

HE DREAMS OF A THIRD WORLD WAR

By WILFRED BURCHETT

HONG KONG.—On top of Grass Mountain which overlooks Taipeh, the capital of Formosa, stands a forbidding, grey granite mansion. It is surrounded by thick hedges—but not thick enough to conceal the rows of electrified barbed wire. Heavily-armed guards patrol inside and outside the hedges, machine-guns at the ready. This grim fortress-like mansion was built for the Japanese Imperial Governor-General. Now it is occupied by China's leading traitor—Chiang Kai-shek.

It is symbolic that Chiang, who hates the Chinese people as much as he is despised by them, has shut himself up in this granite fortress away from sight or sound of the Chinese people.

HE IS AFRAID

He is even afraid of light and spends his days wearing heavily tinted glasses brooding in a darkened room. He is afraid of sound, so his rooms are lined with soundproof padding.

He is afraid of assassination, so visitors who penetrate the lines of armed guards, the electrified barbed wire, with all the necessary passes, are searched for concealed weapons before they approach the trembling old traitor. This applies even to U.S. correspondents whom he occasionally receives.

Through his tinted glasses, Chiang can peer out of his heavily curtained windows and see the glittering lights of Taipeh far below.

The brightest glitter of all comes from the sumptuous headquarters of MAG, the Military Advisory Group of 900 U.S. officers—now increased to 1,500.

This terrified traitor, who has 28 years of unbroken treachery to his people behind him, sits in his darkened, sound-proof room and dreams of the third world war he hopes to help to engineer.

If half of humanity has to be wiped out in the process, that is the least of his cares.

He waded to power in a sea of blood with his terrible massacre of Communists and Shanghai workers in 1927.

He maintained himself in power by the spilt blood of the Chinese people until he was flung off the mainland in 1950.

A PROUD PEOPLE

The Formosans never ceased to struggle against him from the moment his corrupt administration set foot on Formosan soil. They are a proud and valiant people, steeled in struggle.

Ninety-seven per cent are of Chinese origin, mainly from the provinces of Kwantung and Fukien.

The remainder are descendants of the original island natives, who now form the Koashan minority, living in the heavily wooded mountains which are the dominant feature of Formosa.

In the half century of Japanese occupation, the Formosan people revolted more than 20 times. Half a million of them laid down their lives in the brutal reprisals that followed.

Formosa was returned to China in 1945, on the basis of the Cairo Declaration of December, 1943, confirmed by the Potsdam Agreement.

The Cairo Declaration stated: "All the territories Japan has stolen from the Chinese such as Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores (Taiwan and the Penghu islands) shall be returned to China."

WHEN Chiang's forces landed they brought with them the same corruption that had paralyzed the mainland. The islands' main products of sugar, rice, camphor and minerals were grabbed by the "Four Families" of the Kuomintang and turned into private monopolies.

The Chiang regime took over the same machinery of oppression introduced by the Japanese. Brutal repression of civil liberties led to a general strike in 1947.

Chiang pretended to negotiate a settlement, but in fact was only playing for time while he dispatched two divisions of troops to the island. In the bloody massacre which followed in February, 1947, more than 10,000 Formosans were slaughtered.

In 1949 the Formosan people awaited their liberation following the defeat of Chiang's 8,000,000 U.S.-trained and equipped forces on the mainland.

But instead of liberation, Chiang and his fleeing remnants arrived, transported by U.S. ships and planes. About one million officers, wealthy merchants, compradores and high Kuomintang func-

tionaries poured onto the island, together with hundreds of millions of dollars worth of gold, jewels and art treasures plundered from the Chinese people.

RUNNING DOGS

"These running dogs," as they are contemptuously called by the Formosan people, are despised and hated.

Armed resistance to the Kuomintang has never ceased since the massacre of 1947, and since the arrival of Chiang's armed forces, part of them have been constantly engaged in "pacification" operations in the mountain areas, where resistance forces are still holding out.

As U.S. aid poured into the island and more and more U.S. Congressmen came on sight-seeing tours to see how the money was being spent, Chiang's U.S. advisers told him it was more prudent to cover up some of the more obvious evidences of his dictatorship.

Accordingly, elections were held to local councils in the capital city of Taipeh and a few other towns. The "running dogs" hoped to sweep the polls, but in fact not one was elected. "Democracy" was put back into cold storage, the powers of the town councils reduced to almost nil. Real power rests with the provincial governments nominated by Chiang.

For the people of Formosa, Chiang has imposed a regime of the most rigid austerity.

Apart from being ground down to a slave-type existence, crippled with taxation, robbed on every hand, slaving under merciless landlords, forced to pay impossible rents, subjected to forced labour—apart from all this, the people are forbidden by law to have feasts or celebrations.

But the law does not apply to those who belong to the "running dog" circle. Luxury hotels have been built—and the latest is one belonging to Madame Chiang Kai-shek—ostensibly to make life more "palatable" for Formosa's several thousand Americans.

In the "New China Club," as Madame Chiang's hotel is called, or the "Friends of China Club," and other similar club hotels which can make their own rules, the Kuomintang upper crust can drink, dance, gamble, feast and enjoy themselves to the stomachs-full content.

In the outskirts of Taipeh is one of the most extraordinary colonies in the world. Six hundred Kuomintang generals and admirals without commands, live here on full (U.S. dollar) pay.

They are the armyless and navyless remnants of the shattering defeat Chiang suffered at the hands of the People's Liberation Army. Few of them have any illusions of having active commands again—nor do they want them.

There are scores of thousands of other officers, manning divisions which exist on paper only. Chiang in theory has built up 24 divisions with U.S. dollars. At least he has received dollars sufficient to build up and equip 24 divisions. They are probably complete as far as generals and officers are concerned, but there they tail off.

OFFICERS OUTNUMBER MEN

Many visiting journalists have written that officers actually outnumber men in many of Chiang's Formosa divisions. And the average age for officers is over 50, for soldiers over 30.

Chiang and his regime are so hated by the Formosan people that they dare not conscript them into the army. Recruiting must come from the 1,000,000 "running dogs," most of whom are pot-bellied officials, landlords and wealthy merchants.

Not one Formosan has been conscripted into the army and even the 100,000 strong "National Guard" recruited from Formosa has not been issued firearms for fear they would be turned against the overlords.

The paper divisions, however, are important to Chiang to justify the flow to Formosa of about one million dollars a day. They are important to Washington to maintain the myth to the American people and American allies that Chiang has an army capable not only of defending Formosa but also of invading the mainland.

An important part in maintaining the myth is played by a comic opera "regimental combat team" specifically trained to perform for the unending stream of U.S. Congressmen, Senators and glibble journalist visiting the island. It is always the same unit and it always performs the same tricks.

But despite the perfection of their training and the billions of dollars of aid that have gone to Chiang, observers have noted that not even the weapons of this elite show-piece unit have been standardized.

It seems that Chiang and his family members have lost none of their old ability to divert a major proportion of dollar aid into their own family coffers.



CHIANG KAI-SHEK

GERMISTON WELCOMES ACQUITTAL IN SCHOOL CASE

JOHANNESBURG.

GERMISTON'S African areas had an air of victory about them last week when, in the first prosecution for running a school under the Bantu Education Act, all five accused were discharged.

Joshua Makwe, Kenneth Maketsi, Johnson Phaake, Peggy Ros and Grace Shaago left the court after the case to the clapping and cheers of the crowd that had watched the proceedings.

All the five except Maketsi were discharged at the end of the crown case. The magistrate refused to discharge Maketsi, but later acquitted him after he had given evidence.

"CONDUCTING SCHOOL"

The five were charged with "establishing, conducting or main-

taining a Bantu school, other than a Government Bantu school, which was not registered or prescribed."

Exhibits in court were blackboards, children's exercise and text books.

NO EVIDENCE

Applying for the discharge of the five, Mr. J. Slovo (instructed by Mandela and Tambo) argued that there was no evidence to show that the five had established a school or that they conducted or maintained it. According to the evidence given, there were about 200 children in various age groups, some sitting on benches, and others on the floor, but there was no evidence as to what they were doing. The only evidence was that Maketsi was seen pointing to a blackboard.

The prosecutor said he was in a difficult position because crown

witnesses had not given their evidence satisfactorily. The evidence against Maketsi was that he was said to be facing the children and to have asked them: "How does a cow get up after lying down?" Maketsi's evidence was that he was a carpenter and went to the building to repair benches. He spoke to the children but did not teach them. The magistrate said there was no evidence that he had been asked by the parents to be there, and he discharged them.

Two of the Crown witnesses who gave evidence in the prosecution against the five have been charged with perjury. They are Mr. M. Thotela and the Reverend Simon Kubeka, who gave evidence during the case that they had not been approached to lend their church premises for a school. Both are now out on bail of £20 each. Their case will be heard on July 27.

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AFRICAN WOMEN TOUR CHINA

JOHANNESBURG.

DORA TAMANE and Lilian Ngoyi, representatives of the Federation of South African Women now in Europe, have just completed visits to China and the Soviet Union.

Of the Soviet people, Lilian Ngoyi writes home: "They are dignified people, but as simple as ABC." Among the Soviet women, she says, she had not the slightest feeling that she was Non-White. "I actually felt as though I was in dreamland."

The two women spent a month and five days in China, touring as far south as Shanghai and then into the northern industrial areas. "The Chinese people," writes Lilian, "are busy reconstructing their country with most wonderful plans."

After their visit to China, the two women were invited to Mongolia as the guests of the Mongolian Women's movement.

The front page of "Die Vaderland" one day last week carried a photograph of Lilian Ngoyi being shown round a factory in Moscow. On page three were three more photographs sent, said "Die Vaderland," direct from their European agents, "right out of Moscow."

"Native Women in Moscow," the pictures were captioned. They showed Miss Ngoyi walking in a Moscow street, being shown over the Armenian Pavilion at the Agricultural Exhibition, talking to a worker, and at a children's concert.

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Mr. DITSELE

In Lady Selborne, Pretoria, the people are girding themselves for another "Western Areas Removal" struggle. Here a number of well-known residents tell 'New Age' readers why they are opposed to the removal of the township.

1. MR. E. DITSELE, leading Congressman. "We are totally opposed to removal. Congress says the people must resist this threat to their township."

2. MR. A. MASHEGOANE, shopkeeper and property owner, who has lived in Lady Selborne

Mr. MASHEGOANE

since 1919. "We bought stands here and built businesses not only for us, but for our children, and our children's children. Today, when we are old and our strength has been given here, we are told all we have is to be taken away. My entire family lives here. Every thing I possess is here in Lady Selborne."

3. MR. P. MAKGATHO, well-known property owner, who first settled in Lady Selborne in 1922 and built in 1925, from when his title deeds date. "I don't want to

Mr. MAKGATHO

move. No property owner wants to move. Lady Selborne a 'black spot'? It's a black spot because it's a township where Africans have freehold title. Bantule Location is not a 'black spot' nor is Atteridgeville, or Vlaktefontein, because they are locations. Where Africans own freehold they must pack and go, says the Government."

4. Rev. N. B. TANTSIS, of the A.M.E. Church, a one-time president of the Transvaal A.N.C. "People are very upset about the



Rev. TANTSIS

threatened removal. I have not seen them so upset ever before. For many it is a life and death fight, and we are against the removal. All the churches oppose the removal. My own A.M.E. Church paid £5,000 for its Lady Selborne properties. It is clear that Minister Verwoerd has no control in this freehold area and wants a location instead. The attempt to introduce a permit system here some time back failed, after it was successfully challenged in the courts by the Village Committee. Lady Selborne is one of the few remaining areas where the Africans have freehold rights. Well, the fight is on here."

SOVIET EDUCATION

LONDON.

Alarm at the progress which was being made by the Soviet Union in the educational field was expressed by a Conservative, Sir Charles Ewing, in the House of Commons recently.

One in every 100 persons in the Soviet Union was a full-time student, he said. The United States had only one-third of this number and Britain one-twentieth.

The Soviet Union, he said, had made "tremendous progress" in solving scientific problems.

The Basupatsela ("They Show the Way"), the new pioneer movement which made its first appearance at the Congress of the People in its uniform of yellow scarves, green shirts and black trousers, the Congress colours.

TEXTILE WORKERS RESIST WAGE THREATS

CAPE TOWN.

THE workers in the blanket industry are determined not to have their wages reduced, and will take all necessary action against any such possibility, Mr. I. Topley, treasurer of the Cape area branch of the Textile Workers' Industrial Union of S.A., told 'New Age' this week.

At present there is no wage agreement for the blanket workers. The previous agreement expired at the end of June and all negotiations to date have ended in deadlock, the union not accepting the employers' proposal of a reduction in the cost of living allowance. Such a reduction would drop wages by about 29 per cent.

The union, on the other hand, demanded a general increase of 10 per cent, and shorter working hours. "The workers just won't stand for any reduction," Mr. Topley said. "They feel the industry can well afford to pay them higher wages,

and are most definitely prepared to take further action if the employers insist on the reduction."

Mr. Topley, who has worked in the blanket industry for 17 years, said that the workers' present wages were by no means sufficient to allow for a decent standard of living.

"It is hard enough to manage with what we are getting," said Mr. Topley. "My wife does not seem to be able to get the pound to do what it ought to do. But I'm sure that is not my wife's fault—the pound has lost most of its value."

30,100 FAMILIES in New York City living in houses built partly or entirely with Federal funds have received notices requiring them to sign a "loyalty oath" and swear they are not members of any of the 303 organisations on the Attorney-General's list of subversive organisations. If they refuse to sign, they are threatened with the loss of their homes.

ALABAMA STATE SENATE has unanimously passed a Bill intended to continue school segregation. Shortly after the Bill was passed a resolution was introduced calling for impeachment of the Supreme Court judges who ruled that segregation in schools was unconstitutional.

PEACE COUNCIL announced this week in Johannesburg that over 16,000 signatures have been collected to the Appeal for the Outlawing of Atomic Weapons.

This figure does not include the thousands of signatures collected at the Congress of the People, which were removed by the police.

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When a Maori child is born, the father plants a birth tree, which is "tabu" and cannot be destroyed. Here a New Zealand writer RODERICK FINLAYSON tells what happened when the white men came to chop down Taranga's birth tree, and how they were foiled.

THE TOTARA TREE

PEOPLE came running from all directions wanting to know what all the fuss was about. "Oho! it's crazy old Taranga perching like a crow in her tree because the white boss wants his men to cut it down," Panapa explained, enjoying the joke hugely.

"What you say, cut it down? Cut the totara down?" echoed Uncle Tuna, anger and amazement wrinkling yet more his old wrinkled face. "Cut Taranga down first!" he exclaimed. "Everyone knows that totara is Taranga's birth tree."

Uncle Tuna was so old he claimed to remember the day Taranga's father had planted the young tree when the child was born. Nearly one hundred years ago, Uncle Tuna said. But many people doubted that he was quite as old as that. He always boasted so.

"Well, it looks like they'll have to cut down both Taranga and her tree," chuckled Panapa to the disgust of Uncle Tuna, who disapproved of joking about matters of religion.

"Can't the whites bear the sight of one single tree without reaching for his axe?" Uncle Tuna demanded angrily. "However, this tree is tabu," he added with an air of finality, "so let the white man go cut down his own weeds." Uncle Tuna hated the whites.

"Ae, why do they want to cut down Taranga's tree," a puzzled woman asked.

"It's the wires," Panapa explained loftily. "The tree's right in the way of the new power wires they're taking up the valley. Ten thousand volts, eh? That's power, I tell you! A touch of that to her tail would soon make old Taranga spring out of her tree, eh?" Panapa added with impish delight and a sly dig in the ribs for old Uncle Tuna. The old man simply spat his contempt and stumped away.

"Oho!" gurgled Panapa, "now just look at the big white boss down below dancing and cursing at mad old Taranga up the tree; and she doesn't know a single word and cares nothing at all!"

And indeed Taranga just sat up there smoking her evil-smelling pipe. Now she turned her head away and spat slowly and deliberately on the ground. Then she fixed her old half-closed eyes on the horizon again. Aue! how those red-faced Europeans down below there jabbered and shouted! Well, no matter.

Meanwhile a big crowd had collected near the shanty where Taranga lived with her grandson, in front of which grew Taranga's totara tree right on the narrow road that divided the straggling little hillside settlement from the river. Men lounged against old sheds and hung over sagging fences; women squatted in open doorways or strolled along the road with babies in shawls on their backs. The bolder children even came right up and made marks in the dust on the Inspector's big car with their grubby little fingers. The driver had to say to them: "Hey, there, you! Keep away from the car." And they hung their heads and pouted their lips and looked shyly at him with great sombre eyes.

But a minute later the kiddies were jiggling with delight behind the Inspector's back. How splendid to see such a show—all the bosses from town turned out to fight mad old Taranga perched in a tree! But she was a witch

all right. Maybe she'd just flap her black shawl like wings and give a cackle and turn into a bird and fly away. Or maybe she'd curse the whites and they'd all wither up like dry sticks before their eyes! Uncle Tuna said she could do even worse than that. However, the older children didn't believe that old witch stuff.

Now as long as the old woman sat unconcernedly smoking up the tree, and the whites down below argued and appealed to her as unsuccessfully as appealing to Fate, the crowd thoroughly enjoyed the joke. But when the Inspector at last lost his temper and shouted to his men to pull the old woman down by force, the humour of the gathering changed. The women in the doorways shouted shrilly. One of them said: "Go away, white man and bully city folk! We Maoris don't yet insult trees or old women!" The men on the fences began grumbling sullenly, and the younger fellows started to lounge over towards the intruders.

Taranga's grandson, Taikehu, who had been chopping wood, had a big axe in his hand. Taranga may be mad but after all it was her birth tree. You couldn't just come along and cut down a tree like that. Ae, you could laugh your fill at the old woman perched among the branches like an old black crow, but it wasn't for a white man to come talking about pulling her down and destroying her tree. That smart man had better look out.

The Inspector evidently thought so too. He made a sign to dismiss the linesmen who were waiting with ladders and axes and ropes and saws to cut the tree down. Then he got into his big car, tight-lipped with rage. "Hey, look out there you kids!" the driver shouted. And away went the white man amid a stench of burnt benzine, leaving Taranga so far victorious.

"They'll be back to-morrow with the police all right and drag old Taranga down by a leg," said Panapa gloatingly. "She'll have no chance with the police. But by korry! I'll laugh to see the first policeman to sample her claws."

"Oho, they'll be back with soldiers," chanted the kiddies in great excitement. "They'll come with machine guns and go r-r-r-r at old Taranga, but she'll just swallow the bullets!"

"Shut up, you kids," Panapa commanded.

But somehow the excitement of the besieging of Taranga in her tree had spread like wildfire through the usually sleepy little settlement. The young bloods talked about preparing a hot welcome for the white men to-morrow. Uncle Tuna encourage them. A pretty state of affairs, he said, if a tabu tree could be desecrated by mere busybodies. The young men of his day knew better how to deal with such affairs. He remembered well how he himself had once tomahawked a white man who broke the tabu of a burial ground. If people had listened to him long ago all the whites would have been put in their place, under the deep sea—shark food! said Uncle Tuna ferociously. But the people were weary of Uncle Tuna's many exploits, and they didn't stop to listen. Even the youngsters nowadays merely remarked: "oh yeah," when the old man harangued them.

Yet already the men were dancing half-humorous hakas around the totara tree. A fat woman with rolling eyes and a long tongue encouraged them. Every-one roared with laughter when she tripped in her long red skirts and fell bouncing in the road. It was taken for granted now that they would make a night of it. Work was forgotten, and every-one gathered about Taranga's place. Taranga still waited quietly in the tree.

Panapa disappeared as night drew near but he soon returned with a barrel of home-brew on a sledge to enliven the occasion. That soon warmed things up, and the fun became fast and more furious. They gathered dry scrub and made bonfires to light the scene. They told Taranga not to leave her lookout, and they sent up baskets of food and drink to her; but she wouldn't touch bite nor sup. She alone of all the crowd was now calm and dignified.

You, too, can write a short story. See details of our competition on page five.

nified. The men were dancing mad hakas armed with axes, knives and old taiahas. Someone kept firing a shot-gun till the cartridges gave out. Panapa's barrel of home-brew was getting low too, and Panapa just sat there propped against it and laughed and laughed; men and women alike boasted what they'd do with the whites to-morrow. Old Uncle Tuna was disgusted with the whole business though. That was no way to fight he said; that was the whites' own ruination. He stood up by the meeting-house and harangued the mob, but no one listened to him.

The children were screeching with delight and racing around the bonfires like brown demons. They were throwing fire-sticks

about here, there and everywhere. So it's no wonder the scrub caught fire, and Taikehu's house beside the tree was ablaze before anybody noticed it. Heaven help us, but there was confusion then! Taikehu rushed in to try and save his best clothes. But he only got out with his old overcoat and a broken gramophone before the flames roared up through the roof. Some men started beating out the scrub with their axes and sticks. Others ran to the river for water. Uncle Tuna capered about urging the men to save the totara tree from the flames. Fancy wasting his breath preaching against the whites, he cried. Trust this senseless generation of Maoris to work their own destruction, he sneered.

It seemed poor old Taranga was forgotten for the moment. Till a woman yelled at Taikehu: "What you doing there with your old rags, you fool? Look alive and get the old woman out of the tree." Then she ran to the tree and called. "Eh, there, Taranga, don't be mad. Come down quick, old mother!"

But Taranga made no move.

Between the woman and Taikehu and some others, they got Taranga down. She looked to be still lost in meditation. But she was quite dead.

"Aue! she must have been dead a long time—she's quite cold and stiff," Taikehu exclaimed. "So it couldn't be the fright of the fire that killed her."

"Fright!" jeered Uncle Tuna. "I tell you, pothead, a woman who loaded rifles for me under the cannon shells of the whites isn't likely to die of fright at a rubbish fire." He cast a despicable glance at the smoking ruins of Taikehu's shanty. "No! but I tell you what she died of," Uncle Tuna exclaimed. "Taranga was just sick to death of you and your white man's ways. Sick to death!" The old man spat on the ground and turned his back on Taikehu and Panapa and their companions.

Meanwhile the wind had changed, and the men had beaten out the scrub fire, and the totara tree was saved. The fire and the old woman's strange death and Uncle Tuna's harsh words had sobered everybody by now, and the mood of the gathering changed from its former frenzy to melancholy and a kind of superstitious awe. Already some women had started to wait at the meeting-house where Taranga had been carried. Arrangements would have to be made for the burying.

"Come here, Taikehu," Uncle Tuna commanded. "I have to show you where you must bury Taranga."

Well, the Inspector had the grace to keep away while the burying was on. Or rather Sergeant O'Connor, the chief of the local police and a good friend of Taranga's people, advised the Inspector not to meddle till it was over. "A burial or a wake, sure it's just as sad and holy," he said. "Now I advise you, don't interfere till they've finished."

But when the Inspector did go out to the settlement afterwards—well! Panapa gloatingly told story in the pub in town later. "O boy," he said, "you should have heard what plummy Mr. Inspector called Sergeant O'Connor when he found out they'd buried the old woman right under the roots of the plummy tree! I think O'Connor liked the joke though. When the Inspector finish cursing, O'Connor say to him: 'Sure the situation's still unchanged then. Taranga's still in her tree.'"

Well, the power lines were delayed more than ever and in time this strange state of affairs was even mentioned in the Houses of Parliament, and the Maori members declared the Maori's utter refusal to permit the desecration of burial places, and the white members all applauded these fine orations. So the Power Board was brought to the pass at last of having to build a special concrete foundation for the poles in the river bed so that the wires could be carried clear of Taranga's tree.

"Oho!" Panapa chuckles, telling the story to strangers who stop to look at the tomb beneath the totara on the roadside. "Taranga dead protects her tree much better than Taranga alive. Py korry she cost the white men thousands and thousands of pounds I guess!"

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TRADE UNION NOTES

African Laundry workers have now formed a national union, following a meeting of union delegates from Johannesburg, the East Rand, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Rustenburg and Klerksdorp.

This union is one of the oldest African unions, having been established in 1928.

The union has also decided to affiliate to the Textile and Clothing International of the World Federation of Trade Unions.

Workers at Peanut Products in Fordsburg, recently threatened by a lock-out, have now applied for a

conciliation board, and have submitted their demands to the employers.

Women workers are demanding a basic starting wage of £2 15s. (at present they get £1 5s. inclusive of cost of living); and men workers a starting wage of £3 10s. a week. (They earn about £2 a week today.)

The African Laundry Workers' Union has sent a message of support and a donation to the textile workers of India, now entering the third month of their strike for a living wage and better conditions.

"The workers' day of liberation is approaching and will be hastened by the selfless, noble sacrifices made by you," said the message sent to the Indian trade union and strikers in Kanpur.

Enclosing a donation, the laundry workers say in their letter: "We really do not have much money but would like to show you that we mean not only words, but deeds."

The Freedom Charter adopted at the Congress of the People has been accepted in full by the South African Congress of Trade Unions, which has decided on a campaign to popularise the Charter among workers.

Banned Book Fine

JOHANNESBURG.—In the third conviction under the Customs Act for possession of banned literature, Lionel Morrison, a young Coloured student, has been sentenced to a fine of £20, or three months' imprisonment, half the sentence suspended for one year.

He was found in possession of "World Youth," the magazine of the World Federation of Democratic Youth, and "Democratic German Report."

This case will be taken to appeal.

Raid on House

JOHANNESBURG.

Members of the Special Staff (the political police) recently visited and searched the house of Mr. B. T. Naidoo, a vice-president of the Transvaal Indian Congress, and brother of the late T. N. Naidoo.

First the detectives entered the house next door, thinking it was Mr. Naidoo's and they had already opened a wardrobe door in one of the rooms before they discovered they were in the wrong house.

In Mr. Naidoo's house they announced that they had come to search for stolen property taken from a nearby factory. They searched in cupboards and bookcases, looking through books and papers, including children's books. After the search they removed nothing.

The firm from which stolen property is supposed to be missing knows nothing of any burglary!

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