

have drifted off to sleep. But we wake up angered this morning and launched a huge complaint to the Warrant officer during his daily complaints/request round. He looked a bit startled.

So the day began sompily. But things got better. Our food orders arrived as we were beginning lunch. Great excitement and a huge relief. Andy + I got books + study materials from Janet + Lois + Chippy got running shoes. I've just had to take a break and to read some poems from a book I got today, stirring stuff! With inspiration, I do continue.

We dressed up in smart clothes today because it was the weekend, a suggestion from Chippy. Touch rugby is taking on some interesting proportions with our twice daily practice sessions. Mike R is by far the best and most serious player. He darts around the field + is untouchable. He also threatens people if they drop the ball. Andy + Chippy are also good players, and, while being serious, are open to new styles + rules. Mike E is the most intelligent player + is good on tactics + formulates some complex manoeuvres which usually outfox the opposition. His second forte, is the interception, grabbing the opponents ball and darting to the try line. Matthew is the most consistent player and is better at touching than catching. He is difficult to get around. I can only do two things: ① run fast in a straight line, with or without the ball + ② irritate Mike R through comments + unconventional manoeuvres. He calls ~~me~~ me the rabbit as I apparently resemble one. I am not too good at catching the ball or touching others. With our unusual combination of talents we do have some interesting games with some, I suspect, enjoying them more than others.

Andy and I have hit on a brilliant plan to communicate with the girls, we plan to send the following message, via outside, to

Good Hope: "To Pally, Phine + Felice. Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here with us. Our training + preparations for the comrades Marathon are going well. How about exchanging marriages for visits. Lots of love from Alastair, Andy, Matthew, Chippy, Mike + Mike."

Weekend, so lashed up in our cells at 3 pm. A bit depressing. Such a nice day outside.

Just noticed that the box in which pencils come in, is called Liberty (trade mark of pencils!)

Sun 14) Day of Rest

Mon 15) Day started off as usual. Breakfast. Cards. Exercise, playing touch rugby. Then we were called to the Doctor. Again nothing unusual. Mike R. had been to see him earlier on in the morning about his sprained ankle. After waiting for him to arrive, he asked us all if we had any complaints. We were then weighed. Most of us had put on weight, myself 2 kgs. The Captain arrived and handed back our letters we had given to be posted earlier. Mallew protested. The Captain continued saying we must now return us library books. We clicked. We were to be released! Great joy + jubilation and shouting down the passages on the way to our cells, causing some warders to feel upset. Back in our cells, lunch + packing. Ready to go. Taken up to the Reception where W/O Lesterburien + W/O Morris were waiting for us. The men from branch. Then the long + laborious process of being checked out of prison, thumb prints, money returned (we had made a profit due to the kindness of our support groups) and signatures. W/O Lesterburien shut the door and told us that we were to be charged under the emergency regulations for making subversive statements, that we would

be taken back to Caledon Square + charged, that we would be kept there until our court appearance on Wednesday, tomorrow being the 16<sup>th</sup>.

Our spirits burned + extinguished as we realised that we would not be released immediately. Gone were our plans for a reunion at T5 tonight. Instead we were bundled into the back of a yellow police truck and reversed into the yellow woman's section of Pallmore. After waiting for a while, out came the girls. It was nice to see them again and we shouted out our section of the truck as they were locked into another section. Off we went to Caledon Square, singing + shouting. Once there, into the charge office where we were reunited as we filled in forms. Our spirits skidded, we exchanged notes and experiences. They all looked very well + sustained. After the all too brief reunion, we were split up again as we went to our cell.

It's absolutely appalling and disgusting. We are all in the cell which is about 2m x 4m. It is painted a black grey, with a concrete floor and graffitied walls with high windows that are grilled. It has a toilet in the corner which has no seat + a single tap above the toilet. The stink as does the whole cell. Mike R. poured a bottle of egg shampoo into the loo to try + clean it. It didn't help. Apart from the revolting toilet there is a concrete bench in the one corner. That's it. We have 1 inch cover type "mattress" and dirty flea on lice infested blankets. Ah, this is more like it. This is what detention should be like! We all felt despondent. In our section there is one person who is to be charged for theft of TV sets + another who has escaped from Valkenburg. The TV set man has been here for a week. The purpose of the cells is to hold people who have been charged + are awaiting a court sentence. We are sure branch

deliberately brought us here, knowing that tomorrow is a holiday + that we would have to stay here under the unpleasant circumstances.

One by one we were taken down to an office where more forms were filled out. The exact specification of the charge was read out + we refused to make or sign statements. We had finger prints taken again. Back to the cell. They had promised us a phone call each, but then said that it was not necessary as they had already been in contact with our lawyers. We insisted were granted our request. We all managed to phone different people + asked them to arrange bail + bring us food. The food they gave us is absolutely inedible. Pallsmore, in all ways particularly food, is a five star establishment. One constable said that no food would be allowed, but we get indications that it might arrive. We await, hungrily, in anticipation for some supper. We do not look forward to tomorrow with relish.

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