



PHILIP KGOSANA

I ARRIVED back in Cape Town on January 9, 1960, my mind full of the approaching campaign — and was shocked to find that the Cape regional Executive had adjourned until the 20th. Adjournment at such a momentous time . . . it was unthinkable!

But on the 17th there was a public meeting called by the branch at the Nyanga sports ground, to discuss Bantu Education and the Group Areas Act. It was at this meeting that the Anti-Pass Campaign was announced for the first time to the public. An historic moment!

Meanwhile, annoyance at the activities of the Regional Executive was boiling up. The conference on January 24 got off to a bad start. The regional chairman was absent, and the vice-chairman had to take over. He called on me to report on the Johannesburg conference. I refused, on the grounds that my report should first be considered by the Regional Executive and, in any case, the request had come to me as a surprise.

Someone proposed a vote of no confidence in the Regional Executive; it was carried unanimously, and the whole committee resigned. New elections were immediately held. Mr. C. Mahoti was our new chairman, Mr. G. Ndlovu was vice-chairman, Mr. K. Noboza was treasurer. For the important post as Regional Secretary the conference chose a young and impetuous University student named Philip Kgosana.

I was impressed by my new job in the party. My region stretched from Cape Town as far north as Beaufort West and as far east as George — an area of about 100,000 square miles. And it was my job to organise that area. With the Anti-Pass campaign pending, the responsibility was almost overwhelming.

That night I realised I had come to the crossroads. If I were to do my duty to my party and my people, it would mean that I would have to neglect my university career. I told myself: "I will abandon my studies. That way, only I suffer; my party work is for the good of humanity."

I threw myself into my work of organising living branches, and found my efforts were rewarded. Despite A.N.C. opposition, Worcester was a triumph for us — but it took me four visits and many meetings.

"HOW I ORGANISED

30,000

Everyone in South Africa is agog with the news that Philip Kgosana has escaped and has passed through Ghana on his journey. Before he disappeared, he told DRUM all his exciting life story. Last month he wrote of his struggle to become a student, of days without food, of study without books, and of the political vision that fired him. In this instalment he tells how he soared like a rocket to lead the Pan-Africanists in the most dramatic crisis this country has ever witnessed.

In February 1960 we had distinguished guests — Mr. Mangaliso Robert Sobukwe, Mr. Potlako Leballo, Mr. Howard Ngcobo and Mr. Selby Ngandane, all of the national executive. We took them sightseeing, and at the same time I worked late at night in preparation for a big meeting at Kensington on February 14.

It was a great day. Everybody was now talking about the launching of the anti-pass campaign — "siya launcha" as the Xhosas said. The square was filled to capacity, and the crowd hummed in anticipation of hearing "Luthuli's rival," as most people called Mr. Sobukwe.

The meeting opened with a fiery prayer by Mr. Noboza, who appealed to the spirits of Makana, Hintza and Moshoeshe to join us in our struggle.

Potlako's fiery speech

Everyone felt the electricity as Mr. Potlako Leballo, National Secretary, climbed on the platform and waved his pipe in the air. His powerful voice rang out in Sesotho: "Ke Potlako wa bo Leballo o go thweng oa bona lefatshe ea glna le thopilwe ka badischabo." (This is Potlako of the Leballos, of whom it is said 'hold your shield lightly, your father's land has been looted by the foreigners'.")

A roar went up as Mr. Leballo captured the crowd. He said: "For the first time in the history of South Africa a political organisation has come up with an alternative government — a government of the Africans for the Africans. Under the banner of African nationalism, we say Africa will be free in 1963, from the Cape to Cairo, from Morocco to Madagascar."

After this strong meat, the national chairman, Mr. Robert Sobukwe, captured the crowd with calm reasoning. He outlined the P.A.C. plan for its anti-pass campaign. He gave the slogan: "No bail, no defence, no fine."

This was the plan: On a day still to be decided, all men would leave their passes at home and, under P.A.C. leadership, would march to the police stations to give themselves up. If they were not arrested, they would go home and not go to work until our demands were met. The President's last words were: "Save food, save money."

THE PASS CAMPAIGN: MY EXCITING LIFE"—PART II by PHILIP KGOSANA

OBEYED ME AS ONE MAN

After the meeting, there followed a period of intensive organisation. The national working committee finally decided the date of action — March 21. To me fell the great honour of making the announcement in the Cape. I did so in these words, to 5,000 people in Bhunga Square on Sunday, March 20:

"Sons and daughters of the soil, tomorrow we launch our positive decisive action against the pass laws. At exactly 7 a.m. we launch. Oh yes, we launch — there is no doubt about it!"

The atmosphere was charged with emotion and I, too, became affected. "How long shall we rot physically, spiritually and morally emaPlangeni? (This is the male quarters at Langa, notorious for disease). How long shall we starve amidst plenty in our fatherland?"

How long shall we be a rightless, voteless and voiceless majority in our fatherland?

"This is the choice before us: We are either slaves or free men." I went on to quote from Mr. Sobukwe's final instructions: "The only people who will benefit from violence are the police and the government . . . We are fighting for the noblest cause on earth — the liberation of mankind."

At the end of my speech, I dashed from Nyanga West to address another meeting. The whole of the township was there. As I spoke, some women were overpowered by emotion, and wept openly. From there I went to Nyanga East, but there I could not speak long. At each of the three meetings, the massive crowd poured their hearts out when I led them in singing "Unzima Lomthwalo

Ufuna Madoda" ("This burden is heavy, it needs men.")

The police had followed me from meeting to meeting. I slipped away and did not go home. It would have been a tragedy for me to be arrested *before* the campaign, and have to hear about others launching it. So I hid. At midnight, the church bells started to peal. I went out into the open and shouted "Izwe Lethu! i-Afrika!" a new era was being born. At 2 a.m. I went to sleep.

When dawn broke, it was raining — a good sign, for in Xhosa custom, when rain falls on the day of an event, the people say God has shown His consent. As early as 4.30 a.m. there were 4,000 men in a crowd at the Langa New Flats. I moved from group to group,

PLEASE TURN OVER



THE CROWD HE HAD TO HANDLE

Excitement and jubilation shines on the faces of the crowd that gathered in the Cape. They were marching without passes on March 21st. Soon they were stopped by armed police. Everything then depended on the control Kgosana had over them. He prevented violence and bloodshed single-handed.

“WOMEN SANG AND DANCED IN THE STREETS, SHOUTING ‘IZWE LETHU’ ”

telling them that we would lead them at seven to the Langa police station. There were shouts of “Izwe Lethu!” and the crowd was visibly swelling. By 6 a.m. it had grown to about 10,000 excited men.

Then the police came — in one private car, a riot wagon and about five “nylons” (Land Rovers). They lined up, batons in hand, facing the crowd. The atmosphere was tense. I dashed towards the police, and we met at a point about 10 yards from the crowd.

I said: “Gentlemen, if you wish to say anything to this crowd, please do so through us, their leaders.” (Four other executive members had come up with me.) “We are gathered here to surrender ourselves for arrest for being without our reference books.”

A man with a thin bald head asked my name. I told him.

“What are you?”

“I am the regional secretary of the Pan Africanist Congress in the Western Cape.”

“What are your demands?”

“We demand the total abolition of the pass laws, and a minimum wage of £8 3s. 4d. for every African worker.”

‘We are marching...’

My questioner grinned at me, and put away his notebook. He said: “You delivered a sensible speech yesterday.” I learned later that this was Detective Head Constable Sauerman, but there was another man there whom I took to be a senior officer.

“I said to him: “Sir, we are marching to the police station to surrender ourselves.”

His eyes burned hatred at me. He said: “If you attempt to march, then we will defend the police station to the last drop of our blood.”

I said: “Thanks for the warning. Now we will not march. But from now on we will not go to work.”

We wanted to see what was happening elsewhere. We drove by car to Nyanga West, and found some women there holding a public meeting. While the meeting was still going, we saw a long line of men returning from Philippi police station.

We passed on to Nyanga East, and found the same excitement. Women sang and danced in the street, shouting “Izwe Lethu!” At Philippi, we found thousands of men busy handing in their names. They had made it quite clear that they rejected passes.

We drove back. At Langa police station it was obvious that the police had been reinforced. Two Saracens were ready. I asked the people not to crowd too close to the police station lest the police baton charge or shoot them.

At Mr. Shuba’s house we listened to the 1 p.m. news. The announcement came through that over 40 people had been shot dead at Sharpeville.

Poked the bees

Then we went through to Cape Town to see some of our men who had been arrested. At the “Contact” office, Mr. Patrick Duncan was excited about the campaign. He said: “You have poked the bees, but now you must be very careful. Anything can happen tonight.” Prophetic words!

In the train going home we read the paper. Our campaign was in the headlines. The train was due to reach Langa at 6 p.m., which meant I would be a little late for the New Flats meeting. As we emerged from the Langa subway, I saw soldiers with sten guns lining the fence.

Suddenly I heard a volley of shots. I stopped as though a thunderbolt had hit me. Another volley, then another, and the crackle of isolated shots. I felt a great sorrow and confusion. What could have happened?

I ran towards the shooting. I met a woman who had been hit in the arm. Her hand was swollen and she wore no shoes. She walked very fast. I asked anxiously: “Hei, Mama, what happened?”

“Police, my son, police . . . We were sitting quietly, and they fell on us with batons.” She walked away, very fast.

Again a volley rang out — koko, koko, koko, koko, thu-khu, thu-khu. And another volley. I felt that every bullet was felling a man. Ra ta ta ta ta, thu-khu. Oh, our people are being finished! I felt like crying. I felt like bursting. I was panting with frightened anger. I cut through the fleeing crowd, as the shooting stopped. I called out: “What happened? How many have been killed?”

Someone yelled back: “Eleven.”

Then I saw Mr. Ndlovu’s sister-in-law. “Sisi, how many are dead?”

“Only one, I think. The Saracens are firing high, but I saw a bleeding man being taken into Block B.”

I felt relief . . . But there was still a commotion going on. People cut electric wires, pulled down poles, set a telephone booth, the permit office and the general administration buildings on fire.

Suddenly, Mr. Makwetu appeared from Block B. He told me the police had ordered the crowd to disperse in three minutes. He had argued that the time was not enough; while he was still arguing, a cop hit him on the head with a baton, and firing broke out.

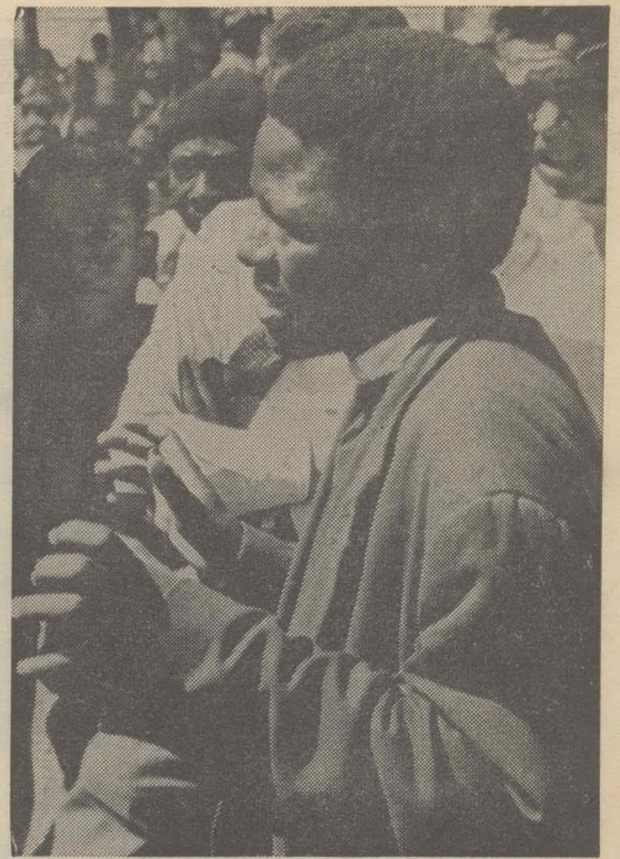
At 9 p.m. we stopped the car and listened to the radio. We heard the news that over 60 had been killed at Sharpeville, and about 140 injured . . . Our riot was also mentioned. As we entered Langa, we were stopped. There were two Saracens and a fire engine at the entrance. Torches flashed in our faces. “Is julle Kongresmense?”

Mr. Shuba replied: “Nee, my baas. Ons is nie Kongresmense — ons is van die werk af.” They let us pass.

I hid in the grass

The next day the police were driving people towards the railway station. We, too, were caught up in the pursuit. We hid in a nearby yard, but the police flushed us out. We scattered and ran with the police after us. I managed to jump over a fence and dived into some tall grass behind an old fowl run. The police searched in vain for me for some time. A woman saw me, and told me to lie quietly there.

When the police left, I entered the woman’s house. She made me tea and told me about the boy who had delivered a moving speech on the previous Sunday at Bhungu. “That child . . . and he said he was only 21 years old and



DESPERATE APPEAL

He appealed to police to see the Minister of Justice

Sotho-speaking,” said the woman, with affection.

“Do you know the boy, Mama?” I asked.

“Not to recognise him,” she replied, “but I hear his name is Kgosana.”

Her daughter brought me another cup of tea. I thanked her in Sesotho, and I smiled. The mother was surprised at my use of that language, and asked for my name.

Still smiling, I said: “Kgosana. Philip Kgosana.”

‘You are brave’

“And it is you? Goodness, my son, you are brave,” she said, passionately. “Where are your parents? Where are you from?” I told her all about myself, and she asked me to use her home as my own. I was drowsy then, and she gave me permission to sleep.

I woke at 1 p.m. At the corner of Jungle Walk and Merriman Street, I met Messrs. Makwetu, Qasana, Nxelewa and Sokanyise, and we had a chat for a while. A little later that day I heard that the police were hunting for all of us. In fact, there was a great round-up. One hundred of the most prominent men had been arrested.

The next day, Friday, March 25, we decided to march on Caledon Square to demand the release of our comrades. Mr. Makwetu, Mr. Nxelewa, Mr. Ndlovu and I led a crowd of 2,000, which rapidly swelled to 5,000 after 30 minutes. When we reached Caledon Square alarms went off, and doors were banged and bolted.

Colonel Terblanche and Captain van der Westhuizen emerged from the building. The Captain, the head of the security branch, did not waste a second. He ran straight at me, twisted my wrist behind me, and hustled me into the police station. Mr. Makwetu and Mr. Ndlovu tried to follow me, but were prevented.

I was locked in a room with Det. Sgt. Sibuta, who tried to argue with me about reference books. In the middle of the argument, Sibuta looked through the window and whistled with surprise. I looked, too, and was taken aback at the multitude of people

PLEASE TURN OVER

'I was arrested in a nation-wide round-up'

outside. Barrack Street was full to overflowing, and people were still pouring in.

After half an hour, I was taken downstairs and found Mr. Malevetu and others talking to General Rademeyer. Mr. Patrick Duncan was also there. We were told that we would not be arrested, but would be summoned to appear before a court of law. We were released. The excited supporters outside carried me shoulder-high from Caledon Square to Langa.

On Sunday came the news that Chief Luthuli had burnt his pass, and proclaimed March 28 as a day of mourning for Sharpeville and Langa. People were asked not to go to work that day — and that is how we found so many A.N.C. men at the funeral of our dead. They came with us, and we all sang "Aphi na Majoni?" ("Where is the soldier?").

Then we learned that there was to be a nation-wide round-up of African political leaders. Early on Wednesday morning Messrs. Nxelewa, Makwetu, Shuba and others were arrested.

I was ill again through my disease. I went to the doctor that morning for medical treatment. Then I started laying plans with Mr. Madibongo that we should surrender the next day with the whole of the Cape Peninsula — a mammoth plan. But while I was still lying down and thinking things over, someone called me to come and look at Washington Street.

There was a long line of marching men. A child told me they were going to Caledon Square. Why? Nobody knew. I ran very fast to reach the head of the procession. An American reporter gave me a lift in his jeep, and we caught up just as the procession passed the Athlone-Pinelands railway line.

The men told me they were on their way to protest because the police had assaulted some of them at Langa New Flats that morning. I suggested that our objective should be not the police, but the Minister of Justice, Mr. Erasmus. They agreed, and placed themselves under my leadership.

When we reached Mowbray station, many thousands who had been travelling by bus and train joined us in our march. I decided we would go by way of De Waal Drive, so as not to block the traffic on the main road. At Groote Schuur we stopped to wait for stragglers, while I addressed the crowd. I told the men that without complete discipline, there would be chaos. I warned them to obey my commands implicitly.

We marched on. When we reached the corner of Buitenkant Street and Roeland Street, we were met by Detective Head Constable Sauerma. He shook hands with me, and we talked. He suggested we go to Caledon Square, where some officials might arrange an appointment for us with the minister. Eventually, I agreed.

"What now, Kgosana?"

At Caledon Square, Colonel Terblanche was waiting. "What's wrong now, Kgosana?" he asked.

I told him the march had occurred spontaneously because the police had assaulted people in their homes, and that we insisted on meeting the Minister of Justice.

Colonel Terblanche agreed to fix up the appointment, and asked me to come to Caledon Square at 5 p.m. to confirm the arrangement. In the meantime he asked that the men return home peacefully.

I gave the command, and the 30,000 demonstrators turned as one man and made their way home. Together with other leaders, I remained in town, waiting for the appointment.

At 5.30 we entered Caledon Square. Captain van der Westhuizen was there to meet us. He said: "The Minister is not interested in seeing you. A state of emergency has been declared, and the country now operates under a new law altogether. You are all immediately under arrest."

NEXT MONTH

Philip Kgosana tells of his imprisonment, his trial, and the events leading to the announcement of his dramatic escape.

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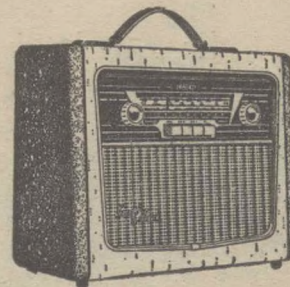
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THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY It looks a picture of peace and prosperity, of dwellings clustering in wooded valleys. But closer to, it is a stinking slum. It is Cato Manor, where the tragedy took place.

THE longest murder trial in South Africa has ended. Ten people have been sentenced to death. Eight others — five of them juveniles — were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from five to fifteen years. They were found guilty of murdering nine policemen — four white and five African — who were butchered and battered to death in the notorious slum of Cato Manor.

During the trial, Cato Manor found itself put on a slab, prodded at, poked at, sworn at, and sympathised with. All its secrets — its grim determination to survive, its gaiety, its sorrows and the feelings of some of its chil-

dren — were laid bare in the eyes of a curious world. A strange assortment of people were called upon to talk about the filth and grime, the tightly-packed houses, and the potbellied children of Cato Manor.

Soon after the murders were committed, the police made a spectacular pre-dawn raid on Cato Manor's Shumville and gathered the entire population — men, women and children — for questioning.

Seventy people were arrested on suspicion of murder at first. This included seven women and a coloured youth. During the hearing some of the accused were discharged, while others were arrested. At times, people in the

THE GRIM OF CATO

At last DRUM is able to publish the grim and horrible pictures of the tragedy of Cato Manor. G. R. Naidoo tells the tale of the longest murder trial in the history of South Africa, from the day of the riot when four white and five African policemen were murdered, to the day the Judge sentenced ten of their attackers to death.

public gallery were arrested when identified by some witnesses. After one of the courtroom arrests, Attorney Arenstein quipped: "If this goes on any further, Sir, there won't be a public gallery left."

There were tight security precautions during the hearing and the subsequent trial. Some armed policemen sat in the well of the court while others sat idly outside with revolvers in their holsters.

The courtroom itself presented a sombre scene. Tight-lipped policemen watched the variety of exhibits that were placed on a table in front of the court.

There were blood

PLEASE TURN OVER



THE NIGHT OF THE TERROR The night after the killings police made a raid on the area; hundreds were arrested and screened by detectives. One man of the many waiting to see what will happen.



These three (husband, wife and baby on his mother's back) were among those held for questioning on Cato Manor's night of terror.

TRAGEDY MANOR

THE JUDGE ON CATO MANOR:

"The court finds as a fact that Cato Manor is a slum consisting for the most part of closely packed corrugated iron shacks. Important improvements have been made in the past nine years and considerable sums have been spent on tarred roads, street lighting, an adequate supply of pure water, ablution blocks . . . The fact remains that Cato Manor is still a smelly unhygienic over-crowded shack-town." — Mr. Justice James



TWO HELPLESS SUFFERERS

These women wept at the funeral of their husbands. Some were wives of the policemen, others relatives of people who had been shot by chance. Theirs was the burden of sorrow.



POLICE BURY THEIR COMRADES

Grim-faced policemen carry the coffins of their murdered colleagues shortly after the Cato Manor riots. They were mourning the dead, and reflecting on the dangers of their job. It was just an ordinary liquor raid that sparked off the riot. Bad housing conditions and poverty provided fuel for the explosion.

THE BLACKEST SPOT IN CATO MANOR



THE ROOM IN WHICH CONSTABLE NZUZA'S BODY WAS FOUND

splattered clothing of the dead men, stones, sticks and a weird assortment of arms which the Crown alleged were used in the attack on the police.

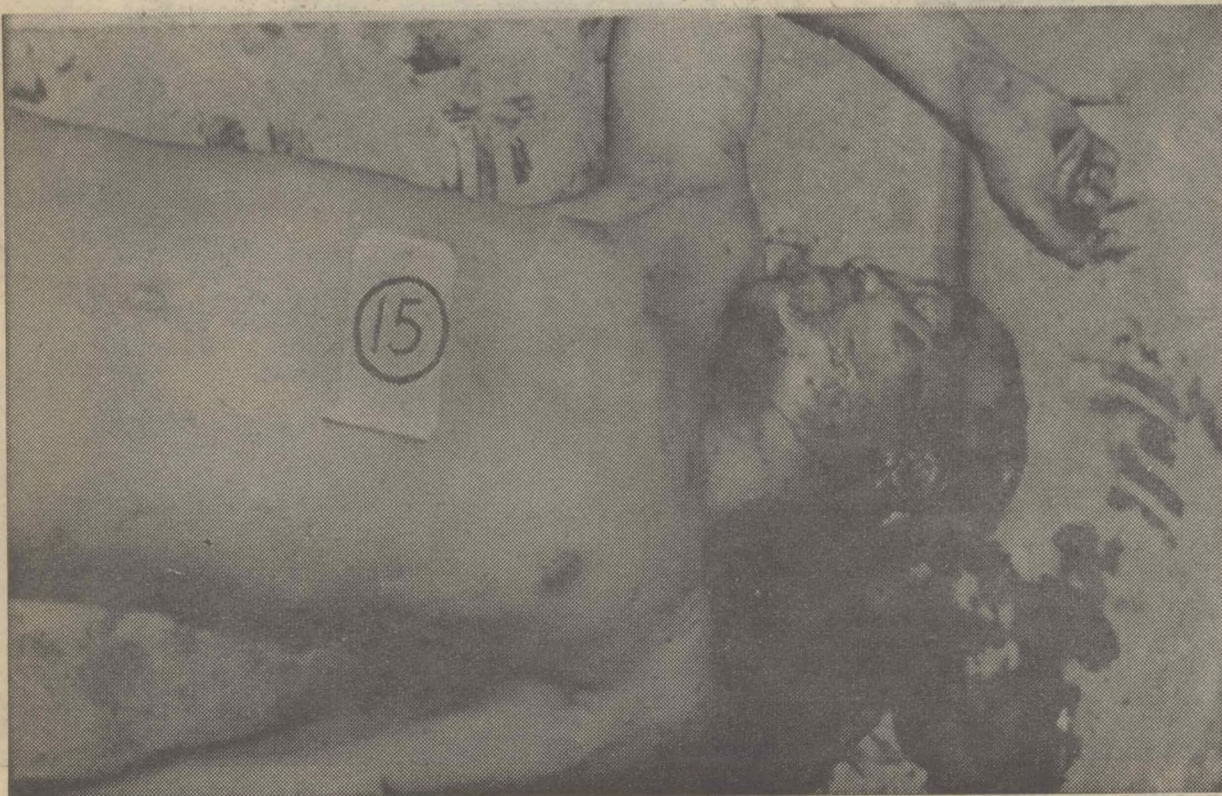
In one corner of the long horseshoe was a recording machine and several microphones were in court to record every word uttered by magistrate, counsel, witnesses and accused. In the well of the court on long hard benches sat the accused with numbered tags round their necks.

On the first day of the hearing, the magistrate, Mr. van der Spuy, warned members of the public present in court that should there be any demonstration or disturbance as a result of their presence, the court would be cleared of all members of the public and appropriate steps would be taken against demonstrators if necessary.

The Attorney-General seconded one of his top men, Mr. Cecil Rees, to handle the case for the Crown. The defence for part of the hearing was handled by Attorneys R. I. Arenstein and V. J. Matthews. In the middle of the hearing, the State of Emergency was declared. Both Mr. Arenstein and Mr. Matthews were detained, but later released on a court application. Soon after their release and before they were re-arrested, they "disappeared."

At the end of the preparatory examination twenty-eight people, including six juveniles, were committed to trial.

The trial in the Supreme Court began in August. Mr. Justice James with two assessors constituted the court. The defence team consisted of Mr. R. N. Leon, Q.C., and Advocates H. E. Mall, R. B. Brink and A. M. Wilson. For



CONSTABLE NZUZA WAS FOUND LYING IN HIS OWN BLOOD. MURDERED



THE UGLY SCENE WHERE MOST OF THE POLICE WERE KILLED

the Crown were Messrs. Cecil Rees and P. W. Thirion.

The actual incident that sparked off the murders was related by Constable Biyela, a member of the police liquor-raiding party, which went into the slum on the tragic day of January 24, 1960.

"When I saw the crowd I went to them. They were standing inside a wire-fenced enclosure. As I went through some people standing at the gate of the enclosure, I accidentally trampled on the foot of a woman. I apologised. As a result of this, she became hysterical and started shouting. As I left the enclosure she continued to shout and I apologised again. Outside I saw some youngsters standing on a bank up the road. They were throwing stones at the police and I chased them away."

"I turned around and saw the woman throw something and then saw her pick up a stone and throw it. She was calling out 'Mayibuye iAfrica!' and was hysterically calling to the others to strike and kill the police. They then

PLEASE TURN OVER



This was the grimy slum-spot where at least three policemen met their death. In doorway 15 the body of Constable Nzuzza was found. Next door, in 16, Constable Rheeders had collapsed unconscious. He survived the attack. Outside at 17, Constable Dhludhla was found and a few feet further away was Sergeant Bhulalo, 18, both were battered to death.



THE BODY OF SGT. BHULALO (LEFT) FOUND AT KWA TICKEY NEAR CONSTABLE DHLUDHLA (RIGHT)

Knocked unconscious, but he escaped

collected into a group and moved down the roads towards us. We moved on and more stones were thrown at us."

"We were faced by a large crowd of people. A shower of stones like rain came down upon us. We could see no other way to escape, so we ran into some corporation buildings known as Kwa Tickey and entered the huts there. We had to take refuge from the stones that were being thrown at us. An alarm was raised outside by the crowd and they shouted that the police were inside the huts.

"Suddenly there was a thunderous noise and the doors in the front of our hut and the windows at the back were smashed in. Stones came in at us from two directions.

"I was struck on the head by a stone and it felled me. I was stunned and from then on I did not know much about what was happening. When I came to I realised what the position was and fled."

Attack on child

But a young girl, who was also called to give evidence for the Crown, had a somewhat different story. She said that she saw Constable Biyela and a white cop whom she did not know, approach an old man and a young child watching the commotion.

"Biyela brandished a stick at the old man while the white constable started hitting the child with a sjambok. The child tried to run away, but the policeman chased him, hitting him several times until the child fell."

She agreed, however, that even if the child had not been struck at the time, the crowd would have attacked the police, as the mob had already started advancing.

A few days before Biyela's evidence, the court adjourned to Cato Manor for an inspection in loco. The court, which included the accused, judge and assessors, defence and Crown counsel, was escorted by a force of heavily-armed cops and a Saracen. As the Judge and his party moved around the Kwa Tickey area — the area of the killings — the crowd suspiciously eyed the sten-gun armed policemen.

Practically the whole of Cato Manor knew of the police party within minutes after it arrived at the scene. Groups of residents stood outside their shacks looking on silently.

Another African constable, Constable Gumedede, described the finding of some of the bodies of his colleagues.

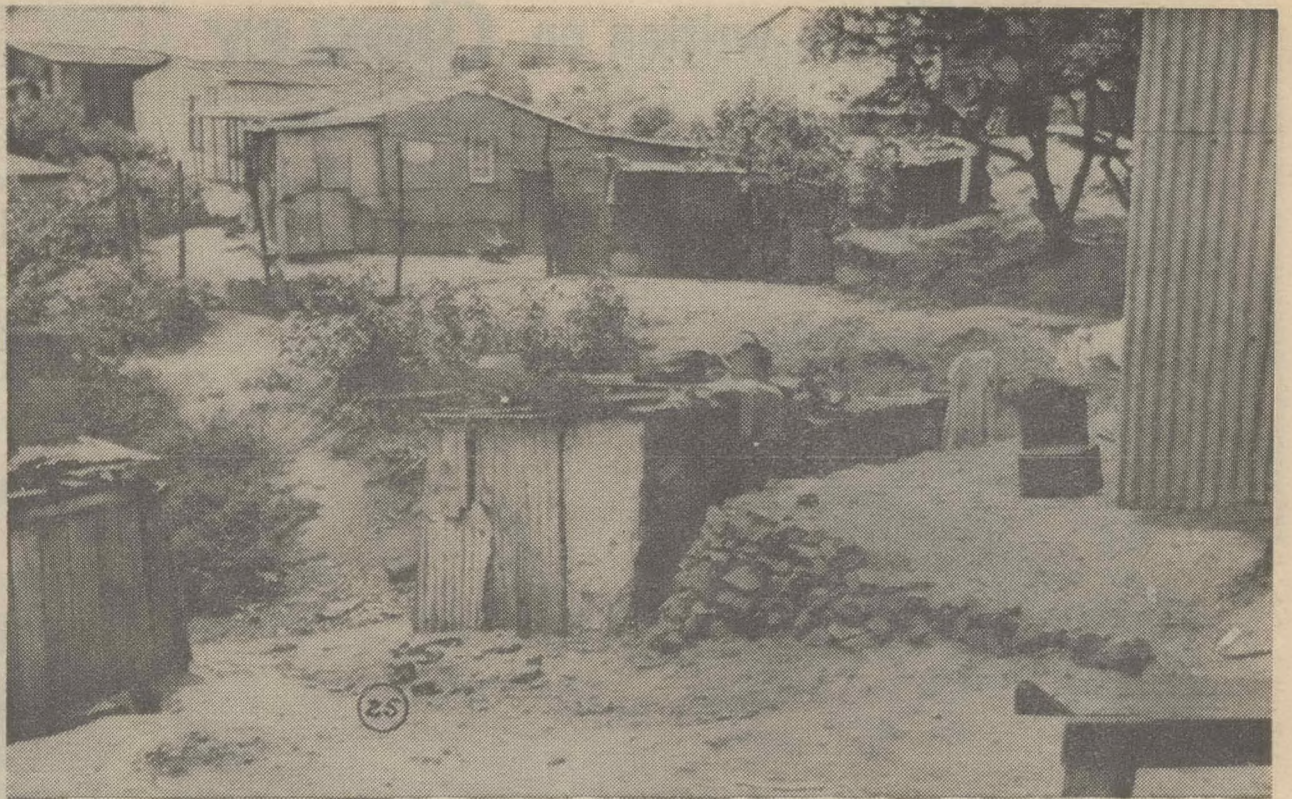
Battered Bodies

Constable Gumedede was one of a force of police led under the command of Major "Jerry" van der Merwe to retrieve the bodies of the dead men. The first body found was that of Constable Jeza. Near the body was a pile of rocks, iron and stones. The face of the dead man was badly battered.

Constable Jeza's body was found on the road to Kwa Tickey and at Kwa Tickey itself two more bodies of the dead men were found. They were those of Constables Nzuza and Dhludhla. Nearby was the body of Sergeant Buhlalo, the only senior member of the party who was murdered.

Lower down the road from the pile of black bodies was the body of white Constable Kriel. Near his body was that of Constable Kunneke. The body of Constable Joubert was lying in a slight hollow and that of Constable Mtetwa was lying behind a cottage.

Every ear in the public gallery was strained when Major Jerry van der Merwe



WHERE A WHITE COP WAS FOUND

In this grimy slum-scene, the body of a white constable was found at the spot marked "25." He, too, was brutally murdered by the mob when it ran wild at Cato Manor.

gave evidence. Major van der Merwe is one of the few cops who often goes into Cato Manor completely unarmed.

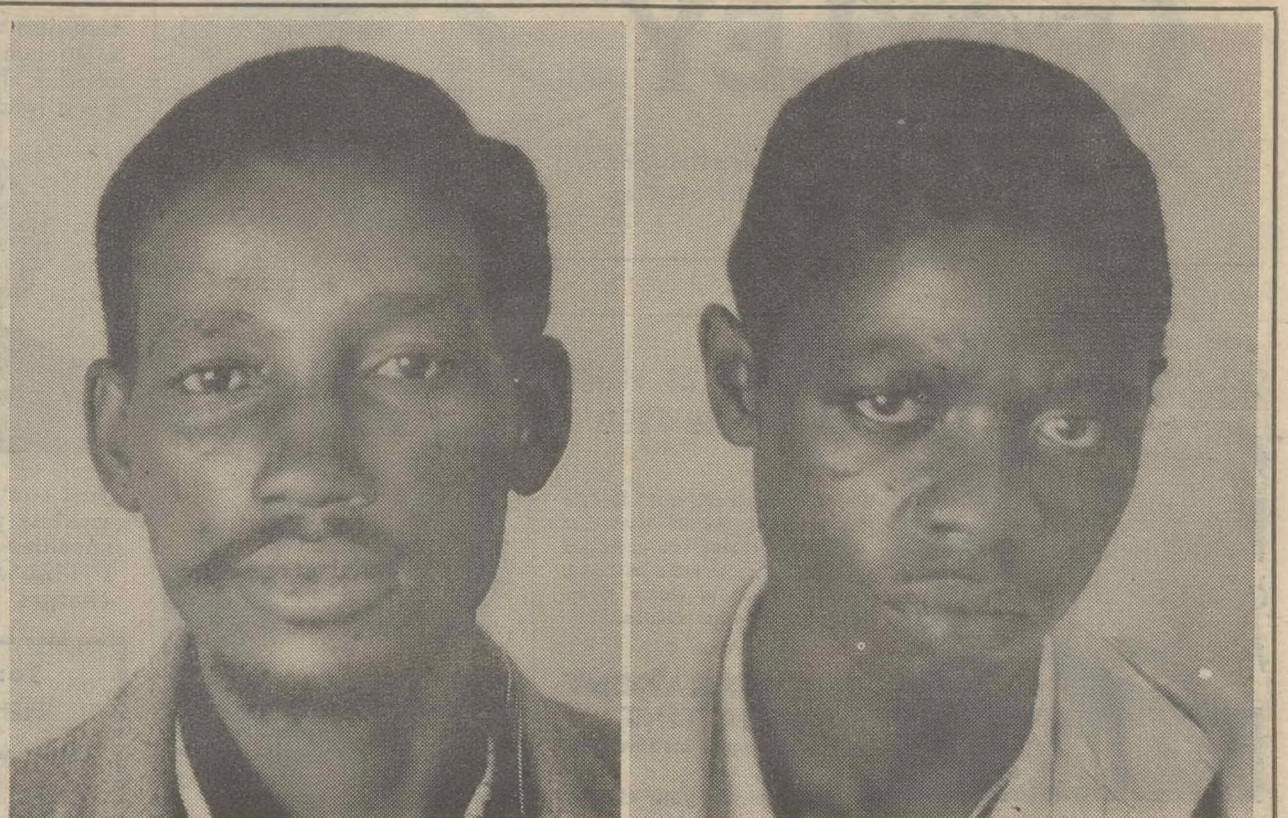
The Major told the court how his party had found the bodies of the dead men, together with those that were wounded in the battle of Cato Manor. Under cross-examination by the astute and quiet senior counsel for the defence, Mr. Leon, Major van der Merwe said that there were frequent police raids in the area and these often took place daily. The raids included liquor and pass raids. He said that it was possible that young policemen had not always behaved themselves in a responsible manner.

Under further cross-examination, the Major

said that he had heard of policemen, both white and black, drinking at shebeens inside and outside of Cato Manor. Some of the inhabitants of Cato Manor, said the Major, had complained that policemen who drank at shebeens were less likely to raid those shebeens. He agreed that there was a lot of ill-feeling towards those policemen who did not behave themselves. It was possible, but not general practice, for policemen to go into the homes without any regard for the feelings of the people of Cato Manor.

When questioned by the Judge, the Major said that liquor raids were necessary in Cato Manor and that in ten days he had had to destroy 123,000 gallons of shimiyané.

PLEASE TURN OVER



TWO WHO WERE NOT GUILTY

Joseph Ndhlovu (left) was the last man to be arrested and the last to be acquitted. His nephew was sentenced to ten years in prison. Ephraim Ngcobo (right) was another who was found "not guilty."

'We just started felling the police indiscriminately'

One witness said an accused man had told him: "We hit Constable Dhludhla and left him lying dead with his tongue hanging out. We then struck the European sergeant on his head with a pick and left him dead on the ground. We continued to strike out at the police and when we got to Constable Jeza we hit him on the chest with a cane knife and left him dead on the ground. We just started felling the police indiscriminately and when we were finished with them, we left them to the womenfolk, who got in and finished them off."

Another witness said that a white policeman who was being chased by the mob, shouted: "Africa, forgive us." But the mob paid no heed to his pleadings. An African policeman had his stomach ripped open. His body was hit by everybody passing. They asked, as they hit the body: "Is the dog dead?"

Constable Nsomi, another survivor of the raiding party, said that when the mob started attacking, they screamed "Africa" and "Kill the Dutchmen." The women were chanting the old Zulu cry used by them to incite men to form an impi for an attack. Constable Msomi went into one of the rooms.

"One of the European constables was lying on the floor and I thought he was dead. I learnt later that the constable was the only European to survive the attack."

He told the court that during the fighting Constable Dhludhla was struck several times and died just outside the door of the hut. He also saw a white constable near the window collapse. Constable Nsomi escaped with his life by fighting his way out with a stick and shield.

Child as a witness

The Crown brought in a large number of witnesses and some of these included children. An eight-year-old lad who was barely able to see over the top of the witness box and speaking in a whisper, told the court what he had seen on the fatal evening at Cato Manor. The lad would have been saved the terrible experience of seeing men being murdered if he had not found that the door of his shack had been locked so that he could not get in.

He saw a man throttling a policeman and strike him with a stick. He saw another throw a brick at a white cop and yet another strike the policeman on the back.

The trial was a long and sustained one and feelings between Crown and defence counsel ran high at times.

A young woman, Tandi Ngcobo, relived in the court the few terrifying moments of her life when she was almost murdered because she remonstrated with an accused when he was assaulting a policeman.

The woman said that she heard a disturbance outside her house and saw a white constable being chased by a crowd. The policeman who was fleeing from the direction of Kwa Tickey, disappeared from sight in one of the valleys. Soon afterwards, she said, a second white constable appeared, also from the same area. He was being chased by a crowd and was crying out in distress.

"He ran past me and jumped over a ditch behind our cottage. The policeman stopped, raised his hands above his head and appealed to the crowd. One of the accused then stabbed the policeman. The policeman staggered forward and fell over backwards, flinging out his hands," she said.

Her stepfather, said the woman, stood over the cop and struck him on the forehead and down the cheek with a cane knife. People standing around were stoning the figure on the ground. When she remonstrated at one of the killings, an accused threatened her with a knife and said: "You love Europeans; you are a police prostitute."

One of the most surprising witnesses when the defence case opened, was Mr. C. N. Shum, a former superintendent of the Cato Manor Emergency Camp and now a district officer in the service of the Basutoland Government.

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