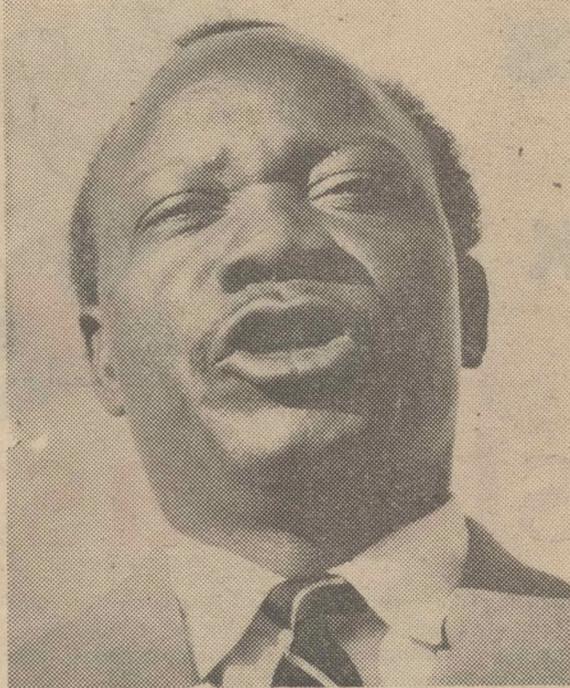


36.7.8

HARRY NKUMBULA - ONLY TOP A.N.C. LEADER STILL AT LIBERTY FROM CONGO TO CAPE - TALKS TO DRUM...

"I WANT BLACK RULE"

The President of the Northern Rhodesia A.N.C., Harry Nkumbula, is involved in a fierce dispute with his own officers. Here he gives his views.



HARRY NKUMBULA, one of the few African National Congress leaders from the Congo border to the Cape who is not either locked up or banished, is back on the warpath. And there is a message for everyone — black and white — who predicted that the authorities' tough handling of African nationalists like Dr. Hastings Banda would make Nkumbula take it easy from now on.

"There will be no lasting peace in Central Africa until Africans rule themselves," he says

So far as his own country of Northern Rhodesia is concerned, Nkumbula, who was elected to parliament for the first time in February, makes no bones about how he wants things. His target is a Ghana-style government.

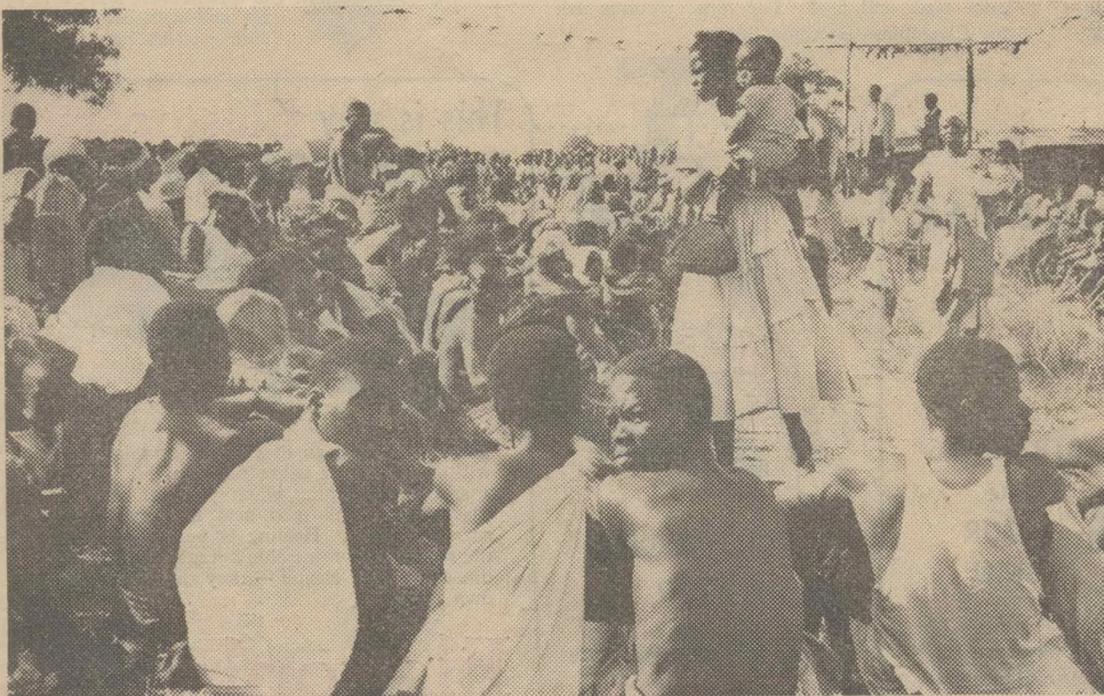
"Anything less is a betrayal," he says.

"We will never accept a multi-racial government. Europeans can come here and develop the country for their own pockets and there can be multi-racial schools, multi-racial hospitals and multi-racial ballrooms. But the destiny of the country must be exclusively the right of the Africans."

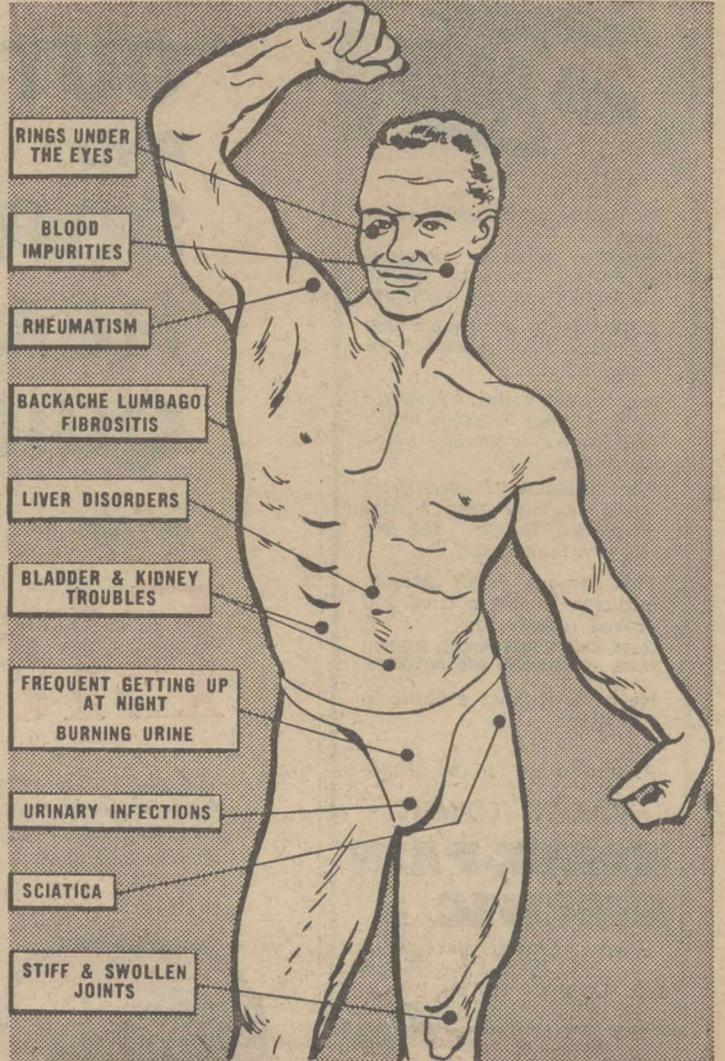
Nkumbula, national president of the A.N.C. in Rhodesia, also told DRUM the dramatic inside story of his split with his chief lieutenant, Kenneth Kaunda, who formed a breakaway movement of rebel Congressmen and called it the Zambia Congress. Now it's banned, with Kaunda and his henchmen banished or behind bars.

"There was never any difference between Kaunda and me on policy."

PLEASE TURN OVER



He's a big attraction with the crowds, Nkumbula. The men are all there when he holds a political meeting. The women too, with their babies if necessary.



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A petition calling for Black Government is carried like a coffin before being presented to the Governor of Northern Rhodesia.

'They tried to kick me out'

"No. The split was a personal thing. Kaunda was hungry for power. He wanted to be top-dog. He was out to get my job; and left-wingers in Britain and his clique of supporters inside Congress egged him on. They said I had had my time and he should take over the presidency.

"He went to India, without Congress authority, and stayed for a long time without even writing to head office. But I know he was still plotting against me. There was a constant flow of correspondence between him and the plotters.

"Things came to a head during the Freedom Conference at Accra. Kaunda and Hastings Banda joined hands to remove me from the international political scene. They canvassed ministers and other delegates. The showdown came at Christianborg Castle, in front of Ghana Premier Kwame Nkrumah himself. Kaunda accused me of allowing federationists to use the Congress platform."

When the emergencies were declared in the Federation in March, the Governor of Northern Rhodesia broadcast that the reason why Nkumbula hadn't been rounded up — like the rest of the Congress leaders in neighbouring Nyasaland and Southern Rhodesia — was because he had walked out of Accra, rather than join in the attacks on Europeans made there.

Nkumbula, however, says that the Governor's statement was completely inaccurate. "I never walked out of Accra." The Governor had made him look like a "political stooge." It was a misleading statement.

Ask Nkumbula his views on the future, and he crashes his fist on the table and says: "I see nothing but chaos and pandemonium. Clouds of peril are hanging over us. Federation has failed, and the quicker it is broken up the better for everyone.

"The African Congresses of Nyasaland and Southern Rhodesia have been banned as well as Zambia. Now my Congress is all that is left as the rallying point for the aspirations of 8,000,000 Africans."

But Nkumbula knows that talk is not likely to get him very far. In a country where one false step could land him behind bars with his old friends, he knows he must go carefully. He hopes he can get results by constitutional means — though the first thing he wants to do is tear up the present constitution.

"It's loaded to keep power in white hands. It's rotten," he says.

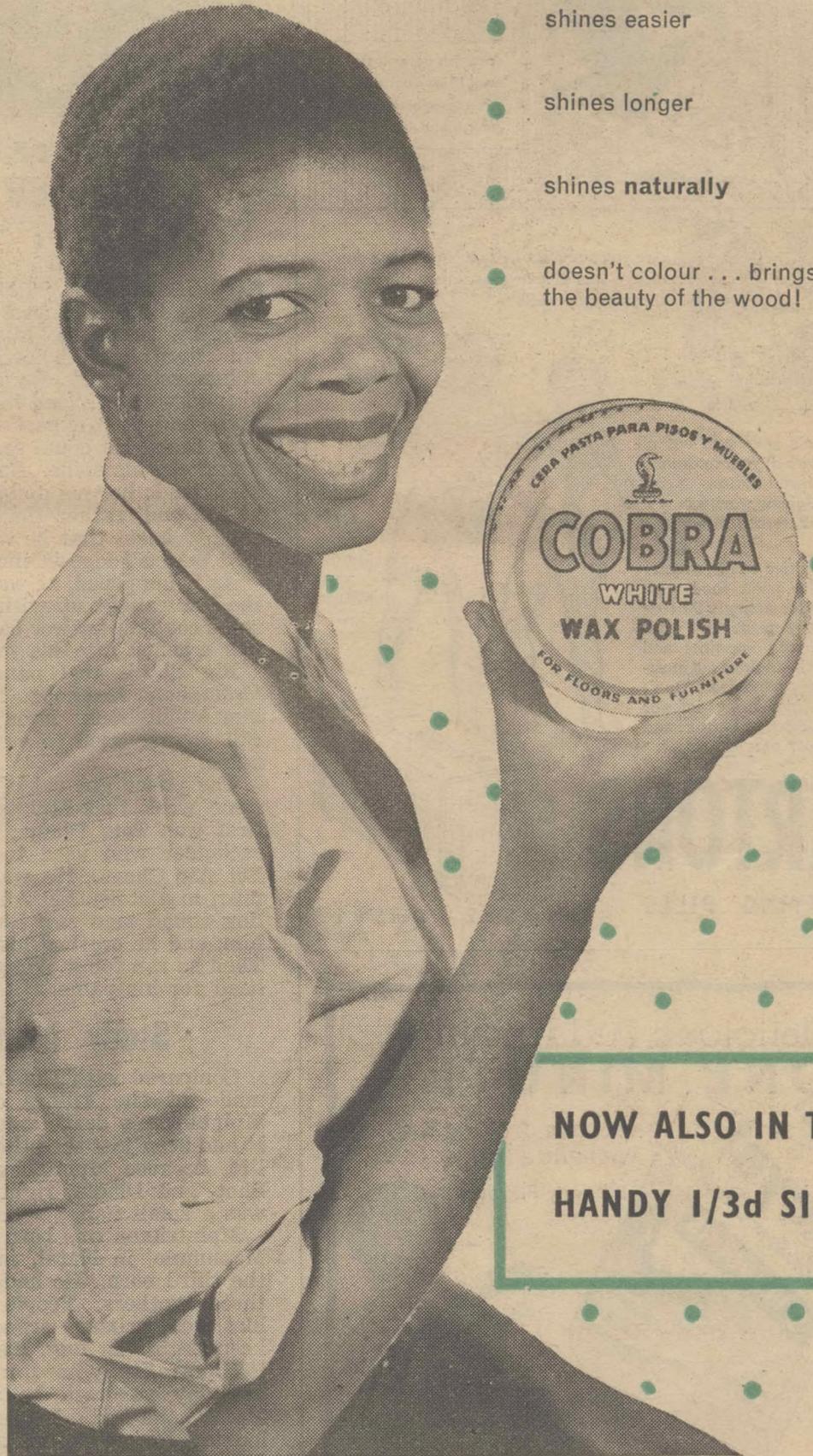
With his associates, he has been preparing arguments on why the Federation should be broken and votes granted to everyone. His goal is a black — all-black — government. "That's our first and last word," he says. "There will be no compromise."

use

COBRA

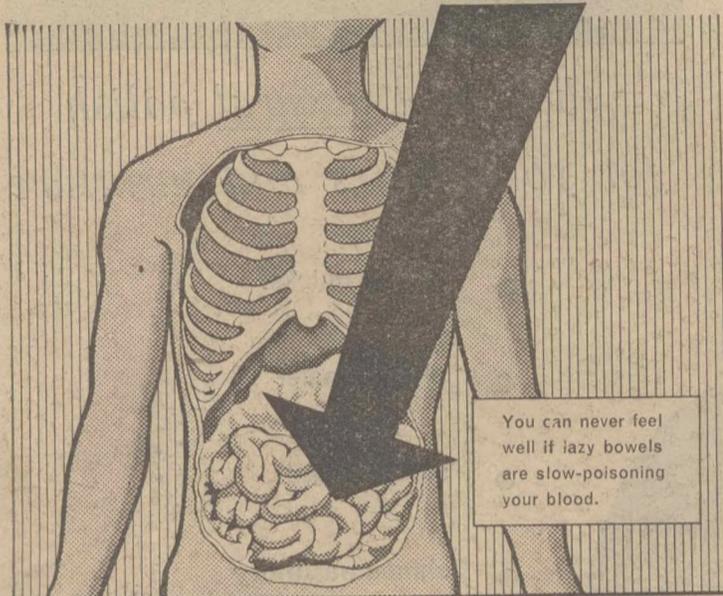
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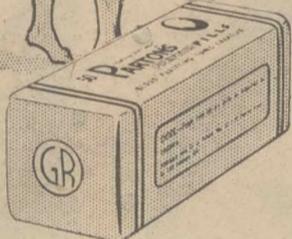


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Life story of Mpintshana Makhoba

DEATH OF A GANG



PORTRAIT OF
A BIG SHOT

This is him on the left. Everybody called him Mpintshana. With him is Blessing Mgadi, his cousin, who was with him the day he was shot by the police.

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY of a Big Shot who was killed in the end by the cops, like a dog. Black detectives shot him down dead in Jabavu, Johannesburg, the day he was travelling around with a friend in a stolen car.

He had been expecting the end for a long time. He could feel the heat tingling down his spine. But he always told his friends he was going to shoot it out at the end, rather than go to jail. He used to boast that he would rather face God than a Judge in the Supreme Court.

As it happened, he was unarmed when the law caught up with him in Jabavu, so he couldn't answer back when the bullets crashed into his brain.

Big Shot's real name was Kenneth Mpintshana Makhoba. Everybody called him Mpintshana. Even Detective Chief Bill Joyner used to curse him by that name.

The police got rid of two crooks the same week that Mpintshana died. The first was Tom Dladla. He was a pass racketeer who used to fancy two-tone Bel Air Chevs. He was riding around town in a stolen Bel Air the day patrolling squad men saw him. They chased him, and he crashed his car into a pole. Then he ran for it. He got bullets in his head for his pains.

'Study hard, my son'

Compared with the fuss some papers made of the killing of Tom Dladla, Mpintshana's death was a quiet affair. It had been just the other way around in life, because Mpintshana was the Big Shot, and Dladla, right up to his end, was a small fish.

Mpintshana was born a bright boy, in Mapumulo, in Natal, in 1928. He was the third born. He had two sisters and three brothers. People who remember him from primary school say he had a keen brain. In fact, his father used to tell him: Study hard, my son, and then one day you will be a teacher. But Mpintshana had different ideas. He was looking for adventure and he came to Johannesburg in 1946.

Almost immediately he found himself in trouble. He took part in a robbery,

and he was arrested. He was sent to the Diepkloof Reformatory for a year. When he came out he got a job tending horses at the Johannesburg Turf Club. But tending horses was a dull job for someone who had plans to be a Big Shot.

He tried his hand at robbery again, and he was caught again. It was six months in jail for him this time. And while he was locked up his girl friend, who was a domestic servant, walked off with his clothes. She had gone to Cape Town by the time he came out.

He learns the 'technique'

Mpintshana went to stay with his uncle in Orlando's Mlamlankunzi. He watched the small gangs in Orlando at work. They used to leave for town at night to steal from houses and firms. Mpintshana joined up with these gangsters, and he learnt the technique.

The bigger fish in the gang world noticed him, and one gang sent him an invitation to go along with them on a job in Kimberley. He agreed to go with them.

There were three of them, including Mpintshana. Their target was a building in Kimberley. They were on their way out of the building when patrolling policemen saw them. The police fired and Mpintshana collected three bullets in one leg. His two companions helped him into the car, and they got away. The luck that smiled on Mpintshana so warmly through his life was smiling on him then.

At Standerton the other gangsters dropped Mpintshana at the hospital. It seems that no questions were asked about the bullet wounds.

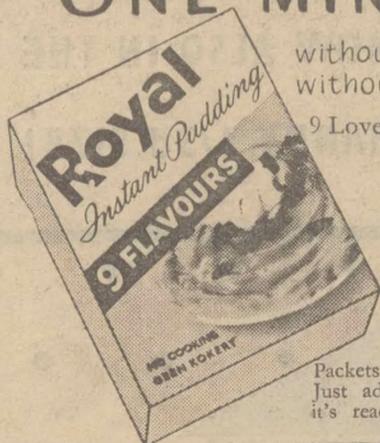
Mpintshana recovered quickly. Soon he left hospital. But always afterwards he used to limp as he walked. People could always point him out by that limp.

So we come to 1955. It was New Year's Eve, and two gangs were interested in breaking into Millew's, at the corner of Joubert and Fox Streets, in Johannesburg. Mpintshana and a friend decided to cash in. Drinks were bought, and Mpintshana and his friend sat drink-

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FROM ONE OF THE PORTS OF GHANA COMES JANET MENSAH, THE GIRL WITH THE SULTRY SMILE

One of the pretties who brighten the twin harbour town of Takoradi-Sekondi. During the day she sells shoes in the shopping centre. But when she is at home she likes to grace the place in her undies. No shoes. Nice and informal. But still a lady of charm.

WHEN it comes to the question of beautiful women, most guys like to think their particular doll is way up in the first league. Sometimes they're right, sometimes they're not, but it's no good arguing about it, not unless you're spoiling for a fight or have a couple of hours to waste. It's the same with dorpiers, towns and countries. Each one claiming that its girls have got that extra something that puts them apart.

Like when our cameraman went strolling around the main streets of Ghana. "Want to see something really good? Then just open your eyes." That's what one fel-

low told him. "You'll have to go a long way to beat our girls, hey!"

Well, this cameraman of ours doesn't like arguing, especially when he sees the other fellow has a strong case. Of course, he took a few pictures, to give readers a chance to judge for themselves. That's democracy.

When our Beauty Editor saw the pictures, he nearly fell off his secretary's lap. "Clear two pages for the girls of Ghana," he shouted. And what the Beauty Editor says around these parts goes. So here they are, some of the lovely girls of West Africa.

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WHERE DO

How white are the whites? And and what difference does colour first of a series, Miss M. Jeffreys mixed marriages, and of the



CAPT. OLOF BERGH
Distinguished Cape citizen, and founder of a famous family. His wife was a coloured slave.



BEAUTIFUL SLAVE
This girl, from Abyssinia, was typical of some of the slaves imported into the Cape settlement.

"MISCEGENATION," the term applied to the mating of two persons of different races, is to-day a crime. But in fact it has been going on in South Africa ever since the Europeans arrived here. For a large part of that time mixed marriages received official and religious approval.

The reasons were largely social and economic. First, the absence of European women; second, the expense of keeping a European woman and finally, the fact that most European women, after a short interval, returned to Europe, refusing to live in the arduous conditions of the Cape.

In Van Riebeeck's little band of about 60, there were not 10 women. The extra men had to manage as best they could. The dangers of his men fighting for Hottentot women must often have troubled the Commander. On the whole the Hottentot women were of easy virtue, and no doubt they were amenable.

One Hottentot girl taken under the wing of Mrs. van Riebeeck was taught the domestic arts, baptised, and married to the sick comforter, Pieter van Meerhof. She understood little of what marriage meant, and during fits of homesickness, would clothe herself in sheepskin and run away to her relations.

Slave women imported

In the end she took to drink, and was confined on Robben Island, where eventually she died. Her husband and his children were transferred to a station in the East, and we know nothing more of them.

Thus the first mixed marriage in South Africa came to a bad end. The partners were ill-yoked and it would have been remarkable had it been otherwise.

It was not, however, the Hottentots with whom most of the early, and more successful, mixed marriages were made, but imported slave-women. In South Africa, the Company — which had sent out the early settlers — soon possessed both slaves and a slave lodge, a building recently declared a National Monument. This building — since altered and added to — not only housed the first slaves, but was also used as the first authorised brothel. In it was later established the first school (a school in which no apartheid was practised). Later still it became the Supreme Law Court, and the meeting place of the first Parliament.

In order to marry, these early slave woman had to be freed, and they had to become Christians. A sum of 50 Rixdollars (about £10) had to be paid into a special

COLOURED S COME FROM?

how coloured are coloureds — make, anyway? In this article, the tells of the early days of legal first coloured South Africans.



SIMON V.D. STEL
Rose to be first Governor of Cape. His grandmother was beautiful freed Javanese woman.



LADY BERTHA GREY
Picture of the Dowager Lady Grey. A coloured woman, she married an English lord at the Cape.

fund as a surety that the freed slave would not become a liability to the Poor Fund.

Most of these marriages of freed slave women to European men are registered in the Groote Kerk in Cape Town, the oldest church in South Africa.

Often marriage followed only after one or more children had been born. In that case, the children, by being present in the Church during the marriage, were made legitimate.

Van Riebeeck's problem was to get a small group of men to settle down as burghers at the Cape, to farm produce for sale to the Company, and to act as a bulwark against the roving and thieving Hottentots.

His successors in office found the lack of women a grave obstacle in persuading men to settle. Attempts to import orphan girls from Europe were not very successful, although a group arrived about the same time as the French Huguenots, in 1689. Less than a dozen, they were all married to burghers a few months after their arrival.

By this time the Colony had spread to the valley of Paarl and the sylvan retreat of Stellenbosch. Simon van der Stel, founder of this centre of present-day Afrikaner culture, was himself the grandson of a Javanese woman. He rose to be the first Governor at the Cape, and is even today honoured in this country.

By the end of the 17th Century, a generation had passed since the founding of the settlement. Sons and daughters of the first mixed unions were living both in town and country. If the registers of the Church are examined, an interesting fact comes to light. While the daughters of these unions mixed freely with the newly-imported, as well as the older white colonists, the sons took to their bosoms freed slave girls.

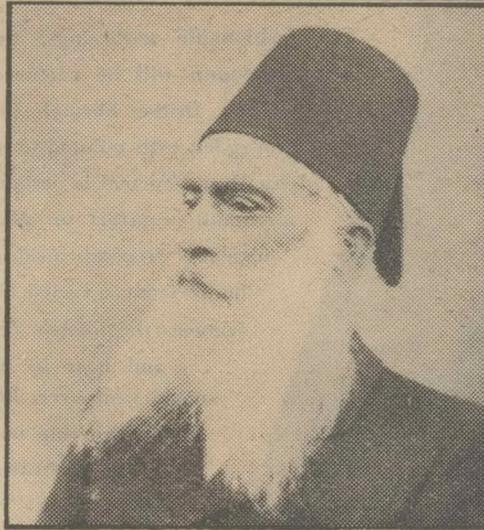
I refer now, of course, to the mixed marriages recorded in the Church Registers. As there were a proportion of about 12 per cent of such marriages annually, it will be appreciated that the admixture of colour to the European population was fairly high. In such a small settled community such an admixture quickly spreads.

There were fewer than 400 colonists all told, and cousins, second cousins, etcetera, intermarried, so that a strain of colour in one family would combine with a strain of colour in another. In fact, it is fairly safe to say that where any family has been in this country for more than two hundred years, the chance of having no infusion of colour is rather remote.

PLEASE TURN OVER

ONE FAMOUS COLOURED FAMILY

Here is the picture gallery of four of the ancestors of the Cape Town City Councillor, Mrs. Z. (Cissie) Gool. She says her varied racial ancestry has "infinitely enriched me." And a proud woman she is.



A. RACHMAN — INDIAN
Grandfather Abdul, Indian, married "prettiest girl in Cape."



K. DOLLI — MALAY
She was Khadija Dollie, lovely flower of the Malay community.



Dr. ABDURAHMAN married
Son of Abdul and Khadija. Became a famous politician.



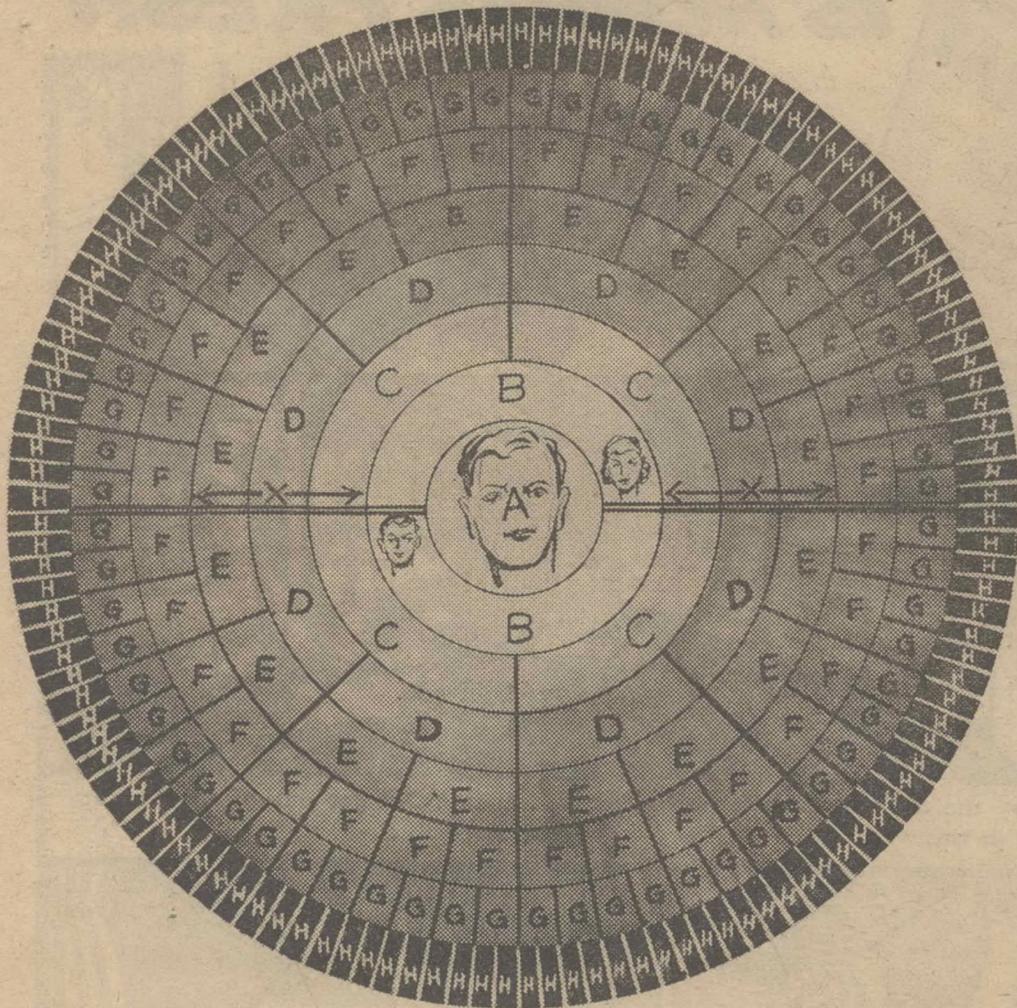
HELEN POTTER JAMES
She came from Glasgow, in Scotland. Wife of Abdurahman.

THEIR RENOWNED CAPE DESCENDANT:

Mrs. Z. (Cissie) Gool is the living descendant of these four people. She is a Cape Town City Councillor. Once she was asked: "Do you approve of mixing the races," and she replied at once: "Of course I do. I am the result of such mixing. If my father had not had the opportunity of meeting my mother, I would not be here today to answer that question!"



How whites and coloureds blended



THIS CHART HELPS SHOW THE ANCESTRY OF ONE LIVING SOUTH AFRICAN. HE IS IN CENTRE. CIRCLE "B" SHOWS HIS TWO PARENTS; CIRCLE "C" HIS 4 GRANDPARENTS. BY CIRCLE "H" — 7 GENERATIONS BACK — THERE ARE 128 ANCESTORS. 128 CHANCES THAT HIS BLOOD HAS BECOME MIXED.

To support this statement, examine the chart above. In the centre is a present-day South African. By drawing concentric circles round him, we can denote his successive generations of ancestors, working backwards and outwards. Circle "B" is divided into halves to indicate his parents. Each of these segments is again divided into halves in circle "C" to indicate his four grandparents.

In eight generations, we find the circle "H" divided into 128 segments, each of them denoting one progenitor, from any of whom a person born in South Africa may have inherited a touch of colour.

Allowing 25 years to a generation, this would bring us to the year 1759.

But what of all the families who were settled in South Africa before them? The vulnerable points at which a colour infusion could have taken place is doubled with each added 25 years. Particularly where the population is so small, the amount of intermarriage, the close relationships of different elements in a small community, the rise and the fall of prosperity and wealth — which might induce the more exclusive to marriage in a less exalted group — all played their part in the build-up of both the European and the Coloured population in South Africa.

The coloureds, in the more established groups, are not so far away from the whites as the whites might prefer to

believe. The Immorality Act, if it has done no other good, has proved beyond question that the physical attraction of the man and woman in both groups towards each other cannot be gainsaid by law. Hence the many unfortunate cases which have come to light.

Our lawmakers in the past, as well as our church fathers, preferred sanctioning marriage between the races to check illegitimacy and vice, and also to avoid the heavy cost of supporting the women and children of the men who left the country.

Let us take some of these old families and examine their origins. In so doing, some persons may feel hurt if they bear the names of the European progenitors. But it is obvious that what happened 200 to 300 years ago is not very serious today in the history of a family, and it should not be of much account to a man if he had an ancestor who was a slave, a Javanese, a Sinhalese, or a lady from Mocambique.

When we seek to trace the ancestry of the white South African we find few printed sources. The coloured and the African are not served at all, and while there are numerous volumes dealing with the history of African tribes, we have little genealogical information of any reliability. Although for some generations there have been highly-educated coloured men and women, none have done research into genealogical material about their own people.

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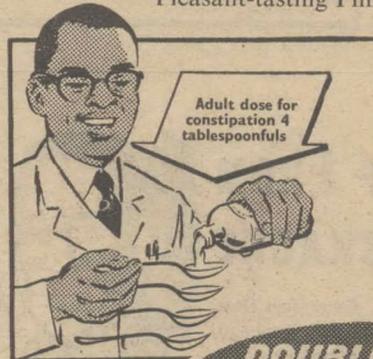
You can only feel really fit and happy if your stomach is healthy. If you are constipated, if you have sour acids or feel blown up with wind, you need a thorough cleaning-out. But never take harsh and violent laxatives which give you cramps and keep you on the 'run'. Doctors all over the world recommend gentle thorough DOUBLE-ACTION Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

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MNE/57/3



IN A SLAVE-YARD AND CAPE BROTHEL

This early engraving, reproduced through the courtesy of the Cape Archives, shows what a slave-yard looked like in the early days in the Cape. The slave-yard was also a brothel for the convenience of the whites. Many slaves were freed, baptised, and later married some of the early white settlers of South Africa.

The magnum opus on which most people depend for their information is a bulky three-volume register of old Cape families compiled by Mr. C. C. de Villiers, and completed after his death by Dr. G. McC. Theal, Colonial Historiographer. Some very interesting discrepancies occur in these volumes, whether by accident or deliberately, the reader must decide.

One branch of the Basson family, for instance, is given no female progenitor. The father arrived in this country in the 1660's. In marriage and other legal papers, his wife is referred to as Angela or Amelia van Bengalen. In plain English, she was "of Bengal," probably a freed slave, certainly not white. Now, this group of the Bassons were a very prolific family. Members of the clan must have invaded these insidious concentric circles of ancestors of a good many South Africans of today, carrying their touch of colour.

Well-known 'white' families

One of Angela's children, called Anna de Koningh, married Capt. Olof Bergh, of Gothenberg, progenitor of a highly-respected Cape family. Another daughter married into the Maasdorp family. A branch of the van Graan family had as progenitor Otto Ernst van Graan — but his wife's name is given as "unknown" in the family register. In his will in 1704 she is given as "Rebecca van de Caab." This means she was probably a freed slave, christened Rebecca, certainly a person of colour.

Her children married into a de Vries, a Beyer and other families with well-known South African names.

So numerous are the errors and omissions in the register of Cape families, that Dr. J. Hoge — for many years lecturer in German at the University of Stellenbosch — has compiled two volumes, one covering only German families, and the other covering generally all the errors or additions he thought should be recorded.

It is most unfortunate that the original compilers of such an important work could not face the truth — however much it might pain the individual — and set down facts as they really are.

I believe that people in South Africa are becoming increasingly weary of all the camouflage, deception and evasion in these questions of colour. The time has come when it would be better for us all to know exactly who and what we are, whichever side of the colour bar we happen to stand.

In this article the "build-up" of a multi-racial community has been described. Next month we intend to show how the South African colour complex — based on fear and a sense of inferiority — has been built up. If we could rid the South African of those feelings, then perhaps we could all live as one nation, prosperous, co-operative and happy.

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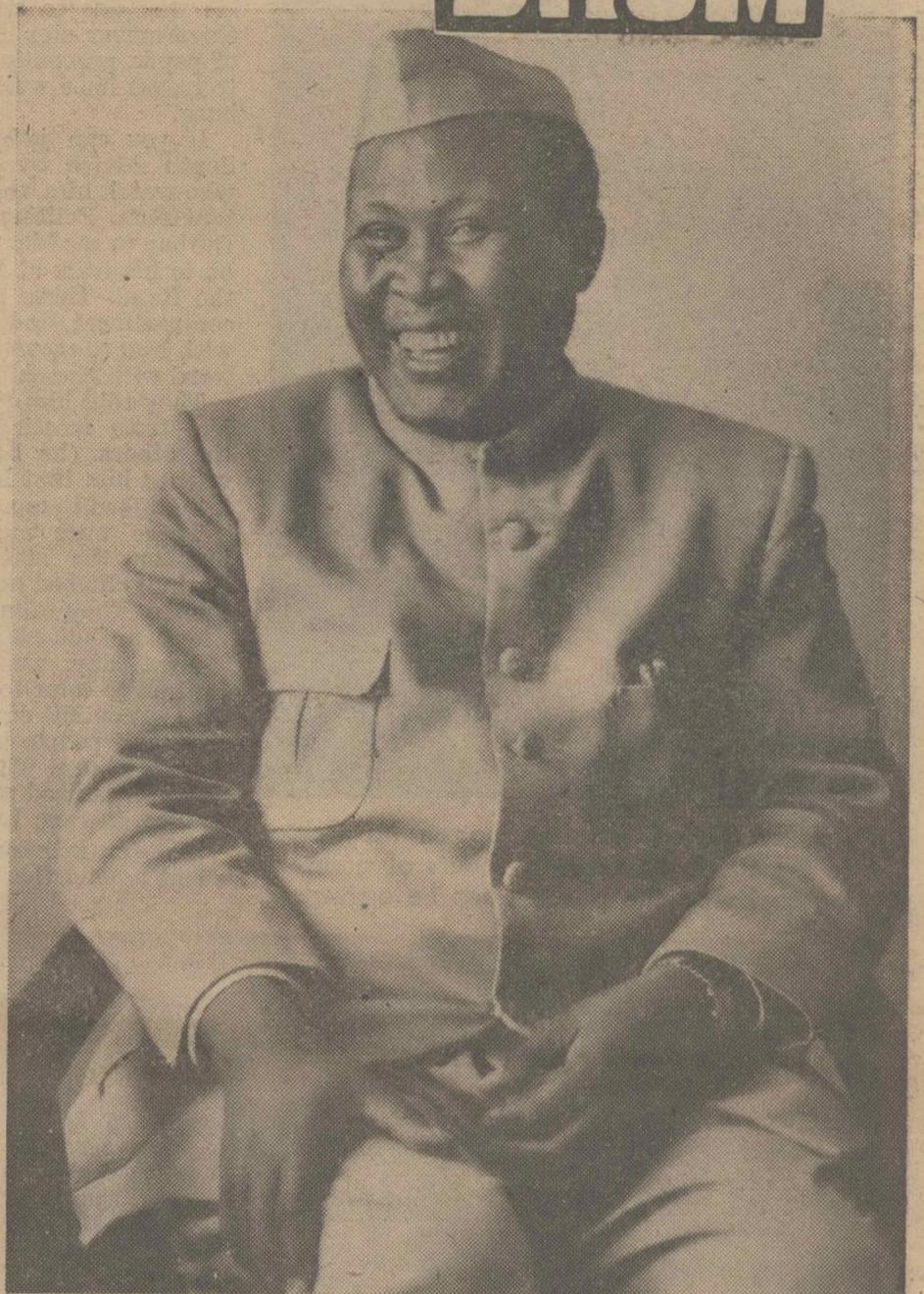
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THESE ARE THE FACES OF A BANNED CHIEF. SERIOUS? SOMETIMES. HAPPY? YES. DESPONDENT? NO!

Banned Chief Luthuli, shut on his farm, says that there's

FREEDOM IN THE AIR

Photographed by IAN BERRY

Chief Albert Luthuli, President General of the African National Congress, is banned again. The Government has sent him to a little farm, in exile. But the Chief predicts that the Government will be out before his five-year ban ends, and he plans boldly now for the time when discrimination will end, and all people of South Africa will be able to live together happily, without fear.

THERE'S a dusty road that winds north of Durban, in Natal. Nearby the road there's a little house, and passers-by, as they go, say: "That's Luthuli's place."

This is Luthuli's jail. There are no bars. In the morning he can see the sun come up, and in the evening he can breathe free air, and watch the sun set. But the Government has barred Luthuli away from real human contact. He can't walk in the villages or in the big cities. It's even dangerous for him to

talk to more than one friend at a time. He's a banned man. He's shut off on his little farm for five years.

So Chief Luthuli has got to farm chickens and little crops while the grey hair that curls over his ears turns white.

But he is not a despondent man. He sees a good chance that the present South African Government will be out of work before those five years are up, and he is planning boldly for a new deal in this country which will

enable all races to live together in peace.

In the meantime he is on his farm. "The Government seems desperate to muzzle the leaders of its opposition," he says. "They are frightened. But how can they hope to stop the awakening of the people? They can't."

"I can smell freedom in the air," he said. "And they can smell it too."

Before he came to his "jail," Luthuli went to Johannesburg. Unless this Government is

PLEASE TURN OVER

Shouting crowds greeted Luthuli on Rand



Relaxed Luthuli sits legs up on his way to the Rand. A thousand shouts of greeting shattered the peace when he arrived.

changed, that was his last trip for five years. He was due to address a meeting, but the Government stepped in first with little slips of paper, preventing him. But he was allowed to travel for a week. So he went to Johannesburg.

If you can judge a man's importance in South Africa by the number of policemen who watch him, then Luthuli is a very important man. Policemen were on the station in Durban to see him off. New policemen climbed on to his train at Heidelberg, before it got to the Rand. These men walked into Luthuli's compartment, and asked the other passengers with him to move out. They wanted a private word with the chief.

They told him that the new order banning him from meetings was more serious than the others (he has had two before). They warned him that he might even land in court if he talked to more than one friend at a time.

There were more policemen waiting for him on the station at Germiston, where Luthuli climbed out to greet his friend Oliver Tambo. They followed him to Tambo's house, where Luthuli slept.

Next day was Saturday, the day for Luthuli to come to Johannesburg. More police at Germiston station. More police and a thousand people waiting on the platform at Johannesburg. These people were not there as an organised greeting. They had come by chance, in case Luthuli arrived.

The crowd roared, and Luthuli moved silent among them to his car. He didn't even

wave a finger, though he smiled. He climbed into his car, and mobs chased it, singing through the streets. Finally the car dodged next to the entrance of flats near the Magistrate's Courts, and Luthuli climbed up stairs, into a friend's flat.

The word went round that here was Luthuli, and from time to time there were heavy knocks at the door. Friends came into the flat, and Luthuli spoke to them singly, to keep inside the regulations.

He was dressed in the congress uniform. A peaked congress cap was perched on his head. Underneath it you could see his hair growing grey. The next five years will go slowly for that grey hair.

He said he could sense a new spirit in the country. He had found it first in Cape Town. The whites at his meetings in Cape Town had impressed him.

Ordinary non-political people were taking an active part in politics. All in different ways. "You understand," said Luthuli, "they don't necessarily SIGN anything. But all the same, there's freedom in the air."

"And I'm sure even the whites are realising that they can't have this present Government much longer. Even aside from the Government's racial policies, aside from apartheid and all that, this is a BAD government."

There was talk from Cape Town that the Government is considering banning the whole African National Congress.

"They won't kill the movement, if they



His open car was mobbed on its way to a flat in middle of the city. Next to the Chief is Oliver Tambo, who was later banned by the Government from attending meetings.



Respectable, elderly gent in specs went wild for Luthuli, and, behind, a woman prays for the Chief. Special Branch police mingled with crowds, followed Luthuli everywhere.

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