

More fruitless speculation. Why at 7 a.m.? The usual inefficiency here - probably was supposed to do it yesterday, and forgot. As though they haven't got our addresses in any case! I wash my hair, set it, do sweeping duty. We go down to a benign, calm and beautiful winter's day. No hot water again. Ton's jersey is nearly finished - how to get it out? There is a quarrel between wardresses. One says to the other "She shouts at us just as though we are prisoners." They are like prisoners. For £27 a month - nothing included, they must pay for their board and lodging - they have the privilege of being locked in at night, just like us! And what a job - how hard, hateful and distorted their faces become.

This afternoon a poor demented creature - a Malay woman who has caused scenes before now (she previously attacked a wardress in the laundry) became excited, started to shout hysterically, working herself up into a frenzy, shaking the bars, throwing things. Sonia became very distressed, while the wardresses stood and laughed and shied stones at the other African women prisoners. After a long time, they brought her through to the hospital, still screaming hoarsely. There is something medieval about this gaol, and infinitely depressing. Going up and down those grim grey stairs, the seven great, brown, locked doors on either side of the corridor, the one dim light hanging above, our own formidable door with its eerie peephole being ~~zuzzzzzz~~ unlocked and locked after us.

I had another letter from Vera, full of amusing bits of nonsense, and we all sit around outside and enjoy it. We also had a lovely letter from our Nylstroom girls, which we enjoyed tremendously. Shulamith is told that she must name counsel to argue on the interdict - we assume they would still like to return, in spite of all their comforts. Myrtle got some books in, only by constantly nagging the Cln. He turns them all back as 'novels' - a study of white collar workers, a book about juvenile delinquents, and so on. A difficult man.

SUNDAY 5th JUNE.

What do we do on Sundays? We make up our weekly orders, both our personal ones and the joint one. We write letters. We are visited by Fr. Lovegrove; and we don't do exercises. This, and a slightly different kind of meat for lunch, makes Sundays different from other days. Sonia's order caused raucous laughter outside in the yard: a slab of chocolate, a pound of mint humbugs, and a tin of Hermesetes!

I set a lot of hair - not as expert as Rica, but not bad. Everyone doing their hair in preparation for tomorrow. I made scones for breakfast, much appreciated by all, and full of energy and goodwill, a lemon meringue pie for supper. This makes the day go quicker, I find, although I have enough to do, reading, writing, knitting, and so on. The hateful thing is not having time on your hands, but being locked in, being in prison. A depressing meeting in the evening to discuss what we can do. We decided to ask Cilliers to come and see us, and to try and get applications made for various people. Sundays are tedious, dull and dreary, and Helen's need for quiet does not help - no play reading! Sonia and I wrote to the Nylstroom girls.

MONDAY 6th JUNE

But Mondays are entirely different! I dreamed of being out again, but a rather sad kind of dream in which nothing was as it should have been. We are full of complaints - the baths are filthy, the water is too cold to bath. Ivan came to see Sonia, and we hear that the Nylstroom girls were threatened that unless they answer questions their release would not be considered, and furthermore, they must now make the first move, as they won't be approached again. When Snyman came we asked to have the lights on in our big room until ten, which after his usual sparring he agreed; this will ease out position in the evenings, and make it easier to read, aloud or to ourselves. Yesterday, we read a couple of short stories out aloud during the morning in the yard, and this was generally enjoyed. Snyman also gave us a letter about the interdict, and we signed one naming a lawyer on our behalf.

Bram and Ilse came to see Molly, and left her the most glorious flowers - poisettias from Babette, gladioli from Tam, and a few roses; and the flowers all wrapped in the most beautiful paper - oh those generous, thoughtful people! The flowers look gorgeous arranged in the small urn that has never had a switch supplied to it (in spite of requests and promises.)

We also put in a joint letter with a formal request to see Cilliers or some other suitable person, and each wrote a letter asking to see our children regularly.

Made our prison mince and potatoes into Shepherd's pie, and was on my 2nd cup of coffee when called to see Rusty (together with Ann - for some reason this time they split us two and two.) Rusty agrees with the impression we received this morning that it looks like a long time. Strangely enough, we are all prepared to face up to this, provided we know. We can adjust ourselves to a longer stay, we will plan accordingly, but when we anticipate the possible release week by week or even month by month, we live in a permanent state of expectancy and disappointment. We know we cannot answer questions - we must face up to whatever comes. In fact, such a decision was taken a long time ago, and is not a question of expediency, or of the moment, but a way of life that we accepted and were aware of everything that it implied.

In the afternoon Tony came by herself in her school uniform. Next week will be the last

for more than a week, as she has exams. The new arrangement with the children appears to be more satisfactory; the three younger ones with Lesley and Ivan, Tony with Fuzzy, and no more traipsing around to different houses every weekend. This makes me much happier and easier in my mind about them, though what a lot of trouble for Lesley. So glad she loves Keith, and will pet him. Frances haeds it too, perhaps Ivan will give it to her.

Tony's visit was followed by two letters - one from Olga (it takes a National Emergency and imprisonment to make her write to me!) and one from Patrick, with a delightful note in it from Tony - this I shall treasure. If that was not enough for one day, H brought us a delightful letter from Cecil, gay and full of fun, that we laughed over a great deal; and curry powders from K. Today was really Christmas. Finished the day by reading in the lavatory, cutting Kay's hair, after making welsh rarebit for supper (I'm busy with hair-dos these days but my own is in a sad state.) and enjoying the luxury of reading in bed - haven't had a chance to read a line yet. South footnote: Tony brought some snaps that a revolting creature would not allow in, also Rusty's plays.

TUESDAY 7th JUNE

Dreams, dreams, all about the children, all upset and disorganised. Kitchen duty again, and a heavenly, mild, war, dau. This is how the dy goes:

Helen's alarm wakes us at 5. Sometimes it goes for ages. I doze again, but the peculiar rattle-rattle outside that we finally identified as the cleaning of the little 'bobbies' that hold jam, sugar and fat, punctuates the hour from 6 to 7.

We lay the table and prepare the breakfast things (after making myself coffee, making my bed, washing and dressing, and listening to Mary.) Then washing up the breakfast things and clearing away. I then make a 'pantry' out of disused boxes, to hold all the little jars of jams and coffee and condiments that we seem to be accumulating. Just time to collect all my things before we areunlocked and go down. Walk around briskly for a while. Go and have a bath, do any washing that is necessary. Sit on a bench, do embroidery, read a bit, talk a bit. Before we have had enough sun, we must all troop up again. We unpack all our washing and reading things, then start preparing lunch - a great change today: PORK! M and I found 4 leftover apples, grated them quickly to make applesauce, pepped up the meat, cut carrots and tomatoes. The Colonel came, I asked him about my books and photos. He indicated he would have allowed them up. We eat lunch, clear up, wash up, and I do my hair which is now so long and straight it is hopelessly past any 'doing.' Read for a while. Unlocked once more, go downstairs again. It is windy, cooler, too cool in the shade, too hot in the direct sun. I do embroidery. Matron calls me, and gives me theChekov plays and Inherit the Wind that we wanted. The book has all the men's signatures in front, and various favourite recipes written in during the hunger strike at the back. There are a couple of one-act plays in Chekov that tequire only 3 people - dare we hope we can stage a play at last?

Upstairs again, I have perhaps 15 minutes to read, then it is exercise time. I feel tired and miserable. We exercise early so that M and I can go on Kitchen Duty. We make cheese-potato croquettes with lunch-time leftover potaties, avocado salad, Royco soup and tinned fruit. This is the first time we have had such a 3-course meal. But it means tons of washing up, so we finish late. I then prepare the mixture for scones for the next day, write to Patrick and Frances and Keith, and finally get to bed with a book, after the usual chores of cleaning one's face, ~~etc~~ filling a hot-water bottle, making something hot to drink. This peace doesn't last long, however. Helen arrives at 10, the lights go off, I get up to help Helen get her supper, make her coffee, and put her hair up in pin-curls, and talk to her earnestly about Mary's indisposition. She agrees to help, and tells us a hialrious story about a raid on the African TT people when the came back from court - they found 6 newspapers on them, three being wrapped around one small piece of meat. So at last to bed. Yousee what I mean about being busy the whole time?

WEDNESDAY 8th JUNE.

Awoke with the alarm at 5 again. Got upwhen I heard the urn bubbling to have coffee with Helen and continue the campaign on behalf of Mary. Sonia grumbles to me about H's attitude, punctuating her remarks with disgusted exclamations of "Six newspapers!" in a shattered voice. Our supplies arrive. I bake scones, we are in a rush to get down. We wash, bath, embroider, knit and walk on one of those plu-perfect days. Came back to more supplies, and sortings out. Sonia is curring the meat today - that vastly improved our lunch, the standard of the food improves day by day, entirely due, of course, to our own efforts. This afternoon I drew up a menu for Chez Pretoria Centra;, and ornamented it, instead of going down to the yard. It included Cabbage á la du Toit, and Blitzzes Barenblatt. Everyone liked it. I wrote to Olga. Then in the evening Myrtle, Sonia and I did Checkov's "The Proposal" - greatly enjoyed by all, particularly the cast.

During the morning, men prisoners '~~nadzik~~ Bandite' working on the roof entered into a conspiracy with us about cigarette ends and soap to the African women prisoners who were hanging out washing and asking for cigarettes and soap. Betty went and dropped some soap. The character on the roof grinned broadly and started signalling the positions of the warers. However, evidently some tobacco was found in the laundry, then there was a great to-do with masses of officers arriving, the women searched, and a general shouting and screaming of officialdom.

Lovely supper tonight - cream cheese and salads.

THURSDAY 9th JUNE.

All ready and waiting before 9. Ivan reports the arrangement with the children is working well and they are easy to handle. Molly reports Bram said Harold went to Prinsloo and he refused to consider anything because I would not cooperate and answer questions.

In a section of the yard this morning, the women are doing this: Picking up every little piece of grass, leaf or paper; then scraping the loose stones and gravel into heaps; then

washing these in a bucket of water, and beginning to spread them out again. Oh, such productive work! Matron asked for my recipe for scones. I offered to make some for her. Before going up we received the gifts from visitors: flower, flowers! Red hot pokers for Sonia, probably from Lesley's garden; sweet peas from Frances, Pat and Keith from my own garden; more of the glorious Blushing Bride protea for Molly; daffs and carnations and a potted plant for Betty - our barn looks like a maternity ward. And 4 ping-pong sets (as I predicted) Yetta's two cookery books. All these are pleasures to exclaim over. We also hope now for an early substitute for Mary. Kloppers and Snyman still nattering about a hairdresser - we have asked for ages, but one does not come. I also complained about the soup, and they suggested we cook our own, to which we eagerly agreed.

I have too much to do - to prepare another poetry reading, to try to write verse, cook, help Betty with her embroidery design for a beautifully-coloured cloth that was sent to her. Yetta made us Blintzes - a great deal of work, and very delicious.

We saw the men in the afternoon, and got lots of news from them - Cabinet meeting, Schoeman's speech, the Int. Red Cross, about Eli and his £1 fine, how they had an unexpected visit from the TT men, and so on.

Tony and Evelyn came in the afternoon, brought me an ancient trunk, knitting wool for Frances and news that Harold was coming in a day or two. After the Prinsloo rebuff I find further pleas somewhat repulsive. H. came in very upset tonight, and in tears. She finds Leon's questions difficult to follow, difficult to deal with, and was upset because in answer to a question from Rmpff she stated she was anti-Communist. Cold tonight.

FRIDAY 10th JUNE.

Cold early, but pleasant outside. All the wardresses very playful and pleasant this morning with the prisoners. There is definitely a better atmosphere since we had the fuss. The harsh screaming has gone. Koos came out in a little red coat and pixie hat, carrying a tin mug, and full of the most delightful gestures. Horace was trying to catch birds - the beast. Vegetables Chinese for lunch. They sent out soup ingredients: wholemeal flour, tiny beans, carrots, a leek, potatoes, and the Cnl. has asked for a bit of soup meat or bone. This came later, so I put on soup stock to cook in the kettle.

Stayed upstairs this afternoon to write "Exercise Time", and have some quiet and continuity. Two more difficult days to live through before the SB'S - will they come?

With great temerity I operated on Mary, with real success. We are all very excited. Of course, she is not what she was, and requires a bit of real surgery, but at least she can now get around. We are thrilled and did enjoy haggis and the helicoptre.

Poetry reading tonight - St. Agnes Even, Lovelace, Aphra Behn, and so on. We sat and talked and knitted late.

SATURDAY 11th JUNE

While we were in the yard this morning, Cilliers arrived in response to our request. We put two things to him: 1st, that after promising matters would be expedited, the SB'S disappear and have not done a thing since - that we were furious, etc. Also, regarding the implication that if you don't answer questions you would not be released, the rumours from Nysltroom and also in my case. He denied this at first, then said he would convey it, but wanted to know our sources of information. Snyman was very rude to Helen. Told us 3 more released today, including Adie and Jock I.. We carried the mince for lunch; The soup I have been cooking for two days we had for supper. It was really very good, and we all enjoyed it very much. Helen, Shulamith and Kay read the other 1-act Checkov after supper, and all entered into the spirit of it, so that once again ~~against~~ actors and audience were equally entertained. After the play, sat in bed with 'Holiday' a wonderful magazine to read in prison.

SUNDAY 12th JUNE

Kitchen Duty here once more, but nice on a Sunday, it fills the most tedious day of the week. Made wholemeal scones for breakfast. Chinese meat and veg for lunch. We eat awfully well these days and achieve such a variety, even with the same old prison meat. A lovely little letter from Frances, and all the other letters received were read out or passed round. The children's letters all bring tears to my eyes, the round printing, the sad little touches, and each expressed in an individual way. Brian writes to Sonia describing life exactly as we experience it, the desolation during the hunger strike of not being able to prepare a meal or sit round a table together; the importance of food to us, about the routine for baths, etc. We are like people in an old-age home.

While the atmosphere is cold and dismal upstairs, I prefer to stay there now most afternoons because at least it gives me time to write my notes, read a little and have some peace and quiet. I set several 'hairs' today, and Mary is doing wonderfully on twists of silver paper. We ate magnificently tonight - too well, in fact - off doctored up tomato soup with tons of croutons, potato and cheese fritters, and apple crisp. As usual, I regretted tasting and eating so much - fata, l to the figure.

MONDAY 13th JUNE

Bathing water cold again. Ivan tells Sonia that Frances has tonsillitis, they called their own doctor who said her tonsils must come out. Also some cryptic message re magazines that puzzles me, ~~but I will~~ Husbands at lunchtime, with lots of chitchat - Jock and Adie did not sign or answer questions. Tony and Harold after lunch. Reports from all quarters that it may not be too long now. Whether any one of us will get out earlier than others is anyone's guess, but generally the air has lightened. We are all of us prepared to hang on until 30th June - no longer - on that date I stop eating until my release.

We have each developed our own little "sections" according to our personalities and our possessions. Our rooms consist of our bed, our cupboard, and the nails in the wall behind each bed. Next to my bed stands faded sweet peas, and the shoebox with odds and ends that I carry

around (Mary carefully wrapped in a silk scarf, cigarettes and matches, and so on.) On my cupboard, lots of poetry books, exercise books, sketch books; on the cupboard door, snaps of the children; on my bed, knitting and a magazine and an exercise book. This is gone, and here I stand now after our nightly exercises, hearing the pingpong players, the clip-clop of the ball, the voices, and the sound of the two on kitchen duty making supper. Time to go to Mary. She is often very boring and irritating, a repetitious little lady. What a strange view of the world she gives! Heads of state move from land to land in a purposeless sort of way. Unexplained things happen in isolated places; obscure individuals make pompous and ignorant speeches that are given extraordinary prominence; the citrus board publishes meaningless statistics; a minor road accident is rated with 300,000 demonstrating in Japan. And sport! It obviously occupies the major place in S. A. affairs, and takes prominence over everything. We were all in bed tonight, very quiet, reading and absorbed. At 10 most of us settled down to sleep, but I and a few others emerge from the dark room like creatures from our holes, to sit with coffee, books, knitting, at the long table.

TUESDAY 14th JUNE

Matron arrives at 7 with letters. Sonia gets a gorgeous wedding anniversary card, with roses, silver bells and horseshoes, all embossed. I have a letter from Vera and Ma - she writes she can't understand how people can be so narrow-minded as to put kind, thinking people like us and the Fischers in prison. Vera writes some cryptic pieces that I can't decipher. A cold wind blows today. We all wear grey stretch socks that arrived from us yesterday. The flowers were lovely again yesterday, with interesting wrappings. Tony left her unfinished black fair-isle sweater for me to do - I have nearly completed it, can I send it out or take it out? I write an ode on our interest in food. And write to all four of the children. And stay in bed after lights out instead of getting up.

WEDNESDAY 15th JUNE.

Headache - is it jail-itis? Little S irritates me - must be approaching the menses. And it's still too cold, though quite nice, outside. Bathwater has been cold for days. Help Anne and Sheila with their kitchen duty, we are baking those tiny beans in the oven, and making more soup. Spent most of the morning writing to Vera and Ma, that chore done I feel a lot happier. Had miserable lukewarm bath. We are told to put in a written request for a hairdresser. No sign of those hateful SB's. The African H-1 prisoners are polishing the steps today with red polish. Lying on our backs this evening, wriggling our legs in the air, a wardress comes in with a sheet of paper and asks us each to write our full names on it. Here we are, having been detained for nearly 3 months, arrested twice with fingerprints taken on both occasions, and they don't even know our names! Betty thinks they are going to release us. I'm still waiting for the 30th. I work madly on Tony's sweater getting it ready for:

THURSDAY 16th JUNE

which it is, and is handed on to Evelyn who came to see me. We had a lively discussion. Visitors generally seem to feel the end is in sight - whether this is based on the original Sunday Times report of the 30th June, we do not know. We accept all the rumours with a pinch of salt, yet feel a lighening of our spirits all the same. Everyone brought lovely flowers, and Matron Van Ansell sent them all up to us. The Cnl. says Sarah and Becky have been released today, and he is prepared to have the 5 back here from Nylstroom - how wonderful that would be! We stay happy and delighted, and see the men before lunch - they are all cheerful and tell us of their celebrations and amusing speeches and rhymes they had. We haven't so much talent among us. Wolfson has been released. Kalk again taken for questions, but refused. Basner to sue the Minister. At lunch, a silly remark of mine, meant in a joke, upset Yetta, so also me, for being so stupid and clumsy. I stay upstairs to prepare war poetry for reading this evening. Interrupted just at that stage by Miss Gerber, who said Matron said would I prepare some tea and food for the girls from Nylstroom. Transported with excitement, I rush here and there, buttering biscuits, cutting cheese, making tea, putting it all on our tray made out of a box. Took it downstairs, right into Matron's office, where I hugged and kissed Becky and Sarah in a whirl of excitement and joy. Sarah said the girls were all well, but longed to be back with us. Sarah was sad to be going and leaving us; but I'm glad they're out.

A sweet letter from Frances, and typical one from Patrick. Lots of emotion today with tears here there and everywhere. Sonia crying over a letter from Brian that said Margaret cried when she saw him. Yetta and me, but we all snapped out of it for exercises.

Myrtle went to the dentist today. Told us that Sarah was miserable because she had answered questions - pressure from family. Good news re Ike - just shows what people can do. We had pastries today to celebrate Molly's Ilse's birthday, and Molly had an orchid from Ilse - idea for a book title: Orchids in Gaol. Sonia and Molly both had pot-plants that had to be searched for pistols or other weapons before they were allowed up to us. Matron Van A came this afternoon to get a little of our milk for a baby, and bread for a sick woman.

Helen told us yesterday about one of the African H1 prisoners discharged yesterday, who said she would come back again, and again, but would never accept a pass. What spirit, after just having been months in gaol.

FRIDAY 17th JUNE

I must avoid this going to bed as soon as the lights go off - wake too early in the morning. Kitchen duty once more, each time I think: this will be the last one, perhaps - what an optimist! Lovely downstairs today, working on Betty's cloth, walking around, bathing in lukewarm water, sitting and knitting. We carried the meat again, which made it edible. I stayed upstairs in the afternoon to make scones for Matron van A, an apple strudel, and to puree the leeks and potatoes for the soup. Working in the big room, for once warm and light, and hearing the voices of women and children coming softly and clearly from the yard, it seemed like some quite different place - a house near a park on a summer's afternoon, with the

voices in the background. Finished the scones and sent them down in no time at all. Matron sent up her love. We had a big exercise turn-out tonight, a good supper, and then poetry reading of war poetry, followed by short-story read by Myrtle. A pleasant evening, and we went to bed late.

SATURDAY 18th JUNE

Another busy day! Myrtle and Shulamith, Sheila and I, are rehearsing "Inherit the Wind" which we are putting on tonight, chopped around a bit to make it possible for four of us to do it. Had good walk-around, hot bath, then rehearsed until we went up. Finished my "on the joint" drawing, commissioned by Myrtle. Baked a chocolate cake for us to celebrate Myrtle's Terry's birthday, and we had this at tea. Rehearsed some more afterwards, sketched our exercise girls. At supper tonight I felt if I heard S say the same thing again I would go clean round the bed, but she did, and I didn't. I just sat and listened thinking it's time, it's high time, I had a change of scenery, and feeling miserable, cold and cross. After supper we had the play, and I really forgot for a little while that I was in gaol. Then chocolate, hot water bottles, knitting, bed, and here I am, getting ready for the next day again:

SUNDAY 19th JUNE

On which day I woke up so homesick, I just wanted to cry; so got up early and went to make scones and told my troubles to Betty over our early morning cups of coffee. I recalled how even one's own family can become too much, and how one wanted to get away from them all sometimes. It was a lovely morning; the mimosa is now nearly in full bloom. humming with bees; blue, blue sky. the chatter of wagtails, and our African comrades ~~xxxxxxx~~ on the other side of the fence singing a glorious concert of Congress songs, so harmonious and beautiful. The Cnl. says in answer to our request for information about the Nylstroom girls that perhaps it wasn't considered worthwhile to bring them back. I am in a mood to accept the best possible construction on such words. Washed my long, long hair, and set it. Finished writing "Thanks for the Memory", and Sonia and I sang it this evening, together with other songs. It was a great success. Now I told them each one must write her own verses to add to it by next Sunday. Yetta spent hours making Morris's cauliflower dish, which was delicious, and so was the soup Betty made. We have had three evenings running with some kind of entertainment, and that has helped us over the usual tedium of the week-end.

MONDAY 20th JUNE.

AJ. Same old visiting day routine. Rumours, rumours, rumours. We see husbands. They have at last started questioning again, but Rusty has not been called for questioning - is he to be one of those charged? In the afternoon Jean came, and I saw her together with Bram and Ilse, Rosa and Ivan. Ivan says the kids are O.K. Keith is growing up. Jean says Harold is still trying on my behalf. Perhaps we are all placing too much hope on the end of June business, and are in for a sad disappointment. More flowers - these came without wrappings, to our intense disappointment. They were left rejected for ages on beds because everyone was disgusted with them. A feeling of dullness descends after such a day as this. Helen comes with yet another rumour: Peggy says she overheard Matron say to Kriel, "Well, it's good news at last. They will be going soon." Question; Is Peggy telling the truth, and if so did she hear correctly?

TUESDAY 21st JUNE

Rain poured down in the night, and the wind blew. I was kept awake by the strange slap-slap-slap all along our windows. So it is a cold, gloomy day. We go down only to bath, and come up when we have finished. A letter from Nylstroom. All the girls started dancing a tikkiedraai and singing, then played progressive ping-pong. To see us, and hear us you would have thought that here was a crowd of people without a care in the world, happy, laughing and noisy. Stayed up in the afternoon to make upside-down pineapple cake. Asked for our butter, and went down to Matron's office to help check supplies. Thus the afternoon passed. Also I did a mimosa drawing and rhyme for Francey, and embroidered on the gloves Sonia had knitted for Margaret. Betty was caught red-handed this ~~xxxxxxx~~ afternoon handing over cigarettes. At lunch-time, Betty, Kay and Sheila were called for questioning. Not Yetta. Ann was also recalled and asked if she wanted to change her mind about answering questions. She said No. Their questioning was so quick and perfunctory, that it appears they have really lost interest in the whole business. This is an encouraging sign. Cnl. said the men were all back together again. No sign of the promised hairdresser.

WEDNESDAY 22nd JUNE.

KD. Very cold. Helen's alarm woke me about 5.30 a.m. Got up after 15 or 20 minutes to wake her, as it seemed she hadn't heard it. and found she was awake. Cut Sonia's hair this morning, and set it, and Yetta's. The bandite, who came yesterday and broke a couple of bathroom windows, were busy this morning promising to bring Betty the Sunday Times. Our supplies arrived. Wrote to the children. No letters this week. We have been having an argument for more than a week about washing the big oval dishes that our food comes in. We didn't want to wash them, because they were full of food that we didn't eat, and didn't want to throw into the dustbin. Finally they provided us with a separate ~~xxx~~ bin to put the food to go to the pigs. Today an African woman who came up with Neinarbar to get hot water. asked for and ate two huge pieces of meat pie - our lunch leftovers, that she retrieved from the pig's bin. How hateful this place is! I lay on my back on the grass this afternoon, just looking at the glory of the mimosa against the sky. Every day there is a h-l prisoner on hands and knees washing the paving on which we walk. She has a thin, tiny baby on her back who cries in a thin, sad wail, with blank eyes staring up at the sky. Her back is always dark and wet from the baby. H. Brings us another rumour re the end of the month from one of her policemen

friends. All our hearts are buoyed with hope, we think and talk of it constantly, but are afraid to believe we will be out at the end of the month. Now another day nearly done 22nd June, and sometimes, evenings particularly, one thinks, Oh god, how much longer, how can I bear it. It is important not to lie awake when going to bed, and not to start thinking of the children. And waking early to that hateful, impersonal rattle-rattle, seeing the bones of the rafters, dark and dingy, all down the hall, thinking, another day, how many more, how much longer?

Tomorrow, Sonia's children are coming. She has a jersey for Stephen and Peter, gloves for Margaret, chocolates and sweets, all laid out on the bed. How long she has anticipated the day. I know just how she feels.

THURSDAY 23rd JUNE

The children came - we glimpsed them through the gate - they looked so lovely. Peter carrying flowers. It all went very well, without tears, although it made me feel weepy. This is a cruel thing, so cruel, that I cannot reconcile even people like them doing such a thing. We were also informed finally that both our request for a hairdresser, and to see our children again have been turned down. This is hopeful - we would be depressed if they had agreed! But Sonia is upset, because it means that she also won't see her children after they have come so far, and must go back soon. Bram told Molly 3 weeks - the first time he has been prepared to commit himself. Coming from Bram, it is hopeful. Our problem is now, what can we back in Saturday's Durban-July handicap? Rusty says Tundra is as good as any - the nearest we'll get to Siberia. What about Tokyo, Left Wing or Appeal Court?

Ivan wants Sadie Forman and her children and the Bunting children all to stay at our house for a couple of weeks. Rusty says they had a profound argument as to whether dogs in the pound have any rights that detainees don't have. When lunch came yesterday they decided that they have more rights - they can eat the dogs from the pound, but the dogs can't eat them.

Two letters today, the first bright and amusing for all of us from Cecil, the second from Vera. A bright, cheery visit from Tony - she got 15% for maths. All the 3 smaller ones need fillings in their teeth. Tony is going to stay with Ilse for a week.

We were all in bed before 9 tonight - an unheard of state of affairs. Was it the cold, or all the day's excitement? Strangely quiet, we are all awake but reading. Poor Mary, she is now very ill, and needs professional attention, which we shall endeavour to get for her. Sonia and I argued about who was to do this - she is a coward!

FRIDAY 24th JUNE

For which purpose I rose at 6, cold, dark and dismal barn with its depressing, heavy gloomy, ~~static~~ static rafters, the first thing one sees every morning. Our agent was amenable so in the semi-dark I wrote a little note and tucked it into Mary, and made her comfortable. After that I had such a busy day, so that now, 6.15, just before supper, is the first time I have had a chance to sit on my bed and write this up. It went this way: I cut and set Betty's hair before we went down. Then I was on sweeping duty. Outside, I cut and set Sheila's hair, then spent the outside time drawing the "Chez Pretoria Central" for the week - my best effort yet. While this was going on, our bandite were painting around the yard and the bathroom (where they deliberately and with the warder's connivance, broke another perfectly good window). Much signalling from our character, who never does any work, but stands around looking cheeky and self-confident. He siezes a brush to paint a bit of window-frame, only when wishing to pass a message through. He sent in a note to Betty saying he was prepared to assist us, to send out or bring in messages, get the paper - warning us which windows to watch, and telling us to wear skirts, not trousers, not to signal openly, and so on. Also to burn the papers which he did, yes he did, get in to us! Upstairs again, I wrote to Vera. The Cnl and Kloppers came, ~~typewriter request~~ my request for a typewriter turned down again. Kloppers asked for one of our menus, and said the Nylstroom girls would be rejoining us - "some time." After lunch Matron sent up scissors, clippers and a sheet for hair-cutting, and I cut and set Molly's hair, combed out Betty's hair, made some scones for Matron and a cake for our own tea. Then finished V's letter, exercises. How the days do go! All the girls are handing in their contributions to "Thanks for the Memory", some very funny indeed. So cold tonight that we can't resist getting into bed to keep warm, and then don't want to get up again when the light's go off. It's quiet without the voice of Mary.

SATURDAY 25th JUNE.

We all remember, how we heard at the Fort there would be no releases before the 26th June, and how then, at the beginning of May, it seemed ages and ages away. A date so distant that we couldn't bear to think of it. Now it is the 25th, tomorrow is Freedom Day and after that we can, we really can, look forward to the beginning of the end. It is cold but quite nice outside, and much less disturbing when the bandite are not around - they look at us constantly and make us feel uncomfortable. We are conscious of them the whole time - and they of us. One of them is blonde, Germanic, tough, plump and ugly. One is terrifyingly, he looks at us with piercing eyes, and has a hard, controlled, secretive face, you can picture him capable of any crime. Our friend is a show-off, a lad. It was so quiet and peaceful outside this morning. I wrote a short skit for tomorrow, and that took the morning, together with a bath. The meat smelled revolting at lunch time. Afterward I baked a huge batch of biscuits with the mouldy-looking peanuts and brown flour. We had poetry and short-story reading tonight, and while we were all sitting in the recreation room, some silly clot turned off our lights in the bed room at 9. We were furious. We also had all the "Thanks for the Memory" contributions, and enjoyed them.

SUNDAY 26th JUNE

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But even more furious this morning when the same moron turned on our lights at six - turned them off again in response to our screams of anger, and then turned them on again at 7. What a way to start a Sunday morning, and this one of all days. But here it is - my stomach turns over every time I think that this is the time, from this time forward, that we can start thinking about getting out, soon, soon. I keep thinkking of going home, however hard I try, I think of the difficulties not at all, only of being with the children, of seeing our house, going into each room. To be home! To be with Keith, Frances, Pat . . . I set Yetta's hair, Molly's and Lyrtle's, and my own While doing this latter, a issued a cry from my heart for Rica! Baked Congress Cake for tea - black and white. Too much white, they said, but ate it all up, brown sugar icing and all. In the morning we sang Congress songs while sitting in the yard, when we heard the Affican women singing. Our evening programme was as follows: All about June 26th, from Sonia; Then Shulamith reading some extracts from Grapes of Wrath, chosen by Yetta; then Myrtle and I did the short skit that I wrote, and we finished by singing some songs. We thought we could hear singing outside and climbed on the cupboards to listen, but if it was singing, it was too far and faint to hear. It was a most pleasant evening - Oh, also Sheila and I read poems that Sheila had selected about Spain, Freedom, etc. A quiet weekend.

MONDAY 27th JUNE.

The Cnl. this morning accused us of singing 'in collusion' with the African women detainees yesterday morning - quite right, we were. How unnatural to keep us apart, when we are all in for the same things. Up early - kitchen duty - visitors. Tony came this morning with Jean, she simly didn't go to school. She is set on going to Cape Town for a holiday. Fran has to have sinus treatment and orthodontic treatment for her teeth.

Rusty brought me over a new play - Noel Coward's Private Lives. We received flowers today - wrapped this time! Sweet peas from my garden, long-steamed, and beautiful, with their faint, lovely smell of gardens and earth and Spring. Strange to think that when I bought and planted those sweet-pea seeds ~~and~~ and now they are flowering for me in gaol. We have been having long discussions on hairdressers, beauty treatments and cosmetics. Even one went downstairs this afternoon, except me, I love this rare being alone. My bed and my cupboard are my home with the children's pictures, my poetry books, the flowers, knitting, my coat hanging behind on a nail. This is my little corner, and so rarely do I have a quiet five minutes all by myself.

Myrtle's little girls all wrote pathetic letters to her. One has pictures in coloured pencil with 'I love my Mummy' and 'Mummy, come bac', written on it. Another says 'When you and Daddy come gome I will give you 2,000 kisses.'

1st day

Angry & rebellious. See Doctor - chypol, making enamel mugs - no pillows - no sheets. Food cold - all carbohydrates. Asked us to prepare memo to pass on.

Colonel arriving to hear complaints. Told to prepare deputation:

MK (food experts) Stul (lawyer) Betty & Me (as outspoken politicians)

An ~~best~~ behind problems - flat rates - car payments - S due to appear in court - Cln: legal rep to deal with all these. To MK: u shld have

thought of it b4 u dabbled in politics. ~~MK:~~ u had plenty of time - shld hve arranged things b4. MK: Hadn't dabbled for 20 yrs

Askd for facilities for recreation, Cnl: Being allowed outside - us - wider recreation - books, games, etc. Cnl: No books to be sent in by families - may buy them. Papers & pencils?

Food: Proper diet as laid down in regulations for white people. MK's unbeliev reaction - different races needed diff diets? Cnl: Diet worked one: accords to needs. You are making it a political question.

MK: I approach it from a physiological standpoint. Asked to see diet sheets

Cnl: U can - when u leave prison.

~~Food~~ Concession: allowed to deposit £3 each

New mugs ordered. Permission to allow us to use toilet at night.

An African prisoner on duties walked past - left 2 notes (as we sat outside)

NEXT DAY

Packages of clothes began to arrive - also jigsaw puzzle, chess set.

Began organising study groups, bath roster

We all have our own worries - some worse than others - Molly's worst worry re Bram being arrested. Many have young children.

We each nurse our own sorrow (GC: I was + kind of Jewish mother who never left her children out of ^{my} ~~her~~ sight) Can't think of K & F without tears - how will YL cope? Will relatives help financially? And how long?

AND NEXT

Elect Cultural Ctee (me, Myrtle, Rica) In charge of stores: - Becky, Violet, Trudi. Bath rota, etc. Packages of clothes keep arriving. Must enforce strict rules for keeping tidy, bcos little space

PRISON REBELLATIONS

- * Buy bks bt not sent from home
 - * 2 visitors a week - Wed & Friday
 - * May write & receive 1 letter week - family affairs only
 - * May see legal rep. in presence of prison official (on infant business only)
- Bram permitted to see Holly - message - he had been to our house - Toni designed a medal - managing everything wonderfully!

Maths class. shorthand class

Winnie & earrings - 'Oh God - I've forgotten my earrings!' 'I don't think you'll be needing them, Miss Kramer'

DICKIE & Mattair. - No situation so bad th it can't be improved by money - & money!

Perfume from Pak - Pluhana - forbidden to use!

QUIET HOUR - Every evening

BIRTHDAY - Presents - each - chocolate, cigarette, American soap

SONIA ARRIVES - Squeeze up to make room for her

All women prisoners - sweep yard with brooms - no head only. New arrivals must take off shoes & stand barefoot

Winnie said - gave her my shoulder to cry on: I am so ashamed of myself, so ashamed! You're all so wonderful & brave.

I long for poetry bks

OUR BLACK COMRADES - Sleep on mats on cement floor - traditional way, dump Col. We try to get mattresses -

Leads for parcel. Can't be obtained by normal order - Col has to give permission. More visits to Col re bks, etc

WED 20

Visitors! Toni & Eve. E says Keith is settled fine now, but they couldn't have managed without Toni + for first week (I am so proud of her) Request warm clothes - we're going to need them - & to buy birthday present for Toni. They have moved to Yvonne's house all share news of visitors. Winnie's mother clapped. Matron & said 'Take care of my Request to Col: That double detainers be allowed 2 letters - one to children, one to husband - NO. Watcher or a clock? NO. Can we buy cosmetics, etc, from place of our own choosing? NO

DOIS IS LEAVING TODAY. This pathetic, sweet, good natured little woman serving a month or 6 weeks for stealing a dress does not want to leave. She has nowhere to go, no job. She likes looking after sick or old women - she asked if she could take one of our places - she had been happy here!

Conversation with floor mipers: Do u know why we are here? Yes, its because you
didn't wanted it + people shld not have power, + it it was nt
be so heavy for us.

Continued complaints to authorities. Had one night see ~~ghost~~ ghosts, H2 specimen
turn to Matron, + kept one for col when he come

NB - I have my pencil leads!

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