

Napoleon Duarte is now on the sidelines, but few doubt he will run for the presidency of troubled El Salvador again.



EL SALVADOR

Duarte watches from the wings

Ex-president says Christian Democrats are country's strongest political force

By Stephen Kinzer
Globe Staff

SAN SALVADOR, El Salvador — Four months after being replaced as president of El Salvador, Jose Napoleon Duarte spends his days patiently listening to tales of woe from those he calls "my people, the poor people, those who remain in misery and live with fear every day."

An elderly widow was first in line one day last week. She said a paramilitary officer in her town had threatened to kill her, and she was afraid to return home.

Next came a former street sweeper who had been unable to obtain the pension to which he is entitled. Then a frightened 18-year-old woman arrived asking how to respond to a boss who insisted on sexual favors as a condition of continued employment. Later visitors included a man who could no longer buy food for his family after being out of work for eight months and a peasant who had moved from one

village to another and needed a truck to move his belongings to his new house.

Like an Arab prince or an African tribal chief, Duarte listened to each one, took notes and promised to do what he could. At midday, he dictated a series of letters to various officials and other friends, asking their help in resolving the problems he had heard during the morning. Then he took up several matters affecting his Christian Democratic Party, beginning with a feud between two rural mayors arguing about the location of a new clinic.

A topsy-turvy career

For nearly 20 years, Duarte has been the best-known politician in El Salvador. Though he is out of office now, few doubt that he will run for president again in national elections slated for late next year or early 1984.

"Emotionally, I feel better now than when I was in office," he told a recent visitor to the Christian Democratic headquarters here. "There is less tension."

After a reflective pause, he added: "Of course, there is also less opportunity to influence the course of the nation."

Duarte has been influencing the course of El Salvador — or trying to influence it — since the early 1960s, when he and a small group of middle-class liberals first organized the Christian Democrats as a challenge to the ruling alliance of wealthy oligarchs and repressive military officers. He was elected president in 1972, but was prevented from taking office by those who feared his egalitarian ideology.

Instead of being installed in the presidency, he was arrested and beaten; his deformed cheekbones and the mangled fingers of his left hand bear witness to the torture he suffered. After a wave of international protest, he was released and put aboard a plane for Guatemala. According to an American diplomat who was in Guatemala at the time, Salvadoran military leaders sent a cable to their Guatemalan counterparts telling them what flight EL SALVADOR, Page 78

WASHINGTON

Tax-bill architect, man in motion

Senate's Robert Dole emerges as versatile populist

By David Rogers
Globe Staff

WASHINGTON — He is a complicated man, as hard as the sarcasm that still sounds in his voice, as vulnerable as the wounded right arm hanging by his side, his fingers bent around a pen to disguise the war injury that left him crippled. The dark handsome face is oddly reminiscent of Bogart, and like an actor, Robert Dole has often seemed to hide behind the public roles he has played with such relish in more than two decades in Congress.

"If you like Richard Nixon, you'll love Robert Dole," it was written a dozen years ago, but the truth is that many who never liked the former President found a certain promise in his brash, young defender from Kansas.

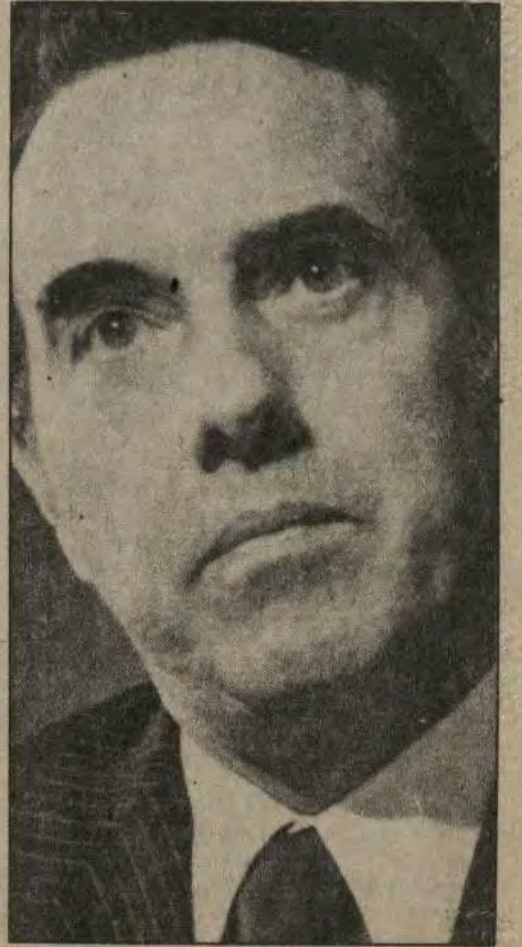
If he was Nixon's Doberman pinscher, Dole was also part hound. If he played the Republican lingo and a villain to liberals, he was a villain whose own wit and character made him appealing to those who longed to see him in a less bitter role.

"He was one of those guys who is half and half, not quite made," said House Rules Chairman Richard Bolling, a Missouri Democrat who has watched his Kansas neighbor since Dole's first years as a Republican congressman in the 1960s. "It looks like the good part," said Bolling, pausing, "won out."

A congressional power

Barring Ronald Reagan and top Democratic and Republican leaders, no single man has been more important than Dole to the politics of Congress this year, and within the institution, no one has had the ability to move as freely with the same knowledge and impact on substantive issues.

As chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, Dole was the chief architect of the Administration's tax bill adopted last



Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas. UPI PHOTO

week, but as a legislator his range is far wider. The same election that brought Republicans to power two years ago positioned Dole near the political center of the Senate, and he has used his conservative credentials and legislative skill to maximize his influence on a broad spectrum of issues from civil rights to agriculture, from food stamps to the budget. POPULIST, Page 80

THE MUSE OF THE WEEK IN REVIEW

The Old Broken Budget

How dear to Ron's heart was his '81 budget
Whose stalwart supply-side grew cracked and un-Kemped
As Recovery stalled, despite efforts to nudge it
By cutting down taxes undreamt.

But suddenly Ron pulled a tergiversation
That shot taxes up to the highest point yet
And flew off to take his post-hike relaxation,
Newly enshrined as the liberals' pet.

— Felicia Lamport

SOUTH AFRICA

A life fighting apartheid

A friend remembers the late Robert Sobukwe

Robert Mangaliso (meaning "It is wonderful") Sobukwe, the noted South African black leader, died Feb. 26, 1978. His tombstone was unveiled Aug. 15 in the small town of Graaff Reinet. Sobukwe spent his life fighting apartheid; he is buried in a segregated cemetery outside the town.

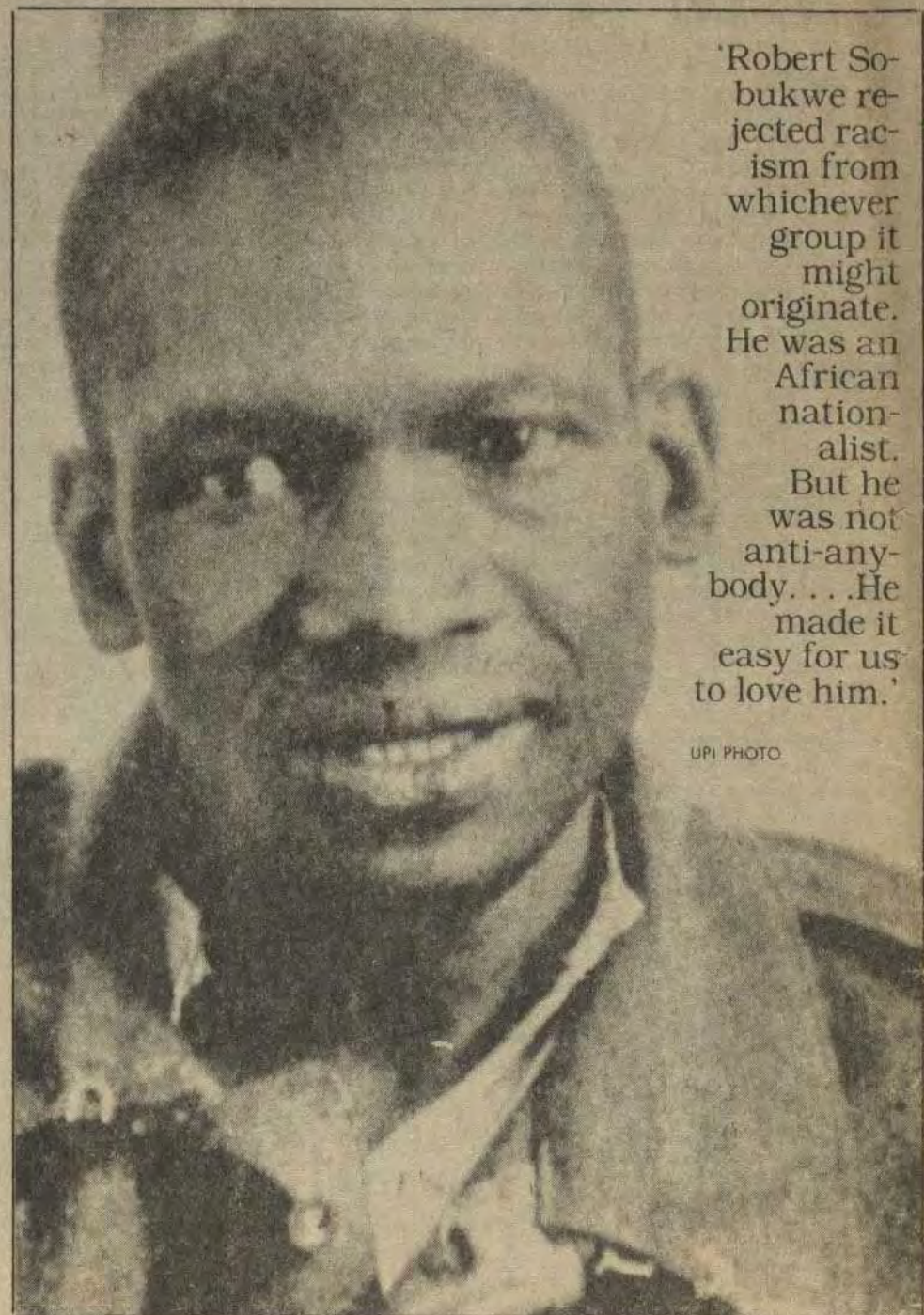
Benjamin Pogrand, who is The Globe's correspondent in South Africa, was a close friend of Sobukwe and was invited to speak at the unveiling. About 2000 people attended — virtually all black and mixed-race Coloreds, with a scattering of whites and Indians. The South African police kept watch on the proceedings but did not interfere.

By Benjamin Pogrand

GRAAFF REINET, South Africa — There is a story about Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe I want to share with you. During his banning and house arrest in Kimberley, we were talking one day about his experiences on Robben Island Prison. He told me that a minister of justice — it was the late P. C. Pelsler — had visited him at one stage and they had had a discussion.

"What did you think of him?" I asked. "I liked him," replied Bob. "He was an unprejudiced human being."

APARTHEID, Page 80



Robert Sobukwe rejected racism from whichever group it might originate. He was an African nationalist. But he was not anti-anybody. . . . He made it easy for us to love him.

UPI PHOTO

BUSINESS

Monopoly meets the real world

Parker Brothers loses a suit — and a myth

By David Warsh
Globe Staff

Charles B. Darrow is the fellow who in 1935 sold the monopoly game to Parker Brothers, the old Salem firm. A staid and widely respected company, Parker Brothers has had many winners over the years, but its number-one gusher has always been "Monopoly, The Real Estate Trading Game." Darrow died in 1967, a very rich man, and famous too.

Ralph Anspach is the guy who invented a game called "Anti-Monopoly" in 1973. Parker Brothers, by then a unit of General Mills Inc., forced him to withdraw the game, and buried the 40,000 sets it took from him in a pit.

The best defense is a good offense, however. Anspach fired back with a battery of suits. Now he has proved that Darrow didn't invent the game he sold to P-B in 1935 — that he had palmed off as his own a version of a folk-game widely played in the 1920s among the followers of Henry George of "single tax" fame, and later at college campuses.

Last week a San Francisco appellate court found that P-B had promoted the game so successfully that the word had become a generic term. It took away the capital "M" and put Anspach back in business. Those anti-monopoly boards that General Mills buried may have to be dug up.

And thereby hangs a tale of marketing and morality that burts the heart, for Darrow was a big-time figure on the landscape of American myth, in the tradition of Hor-



to Alger, and Anspach now follows in those footsteps. Anyone who ever loved the game can never feel the same again about Parker Brothers.

The history of Monopoly has usually been presented as a rags-to-riches saga. Here is a variation from an Associated Press dispatch in 1959:

"Darrow had been an engineer, selling heating equipment, doing well in Philadelphia, making a home for his wife and one son, with another on the way. The Great Depression spiked all that. Out of a job and flat broke, Darrow did what he could to pick up a pittance. . . . When Darrow's daylight dwindled to a peephole in outer space, he sat down with his wife Esther, and started playing parlor games of his own devising.

"Darrow didn't know it, but that was the beginning of the way up. For out of those efforts to amuse themselves came the game of Monopoly, which has sold more than 20 million sets in dozens of count and has made Darrow a millionaire Bucks County squire with 300 acres. SUIT, Page 80

Sobukwe

■ APARTHEID

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I looked at Bob in astonishment. Here was he, a prisoner of the government under severe restriction orders in Kimberley; he had only recently emerged from nine years in jail, for most of the time without trial and never knowing when he would actually be released.

"But Bob," I protested, "Pelsler was the man who was signing the orders keeping you on Robben Island."

"Yes," he said, "but he wasn't responsible for it; it was a decision taken by the Cabinet."

"But Bob," I said, "when Pelsler signed the orders it was part of the price he paid for his luxury motorcar, his official house, his nice salary and his position; he was a full party to the Cabinet decision."

I have often thought about that conversation. Did it betray a weakness in Robert Sobukwe? For a man dedicated to the transformation of South African society, was he too soft towards his enemies?

No. That is too obvious and simplistic an answer. Instead, those who knew him can attest to his strength of will. His entire life is testimony to his towering and abiding strength. The answer lies rather in one of the most fundamental aspects of Robert Sobukwe's makeup: his humanity. It was his humanity that was the main factor in deciding how he lived his life. His humanity; his belief in people, his love for people, transcending all barriers of color, class, age and even differences in political outlook.

How did this intense humanity come to be within him?

He was born here on Dec. 5, 1924, the youngest of six boys and a girl. Three of the boys died at early ages. It was here that his father, Hubert, met and married Angelina, who had been born in the town. Hubert worked as a laborer for the municipality, keeping furrows open for the town's water supply. Later he worked in a store sorting wool. He was also a woodcutter, and the children had the job of helping him chop up wood for sale.

Religion was a strong theme in the home, and the family was staunchly Methodist. This is one of the main strands to be discerned in Robert Sobukwe's upbringing. Not only was

there regular attendance at church on Sundays, but the children had to be able afterwards to recall the text of the minister's sermon. Any child who had not been paying attention in church and who could not remember the text was open to a hiding.

A second main strand in Bob's upbringing was education. Angelina had never attended school, but Hubert had gone as far as Standard 5. He had wanted to continue but was not allowed to do so.

Hubert therefore took a vow: Should he ever have children, he would educate them all.

He kept his vow, and in so doing gave a priceless, life-long gift to Robert Sobukwe and the others: the love of learning. There was strictness again, however. The law of the house was that Bob, the same as the other children, had to do his homework before being allowed to go and play outside.

The early years were spent here in Graaff Reinet, at the Methodist mission school in the location. It went only as far as Standard 4, so Bob had to continue - Standards 5 and 6 - at the Anglican school in the town. Then it was on to Healdtown, near Fort Beaufort, run by the Methodist Church and famous for its role in education, where he did what was called the "Native Primary Lower" - which was training as a primary school teacher. By now, Bob was already recognized for his brilliance as a student, for his command of languages and for his reading.

But there was no interest in politics. For this youngster, sport was the great passion after his studies. So much so that he became the Eastern Province tennis singles champion in the black league and also played a good game of rugby as full-back.

Then he fell ill with TB and was hospitalized. Only after recovering was he able to return to Healdtown where, in 1946, he finally wrote his matriculation - and obtained a first-class pass.

Even then, however, at the age of 22, there was no interest in the wider issues of South Africa.

Starting from 1947, however, a different person began to emerge. In that year, Bob began his studies at what was then the Fort Hare University College. He responded enthusiastically to the stimulation of new minds and new ideas. It was almost as if he was coming out of a deep sleep for, suddenly, under the particular impact of studying "Native Law and Administration" as one of his subjects, aided by the general growth in political

consciousness caused by the coming to power in 1948 of the Afrikaner Nationalists, he began to perceive life around him in an entirely different way. For the first time, he became acutely conscious of black disabilities and began to turn his energies to the search for freedom.

Championed African nationalism

In the area of ideas, he soon came to be a strong proponent of African nationalism. At the same time, he was engaged in vigorous argument with those who dismissed African nationalism as a propelling force and who spoke instead of the power of non-collaboration. Yet even while he argued against this notion, we can see, with hindsight, that he was in fact coming round to view it in a different light. From our perspective of today, we can see that the political views that he was later to hold, and that took him to his destiny, were developing at Fort Hare.

It was at this time too that he became involved in the African National Congress (ANC) Youth League, and he thus took part in the internal discussions that went on that led to the adoption of the Program of Action at the 1949 ANC national conference.

His bachelor of arts completed, Bob found a job teaching at a high school in Standerton. It is worth noting at this stage that this meant he had turned away from the roads that others had wanted him to follow. Firstly, his family had looked to him to enter the ministry. Secondly, people at Healdtown had expected that their brilliant pupil would return there as a teacher. But this was by now a different Robert Sobukwe. The fire was now coursing through his veins. His earlier missionary supporters were alarmed by his behavior at Fort Hare in asking a visiting white missionary speaker if he carried a pass; there was consternation at his tough talk in giving one of the speeches at the Completers' Social at Fort Hare. So Healdtown told Bob that there would not be a job for him there. It was a final parting of the ways, in more senses than one.

Another vital strand must now be woven into the story of Bob's life. For it was in 1949 that he and Veronica Zodwa first met. Appropriately enough, it was at a meeting that he was addressing. The courtship went on and, finally in May 1954, they married. At this stage, Bob had been offered a position at the University of the Witwatersrand and soon thereafter they set up home in Soweto.

Now followed a tranquil period. The creation of a home, the birth of Dini, Mil-

iswa, Dedani and Dalindybebo, the status of holding an academic post - even though Wits termed him merely a "language assistant"; he was a marvelous teacher, it can be noted, his students revered him. All of this offered him the chance of being an elitist, sinking into a bed of material rewards.

But it could not be so for Robert Sobukwe. At Standerton, he had not only kept up his ANC connections but his thinking was developing fast. By the time he arrived in Soweto, he was critical of the ANC and became the intellectual force behind the Africanist group inside the ANC.

What followed is well-known history. The breakaway from the ANC in 1958, and the formation of the Pan-Africanist Congress in April 1959. . . . The launching of the anti-pass campaign on March 21, 1960. . . . The shootings at Sharpeville and Langa. . . . The prosecution, for "incitement" of Robert Sobukwe and his chief followers. . . . And, as his three years in jail were about to end, the rushing through Parliament of a special law, the "Sobukwe clause," to give the government the power to keep him in prison.

Ill, hounded and bullied

And, as we know, they did just that. For six years he was kept on Robben Island without any further trial. And then they consigned him to Kimberley under tight restrictions and bannings.

How frightened they were of him!

While on Robben Island, he completed a bachelor of economics degree by correspondence with the University of London. In Kimberley, he completed his attorney's articles and set up his own practice.

And then, when he fell ill, he was subjected to merciless hounding and bullying. Getting permission for him to travel to Johannesburg for a medical examination was a major effort. We can only wonder whether he might have lived had the medical diagnosis been made earlier and treatment started earlier.

How frightened they were of him!

And let's be blunt about it, they were right to be frightened. For here was a man with a vision of a different South Africa, and it was backed by an intellect, an integrity and the driving force of an emotional commitment, all of which combined to invest Robert Sobukwe with a great power. They were right to be frightened because Bob Sobukwe was a unique threat to their arrogant racism and the maintenance of their narrow privilege.

In this context, there is another strand of his life which needs to be mentioned here. It is a part of him that many people, both black and white, did not fully understand while he was alive and even less so when he died. As I mentioned earlier, Bob's family on his father's side came from Lesotho. On his maternal side, his mother was a Pondo. He married Zodwa, who is supposed to be a Zulu. Although his home language was Xhosa, he went on to teach Zulu. No doubt all of this horrifies the racial purists in the government, but it says a lot about the nonsense of trying to keep up tribal divisions - and, of course, about Bob's attitude.

It goes even further, however. Because in the days that Bob grew up here in the Graaff Reinet location, black people and colored people lived side by side. It was simply part of his life to have it so. When he went to Healdtown, there were whites who made their own financial sacrifices to help him: with his fees, his books and even with the medicines he needed after recovering from TB. They went on helping him at Fort Hare, adding to the bursaries he obtained. However much Bob's path later diverged from the white missionaries, he never ceased to acknowledge what they had done for him.

All of these experiences and factors came together to shape the humanity in him. He rejected racism, from whichever group it might originate. He was an African nationalist. But he was not anti-anybody, whether colored, Indian or white. Instead, he had a warm interest in people. It was seen in his gentleness and his courtesy, in his concern and compassion for others.

It meant that people were easily drawn to him. He made it easy for us to love him.

And there was his courage. And with it, the inspiration he gave. He did not ask anyone to do what he himself would not do. In 1960 he went first. He accepted the price he had to pay without a word of complaint.

Each one of us mourns Bob in our own way. His wife and children have their special grief. His friends remember their companion of school, university and political times.

I mourn my friend and my brother.

South Africa, and Africa, mourn a son who could have brought about mighty change in our country, for the good of all our people. We can only pray that the spirit of Robert Mangaliso Sobukwe will still serve to guide us.

Robert Sobukwe Papers

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