

# VICTORY IN EGYPT NOT YET WON

**T**HE force of world anger at the British, French and Israeli invasion of Egypt has led to a cease-fire and brought to a temporary halt the use of naked aggression to crush the Nasser government. This is a victory for the forces of progress, but it is by no means a final victory.

The hot breath of another Korea-type war, or even a third world war, has not yet passed by. The Anglo-French military forces are still astride the Suez Canal. And Israel still maintains that she will hold on to the spoils of conquest.

## Two Objectives

Progressives everywhere see two urgent immediate objectives:

- The Anglo-French military forces must be made to withdraw from the Canal, Israel must pull her troops back to the Israeli frontier, and the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Egypt must be restored.
- The attempts of the reactionaries to switch the war drive from Egypt to Hungary must be defeated, and progressives must stand firm (irrespective of opinions on the events in Hungary) against any campaign to inveigle them, on the basis of the emotions aroused by the events in Hungary, into a reckless hate campaign and potential war incitement against the Soviet Union.



Britain and France have been forced to agree to a cease-fire, but progressives must not blind themselves to the fact that the Eden-Mollet objective, from the moment of the nationalisation of the Suez Canal, to use military force in order to establish control of the Suez Canal has been carried out.

## Foot in Door

"Objective achieved" the right wing London Daily Mail is exulting. "We have got our foot in the door," crows the Daily Telegraph.

The Egyptian government and people—and with them all the nations of the Middle East, Asia and Africa—will never accept this reimposition of colonialism. There can be no peace until the foreign invaders get out.

There is no doubt that the British and the French had no intention of stopping short of the overthrow of the Nasser government. But their abrupt announce-

## WORLD STAGE

### By Spectator

ment of the cease-fire, which followed within 24 hours of the Soviet notes warning that the Soviet Union would aid Egypt, showed the impact of the forces outside the control or original calculations of the British and French governments.

## Egypt's Resistance

First there was the unexpected strength of the Egyptian resistance, despite the odds against them. The jingo press had assured the world confidently that it would not take much more than a bark from the British bulldog to scatter Egyptian troops in panic. They were in for a surprise.

"A tougher battle than we thought," admitted the News Chronicle as the British battled in Port Said. And British brigade headquarters announced that the Marines were "finding things a bit sticky." As the French have learned in Indo-China and Algeria, a people fighting for its freedom is not easily crushed.

Secondly there was the unexpectedly strong popular opposition in Britain. Relying on a docile Labour Party—after all, it had stomachached the Malayan war without difficulty—the Tories did not dream that their action would arouse the immense anger and opposition which it did, even in the ranks of right-wing Labour.

Third—and a factor which the British and French must have reckoned with—was the unanimous support of the Afro-Asian nations for Egypt and their determination not to permit the imperialists to succeed in their war of aggression.

## Soviet Intervenes

And fourth, there was the Soviet Union's direct

intervention and her proposal to join with the United States in bringing the war to an end. Most commentators in the western press have placed the greatest importance on this last factor and have treated it as the decisive one.

"What has made the Prime Minister change his mind? That Russia's warnings have some connection with the change seems highly probable," said the Manchester Guardian last week.

And the Paris correspondent of the London Times reported (Nov. 7):

"It was reliably learned here that the suddenness of the Allied decision was also due largely to the belief that Russia might intervene decisively tomorrow. This was the subject of urgent telephone calls today between Sir Anthony Eden and M Mollet. M Mollet is also believed to have been under strong pressure from the U.S. government to come to terms with the United Nations while there was still time before the Russians acted."

A French government minister said, according to the News Chronicle:

"No one will believe that we did not give in to Russian threats—certainly no one in the Middle East."

## Their Worry

This created an urgent worry for the French and British leaders—that by gaining the credit for ending the war in the Middle East, the Soviet Union would further enhance her prestige in Asia and Africa.

The Times openly expressed this fear.

"The cease-fire, in the opinion of some informed people, will have a dire effect upon French fortunes in North Africa... with the added disadvantage of allowing the Russians to pose as the saviours of Egypt and of the Moslem and Bandung Powers as a whole..."

"The Russians would now have a chance to proclaim their intervention yesterday as a great victory for peace and a defeat for aggressors."

## Hungary Issue

For this reason it was a matter of great urgency for the western powers to exploit to the utmost the Hungarian issue in order to switch the overwhelming public anger aroused over the Suez invasion, into anti-Soviet channels. And in this campaign they have not been without success.

But progressives as a whole have been alert enough not to fall too readily into this trap. Even the Manchester Guardian felt the need to warn:

"The sympathy expressed in so many quarters throughout France with the Hungarians is undoubtedly sincere, but it cannot be overlooked that it is in many cases taking a form which tends to thrust the discussion of the rights and wrongs of Anglo-French action in Egypt into the background."

## False Analogy

The analogy between Hungary and Egypt is false:

- The Anglo-French aggression was directed against the Egyptian government; the Soviet assistance on the invitation of the Hungarian government.
- The Anglo-French forces invaded Egypt. The Soviet forces were stationed in Hungary with the recognised responsibility of protecting Hungary's independence and preventing her return to fascism.
- Britain and France had no shred of legal right to invade; the Soviet armed forces were legally in Hungary in terms of the Warsaw pact.
- Most important of all—the issue in Egypt is between imperialism and national liberation; the issue in Hungary is between socialism and reaction as is made clear on our foreign news page.

The people of South Africa have already demonstrated through their spokesmen, the Congress movement, and at mass meetings that they are fully aware of the issues at stake at Suez. There must be no victory for imperialism. The United Nations force must not be permitted to become the thin end of the Anglo-French wedge. Egypt must be free and independent!



These four young men who perform regularly at a European restaurant-club in Cape Town, invited the New Age photographer to an informal "jam-session." Said Kenny Jephthah, guitarist-leader of the quartet: "We don't agree with boycotting Europeans. In fact the more they get to know Non-European artists, the better they'll learn that we have as much talent and ability as anybody else." The quartet has also made radio broadcasts and Mr. Jephthah has made recordings. With him are: Arthur True (drummer), Johnny Du Toit (bass) and Henry February (piano).

# THREATS FORCE EVATON CITIZENS TO TAKE OUT PERMITS

## EVATON.

**T**HE issue of permits in Evaton takes place beneath a large shed, open on one side, behind the court and the Native Commissioner's office.

There is a steady flow of people lining up before the N.A.D. officials who fill in, sign and stamp the forms that will bring the harsh system of official supervision, raids and arrests to this once relatively free area.

Despite the queues to take out permits, even the officials—some of them—will admit that this does not mean the people want the permit system. But the widely broadcast threat of the authorities: "Permits or possible deportation" have had their effect and the week-long boycott of the permit issue centre was finally broken by official pressure.

The officials claim that 400 people, men and women, are coming forward daily to take out permits.

Among the many thousands still holding back are those whose opposition to the permit system is the strongest, and also those who fear that the authorities will not issue them permits.

The Native Commissioner says there are about 20,000 Africans in the township who have no right to be there and will not be issued with permits. The total Evaton population is reckoned at present to be about 40,000.

So about one in two will be told to quit the township.

## TYPICAL CASE

A commotion in the queue while we stood there centred round a tall thin man in working clothes who had come to apply for a permit. "Yes," bellowed a fat African constable "you stay under the English government. When Strijdom says you must come into the Union you refuse. Now you want a permit!" And the tall man was handed a typewritten slip giving him and his family two weeks in which to leave

# CULTURAL CLUB DEMOLISHED WHILE CHILDREN INSIDE

## Parents Angered By Superintendent's Action

### GERMISTON.

**A**CTING on the instructions of the location superintendent a squad of men ripped apart the premises of the Itireleng (self-help) Cultural Club in GERMISTON Location last week.

The hall was demolished as the children and their club leaders were inside it. Suddenly they heard a loud noise and dust and pieces of wood and iron started to fall upon the club children. Panic was averted by the club leaders who calmly led the children to safety outside.

Parents have been roused to fever-pitch anger by this latest outrage which is the culmination of a campaign of attack on the club by the police and location authorities. The parents still refuse to send their children into Bantu Education schools.

## PRIVATE SCHOOL

Before the Itireleng Cultural club there stood on the same site a people's private school, subsidized by the parents and visited and supervised by them daily.

Police interference was as regular as the children's mental arithmetic lessons. Finally the permit for the school was withdrawn by the Native Affairs Department and the school was ordered to close.

From its ruins grew the cultural club and the parents and teachers gave it all the support they could. Interference by the police and the superintendent increased. Last Monday, the superintendent, acting under the pretext of the removal scheme from GERMISTON to NATALS spruit, ordered the demolition of the church hall where the club conducted its activities.

## NO WARNING

Mr. B. Molewa, the chief club leader, said no word of warning was given. They saw the building being

plucked down on top of them. A squad of police was waiting outside. To add insult to injury, he was told by the police sergeant that the children were obstructing the traffic in the street and he should move them to the veld!

Germiston's superintendent has broken down the iron and wood structure of the club's building but he has only strengthened the spirit of the club.

## BAIL FOR PASS PROTESTERS

### JOHANNESBURG.

Ten of the Lichtenburg men and women facing trial on charges of public violence following the anti-pass protest by the women of the location have been bailed out with amounts collected by the Congress movement.

A reduction in bail is being applied for on behalf of those still in custody.

**DON'T LET NEW AGE DOWN! SEND YOUR DONATION TODAY**

# ARAB COUNTRIES' PEACE APPEAL

### JOHANNESBURG.

**M**ANKIND must be saved the catastrophe of a third world war developing from the Middle East crisis. The only way out is the unconditional withdrawal of all foreign, invading troops beyond the Egyptian borders.

This is the text of an urgent appeal broadcast to the peace movement throughout the world, through the World Peace Council, by the peace movements of Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and Egypt.

The South African Peace Council has released the text of this appeal in this country.

The appeal says: After the adoption by the Security Council of the six-point solution to the Suez crisis and while Egypt was preparing to take part in negotiations on October 29 in Geneva, the Israeli army treacherously attacked Egypt's borders, with the instigation and collaboration of the British and French Governments.

After the start of the Israeli aggression, Anglo-French naval and air forces started bombarding Egyptian towns. There were more than 300 savage raids in 48 hours. More than 400 civilians were killed in a few hours in Port Said alone, most of them women and children.

The forces of aggression continue to threaten other Arab towns with similar raids.

Representatives of the peace movements of Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Iraq met in those tragic hours of the invasion of Egypt to urge the World Peace Council to adopt a stand facing up to the seriousness of this savage aggression. They demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities, the condemnation of the plotting of the aggressors, and the unconditional withdrawal of all forces of aggression beyond Egypt's borders.

The appeal adds that the World Peace Council has the historic obligation to take rapid decisions to prevent the transformation of the Middle East crisis into a world war, "which we Arab peace supporters have done so much to prevent along with the World Peace Council. Our people look to your decision on which depends our confidence, and the confidence of the world in the Council."

# AFRICAN WORKERS WIN HIGHER WAGES

### JOHANNESBURG.

African iron and steel workers at African Lamps who were last year convicted of striking illegally have now won their appeal in the Supreme Court and a magnificent victory in their fight for higher wages.

Last July 79 workers, including their union secretary, Mr. N. Sejake, were convicted and fined in the Magistrate's Court for taking part in an illegal strike. They were fined £3 each while a £50 fine was imposed on Mr. Sejake.

The conviction under the Native Labour Settlement of Disputes Act was set aside and the fines paid by the workers which were deducted from their weekly pay envelopes by their employer are to be refunded.

The workers have won not only their case in court, but also an increase in wages. From June of this year they were awarded an increase of 1d. an hour.

## Mopeli Charged

### JOHANNESBURG.

Another government exile, the ex-Witzieshoek chief, 60-year old Paulus Mopeli, a great-grandson of Moshesh, who was banished to Nelo in the Eastern Transvaal after the 1951 Witzieshoek riots, is being charged in a Groblersdal court with having left Nelo in defiance of his banishment order.

His wife, Treaty Mopeli, is appearing with him on the same charge.

The case was postponed to November 26.

# NAKED AGGRESSION AGAINST EGYPT CONDEMNED

**T**HERE were shouts of "Long Live Nasser," "Long Live the Hungarian People's Republic" after speakers at a Sophiatown open-air meeting on Sunday explained the Egyptian and Hungarian situations to the crowd. Speaking for the first time since the expiration of his ban Mr. A. Kathrada said the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion was no police action but naked aggression against the people of Egypt. Nasser in his stand against imperialism expressed the will of the oppressed peoples throughout the world.

The Suez Canal was nationalised to make Egypt self-sufficient, to build irrigation schemes to provide the people with enough to eat. The imperialists, said Kathrada, had reckoned without the strength of the peoples of the world and with-

out the might of the Soviet Union. The news of the volunteers from China, Indonesia and the Soviet Union had made the imperialists change their minds.

On the Hungarian situation Mr. Kathrada said the Soviet Union did not invade Hungary. Soviet troops were there by agreement and were called on by the Hungarian Government to crush a counter-revolution which aimed to make Hungary again a "land of three million beggars."

Other speakers said many white South Africans were showing concern about the so-called freedom of the Hungarian people, but were silent about brutal and oppressive legislation like the Group Areas Act and the pass and permit systems.

# The Two Philosophers

An American Fable, By MIKE QUIN

**O**nce there were two philosophers who answered an advertisement in the newspaper and got themselves jobs as lighthouse keepers on a lonely island way out in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. They were the only human beings on the island and there was only one little house for them to live in.

After they had been put ashore with all of their luggage, and the steamer had sailed away, they picked up their suit cases and started walking toward the house.

Although they were both philosophers, they had entirely different philosophies. Said one of them as they walked along: "This is a lonely, god-forsaken looking place, but with my philosophy I am sure that I will be able to fit myself into it. I can accommodate myself to anything in time. It is merely a matter of adjusting one's mind to it."

"It is lonely enough," the other philosopher replied, "but I am sure that we will be able to fix it up so that it is suitable to our needs. It is just a matter of a little hard work and perseverance." So saying, they entered the

house and had a look around. Everything went well until they entered the bedroom.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed one. "The last people who lived here must have been dwarfs."

And it was true enough, because the two beds they found were little tiny things scarcely large enough to hold a child.

"We'll certainly have to change this," continued the philosopher. "We could never fit ourselves into those."

**T**HE other shook his head profoundly. "I can see you are one of those red complainers," he remarked. "Why don't you let well enough alone and take things as you find them? That's my philosophy. Fit yourself in. Why try to change the world? Take it as it is and make the best of it. That's my philosophy."

"But," said the other, "wouldn't it be wiser to get busy with a little effort and make the beds larger? That's what I'm going to do with mine."

"You are an impractical dreamer," said the other philosopher. "Why! In the first place you would have to chop down a tree and saw it into boards and hammer nails into them and heaven knows what all!"

"That's true enough," said the other. "But what needs doing must be done. And if I don't do it, I will never be able to get a good night's rest."

"It's all very well for you to go on raving about your Utopian ideas," said the conservative philosopher. "But just try to put them into practice. Suppose the tree falls on you? Suppose you get splinters in your fingers? Suppose you miss the nail with the hammer and hit your thumb? You radicals never stop to consider those things."

"Do as you please," said the other. "But as for me, I'm going to change things to a more comfortable shape." So saying he got busy with an axe and started chopping down a tree.

The other man took off his clothes and began soaking himself in a tub of cold water. The chattering of his teeth made such a racket that it attracted the industrious philosopher. "What in the name of common sense are you doing?" he asked.

"If God meant me to suffer," he said, "it is better that I suffer and not try to interfere with his will."

Late that night, the industrious philosopher was awakened by someone shaking his shoulder. "The thing I don't like about you Communists," said the conservative, "is that in the end all you are thinking of is yourself. How can you sleep comfortably in that big bed while I, fellow human being, am cramped beyond human endurance?"

"Climb in," said the radical, "and stop blubbering."

The conservative crawled in, stretched out his legs, and sighed in relief. Then, before going to sleep, he said:

"If this is some trick you've got up your sleeve to put some of your propaganda over on me, you might as well forget it. I have a mind of my own and ideas of my own, and I am not going to be dictated to. This bed will probably collapse before morning anyhow. So don't say I didn't warn you."

**A**NC PROTEST AGAINST DEPORTATIONS

## JOHANNESBURG.

The Working Committee of the African National Congress has issued a strong protest against the deportation from Evaton of Mr. J. N. Khumalo, Mr. S. S. Nhlapho and Mr. Ralekeke Rantuba.

South African Governments, says Congress, have always persecuted those Africans who fight against racial inequality and oppression. The three men were deported because in a perfectly peaceful and non-violent manner they voiced their opposition to the proclamation of Evaton as a Native Location; a viewpoint which is fully endorsed by the entire population of Evaton.

The entire country, concludes the statement, must be aroused and mobilised to call a halt to the dictatorship of the Nationalist Government.

HE caught a very bad cold but failed to shorten his length. Then he got out a pencil and paper and began writing an essay on the benefits of discomfort in order to justify his position. Along about sundown, he approached his companion, who by now was hammering the last nails into his finished bed. "I say," he declared, "I have been thinking the matter over and have decided to chop off my legs. My feet hurt me anyway and that would make me just the right length."

"Help yourself to the axe," said his companion.

He rolled his pants legs up, put one leg on the block, hefted the axe, and then changed his mind.



# ON THAT HILLOCK

BITING frost, clear June morning weather, made the benumbed hands of the road labourers fail to grip frost-covered picks and shovels. As they started on their work they cursed forced labour, poll tax and the overseer. They cursed the picks for refusing to penetrate the hard earth and the earth for not being cooperative in yielding to their picks. The overseer looked at the labourers with his cock-eye while he warmed his hands on a little fire under a thornbush and sipped his deep-grey coffee from a huge black mug. He caressed his ugly mountain-like nose which bulged out of his big face as if God had carelessly flung it there in a hurry for the week-end recess.

As the sun went up warming the surrounding hills and sending its rays to the little valleys of the Nyamazane Hillock birds in the nearby trees began their strange noises. Frost on the dry grass blades formed into small round beautiful balls which rolled down onto the dry earth. The sun warmed the black bare bodies of the labourers which began to sweat, letting beads of perspiration mingle with the dirty dust, and form into winding streams which flowed down their bodies. They wiped the perspiration from their foreheads with their forefingers while leaning on their pick-handles. The veins from their muscular arms swelled out of their skins. By this time the overseer was standing leaning on his gun which symbolised the Government, the law and the forced labour.

After a pause the labourers started in rhythm, their picks giving a dull thud on the rocky earth. Dube, their leader, a well-built middle-aged man led them on a labourers' song which enabled them to sustain the rhythm. The overseer looked at them licking his dry lips. A group of girls passed by to a neighbouring shop. Mafuta, a stocky fellow, broke off from the gang and made towards the girls. The rest of the labourers threw their tools away and also ran to the women. When the girls saw them they scattered about and screamed. The overseer shouted at the labourers in his hoarse voice with bread spurting out of his mouth. "Hei! you black-sam; leave those whores alone and get on with your work." They came back laughing at him. As they reached for their tools Dube calmly said, "Now that you have come back from your love expedition, boys, you go on with your work."

"So you also encourage them, supposed to be in charge?"

"I don't."  
"Why allow them run round like beasts; Where's sense of duty?"

"They are merely trained as slaves . . ."

"Yes, enough of that." The overseer waved him off with his hand. "You have a lot to say."

"You ask me and you don't expect a reply."

"Enough of that trash," he said turning his back, "never can make anything with them, damn savages. When it comes to arguing they will talk themselves hoarse the whole day. They all think the same, 'forced labour, white oppression.' What do they expect? hundred concubines and sit in the sunshine on their backsides?" He shook his head meditatively and returned to his fire. "Wouldn't be surprised if tomorrow they join that swine Bambata and start wringing my neck. Death is nothing, but to die of a twisted neck, hhm." He mumbled as he took a big bite from his bread and pushed it into his mouth with his forefinger.

The labourers settled down for their lunch, each man digging with his wooden spoon from his black billycan of dry porridge. The porridge was washed down with

mahewu. As they drank their mahewu the veins of their necks contracted at each gulp. Dube sat next to Mafuta and read from an old tattered book, "In 1387 again John Clerk, Henry Duntone and John Hychene, serving men of the said trade of cordwainers . . . brought together a great congregation of men like unto themselves, and did conspire and confederate to hold together, and were committed by the Mayor and Aldermen to Newgate prison until they should have been better advised what further ought to be done with them . . ."

"Hei, Dube, what was Bullseye saying to you?" Mafuta started after drinking mahewu and pushing his billycan away.

"Please don't interrupt." He tried to read again ". . . possessing nothing but their bellies . . . the serf serves; he is terrified with threats; wearied by corveés, afflicted with blows, despoiled of his possessions, for if he possesses . . ."

"So you too are like Bullseye now? Playing big, hé?" Dube put the book on his knees and replied, "Well he was cursing you for loafing, suppose that's not playing big now?"

"Let the bastard curse, he sits on his arse under that bushtree the whole day."

"But he is the eye of the government."

"And what are we, the toes of the government?"

"I suppose so, to dig the roads for the tribe, as they put it."

"What nonsense is all this? Hut tax for the tribe, dog tax for the tribe, road labour for the tribe, money of the heads for the tribe. When Mjongo's followers were shot and Chief Mveli called to witness the massacre it was for the tribe. Tomorrow they will push another crooked stick round our back-side and it will still be for the tribe. When tomorrow they use this very road to shoot us down for the money of the heads it will still be for the tribe."

"You have spoken, Mafuta. You don't know how I feel inside me. Being a coward and a sieve. I have to police my own people for forced labour and yet my inside tells me it is immoral but I am still in the dirty deal with Bullseye. I am a married whore in the unhappy family of Bullseye and I dare not divorce him because I cannot find money for all these taxes that have come upon the nation. I never have time to play with my kids at home. Going there only once a week. When I come here to work I have to duck my little son who cries after me. My heart feels heavy and I am gradually becoming an automatic tool of Bullseye."

They did not return for work the following Monday. Bullseye was very restless. He paced the road up and down fishing his Zobo out of his waistcoat pocket which was hanging loosely unfastened over his flabby body; looked to all directions from where some labourers might approach. When he cast another glance he was attracted by a group of armed men who emerged from the wattle plantation. He started but Dube ordered him to stop. He was overtaken by fright. Perspiration covered his face. He tried to close his eyes and cross himself.

"We've not come to kill you," Dube assured him. "We've only come to tell you that as from today we have joined Bambata. Your gun I'll take. Now we want you to go to the government in Pietermaritzburg. Tell them we cannot pay poll tax; we have no money. We cannot pay hut tax and we are tired of road labour. If they want us they will find us on this hillock."

"You sure none of the boys will follow and murder me?" He swallowed saliva trying to moisten his throat.

"I have spoken, I told you to go."

The small group wound in a single file down to the chief's kraal where all the impi was assembled. The chief's kraal stood on the eastern side of the Nyamazane hillock overlooking the Umvoti River. In the kraal were gathered between five and seven thousand warriors arranged in regiments each carrying its own colour. At the head of the cattle kraal sat Chief Meseni in his war attire. He was surrounded by his indunas who sat in a semi-circle forming the war council. Nozizwe, the war doctor, covered with horns and feathers, sat on a stone like an old jackal and stirred a fuming huge clay pot. As each warrior passed this pot he bowed and took a sip and was poked on the side with a long antelope horn.

Led by the chief in person the warriors filed into battle formation and moved towards the hillock. The women with their karos-

Short Story by  
**T. H. GWALA**  
which won joint 3rd  
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Competition

ses upturned rolled melons which the warriors avoided by jumping over them. A few men had their rifles flung over their backs. Their army coats fluttered over the grass.

The impi took cover in a wattle plantation and the surrounding thornbush. It sat there silently gazing over the rising dull pale moon. Men gazed and thought of the unknown places where their forefathers had disappeared. Biting cold began to have effect on their bare toes. In that dead silence Mafuta crept closer to Dube and whispered, "You know, I think that limping dog, Nozizwe, is just a bluff."

"Why?"  
"No muti can stop a hot bullet penetrating the skin."

"I suppose the lie holds as long as people believe it."

"Can't you see it's a bad bluff. Filling people with false hope?"

"Wait, look!" Dube whispered in an animated voice. They saw figures approaching. It was a group of men, some on horse-back. A black dog at the head of the group started barking. The horses pricked up their ears and came to a jerking stop. Chief Meseni pointed with his assegai and shouted, "Bapakati!" As if fired from cannons warriors bobbed up crying, "Usutu, Usutu!"

Scarcely had Captain McKerron realised that the iron ring had closed on his men, when the warriors started stabbing from close range. McKerron's dog was sent with a mighty big foot whimpering in the air when it tried to fight close to his side. In the stampede horses threw off their riders. McKerron was caught in a thornbush. He felt the sharp blade of iron penetrating his warm body. He saw the world swinging round and round and heard noises interchanging in his head. His glassy eyes stared in the empty moonshine. Blood spurted out of his mouth and nostrils and the whole body gave a quiver. He fell headlong to the bush, his hands clasp- ing tightly on his wound. One warrior snatched off his rifle, another one dispossessed him of his revolver while he lay helpless on that thornbush unable to offer resistance.

In the first clash the impi had tasted victory. After gathering all its spoils it moved back to the

chief's kraal in two parallel lines. Forty head of cattle were slaughtered for the braves. The chief's imbongi sang the praises of Meseni and those of his forefathers. The noise of the singing and dancing was stopped by the head induna who announced that the chief was to address the warriors.

In a clear thin voice the chief started, "We have stepped on the snake's tail. We shall now taste the English government's venom. The white birds multiply like rats. You kill this one today, tomorrow there are two in his place. They keep on coming from those deep dark waters," he pointed towards the sea. "You all know that we were never against the white man. Shaka and Dingaan gave them land to till and cattle to milk and provide meat. They only came with the Bible in their hands but now our people are carrying their Bible and they are carrying our land. Where is the power of the chiefs today? The Native commissioners are your chiefs and we are merely their herdboys; herding you to the roads, the mines and the sugar-cane fields. We are being squeezed like lemon. We have now taken up arms because we want to defend our right to live. We want to live like human beings. We have entered this battle in defence of that right and we shall die in defence of that right. We defend the right of our children to spend the warmth of sunshine with their fathers. We defend the right to till the land of our forefathers. Which of you will not rise in arms against the denial of this right? What man will not like to live? I have spoken."

There was a resounding cry of "Bayete!" The sound was carried down to the Umvoti forests, down to the silent deep waters of Umvoti River which calmly wound down the sulky gorges of Nyamazane Hillock. The warriors with their shields above their heads and feathers bobbing about their heads, assegais pointing to heaven, chanted their war song,

"EMome yahlangana yasuka; Baphel' abantu Basishaya bephezulu kwamashashi."

(At Mome the battle was fought and lost, they shot us on horse-back.)

They looked on the ground as they sang with tears rolling down freely from head-ringed men who had taken part in the Battle of Isandlwana. They thought of the past glory and their dead fellow-braves who had dared the bullets in defence of their land.

Chief Meseni fired the rifle captured from Captain McKerron. The impi wound out again, out of the kraal to that Nyamazane Hillock. Towards the road they heard the sound of a cart rattling along the rough road. It was immediately surrounded, some men holding horses and others holding the wheels. The women were now yelling their lungs out with fright. When the chief came close to it he exclaimed, "Oh so its you Skotshi."

"Yes, nkosi," Mr. Scott the local shopkeeper replied in a troubled voice.

"What are you wandering about for in these troubled parts of the world so late in the night?"

"We have orders to evacuate."

"Who's going to kill you?"

"We were told your warriors are ransacking all the farms."

"Since when have you heard that a Zulu kills a man not at war?"

"I don't know but all the farms are now empty."

"Skotshi, it is sickening the way the white people think of us. When our people work for them, they are good, loyal, peace-loving natives. But when they protest against the injustices on them, they are bad natives; rebels and terrorists with foreign ideologies. Tell me, is it foreign to fight against the money of the heads?"

Is it foreign to oppose forced labour? Is it foreign that these men should pay allegiance to their chiefs? No, no, no, Skotshi, go back and trade among my people. We shall need your goods and you will need our money. We have always been good friends."

"Thank you, nkosi, you know this war is not my making. It is brought about by those powerful people who rule the country."

The chief turned to Dube as they walked away, "You always read their books and papers, are all white people against us?"

"No, nkosi, they don't all hate us."

"Why do those who don't not speak out?"

"Their word is still drowned today but tomorrow it will grow. You should have seen some of them in the 'Gold-town'—very fine fellows."

"Funny this business. Look what they did at Mome, their captain shouted, 'No prisoners!' and every man shot. Can't understand it; this killing of prisoners in cold blood. Is it found in the book of their God they always tell us about?" He looked the other side and spat. Dube tried to find an answer but the chief was now quiet. He was now walking briskly with the cluster of feathers bobbing right and left on his shoulders.

Dawn was broken by a heavy barrage from the infantry artillery. The warriors came in waves crying, "Usutu!" The infantry replied with a cry of "Washesha!" The bullets from the machine guns came in staccato and played their music on the bare bodies of the warriors. Men fell with their shields flying in the air. Wave after wave came but was broken off by the deadly artillery fire. Nozizwe ran behind a boulder, ducked and sat on his haunches. A stray bullet grazed off his feathers, sending them fluttering in the air. He stood up terrified and ran fast, but another bullet got him nice and tight on his legs, sending him spinning on the ground. On the other flank the native mercenary broke and fled at the sight of the impi. Seeing the mercenaries flee the militia also took to its heels. In the melee soldiers charged with their bayonets. At sunbreak the combatants retreated into different directions leaving their dead and wounded.

Dube was shot on the leg and arm. He limped next to Mafuta who had his shield riddled by bullets. Mafuta supported him and did not speak for some time. He then suddenly burst out into angry laughter.

"They will pluck off more of the bird's feathers again."

"Why?"

"You should have seen how he ran behind that boulder. Forgot all about his muti."

"Yes?"

"Yes, we wouldn't have lost so many. We fight for a cause and yet these dogs exploit it for their own personal glory. Look at the swine limping there with his tail plucked off. Why didn't he prevent himself from being shot?"

"Quite right."

"You know, Dube, if we made use of the bush and the plantation instead of flying blindly to the bullets we would have wiped off this army. Look what terror we struck in it when we were fighting hand to hand."

"T's true. Better methods of warfare than blind attacks will be evolved. Blind gallantry doesn't pay. Other leaders are being born of the struggle. We may lose some battles but final victory is on our side. It may not be ourselves but our sons will live to carry on the struggle. This is one of the small foundations we are laying for the future generation." They were now silent again. They walked towards the chief's kraal. Blood was trickling out of Dube's wounds.

**Collection Number: AG2887**

**Collection Name: Publications, New Age, 1954-1962**

***PUBLISHER:***

*Publisher:* Historical Papers Research Archive, University of the Witwatersrand

*Location:* Johannesburg

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