun to come into Greytown for safety, but, as the Zulus remained quiet, most had gone home again. When the invasion, long feared, was known actually to have started, there was panic in the countryside. Armoured cars were sent out to convoy the refugees who were making for the railway. Trains were kept running until the last moment, and a few aircraft hampered the movements of the invaders. But Panzerwagen boldly refused to divert his attention from Durban until it was relieved and placed out of danger.

From that moment—March 14—Panzerwagen concentrated on the Zulus. He had no time to spare. Four days after the relief of Durban the successful tide of rebellion reached the flood: Greytown and Ladysmith were encircled by besieging Zulus; the garrison at Fort Nottingham had been overwhelmed by one of Bulalazonke's columns, which the next day cut the railway between Nottingham Road and Rosetta; the Zulu army under General Mampara which had invested Greytown had pushed an advance guard forward as far as Albert Falls.

Maritzburg was stricken by a panic worse than the same enemy had aroused nearly a century before. A train leaving for Durban was rushed by terrified civilians, who packed the compartments, the corridors and the roofs, only to find that Panzerwagen had ordered its departure to be cancelled. Nor could he allow the roads to be choked with refugees. Armoured cars were used to turn them back. The morale of the population was improved by using it to dig trenches and erect barricades. The fear was not unreasonable; but these defences were never needed, for on the 19th the black flood began to recede.

Panzerwagen forced the withdrawal of the invaders by striking at their lines of communication, and also directly at their homes. After inflicting a crushing defeat on the rebels

near Hlobane, Brigadier Voorlaaier struck at the heart of Zululand. A column under Roerkogel moved south from Dundee. The besiegers of Ladysmith then fell back towards Rorke's Drift, and received heavy punishment from the air as they retreated. This operation ended as a disorderly flight across the Tugela.

The Zulu invasion was remarkable not for its ultimate failure, but for its temporary successes. It is estimated that not more than half Shaka's men had rifles, and not many of those were very well acquainted with their use. Hereditary martial ardour was all that could compensate for these deficiencies. Nor were these people trained to manage the administrative side of war. For food, they lived on the country—a fact which suggests that their "sieges" must have been of short duration, even without the exploits of a Voorlaaier or a Roerkogel. Ammunition soon ran out in the camps round Ladysmith and Greytown. Then these warriors, armed with spears or bayonets, rushed boldly upon the machine-gun post or the cannon's mouth, inspired no doubt by the spirits of their ancestors.

The first Shaka had been intolerant of failure. His modern namesake was more civilised and humane, but Funamali gave way to vexation and despair as success was followed by defeat. As he stood at Isandhlwana shouting excitedly "Cowards! Bafazi!" at the stragglers being rounded up by their officers, he must have known that the favourable opportunity had now passed.

When converging columns from the north, from Mooi River and from Maritzburg broke through to Greytown on March 28, the danger from the Zulus was really over. A rabble lacking arms and discipline, yet driven on by despair, or perhaps by hope, had momentarily frightened the white man and upset his organisation. As insurrection gave place to war, the rabble dispersed. And the Transkeian Republic fared no better than the Zulus.

The friction between Bulalazonke and his political superiors continued throughout the war. Although the early reverses caused the Bunga to abolish the War Council and leave the General to fight more or less in his own fashion, political considerations were still allowed to interfere with strategy. Umtata was destroyed by Hoogte's bombers, but the legislators remained in the neighbourhood, and their armies tended to fall back towards it from both sides. It was O'Blarney who first saw how to exploit this tendency and the ill-feeling between

the General and his Government. Knowing that Bulalazonke would want in the last resort to escape, and that his only place of refuge was Basutoland, he divined that thrusts towards Matatiele from Richmond and Maclear would divert the rebel's mind from the defence of Umtata.

It fell out as O'Blarney had foreseen. While cruisers and frigates patrolled ostentatiously within sight of the "wild coast", giving notice that no rescue by sea could be expected, Hoogte pushed boldly on to Mount Fletcher, and Panzerwagen made a rapid advance from Richmond to Franklin, which he seized after a skirmish. The Transkeian army passed round that place to the north-west. Bulalazonke prepared on April 1 to join this army and fight with his back to the mountains. Before departing he was somewhat forcibly brought to an open-air meeting of the Bunga, with which he had a stormy altercation. The legislators demanded that he should defend the republic by remaining between Umtata and the enemy. He pointed out that the loss of Franklin and Mount Fletcher portended an encircling movement which he must prevent by standing in the breach. No agreement had been arrived at when he stalked out and entered his car to drive off on his self-imposed mission. Making Matatiele his headquarters, he tried to rally the retreating army there.

The Bunga deposed him from the supreme command, gave him the "army of the north" and then proceeded to take the general direction of military affairs into its own hands—with the inevitable result. The news that Bulalazonke was no longer over them caused consternation among the rebel troops on the other fronts. Those at Umzinto were further demoralised by being made to fall back to Port Shepstone, there to join the besieging army in a final attempt to take the place. When the Bunga in a panic on April 6 ordered the abandonment of the siege and a withdrawal into Pondoland, these men were convinced that the game was up. Arms were thrown away, and the men took the shortest ways to their homes, to wash their hands of the rebellion before the country was overrun by the terrible *Abelungu*.

The panic of April 6 had followed from the loss of Matatiele. Bulalazonke's "army of the north" was shattered at Cedarville on the previous day. The General and a stream of other fugitives then took to the mountains. His car was spotted by an aircraft, which gave it a few bursts; the occupants, who had taken cover, continued on foot. In the afternoon of that day,

when his enemies were still celebrating the Van Riebeeck anniversary, the rebel General trudged across the border at Qacha's Nek. The frontier guards, who had standing instructions to admit refugees, gave him a friendly salute. After the formality of disarmament, the fugitive rebels, as they came up in their hundreds, passed the guards and went forward to have a look at the British Empire.

The rebellion in the Transkei collapsed immediately. Hoogte was given the task of hunting the fugitives and restoring the authority of the Government, while the troops of Panzerwagen's command were brought back to Natal for the final assault on Zululand.

It was too late. On April 10 Bult received a joint note from the Powers informing him that, in accordance with the unanimous decision of the United Nations Security Council, they now recognised the independence of the Kingdom of Zululand and would regard any invasion of its territory as a *casus belli*.¹

The President, in a letter to each of the Governments concerned, protested at this dismemberment of the Republic by Powers that had never received from it anything but friendly treatment; but he could not resist.

Voorlaaier had already fallen back to Louwsburg. It only remained for Panzerwagen to clear the rebels from Victoria County, a task made easier by the new security beyond the Tugela, which the defeated forces made all haste to reach.

The danger was past. The tumult subsided into the peace and silence of the grave.

¹ The background of this *démarche* will be explained in Chapter Eight.

CHAPTER SEVEN

BACK TO THEIR PROPER STATIONS

IT WAS inevitable that this little episode should create some stir in the world. As will be explained in the next chapter, the real threat to the Republic came not from the "Kaffirs" and "Coolies", but from the negotiations in the Security Council which might lead to an intervention by the United Nations. Bult would dearly have liked to exclude foreign correspondents from the country until all traces of these unhappy events had been wiped out. But this was not practicable. The best that could be done was to exclude unfriendly witnesses from certain areas, as had been done even before the rebellion. The areas selected for this restriction were usually those in which the embers of the war were in the process of being stamped out. On the other hand, such evidences of African atrocity as were found at Amanzimtoti and Umkomaas, Rustenburg and Barberton, were exposed to the fullest publicity.

On February 12, six days after the outbreak of the rebellion, William Penman, loyalist exile, and now special correspondent for *The Times* and *Manchester Guardian*, had arrived by air at Simonstown. His reports to those papers were everywhere accepted as authoritative because of his thorough knowledge of the background of the revolt. In his book he supplements the reports with valuable impressions of a more personal and intimate character. This is perhaps the most useful account of conditions in the Republic during and immediately after the war.

Penman's first impression was the curious sensation of being in a part of the Cape Peninsula and yet under the British flag. As he drove from Simonstown through Glencairn he found it difficult to believe how things had changed since he had last been there. Belief was compelled by the sight at Fish Hoek.

"There were the same mountains and beach; the houses approximately the same; the railway line still there. But

where the road and railway cross the little bridges to Clovelly there was now a frontier in the fullest sense of that word. It was marked by an elaborate barbed-wire fence. Where the booms obstructed the road there were government buildings—on both sides—where official and military personnel came and went fussily. On our side of the line were rows of 'dragon's teeth' and here and there the half-submerged cupola of a pill-box. Above on the Fish Hoek mountains were scars indicating the position of the big gun emplacements. These, I thought, had to be constructed in full view of the enemy—no concealment possible there! The same on the other side, above Clovelly: white patches of concrete not yet overgrown with vegetation.

"'Well', I said to the others, 'here goes!' and we drove up to the booms. A republican soldier took our passports into the official building, and we followed to get our first view of the régime. An important-looking man looked at my papers. 'British subject by birth'; 'Place of birth—Muizenberg, South Africa'—I watched him as he read all this. 'Kyk daarso', he said to his companion, 'dis mos een van ons Jingoos'; 'it's one of our Jingoos, isn't it? But I had the authority of our good Foreign Secretary, plus a visa of the Republic, and those could not be gainsaid. Tommy's passport was American; I thought it gave the official no more pleasure than mine. After all, it was Randolph and Grunruck who were behind the gold business.'"

Penman thus entered, with his professional colleagues, the country he had left when Jukskei was still in power and the republic had not yet been established. The changes of the last twelve years could not fail to be accurately noted by him. Much would impress him on the drive from Fish Hoek to Wynberg that would hold no meaning for his fellow-journalists. But we may pass over that and follow the party to Wynberg, where they had booked accommodation at the Republikeinse Hotel.

"The proprietress received us at the entrance and spoke English. None of the guests but ourselves spoke that language, but the sound of German came from the table next to ours. Otherwise only Afrikaans was spoken. In this respect the change in twelve years had been phenomenal. After depositing the luggage in my room I went for a walk down

to the Main Road to get some impressions. Only Afrikaans could be heard. Nothing was written in English but a few notices on shops, in smaller lettering than the originals they translated.

"Soldiers were everywhere. People gathered in excited groups to exchange rumours. *Stormjaers* patrolled the streets. The general air of nervousness was understandable, since we were only five miles from the front line. I saw three Coloured men being taken off in handcuffs by some military police; but there were others of their race, apparently going about their lawful occasions, whom no one regarded.

"Though my job was to report the rebellion, there were other things that interested me more. In the residential parts of Wynberg (and I noticed the same thing afterwards in Claremont and Rondebosch) the streets had fallen into disrepair. There were holes and cracks in the asphalt, tufts of grass shooting up through the pavement, and apparently a breakdown in the municipal street-cleaning system. The hedges and fences of many private houses were broken, and exposed to view untended gardens and forlorn, ruinous dwellings. In Silwood Road, Rondebosch, I counted six houses, mostly in this condition, bearing *Te Koop* or *Te Huur* notices, and the others were not much less decrepit.

"If you would buy or rent one of these ruins, you must in every case apply to the Nasionale Huisagentskap. I could not yet tell whether this was some piece of monopoly capitalism born out of Reddingsdaadbond by Republic, or a bureaucratic facet of the régime itself. At any rate it had no competitors.

"My guess, which was afterwards proved right, was that it was a part of the integrated Nationalist economy that even in the old days revolved conspicuously round various politicians and professors. This economic *imperium in imperio* had made great advances since my time. Its subsidiaries could be seen all over these Capetown suburbs, occupying the premises of what had been substantial independent firms twelve or fifteen years before."

Penman made his way nearer to the front line and turned out the vivid reports that are still standard accounts of the fighting. After the collapse of the rebellion in the peninsula he went by train to Johannesburg and then to the Natal front. Round Langa and Orlando and Sophiatown after their destruc-

tion he found a cordon of *Stormjaers* that could not be penetrated. He could not get into the Transkei after April 6. But he interviewed Bulalazonke in Basutoland and Funamali in the new Zulu kingdom. His account of the latter's escape made unpleasant reading in the Republic, where people had refused to believe the rumour that "Sikspens" was at large.

Everywhere he found, as in Rondebosch and Wynberg, evidence of depopulation, economic decline, the inefficiency or breakdown of the public services. More dramatic and painful were the signs of racial hatred and violence. In Natal he witnessed on two occasions the shooting of groups of African prisoners by firing-parties. In Johannesburg he noticed how Natives on the pavements leapt smartly into the gutters to make way for Europeans. The arrogant behaviour of White to Black was much more marked than when he had left the country. In shops as well as Government offices the Natives, where they were admitted at all, waited submissively till all Europeans had been served, and were then often shouted at, cursed for their stupidity, even refused attention. Penman thought that allowance should be made for the provocation given by the rebellion; but he recognised in these things the inevitable bitter fruit of the plants that had been growing sturdily for many years past.

The economic collapse that was everywhere apparent reminds us again of certain phases of Spanish history. In this case, of course, the difficulty was the direct consequence of the flouting of world opinion by successive South African Governments. Pending more drastic action, the United Nations had concerted among themselves the economic measures that it was hoped would bring the Republic to its senses. The gold price had been reduced, and most countries had raised their tariffs against South Africa. Trade with the few remaining friendly countries had enabled the régime to prolong a miserable existence that might otherwise have terminated sooner.

The isolationist tradition of a country that did not like to see the smoke from its neighbour's chimney led naturally to a desire for economic self-sufficiency, for an economy based on taking in one another's washing. But this plan could have succeeded, if at all, only on the basis of a high degree of productivity and of consumption in the whole population. So far was the Bult Government from developing anything of the kind that its remedy for every economic ill involved *reducing* the capacity of the Coloured races in both respects. There was a

desperate need of a domestic market for the products of coal and iron mines, steel and textile mills; but the Natives were deliberately kept at an economic level where they could hardly consume any of these things.

The detached observer could not therefore be surprised when in May, 1972, the Pretoria works of Iscor were closed down and numbers of men were paid off by Texcor. On top of that came the further reduction of the gold price, by the International Monetary Fund, to \$27.50 in November.

The Republic, with its back to the wall, struggled manfully to keep its enemies at bay. Great as was the danger from overseas, the Black Peril was nearer and seemed more real. The nerves of the white race had been dreadfully seared by the experience it had just come through. Citizens counted, and not in vain, on their Government to take away from the helot people the capacity to rebel a second time.

The pass system was already as rigorous as legislation could make it. No person of non-European race could of his own free will depart from his place of employment, his reserve or his district. Nor could he carry or possess firearms. Such was the law. Yet even that, the existing law, had not been successfully enforced. The rebels had armed themselves, and their leaders had moved about the country without much difficulty. Passes were regularly forged.

Bult and his Cabinet attempted to solve the problem along two lines. On the one hand, the recent rebels were to be punished with a severity that would strike terror into such *skepsels* for the future. On the other, the Coloured races were to be kept in a state of ignorance and physical degradation that would make them incapable of further political action.

All over the Transkei and in other places unknown there were secret stores of arms. On April 13 a presidential decree ordered that these were to be deposited in a number of specified places to be collected by the authorities; or, alternatively, to be handed in at any police station. This was to be done by April 30, and no charge would be preferred against any person bringing in such arms by that date. After that date searches would be conducted, and wherever any firearms were found in a non-European area the nearest inhabited place would be razed to the ground and its inhabitants shot. Any non-European who after April 30 found any firearm was to hand it to the police and indicate to them the place and circumstances of the discovery.

A large proportion of those who had taken up arms against the régime had been killed in the fighting or after surrender. Many of the rest had disappeared into obscurity, but there were still large numbers who could be identified, and the police and troops were busy during the rest of 1972 bringing in suspects for trial by the military courts. The rattle of musketry from the firing-squads was a very familiar sound all through those terrible months. To deal with the potential leaders, whom even the military courts could not convict, concentration camps were established at Cradock and Newcastle. Prisoners seldom escaped and were never released from these places.

The Volksraad in March, 1973, passed a Sedition Act which enabled the President to commit any subject (not national) of the Republic to a concentration camp, without trial, for "reasons of State". As soon as the Act was signed Bult raised the state of siege throughout the country and the emergency was held to have passed.

The search for firearms continued fitfully for years. Shootings and burnings in the reserves, though never reported in the Press of the Republic, were frequently observed by Natives who managed to cross the border, themselves risking death if they should be caught before they had left the sacred soil of their country.

The Government attached more importance, however, to its long-term policy. Up to the outbreak of the rebellion mission schools had continued to function, though higher education for the non-Europeans had been abolished. In June, 1972, the Volksraad unanimously agreed to prohibit the teaching of reading or writing to any Native, Asiatic or Coloured person. The President called on all missionaries to devote themselves to the teaching of useful crafts, habits of labour, hygiene and "Christian principles". His Honour may have had in mind such principles as "blessed are the meek"—though surely not that they shall inherit the earth, nor that the meek shall eat and be satisfied. Above all, this cardinal principle of the Christian religion—Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.

Close upon this measure followed the Non-European Labour Act, which laid down maximum wages and benefits that might be paid to the descendants of Ham. Not only were the total incomes of non-European families absolutely limited to an amount rather below than at the minimum subsistence level,

but employers were allowed to pay a large part of the wages in mealie meal, wine, spirits and tobacco. No non-European might own any business or employ any person, nor might he practise any profession independently. There was to be no escape, except on the impoverished and eroded soil of the reserves, from the hewing of wood and drawing of water. A servant of servants shall he be.

The motive for this measure was not economic. The closing down of industries and of more of the gold mines, and the contraction of trade, had provided for the farmers and the remaining industries a superfluity of Native labour. Had it been otherwise the Government would no doubt have opened up parts of the Native reserves for white settlement, as had often been proposed. Yet it was not done, for the "Native problem" had now reached the stage where the greatest difficulty was to cope with the masses of idle vagrants whose labour nobody wanted. It was better that they should starve in the obscurity of the reserves than hang about the towns to commit crimes.

The condemnation of all the Coloured races to inescapable servitude was, then, a political measure. It was a precaution against a repetition of '72.

In Rhodesia the rebellion and war had been viewed with mixed feelings. The Native population there was, of course, dangerously excited. The Senators representing Nyasaland, Barotseland and Bechuanaland put forward a demand that the Dominion should intervene to save the rebels from annihilation. A large section of the white population supported the demand. "They asked for it" was a common judgment on the predicament in which the republicans found themselves. The refugees from the old Union were guided in their reaction rather by their all-consuming hatred of the Republic than by the older prejudice against the black man. The influence of the University of Rhodesia, which had taken up the torch of liberalism laid down by the universities of the south, was exerted on the same side.

But too many of the white people put the racial consideration first. The people to the south whose lives, homes, women-folk were threatened by the rebellion were white. Though as republican traitors they deserved little sympathy, their cause happened to be that of the white Rhodesians also. Might not the same scenes be re-enacted, one day, farther to the north? The temper of the Rhodesian "munt" suggested that it could

happen. The idea that the suppression of the rebellion was an essential Rhodesian interest was put forward by the *Bulawayo Chronicle* and the *Rhodesia Herald*. It was taken up with great vehemence by the Salisbury evening paper, the *Sundowner*. The *Salisbury Times* (edited by the refugee Professor Knowall) and the *Bulawayo Telegraph* took the pro-African line. So strong were the feelings on both sides that the question could not be kept out of Parliament. The leader of the Liberal (*i.e.*, Conservative) Party, G. K. Basham, moved in the House of Representatives that Rhodesian volunteers be sent to the Republic to assist in the restoration of order there. Sir John Cole-Wankie, the Prime Minister, made the question one of confidence, and United Party members were brought by a three-line whip to vote in full strength against Basham's motion. Nevertheless, nine members resigned from the party rather than obey, and the Government was saved only by the adhesion of four Liberals who crossed the floor to vote against their leader.

The debate was remarkable for a speech by Rodwield (U.P., Marandellas), the former schoolmaster and refugee. "There are many members of the House," he said, "who, like myself, have come to Rhodesia from that disturbed country that is now the Republic. When we came we were met by a good deal of hostility in many quarters on the ground of our supposed possible disloyalty to the Crown. If I mistake not, the honourable member for Lusaka held that view."

Mr. Basham (Lib., Lusaka): "Not in your case."

Mr. Rodwield: "Thank you, sir. Many, I think, held it in my case also. It was a common opinion. How groundless it was is becoming apparent in the present debate, but I am sorry to find that too many members of the House, and people of this country, have failed to understand what is going on in the Republic and its bearing upon the affairs of this Dominion and of the Empire in general.

"The honourable member for Lusaka is perhaps not aware that the Nationalist Party in the old Union won the election of 1952 by appealing to the English-speaking section in words that might almost have been taken from the speech with which he has just entertained the House. He is probably not aware that the secession of Natal from the Union after that election was prevented by the very same considerations. He does not know that the British section was kept quiet by anti-African, anti-Indian and anti-Jewish measures until it was too

late to save the country for the Crown. We poor refugees know these things. We intend to keep this Dominion in the Empire. If the house accepted the present proposal I should regard it as the first step to secession." (Shouts of "No, no!" from the Opposition, drowned by cheers from the Government benches.)

The motion was defeated, but the crisis left its mark. In view of the excited state of public opinion, the Government could not take up the counter-proposal to intervene on the side of the rebels. The Dominion was henceforth rent by the division on this issue. The United Party Government began an intensive propaganda campaign to show the public the connection between the imperial tie and the principle of justice for all races. The campaign was greatly assisted by a telegram of thanks to Basham from the President of the Republic. The "Bult telegram" was thereafter an important piece of the Government stock-in-trade, and Basham was hard put to it to live this down. The Paramount Chief of the Bamangwato (who was also a Senator) played his part by speaking in terms of fervent loyalty to the Crown and by a tour of the Dominion in which he did much to calm the excited passions of the Africans. He was ably supported in this policy by the Queen Regent of the Barotse.

On June 2, 1972, Penman arrived at Beit Bridge after his tour of the Republic. Many of the impressions he had recorded, besides those already mentioned, are of value to the historian. He had made a point of calling on any of his old friends and acquaintances who still remained in the country. Few had done so, but in Capetown he had visited Cringe, the former M.P., who had become a citizen of the Republic, and whose opinions might be of interest. Cringe, even in the midst of the Kaffir War, was hopeful of the future of the Republic, though full of resentment against the outside world.

"Do you consider South Africa to have gained in freedom since it cut the British connection?" Penman asked him.

"Naturally," was the reply.

"But in the old days there were no rebellions, and you can hardly deny that there was more prosperity."

This touched Cringe on a raw spot.

"Who is to blame for that?" he asked. "We Afrikaners, a small nation struggling for freedom, or the Great Powers like Britain and America? In a petty spirit of vengeance the British Government put the Americans up to reducing the gold price, then Kaffir and Coolie emissaries come and stir up their

friends here to cut our throats. Britain robs us of our territory——”

“What was that, Mr. Cringe? Robs you of your territory?”

“Yes, Basutoland, for example, a festering sore in our midst, kept there just to wreak vengeance on us because we wanted to be free.”

Penman was shocked to find with what assurance Cringe spoke the jargon of the régime. It required a little mental effort to realise that South Africa was now the land of the inspired and unanimous Press, where the greatest absurdities could pass for self-evident facts and the official view had by monotonous repetition been impressed on every mind.

What future did Cringe envisage for his country? A future guaranteed by great allies such as Germany and Japan. These would soon put an end to the prejudiced meddling of the other Powers; and the Republic would then be able to put its house in order and recover its prosperity.

Penman had read some of these opinions in the Press. By the end of his tour he realised that on such matters the whole nation spoke with one voice. Behind that unanimity there was the brain of Dr. Schadenfreude.

In Pretoria, Penman saw the deserted Iscor works, at Thabazimbi he saw iron mines operating at half-pressure. In the station yards at Witbank there were bales of cotton that had been exposed to the weather for several months and for which there seemed to be no demand—the Texcor mills could not cope with the supply. Immense natural resources lay idle, merely because to use them in the only possible way would be to “offend the Volk in its innermost feelings and convictions”.

Sitting in the offices of the *Salisbury Times* he discussed the position with Knowall.

“How long do you give the Republic?” asked the latter.

“If the agreement with Russia goes through,” was the reply, “I wouldn’t give it six months.”

But Penman miscalculated. The agreement was signed in July, 1972, and Bult’s régime then had five years to go.

The Coloured races of the Republic sank into the ignorant and tight-belted torpor that had been ordained for them. The United Nations placed Zululand under British trusteeship, the building of the naval base at Kosi Bay was begun, the strength of the Royal Air Force in Rhodesia was steadily increased and more British troops were sent there for training. There was a steady flow of troops and supplies to Middle East Command in

Kenya, and a large garrison was built up in Zululand and Swaziland.

The Republic took appropriate measures of defence. Poor as the country was, it responded nobly to the demand for longer service with the colours and greater appropriations for defence. More aircraft were ordered from Argentina, whence came also an ample supply of military experts. Great enthusiasm was aroused throughout the country by the visit, in 1975, of the German pocket battleship *Tannenberg*. The death of the old Nationalist leader Jukskei, which occurred while the *Tannenberg* was in Table Bay, passed almost unnoticed. He was buried quietly at his farm Woltoonkuil, where he had lived in retirement since the advent of the Republic.

In Zululand the King, Shaka II, gathered round him the leaders of the unsuccessful rebellion—Funamali, Mampara, Swaraj, Bulalazonke (who arrived at Eshowe by plane from Basutoland in August, 1972). Another leader, Mfundisi, was at Eshowe, too. He had tried to prevent the rebellion and was *persona non grata* to most of the others. But he was on good terms with Shaka, who learnt to appreciate his wisdom in devising policies and his intelligent understanding of South African and world affairs.

CHAPTER EIGHT

A COLD, UNFRIENDLY WORLD

As THE reader will have observed, the Bult régime owed its unnaturally long life to dissensions among the Great Powers. We have now to glance back over the period so far covered to see how South Africa fared in its relations with the outside world.

The policies of the Jukskei administration, not to mention those of its successor, were hardly the kind to win friends and influence people. The years following 1952 saw the successive alienation by South Africa of most of the Governments and peoples that mattered. This process may be briefly described.

It will be remembered that the Communist Party in the Union was suppressed in October, 1952, by the very first Nationalist Parliament. The Russian response followed promptly. Nakovalny, the Foreign Commissar, withdrew his Consul-General from South Africa in November and brought diplomatic relations with that country to an end. He continued, of course, to receive valuable if not impartial reports from underground sources. From that time onwards the overthrow of the South African régime was a fixed point in Nakovalny's policy, though by no means an easy one to carry into effect.

India, newly independent and conscious of its important position in the world, was the next enemy to be made. India's relations with the Union had, indeed, been poisoned many years earlier, but the legislation of 1954 turned mere resentment into bitter hostility. Economic pressure could be exerted by the Indian Government on its own; but action of a more direct and practical kind required the support of the United Nations. No responsible statesman anywhere was prepared to tear up the United Nations Charter by conducting a punitive expedition under merely national auspices. The case was therefore brought before the Security Council, but, for reasons which will presently be explained, no action was taken.

The Portuguese Government might have been expected to show more sympathy with a régime that professed admiration for the system of Dr. Salazar. The Portuguese system was not, however, racist, and the South African repression of all dark-skinned people was greatly resented east of Komatipoort. Portugal could not fail to respond to the pressure of her Colonial subjects; after her admission to the ranks of the United Nations in 1957 she therefore supported South Africa's enemies.

This factor operated still more strongly in the cases of France and Belgium, the other African colonial Powers, since they had no sentiments pulling them the other way. The hostility was naturally shared from the first by China, and it came to be felt, for the same reasons, by many Latin American countries.

Other democratic peoples, such as the Scandinavian countries, the Dutch and the Swiss, were influenced by Jukskei's persecution of the Jews and his interference with the freedom of the universities and the Press.

It may well be asked how, with this formidable array against them, Jukskei and afterwards Bult managed to postpone the *dies irae* for so long. The explanation must be sought in the attitude of Powers that have not yet been mentioned.

Great Britain was placed on the horns of a cruel dilemma by the South African problem. On the one hand she wished to retain the friendship of India, which after the grant of independence had co-operated closely with Britain and the Commonwealth. She desired also, in spite of the provocation of the Zionists, to help the Jews. And many sections of British opinion were angered by Jukskei's policy. Yet the Dominions Office still held the view that Jukskei, if tactfully handled, could be kept on the side of the Empire. Still more important was the need to act with the United States, since Anglo-American co-operation was the very foundation of British foreign policy. And America was opposed to intervention in South Africa.

When India raised the matter in the Security Council in 1954, the American State Department was prepared to exercise the veto rather than allow any intervention to be sanctioned. The reason for this attitude was quite simple. China was trying at that moment to re-open the question of Oriental immigration into the United States, and opinion on the Pacific coast was in a state of dangerous excitement. Goldengate, the Secretary of State, was particularly sensitive to pressure from

that direction. Moreover, the Republicans were anxious not to lose their newly-won footing in the South. If Goldengate was in any doubt about the feelings of the lower South on "carpet-bagging in Africa", his doubts would have been removed by the speech of the Governor of Mississippi at Jackson on May 6. The prospect of an American veto was an immense relief to the British Foreign Secretary, Mildly, who would be saved thereby from an awkward predicament.

It may be doubted whether many members of the Council were much attracted at that time by intervention as a general principle, however much they might have liked it in the South African case. Even China had reasons for not setting such a precedent. The Council therefore, to avoid bringing the matter to the veto-point, compromised on the Indian proposal, reprimanded the South African Government, expressed the hope that justice would yet be done to the Indians, and passed on to the next matter on the agenda.

Much the same combination of factors may be seen at work when the Jewish complaint was brought forward in 1955. The American Government was more responsive to their demand than to that of India, but after the decision of the previous year it seemed unlikely that the Council would be very helpful. The motion was therefore moved in the Assembly, by the Ukrainian representative, with a view rather to the mobilisation of world opinion than to any immediate action being taken. The South African spokesman, Kraalmuur, put up a pitifully weak defence. But he took courage from the conviction that this would be a war of words only, and that words could not help Hoggenheimer. He advised Jukskei to receive the damning resolution of the Assembly in a calm and philosophical spirit.

The Assembly's resolution provoked, in turn, the further anti-Jewish measure of 1956. This was not handled in any concerted fashion by the United Nations, but several countries did give the relief that was most urgently needed. Britain and the other Commonwealth countries took the view that the Jews affected were already British subjects, and that the action of South Africa should not be allowed to deprive them of that status. Several other countries, notably the Netherlands, Portugal and Mexico, offered asylum and ultimate naturalisation to the refugees. Many, of course, went to Palestine.

British policy had thus been halting and equivocal, and had to some extent helped Jukskei to ward off the danger from

abroad. This equivocation was brought to an end by the legislation of 1958 abolishing the oath of allegiance and the Union Jack. British opinion was at last convinced that South Africa could not be brought back to her old moorings. British policy could thenceforth be freed of the embarrassing necessity to appease Jukskei. It has been seen that the decision to establish the Dominion of Rhodesia was taken in 1959 and put into effect in 1960.

At that date a concerted drive against South Africa might therefore have begun to look like practical politics. Paradoxically, even the victory of the Democrats in the American elections of that year might have contributed to this result. The new Gridman administration had no need to appease the once more solid South by a non-interventionist foreign policy. The new Secretary of State, Buckeye, was personally unaffected by the racial feelings of the South and West.

But at that very moment a crisis in another part of the world saved South Africa. There had never been really friendly relations or mutual trust between the Western Powers and Russia. The latter's frequent proposals for intervention in Spain had been turned down because it was feared that if Franco's successor, General Espada, were overthrown Spain would go Communist and become a Russian satellite. Nakovalny's proposed treaties with Turkey, which would give Russia virtual control of the straits, were regarded with anxious suspicion in the west.

Now, in June, 1960, a revolution broke out in Iran. Within two months, while civil war still raged, the Constituent Assembly proclaimed the Iranian Soviet Socialist Republic and asked for admission to the Soviet Union. The request was graciously acceded to. Russian troops crossed the frontier to "restore order", and this was so quickly and effectively done that in October, Mishka, who had now succeeded Stalin, was able to pay a ceremonial visit to Teheran.

Outside the ranks of those who thought it natural for every country to desire incorporation in the Soviet Union there were few who regarded the revolution as spontaneous. It was too clearly reminiscent of the case of the Baltic countries. Most of the Western Powers—France and Sweden were notable exceptions—continued to recognise the exiled Persian Government. Nakovalny's Moscow speech in November did nothing to allay suspicion. When in February, 1961, Turkey signed the long-desired treaty, giving Russia fortified bases on both shores of

the Dardanelles, opinion in the West came near the point of belligerency.

President Gridman and his Secretary of State, Buckeye, decided that the moment had come to get "tough". The new Soviet expansion was brought before the Security Council as a situation endangering peace. It was obvious that the Russian representative, Zapreshchensky, would not allow a decision to be made, but it was desirable to fly a kite to test world opinion. This time it was not Britain but France that sat on the fence. The Foreign Minister, Bouillabaisse, wanted to play the part of peacemaker between East and West. Cannebière, his representative on the Security Council, worked tirelessly both in open Council and behind the scenes to patch up the quarrel.

Zapreshchensky regarded attack as the best form of defence. He submitted a resolution that peace was endangered by (i) the American control of the Panama Canal, a highway in which all maritime Powers were interested; (ii) Britain's stranglehold on vital sea routes at Gibraltar, Aden and Singapore; (iii) the Spanish régime of General Espada, and (iv) the South African régime. There were many other Russian grievances, but these four were skilfully brought forward for the purpose of blunting the weapon that was being turned against Moscow. The case of the Dardanelles could be shown to be analogous to (i) and (ii), and what was sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander. Questions (iii) and (iv) were matters on which the Western Powers agreed in the main with Russia, yet they dared not allow any intervention in which Russia had a hand. If they rejected intervention they could be treated as Fascist reactionaries.

Cannebière thought that the overthrow of Espada might, as a compromise, be left to France alone. Let Britain deal with Jukskei and let questions (i) and (ii) and the matters of Iran and the Dardanelles be regarded as closed.

Such a compromise might have been accepted if there had been less suspicion and fear all round. Cannebière did not realise that the bases of an apparently expanding and aggressive Power like Russia would be regarded by all as quite different from the essentially defensive bases of satisfied Powers like Britain and America. The latter could be regarded with equanimity by every country that was satisfied with the *status quo*, with fear only by those who wanted the map remade. But the countries that wanted change were almost without exception ex-Fascist States that had nothing to hope for from

Russia, and were not members of the United Nations Organisation.

When it appeared that no one on the Council but Yugoslavia would support the compromise, let alone the original Russian motion, Zapreshchensky refused to allow it to be put to the vote. Nor had he any hope of turning the representatives of the exiled Persian Government out of the Assembly. These gentlemen were frequently seen in earnest conversation with the Turkish delegation during that session. The arrival of the Persian Shah and Ministers in New York, after a short time in India, helped to keep American attention directed to their fate.

Expressing the hope that agreement might be reached through ordinary diplomatic channels, the Council then shelved the question. South Africa was thus given another reprieve.

Though when Jukskei went out of office in 1962 he had made for his country powerful enemies all over the world, he did not leave it entirely without friends. It was inevitable that a friend would be found in Espada, the fellow-sinner. The friendship went deeper than the official level. Professor Netwerk entered into a regular correspondence with the sinister Falangist wire-puller Dr. Cacique. Military attachés were exchanged in 1958. The Spanish cruisers *Covadonga* and *Guernica* visited South African ports in 1959.

With Spain went Argentina, which was all the more useful as being one of the United Nations. Under the presidency of Dr. Rinder that republic entered into very close relations with both Spain and South Africa. Rinder's seizure of the British-owned corporations in 1960, and his truculent attitude in the subsequent financial negotiations, were just the things to endear him to the Pretoria men. One of Bult's first acts in 1962 was to raise the legation in Buenos Aires to the rank of an embassy.

There were two other countries whose friendship was, however, in 1952 only potential—Japan and Germany. Both were at that date still under military occupation by their former enemies and conquerors. When the occupation of Japan came to an end in 1955, and the Government of Baron Kanemochi was left to its own devices, there was a general impression that the Empire of the Rising Sun had at last been chastened and would now dedicate itself to rice and silk and cherry-blossoms. Fervent declarations of democratic and pacific principles were made by all in authority. It was even reported that a society called Universal Peace and Love had been formed, though little

was known about it. The brightness of the sun was slightly obscured when it was known in 1958 that this society was organising summer camps for young men, and that for religious and ritualistic reasons all strangers were rigorously prevented from approaching the neighbourhood of these camps. Further doubts might have been caused by the news that in the same year, 1958, the South African Government had established a legation in Tokyo and that its Minister had begun a strenuous course of bowing at shrines and otherwise ingratiating himself with the people and Government to which he was accredited.

The occupation of Germany lasted till 1962. Negotiations for bringing it to an end had begun in 1959. Though they were interrupted by the crisis of 1960-1, the evacuation was agreed on in 1962 because both Russia and the Western Powers hoped to secure a new ally in the resuscitated Germany. The astute Hofbräukeller, first Chancellor of the fourth Reich, succeeded in encouraging each side to hope, without giving the other cause for alarm. He also entered into friendly, but not improper or apparently revisionist, relations with Spain, Argentina, South Africa and Japan.

While Hofbräukeller was reassuring the world with professions of democracy, which might be variously interpreted in Russia and the West, President Rinder of Argentina gave him every facility for organising holiday trips for young Germans to that southern clime. It was not known to the world that the holiday-makers were devoting their time mainly to aerial sports, nor that General von Brausebad was reorganising the German General Staff on Argentine soil. This last activity had begun some years before 1962; equally important had been the admission of numbers of Germans to the Argentine army for training, so that Brausebad had quite a lot of material to work with. As early as 1963 a number of these officers, in Argentine uniform, arrived in South Africa to commence liaison work with O'Blarney's army.

Hofbräukeller faced and overcame difficulties even greater than those with which Bismarck had had to deal. He used a more than Bismarckian finesse, which is rather ingenuously revealed in his autobiography.¹ The first object of this tortuous diplomacy was to gain Russian support without unduly alarming the West. Talk of democracy and the toilers, solemn assurances that Germany accepted the Oder frontier as final, a trade agreement in 1963, exchange visits by parties of trade unionists,

¹ Ernst August vom und zum Hofbräukeller, *Aus meinem Leben*, 3 vols.

an enthusiastic proletarian celebration of May Day—all helped to convince Mishka and Nakovalny that a strong Germany was a Russian interest.

On the other hand, business men and liberal politicians, bishops, professors and poets were sent to assure their opposite numbers in Britain and America that the four freedoms were safe in Germany, that Germany would never accept Communism or a dictatorship, that she could be regarded as the eastern bastion of Western civilisation.

When in 1966 Hofbräukeller suggested to the Powers that permission to establish a small token army and navy would suffice to make Germany a contented and self-respecting member of the family of nations, he found a favourable response in Russia, Britain and the United States. But he stirred up a hornet's nest in Paris. Marengo, Foreign Minister in the Boulemiche Government, was supported by a united people in the sentiments of his famous "Jamais! Jamais! Jamais!" speech. France had tried to heal the breach between East and West, and here were East and West apparently doing a deal behind her back.

There was no deal, however. Mutual fear and suspicion continued, and the accidental agreement on Germany arose from the various hopes which, as has been shown, she encouraged on both sides. France had tried to hold the balance, though it was clear that she herself leaned more to the Western than to the Russian side. Yet each side still hoped to make her come off the fence in its own direction. Could the German question be used to effect this object?

Nakovalny over-played his hand. He offered to reject Hofbräukeller's proposal if France would make certain changes in her constitution—changes which the French Communist Party had long demanded. Marengo and Boulemiche, of course, indignantly refused to listen to such proposals, and by publishing them prepared the nation to accept the Anglo-American advances instead. The latter gave France an unequivocal military guarantee against German aggression. In return France acquiesced, like the rest, in a limited German rearmament. Brausebad came home from Argentina with numbers of his fellow-tourists. The keels of the pocket-battleships *Tannenberg* and *Sedan* were laid down.

Germany made no haste to throw her weight into either the Eastern or the Western scale. On the contrary, both East and West began to wonder whether they had not been outwitted in

'66, In that very year President Bult had, in inaugurating the South African Republic, made his flamboyant reference to German power. And behind Hofbräukeller stood a less tactful, less complaisant politician, Heinrich von Belsen-Auschwitz. Belsen was the coming man and an incalculable factor.

Japan, too, had a coming man, Prince Buryoku, who came to the head of affairs in 1967; a very different man from his predecessors, Kanemochi and Toshiyori. Buryoku based his plans on the prospect of conflict between Russia and the Western Powers. But of course it would be difficult for him to get very far until that conflict broke out.

Finally, the relations of the South African Republic with Britain were on a satisfactory footing. A treaty had been signed, not only ceding Simonstown to that country, but also guaranteeing the right of British subjects to travel freely between Basutoland and other British possessions, and the right to fly British aircraft to and from Basutoland over South African territory.

Thus the conjunction of affairs seemed not altogether unfavourable to the Republic as it began its career. But the appearance of security was a false one which only made the disillusionment all the more bitter.

For in January, 1968, Spain was convulsed by the revolt which broke out at Seville, under the leadership of Generals Tortilla and Arroz. The unrestrained interest shown in this affair by all the Powers was reminiscent of 1936. But there was to be no repetition of the non-intervention by France. As soon as the rebel Government had secured Barcelona, both France and Russia gave it *de facto* recognition. While the Russian battle-ships *Lenin* and *Friedrich Engels* emerged from the Dardanelles for a goodwill visit to Barcelona, France poured arms and volunteers across the border.

This intervention might have caused more alarm in Britain and America than it did had it not been balanced by the desperate reaction of Argentina, Germany, Japan and South Africa. Rinder, Bult, Buryoku and Hofbräukeller joined in proposing to the Powers a general policy of non-intervention. They received the sympathetic support of Eire and Portugal. The Press of all these countries betrayed a frantic anxiety for the survival of the Espada régime. A few volunteers did reach Espada from all of them. But the 'sixties were not the 'thirties. The plans of Tortilla and Arroz had been well laid; help from abroad had been arranged and was quickly effective. When

Tortilla's army entered Madrid from the south in June the success of the revolution was established beyond doubt.

More was accomplished than the overthrow of Espada. Public opinion in Western countries, and official opinion in Russia, were awakened to a realisation that the East-West conflict had prepared a revival of the very forces that had been thought destroyed in 1945. These forces were still weak, and events in Spain had retarded their development. But no one could set a limit to their prospects unless the former World War allies were brought together again.

Many causes helped to make this *rapprochement* possible. First, the sequel to the Spanish revolution itself. The constitution promulgated at the beginning of 1969 was democratic in the Western sense, providing for a division and balance of power and making a party dictatorship unlikely. The Government that was then formed included not only the Communist, Izquierda, on one wing, but also such solid conservatives as Don Fernando Cerveza and the Marquess de las Paradas del Tranvía, on the other. British and American fears were greatly abated by this result.

Still more important were the Indian federal elections of 1970. Soviet Iran had been intended to be a base from which "democratic" influences would radiate to the south, east and west. A great deal of money had been put at the disposal of the Indian Communist Party, whose propaganda in and before the 1970 elections was conducted on a scale appropriate to a majority party. Yet only one of its candidates was returned and the great majority lost their deposits. The British people seemed to have less reason to fear Russia than there had ever been since 1878. An independent India immune from Russian influence was a greater security in the Indian Ocean than the British Raj itself.

While the disappointment in Moscow was keen, both Britain and America were more willing than ever before to meet Russian demands half-way. But would Russia come to the half-way house? What concessions would she make? Many might be suggested, but, of all these, the concession most relevant to the present story would be made in Africa.

Mishka and Nakovalny, whose country was now an Indian Ocean Power, regarded Black Africa as a very promising field for Muscovite missionary work. Their Press had never ceased to denounce the wicked machinations of British, Portuguese and Belgian imperialism in that continent; much less was said

of French imperialism so long as any prospects for Communism in France remained. South Africa in particular, where the hope of a rising of the masses to expropriate the expropriators was encouraged by rosy reports from Comrade Krasny, must be kept open to Soviet influence. No return of British imperialism ought to be countenanced in that quarter.

It goes without saying that if South Africa were to be coerced, neither Britain, Portugal nor Belgium would allow Russia a share in that work. Portugal and Belgium would be very pleased if the Security Council would use purely British forces for the purpose. Britain would have been glad to share the responsibility with those Powers, and still more with America, by way of silencing the howl against imperialism that might otherwise be expected from a section of the American Press. But not with Russia.

Mishka had a weak case. British territory marched with South African along most of the boundaries of the Republic, and Basutoland was entirely surrounded by its sacred soil. What would Mishka say if Britain intervened in Outer Mongolia? Moreover, Britain was supported in this matter by the great majority of votes in both the Security Council and the Assembly. If the Council were to sponsor an intervention, it would inevitably use mainly British forces for the purpose.

Confident in such an outcome, the British Government had in 1959, when its African policy was revised, begun to plan its moves against the future Republic. Jukskei or Bult might hang an iron curtain of sorts round their country, but Basutoland was conveniently placed inside the barrier—a “ringside seat”, was the journalists’ expression. People, including Natives, must pass freely between Basutoland and the other British territories. Aircraft must fly back and forth in the same way, enjoying a bird’s-eye rather than a ringside view. Interference with any of this traffic could be treated as a *casus belli*. Jukskei could hardly have been surprised at the curt refusal that met his demand for the country in 1961. Nor should Van Langstoep have expected to be allowed to send his police into it in 1964.

In 1969 the long innings of the Labour Party in Britain (1945–69, with one short break) ended with its defeat at the polls by the Liberal-Conservatives. M. F. H. Tantivy formed his first administration—a strong team, which included Sir Joshua Kidglove as Foreign Secretary and Lord Cedeham at the Colonial Office. There was, however, no radical change of

policy in these departments, where the traditions of Mildly and Yielding were carried on.

One of the first problems the new Government had to face was the cry of anguish from the despoiled shareholders of the South African mines. As in the United States, so in Britain, the forces that had resisted the demonetising of gold were disarmed by the confiscations in South Africa. Britain backed the American move which led the International Monetary Fund to cut the gold price. Thus the first serious blow at the South African régime was delivered and the chain of events set in motion which culminated in the Kaffir War. This was, as yet, no more than cold comfort to the shareholders.

By 1970 the tension in the Security Council was somewhat relaxed. The change was assisted by the arrival of a new Russian representative, Samovarov, in place of Zapreshchensky. It was a remarkable fact that the Australian delegation to the Assembly that year included a South African exile, Professor Deeply. His unofficial talks with members of many other delegations served to confirm opinions which Kraal-muur's inept manoeuvres had done nothing to counteract. The South African question was not dealt with in 1970, but in the following year the Economic and Social Council, as has already been related, agreed to recommend to member States an increase in customs tariffs against the Republic to offset the advantage it gained from cheap labour.

A decade had passed since Russia had acquired Iran and the Dardanelles bases. Though Turkey remained nominally independent, Russian influence had penetrated deeply into Turkish society and politics. It was strong, though not paramount, in the Arab States. It had reached outward from the Persian Gulf to Java; outward from Siberia to Manchuria and Korea. On the other hand, most of the United Nations continued to recognise the exiled Shah's Government. Few acquiesced in the Russian control of the Straits.

This was the position when the news of the revolt in South Africa broke upon the world in February, 1972. Nakovalny had ordered Krasny to delay the outbreak. When it came it should be amenable to Russian control, and there was no prospect of that at the moment. But the Africans could not wait, the revolt began, and the South African Communists played their part. The Russians were, however, disgusted at the failure of the African leaders to raise the red flag and to direct their policy to the liquidation of the capitalists. It was

a mere national rising. Its politically immature leaders gave no hint of understanding the processes of historical materialism.

In these circumstances any intervention but a largely Russian one would obviously fail to establish in South Africa a genuinely "democratic" and "anti-Fascist" régime. The other Powers must be persuaded, at the least, to share responsibility with Russia. Samovarov therefore hastened to put before the Security Council a comprehensive plan for agreement between Russia and the West.

The plan was essentially a division of the world into spheres of influence, Russia agreeing to exercise no influence in any countries outside her sphere, in return for a similar forbearance by others within that sphere. Within her sphere were included Finland, Poland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania, Turkey, all the Arab countries, Tibet, Outer and Inner Mongolia, Manchuria and Korea. To show her goodwill to the West, she excluded Austria, Greece and the East Indies from her sphere, and offered some ground for hope that, in return for concessions, Egypt might also be excluded. But the concession chiefly in view here was a joint intervention in South Africa, culminating in its division into separate zones of occupation. Russia would occupy the eastern half of the country—a natural request for an Indian Ocean Power to make.

There is no longer any doubt that the Kremlin was encouraged to make these demands by the very cunning diplomacy of Berlin and Tokyo. The Japanese League of Universal Peace and Love had by this time established a network covering most of the Western countries. In Germany Belsen succeeded Hofbräukeller as Chancellor in 1970, and gave much of his attention to the development of the secret service. The methods by which both countries worked in 1972 are illustrated by the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* report and the "Mr. Q." fraud respectively.

On February 14 the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* published a report from its London correspondent, who quoted "well-informed quarters close to the Foreign Office" for the opinion that Britain would be glad to cut her losses in the Middle East and elsewhere in return for Russian friendship. This report had spread all over the world by the next day, when still better-informed quarters, still closer to the Foreign Office, authoritatively denied that there was a word of truth in it. But "it's not official till it's been denied"; and a false statement in the

Press always makes a deeper impression than the subsequent correction. Can the Russians have been deceived?

Perhaps they would not have been by this alone. But there was also Mr. Q. This mysterious gentleman purported to be an American secret agent who knew the State Department from A to Z. By a wonderful stroke of good fortune, the chief Russian agent in Washington made contact with Mr. Q., and was thus able to supply Moscow with news of the innermost secrets of American diplomacy. One such secret, in February, 1972, was that the United States was prepared to make large concessions to gain the goodwill of Russia.

Nakovalny would have attached less value to this report if he had known that Mr. Q. was in fact none other than Herr Otto Einschleicher of the German Secret Service. But he did not know that; it would not be known until the spy hunt of 1978. From various other sources, too, the Kremlin received an apparently well-founded impression that the Anglo-Saxon bluff could be called. The wrangle that followed lasted as long as the Kaffir War. Belsen and Buryoku had saved their South African friends.

But only just. As news of the bombings and shootings poured into the offices of the Security Council and its members, the atmosphere there slowly but surely cleared. All sides became more accommodating. It was soon apparent that the principle of a division into spheres of influence was generally accepted; the argument would revolve about the details. Britain refused to consider allowing Russia any influence in Africa, either South or North. Neither Britain nor the United States would consent to the inclusion of the Arab countries in the Russian sphere. China objected firmly to the inclusion of Tibet, Inner Mongolia, Manchuria or Korea. India supported the Chinese objection.

By the beginning of April the journalists reported—chill news for Bult and his henchmen, though it was not allowed to appear in the South African papers—that an agreement was in sight. The real prospect of such an agreement enabled the Council to turn aside for a moment from the main issue and on April 9 to recognise the independence of Zululand, subject to the proviso that it might be placed under the trusteeship of one of the United Nations. This was the news that reached Eshowe and Pretoria on the 10th, and prevented a continuation of the war.

The Council then returned to its hard bargaining. Russia

gave way to China on Korea, Tibet and Inner Mongolia. A treaty between the two countries, defining Russian rights in Manchuria, was prepared. A similar compromise was made in Iraq and Arabia, while Russia consented to the exclusion of Syria, Palestine and Egypt from her sphere. Germany, not now as promising a field as it had once seemed, was to be neutral ground. Russia was to keep out of South Africa. Zululand was placed under British trusteeship, with the right to establish bases and make military use of the territory. In return the other Powers withdrew their recognition of the Persian Shah and recognised the Soviet annexation of Persia, the Soviet-Turkish treaty and the Dardanelles bases. The agreement was signed on July 6.

"Peace with honour!" exclaimed Tantivy as he waved the document before the cheering House of Commons. From Berlin, Tokyo, Buenos Aires and Pretoria came protests that such a division of the world was undemocratic and a flagrant violation of the rights of small Powers. Yet the other small Powers were curiously acquiescent. A real hope, for the first time since 1945, of mutual understanding and trust between East and West revived Mankind's drooping spirits. In every democratic country there was determination to get a real peace this time. The last remaining plague-spots must be cleaned up.

For the time being South Africa was regarded as the worst of those spots. The danger was clearly shown during the Republic's mopping-up operations after the rebellion. On May 4, 1972, three South African troopers pursued a fugitive from the Herschel district across the narrow stream of the Telle into Basutoland, arrested him and brought him back over the border. The British Government demanded his release, as well as reparation for the offence. Bult complained that the facts were not established, and his procrastinations enabled the military court to dispose of its victim before further intervention could save him. The wrangling over this incident continued into 1973, ending in Bult's capitulation, but attracting the attention of the United Nations. The representative of Colombia pointed out in the Assembly that one of the purposes of the United Nations, according to its Charter, was "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and value of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small". He pointed out that these words had been written by a great South African, and

that the principle they expressed was openly scorned by the present South African régime. While it was not the function of the United Nations to interfere in the internal affairs of any country, could it be said that the violation of these principles was a purely domestic question?

Members of the Assembly trod very warily on this dangerous ground. They wanted to understand all the implications of so revolutionary a doctrine before committing themselves. Interference in a country's domestic affairs might be an awkward precedent. But evidence was steadily accumulating that the internal policies of the South African Republic might make it impossible for that country to observe her treaty obligations to her neighbours. Moreover, public opinion throughout the world had been deeply shocked by the rebellion and its suppression, and by the conditions to which it gave publicity. People felt humiliated by the failure of the United Nations to intervene while the war was in progress, and were determined that the omission should be made good. Innumerable audiences and readers in every country had their minds made up on this question by lectures, wireless talks and the Press. Only the *casus belli* was wanting, and almost anything would serve for that.

On September 8, 1973, a Native making his way down a foot-path to the Caledon River, on the Republican side, was shot dead by a policeman. The victim, whose name was Mokopu, was an inhabitant of Basutoland and a British subject. Under the treaty of 1966 he had a perfect right to return unmolested from the Republic to his own country. The British Government, sure now of the backing of the Security Council, immediately raised the question in that body and demanded of Bult a clear apology, compensation to the family of the deceased and an undertaking to avoid all such mistakes in the future. Bult immediately complied with all the demands. No word either of the incident or of the British note had, of course, been allowed to appear in the South African Press. Those worthy burghers who were within range of the long-wave transmissions from Maseru and Rhodesia would have been informed, but very few had access to those forbidden pleasures. It was therefore not difficult for Bult to give way without loss of face. But, as was to be expected, opinion in Basutoland was greatly excited, and the Resident was deluged with requests that the British Government should protect its people.

This incident, which was closed before the Security Council

had time to deal with it, did much to overcome the reluctance of many Governments to countenance intervention in South Africa. The British Government carefully prepared opinion in the Council for the next crisis by private discussions between its representative and his various colleagues. Hence the promptness of the reaction when the crisis came.

This time—it was on June 6, 1975—an aircraft on its way from Maseru to Bulawayo was shot down over Vereeniging. There were munitions works at that place, and the soldiers there were jittery about spies and aerial reconnaissance. It was not possible for Bult or Schadenfreude to keep this news from the people. The knowledge that Britain had demanded apology and compensation roused all the feelings of the Volk, created by its stirring history from Slagter's Nek to the concentration camps. "Volksleier, moenie handsop nie!" was the *Transvaler's* headline. Under this régime South Africa was not well informed of the state of world opinion, of the intentions of other countries, or of their power relatively to that of the great South African Republic.

Bult was better informed, but to save his face he asked his ambassador in London to suggest an amendment to the 1966 treaty, which "did not even give the Republic effective sovereignty over its own territory". The ambassador spoke with great frankness to Kidglove. The interests of the white race in South Africa, he said, demanded that Britain should drastically revise her policy in that part of the world. Educating Natives to make imitation white men of them, putting ideas of equality into their heads, training them to do skilled work and take the bread out of European mouths, *arming* them—such things, which Sir Joshua would not deny were practised in Basutoland, Swaziland, and even Rhodesia, were the real danger to peace. If these policies were abandoned, the Republic could easily come to an amicable arrangement with Great Britain over the small points in dispute.

This was taking the war into the enemy's country in a big way. When the details of the negotiations were laid before the Security Council, an audible gasp of astonishment was emitted by some of its members. After a very short discussion the Council resolved that the treatment by the South African Republic of the citizens of neighbouring States, which in turn was a consequence of the domestic policy of the Republic, was a danger to peace. The opinion was recorded that Great Britain would be fully justified in demanding effective guarantees

against further incidents. So much was public. Withdrawn from the glare of publicity, the Military Staff Committee began to prepare plans for the forceful solution of the problem.

The British answer to Bult was therefore a flat refusal to discuss its own colonial policy or to revise the treaty of 1966. That treaty had been violated; Britain required guarantees, not merely promises, of its future observance. This is the essential part of Kidglove's despatch:

"Having regard to the foregoing undoubted breaches of the treaty, His Majesty's Government is forced, however reluctantly, to the conclusion that no certain guarantee for its due execution can exist while the internal government of the South African Republic is conducted on the principles now openly avowed. His Majesty's Government is compelled, therefore, to warn the Government of the South African Republic that any further breach of the treaty will make inevitable a consideration by the High Contracting Parties of the extent to which its execution depends upon a reform of the domestic government of the Republic."

The deadly peril in which Bult's régime and country were placed, when Britain could take this line with the backing of the United Nations, ought to have been apparent to anyone not completely ignorant of public affairs. Unfortunately, Bult had at this time just completed his *Lewe en Strewe*, so that we have no evidence of his own thoughts after the British *démarche*. But there is little to suggest that public men in South Africa fully understood the situation in which they were placed. Military preparations were made, the visiting German battleship *Tannenberg* given a rapturous reception, British imperialism denounced. But it should have been clear to everyone that nothing short of a complete reversal of the trend of policy since 1952, if not earlier, would have any chance of averting what was coming. Naturally enough, no supporter of the Republic showed any sign of being able to conceive of the possibility of such a thing.

On the other hand, there were not a few who saw that serious trouble was imminent. Many began moving into Portuguese, and some even into British territory. Most remarkable of these deserters of the sinking ship was Colonel Base, whose earlier career has had some prominence in this history. In July, 1975, just after Kidglove's note, Base resigned office

for reasons of health. The following year, also for reasons of health, he went to Lourenço Marques for a very long holiday. British agents who made contact with him there found him ready to talk and most anxious to earn their approval and gratitude. He was thus only a spectator, not a participant, in the great events that followed.

The British Service departments, acting in agreement with the Military Staff Committee of the United Nations, began the execution of their plans in 1973. The army was concentrated largely in Kenya for intensive training, though one division was sent to Rhodesia, and Swaziland and Zululand each had approximately one brigade. The R.A.F. used Rhodesia as one of its principal training areas, so that an expansion of the striking force available there was easy and natural enough. The Navy had at first to depend exclusively upon Simonstown, as the base at Kosi Bay was not ready until the end of 1976. At Simonstown from 1973 there were always one aircraft-carrier and two battleships, with an adequate force of cruisers and lesser craft.

Tantivy was anxious that the United States should share the responsibility and burden of whatever action it might be necessary to take, and Buckeye was willing enough; but it was impossible for him to accede while Palmetto was chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. In the elections of 1974 the Republicans regained control of the Senate, and the chairmanship of the vital committee passed to Senator Keystone. The new committee agreed with Buckeye on the question of intervention, but, as the administration was still Democrat, co-operation in practice was difficult. In June, 1976, however—partly no doubt to win northern votes at the coming election—Hampton Rhodes, the Secretary of the Navy, despatched a task force to Simonstown. It included the aircraft-carrier *Midway* and the battleships *Illinois* and *South Carolina*. At Simonstown they joined the British battleships *Collingwood* and *Lord St. Vincent* and the aircraft-carrier *Dangerous*. The commands, however, remained separate. The American force had as yet no authority for action.

In November, 1976, the Democrats were driven from power in America. The following January Beaconhill was inaugurated President, and the vital Cabinet posts were given to Hoosier (State), Ruffryder (War) and Kittery (Navy). Executive and legislature were now agreed on the policy of intervention in South Africa. It should be pointed out that, as the United

States had ratified the United Nations Charter, the American Government would have been obliged to put its forces at the disposal of the Military Staff Committee if the latter had required them. But in a matter of this kind, where a maximum effort by all member-States was quite unnecessary, the Committee prepared its plans in consultation with the various Governments that might be concerned, and would not have called for American forces without the President's concurrence. Hence the uncertain rôle of the United States until after the accession of Beaconhill, when there was no longer any reason for holding back.

On February 9, 1977, the Security Council appointed General Sir Cheltenham Ramrodd, Admiral Goodwin Sandys and Air Marshal Stratto Gremlin to command in its name in Southern Africa. All the British and American forces there were placed under their respective commands, and the Military Staff Committee, which exercised the supreme command, assumed the duty of requisitioning men and supplies from Britain, the United States and, if necessary, other countries, as they were needed. Portugal was required to place the territory of Mozambique at the disposal of the Committee for military purposes, and American troops and supplies began to arrive at Lourenço Marques in April.

These moves were not secret. Bult, O'Blarney, Panzerwagen and the rest were left in no doubt that after their next mistake they would have a very serious war on their hands. It seems strange to the modern reader that they allowed themselves to be brought to such a pass. If they fought, their destruction was certain. But the alternative—a return to "British-Jewish imperialism", that is to say, giving rights and power to all the races and heresies that they had been treading under-foot for a quarter of a century—was an unmentionable horror that they could hardly have allowed to rise into the conscious stratum of their minds. The evil genius of their history had driven them on to their present predicament, and would drive them on again to their inevitable end.

A drowning man, though, will clutch at a serpent. "Duitsland is klaar om te help" was a common sentiment in the Press of the Republic during 1976. Much was expected of Japan and Argentina, too; so profound was the misunderstanding of the world situation.

The destruction of Bult's country would be regarded as a serious setback by his foreign friends. They would like to avert

it. But to make a military move would merely be to involve themselves in the common collapse. Neither Belsen nor Buryoku nor Rinder was as quixotic as that. The German Foreign Minister, Maasmemel-Etschbelt, tried hard but in vain to convince Tantivy and Kidglove that the precedent they were setting would lead to a Russian intervention in Britain to overthrow capitalism. Buryoku suggested that intervention would be un-Christian. Rinder regarded the South African cause as lost, and turned his attention to a matter of greater concern to his country—how to take advantage of the joint intervention to create a rift between Britain and the United States.

When the crisis arrived, the Red Army, in conjunction with the Poles, was carrying out manœuvres in western Poland; France ordered a partial mobilisation; British and American warships manœuvred in the China Sea. Not a hand was raised to help the devoted victim.

In the early months of 1977 the South African scene was outwardly calm, but the nervous strain was intense. Tension like that cannot last long. Bult had, in the previous year, been re-elected by a unanimous Volksraad to the presidency, and the occasion had been used by Schadenfreude to put new heart and confidence into the nation. The military preparations of the Republic were as nearly complete as in the unhappy circumstances they could be. There was even a considerable reserve of arms and supplies from Argentina; no one supposed that imports could continue after war had begun, and South Africa's manufacturing capacity was meagre. The Army was partly mobilised, and plans for complete mobilisation at great speed had been worked out in detail. The Navy and Air Force were on a war footing. A bold strategy had been decided on, and there were great hopes that the initiative could be retained long enough to bring powerful allies into the field.

During February and March four Natives who were British subjects were arrested near the Basuto border in terms of presidential decree No. 83 of 1971, but were released with alacrity as soon as their status was known. On the other hand, many other Natives were shot near the frontiers, and the British Government tended to put upon Bult the onus of proving that they were subjects of the Republic. "Neef Brit" was making the ordinary processes of Government embarrassingly difficult for his enemies.

As the Republic basked in the glorious weather of its last

autumn, the political experts in the Union Buildings pondered the problem of appeasing the foreign aggressors without giving the country over to anarchy, and the statesmen of the world prepared to deal with the next crisis, which they knew could not be long in coming.

It came on May 24. The police at Maritzburg arrested no less a person than Durban Mampara, one of the leaders of the revolt of 1972. He had ventured out of Zululand to visit his sister; his passes were not in order, and he was soon identified. He was regarded as a subject of the Republic and as guilty of treason. If he were allowed to return to Zululand unpunished, and if his claim that he owed no allegiance to the Republic were recognised, what would become of the Government's hold on its subjects? It would find itself defied on all kinds of issues. And if Mampara were condemned, would it mean war?

The news of the arrest was rapidly spread, not only by Native "bush telegraph", but by the Royalist and Communist conspirators—men of steel nerves and rigid discipline who now came forth from their obscurity to play a vital part. The words "Mampara Gevang Maritzburg" were chalked at night on walls; leaflets bearing the news were dropped on streets and in letter-boxes. The radio stations of neighbouring territories added their quota, though not reaching very many of the Republic's listeners. At last Schadenfreude was compelled to release the story in the Press. Silence had been made impossible.

The Government was still in doubt whether to proceed with the trial or to climb down when, on May 27, the British ambassador, F. O. Wallah, handed Bult a note from his Government. It stated that Mampara was a Zulu subject, and therefore under British protection; it required his immediate release.

Once more the underground workers scattered their leaflets, giving publicity to the terms of the British note and posing the question whether Bult would humbly submit to foreign dictation. Their purpose was, of course, to make it as difficult as possible for him to accept the terms. But this leaflet work was dangerous. The police had been caught off their guard three days earlier. This time they were warned. On the night of the 28th nineteen of the agents, most of them Royalists, were caught in various parts of the country. They were examined under torture, and, though little was betrayed, there was enough evidence to charge the British Government with instigating a breach of the laws of the Republic.

Severely tried by the long strain he had undergone, Bult at this moment lost his grip. He succumbed to the temptation to parade his righteousness before the world. Instead of giving way unequivocally on the Mampara issue, he suggested that relations could be improved by a little give-and-take on both sides. The Republic had been injured, but if suitable guarantees against a repetition of the injury were given, it would be prepared to make a generous concession for the sake of peace and goodwill.

Kidglove recognised in this message the opening that had been so long awaited. He now authorised the ambassador to lay before Bult the proposals that had already been agreed upon by the British Cabinet. On June 1 Wallah handed his note to the President. It was a long document; after surveying the history of Anglo-South African relations since 1966, it laid down the conditions which, in the view of His Majesty's Government, were the essential prerequisites for an improvement in those relations in the future. Great Britain denied any intention or desire to interfere in the internal affairs of the Afrikaner nation. On the other hand, the note pointed out that the frequent crises of the past had arisen from the determination of the Republican Government to hold a large population of alien race in subjection. That subjected people belonged to the same race or races as many British subjects in the adjacent territories, and it was therefore impossible, as long as the racial policy of the Republic continued, for it to observe in a proper manner the treaty of 1966. His Majesty's Government therefore invited the Government of the Republic so to alter its laws as to allow any inhabitant of the country to depart, if he wished to do so, across the frontiers without let or hindrance. The President would, further, be well advised to allow a British Commission to move freely about the Republic to satisfy itself that this freedom was genuinely accessible to the inhabitants. The note pointed out, further, that the distinction made in the legal system of the Republic between its "nationals" and its "subjects", whereby the latter did not enjoy the same civil rights or legal protection as the former, was contrary to the practice of civilised nations. The abolition of this distinction would do much to remove the likelihood of future friction between the Republic and other countries.

On the question of trade, the note reminded the President that the customs tariffs now imposed by many countries on South African goods were designed to counteract the effect of

the cheap-labour policy of the Republic. Let the wage rates of South Africa be raised to a level comparable with those of other countries, and the tariffs would undoubtedly be lowered. Finally, His Majesty's Government required that the Zulu subject, D. Mampara, be released immediately and permitted to return to his own country.¹

Within two hours of receiving the note Bult was presiding over a full meeting of the Executive Council. No authentic record survives of what passed at that meeting. Its deliberations are known only by their results. But the description given by Rodwield in his novel, *The Doomed Republic*, no doubt comes near to historic truth:

"The Ministers have been summoned urgently; they arrive one by one, a little out of breath, flushed. 'Middag, Mr. President.' 'Middag, Mr. President.' 'Middag, ou Boet.' In twos and threes they stand about the room, waiting for their colleagues to come. At last the tally is complete. 'Be seated, gentlemen.'

"The President, as is his custom, takes a sip from a glass of water, and then begins to speak. His voice sounds strained. The Ministers' faces, as they listen, are tense and pallid. His Honour is reading the British note. Mr. Leëdam's brow is puckered—he hears the demand that Kaffirs shall be allowed to go over the border. Kaffirs go over the border! It is absurd; the farmer must have labour. Mr. Van Langstoep leans back in his chair, his arms folded. Equal rights for nationals and subjects? He is tempted to laugh, his face twitches slightly, then he controls it. Laughter would have been out of place; all round the table the Minister sees only solemn, glum faces.

"The President has finished reading, and asks the Councillors for their opinion. For many seconds—it seems like minutes—there is no sound but the sucking of pipes and the puffing of smoke. Then the silence is broken by Mr. Van Smalspoer. 'What will they want next, Mr. President?' Others agree: 'They will not be content with this'. Above the excited chatter it is at last the President's voice that is heard shouting. 'It's not Mampara they want, it's my country! My country!'

"Then Mr. Nietskenner speaks. He suggests that the

¹ On this point the Republic ultimately had its way, Mampara being executed on June 5.

President ask the Minister of Defence whether his preparations are complete. 'Complete, Mr. President, to the last button on the last gaiter.' Will Mr. O'Blarney point the way out of this humiliating position?

"He will. He does not believe that any further purpose can be served by negotiating with the treacherous Jingoos. War is inevitable. Let it come now, while the enemy's preparations are incomplete. Let a sudden blow be struck which will delay the enemy long enough to bring our friends into the war. 'We are ready, Mr. President.'

"One by one the Councillors give their assent. Mr. Zegelman heaves a sigh. The Minister of Defence wears a rather forced smile as he hands the President the decree of general mobilisation, which is not to be published for several days. 'Surprise is the first principle of both strategy and tactics', he says to the admiring Van Smalspoor as they walk out of the room together."

This description cannot be very far from the truth. On the evening of the 1st, Wallah was told that the reply to the British note would take a few days to draw up.

He waited all next day for the reply, which was still delayed.

In the early hours of the 3rd the reply came, in the form of bombs falling on the airfield at Fort Victoria, on the camps at Gwelo, Salisbury and Eshowe, on Ramrodd's headquarters in Salisbury. They were to have fallen on the fleet at Simonstown also, but there it was ten of O'Blarney's planes that fell to anti-aircraft fire and to the fighters that took off from *Midway* and *Dangerous*.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES FALLS

As the world heard, during the morning of June 3, of the outbreak of war in South Africa, it read also the brilliantly conceived manifesto with which Bult accompanied his declaration of war on Great Britain.

Bult hoped for two things: first, to detach the rest of the United Nations from Britain; second, to bring in his Argentine, German and Japanese friends on his own side. The device of declaring war on Britain alone was a rather clumsy attempt to achieve the first object. But his manifesto to the world was diplomacy of a much higher order.

The citizens of the United Nations were called upon to consider whether they thought it wise to set the precedent of intervention in the internal affairs of another country. Every nation, surely, had political, economic and cultural traditions and usages which were suited to its own character, yet might be obnoxious to one or other of the Great Powers. Now that an example had been set, there was little doubt that other similar interventions would follow. The South African Republic claimed, like any other country, the allegiance of its subjects. Yet the British Government proposed to facilitate, even assist and encourage, their emigration from the country. It demanded the extradition of a South African subject who had undoubtedly committed treason and was now awaiting trial. Great Britain maintained a secret organisation of fifth columnists in the Republic, and used them as a means of poisoning public opinion and trying to bring the Government into contempt. Ought these things to be encouraged? Would other nations like such interference?

The South African Republic, which had no desire but to live in peace with all countries, found itself surrounded by armed forces whose avowed object was aggression and whose strength was increasing every day. The Republic had no choice, if it wished to survive, but to strike first. It now appealed to the

world's sense of fair play to consider the claims of a small nation gallantly fighting for its life against an immensely powerful foe.

In the countries friendly to the South African régime this appeal called forth, naturally, an enthusiastic response. Among the United Nations it could not have so much effect. The record of the Republic was too well known for anyone to be touched by the thought of the little country gallantly fighting for its life. But on the plane of cool, calculating, realistic politics the appeal helped to strengthen the misgivings which had worried many statesmen from the first.

When the Security Council met on the 3rd to issue its declaration of war against South Africa, and to recommend to the General Assembly the expulsion of that country from the Organisation, the genial Samovarov requested the Secretary-General to place on record the refusal of the Soviet Union to associate itself in any way with the terms of the British note to Bult. In view, however, of the agreement of July 6, 1972, the Soviet Union would place no obstacle in the way of an intervention in South Africa by the United Nations. This move did not take Tantivy and Kidglove, or in fact any other well-informed people, by surprise. It was well known that Russia could not subscribe to the principle that people who felt themselves oppressed should be allowed to emigrate from their country.

Neither the Russian reservation nor the qualms of other Governments prevented the Security Council from agreeing unanimously to a declaration of war on South Africa. The Assembly agreed to the expulsion of the Republic from the Organisation, only Argentina and Eire dissenting. All member States were called upon to sever relations with the South African Republic, and non-members were informed that that country was now in a state of blockade; ships approaching its shores would be liable to seizure. At the same time the Council expressed its intention to avoid, in accordance with its own earlier decisions, the use of atomic weapons, bacterial weapons or gas against the enemy.

No country was prepared to defy the Security Council. As naval reinforcements rapidly accumulated at Simonstown and Kosi Bay, and aerial reconnaissance of the neighbouring seas was extended, the hope of breaking the blockade vanished. Bult had to deal with something more serious than a Kaffir revolt.

O'Blarney's strategy was based on the assumption that the most serious threat would come from the north, but that it could be delayed long enough to enable a concentration of forces on that front. His plan may be summarised thus: (1) paralyse the enemy in Rhodesia, Zululand and Simons-town by surprise bombing; (2) launch the main ground attack, with air support, against the Americans at Ressano Garcia in Portuguese territory; (3) having taken Lourenço Marques, turn against Kosi Bay and overrun Zululand; (4) neglecting Swaziland and Basutoland, which would now be isolated, concentrate the main forces on the Limpopo front to hold off the attack from that direction; and (5) keep Simonstown neutralised during the other operations.

As the war began the Republic enjoyed a slight numerical superiority on the ground, though greatly inferior in the air and at sea. The initial surprise was a setback for the R.A.F. in Rhodesia, which lost forty-six planes on the ground, as well as suffering great damage to the principal air bases. Ramrodd's headquarters in Salisbury were disorganised, and there was a considerable loss of personnel there; the warning was given more efficiently at Gwelo and Bulawayo.

The story will be clearest to the reader if we deal with one front at a time. Panzerwagen, the Republican commander, had encamped his First Division round Komatipoort. At zero hour, which was 0330 on the 3rd, the First Brigade crossed the border along the summit of the Lebombo hills south of the Komati river; the Second Brigade crossed on the north or Game Reserve side of the river, while the Third was held in reserve on the south bank, to support the First Brigade if the plan were successful. The aerial bombardment did not begin till the troops had started crossing the frontier, as the element of surprise was important. As soon as the fighting had begun, the important work of destroying the docks at Lourenço Marques was started by the Air Force; but little damage was actually inflicted.

Like the British in Rhodesia, the Americans at Ressano Garcia were caught napping. The South African Press correspondents were able to entertain their readers with stories of officers running out of their tents in pyjamas, of masses of equipment captured, of trainloads of munitions taken undamaged on the sidings, of ignominious flight. Pushing through Ressano Garcia, the First Brigade made a rapid advance of about twenty miles to a position in front of the railway junction

of Moamba, which was strongly defended. The Second Brigade was brought back to the south bank of the river and sent after the First. By the evening of June 6 the whole division was closing in on Moamba, having already cut the railway linking it with Lourenço Marques.

Major-General Hoogte, who commanded the First Division, was for the moment the hero of the Republic. But, as a competent soldier, he could hardly have supposed that his initial good luck was likely to hold. From coast to coast of the United States the "miniature Pearl Harbour" of Ressano Garcia served to inflame the war fever. Many newspapers asked for the repeal of the "self-denying ordinance" and for the immediate use of atomic and bacterial weapons. Neither Beaconhill nor Ruffryder would, of course, have thought for a moment of giving way to this clamour. But the troops marching down Broadway in column of platoons, under a snowstorm of fluttering paper, to embark for Lourenço Marques were an indication that something more than Hoogte's division would be needed to capture that port and then take Kosi Bay from the perfidious Rooinek.

It is doubtful whether Lourenço Marques could have been taken even by a lightning dash after the fall of Ressano Garcia. But Hoogte delayed a week to capture Moamba, and during that week American troops, planes and supplies, which had been at sea when the war began, were being unloaded at the port. The fall of Moamba was regarded in the Republic as a "decisive victory"; American prisoners were marched along Eloff Street, Johannesburg, through jeering crowds calling out "The Yanks are coming!" and "Goud is tog iets werd!" The compounds of the mines that had closed down were used as cages for the prisoners.

Those prisoners were in good heart. The American bombers had gone into action as early as the 4th. The prisoners had taken four days from Komatipoort to Johannesburg. Not only were they delayed while the bombed track was being repaired for their train, but between Waterval Onder and Waterval Boven no attempt at repair was being made and the prisoners were marched up by road. They passed transport bringing supplies down to Waterval Onder for transhipment to the trains there. It seemed to them as if the First Division might soon be on short commons.

Panzerwagen had hoped to have another division, the Third, ready to move from Komatipoort by the last week of June,

but this preparation could not be completed without starving the First Division; the problem of supply, with only one much-bombed railway line available, was beginning to look insoluble even at this stage.

After several small successes Hoogte brought his division up against the defensive position, some fifteen miles from Lourenço Marques, that had been nicknamed the Lines of Torres Vedras. An attack on these lines on June 28 having been repulsed, the South Africans dug themselves in and waited for reinforcements.

During this time—June and early July—the northern front remained quiet. It was not part of Panzerwagen's plan to invade Rhodesia, and the British were not yet ready for an invasion in the opposite direction. Their Tenth Division was established north of Beit Bridge at a new camp which occupied the site formerly used by immigrants. Ramrodd had no intention of attacking with less than one armoured (the twelfth) and three infantry divisions (the sixth, ninth and tenth). Panzerwagen, on the other side, had only one incomplete infantry division, the Second, based on Louis Trichardt. Of this, the Fifth Brigade, under Voorlaaier, was watching the Limpopo from Messina. No movement occurred here before the middle of July. The Swaziland and Zululand fronts were equally passive.

But the path for the British troops was being blazed by Gremlin. While the damage of the original air attack on Rhodesia was being repaired, the R.A.F. put what force it could into the destruction of certain vitally important targets. On the purely material side, communications were given the highest priority. The railway yards in Johannesburg, Germiston and Pretoria were attacked at once and received repeated attention thereafter. The railway bridge at Vereeniging received its first direct hit on the night of June 12-13. Other railway yards bombed several times in June included those of Witbank, Vereeniging, Bloemfontein, Ladysmith, Maritzburg and Durban. The Pretoria-Beit Bridge and Witbank-Komati-poort lines were broken at many points. Below Waterval Boven, as has already been mentioned, the damage was so great that for the time being no repairs were even attempted.

Gremlin's intelligence branch was excellently informed. The Royalist Party had continued its underground existence in the Republic for this very purpose. The Communist Party maintained contact with Moscow, whence a certain amount of

information was now passed to London. Every household in the Republic had its Native servants, every office and factory its hewers of wood and drawers of water; and every second Native was a spy. Gremlin, therefore, knew the exact location of every war factory and every munitions dépôt; he kept track of the movements of general and divisional headquarters; he knew the extent of the damage he was inflicting as accurately as Panzerwagen himself, if not more so.

By the end of June his bombers were picking out pin-point targets in Johannesburg and the Reef towns, Vereeniging, Witbank and Pretoria every night. Losses were suffered; the anti-aircraft defences were unexpectedly effective.

But the damage inflicted involved much more than material destruction. As the planes droned over and the terrifying detonations began, Native labour in house and shop melted away like the snows in spring: "*Me go home*". Little matter if reserves and locations offered only a starvation diet. Much could be stolen in the confusion of war, and the word had gone round that this was the beginning of the end. Soon the mighty would be humbled and the poor *skepsels* would come back to revel in the comforts which their oppressors had abandoned in defeat. Let the master fight his own war; let the missus do her own *wek*.

This apparently spontaneous movement, which in fact had been anticipated and much discussed in kitchen and *kaya*, could not be stopped by pass laws or presidential decrees. Policemen made arrests and gaols were filled, but *stormjaers* had business on their hands even more urgent than the rounding up of decamping servants and messenger-boys.

Labour was, indeed, commandeered for the repair of bombed railway lines, and deserters from these gangs were shot; but this was not the way to win a war against odds. Farm labour was more stable, since the labourers had homes and families on the farms, and had nowhere else to go. But the life of the towns was slowly stiffening into paralysis.

This danger had been nipped in the bud in 1972, when there was no foreign enemy to distract attention from the domestic one. This time it was not so easy. Van Langstoep told Bult that unless all policemen and *stormjaers* were brought out of the Army, and their old units reconstituted for police purposes, he could not prevent the collapse of the home front. O'Blarney, on the other hand, could not cope with the enemy even if he retained these men. Giving them up was out of the question.

On June 15 Bult forced a compromise on his wrangling Ministers, returning a limited number of the disputed men to Van Langstoep. The latter then began to round up fugitive Natives and to employ them in gangs under armed warders to carry out essential tasks. But even this could not bring the household servants back, and white women doing war work had to insist on release to attend to their homes and kitchens.

The hatred which had been simmering since 1972 now burst once more into flame. Many a miserable African whose family or comrades had been shot in that year of troubles now looked about for the knife or poison that would assuage the passion in his heart. Murders on lonely farms, in suburban homes and in dark city streets were a nightly occurrence.

All the underground world contributed to the still more important work of sabotage. Telegraph lines came down, post offices went up in flames. Trains were derailed and industrial activity of every kind held up by saboteurs who had found their way to employment in innumerable factories and warehouses.

The damage to railways, both by bombers and by saboteurs, was very serious. Accumulated stocks of petrol could no longer be replenished from abroad. All civilian motoring had been stopped, but even with the most careful husbanding the petrol could not last the Army for a year. And careful husbanding meant not using motor vehicles for carrying supplies except in the forward areas. This problem had been foreseen, and O'Blarney had collected a fleet of ox-wagons to eke out the resources of the railways. These wagons moved in slow, creaking processions towards Komatipoort and Louis Trichardt. But their value was not great. Supplies had to come by train if the war was to go on.

Panzerwagen's Air Force did its best to ward off the attack. Night fighters did considerable execution among the marauders. Yet the Republic felt the loss of one aircraft much more than Gremlin felt the loss of six. Air strength had to be nursed to meet the greater dangers to come.

We have now to describe the events in the Capetown theatre. It will be remembered that the British and American fleets at Simonstown had been among the targets for the original surprise attack, and that in this case the attack had failed with the loss of ten South African aircraft. This result was a very great shock to Panzerwagen and O'Blarney. They had hoped to do such damage as to induce the enemy to remove his ships from the port, which might then remain harmless for a time. But

no serious damage had been done, and it was not likely to be done against such defences.

Panzerwagen was glad to pass this baby to the naval commander, Rear-Admiral Van de Strand. It was his task to entice the fleets out of Simon's Bay so that they might be attacked outside the range of the shore defences. Van de Strand accordingly brought his fleet out of Saldanha Bay on June 15. The Admiral flew his flag in the battle-cruiser *Magersfontein*, the pride of his navy. With him were the aircraft-carrier *Tafelberg*, the cruisers *President Bult*, *Adriaan van Jaarsveld* and *O. B. Netwerk*, and a screen of frigates and destroyers. The departure of this force from the Bay was observed by British reconnaissance planes of the Fleet Air Arm, and Admiral Sandys (in the *Collingwood*) immediately put to sea. He had the other British battleship, *Lord St. Vincent* (Captain Crowsnest), the American battleship *Illinois* (Rear-Admiral Brian E. O'Sean and Captain O. Ironsides) and *South Carolina* (Captain Davy Jones); the cruisers *Aphrodite*, *Barbados* and *Kenya*, R.N., and *Minneapolis*, *Denver* and *San Antonio*, U.S.N.; a screen of destroyers, and the aircraft-carrier *Dangerous*. The American aircraft-carrier *Midway* remained at Simonstown.

The object before this overwhelmingly superior force was much greater than merely to sink the South African fleet. It was to co-operate with the Air Arm in attacking the coast defences. But the fleet was the immediate objective. The South African Air Force, on the other hand, braced itself for a supreme effort to destroy the enemy's ships from the air.

The sky had been clear on the morning of the 15th, but by midday a low bank of cloud had blown in from the north-west and rain was soaking the ground. Shortly after one o'clock Sandys was rounding Cape Point. Ten thousand feet above him, in the clear sunshine, the South African bombers were coming in to aim their missiles at his fleet by means of their instruments. But they were met by fighters from the shore base, from *Midway* and *Dangerous*. As the battle raged in the air the bombers did their best to break away into power-dives that would get them free of their attackers long enough to serve their purpose. They dropped into the cloud with the fighters still on their tails. Bombs bestraddled the great ships. Damage was inflicted on *Dangerous* by several near misses, severe damage on *Denver* by a direct hit, and one British destroyer was sunk. Five allied aircraft were brought down, but at a cost of eighteen South African, half of them bombers.

Sending *Denver* back to Simonstown, Sandys continued on his way, and by nightfall was cruising off Sea Point. Van de Strand was then east of Robben Island, whose defences he regarded as necessary for the safety of his fleet. His original intention had been merely to trail his coat long enough to bring Sandys out of False Bay. But the failure of the Air Force to make any serious impression on the allied fleet made him decide to lure his enemy into the trap formed by the coast defences of Table Bay.

During the night of the 15th, as Sandys manoeuvred behind a screen of minesweepers, bombers from Simonstown began their attack on Robben Island. The citizens of Capetown now had the war at their doors. The glare of searchlights, the streams of tracer shells and the flashes of exploding bombs lit up the night sky. As flames illuminated the target, the gunners of the Anglo-American battleships began to find its range. At midnight Capetown rocked as the ships opened fire with their first broadsides. The brave gunners of the island were getting the range of the ships, too, and many tales of their heroism could be told to put heart into the people of the Republic.

The men on the island threw their tin hats into the air for joy when an explosion at 0218 showed that *Barbados* had struck a mine. She sank in ten minutes, with a loss of fifty-six men. A hit was scored soon afterwards on *South Carolina*. Many British and American bombers were brought down. But one by one the island's guns were silenced. As dawn broke only one was still firing, and it, too, became silent when its crew was stunned by a shell-burst at the entrance to the turret.

Van de Strand's fleet had brought down several aircraft during the night, but had remained well out of range of the enemy fleet. It was hoped that the enemy's strength in capital ships would be so reduced by the gunnery of the coast artillery as to enable the South African Navy to deal easily with what was left. But this had not happened. Instead, enemy bombers had put the aircraft-carrier *Tafelberg* out of action, and early in the morning two torpedoes (from the air) had completed her destruction.

Few people in Capetown had slept that night. As the weary housewives were getting to their kitchens to prepare breakfast a shell burst near the top of Strand Street. *Collingwood* was finding the range of the Signal Hill batteries. Signal Hill was already bracketing the flagship. Capetown had known nothing like this in all its history. For twenty-four hours the earth shook,

the sky filled with flame and smoke, the ears were deafened. Van de Strand's flagship, which could no longer keep out of range, joined in the fight. His cruisers were in the unhappy position of being caught within the enemy's range while not able to reply with their own guns. *President Bult* received some damage.

By nightfall on the 16th only one gun remained in action on Signal Hill. *Illinois* had already turned her attention to the South African flagship, which was hit repeatedly after 1800 hours. At 2045 *Magersfontein* received her mortal wound, sinking twenty minutes later. Van de Strand transferred his flag to one of his remaining cruisers, *O. B. Netwerk*, threw out a smokescreen, and made a bold attempt to run for the open sea. It was a risky business. *President Bult*, unable to stand the pace, was sunk about eleven o'clock. The rest of the fleet got out, pursued by the allied cruisers and destroyers, which made a fast run to Saldanha Bay and by morning had cut off Van de Strand from his base. The last Signal Hill gun had ceased firing, and Panzerwagen's losses in the air had been so heavy that he had to make the decision, on the morning of the 17th, to abandon the defence of the peninsula and to leave Britannia—with Columbia—to rule the waves unchallenged.

It was on the 20th that the South African cruiser fleet was overhauled in the Atlantic and Van de Strand forced, after a running battle of five hours, to strike his colours. *O. B. Netwerk*, a frigate and two destroyers had been sunk. *Adriaan van Jaarsveld*, two frigates and two destroyers were surrendered by the Admiral and brought triumphantly to Simonstown.

The great naval and aerial victory prepared the way for a new move already planned by the Military Staff Committee. Some of the American forces en route to Lourenço Marques were diverted, while at sea, to Simonstown, where they arrived on June 25. A week later they began landing on the beach some two miles east of Muizenberg, and the land battle for the peninsula was on.

There could be no thought of a serious defence of the peninsula. But along the frontier facing the Simonstown defences, from Clovelly to Noordhoek, there was a strong garrison which must be withdrawn through Muizenberg while there was time. As soon as the American landings began, before dawn on July 3, this garrison received orders to spike its guns and withdraw. Ammunition dumps were blown up, but while the engineers were still busy on this assignment the gunners, armed

with rifles, were streaming along the road to Muizenberg. As the advance party got past the station it ran into a hail of bullets: the Americans had reached the Main Road and had a machine-gun post in front of the Marine Hotel.

For some minutes the column piled up in confusion round the station. Then the handful of men, the remnants of a battalion, who had originally disputed the landing, and were now collecting in front of the Bay View Hotel, rallied, and the machine-gun post was wiped out. The Clovelly column advanced along the Main Road at the double and joined up with the broken battalion, only to find as they continued on their way that the road was blocked by more of their enemies near False Bay station.

The Americans, who had now occupied the pavilion and restored order in their ranks after the confusion of the landing, began their regular advance up to the Main Road at about eight o'clock. Tanks rumbled up from the direction of the pavilion, crashed through the railway booms; others reached the Main Road at points farther north. Machine-gun fire swept the streets. The Clovelly column, abandoning its dead and wounded and the attempt to defend itself with small arms from behind inadequate cover, fled over hedge and garden wall, through houses and back-yards, to the mountain. The Americans abandoned the chase.

The details of this skirmish were reported at the time, and are given here, in rather more detail than they intrinsically deserve. Many years before, the exiled journalist William Penman, in his book *The Experiences of a Refugee*, had prophesied bloodshed on this very spot.¹ It was, of course, a mere flight of imagination, but when the prophecy was fulfilled he was at some pains to collect detailed reports of the event and give publicity to them. On the day of the landing he was, however, not at Muizenberg, but with the British corps at Beit Bridge.

Muizenberg had been described, nearly two centuries earlier, as a South African Thermopylae. Given the great disparity in numbers and in weapons, Leonidas himself could hardly have defended this place in 1977. Like the original Thermopylae, Muizenberg was outflanked, though from the sea instead of the land side. In possession of Muizenberg, the Americans had the route to Capetown open to them. The coast road and railway from Simonstown were rapidly brought into use. The guns of the fleet, anchored in False Bay, provided a barrage which

¹ See above, p. 94.

cleared the way for a rapid advance. By the evening of the 3rd, American tanks entered the Herefrag.¹

Since June 17 the white inhabitants had been abandoning the town. Every train bound for the interior had passengers clinging to the carriage roofs and to the outsides of doors and windows. An unbroken stream of pedestrians, prams, bicycles and carts, even cars drawn by horses, donkeys and oxen, filled the main roads across the Flats. Their rôle in history was, of course, to add a further burden to the already overstrained economy and organisation of the Republic.

Yet when American headquarters were established in the Castle the peninsula had by no means been denuded of white inhabitants. Just as there had been a low cultural stratum of the British population that had accepted the Republic without fuss and had gone through the motions of allegiance to it, so now a section—largely perhaps the same section—for a second time followed the path of least resistance.

For the Coloured population this was no mere acquiescence. As the overloaded refugee trains puffed through Woodstock and Salt River, many a Coloured man had watched the sight with a glint of triumph in his eye, a *Nunc Dimittis* in his heart. The Americans had advanced into the town between lines of these people, some cheering and dancing, others speechless and weeping for joy. What must have been the surprise of the invaders to be greeted by troops of Wild Westerners and Southern Niggers shown by their banners to be *The Arizona Cowboys* or *The Merry Coons!*²

One of the first objectives of the conquerors was the Roeland Street gaol. It was found abandoned by its staff, but not by its prisoners. The cells were forced open, and the haggard and hungry occupants—all political prisoners—brought out. There were men who had languished there for ten years and longer; and there were a few of the Royalists who had been caught distributing leaflets only five weeks before.

The occupying troops celebrated that July 4 by a distribution of food to the hungry Coloured population. It was food that had been bought and sent by American Negroes for this purpose. To the people who received it the gift was a proof that the new era had dawned in very truth.

We have now looked at each front in turn. By the second

¹ The former Adderley Street.

² These rôles seem to have been a part of the carnival tradition of the Cape Coloured folk.

week of July it was apparent that Panzerwagen's aggressive strategy had failed. His First Division was before "Torres Vedras", with no hope of taking Lourenço Marques, still less Kosi Bay. The Third, at Komatipoort, was short of supplies. The Second faced a greatly superior British force across the Limpopo. The Cape peninsula was lost, the enemy had taken possession of the Capetown docks and American reinforcements were being landed there. The railway system of the country had suffered severe bombing; its industrial output was falling off for the same reason, and civilian life was in a chaotic condition from lack of Kaffir labour. It was not known how long the Native population could be kept in subjection.

On the morning of July 15 Ramrodd launched his great attack. The South African Second Division was distracted by a big diversion opposite Messina on the 14th. The next morning the British Tenth crossed the river some miles above the bridge. Panzerwagen ordered an attack on it, and succeeded in driving the British back to the west. But this merely enabled the other three British divisions to cross unhindered and occupy Messina. The South Africans could not possibly cope with so great a force—including the Twelfth Armoured Division—in open battle. It was necessary to make use of natural defences.

The Transvaal Highveld, which was the heart of the Republic, was guarded on its northern and eastern sides by Nature. Great mountain ranges barred the way to the plateau. These defences had been improved by man. Wherever a path led through the mountains—as at Wyllie's Poort, Magoeba's Kloof, Mount Anderson and Waterval Onder—O'Blarney had placed his guns and concrete. Lines of trenches, skilfully planned by German officers from Argentina, crowned the ridges and overlooked the passes. It was at such places that the Republic could and would be defended.

The value of these engineering schemes was soon put to the test. While Voorlaaier's Fifth Brigade fought a gallant rearguard action, the Fourth and Sixth fell back to Wyllie's Poort and the Sand River Poort, where the Zoutpansberg range is crossed by road and railway respectively. The British Ninth Division moved up to face the defenders.

Much money, which could ill be spared, had been spent to make the Zoutpansberg line impregnable. But it had two weaknesses. Like the Maginot Line, it had a flank suspended in mid-air, its western flank. And it lay in country thickly

populated by Natives, who were all whole-heartedly on the side of the invaders. The latter received an almost embarrassing welcome. The British lines were penetrated by hundreds of savage informants offering intelligence and advice.¹

Even before the Limpopo had been crossed, Panzerwagen, O'Blarney and Bult had agreed upon a fundamental change of strategy. It had originally been an offensive strategy, to wipe out the enemy on the flank before concentrating on the main front. It now became defensive, to hold the passes at all costs and abandon expensive adventures in the low country.

Ramrodd had been careful to co-ordinate his moves for the maximum embarrassment of the enemy. On July 15, as the battle started in the north, the Americans before Lourenço Marques began an enveloping movement round Hoogte's division, while Portuguese troops took over the "Torres Vedras" lines. Hoogte had very little time to get out, but he conducted the retreat with a skill which wrung admiration from the Americans, who had hoped to have him "in the bag". His First Brigade, which formed the rearguard in the final phase, was so badly mauled that only disorganised fragments of it got into Komatipoort on July 20. The eastern front was then back to its original position, but with the prospects much bleaker for the Republic.

Panzerwagen had begun to denude this front, and had drained the base camps to save the situation in the north. Across the gap stretching westward from the Zoutpansberg to the Blaauwberg lay the British Twelfth (Armoured) Division and two infantry divisions. To oppose them Panzerwagen had two armoured brigades (all he possessed), and one complete infantry division with two brigades in reserve. Voorlaaier, of the Fifth Brigade, now Major-General, was given the command of the whole; Bisley was in command of the British corps.

Voorlaaier knew that the battle about to be engaged would be decisive. Between his position and Pretoria there was nothing to stop a British advance. But if the enemy were defeated here he might be driven back over the Limpopo and precious time gained for strengthening this front. Voorlaaier was a student of Clausewitz. He had no belief in strategic reserves for snatching victory from the very maw of defeat. Victory must be won on this field or nowhere, and he begged Panzerwagen for every aircraft, every gun and every round of

¹ Shorthorn, the refugee who had formerly farmed in this district, was one of the men whose services were used by Ramrodd's intelligence officers.

ammunition that could be got to him. But this was a counsel of perfection. Aircraft were sent, but guns must come by train, and the railways were falling down on the job.

Gremlin's bombers began on July 25 to "soften" the South African defences. Voorlaaier on the following day got into the air every fighter that the Air Force could handle, determined to frustrate the attack in that direction at least. The aerial battle of the 26th and 27th was the biggest of the war. The South African airmen gave a good account of themselves. The R.A.F. lost twenty-six bombers and fifty-one fighters in the two days. But sixty-five South African fighters were shot down, and losses like that could not be allowed to continue. Neither aircraft nor crews could be replaced. Gremlin, on the other hand, had almost limitless resources to fall back upon. After a lull on the 28th he returned to the attack in great strength, and this time his mastery of the air was not disputed.

On the evening of the 30th Voorlaaier's headquarters were demolished by a direct hit from a British bomber. The General had left the building—a farmhouse—not five minutes before, but several of his staff were there and all his papers. It was an unfortunate beginning. Immediately after this an artillery duel began, the chief target on each side being now the guns. In this arm Voorlaaier was especially weak, for reasons that have been seen. Being overpowered in the air, he was also half blind; whereas Bisley had the South African positions accurately plotted. Voorlaaier's strength in guns was fatally reduced. And Bisley's engineers had by the night of the 31st succeeded in clearing two lanes through the minefield before Voorlaaier's position.

At midnight on that date a concentrated barrage from the British guns was directed against Voorlaaier's right. This onslaught merely confirmed the impression, which all the other evidence had been designed to create, that the main weight of Bisley's attack would be thrown against that sector. The final South African dispositions were made on that assumption. But when the British infantry began to advance across the minefield at 0230 hours, it was Voorlaaier's left that was to receive the punishment. The deception had been completely successful.

The Coldstream Guards were in the van. Suffering moderately heavy losses, the Guards in three hours' bitter fighting had broken through the South African defences, and by daylight Voorlaaier's left had been overrun. The British tanks were pouring through the gap, and the South African line had

swung round to face west. Round the unprotected southern flank of this line went the British armour, seeking out the South African tanks. These were used with great audacity and skill, but they were greatly outnumbered. Their guns were not much inferior to the British, but their hulls were much more vulnerable. A direct hit on a British tank often failed to knock it out of the battle; every blow dealt to a South African was mortal.

By eleven o'clock the running fight of the tanks was over, Voorlaaier's armoured brigades having been wiped out. At the same hour the South African Sixth Brigade was overrun by the British infantry and the whole defence began to collapse. Voorlaaier then pulled his Fourth Brigade out of the Zoutpansberg passes and began to bring all his remaining forces into Louis Trichardt. But they did not amount to much. Bisley had taken nearly 10,000 prisoners, and the losses in killed and wounded were heavy.

The British Ninth Division moved through the mountains on to Louis Trichardt as the South Africans abandoned the passes. The Twelfth Armoured Division was re-formed, and the mechanics worked like fiends to repair the damage to the tanks.

Early on the morning of August 2 the armoured division left the scene of the battle for its dash to Pietersburg. Behind came the Tenth Division, which had played no part in the battle of the previous day. The dust of that eroded veld was stirred, by the seemingly endless procession of tanks, portées, armoured cars and troop-carriers, into a gigantic cloud that was visible for fifty miles, a symbol of the conflagration that was about to consume the Republic.

From the evening of July 31 to the following evening President Bult neither slept nor left his office in the Union Buildings. A state of siege was declared throughout the Republic, but that was little more than a gesture, so weak was the Government's hold on the home front. Hour by hour the President received the messages which spelt the doom of his race and country. It was the Zoutpansberg battle that would be decisive, but it was not only from that direction that the news was bad. The remains of Hoogte's force which had advanced so aggressively two months before had been brought up to the Highveld, leaving the Americans to occupy Komati-poort, Barberton, Nelspruit and Waterval Onder without serious resistance.

Other Americans, now under the command of General Ulysses G. Vicksburg, had come out of Capetown and were overrunning the Western Province. The British force in Zululand had crossed the Tugela at Rorke's Drift and on August 1 was approaching Ladysmith. The bombers from Rhodesia were attacking the railway yards in the north every night, and the Americans were now making havoc at De Aar and Naaauwpoort, Rosmead and Cookhouse.

But much the worst aspect of the situation was the inability of the Government to keep an effective hold on the country. Had the circumstances of South Africa borne some resemblance to those of most other countries, the invading armies coming from Beit Bridge, Komatipoort, Rorke's Drift and Capetown would have had to cope with lengthening lines of communication in unfriendly country. But Ramrodd had no such problem. Before the advancing troops the white inhabitants of dorp and farm fled in terror, leaving a black and brown population which greeted the invaders with wild enthusiasm. The lines of communication, however far they extended into the Republic, ran through friendly and not hostile country.

As the invasion proceeded, the liberated helots in district after district fulfilled the dream of years: they entered the abandoned houses of the White Man, slept in his beds, ransacked his pantry and ate off his china, drank his wine and made the welkin ring with nightly revelry in his comfortable apartments. The more cunning and forceful took permanent possession of these things and did not intend to be dislodged.

It was impossible for the Government to make any provision for the refugees now falling back in great numbers into the heart of the country. Nor could it reasonably ask them to remain at their homes to face the wrath of the *skepsels* whose hour of revenge had come. A little food was issued to them, and most had brought with them what supplies they could carry. With these they had to make the best of a bad job, camping in the open along such streams as were running in that dry season.

All hope of assistance from foreign friends had now faded. No candid mind could see for the Republic any prospect but complete and final collapse. The defeat, unlike the defeat of almost any other State, would be absolute. When France fell in 1940, when Germany fell in 1945, there remained a French and a German people in occupation of their historic territories.

These peoples could not be destroyed. They might recover their strength and greatness at some future time.

The South African Republic was in a different sort of danger. The "nation" there was not the people of the country, but merely a small section whose existence and identity depended on the subjection of the rest. Liberate the Africans and the "South African nation" would vanish from the scene, never to return. Individuals might remain, but the old bond of nationality among them would be irrevocably broken.

These considerations will enable the reader to sense a little of the horror, indescribable in words, which gripped these people as the truth became apparent to them. Frantically they sought a way out: Could peace be obtained on any terms? In Johannesburg a group of politicians and leading citizens, including Buncombe, Cringe (a refugee from Capetown) and Trimways (a former Jukskei man), devised a scheme which had the approval of several Ministers, notably Dongas and Zegelman. It was to propose to the enemy that the Republic should become a British colony on condition that the white population should be entirely segregated from the black, the latter to be confined to reserves which might be much more extensive than they had hitherto been; in these reserves they might be allowed to develop along their own lines, as good Natives rather than mere imitation Europeans.

On August 4 this group interviewed the President and laid its proposal before him. A violent altercation ensued, in which the traitors were denounced in unmeasured terms by Schadenfreude, O'Blarney and the predikant Du Prêche. Bult rejected the proposal and dismissed Dongas and Zegelman from their offices. But it was difficult to see a possible alternative. The enemy was in possession of Pietersburg, and Voorlaaijer was besieged in Louis Trichardt with no hope of getting his men out. Hoogte was organising the defence of Pretoria, but with the best will in the world could not put together more than one division for the purpose. Ladysmith had been occupied and southern Natal cut off from the rest of the Republic. And on the 4th, the day of the interview, the news was received that the Transkei had broken into rebellion under the old leader, Bulalazonke.

From the Transkei and from Zululand the flames spread fast over Natal. Many of the white people were overtaken by them before there was time to escape. Others reached Maritzburg

and Durban, infecting all who saw and heard them with the spirit of panic.

To many people the continuation of the war seemed like madness. Rumours were in circulation to the effect that Dongas and Zegelman had been dismissed for trying to negotiate a very tolerable peace, and that if Bult were removed the enemy would agree to the terms. The President had lost his hold on a great part of the people. While these looked for a leader who would deliver them from disaster, others, the hard core of the régime, prepared grimly to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The Army had hitherto shown itself to be completely loyal to the Republic. Panzerwagen assured the President that it could be relied on absolutely. But the Buncombe-Dongas group needed Army support if it were to save the situation, and early in August it was so far successful in its intrigue as to have enlisted General Hoogte on its side.

Hoogte understood the importance of acting quickly, for time was short. On August 7, Voorlaaier, whose troops still held out in Louis Trichardt, arrived in Pretoria by plane. Hoogte saw him that day and broached the subject of negotiating with the enemy. Voorlaaier, though appearing well disposed, did not commit himself. But he was at heart a bitter-ender, and after seeing Panzerwagen, O'Blarney and the President he decided to remain in the last ditch with them.

On the 8th the President deprived Hoogte of his command, appointing Voorlaaier in his place. Hoogte's attempt to carry his officers with him was almost entirely unsuccessful, and the most he was able to achieve was to escape with his life into a hiding-place provided by the other conspirators.

On that day the advance guard of Bisley's army entered Potgietersrust without opposition, and carried on at great speed in the direction of Naboomspruit. Along the Bechuanaland and Basutoland borders hundreds of good burghers of the Republic were crossing into British territory to the safety of internment camps, but from the centre of the country escape was impossible; the chaos and panic were mounting hourly.

The strongest support for the peacemakers, the "handsoppers", came from Johannesburg, a city not cast in the heroic mould. The Royalists and Communists had, during the nights of early August, chalked "Vrede en Veiligheid" and other demoralising slogans on the dilapidated walls of its buildings. After careful preparations had been made, and while Commandant Faustrecht of the Witwatersrand was

absent in Pretoria, General Hoogte emerged from obscurity and safety to address a great crowd that gathered before the City Hall on August 9. With him were Dongas and Zegelman, Trimways and Buncombe, Gringe and an assortment of lesser lights. On the spot haunted by the memories of the Communist gathering of July, 1952—so rudely disturbed by Van Langstoep—Hoogte appealed to the frightened citizens to support him in an effort to make terms with the enemy. It would have to be made over the heads of President and Ministers, whose authority, he said, had no longer any foundation in the will of the people.

The crowd cheered. The "handsoppers" soon gained control of Johannesburg, whose City Hall housed what was in effect a rebel government, appealing from the captured radio station to the people of the country for support, to the enemy for negotiations. But the country did not rally to Hoogte, and no word of terms came from the enemy.

Many people who declared for Hoogte in other parts of the Republic were shot by the *stormjaers* and police, but the Government made no attempt to recover Johannesburg, a task far beyond its capacity. The area of its effective authority was rapidly shrinking to the immediate neighbourhood of Pretoria, while loyal troops, police and officials continued to preserve a semblance of order in its name in parts of the western Transvaal, Orange Free State and northern Cape Province—to use the terms of the older geography.

On August 11, after overcoming only minor resistance, Bisley's army began to come up against the outer defences of Pretoria, and to spread out east and west for the encirclement of the city. Eleven days earlier the armies had faced each other in the Zoutpansberg gap, and the territory of the Republic had been intact except for a small strip between those mountains and the Limpopo. Those eleven days had effected a change of fantastic dimensions. The enemy had reached the outskirts of the capital, the writ of the Government no longer ran in the greater part of the country, communications had broken down, thousands of people wandered aimlessly along the roads, thousands more were the victims of murderous attacks which the Republic could neither prevent nor punish.

Not without compassion, the world looked on at the nemesis which the White South African nation had brought upon itself. The world read the stirring descriptions of war correspondents in its Press; it listened to the running commentaries of radio

reporters and watched the changing scene through its television sets.

Some of these reports still serve to recapture for us the impressions and experiences of the participants. Roger Cubfleet of the *Daily Telegraph* accompanied Bisley's army and was in one of the first armoured cars to enter Pietersburg.

"We entered this town", he wrote, "without much warning last night. As far as one can judge, most of the white population is still here. Some of the people may be refugees from the farms, but few of the townspeople can have got away. As we drove in the streets were deserted. We lost no time in calling on the Mayor, whose whereabouts were known to Intelligence, and ordering him to arrange our accommodation. A few officials were taken into custody. The people we saw in the evening were as sullen and bitter as any people I have seen.

"The African population had evidently not expected us so soon. But the news spread rapidly, and within a few minutes of our arrival in the centre of the town the Natives began to form a cheering crowd round us. A few words of English, such as 'Thank you, my baas!' and 'African people not go'ng to wek now!' were distinguishable among sentences in Afrikaans and an incessant babble in the Native languages.

"The excitement of this crowd mounted as the evening wore on. Wine and spirits had evidently been looted from somewhere, as many bottles were in evidence and they could not have been got legally by the Natives. Orators harangued the audience in passionate tones. At one moment a full-throated roar went up from the crowd in response to something that had been said; pieces of paper were pulled out of pockets and ceremonially torn to bits. It was the end of the pass system!

"After much hesitation the Brigadier decided to put an end to these celebrations, which threatened to be followed by serious disorders. He addressed the crowd through an interpreter and gave a clear warning that law and order were to be preserved by military means. The ground was to be cleared in ten minutes, after which tanks would move on to it. There was evident dissatisfaction at this order, but it was obeyed.

"At the same time armoured cars were patrolling the streets and I did a tour in one of them. Most of the white

people remained in their houses, but the feelings of all were publicly expressed by a few. The thought uppermost in their minds was clearly that we had done the unpardonable thing—we had incited the Kaffirs to throw off the yoke. The roaring black crowd could be heard all over the town, and the former masters knew in their bones the meaning of that sound.

“From a lighted window in one house a woman’s head emerged as we passed. She called out in a high-pitched and excited voice, ‘Julle kakies het die Kaffers opgestook! All right, you verdomde Rooinek, all right, eh!’ You *khakis*, was the meaning of this, have incited the Kaffirs; then an obscure but sarcastic threat which failed to carry conviction. It was merely an unreasoned reaction to panic.

“By this morning the realisation of what has happened, and is happening, has evidently penetrated the minds of the white inhabitants. Patrols in the streets have been mobbed by frightened people crying ‘Don’t let the Kaffirs kill us!’ and ‘Where must we go?’ and ‘Will you keep soldiers in Pietersburg?’ ”

With British forces in the town the white inhabitants were in no immediate danger. But there were other citizens of the Republic who lacked this protection.

William Penman, who was again reporting for *The Times* and *Manchester Guardian*, joined a small force of half-a-dozen armoured cars and a company of infantry (motorised) that was sent out from Potgietersrust to scour the Springbok Flats.

“Our patrol”, his report reads, “was on reconnaissance only, and had no authority to enforce order among the civilian population. So we were a little disconcerted, as we drew up before a farmhouse, to find that we had disturbed the Native possessors in the act of burying some bodies in newly-dug graves. At the sound of our approach some earth had been hastily thrown on the last corpse. We retrieved it for examination, and found it to be that of an oldish man—but it was too badly mutilated to have been recognisable even by his relations.

“A glance round the house gave us a last look at the material of the white man’s culture as it passed into the black man’s hands. A very plain case of murder and theft, but what could we do? Every farm was in the same state.

Almost everywhere there were signs of struggle—bullet marks, battered doors and windows, cartridge cases, blood-stained carpets. And no one could deny that the Republicans had brought this on themselves.

“Throughout the Springbok Flats there was not a white man, woman or child to be seen. A week ago every farm must have been in their possession. But their possession rested in the last resort on bayonets, and we have knocked the bayonets out of their hands.”

As the British and American forces advanced they sent out such patrols in all directions. Sometimes they were presented, as in the case just quoted, with an accomplished revolution. Sometimes they were in time to prevent the slaughter and to gather the white farming folk at central points for protection. Sometimes they had to intervene in battles still raging.

Thus the *Chicago Sun*, describing the scene at a farm near Nelspruit:

“In three armoured cars we drove up to a large farmhouse. The whites were very much alive here. All around the yard were Negroes, behind every available bit of cover, taking pot shots at the house. The windows and doorways were well protected by stones and sandbags, from behind which an accurate fire was directed at the assailants and, as we approached, at us.

“Major Ranger called on both sides to cease firing. The Negroes obeyed, but not the defenders of the house. For these tough guys were in the last ditch; they preferred death. We were compelled to put a few shells through a door and two windows, which were demolished. The Major then called again for surrender, but the only reply was a couple more well-directed shots. ‘Boys,’ he said, ‘I guess you’ll have to give ‘em the works.’ Which we did. One of those last-ditchers was a woman. There were two children, too, and it wasn’t clear whether they had been killed by us or by their parents.

“Yes, you’ve said it—we should have interfered in South Africa before it came to this.”

By August 13 the ring had closed round Pretoria. The defenders held trenches and pill-boxes along the line of hills behind Pretoria North and Wonderboom, a line on the south

along the Hennops River, and more vulnerable positions across the valleys east and west of the city. Most, though not all, of the big men of the régime were inside that ring.

With the capital effectively severed from the rest of the country, General Hoogte in Johannesburg issued over the radio a new pronouncement. He declared that the former Government of the Republic was no longer functioning, that he therefore took its functions and responsibilities upon himself, and that all citizens must obey him and his Ministers, who would now govern the country from Johannesburg. God preserve Land and People!

Many in the still-unoccupied areas who had, a few days before, denounced Hoogte as a traitor, now clutched at him as at a straw. The Commandants of Bloemfontein, Kimberley and Beaufort West publicly adhered to the new Government. Those of Potchefstroom and Graaff-Reinet still repudiated him. Elsewhere there was confusion and bickering. But on the 14th Johannesburg radio could claim that Hoogte's Cabinet was now the *de facto* Government of the Republic. On the same day British tanks, armoured cars and troop-carriers entered the once-golden city by the main arteries that had been known to an earlier generation as Louis Botha and Jan Smuts Avenues, but were now called after O'Blarney and Panzerwagen respectively. There was no resistance. The population made no attempt to flee, for the frying-pan was better than the fire. Bewildered crowds looked on apathetically as the armed representatives of the world's conscience rolled slowly up the Zoo Hill, or rumbled in endless procession past Clarendon Circle.

At ten past four in the afternoon an armoured car stopped before the City Hall. A senior officer—it was Brigadier Gatling—entered the building and ran into General Hoogte, who was coming down the main staircase. Gatling recognised Hoogte by his badge of rank—the three powder-horns of a Lieutenant-General. He introduced himself. After a few conventional remarks, which could not disguise the embarrassment of the situation, the two retired to Hoogte's office. Hoogte wanted his position as *de facto* President recognised and confirmed, but Gatling had no authority to do this. He demanded the formal surrender of all troops and places under Hoogte's command. The Acting President was reluctant to hand over, without a struggle, the only bargaining counter he might still use for the mitigation of the defeat. He agreed, however, to the surrender of the city of Johannesburg and the armed forces in it, which

were not many. Gatling accepted this offer, leaving further arrangements to Bisley, who would arrive the next day.

Hoogte tried, before Gatling left, to turn the meeting into a pleasant social occasion. He brought out some wine and sent for two or three of his Ministers to meet the British officer. "Brigadier," he said, "allow me to introduce Mr. Cringe, Minister of the Interior."

"So your name's Gatling," said Cringe. "Rather a well-known name, if I'm not mistaken. Ha! ha!"

Such levity did not seem to impress the Brigadier, but Cringe could not be silenced by the stony glare that Hoogte fixed on him.

"I'm really English myself, you know," the Minister of the Interior remarked, as soon as there was an opening in the conversation. "Wouldn't mind going to a show in London to-night. How did you leave good old England?"

"By ship!" Gatling snapped as he turned his back on the Minister.

Quickly finishing his drink, he excused himself to Hoogte and left the building.

At half-past five, before the British troops drawn up on parade in front of the City Hall, the Vierkleur on the flagstaff was ceremonially lowered and the Four Freedoms flag of the United Nations hoisted in its place. Most of the Republican citizens who watched the proceedings now saw this flag for the first time. There had been rumours, which many disbelieved, that the invading *Kakies* and Yankees were displaying a strange flag that was neither the Union Jack nor Old Glory.

What was the meaning of this? people asked. Well, it was a relief not to have the Union Jack draped over the Caudine forks this time. The new flag had a good name—*Vier Vryhede*. Was this not the *Derde Vryheidsoorlog*? There was an unpleasant feeling, though, that four freedoms might mean freedom for four races. Kaffirs, Coolies, Coloureds—and Jews? Such was the speculation that reporters could hear among the crowd.

Gatling had to find quarters for a large number of men. General Bisley was to arrive the next day, and Ramrodd and Gremlin were coming shortly to make their headquarters in Johannesburg. For their use the biggest hotel—Die Uitspan, formerly the Carlton—was commandeered. There was no lack of empty houses, for the town was in an advanced stage of decay, but many of the empty ones were uninhabitable. Quarters did not, however, present an insuperable problem.

On the 15th General Bisley and his staff arrived at their new headquarters. Hoogte immediately presented himself at Die Uitspan. His hopes were not entirely disappointed, though the arrangement which Bisley was authorised to make fell far short of the recognition of a Republican Government in any shape or form. Bisley was, however, prepared to appoint Hoogte as temporary Administrator under the military Government, to facilitate the transition. Such an appointment would follow the unconditional surrender of all territory and forces giving obedience to Hoogte's *de facto* Government.

After consultation with his Ministers at the City Hall, Hoogte returned, accompanied by Dongas and Buncombe, to Die Uitspan. There, in a shabby reception-room which had seen better days but never, perhaps, a more historic scene than this, the surrender was signed. Hoogte then gave orders to all officials who were loyal to him to admit the forces of the United Nations without resistance and to obey the orders of the British and American commanders.

Hoogte's surrender must have saved many lives. Small military parties went by air to Bloemfontein, Kimberley and elsewhere to take charge of the local administrations at once and to enforce obedience to Ramrodd's orders. From Capetown Vicksburg's troops had by the 15th reached eastward to Port Elizabeth and northward to the edge of the Karoo. The political problems facing the invaders were much greater than most of them realised; but no military problem remained outside Pretoria.

The trenches round the capital were literally the last ditch of the régime. The troops in them, the military commanders behind the troops, and the Government behind the commanders, all stood figuratively, if not actually, in that ditch. They were bitter-enders. They knew they were defeated, but had no wish to survive the régime. Now that the end was coming they would make the Republic shine forth for once—*tir orlaas*—in all its inherent glory.

Pretoria had a considerable Native population, but it remained passive and obedient to the end. No spark of rebellion could have survived its first flash in that fanatical air. It afterwards appeared that many of the white people had been hands-uppers at heart, but no word of defeatism was spoken in public while the siege lasted. For the first and last time Van Langstoep and Schadenfreude exercised absolute control of the bodies and souls of a whole community.

There were no non-combatants. The people of the capital saw themselves as trekkers who had retired into laager to ward off the savage onslaught, if not of Kaffirs, then of *Kakies* and *Kafferboeties*. All men, even oldish boys, bore arms. Women tended the wounded, cooked for the troops and kept industry going. Small children ran messages and helped their mothers in their work. This might remind the reader of Carnot's organisation of victory; and there was, indeed, at least one example of an old man repairing to a street-corner to exhort the young to fight.

The modern reader can hardly believe that many of these people had deceived themselves into thinking that this was anything like an old-fashioned laager or that the enemy was armed with assegais. Schadenfreude's pep-talks in that sense seem like mere whistling to keep up the courage of his people. But they were probably more than that. The whole story of the South African Republic might be interpreted in military terms as that of a people who failed to understand that they must cope with more dangerous weapons than assegais. So obsessed were the Republicans with the romantic migrations of their ancestors that they could never get away from the picture of themselves as sturdy trekkers defending their race against the puny weapons of black savages.

Had they fully understood that their task would be to prevent the exposure of this illusion by great fleets of bombers, tanks and battleships, supported by the industrial might of the world, it might have occurred to them that the only defence would lie in a policy that would satisfy the world's conscience. But this had not occurred to them. So Pretoria was a laager, and its citizens would hardly have been surprised to see a *posse* of young heroes ride in through a gap in the wagons with a thousand sleek, bellowing cattle seized from the enemy.

Royalist spies inside the laager kept Bisley informed of the Republican dispositions. One of these brave men, Paul Pry, was caught on the 14th operating his radio transmission set at a house in Hatfield, and was shot the same day. But there were many more. Bisley's intelligence officers were soon able to plot the movements of Bult and his Ministers with some accuracy.

Bisley wished to finish the job with a minimum loss of life. The elimination of a few of the bosses of the régime would be equivalent to the death of thousands in the trenches and a more humane way of ending the war.

On the evening of the 16th vital information reached head-

quarters at Die Uitspan. Bult, who never remained at the same address for as long as twelve hours, was to hold a meeting of the Executive Council that night at a house in Sunnyside whose position was accurately described. The meeting was expected to begin at about nine o'clock.

Here was a pin-point bombing job that might crack Pretoria open with one blow. The task was entrusted to Group-Captain Jettison, who released his bomb at exactly 2130 hours, or, in civilian language, half-past nine.

Evidence collected afterwards showed what had happened. At about ten to nine most of the Ministers had left their homes or temporary offices (none worked in the Union Buildings or other usual places) for the meeting. O'Blarney had told his wife to expect him at about eleven o'clock. He had told her that he would be seeing Panzerwagen at the meeting. The latter, who had been with Voorlaaier inspecting the positions beyond Silverton, had taken leave of his subordinate at about half-past eight without saying where he was going. Schadenfreude called at the radio station at a quarter to nine, and left soon afterwards, looking anxiously at his watch. Nietskenner, Draadsnyder, Van Langstoep, Leëdam and Kraalmuur (formerly of the United Nations Assembly, now Assistant Secretary for External Affairs) were the others who had given some indication of being bound for the Council meeting. Van Smalspoor and Kwaaiman were absent.

The residents of some of the neighbouring houses heard many cars arriving at the place of meeting, and knew that something official must be happening there, since no cars were in use for ordinary civilians. But no one had seen any of the people who entered the house, or knew who they were. Except, as will be seen, in the case of O'Blarney, the evidence that the above-named men were at the meeting is therefore circumstantial only.

At ten to nine Bult took leave of his wife and stepped into his official car to go to the Council. Somewhere in Schoeman Street the car was stopped by a puncture, and the President told his chauffeur that he would walk the rest of the way, as it was not very far.

His route happened to take him past the residence of the predikant du Prêche. Seeing one of the children on the stoep of the house, the President greeted her, and was told that her mother was very sick. He then went into the house to assure himself that there was nothing serious. But Mrs. du Prêche

had had a paralytic stroke, and the expression on her husband's face as he greeted the President showed that her condition was grave. Bult was much shaken by the news. Du Prêche was his most intimate friend, and in this hour of trial the President felt that even the Council meeting would have to be slightly delayed. He succeeded in getting through to the Minister's rendezvous on the telephone, and told O'Blarney, to whom he spoke, to expect him about half an hour late.

Bult prayed with his friend and comforted him as well as he could; then—it must have been about 9.25—not seeing any sign of his car, he continued his journey on foot. He heard an air-raid warning, but took no notice of that. He heard the whine of a falling bomb, which seemed as if it must be aimed directly at him. He fell to the ground and covered his head with his hands. The explosion, which was very near, dazed him for a few minutes, but he was not hurt. Picking himself up with a feeling of gratitude that he had been spared for the great work he had still to do, he walked towards the scene of destruction, gradually succumbing to the chill and horrifying conviction that the bomb had already terminated the meeting and the lives of his Ministers.

As far as can be known, those whose names have been given must have been killed by the bomb. The President had had a miraculous escape. As he walked back to du Prêche's house an aspect of the matter occurred for the first time to his mind: the enemy's spies had learned of the place and time of the meeting. How could anything be kept secret from them? But that thought was soon forgotten in the sense of overwhelming disaster. The men who had kept the Republic going were dead.

The following morning Bult, who had had no sleep, made new appointments to the vacant posts. The news had to be broken to the people. Du Prêche took charge of propaganda, but he lacked the Schadenfreude touch. Voorlaaier, however, was able to keep the troops in good heart.

For the moment the British command was not concerned with the troops. Its intention was to destroy the enemy on the home front first. On the morning of the 17th, the Royal Artillery, whose dispositions had now been completed, began feeling for the range of various important targets. Most of the factories had already been effectively bombed from the air. The railway station and yards, also badly bombed, were no longer of any great significance. But the demolition of all the important public buildings was now begun in earnest. The

east tower of the Union Buildings, which contained the President's office, received a direct hit from a shell on which a gunner had chalked "To Bult with love from Tantivy". The Raadsaal, where the Volksraad had met under the second Republic as under the first, was soon reduced to rubble. Other public offices in Paul Kruger and Vermeulen Streets, as well as General Headquarters in Potgieter Street, followed. The water-supply, which was being very carefully conserved, was further reduced by the successful bombardment of tanks and reservoirs.

On the 18th the R.A.F. began to create panic among the civilians. Leaflets were dropped giving the inhabitants of Brooklyn and Hatfield two hours in which to leave those areas, which were then lightly bombed. On the 19th the same policy was followed in the western suburbs, causing the population to stream back and forth in helpless attempts to save both lives and possessions. On this day, too, Johannesburg radio commenced hourly broadcasts to the people of Pretoria, suggesting the advantages to be gained from immediate surrender.

The life of the capital was thus very nearly paralysed when, in the early hours of the 20th, aircraft in very great numbers turned their attention to the defences which ran from north to south across the valley east of Silverton. For three hours wave after wave of heavy bombers pounded the gun emplacements, churned up the earth, killed or stunned the defenders, shattered the remaining window-panes of the city and the eardrums of its people.

Then the tanks went in. The positions which had just been so heavily pounded were overrun without difficulty, but the soldiers of the Republic were still in no mood to give in. Improvised defences were encountered. Anti-tank guns, even anti-tank rifles, were brought into action in great numbers, and many tanks were knocked out. The advance was delayed while an artillery barrage was laid down on the new Republican line. Voorlaaier's field artillery was too weak to give an effective reply, and the great guns of the fixed defences north and south of the city could not be turned against the attackers from the east.

As these approached the outskirts of the eastern suburbs the fighting became more, not less, intense. Suicide squads of young fanatics ran out upon the tanks with sticky-bombs and grenades. Riflemen made bayonet charges into the muzzles of

machine-guns. Sharpshooters remained in hiding-places till overrun by the enemy, when they would calmly pick off as many as they could before being discovered and shot.

The inhabitants of the eastern suburbs fled as the firing-line moved nearer to them. Bult gave orders for the destruction by fire of any area about to be taken by the enemy, and the torch was accordingly applied, late in the afternoon of the 20th, to the houses along the eastern limits of the city. An east wind sprang up to fan the flames and spread them westwards. Though the houses were widely spaced, the grass, which was very dry at that season, enabled the conflagration to develop quickly.

The further British advance on the next day was therefore made over hot cinders and crackling embers and through thick and stifling smoke. After the university had been consumed the wind died down, and the fire did not spread much farther to the west. But beyond the black ruins lay more lines of Republicans, as fanatical and brave as those encountered before. The shell of the Union Buildings was alive with them, and these were the object of a regular siege after Meintjes Kop had been surrounded: a column moving north of that hill had rejoined the main body by way of Beatrix Street.

But the invaders were not allowed to have the centre of the city for their own use. Time-bombs had been placed everywhere, and their detonations were followed by a further outbreak of fire, which held up the advance before it reached Church Square.

Bisley's army had, as the reader will have seen, broken through the eastern defences and reached points within a few hundred yards of the city's centre. Meintjes Kop with the Union Buildings was surrounded, and the guns were being brought into position to deal with its defenders. Thousands of the inhabitants, whose homes had gone up in smoke, had fled into the hills and valleys to the north and south. There, and on the western perimeter, the hard shell of Pretoria's defences remained intact. The troops in these positions were resolved to hold them to the last, even if the city behind them had fallen. By the evening of August 21 the greater part of Pretoria was, in fact, in British hands.

Over scalding pavements and past falling masonry the news-reel and television camera-men, the B.B.C. and Press reporters, made their way into Church Square. Here is an extract from the comment that accompanied the B.B.C. television service:

“You are now looking at Church Square, the heart of Pretoria. Our camera is placed at a window of the wrecked Raadsaal, which was destroyed by gunfire several days ago. This is the only place that is not too scorchingly hot to stand on. The other buildings have been blown up by the enemy and most of them are still burning, as you can see. By Jove, look at that! What a crash! That was a wall of the old Palace of Justice that you saw collapsing. Yes, I said Justice. The building to the right doesn't look too happy, either. I'm not sure what that is. Here's William Penman, the *Times* correspondent, I'll ask him. What's that? The Reserve Bank. He says that was the Reserve Bank. It hasn't much reserve to draw on now. I wish you could feel the heat here.

“Look at that! Did you hear it? That was a belated time bomb in the Post Office building. I thought they had all gone off, but there may be more still to go. Look at the troops picking their way across the Square. These are seasoned fighters, they hardly give more than a glance at the burning Post Office. They are going through to the western part of the town, much of which the enemy is still holding.”

The battle for Pretoria West lasted all of the 22nd, but by that evening the whole of the city was in British hands except for the immediate neighbourhood of the Union Buildings. And the Republican troops still held the perimeter to the north, west and south.

The hills to the south and Meintjes Kop, on which the Union Buildings stood, proved the toughest nuts to crack. On either side of the railway and road to Germiston towered Klapperkop and Schanskop with their forts and other defences. A long bombardment by aircraft and artillery was necessary before these could be stormed by the infantry, and with fairly heavy losses at that.

On another hilltop farther to the west stood the Voortrekker Monument, one of the most sacred shrines of the Republic. Many of the Schanskop defenders fell back to this, resolved to die in the odour of sanctity that a last stand in the monument would confer. But the monument had not been built for military purposes, and a neat bombing job on the evening of the 23rd blew the structure to atoms, wiped out the bitter-enders in it, and extinguished for ever the sacred flame of

Republicanism that had hitherto symbolised the unquenchable motion of the Volk.

Bisley's forces in this sector advanced quickly from the hills to the Zwartkop aerodrome, beyond which they found the defensive positions along the Hennops River. These were now caught between two fires, and further resistance was hopeless. Yet even these men had to be blasted out of their holes by the heaviest ordnance. Farther to the west lay Voortrekkerhoogte, the military centre of the country. It was nearly denuded of troops by now, but the few who were found there fought fanatically to the end.

The fight for the southern perimeter was complicated by the masses of civilians who had taken refuge in the area after the destruction of the city had begun. They were densely packed in Fountains Valley, but after the capture of Klapperkop and Schanskop the battle-front passed quickly over them. Others had camped farther west, and as the fighting came nearer these moved still farther away in a westerly direction. The same confusion was experienced on the northern perimeter. Many civilians were killed during the bitter combat of these last hours.

While the hill-forts to the south were being overwhelmed, other Republicans were facing the final assault on the Union Buildings. The defenders of that heap of rubble fought like demons, for they had with them their beloved President and his great friend, Ds. du Prêche. When the British infantry made their first charge up the hill they learned to their cost that the enemy's machine-guns had not been eliminated by the bombardment. They took cover beneath the retaining walls that had supported flower-beds in happier times. On the north side of the hill the difficulty was just as great. In holes and behind rocks sharpshooters and machine-gunners maintained their positions until dug out with the point of the bayonet. It was a costly advance, but was bound to succeed. At ten past five on the afternoon of the 23rd the British infantry from the northern side reached the summit of Meintjes Kop and looked down on the defenders of the Union Buildings.

Half an hour later the shelling ceased and the final charge was made from all sides. Twenty-six prisoners were taken; nearly 1,000 dead were counted in the ruins. In the evening General Bisley was taken to the spot by some of his intelligence officers. Picking their way carefully through the horrible carnage, they reached a corpse guarded by two sentries. A torch was shone upon it.

“There he is, sir,” one of the officers explained.

The features of Obádja Bult had been identified beyond question. His lifeless hands still clutched a rifle. Not twenty yards away lay another civilian, whose clerical cloth revealed the identity of the President’s spiritual mentor.

Not all the leading personalities of the Republic had the happiness to die while the Vierkleur still waved. While searching a house in the western suburbs on the 22nd some troops dragged a trembling old man from under a bed. They took him to their regimental headquarters, and he was found to be Van Smalspoor, Minister of Transport. Another old man, caught the same day as he was about to take poison, was Dr. Horingbril, the former Director of Education. He was very violent and insolent, and had to be kept in chains for the time being.

A more important prisoner was Commandant Faustrecht, who had been responsible for the torture and death of several British and American prisoners of war. In his case at least the Security Council was determined to follow the precedent of Nuremberg and punish war crimes.¹ All these men were captured before the war’s final episode on Meintjes Kop.

On August 24 the sun rose over an uncannily quiet Pretoria. The sound of gunfire had died away. Here and there flames still flickered, and smoke rose from wrecked buildings. A pall of smoke and a queer smell still hung over the city. Hundreds—some thought thousands—of vultures circled about in the putrid air.

The war was over. Bult was dead. His Republic was dead. The history of his people had come to an end.

¹ He was condemned at the Bloemfontein trial and executed.

THE DEATH OF A NATION

THE NEWS of the collapse reached America on the evening of August 23, since the clocks even of New York were seven hours behind those of South Africa. The Security Council had transferred itself during the heat of that very hot summer to Lake Placid, N.Y., and it was in the soothing atmosphere of that resort that the Council had to handle the affairs of the conquered Republic.

Its first task, completed on the evening of the 23rd, was to appoint General Sir Cheltenham Ramrodd as military governor of South Africa. He was given a fairly free hand, but certain limiting conditions were imposed upon him. These were, first, that in the reconstruction of the political, administrative and social system of the country no distinctions were to be made on the ground of race or colour; second, that no person closely identified with the late régime was to hold any office or exercise any political rights for the time being; and third, that no person was to suffer any other punishment for his connection with that régime, or for his conduct before August 23, 1977, except by due process of law; and this included international law and the precedents of Nuremberg.

It was expected that the military forces under Ramrodd's command would be quickly reduced, and he was invited to arrange with the Military Staff Committee for this reduction. The blockade of the Republic was declared at an end. While Air Chief Marshal Sir Stratto Gremlin, as he now was, retained his command under the Security Council, Admiral Sandys was deprived of his. This was because the naval forces had no further part to play in the subjection of the Republic. Sandys reverted to the position of commander of the British naval forces only. O'Sean, now Vice-Admiral, took over the American ships and prepared for their return to the United States.

While there was no division of South Africa into separate

zones of occupation, Ramrodd thought it advisable to place the British and American troops in distinct areas. The latter occupied the old Cape Province, except for the Transkei, and were under the command of General Vicksburg; the British under Bisley garrisoned the rest of the country. No such division was made of the military and civilian personnel, British and American, who after the removal of Hoogte staffed the various Reconstruction Commissions that had to bring order out of chaos in each of the departments of the Government. The diverse elements of these Commissions co-operated remarkably well.

The most appalling task at first was that which faced the Displaced Persons Commission. Some of the Republican citizens who had fled from their homes were, it is true, able to return as soon as the Military Government began to function. This was true of the inhabitants of many medium-sized country towns where a great many white people had stayed throughout the war. It was true of the majority of those who had fled from the Cape Peninsula. In the western half of the Cape Province there had been little movement of population. Even in the country districts of that region the whites were numerous enough to hold their own, and had stuck to their homes and farms.

But all through the eastern half of the country the white people had been swept out of the rural areas—the farms and small villages—by a general uprising of their black helots, who had everywhere thrown off their chains as the liberating armies approached. Great numbers of the rural Europeans had been killed. Thousands more had reached the shelter of the larger towns and their environs.

These had to be fed and in some fashion housed. They had to be protected from the vengeance of their former servants. And what then? They could never return to their old homes. It would take generations to build up the economy of the country enough to give occupations to these people in the cities. For the moment there was little prospect of providing urban employment even for most of those who had been in it before the war.

Arrangements had been made to import food for relief purposes, and soup kitchens and mobile vans did their best to distribute it to the hungry. The Military Government, naturally, took possession of all the assets of the late Government, and such precarious values as that of the gold specie

could be used to pay for some of the relief work. Ramrodd knew that the days of gold were very nearly over.

During the last stages of the war the Displaced Persons, and indeed all the burghers of the Republic in the occupied areas, lived listlessly and aimlessly from day to day, hardly caring what the future might hold for them. Hoogte's conspiracy had caused the magic word *Segregation* to pass round, and vague hopes were based on it.

The first proclamations of the Military Government dissipated these hopes. The new officials, in obedience to these proclamations, went about removing all those notices—*Europeans only* and *Non-Europeans only*—which were the visible bulwark of the old social order. On buses and trains, in public conveniences and waiting-rooms, in hotels and restaurants, there was to be no distinction! And the ultimate implication was made quite clear by the authorities: the polling-booth also would be colour-blind.

General Hoogte protested to Ramrodd in language stronger than is generally used by the vanquished to the victor. The Military Governor was told by Dongas, Trimways, Buncombe and many others that he "didn't know the Native". The Native, he was told, would regard any leniency or friendly advances as a sign of weakness, and would not respect the white man for it. The Native ought to be allowed to develop along his own lines in separate areas. Not that Hoogte, Buncombe and Co. were opposed to the Native—far from it! They would, when passions had cooled, be admitted on all sides to have been his best friends. But no good purpose would be served by mixing the races socially.

Ramrodd listened patiently to all this, but pointed out that in this matter he was not a free agent. His orders had come from Lake Placid. He thought that some of the old social distinctions might have been retained if the Republic had followed a generous and liberal policy towards the black race from the beginning. But there was no chance of it now. The supremacy of the whites was to be destroyed—world opinion demanded it, the war had been fought for that purpose, and much trouble and suffering would be avoided if the white citizens made up their minds to accept the new situation with a good grace.

To remove all doubts Ramrodd issued a statement of this policy to the Press. Accept it with a good grace! That was to be the slogan, and in putting it before the old rulers of the

country the Military Government was assisted by several men whose names were expected to carry weight.

First there was Colonel Base, newly arrived, by permission of the Government, from Lourenço Marques. Base spoke to the people over Johannesburg radio, appealing strongly to them to accept the inevitable and work together with the Natives to build up the great country of the future. Cringe, who, after meditating on the matter, decided at last to collaborate, put forward the view that submitting to the rule of a Native majority would not be as bad as had been thought. For his part, he admired the Native, and saw many good qualities in him. He foresaw a great future for South Africa if only all races would co-operate in a spirit of true South Africanism.

Such talks were broadcast from all radio stations and were given prominence in the few newspapers that were being operated by the new Government. Many citizens began to adapt themselves to the new order as gracefully as they could. But there remained a great mass of sullen bitter-enders for whom adaptation was out of the question. Many even of those who had accepted Hoogte's policy of surrender were adamant on the colour question, as indeed was Hoogte himself.

A good deal of pressure was brought to bear on the British and American Governments to reverse this policy. The Afrikaans-speaking people of Rhodesia—and that meant a large proportion of the old "Saps" of the Republic—organised a monster petition to the British Government, and obtained the signatures of an even greater number of English-speaking Rhodesians. The petition drew attention to the loyal conduct of both groups throughout the war, and argued that a reversal of the policy of social equality in the conquered Republic would be a handsome way of consolidating that loyalty and encouraging a liberal racial policy in the northern Dominion.

At the same time President Beaconhill in the White House received a deputation of prominent Southerners—including Senators Palmetto and Tarheel, Governors R. D. Dendron of North Carolina, Oakmoss of Louisiana and Weevill of Alabama—whose line of argument was much the same as that of the Rhodesians. The advantages of conciliating Southern sentiment were put cogently to the President. But British policy could not be determined by Rhodesia nor American by the Deep South. There were still stronger forces working the other way.

In their hopelessness the burghers turned their thoughts back to their own earlier history, to the dark story of missionaries, Hottentots and Slaves. It was not so much, Anna Steenkamp had said, "their freedom that drove us to such lengths, as their being placed on an equal footing with Christians, contrary to the laws of God and the natural distinction of race and religion, so that it was intolerable for any decent Christian to bow down beneath such a yoke; wherefore we rather withdrew in order to preserve our doctrines in purity". *Vat jou goed en trek!* That was the natural answer of the people of Retief and Maritz, Potgieter and Trichardt.

Yet the modern world was hardly safe for Trekkers. The "cowardly Jingo" of the Second Trek had gone to lands belonging already to their own people, where their own King reigned and their own flag waved. The treacherous Afrikaans-speaking Saps had, though less easily, settled down in countries which had welcomed them with open arms and where they were now honoured members of many communities. But what arms would open to the poor defeated burghers of the late Republic?

The means of their salvation were discovered by J. B. Verneuk, the Republic's ambassador at Buenos Aires. As the war ended President Rinder was in a quandary about continuing to recognise the existence of the South African Republic. The farce could not be kept up for long. The presence of Verneuk in Argentina in an official capacity had already been remarked upon by the gentry at Lake Placid, who took enough time off from their war to discuss the possibility of expelling Argentina from the Organisation. Verneuk must go, but Rinder felt humiliated by the position he was in. First Spain had been lost, now it was South Africa. Who would be the next victim? There were certain officers in Argentina itself who might be used to upset that country's régime. There was General Pablo Jones.

A way of countering this danger was suggested to Rinder by Verneuk. Let him admit South African refugees to his country in large numbers. Every one of them could be counted on to support Rinder with votes or arms, as the occasion required. Large numbers would come if they could, since it was certain that they would not submit to the new régime in their own country, and where else could they go?

Rinder and his supporters embraced the scheme with enthusiasm. They then addressed themselves to the problem

of getting permission for this exodus from Ramrodd's administration. The latter raised only one objection, and that a temporary one: nobody should go until the Military Government was satisfied that no charge lay against him for conduct under the Republican régime, either before or during the war.

A greater difficulty was that of financing the migration. Most of those who would like to emigrate had lost a great part, and in many cases all, of their property. They would need assistance in the cost of moving and in establishing themselves in a new country. The Argentine Government was willing to make some contribution, but it could not bear the whole burden.

Ramrodd and his advisers considered that some contribution from South Africa was justified in principle by the need to dispose of the helpless mass of Displaced Persons, and by the political advantage the country would derive from their removal. But the contribution could not, in the existing circumstances, take the form either of cash or of exports in kind. It would involve a transfer of some of the idle capital equipment of the country. The capital most obviously available was the stock of the Mining Investment Corporation, but of course Rinder was too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as that. He knew as well as Ramrodd that gold would not long retain its place in the monetary system of the world.

Gold shares being out of the question, there remained the large blocks of Government-owned stock in the semi-public corporations such as Iscor and Texcor. Bargaining with these assets, the Military Government negotiated with Argentina. Ramrodd was careful to take no step without the sanction of the Security Council, lest it should reverse his policy at a later stage.

The Council's approval of this migration scheme could not be taken for granted. But Great Britain had set a precedent for it in her note to the Republic just before the war. She had demanded for all who felt themselves oppressed the right to leave the country. It would be inconsistent to deny that right, now, to the conquered burghers, though they themselves had refused to apply the principle to the Natives. The Russian, Samovarov, had refused to associate his country with this policy on the earlier occasion, and he made a strong case against it now. He pointed out that the white people of South Africa could not claim as a right that which they had denied to others; moreover, their removal to Argentina would merely

strengthen the hold of Fascism on that country. This last argument was strongly reinforced by the Brazilian representative. The majority, however, gave its support to the scheme. Most members voted for it for the sake of the principle. They were also influenced by the report of Ramrodd, who explained the great difficulties that would be encountered in ruling South Africa if the bitter-enders remained in it. The American Government wanted to make an inexpensive gesture to the South. To make matters simpler, Rinder had, in September, withdrawn recognition from the South African Republic, and Verneuk remained in Buenos Aires in a private capacity only.

On November 16, 1977, the agreement was signed in Capetown. It provided that the Argentine Government would take not fewer than 200,000 South African emigrants from Capetown to Buenos Aires by December 31, 1978. The South African Military Government undertook to transfer to Argentina Iscor and Texcor stock of a par value of £500,000. In addition, each emigrant would be required to pay £10 as a contribution to the cost of his passage. Before the expiry of the stipulated period the two Governments would consult about a possible renewal of the agreement to cover an additional number of emigrants.

The Displaced Persons Commission and the Transport Commission immediately set about organising the removal of the emigrants. Three camps were built on the Cape Flats, and trainloads of the unhappy conquered people began to fill them. In the course of January, 1978, the Argentine liners *Gaicho*, *Nuevo Mundo* and *Buena Esperanza* docked in Table Bay to take off the first batch.

All through that year the stream continued to flow in steadily increasing volume. What bitterness must have soaked into the walls and earth of those Cape Flats camps! There lay White South Africa, conscious that its history as a nation had drawn to a close. It looked up at the old symbolic mountain, Tafelberg, standing unchanged and unmoved, as if this disaster were but a trivial incident among the many of which it had been a passive witness. Henceforth its buttresses would frown upon a land of insolent Kaffirs and Coolies. This had been brought about by the vile intrigues of Jingoese, Kafferboeties and Communists. To the land of their adoption the emigrants would take an undying hatred of those wicked men.

On the outskirts of one of the Cape Flats camps, hidden

among sand-dunes and Port Jackson trees, stood a broken-down shanty which could hardly have been expected to attract anyone's attention. But during May some workmen could be seen building a neat fence round it and setting up a stone on which an inscription had been carved in Xhosa, Afrikaans and English. One day a small crowd—black and white mixed indiscriminately—gathered round the spot and listened to some speeches. A few people from the camp, allowing their curiosity to get the better of their aversion, watched the proceedings. They could not have been edified, nor the bitterness of their hearts assuaged. For the inscription on the stone read :

From This Hut
THE GUARDIAN

Was Published Uninterruptedly
from April 1958 to February 1964

ALL HONOUR TO THE HEROES WHO STOOD
BY THE MASSES IN THEIR HISTORIC
STRUGGLE

Erected By the South African Friends of the Soviet Union

So this was one of the places that Van Langstoep had tried so hard and in vain to find! And this triumph of the Philistines had to be borne by the Elect as they waited for ships to take them away forever from the land of their ancestors.

While the Third Trek got under weigh the Military Government in Johannesburg was laying the foundations of the new régime for South Africa. The Occupation period, 1977-89, is divided into two unequal parts by the year 1986, when Ramrodd gave place to Wallah and military to civilian control. Ramrodd had much the more difficult assignment, and it was during his eight and a half years that the changes were made which determined the lines on which the country has developed to the present day.

From a short-term point of view the principal task was to clear up the material, social, legal and political mess left by the war and the republican régime, and this was the task that consumed most of the Government's energies during the twelve months following the surrender.

If the law were to be strictly interpreted and enforced, it would be necessary to eject the great numbers of Non-
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Europeans who had taken forcible possession of white men's property. But for this the Government had no stomach. The change would have to be accepted as an accomplished fact, a property revolution that now belonged to history. The most that could be attempted was to stop such violent transactions for the future. September 15 was therefore fixed as the date on which possession would be treated as evidence of legal title.

Many attempts to seize houses and farms were made after that date, but were frustrated by the courts with the help of the troops, who constituted a formidable police force. The theft of movable property was more difficult to prevent.

With the old title-deeds the old mortgages were swept away, and it was impossible to revive them in face of the economic revolution that had occurred. Almost all this kind of property had, by June, 1977, come to be held by the Republican Land Bank, so that few private people suffered directly by the cancellation of the indebtedness of the land.

The new Government appealed to the farmers, both black and white (for there were many of the latter class still in possession of their farms), to work hard and produce abundantly. Prices of most staple farm products were guaranteed. It was necessary for agriculture to achieve a much higher level of production than had been usual before the war, if a tolerable standard of living were to be attained by all races of the people. But such an expansion could not occur so easily in reality as in the blueprints of the Agricultural Commission.

The Native farmers who had in most areas succeeded to their European masters had never enjoyed any kind of training for the work they were now called on to do. They knew little or nothing about the machinery that was still to be found on their farms. The white man had mended the broken engine or sheller, he had understood the mysterious ways of the motor-car and the power-plant. Fertiliser, crop rotation, contour ploughing—such things had been observed, but not understood, by the man who stepped into the old master's shoes. The new farmer was illiterate and innocent of the most elementary scientific conceptions.

Furthermore, he had been accustomed to a primitive standard of living. He would improve it a little—more mealie meal to fill the aching maw would be welcome; more cattle and wives would improve his social status. But beyond that what he chiefly wanted was leisure, inactivity in the sun, escape from the intolerable tyranny, too long endured, of *wek*.

The Republic had achieved its aim of keeping the Kaffir "in his place". He had not been allowed to advance in civilisation. That he would have made an advance, under the determined and patient guidance of civilised leaders, is proved by what has happened to the branches of his race in other African countries. But the experiment could not be tried under Jukskei or Bult.

Many of the white men who remained on their farms, many of the Indian farmers, too, showed more energy and perseverance. But even these classes were affected by the example of the older traditions of the continent. The life of glorious ease and few, simple wants appealed to them. The result was a decline in agricultural production which the Military Government was unable to arrest.

The same problem had to be faced in industry and mining.¹ Native workers in these occupations were willing to apply themselves to the old tasks sufficiently to make a living of sorts for themselves and their families. But very few could be found who preferred hard, sustained work and the comforts of a civilised life to spasmodic efforts punctuating a life of sun-basking leisure.

The Military Government did its best. For skilled and trained workers it depended mostly on such Europeans as were willing to remain; but people of other races could be apprenticed to these and plans laid for the development of a larger supply of skilled labour in the future. Activity returned to the factories that had not been destroyed; the work of rebuilding the bombed ones was begun.

Commerce was easier to revive, and did not depend so much on the white men who stayed. Not only Indians, but great numbers of Africans, took to trade like ducks to water. Buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, cheered by the joyful metallic music of coins pouring into till and bag, was better work for a leisure-loving people than the hard application of the factory. The Government took over many trading establishments from emigrants who sold out, and made them available to promising applicants on easy terms.

Yet, as Ramrodd surveyed the scene of reconstruction during 1978, he was impressed by the dependence of the country's economy on the shrinking but still significant European

¹ Not gold mining, which had come to a stop during the war and had not been revived when gold was demonetised by the International Monetary Fund in June, 1978.

population. It provided the skill in industry and agriculture and almost all the leadership and organising capacity in trade and finance. Would it use this advantage, when the Military Government departed, to establish a political supremacy also?

In January, 1978, the trial of political and war criminals at Bloemfontein came to an end. Men responsible for the deaths of many prisoners of war—Faustrecht was the chief of these—were condemned to death. A few of the instigators of the Republic's persecuting policy, such as Kwaaiman and Horingbril, received sentences of imprisonment. Many, of whom Van Smalspoor and Voorlaaier were the most prominent, were acquitted.

The Government now began to devote some of its energies to its long-term policy, which had to be conducted in the face of immense difficulties. The backward races must be educated, but how? Horingbril and Schadenfreude had left to the new Education Commission an almost insoluble problem. The teaching profession had been more deeply imbued with the ideology of the Republic than almost any other group in the country. There was hardly a teacher to be found who could be used by the new régime. One small consolation there was: the reliable few could easily be distinguished from the rest, since every teacher who was prepared to take on a racially mixed class could be depended on to have broken with the old order.

Even the racial mixture so much desired by the Government could not be achieved at once. In the primary classes the Natives must be taught in their own languages, the Europeans in Afrikaans. One plan put before the Education Commission was to establish dual-medium schools after the fashion of an earlier day, with half the subjects taught in Afrikaans and the rest in a Bantu vernacular. But this could not be put into effect for many years to come. The urgent need was for primary teachers who could use Afrikaans or a Native language as their medium.

A few Afrikaans-speaking refugees volunteered to return from Rhodesia and elsewhere. A number of elderly Native teachers of the Republic were drawn in, who had been educated in earlier times and had maintained a handful of Native schools until as recently as 1972. A greater force might be supplied by the Bantu-speaking peoples of neighbouring countries, but these were quite short enough of teachers without denuding themselves of the few that had been willing to live on the miserable pittance offered by the Education Departments.

However, a grant from the straitened resources of the Republic made possible the admission of some additional numbers to the training-colleges of Basutoland, Zululand, Swaziland and Rhodesia, and these began to reach the schools of the Republic by the beginning of 1979. An appeal to Britain, America and other countries brought some recruits, who, after acquiring the necessary language qualifications, made their debut later in the same year.

Then there was the shortage of school accommodation, and if that were overcome there remained the annual cost of the educational service, which Ramrodd was at his wits' end to meet. Little wonder, then, that by the end of 1980 less than one-quarter of the children between the ages of six and fourteen were receiving any schooling, and the great majority of those were in the lowest standards. The supply of teachers would, however, be somewhat augmented in the following year, and even Rome was not built in a day. The Government had on more than one occasion to quote that example in its reports to the Security Council.

That body, which had the last word in South African affairs, was peremptory in its demands that Ramrodd should make a beginning of self-government for the conquered country. For a few months the conquerors had administered it through Hoogte's "Ministry" and the skeleton of the old Civil Service. The retention of Hoogte raised an outcry throughout the world and violated the spirit of the Council's instructions to Ramrodd; and when his Cabinet was supplanted in November, 1977, by the Commissions there was still an insistent demand that the distracted Governor should disband the old bureaucracy.

That could not be done. The men in responsible positions were removed—many, indeed, had removed themselves. But the new Government's task in regard to the rest of the staffs was to persuade them to stay, not to get rid of them. Some did stay, though few intended to do so permanently. But for the moment the Civil Service job meant a salary and security. A beginning was made of bringing in educated men and women from the neighbouring African territories, but this policy made as yet a very small impression on the Civil Service as a whole.

In every district of the Republic a Civil Commissioner had been appointed as the local representative of the central authorities. These officials, who were on the whole an able and devoted body of men, were drawn partly from the com-

missioned ranks of the invading armies, partly from the British home and colonial services and the American Civil Service, while some places were filled by returned South African refugees. At the beginning of 1978 they were instructed to appoint Advisory Councils in each district, the Councillors to be capable and responsible people of all races who were loyal to the new régime. The Councils varied in size from half a dozen to thirty members. Ramrodd himself appointed a Central Advisory Council on the same basis.

It was easy to find advisers; less easy to fill these councils with budding statesmen. Among the coloured races the best recruits were usually old men who had grown up in the days before Jukskei. The white councillors were not a very useful body, since the country had lost the really faithful adherents of two successive régimes, and only men with very flexible consciences remained.

In the Central Advisory Council sat people of various origins. There were exiles of '72 like Mfundisi, Swaraj and Funamali, now returned from Zululand to take up the work they had laid down in that year.¹ There were Vicars of Bray like Cringe and Base, and former refugees like Knowall and Boekenhout who left Rhodesia temporarily to give Ramrodd the benefit of their special knowledge.

With the exception of the Communists, who now emerged again from underground obscurity, no political parties existed. The Christian National Republican Party had, of course, together with its many cultural and economic offshoots, been proscribed. There was not even a police force in the ordinary sense, since the Republican police had been dissolved and police functions devolved upon the Army of Occupation. And year by year the old political and administrative personnel shrank as the bitter-enders took ship across the western Ocean.

For the time being the Iscor and Texcor stock that Rinder had acquired looked like a very bad investment. He dared not make a new agreement of the same kind with Ramrodd. So in October the two Governments signed a convention by which Argentina was to transport and settle immigrants from South Africa on condition that they paid for their passage at the rate of £25 per head. At the South African end the Displaced Persons Commission, which now became the Emigration Commission, continued to arrange the transport of emigrants to Capetown.

¹ Bulalazonke returned but was not appointed to the Council.

Not all of these went to Argentina. The German Government thought it saw a useful opportunity for the expansion of *Deutschum*, and subsidised passages to Hamburg for such people as were selected by a German committee sitting in Capetown. Many observers were astonished by this move, since Germany was so over-populated that great numbers left the country annually for many destinations, of which Argentina was one. Of course there was method in Belsen's madness. The emigrants from the Fatherland remained true to their allegiance, being changed merely from *Reichsdeutsche* into *Auslandsdeutsche*. The immigrants from South Africa would soon become Germans, and thus add still more to the total strength of the race at home and abroad. Thus many thousands of the old Republicans found their way to Germany in 197£ and later.

The total drain of European population from South Africa between 1977 and 1983 fell slightly short of the million mark. The latter date is usually taken as marking the end of the Third Trek, since there was no large-scale organised emigration after that year. But it must be remembered that the outward movement had gone on in a smaller way in the years between the so-called Second and Third Treks, and continued after 1983. At the census of 1986 the population of European descent numbered 1,326,091, as against 9,702,620 Africans, 224,319 Asiatics and 1,262,283 of mixed or Coloured race.

These figures give a very inadequate idea of the defeat which the European race had suffered. It was not only that the remaining Whites belonged for the most part to the poorest and most backward section of society. The Poor Whites had formerly been the most race-conscious class in the whole community. But it could not be so under the new dispensation. These white people were broken in spirit, and knew that racial feeling would be a liability to them in the changed circumstances of the country. The general poverty and destruction had narrowed the economic gulf separating them from the other races. Intermarriage therefore became more common, until at last in 2011 the census officials abandoned the practice of distinguishing between races in their returns.

Even in Ramrodd's time there were signs of a return to the cultural standards of primitive savagery. The national congress of witch-doctors that met in Maritzburg in 1980 was regarded with amused contempt by the Government, and provided valuable copy for the world's journalists. But the Civil Com-

missioner of Maritzburg took the matter more seriously when he found that the members of his Advisory Council had consulted several bone-throwing experts before offering him an opinion on the dipping of cattle.

This tendency gave more alarming evidence of its development in 1985, the year of Halley's comet. The witch-doctors deliberately used this occasion to strengthen their influence. The word went round the kraals and hovels of the Africans that the spirits of their ancestors had appeared to a young girl as she was drawing water from a stream, and had foretold the future to her. The children of the Black House, they said, were about to come into their own. They would be blessed with an abundance of cattle, and the children of the White House would have to work hard in the service of their Black masters. Rain would fall plentifully and would raise crops the like of which had never been seen. There would be a life of endless feasting and beer-drinking. But this would be attainable only by those who obeyed the witch-doctors, obeyed the *izangoma*. The spirits, to prove their good faith, would show a sign to the people—a star with a tail that would sweep across the sky.

In September, Lincoln Mfundisi appealed to Ramrodd to stop this propaganda. He tried hard to convince the General that if the witch-doctors were allowed to get away with it South Africa would be saddled with an incubus that the forces of progress might never be able to throw off. Ramrodd was too tired to take the initiative, but allowed Mfundisi to send speakers to the villages to try to discredit the prophecy. This was done in a very small way, however, and had little effect. When the comet first appeared in the night sky in October, the African people came out in hundreds of thousands to watch it from the hilltops. As it approached the solar system the excitement mounted. The handful of educated African leaders were helpless in face of it. Any who spoke against the witch-doctors did so in peril of his life. And as the heavenly visitor receded, the abundant rains of the prophecy began to fall.

At the end of that summer, in February, 1986, Ramrodd returned to England to enjoy a peerage and a well-earned rest. He was a worn-out man. His place was taken by a civilian, Sir F. O. Wallah, formerly British ambassador to the Republic.

When Ramrodd left, the Military Government had reason to congratulate him and itself on what had been achieved under very difficult conditions. The institutions of the old régime had

been liquidated. The children of all races, though not in sufficient numbers, had been put to school and to learning trades. Commerce, industry, teaching and the Civil Service had begun in the lower grades to employ these products of the schools. A police force was being built up and the army of occupation correspondingly reduced. In the Advisory Councils the future rulers of the country were being trained. Though the production of farms, mines and factories was pitifully low, it was now approximately equal to the 1976 figure, if the gold-mines be left out of account.

The new Governor's mission was to restore the independence of the country. Ramrodd had thought that the period of tutelage ought to last at least thirty years, but it was impossible for the Security Council to concur in his opinion. Already the spectre of British imperialism had been conjured up, especially by some sections of the American Press, and the people of Britain were sensitive to that accusation. There was everywhere an insistent demand that South Africa should be left to her own devices.

In less than four years Wallah brought the occupation to an end and put the new régime on its feet. No one would now deny that Ramrodd's allowance of thirty years was more appropriate to the condition of the country than the lightning operation which was forced upon Wallah by the pressure of world opinion. But Wallah had no choice.

His first task was to arrange for the election of democratic local governing bodies on a basis of universal suffrage. The voters' roll was prepared during 1986, and in January of the following year town, village and district councils were elected throughout the country. Illiterate voters—the very great majority—were assisted by ballot-papers in which the candidates were represented by pictorial symbols. In one Capetown ward the aspirants pictured themselves as an elephant and a donkey respectively, and were surprised to find that the American troops of the garrison took a passionate interest in their contest until General Vicksburg took drastic steps to ensure impartiality.

A good many Europeans and Asiatics succeeded at the polls, and in the Western Province the Coloured people were well represented on the councils; but the great majority in the country as a whole was African and illiterate. The new local authorities began their work timidly and were willing to listen to expert advice. But within a year, when they had found their

feet, this spirit changed and party passion began to divide the politicians.

The first party to be organised was the African National Party, which hoped to win votes by demanding loudly that the troops must go and the country be granted independence. It drew support mainly from the more backward Africans and worked closely with the witch-doctors. Funamali and Bulalazonke stepped naturally into the leadership. But the party was not exclusively African, and succeeded in rallying many Coloured and Asiatic supporters and not a few white collaborationists.

At the end of 1987 the principal groups opposing the A.N.P. were formed into the South African Progressive Party under the leadership of Mfundisi. This stood for education, submission to the influence of civilised countries, suppression of the witch-doctors. Mahayana Swaraj, the old rebel associate of Bulalazonke and Funamali, parted company with them now and became one of Mfundisi's lieutenants in the new party. Its other principal supporters included Cringe and Base.

The old Central Advisory Council gave place in 1987 to a new one elected by the town and district councils. It was in the new elected body, where the leaders just mentioned all had seats, that the national party divisions were most clearly apparent. Though the dissension was bitter, Wallah considered that the existence of the parties with their clearly defined leadership justified another step towards self-government. In March, 1988, therefore, elections were held, on the same franchise as in the local elections, for a Parliament or Volksraad of 100 members, to have full legislative power, but no control of the executive. The excitement caused by this decisive political contest was intense. The A.N.P. hoped that the witch-doctors would ensure victory to their side. But many influences operated the other way. Shaka II of Zululand let it be known that his sympathies were with Mfundisi; the Paramount Chief of the Basuto did likewise. These pronouncements influenced many votes in the Zulu- and Sotho-speaking areas. The Coloured, Asiatic and white voters were predominantly Progressive. The result was a clear majority for Mfundisi: South African Progressive Party, 59; African National Party, 41.

By the year of this election the police force had been so far developed, and order restored, that the army of occupation could be reduced to a mere token force. The last American

troops sailed from Capetown in July. Some of the British returned home by sea, others had been taken back to Rhodesia and other British territories. Those who remained began, in 1988, to train recruits for the new South African army that had now to be built up from the foundations.

It will be remembered that from the last months of 1977 the departments of Government had been administered by Commissions, which at first were largely military in personnel. As the reconstruction of the country proceeded, leading South Africans of all races were given seats on these boards, so that when the new Volksraad met for the first time in 1988 the Governor had at his disposal a sufficient number of potential Ministers to whom the executive departments could be handed over. Most of these men had been returned to the legislature in the elections; a responsible ministry of the British type could therefore be brought into existence without difficulty.

This was done in March, 1989. Mfundisi became Prime Minister. His Cabinet included Swaraj (Finance), Lathi Kshatriya (Justice), Base (Mines, Industries and Commerce), Cringe (Transport), W. P. B. Pampiri (Interior) and D. X. Tywala (Labour and Social Welfare).

Mfundisi's policy and the difficulties in his way will be considered in the next chapter. As soon as the new Cabinet had established itself Wallah requested it to arrange for the election of a President as a symbolic head of the régime. The Volksraad created the office of President by Act No. 21 of 1989. The new official was to represent the Republic in its relations with foreign Powers. Ambassadors were to be appointed in his name and foreign ones to be accredited to him. He was to choose the Prime Minister from among the members of the Volksraad, and had the power of summoning, proroguing and dissolving the legislature. He was to hold office for seven years and to be elected by the Volksraad. The latter then proceeded to make the first election, and its choice fell upon W. Cringe, the Minister of Transport. It was felt that a white man would be the best channel for the Republic's relations with foreign Powers. Whatever Wallah may have thought of the choice, he kept his opinion to himself, and on December 16, 1989, he ceremonially handed over the country to its new President. The third South African Republic had then to show the world whether it could do better than the second.

The recent history of Argentina does not fall within the scope of this book, but something must be said of the arrival

in that country of the vast number of South Africans driven oversea by their defeat.¹

The first batch reached Buenos Aires in February, 1978. Rinder had secured from Congress a comprehensive measure for their settlement both on the land and in urban employment. But the grant of farms on favourable terms was conditional on the grantee's having first been an employee on the land for a period of five years. Employment in the Civil Service and permission to practise a profession were similarly dependent on previous employment in certain categories of work. Rinder wanted the votes of the refugees, but he must also retain the support of the big interests whose representative he was.

In March a group of the latest arrivals, which included Hoogte and Buncombe, was presented to Rinder by Verneuk, who was playing a prominent part in the reception of the immigrants. Verneuk acted as interpreter at the interview. Rinder welcomed the South Africans, paid a gracious tribute to "that great man, your late President", and hoped that they and the others from their country would settle down happily as loyal Argentines. Hoogte, speaking for the party, thanked Rinder and assured him that none of them would ever forget the magnanimous way in which he had helped them in their need. The President, at his subsequent Press conference, said that he had found the immigrants *muy simpáticos*.

But the immigration created problems that could not be solved by mere graceful compliments. While the great land-owners and big business-men praised the wisdom and statesmanship of the President, the working classes resented the competition of the new force of unorganised contract-labour. All who were opposed to Rinder's dictatorship were, naturally, opposed to this scheme for bolstering it up. On the other hand, the earliest immigrants began in 1983 to qualify for farms and citizenship. Many were given Government jobs and a fair number entered the army. Thus the influx might seem to have had in equal proportions consequences that were favourable, and others unfavourable, to Rinder.

Argentine historians still argue about the connection between the immigration and the revolution of 1990. What is clear is that when General Pablo Jones raised the standard of revolt in that year the great majority of the South Africans remained

¹ The standard work on the subject is that of R. Las Pampas: *Argentina y los Inmigrantes Africanos*.

loyal to Rinder. But the older population was predominantly of the other opinion, and Rinder was overthrown. The new President was anxious to conciliate the South Africans, and Rinder's policy of settlement was continued.

We shall have occasion to mention them once more in the next chapter.

THE RETURN TO BARBARISM

NO good purpose would be served by making of this chapter a narrative of the complex political history of South Africa since 1989. Of more value to the reader would be a description of the changing condition of the country and an attempt to account for that condition.

The course of events is well known in its broad outline: Funamali's *coup d'état* of 1996, in which Mfundisi and others were assassinated; the death of Funamali and accession of Bulalazonke in 2002; and the plague of 2010, which brings this history to an end.

An analysis of some of these events will perhaps make it easier to understand and account for the extraordinary decadence of a once-vigorous and apparently prosperous country.

It must be remembered that the decline was far advanced by 1977. The emigration of the most skilled and enterprising section of the people; the paralysing effect of the Bult régime; the impossibility of attracting foreign capital except in the form of loans at prohibitive rates of interest; the refusal to develop the human resources of the country; the drastic curtailment of gold-mining after the fall in the gold price—all these and other less conspicuous causes had reduced the civilisation of South Africa to a level that was barbaric by the standards of the previous generation.

Then came the war of 1977, which involved not only tremendous physical destruction, but the virtual cessation of gold-mining and a further serious decline in population.

Tremendous efforts were made by Ramrodd and Wallah, and then by Mfundisi, to put new life into the stagnant economy of the country. But they all found themselves involved in a vicious circle; the British Governors were very happy to hand the problem over to Mfundisi. The low productivity of the country narrowly limited the resources of the Government, and

the Government needed very great resources if it were to train the people to higher standards and to assist them either as an employer or as a consumer.

The funds at the Government's disposal were even unnecessarily restricted by the dishonesty and corruption of the great mass of officials, of all races. This fundamental weakness was the result, partly, of the failure of earlier Governments to set a high standard of moral integrity and idealism; partly of the traditions surviving from the gold era; partly of the sudden elevation of ignorant and starving people to positions of financial responsibility. In any case, it has been abundantly proved that a large part of the revenue stuck to the various palms through which it passed between the taxpayer's purse and the treasury.

The members of the Volksraad were not to be outdone by mere departmental officials. They were willing to place their legislative power at the disposal of anyone who could pay a price appropriate to so rare a commodity. In 1996, when the restraining influence of Mfundisi had been removed, the legislators lost no time in amending an Appropriation Bill so as to double their own salaries; but salaries could not have formed the major part of their incomes.

Cabinet Ministers have been proved to have accepted bribes directly; often they worked indirectly, as when Base introduced in 1990 a Bill to change the constitution of Iscor. The change would have affected the voting power of the biggest shareholder—the Argentine Government—adversely, but the Minister was found to be not inflexibly opposed to radical amendments at the committee stage. The amendments were an expensive item for the Argentine legation.

Judges and magistrates abandoned the blindness of justice; the police, whose eyes could rightly have remained open, were willing to close them. Partiality and corruption so permeated the atmosphere that, even in Mfundisi's time, wealth was universally acknowledged to be the only basis of security. This conviction intensified the struggle to get rich by any and every means. In a country like South Africa the accumulation of wealth inevitably implied, as its corollary, the abject poverty of the vast majority of people. Furthermore, as the revenue officials could be bribed, the rich were in effect very lightly taxed. The basic rates of taxation were therefore steadily raised, to bridge the gap between revenue and expenditure. The increased burden fell upon the poor.

As the Civil Service jobs came frankly to be recognised as the spoils of the political victors, the overthrow of the Government became for the Opposition a matter of life and death. Only the men in power had any opportunities of plundering their countrymen on a scale sufficient to maintain the civilised decencies.

A good deal of money was made in finance and commerce, and the men who succeeded in these spheres were careful to be on "friendly terms" with officials and politicians, and to distribute shares and other favours "where they would do most good". Industrialists were distinctly less successful. The export of manufactures to other African territories was begun on a small scale in 1979, and expanded steadily for a few years. But the very poor workmanship of the South African factories soon became notorious in the foreign market, and exports rapidly declined. All observers agree that the characteristic trait of the South African at this time, whether worker, manager or official, was unwillingness to make a greater effort than was absolutely necessary. The body politic and economic had not the stamina to recover from this fatal disease.

The student of earlier South African history will at once recognise in these conditions the logical development of weaknesses which had not passed unnoticed by previous generations. In the golden days of the Rand the tendency to measure human values by monetary standards was already apparent and remarked upon. This tendency may have been slightly checked by overseas social influences, but it is hardly surprising if the oppressed serving-men and women of those days learned the doctrine in its crudest form and, when their own day came, practised it. The pursuit and idolatry of wealth by the liberated black man was a part of his inheritance from his white mentors and predecessors.

Corruption, though neither so general nor so blatant, had been growing up even in pre-Juikskei days, the natural child of plutocracy. Corruption became under the Third Republic the main road to riches, and one got on to this road by way of official jobbery. Jobbery had not prevailed in the old Civil Service, but under the Nationalists of both factions political orthodoxy was required of all officials. This meant in practice a control of the personnel by the Government in power. Under the latest régime that control was maintained, though no longer mainly for ideological reasons.

It was inevitable that in these circumstances the physical

condition of the country should deteriorate. Much of the damage inflicted in the war was never repaired. Pieces of plank or rag had in thousands of cases to do duty as window-panes; leaky roofs were stopped in the same fashion. Many branch railway lines, bombed in 1977, were never again brought into use; grass grew over the tracks and squatters settled in the station buildings.

Much more serious was the erosion of the soil. Some efforts at conservation had been made by the Jukskei and Bult Governments, but in many areas insuperable difficulties were encountered. The Government could not win the confidence of the Natives or their voluntary co-operation. The poverty of the Government prevented it from spending money on dams and other constructive works; the poverty of the farmers compelled them to squeeze the maximum production from the soil without thought of the future; the Natives continued to overstock the rapidly eroding pastures.

Neither Ramrodd nor Wallah could command the revenues necessary for an effective attack on this problem. The Native farmers who had in so many cases supplanted the Europeans had even less understanding of what was happening to the soil. Mfundisi's Government therefore abandoned in despair the attempt to conserve the most important asset of the country. Considerable areas of formerly fertile land have accordingly turned in the last few decades to desert.

A desert of a different kind, which has drawn comments from everyone who has visited it, is the city of Pretoria. No attempt was made after the war to rebuild it, partly because the means were lacking, partly because the old capital symbolised the régime which had been swept away and of which no one wished to be reminded. Pretoria did not, however, fall into the condition of Babylon or Pompeii. The standing houses were occupied, some by their former inhabitants, some by squatters. Even among the ruins a few people prolonged a miserable existence. And the more adventurous sort of travellers came from afar to ponder here the mutability of human affairs.

Johannesburg was the capital of the Third Republic. The outside world still knows this shadow of the old golden city by its original name, though in Funamali's time the Native names of towns everywhere supplanted the Dutch and English, and the capital is now officially Erautini. The Volksraad was housed, when it was established in 1988, in the old Stock Exchange building, and the imposing though now shabby

structures of the former mining houses were taken over by the administrative departments. The hotel used by Ramrodd as his headquarters—Die Uitspan—became a hotel once more, under Government ownership, and was much patronised by legislators and officials. Its name underwent a second change in 1997, and it has been known since then as the Hotel Labantu.

This, then, is the sombre background of the dramatic events of 1996.

Lincoln Mfundisi was, from any point of view, one of the greatest Africans of modern times. He had not only managed to obtain an advanced education, partly in Rhodesia, but was a man of firm will, of absolute integrity and a born leader. Had he lived in one of the neighbouring countries he would no doubt have achieved his object of raising the people of his race to a respectable level of civilisation. Lesser men than he have done much in that way in Basutoland, Swaziland and Rhodesia and made great reputations for themselves. But he chose to remain in the Republic and to try to make bricks without straw. The rot had gone too far in that country for one leader, however great, to stop it.

By dismissing officials who failed to carry out his will he made many enemies. He refused to pander to the more barbarous prejudices even of his own followers in the Volksraad. Funamali demanded the abolition of Afrikaans as the official language, but the Prime Minister asked what language the honourable member would like to substitute? Zulu? There were at least three Bantu languages whose claims were equal; and while Mfundisi's numerous white and coloured supporters were Afrikaans-speaking, that language was widely understood among the Bantu also.

The Government was opposed to the influence of the witch-doctors. It required the school-teachers to attack and discredit this influence. But the *izangoma* were a powerful body. They had won control of the Elders of the Ethiopian Zion, and this organisation in turn, about 1991, captured the African National Party. The relationship was much like that between the Broederbond and the C.N.R. Party in earlier times, and the latter example may to some extent have been deliberately copied.

In 1993 there was a general election, in which the forces of ancient heathenism made a great concerted effort to obtain the victory. But Mfundisi could not allow this to happen. If he

were driven from power the cause of civilisation would be lost. His officials, who neither understood nor cared anything for his policy, were equally determined to keep him in power. They wanted to keep their jobs.

It was easy—dangerously easy—to do. Opposition voters were scared away from the polling-booths. Government supporters voted many times over. The officials had the ballot-boxes in their own keeping for many hours before the public counting began. The result was an overwhelming Government victory of 89 to 11.

The Opposition, which was in no way attached to the parliamentary traditions of Anglo-Saxon countries, now determined to rely entirely on physical force. There were soldiers, policemen and officials who were disgruntled because they had not received the promotion they deserved. These were won over by promises. Money was extorted from business men by threats. The hope of riches was held out to the impoverished mob of Johannesburg. Anonymous letters were sent to Ministers and members of the Volksraad.

Mfundisi was aware of the plot, but was unable to discover its extent. He summoned the permanent heads of all Government departments to meet him, and questioned them about the loyalty of their staffs. All were quite confident of that loyalty. The atmosphere in their offices was most friendly and co-operative. Everyone spoke most respectfully of the Prime Minister.

The Civil Servants were not really as blind as that. On the morning of March 25, 1996, a great many were absent from their offices. They wanted to be out of harm's way, and they seem to have known that that would be the day of troubles. Just when the Prime Minister most needed help he found himself abandoned. He was to drive to the Volksraad after lunch, and men had been sent to search the buildings along the route and clear them of possible conspirators. Some had done this work properly. Others had been satisfied with a friendly chat with the lift operator or had not got as far as their building at all, being detained by chance encounters with friends along the way.

Mfundisi was therefore a doomed man when he drove along Fox Street to the Volksraad building. From a window near the corner of Harrison Street half a dozen shots were fired. One scored a bull's-eye—the Prime Minister's heart. He was surrounded by enemies. A shout of triumph went up from

the ragged mob of onlookers, who then streamed along the street towards the offices of the other Ministers. Immense crowds, shouting angrily, gathered round the Department of Justice, broke into it, struck down all who resisted, battered down the door of Kshatriya's office and beat that excellent and unoffending man to death. Swaraj and Base were the other ministerial victims, the latter being shot as he came out of the Department of Commerce and Industries.

On Parktown ridge was a house, the most pretentious in the city, used as the official residence of the President. An armed band broke into it at about four o'clock and tracked Cringe to his bedroom. The murderers wavered at first, as the trembling old President went down on his knees to beg for his life. Then the leader of the band asked the others if they were men or women, and the deed of slaughter was done with merciful celerity.

There were faction fights in many parts of the country, a long tale of murders and assaults; the Progressive members of the Volksraad and many prominent supporters of the Government fled from Johannesburg.

Funamali announced that he had assumed the offices of President and Prime Minister "in accordance with the will of the people". He made a nearly clean sweep of the old functionaries, retaining only those who had gone over to him before the *coup*. With the machinery of State in his hands, it was easy to conduct an election in which his party won 95 of the 100 parliamentary seats.

The facade of democracy was thus swept away, and a tradition of violence established to influence the politics of all subsequent years. But 1996 began a change which introduced a new element into the situation: it weakened the power of the central Government and paved the way for decentralisation and local independence; one might almost say for anarchy. The country began to lose its sense of cohesion. Local bosses often successfully defied the authorities in Johannesburg.

Funamali had wanted to abolish Afrikaans as an official language. This was found inadvisable; to substitute Zulu would have been to alienate millions of people speaking other Bantu languages. The Volksraad therefore, at the new leader's dictation, went over to the system of four official languages: Zulu, Sotho, Xhosa and Afrikaans. Not only had every official document to be published in all four, but the members of Volksraad might debate in any of them, thus adding to the

confusion that was already paralysing the country. Yet it is hard to blame Funamali and his party. Their principal motive was revenge for all that the black man had suffered, and Afrikaans was the language of his old rulers. The use of English had died out in the Republic, and if Bantu were chosen, at least three Bantu languages would have to be equally treated.

This change was one of the causes of the disintegration of the country. Many of the legislators could not understand one another. The régime failed to attract the sincere allegiance of anyone but the faction which happened at the moment to be exploiting the public. In their need for some higher political ideal, the people therefore turned to the tribal chieftains and to the other countries—Basutoland, Zululand, Swaziland—where their respective kinsmen were making a better show than could be seen in the Republic.

Basutoland was granted responsible government in 1982, Swaziland in 1990. In Zululand the King remained the head of the executive, but legislative power was vested in an elected parliament. Under British guidance all these countries had grown in civilisation and prosperity, Zululand rather less than the others because it had been in the Republic until 1972. Heathen traditions had almost died out, education was universal and the people had many contacts with the outside world.

If they had wished, each of them could, by the turn of the century, have annexed large portions of the Republic inhabited by people of their own race and language. But there was no desire to do this. The contrast between their own advance in civility and the chaos among the depraved peoples of the Republic was ever present to the minds of Basuto, Zulus and Swazis. They all erected immigration barriers to prevent their neighbours from pouring over the frontiers in too great numbers. But their own citizens who tried to follow careers in the Republic usually came back.

When the next crisis arose, in 2002, the scene had therefore changed somewhat since 1996. In April, 2002, Funamali was killed by a bomb thrown as he stepped into his car outside the Volksraad building. Who was responsible? The question has never been satisfactorily answered. One prominent person against whom no suggestion of complicity was made was Bulalazonke, who had been Commander-in-Chief and Minister of Defence since 1996, and who succeeded Funamali as President and Prime Minister. To foreign observers his activities at the time of the murder seemed, at least, worth investigating.

But he appears to have had so strong a hold on the party machine that no one dared to mention his name in connection with the crime.

The new President had, however, many old scores to pay off, and he made full use of this opportunity. A hundred of the leading witch-doctors of the country were summoned to the capital and accommodated at the Hotel Labantu. While soldiers marched about the town and Bulalazonke paraded his favourite toys—his tanks—in the streets, the *izangoma* threw their bones and examined entrails in the ballroom of their hotel. They were “smelling out” the guilty. In the old days this had been done while all the people stood around, and the victims could be pounced upon at once. Under civilised conditions the smelling had to be done from a greater distance, though on the same principles as of old.

When the excited and perspiring medicine-men had reached their conclusions, they handed the President a list, and the President despatched armed parties in all directions. On that list were the names of many rich men, Progressive politicians and bureaucrats who had grown fat on the proceeds of public life; merchants and financiers who had not been quick enough in adhering to the new rulers; old personal enemies of the President, such as the surviving members of the Transkeian Bunga of 1972; personal enemies of the President's leading supporters. A few who were marked for death escaped, but most were caught, driven to the place of execution—a hill to the north of the town where a teachers' training-college had once stood—there clubbed to death and left to the vultures.

The President confiscated their property and distributed it, partly, to his followers.

The people of Britain and the United States were grievously disappointed by the results of their great effort of 1977. In Britain many condemned the Government's hasty withdrawal from South Africa after a short occupation. They pointed to the contrast between the state of the Republic and the civilised conditions of the neighbouring British territories. Russian publicists assured the bourgeois world that South Africa was being exploited by a new class of capitalists, largely black, but no better than the old, for all that. Let the class-conscious proletariat overthrow the bourgeois oppressors, and all conflict in the country would disappear. In Argentina South African exiles were saying “We told you so” to all who would listen to them.

One of those who listened was the famous Peruvian scholar and explorer José Maria Quichua, whose interest in South Africa was first aroused when he visited the Argentine penal settlement of Ushuaia, in Tierra del Fuego, in 1998. In conversation with the prison governor, Quichua learned that a few of the convicts were naturalised citizens of South African origin. They had got into a little trouble for Rinderist conspiracies against the Jones régime. Moreover, if the explorer cared to venture farther north in the Territory, he would find many of the same people engaged in sheep-farming there. Quichua landed from a coasting-steamer at one of the tiny ports on the Atlantic coast of the island territory, and paid a visit to the hamlet of Presidente Bult, the centre of a small settlement of South African sheep farmers. He met several, questioned them about the country of their birth and their immigration to Argentina.

“They showed me”, he writes, “the most generous hospitality, and they had many curious things to tell about the country they came from. I resolved at once to visit it, and therefore tried to get as full as possible an account of South African affairs from their point of view. It would be interesting to compare it with other points of view and with my own observations.

“One of the farmers, called Kwaaiman, was evidently well-connected: his uncle had been a Minister in President Bult’s Government. I asked him for a frank opinion on the reasons for the disaster that had overtaken his country.

“He said the reasons were very plain to see. The Government was now in the hands of a Kaffir called Sikspens, who had murdered his predecessor. This same Sikspens had once stirred up his countrymen to cut the throats of all the white people in the country. The white people put down the revolt, and what happened then? England gave protection to the scoundrels, and as soon as ever one of them fell into the hands of the police, England made it an excuse to rob the Republic of its independence.

“He was at some pains to convince me that this was only what was to be expected of England—a country which regularly coveted the territories of others and used Kaffir disturbances as the excuse to annex them.

“His companion, whose name was Doodsiaan, then introduced me to the subject of South African history, showing

that its main themes were the heroic struggle of his own people to escape English rule, and the inexorable advance of the English, unscrupulously annexing the lands of the freedom-loving trekkers. It was a story of treachery, hypocrisy and vindictive cruelty.

"What defence, I thought, could the English possibly put up against such terrible accusations?"

"But I directed my hosts' attention to another problem. What had caused the Kaffir rebellion against the late Government of their country?"

"'Agitators,' they replied in chorus.

"'We call it *opstokery*,' Doodslaan added. 'That was one of our greatest troubles in South Africa. There were three sorts of people chiefly responsible—Communists, Liberals and educated Kaffirs.'

"'You must not think we were against the Kaffirs,' Kwaaiman interposed. 'The real enemies of the Kaffirs were the agitators. Before they got to work there was no trouble at all. The Kaffir is really a cheerful, happy person who is content with little and respects a firm master. Our policy was one of firmness and of allowing him to develop along his own lines—how often I have heard my uncle use those very words! Then agitators came along and put ideas into those people's heads. That made them unhappy and discontented. Then we had difficulty in keeping order among them.'

"'We had rich gold mines,' said Doodslaan, 'which mostly belonged to *uitlanders*. As soon as we bought them out and got possession of the mines, what happened? England, out of spite, with the help of America, took away their value. That was done to weaken us so that we hadn't the proper means for dealing with the *opstokery*.'

"'Now the Kaffirs have got the country,' he continued, 'and they are destroying it. We knew this would happen, but of course the English Government only listens to *Kafferboeties*.'

"'I could not refrain from mentioning, in this connection, that I had heard that the Native peoples of other African countries were making a very different job of their political responsibilities. Why was it only in the Republic that this barbarous decadence was to be found?"

"'Imperialist propaganda!' they replied with one voice. 'It isn't true. They are just the same everywhere.'

"'You wouldn't understand,' Kwaaiman explained as he

puffed at his pipe with a smile of confident assurance. 'You must remember that we know the Kaffir.' "

After extracting much more of this valuable information from the two farmers, Quichua turned to the subject of their settlement in Argentina. This was discussed at length, and the visitor gathered that his hosts had always hoped for a war between their adopted country and England. Over the Falkland Islands, the *Islas Malvinas*, of course. 'Filched from Argentina by perfidious Albion. But now their hopes were fading. "The President is an Englishman."

" 'I would hardly say that,' I couldn't help interrupting. 'It is true his great-great-grandfather came from Wales, but does that make him an Englishman?'

" 'A person can't trust him,' said Doodsiaan with finality."

It was not till 2007 that Quichua was able to realise his dream of a visit to darkest Africa. It was in March of that year that he landed in Capetown, and he sailed from Durban in December. The result was one of the classics of the literature of travel, *La Tierra Desconocida—Africa del Sur en el Siglo XXI*.

A few extracts from this book will give the reader as good a picture as can be obtained of the conditions in South Africa to-day.

Quichua had read copiously about the country before venturing to explore it, and was able to measure and account for the changes of the last half-century with great perspicacity.

The most useful approach to the problem was found to be through a comparison between the Republic and neighbouring countries, especially Swaziland, where Quichua spent some time. He found a startling contrast in conditions—this was no mere imperialist propaganda, as his hosts in Argentina had insisted, in their incredulity. If this contrast could be accounted for, the true meaning of the history of the Republic would be understood.

It will be as well to quote at length the writer's comparison between the material and social conditions of the third Republic and those of Swaziland, as well as his explanation of the difference.

"Perhaps the most depressing aspect of the life of the Republic is the very low standard of work and achievement with which most of the people are content. This is true of

all races and of most kinds of work. The newspapers are full of misprints. The trains never run to time. The manufactures of the country are notorious for their shoddy workmanship—crockery that falls to pieces after a short usage, clothing ditto, woodwork that warps, tins of jam full of foreign matter. Servants are liable to disappear for several days, and on their return are astonished and offended if the truancy is treated as a serious matter. A contract is regarded less as a sacred obligation than as an expression of the whims of the parties at the time they entered into it; the whim changes, and the contract is broken for reasons just as honourable as those which caused it to be made. An appointment is sometimes kept, but never punctually.

“In a hotel you must use the same bed-linen and towels as the last occupant—or the last six occupants—of your room. If the roof leaks, a basin is placed to catch the uninvited drops, and the problem is then regarded as solved. The menu offers you a wide choice of attractive dishes, but few of these will be actually served if asked for. In shop or restaurant you cannot buy what you want, but there is no anxiety to satisfy your desire in some other way; the waitress or attendant turns away after giving the stereotyped negative answer. If you use a car, you must drive it over corrugations, ruts or potholes. If you order a newspaper, it is not delivered till you have made many complaints; when you try to stop the delivery, it continues after you have gone to another address.

“The energy which is absent from all these activities is given with reckless abandon to the pursuits of the leisure hours. The fields are crowded with players, the sea with swimmers, and night clubs in every town with dancers turning night into glaring day. Such pursuits are honourable. Success in them is the avenue to fame.

“The same spirit pervades the world of intellect. A university degree, especially a doctor's degree, is much desired. It would be thought undemocratic for a Professor, puffed up perhaps with a sense of his own importance, to deny this boon to anyone who had attended a university, though in a perfunctory way, for the period required by the regulations for the degree. Thus you meet be-spectacled doctors who have never heard of Queen Elizabeth or the Hudson River; I will not speak of Pizarro and the Incas.

“Such being the spirit of the country, it is natural that

short and easy ways to riches are greatly desired. Some are respectable, such as financial manipulation, the promotion of bogus companies, gambling at the races or the buying of lottery tickets; others lower in public estimation, such as begging and thieving. Importunate beggars pester the traveller in every street.

"None of these things, however, is in itself as deplorable as the attitude of the people towards them. One would expect the people of such a country to be tortured by a sense of shame, of the desperate need of improvement. But no. Criticism is resented. Plausible excuses are found for the condition of the country. The foreigner who draws attention, however tactfully, to its backward state in comparison with other lands is thought a snob, a prig, an aristocrat. Hard work, and even the deference characteristic of good manners, are regarded as the badges of servility.

"A man of European descent who kindly drove me to his farm near Worcester had the assurance to ask me my impressions of the country. After admiring the beauty of the mountains, I referred delicately to the badness of the roads. He took some offence at this.

"'You must remember this is South Africa,' he said. 'These roads suit us very well. I hear that people overseas like fancy roads and like to drive very fast on them. Well, our roads are good enough for us!'

"Expressions like 'good enough', 'will do', 'not necessary' and 'not yet' come very easily to the lips of these people, whether white, brown or black.

"If the reader is tempted to regard these things as the reflection of some weak strain in the African race, he must remember, first, that they are found in the people of European and of Asiatic descent also. And he must observe how different is the case of Africans whose history has been different from that of their fellows in the Republic.

"The contrast is strikingly apparent to anyone who crosses the border from the Republic into the British colony of Swaziland. The crossing is made by road, for the railway links of the colony are all on the other side, with Kosi Bay and Lourenço Marques. In an antique bus belonging to the South African Railways the traveller passes from the Republic into Swaziland. Before reaching the border he has looked out upon country pleasing to the eye, but only so

where it is unspoilt by human occupation. The few farm-houses are dilapidated, the people in rags, the cultivated lands thick with weeds.

"Beyond the border you are in a different world. As you proceed, the country becomes more densely inhabited. The farms give evidence of careful husbandry. The farmhouses here usually consist of three or four circular *rondavels* of brick or stone, modelled upon the primitive huts of earlier times, but substantially built and connected together so as to form the rooms of a single house. Flower gardens, kitchen gardens and small orchards surround every house, as indications of the taste and comfort of the occupants.

"You arrive at Mbabane, the capital, a town of some 40,000 inhabitants. Everything here suggests efficiency, prosperity, civilisation. Trains arrive and depart on time. Officials, servants, clerks, teachers, shop assistants—in fact, workers of every kind—attend assiduously to their tasks and serve the public with courtesy and despatch. In short, the country is a civilised one."

The writer gives many more examples of the contrast between Swaziland and its big neighbour, and makes due allowance for the natural resources of the smaller country—its fertile soil, variety of climate, mineral resources, trade with Britain by way of Kosi Bay. Yet all these advantages were enjoyed by parts of the Republic also. He then ventures upon an explanation of the differences. In this he is helped by discussions with many of the prominent people he met in Swaziland and elsewhere; and especially with the Swazi Prime Minister, V. G. Sikutali.

"I enjoyed Mr. Sikutali's hospitality on several occasions. One evening, as he entertained a small party on the wide veranda of his official residence, he spoke to me at length of the curious phenomena which I have described in this chapter.

"Take," he said, "your point about work. You have noticed that the standards in the Republic are very low; in Swaziland they are, shall we say, somewhat higher. There is a very good reason for this. Under Bult's régime, and in fact for a long time before that, an African in that country had very little incentive to work. He might slave all his life for £5 or £6 a month, but however skilfully or willingly he

did his job he had no prospect of advancement. Colour-bar legislation put an absolute limit to his promotion. Can you wonder, then, that he preferred to do as little as possible? Work was not thought of as a means to satisfy an ambition; it was a burden imposed by his masters, something to be avoided if possible. The Europeans, on the other hand, regarded manual labour as "Kaffir work", and this contempt insensibly spread from one kind of labour to another, until all work came to be regarded as at best a necessary evil. The ruling race failed to impose the high standards of Europe on the Natives, because that would have raised them out of their humble position. The result was that the primitive standards of the backward people were ultimately accepted by the more advanced.'

"He said this with a great deal of feeling, and I supported his point by quoting the saying of the famous North American Negro Booker Washington, that 'You cannot keep a man under the water and not stay down there with him'.

"That is exactly what happened,' Mr. Sikutali agreed. 'In Swaziland we have been more fortunate. Avenues of promotion have always been open. Of course we are a very small country, but it has been possible for anyone of energy and ambition to attain a moderate degree of wealth and comfort and social estimation. That is why you see hard work and prosperity here, and lethargy and poverty across the border.'

"He might have added that there is no illiteracy in Swaziland, that one meets well-educated people in every section of the population, and that their connection with England has given them a wide outlook and a familiarity with world affairs which one seeks in vain among the people of the Republic.

"He did, in fact, point out that in the days of his grandfather the Swazis were much more backward than their neighbours; half a century of progress on one side, and of reaction on the other, have reversed the position."

Quichua regarded this question of work as fundamental to an understanding of the South African position. But there were other important elements in the situation, such as the traditions that had come down from the plutocrats of the Rand's golden age, causing people to be graded in society strictly on the basis of wealthy ostentation; such as the narrow isolationism

already referred to; and, above all, the conventions of republican politics, which Quichua explains in relation to their historical background.

"It is a truism of politics," he writes, "that democracy can exist only on a basis of mutual tolerance by the various parties in the State, of a general willingness to play the game according to rules, and of a wide measure of agreement on fundamental aims. These conditions are necessary not merely for effective self-government, but even for honest administration. But they have never been present in South African politics.

"The basic theme of that story is the determination of the dominant faction to carry out its own principles to their logical conclusion, by hook or by crook; and regardless of the feelings or interests of politically weaker sections.

"Take, for instance, the relations between the two sections of the white population during the second and third quarters of the last century. The Afrikaner nationalist section was the dominant one. When it was unable to force its will upon the country, it accepted a compromise with the other section; but it never did so in good faith. Thus there was the flag compromise of 1927; but when the opportunity arose, in 1958, the concession made to the British section in that compromise—the Union Jack—was withdrawn. In 1910 there was a language compromise, but the English language was deprived of official status in 1964.

"If the British people had reason to complain of this bad faith, how much more the Africans and other coloured races. In 1936 the Africans were deprived of their old franchise rights in the Cape Province, but were given in return a separate representation in both Houses of Parliament and in the Native Representative Council. In due course these rights also were abolished. Thus every concession made by the Nationalists was a mere temporising measure, which they intended from the first to withdraw as soon as they had the power to do so.

"Their opponents were acting in the English tradition, which treats a compromise as a final settlement embodying some of the claims of each side and becoming in time acceptable to both. Men working on this principle were unable successfully to resist a party whose spirit was absolu-

tist and totalitarian, like that of the Communists and others whom I need not name.

"The only remedy available to the people of English democratic tradition was to leave the country, and they adopted it. Those who remained came to accept as axiomatic the view that a Government in power looks after the interests of its members and its supporters by any and every means that may be necessary. The corollary of this is that for the Opposition any method of overthrowing the Government is legitimate.

"These are the fundamental reasons for the present political condition of the Republic. Violence, trickery, corruption, the exploitation of the public, the habit of regarding the people as the legitimate prey of the faction in power, hence the arrogance of every official down to the lowest—these are the inevitable fruits of such a plant."

By way of Zululand Quichua reached Durban, where he spent a few days in the December heat before departing from the country. The town struck him as an unhealthy one. It was infested with mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, lice, rats, snakes and other vermin, which the public authorities made no attempt to destroy because they had to regard the prejudices of the predominantly Hindu population. Malaria, which had formerly been unknown so far south, now took a large toll of the inhabitants every summer and autumn. Quichua fortified himself with the quinine of his own country and managed to get away from the place without suffering from fever.

These last observations of his seem now to have been prophetic of the great plague of 2010, which will be still fresh in the reader's memory, but of which it is necessary to give a short account in this closing chapter.

The infection seems to have reached South Africa in the Indian ship *Garhwal*, which docked at Durban on January 7, 2010. It is assumed that infected rats got to the shore by running down the hawsers. The condition of the town being what it was—rats and fleas, the carriers of the disease, were already a plague in themselves—the result may be regarded as inevitable.

Cases of plague in Durban began to be reported on January 16. It was soon evident that the disease had reached the proportions of an epidemic, and that the primitive medical services

of the town were unable to cope with it. The chiefdom panicked and fled in large numbers to the country, and to other towns, thus assisting the spread of infection.

Bulalazonke's first precautionary measure was to stop all communication between Natal and the rest of the country on January 31. Guards were posted at Volksrust, on the Drakensberg passes, on the Pongola and the Umzimkulu, and all traffic across these lines forbidden. Basutoland and Zululand also posted *cordons sanitaires* on the frontiers.

These measures may have had some temporary success, but they could not be effective for long. Rats and other rodents disregarded the regulations. Before the end of February cases of plague were reported from Standerton, Harrismith and Kokstad, as well as from several places in Zululand.

The doctors and hospitals of the Republic were too few and too ill equipped to deal with this emergency. But a noble response to South Africa's call came from the rest of the world. The people of many countries contributed their money for the purchase of medical supplies, which were brought to Durban and other centres by air. The International Red Cross and the Society of Friends organised medical missions.

The work of these devoted men and women had to be done under great difficulties. A large proportion of the people had less faith in them than in the *izangoma*. The latter prescribed remedies which were very widely resorted to. Into a mixture of the urine of red-and-white cows with blood from the hearts of jackals was stirred a powder ground from the dried bodies of locusts. The patient applied this to his swollen tongue and the painful buboes. His temperature was to be reduced by pouring cold water over him, or allowing him to lie in the bed of a stream.

Such competition was not the worst difficulty for the foreign doctors. The people they were dealing with lacked the most elementary sense of hygiene. Every dilapidated house and squalid hut was alive with fleas. Rodents scampered over the rafters and peered through holes in every building. Disinfectants were regarded by the people in much the same light as jackals' blood by the doctors: a white man's superstition. The system of drainage was haphazard in the towns and non-existent outside them. Why should South Africa slavishly imitate the methods of overseas?

The bodies of the dead could not be buried quickly enough. Houses were often seen in which the corpses of a whole family

hadst and totalys or weeks. Many of the dead lay about in the open om. In streams where they had sought relief from the mad fever.

As the disease spread over the country its advance was heralded by a wave of panic. People fled from the towns and thus brought what was left of industry and commerce to a standstill. Erautini—the once proud golden Johannesburg—was almost deserted. The offices of the central government were removed to Rustenburg, which was a small town and further removed from the source of danger. But that government now carried very little weight.

The local authorities everywhere took it upon themselves to ward off the evil spirits by any means, magical or rational, that occurred to them. In almost every case they tried to cut themselves off from the rest of the country by keeping strangers away. They were thus forced to fall back upon local resources of food, which were adequate in some parts and desperately short in others.

Nature remedied the shortage by cruel means: half the population had to die to restore the equilibrium. In some places the people were nearly wiped out. In others the death-rate was much below the average. The south-western part of the country was the least affected, Natal the most.

Basutoland, Zululand, Swaziland, Rhodesia and Mozambique all suffered, but the plague was kept within bounds in all of these by the more civilised conditions of life, by the hygienic habits of the people, the proper sanitation, the absence of the witch-doctors, and in some parts perhaps by climatic factors also.

In June it was apparent that the morbidity rate was falling everywhere, and by August the disease may be said to have worked itself out.

The desolation left by the plague was no more than the ultimate result of causes that, as we have seen, were operating before. This latest affliction merely accelerated a decline of which it was not the primary cause. Depopulation had begun as far back as 1955, and in 2010 brought the population, by a drastic reduction, down to a level appropriate to the meagre productivity of the country.

The Republic had begun to disintegrate after 1996, and this new experience completed its conversion to a primitive subsistence economy. Every locality now depends on its own resources. Lacking economic unity, the country tends towards

political chaos of the mediæval type, with chieftains exercising power and bandits preying upon strangers.

The railways have continued since 2010 to function and to give a semblance of unity to the Republic, and the local authorities are not all disloyal to the Government. President Bulalazonke's administration continues to wear the panoply of sovereignty in its refuge at Rustenburg. Yet the judgment of world opinion—that South Africa has reverted to its original state of savagery—cannot be said to be wide of the mark.

There are many people still living in the Republic whose memory takes them back to the period with which this history opened. How many of them, one wonders, are able to see the events of those sixty years as a logical series, every change the necessary consequence of those that had preceded it? How many, as they let their minds wander over the past, can remember the crossroads and signposts where their national ox-wagon took the wrong road though another road was available?

It is doubtful if many have any clear understanding of what has happened. The thoughts of most are probably well represented by the remarks which John Dudd, a man of European descent, and perhaps sixty years of age, made to Dr. Matterhorn of the Swiss Red Cross.

“We have been very unlucky, doctor. We have always had troubles in our country. When I was a boy it was the Jingoos—you know they were unpatriotic people who never put South Africa first. But they left, and then everything ought to have been all right. We had a Republic and a good, firm government. Yet foreign countries didn't like us, they destroyed our gold mines and stirred up a rebellion. After that they invaded the country and we had to change our government.

“So we thought: perhaps it's for the best, a Native government may not be so bad. We shook hands with Natives and Coloureds and we said ‘You are South Africans too, let's all work together for our country’. But, doctor, those people started killing one another. That sort of government is no good. Now you hear people say ‘Bult was right, the Kaffirs ought to be kept down’. But no one dares to say that openly.

“If only we had been left alone, we could have been a happy country, but we have always had interference from overseas. Foreigners ought to stay in their own countries

and mind their own business—of course I don't mean you, doctor. All because of England and other foreign countries we have had poverty, rebellion, war, famine and plague. Nothing has been spared us. What have we done to deserve this? Why have we had to suffer this? Why?"

GLOSSARY OF AFRIKAANS, DUTCH AND BANTU WORDS

- Abelungu*, white people.
Achterbuurten, slums.
Alles sal regkom, everything will come right.
Bafasi, women (vocative form).
Blaauwberg, blue mountain; name of a range of hills north of Capetown, and of another west of the Zoutpansberg.
Braaiuleisaand, roast meat evening; a customary open-air celebration round a camp fire.
Broederbond, League of brothers; a semi-secret Nationalist organisation.
Bulalaxonne, kill-all.
Bult, a low ridge; a part of Potchefstroom called by this name is a favourite residential area of the local professors.
Deurde Vryheidsoorlog, third freedom war. The first and second were those of 1880-1 and 1899-1902.
Die Boere bo! Up the Boers! or, The Boers forever!
Dongas, gullies formed by erosion.
Doodslaan, strike-dead.
Draadsnyder, wire-cutter.
Duitsland is klaar om te help, Germany is prepared to help.
Eikeboom, oak tree.
Engelsgesind, pro-English or English-minded.
Funamali, want-money.
Geelhout, yellow-wood, an indigenous tree.
Gevang, caught, captured.
Goud is tog iets werd, gold is worth something after all.
Groot Gebeurtenisse, Great Events.
Handsopper, hands-upper; a term of contempt for Boers who surrendered in the war of 1899-1902.
Heregrag (Dutch *Heerengracht*). Gentlemen's Canal; the former name of Adderley Street.
Hoerskool, high school.
Hoogte, heights (the reference is to Roberts Heights or Voortrekkerhoogte, the site of the South African Military College).
Horingbril, horn spectacles.
Impi, a Zulu regiment.
Isangoma, witch-doctors.
Jukskei, yoke span (crossbar of the ox's yoke); hence the name of a popular game played with these, and which has patriotic associations).
Kafferboetie, Kaffir-buddy; contemptuous nickname for a liberal.
Kappie, bonnet.
Kaya, native hut (in kitchen Kaffir; strictly *ekaya* is Zulu for *at home*).
Kraalmuur, kraal wall; symbolically, the restricted horizon of an isolationist.
Kwaaiman, angry man.
Langstoep, long verandah.
Leëdam, empty dam.
Lewe en Strewe, life and struggle.
Magersfontein, site of a Boer victory in 1899.
Mampara, fool.
Mfundisi, teacher.
Middag, ou Boet, Good afternoon, old fellow.
Moenie handsop nie!, Don't hands-up!
Mokopu, pumpkin.
Môre is nog 'n dag, to-morrow is another day (proverbial excuse for procrastination).
Muni (from *umuntu*, person), contemptuous nickname for Native in Rhodesia and elsewhere).
Nasionale Huisagentskap, National House Agency.
Neef Brit, Cousin Briton, a friendly nickname, as *Rouwek* is the unfriendly one.
Netwerk, network (also means *only work*).

Nietskei.
Oom Sa,
 below,
Opstokerij, stove
Ossewabra, wag (a
 ox-wagon fire-v
 Nationalist organisation.
Oudstryder, ex-serviceman, veteran,
 especially of the Anglo-Boer War.
Pad van Swid-Afrika, road or path of
 South Africa; symbolically, the
 course of the nation in the past and
 future.
Pampiri, paper.
Plateland, countryside.
Poort, a pass between hills.
Reddingsdaadbond, saving-deed-league,
 a Nationalist organisation to pro-
 mote the economic development of
 Afrikaners.
Roerkogel, musket ball.
Rooinek, red-neck; contemptuous
 nickname for Englishmen.
Sap (from S.A.P., South African
 Party), the predecessor of the United
 Party), nickname for United Party
 supporter. Its counterpart is *Nat*.
Seshoekburg, Hexagon town. The
 reference is to the plan of Queens-
 town.
Sikutali, industrious person.
Skepsels, creatures; the term com-
 monly applied to Natives in Afri-
 kaans, instead of *mense*, people.
Slaan die Rooies! Strike the Reds!
Slagter's Nek, site of execution of Boer
 rebels in 1816.
Smalspoor, narrow gauge.
Spitskop, a pointed hill.

Stormjaers, storm tro
Strydspanne, battle t
Suidersiem, Southern
Table Moor, pers.
 eams.
 6. Voice.
 gaintain.

Twak (literally tobacco, or 'baccy'),
 rubbish, nonsense (of the written or
 spoken word).
Tywala, Kaffir beer.
Uitheimse, foreign.
Uitlanders, foreigners.
Uitspan, outspan, halting place for a
 wagon.
Van de Strand, of the shore.
Vat jou goed en trek, the translation
 occurs in the lines of a popular
 song: *Vat jou goed en trek*,
 Ferreira (Take your t'ings and go!).
Verneuk, cheat.
Vierkleur, four-colour, the old Trans-
 vaal flag.
Vir oulaas, for the last time (with a
 wistful suggestion of *for auld lang*
syne).
Voertsek (sometimes written *voetsak*),
 command to a dog to go away,
 equivalent to *scram* or *va-t'en!*
Volksleier, people's leader, *Führer*.
Volksvreemde, nationally alien.
Voorlaaier, muzzle-loader.
Vrede en Veiligheid, peace and safety.
Waalstraat, Wale Street, the street in
 Capetown in which the provincial
 administrative offices are situated.
Woltoonkuil, Wool-toe-pool; *Wol-*
toon is a nickname for a country-
 man of the Cape Province.
Zegelman, stamp-man.