

POEMS

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"New Youth" has pleasure in publishing the following two poems, which are based on South African life. The poems are as a result of the ever-increasing onslaughts, and further subjugation of our people by the fascists in power.

We are proud to publish these poems, and hope that more attempts will be made by our people, in order to expose the unhealthy conditions prevalent in South Africa, and to strengthen the liberatory movement.

LAMBASE YOUR KIDS

1.

I'm against whipping, always have been,
It's wrong to inflict pain, make a man scream.
The baas, in his fear, demands more pain
And calls on Swart to whip again and again.

At a conference of their party
The baases all men, well fed, hale and hearty,
To discuss in a manner so grand,
The agenda, "More whippings in the land."

They cried for more blood with a lusty yell
And damned we oppressed to burn in Hell.
They called out in their party's name
To make us obey by the sheer force of pain.

Mr. Swart arose amidst great applause
And promptly proceeded to address all his boers.
"This is what my father did
He lambased me good when I was a kid."

To all you here I give this advice
Not to wallop your kids its not too nice.
Beat them morning, noon and night
Till they know what's wrong is not right.

I'm against whipping, always have been,
It's wrong to inflict pain, make a man scream.
If ever an argument proves I'm right
It's that Swart was beaten morning, noon and night.

Now I know the reason why
Swart makes us suffer, Swart makes us cry.
If you want your children to grow up sane
Please use reason not the cane.

BY ARNOLD SELBY

* Sjangbok

When the Throat Dries

ENGLISH or Irish brew their tea
 And offer it to you socially.
 The African's tradition is the same
 His home brewed beer serves this aim;
 But now the law dictates it can't be done,
 Brew that beer and you'll get the gun!

THOUGH do not fear to drink your beer
 In this municipal hall, it's encouraged here.
 A seat awaits you in this musty place.
 There's beer by the gallon to feed your face.
 A woman's company is here denied you, slave
 Now just get drunk, forget the profit you gave.

OBEYING the law goes citizen Duma
 To Newclare Beerhall in the best of humour.
 But what is this when he comes out?
 "Your tax receipt, you dirty lout!"
 So suddenly provoked in these tones
 The people, angered start throwing stones.

CONSTABLE Jan lets his baton fly,
 Bestial delight is in his eye.
 The air resounds with crack and kick.
 To you it's horror, to him music.
 His government masters have taught him well,
 Rioting "inferiors" he must quell.

NOT for beer alone do the people thirst,
 Liberation is what they ask for first.
 Oh! to be free of raiding police!
 From passes and taxes they demand release.
 Get out of the way constable Jan!
 Citizen Duma seeks his place in the sun!

BY PERCY COHEN

NEW youth

VOL 2 NO 1
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INDEPENDENT YOUTH JOURNAL

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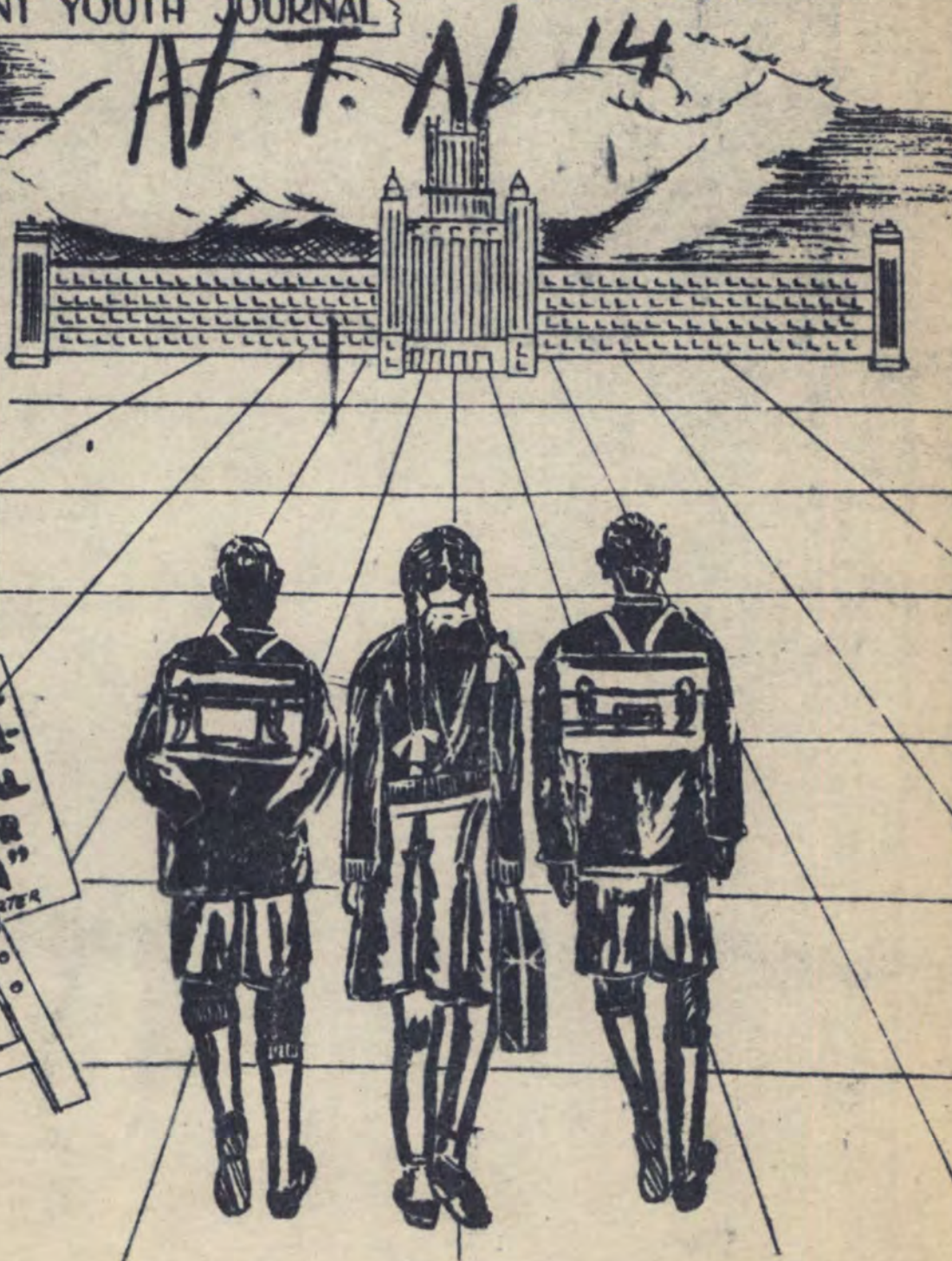
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EDITORIAL

SCHOOLS

"The doors of learning and culture shall be opened". When this noble ideal enshrined in the Freedom Charter becomes a reality in this country then an editorial on "schools" will perhaps not be necessary. At any rate if anything is to be written, it will deal, NOT with the defence of education against growing inroads; NOT with Bantu Education but rather with the extent to which the aims of the Charter have been successfully implemented.

Often the civilization of a country and its people are judged by the extent of literacy that exists. If that standard is to be applied to our country we will see a land and its people being forced to move back towards the dark ages.

The year from which we have just emerged revealed in its most brutal form, the evil machinations of a ruling class bent on depriving the non-White people of the most basic of human needs and rights. The African people suffered the first blows of Bantu Education, a damnable move to condemn masses of human beings to a status of serfs, of hewers of wood and drawers of water. The Indian children of Johannesburg were robbed of the High School at Booyens in an effort to use them as pawns to pave the way for the establishment of a Group Area at Lenasia. The Coloured people of the Cape have entered the new year with the dark shadow of the De Vos - Malan Education Commission looming over their heads. Even the white children suffered the inhumanity of searching investigations to establish whether they and/or their parents are Afrikaans or English speaking.

Coupled with this we have had the attacks on student rights at the Witwatersrand University, the arbitrary closing down of Fort Hare and the subsequent expulsions, the dismissal of a number of teachers and scores of similar examples. In short - education in our country as meted out in the institutions of learning has become a weapon in the hands of political fanatics, to be used for their selfish political ends no matter what the cost and sacrifice. Rather than bringing light into a world of darkness, it is becoming a monster, to be feared and resisted.

So much then for education in the school and university and similar institutions over which human beings can exercise a measure of control. But there is another kind of education. As fast as the Nats. are obstructing or poisoning conventional education, just as fast or even faster this other education is spreading like wild-fire throughout the land. It is the education that instils into human beings a respect and dignity of man. It teaches them courage, love for fellow human beings, a zest to live in freedom and liberty. It teaches them the spirit of struggle and sacrifice. It teaches them to distinguish right from wrong, to organise themselves into powerful organisations to bring about a change in society. It is the education that no man can prevent. It comes out of necessity. It is the writing on the wall that seals the fate of all that is rotten, decadent, outmoded, retrogressive. It flashes a light into the future. It is this education that will triumph.



ON THE YOUTH FRONT

COLONIAL YOUTH DAY.

February 21st is the International Day of Struggle against Colonialism and of Solidarity with the Youth of Colonial Countries. The celebration of this day originates from the 21st of February, 1946 when the Indian sailors organised an uprising against colonial policy and on the same day in 1948, the Youth Conference of South-East Asia took place in Calcutta. Thereafter under the banner of the World Federation of Democratic Youth, the celebration of this day has become traditional and all the democratic youth of the whole world express their solidarity towards the youth of colonial countries, demanding the end of colonial wars and claiming national independence for their peoples.

A meeting to commemorate this day will be held on Tuesday 21st February, at the Congress Hall, 37 West Street, Johannesburg at 7.30 p.m. The meeting will be addressed by prominent speakers. On Sunday 26th an Open-Air Youth Rally to mark Colonial Youth Day has also been organised.

CAPE TOUR.

Cape Town; Cape Town all day long. This was the subject matter for two weeks of the youth who had gone on a bus tour to the Cape. All the "tourists" including the shy and reserved ones confided to me that they had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The boys I am told did not want to come back to Johannesburg, and felt that the 14 days trip was too short for their liking. They are all keen on going back to Cape Town; it seems that each one has left a bit of himself behind in Cape Town - beckoning him to return to the Mother City.

YOUTH LEADERS ON TRIAL.

Mosie Moolla, Farid Adams, Solly Esakjee and Babla Saloojee, prominent members of the Transvaal Indian Youth Congress appeared in Court on 16th January on four counts of malicious damage to property. They are charged with having painted slogans on the Anglo-American Corporation Building ("Ami Go Home" and "The Wealth Shall be shared by the People"), the City Hall ("The People Shall Govern"), the Supreme Court ("All shall be Equal before the Law") and the Central Pass Office, ("All shall enjoy equal rights"). The hearing will continue on February 8th. Advocates V.C. Berrange and J. Slovo are appearing for the Youth Leaders.

RESEARCH GROUP.

A research group has been formed in Johannesburg to study and do research into South African folk culture. The first meeting of the group was held on Thursday 26th January. If you are interested please write to Ted Levy, 16 Derby Road, Kensington, Johannesburg.

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Introducing

Dr AZIZ KAZI

BY RICHARD DARROW

As I sat in the waiting room, I could see on the opposite street corner a group of ragged, shoeless, workless, young Africans dancing to the blare of the jazz music from the barber shop. What struck me about this scene was the cheerfulness of the lads in spite of their misery.

Then there was the salivating smell of fish and chips from "Van BurenS" next door, where scores of workers, part of the "fish and chip eating nation" come to ease the pangs of hunger. At the same time I could smell mercurchrome, iodine and other medicines that were quite foreign to me. At frequent intervals I heard the clanking of tramscars, and the hooting of an assortment of vehicles - all of whom seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere quickly.

Eventually I was able to get an opportunity to talk to tall, lanky, handsome and popular Dr Aziz Kazi. He looked in askance and said with a chuckle, "I've done nothing sensational you know".

Aziz had come from India as a child of four years with his parents who had made South Africa their home much earlier. Here he attended the Johannesburg Indian Government School (Newtown) and was amongst the first batch who pioneered the J.C. One of his teachers was that God-fearing and seldom smiling Mr. Hajee who is now a close friend of Aziz.

Having completed J.C. there was no possibility to continue further because post-J.C. classes had not yet been started at the J.I.H.S. and the only other school in the Transvaal that offered such a course was Afrikaans medium. So father decided to ship the boy to India. Aziz arrived in India at the time of the dramatic 1942 "Quit India" Campaign. So he was on 'holiday' for six months because the teachers were either in jail or tied up with Congress activity.

Having matriculated, Aziz entered the Grant Medical College, Bombay, where, in his own words, "I had a hectic time and the result was that I 'ploughed' in the early stages." This was no good for father who was making strenuous efforts for the boy's education. Aziz got down to his work and by 1952 had qualified and entered the honourable profession of medicine.

Back in South Africa, Dr. Kazi had to re-adjust himself from a consciousness that emerges from colour distinctions - the consequences of a God-given human pigment. The first rude shock came when the South African Medical Council refused him registration for absurd and flimsy reasons, such as that he had left South Africa at an early age, that he had matriculated overseas and that there was the question of domicile and therefore not entitled to registration. Costly legal representations were successful and resulted in Dr Kazi being registered as a Medical

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Practitioner. "This", said Dr Aziz, "was the turning point in my life". Aziz had come to realise that if Albert Schweitzer went to Africa to atone for the sins of the White-man, then here was a place where Angels must intercede.

The next revelation was the situation regarding posts in non-European hospitals for purposes of internship. The privileged white doctors had the best of jobs available and what was left was given to non-Whites, as an act of mercy.

The next dose came when the authorities refused him and another doctor the right to practise in an African location. The authorities had all of a sudden developed a passion for "native doctors" who alone were to practise in the locations in the future and until there were sufficient 'native doctors' to cater for their needs, white doctors would continue to practise and be conferred the right to do so.

We then had a chat on sports. Dr Kazi is a keen sportsman having captained his University Soccer Eleven to bring back the trophy after 13 years. This was no simple task because they played in the month of the Monsoon. They kicked ball, mud, and man. Here he plays cricket, having captained Transvaal and Wits. on several occasions.

He compared racial divisions in sports here to that obtained under British India when the Pentangular Tournament (cricket) was the premier tournament of India, where cricket was played as Hindus, Muslims, Parsees, Europeans and the Rest. Indian cricket has just been emancipated from this stultifying and stunting influence, to take its rightful place in the international sphere. "I have played in all the major non-European cricket tournaments here, and have felt with shame the undercurrents of racial feeling that such tournaments incubate and nourish.

"Perhaps, quite rightly I have been told that I am new and young to this problem and lacking in experience. That the protagonists of these racial tournaments maintain that their life-long experience has taught them to be wary and that any change in the present set-up can only come gradually and by stages.

"I say that I am prepared to learn and shall continue to learn, thank God I will. Further I had occasion to play in representative games as long ago as 1938 to 1941 and I found the same basis then. If now by giving the racial basis a slicker look under the guise of better organisation be called progress by stages, then this stunted, mal-conceived child of cricket is of their undoubted parentage.

"Time is spending out, and we feel in accord with the out-pourings of our Soccer Body. We can no more close our eyes and derive snug satisfaction from what we would do if a similar situation arose in cricket, as it must rightly arise - sooner than many will realise. We must be bold. If we are lacking in courage and foresight, then at least let us remove the mental cobwebs that have clouded our minds and make an honest, sincere effort to allow others to do what we ourselves have not been able to achieve in a life-time."

The doctor was in his elements but he was interrupted. I took leave because he had to issue a death certificate. Dr Aziz Kazi carried a mental certificate too ... the death certificate for racialism in sports in South Africa.



the AMERICAN Way of Life

Working under a \$ 50,000 grant from the Fund for the Republic a Washington lawyer, Adam Yarmolinsky together with other "inquisitive lawyers" decided to find out about the U.S. Government's security programme, "conducted behind close doors, with vague charges, unnamed witnesses and questionable verdicts. Yarmolinsky has made public his findings in 50 of the cases, so far.

"Case No 190 was a Negro woman employed by the Agriculture Department as a tabulator machine operator. She was questioned about her relationship with a suspected Communist, whom she said she had met only two or three times. This aimless exchange ensued.

- Q. You say he was dark brown?
A. Yes.
Q. And you say you are a light brown?
A. No, but he was darker than I am.
Q. What would you say your colour was?
A. I would call myself dark brown.
Q. You call yourself dark brown?
A. Yes.
Q. And --
A. But he was darker than I am.
Q. Considerably darker or just a little darker?
A. I would say two or three shades darker, I guess.

The employee eventually went back to work at her old job".
(Reminds one of the Appeal Board for Coloured People sitting in Pretoria).

"Case No. 107 a substitute postal clerk was accused, among other things, of having Communist art hung on the wall of his home. At his hearing, the employee said he owned reproductions of Picasso, Matisse, Renoir and Modigliani. He was rated ineligible for permanent Civil Service appointment and barred from competing in Civil Service examinations for three years."

"Case No. 32 was a Signal Corps civilian typist, with no access to classified documents. He was charged with being "closely associated" with his father, who had been reported to be a Communist. The employee said that he himself disapproved of Communism, indicated that partly because of politics, he never got along well with his father."

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READERS



Sir,

In reply to the article by Richard Darrow on Rashid Varachia, I wish to make the following comments.

In comparing Mr Varachia's racialism to the policies of the Nats. Mr Darrow says that they are similar. I for one believe that the Nats are in no way charming in their pursuance of the policy of racial discrimination and one can in no way make a comparison of that nature.

I believe that racialism is a disease, which, having taken roots is most difficult to eradicate. Mr. Varachia may be a charming personality, but he is by no means a "charming racialist".

In as much as Mr. Varachia and his associates described as "Llyods of London", have been an opposition to the progressives of the remainder of the men in their Union, Mr Darrow cannot conclude that their task of gate-keeping has done nothing for the advancement of sports. In his attack Mr. Darrow completely forgets the progress that has been brought about by the labours of the so-called "Llyods of London". When condemning the weaknesses of anyone, one must not at the same time cancel out the good deeds that have been performed, for if we did not possess the facilities that we have now, which were the direct result of the labours of Mr. Varachia and his associates, then where would we be. Thus, due thanks and congratulations must go to these men at the same time that criticism is levelled against them.

These leaders in the sporting world must also at the same time be warned that there is no place for them in these organisations if they intend doing just that much and then decide to raise barriers against all forms of progress that is being introduced by the others.

These leaders of sports must bear in mind that nothing that they have done can be taken away from them, but if they continue to be reactionaries to the general will of the sporting world then their flourishing deeds are going to be swept by this surging tide of progress. If they wish their deeds to be remembered by the generations to come then they must discontinue their unrealistic opposition to those seeking progress in the field of sports, and be part and parcel of that which is to be the future base of South African sports.

AMRIT BHANA.

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At the Vth Festival in Warsaw I met

NAZIM HIKMET

BY BARBARA PELTU.

'I won't leave Warsaw until I've met Nazim Hikmet', I demanded. Hikmet, whose poems of love, longing for freedom and irresistible optimism, reached the oppressed people of Turkey during his 13 long and tortured years in prison, was in Warsaw.

In the lounge of the hotel where Hikmet was staying, my interpreter and myself sat wondering what we would say to him and how long we could stay. When, at the appointed hour of 3, a tall, well built man with greying hair and alert blue eyes, came up to us, smiling and with outstretched hand, we immediately felt relaxed and knew that there was no need to stand on ceremony.

Before I could ask him anything about himself he was asking me about South Africa. It was obvious, right from the start, that here was a man sincerely interested in the struggle of the people of colonial countries. He wanted to know everything about South Africa. Hikmet does not understand English, but before my interpreter had translated what I'd been saying into Polish, which he understands, he seemed to know what I'd said. Because of this wonderful ability to feel deeply other men's problems, language can form no barrier for him. For over an hour we spoke about the problems of this country and then he told us something about himself.

There is much to tell about Hikmet the poet and Hikmet the man. Born in Istanbul in 1902, the son of a high government official, he started writing poetry at the age of 14, while a student at the Naval Academy. Following World War I, when large sections of Turkey were occupied by the forces of Anglo-American imperialism, he joined the national independence movement. Escaping from Istanbul, he came in close contact with the workers and peasants who inspired his militant poems. He, at this time, abandoned his naval career.

Hikmet visited Moscow for the first time in 1920 and as he himself said, 'at a time when the waves were storming the heavens, when one-sixth of the globe had given the wheel of history a sharp push forward'. In Moscow he developed a close friendship with Mayakovsky, whose poetry, with its directness and its strong accent on serving the people, was to later influence his own work powerfully.

Upon his return to Turkey in 1925, he was seized by the police and thrown into the Ankara jail for three years. From then on his life was to be a series of heresy trials and jail sentences in the midst of which he turned out even more popular poems, plays and political essays. In 1938 he was given a 28 year jail sentence. It was charged that some of his poems had been found among Black Sea Sailors and Military Academy soldiers. Actually these poems were then available in any bookstores.

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But nothing could silence Nazim Hikmet. Despite an ailing heart and the sadism of his jailers, he rose to new heights of creative power during the thirteen years of his imprisonment.

His release in 1950 following a hunger strike that brought him close to death, was a joyous triumph for his friends throughout the world.

Today Hikmet lives in Moscow. His wife and child are in Turkey and often months go by and he hears no word from them. Their house in Turkey is guarded night and day by police and it is difficult for them to escape to Moscow and once again be united. Let us hope that soon they will be together!

(Editor's note: A book with the selected works of Nazim Hikmet is being published at the moment. Copies of this will be on sale soon.)

A SAD FREEDOM

- NAZIM HIKMET -

You sell the care of your eyes, the sight of your hands
You knead the dough of all earthly goods
Without ever tasting a single bite.
With your great freedom you slave for others
With the freedom of turning into Croesus
Those who make your mother weep
You are free.

From the moment you are born they climb on your head.
Their lie-mills grind endlessly throughout your life
With your great freedom, your finger pressed to your temple, you think
With the freedom of conscience
You are free.

Your hanging head seems severed from your neck
Your arms are dropping at your sides
With your great freedom you roam around
With the freedom of the jobless
You are free.

You love your country as your dearest friend
Some day they sell it, perhaps to America,
And you too, with your great freedom.
With the freedom of becoming an air base
You are free.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF.

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Wall Street grabs at your throat - their hands be cursed -
Some day they send you to Korea perhaps
With your great freedom you fill a grave....
 With the freedom of becoming the unknown soldier
 You are free.

I must live, not as a mere tool, a number, a means,
I must live like a man, you say
With your great freedom they fasten your handcuffs
With the freedom to be jeered, to be jailed, or even to be hanged
 You are free.

No iron curtain, no wooden curtain in your life
No need for you to choose freedom
 You are free.

This freedom is a sad thing under the stars.

"The people are like a sea. Beneath their surface-run great tides. It is easy to be mistaken about the people, because the current that move in them are not always visible. Then one day a tyrant awakes upon his island of rule and finds the dykes of privilege have been destroyed, and that the tidal wave is sweeping over him."

LUIS TARUC

Leader of the HUKBALAHAP
the national liberatory
movement of the Phillipines.

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OBITUARY

SOLLY JOOMA

"This was a Man"

The sudden and tragic death of Solly Jooma has come as a shock and he is mourned far and wide. He leaves a wife and four children.

Solly was a glorious brother and lived in the big vision of freedom. He was a true son of the soil - true to the aspirations of the people. His life was selfless; his heart was big. In his short life he has left a record of struggle; a record that inspires:

1939: Birth of Non-European front. Member of executive committee of Dr Dadoo's progressive Nationalist group of Transvaal Indian Congress.

1943: Progressive Nationalist group loses elections.

1946: Progressive take over Congress leadership. Solly an executive member, and representative for Eastern Transvaal. Represents T.I.C. at several S.A.I.C. conferences. Passive Resistance ... Solly collects funds for the campaign.

1952: Volunteer in the Defiance of Unjust Laws Campaign. Member of the historic Duncan Batch.

Solly shed warmth and cordiality. He loved to see people happy and he gave much happiness. He possessed an inexhaustible fund of humour. We will miss those great bursts of his laughter. Those who served in the Duncan Batch during the Defiance Campaign will always remember the nights of song ... Solly, undaunted, organising, achieving in those harsh limitations a cultural variety that was unbelievable.

Solly hated tyranny and fought hard against it. Vivid is the picture of Solly standing up to a bullying warder. It had to be like that. With his humanism, he hated what was inhuman and strenuously resisted it.

Solly had many friends. And in that number were many chiefs. He inspired faith and confidence. It was good knowing him. He was our friend --- a brother. But we know that in the storm Solly with us because he loved us so. Solly, your place in the world is empty. But your spirit lives on. The world will never be the same in our lifetime.

... and the elements so
... the world:



CAPE TOUR

By PARTICIPANT

While everyone was preparing for Christmas day, some of us were anxiously awaiting the hour of our departure. We were leaving on a 14 day tour to Cape Town.

The drumming of "Gomma - Gomma" indicated that we were on our way. This and many other songs began to bring out the youthful spirit and enthusiasm in these 35 young people. The journey through Bloemfontein, that bastion of apartheid and through the most uninspiring Karroo was kept alive by songs of freedom and peace.

Among the participants was Tony and his back-seat boys whose continual munching brought him the nick-name of 'Tony Chow', and Mosie who was always acting sick and sleeping and when he was awake his mouth would never shut; if he was not signing, he was either eating or giving lessons in Geography and telling us of 'Johannesburg being 6,000 feet below sea-level'. When Joey, the Johnny Ray of the tour, struck form no one could equal his singing, and Esak, Shirish and Gordon, the boys who went to bed early but always had something up their sleeves, because they would never fall asleep until the last of the boys had come home. And of course there was Lala, the shr swimming expert who astounded the boys at Maizenburg and Table Mountain with his daring feats.

Cape Town with Table Mountain in the background; its hospitality and generosity soon engulfed our ambassadors of goodwill. They were at home with everybody.

Features that will have a permanent place in the hearts of the participants are the climbing of Table Mountain and how the 'clever ones' got lost. How the fog came and dampened the spirits because we could not go up. The determined ones nevertheless went up Table Mountain on another day, this time by cableway.

Then there were also the visits to the ship 'Bloemfontein', when we sent our greetings of peace and friendship to the people of Holland, the tomb of Sheikh Joseph the great hero of the Malay people taught us much; the Fort reminded us many a political prisoner who met his last in the 'dark cell' - men like Adam Tas. We visited a Canning factory and the KWV distillery at Paarl. The visit to Harmony with its thousands of people was a great attraction not forgetting the Youth Festival at Kommetjie where comrades met comrades.

And of course there were the women for which Cape Town is well-known. The boys feasted their eyes on these "moving sights".

We cannot forget Lionel and Hurzuk who came visiting us every morning in their little car and in pyjamas, and the other boys and girls who helped to keep the company lively.

There was also the visit to Worcester, to Mrs John Alwyn, wife of the imprisoned Congress leader, her speech and little Solly who presented her with flowers was a moving scene. We were reminded of the sufferings of our gallant comrade languishing in jail.

And then there was the parting. With heavy hearts and eyes full of tears the boys waved good-bye to their boy and girl friends.

We were at the end of our tour. The boys had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. A new comradeship has been fostered. The bonds of friendship between the youth of Cape Town and Johannesburg have been sealed.

SHATTER THIS AGE-LONG SHAME.

Let honour come to me from Thee
through a call to some desperate task,
in the pride of poignant suffering.

Lull me not into languish dreams;
Shake me out of this cringing in the dust,
Out of the fetters that shackle our mind,
make futile our destiny;

Out of the unreason that bends our
dignity down under the indiscriminate
feet of dictators;

Shatter this age-long shame of ours,
And raise our head
into the boundless sky,
into the air of freedom.

(Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet lived between 1861 and 1941. During that time India was still a colonial country and the poem published above brings home to us the unity of suffering of all people who live under "the indiscriminate feet of dictators." It is a poem that could have been written in South Africa to-day).

NEW *youth*

independent youth journal

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I.

In this Issue:

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Who came to
S.A. First.

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COLONIALISM

On the 21st of last month - as on the 21st February each year: since 1948 - young people in all countries of the world observed the International Day of Solidarity with Youth Fighting Against Colonialism. That, in this age, men and women still have to celebrate such a day remains a shameful indictment of so-called European or Western civilization. But at the same time the fact that the day has been celebrated by increasing numbers of young people each year is a forceful barometer spelling the last days of this scourge and all its attendant evils.

No longer does mankind reckon in terms of centuries or scores of years or even decades to breathe the fresh air of freedom. Each year and each week colonial and oppressed people are unbending their backs and beginning to pace the soil of their native land as free, happy and proud human beings.

If Rip Van Winkel had fallen asleep at the end of World War II he would awake today in a different world, its map changed almost beyond recognition. For, the decade since 1945 has witnessed world shaking events in many parts of the globe. Erstwhile colonial peoples, shackled for centuries to imperialism, have risen and broken the fetters that have meant such indescribable misery, poverty and bloodshed for so many people.

At the end of world war II in country after country of Central and East-

ern Europe the toiling classes who formed the bulwark of the gallant partisans and guerillas came from the mountains and trenches to establish their own Peoples' Democratic Republics - to join in peaceful friendship and brotherhood the great, and until then, only free people of the Soviet Union.

The 400,000,000 people of India rose to a man and set the British imperialists to flight to establish their Peoples' Republic. Out of the prisons, after having served totals of 10 and 20 years came men like Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and Moulana Azad to lead their peoples to full freedom. The same with Burma, Indonesia, etc.

In 1949 the mighty Chinese people - 600,000,000 strong - took their places alongside the free peoples of the world. Nearer home, Dr Nkrumah came out of prison to become Prime Minister of the Gold Coast. Egypt overthrew the oppressive Farouk monarchy to establish her own independent government. The

impact of this movement has been great and unending. No power on earth, no threat of atomic bombs, no germ or napalm bombs, no machine guns or other heinous weapons brandished by the imperialists have been able to forestall the march of the people. The entire colonial world is in revolt. In the map of the world where the Union Jack together with the French, Dutch, Belgian, Portuguese and other imperialist flags reigned supreme their places have been taken by the national flags of free peoples.

The oppressed peoples of our country have not and cannot remain unaffected by this mighty movement that is raging throughout the colonial world. Our people too are rising in struggle to overthrow our own branch of imperialism. And just as in all the other countries nothing will prevent the ultimate victory of our march. The great solidarity, renewed each year on the 21st of February will spell the doom of colonialists everywhere.

THE CENTRAL INDIAN HIGH SCHOOL

A PEOPLES SCHOOL

The purpose of the Transvaal Education Department is supposed to be to provide schools for children within a reasonable distance of where they live. That is plain enough. Why, then, when they closed down the Indian High School at Booyens, at the end of 1954, did the Department transfer the children to a new school twenty miles away from Johannesburg? The new school is at Lenz. But few Indians live at Lenz. And why was the Booyens school closed?

If we want the answers to these questions we shall have to go into matters that have nothing to do with education. For example, not long before the end of 1954, a Nationalist Provincial Councillor promised an election meeting in the Southern Suburbs that the Indian School would be removed from the area. That was Mr. Jan de Klerk, brother-in-law of Prime Minister Strijdom, who has now been made a Cabinet Minister and a Senator. Again, it is known that this same Lenz is being proposed as a "Group Area" for Indians. Although all Indian organisations and leaders are agreed that it is very unsuitable -- as a matter of fact they are against the whole idea of group areas and apartheid -- a financial group has got to ground "proclaimed" as a township and is busy trying to sell stands. This financial group includes some well-known political figures.

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Taking these facts into account it seems beyond doubt that the Transvaal Education Department went beyond its supposed purpose when it closed down the Booysens school and transferred children to Lenasia. It entered the field of politics. It is using education as a weapon in the struggle to impose the unwanted apartheid township of Lenasia on the Indian people.

The parents of the children concerned were very worried. They did not want their children to go so far. And they resented their children's education being used as a weapon for group areas. They asked the Department to change its decision. They sent deputations to the Department and the School Board. But their appeals fell on deaf ears. The parents then decided to start their own school. Quickly, premises were found. A staff of eight teachers was brought together. Over three hundred children were enrolled. Within two weeks the school -- the Central Indian High School -- was open.

From the start the school had a spirit different to other schools. The teachers and the pupils were not divided by suspicion and fear. They were united in a common endeavour: in the classroom to seek the truth, and in all activities to make C.I.H.S. a fine school which we could all be proud of. Through their own elected Committee, the boys and girls took an important part in running the school and in planning its activities, sporting, cultural and other. The whole school was invited to send in proposals for a school motto. The Committee considered all entries and chose the noble words: "Truth - Brotherhood - Liberty" as the motto.

The Staff of the C.I.H.S. is unique in that it consisted from the start of men and women teachers belonging to all the racial groups of the South African population. A fine spirit of comradeship prevails among the staff, and a very real and deep friendship has grown up between the staff and the pupils. All of those who have been connected with the School have the feeling that they are building up something very fine and unusual. The children are learning, in addition to the usual school subjects, to be true South African patriots, loving and respecting all the peoples of our country.

Unfortunately, there are those in authority who could never be satisfied to see in their midst a school which disproved all the ugly racial apartheid theories by its mere existence, which challenged and defeated the wretched plot to enforce the Lenasia scheme through the backdoor. All through the year the C.I.H.S. had to overcome attacks of those who sought to obstruct and destroy it.

The immigration department forced one of the teachers to leave the school by cancelling his permit to be in the Transvaal. The special branch of the police compelled the school to close for a day by sending detectives to raid the school, search the staff

room and the classrooms, and even the persons of the teachers and their homes.

The Education Department itself laid a charge against the school that it was not registered, even though at the very same time the parents' committee had submitted an application for registration. Even after the school had been registered they continued to obstruct it by refusing to register most of the teachers. The headmaster was forced to resign, because the Department refused to approve his appointment on the grounds that, despite his academic qualifications, he did not have a professional certificate. Yet, it is well known that many teachers and principals of registered schools do not have professional certificates.

Despite all these difficulties the C.I.H.S. has not only carried on but it has gone from strength to strength. In 1956, under the acting principal, Mrs S.J. Fischer, it has started a Std. IX class which is preparing pupils for matriculation. The school committee has started a school newspaper. The spirit is higher than ever.

One of the biggest troubles has, from the start, been finance. The fees paid by the children, which are far lower than those usual in private schools, have not been enough to cover the expenses. The difference has to be made up by collecting donations from the Indian community.

The community has been generous, but still the amount has not been enough. Many times the end of the month has come, but the teachers had to do without their salaries.

It is important that every freedom-loving person should help the people's school, the Central Indian High School, to keep going and to make progress. The story of the school is an inspiration to all South Africans in their struggle for a better life.

Young people prepares for...

TYL INDIAN YOUTH CONGRESS

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

SUN DAY
27th MAY '56

at DUNCAN HALL
PROMINENT SPEAKERS
ATTRACTIVE PROGRAMME

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REMEMBER MY DEATH CURSE

Hi, you camels, colonials explorers!
Hi you columns of death dealing ships!
March through deserts you holy exploiters!
Civilised with syphilis, bibles and whips!
Soon the cases palmy peace
is poisoned by foreign breath.
There' mid plantations' golden leaves
a Negro is flogged to death:
oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.' Nile my Nile!
Ebb and flow with blackening days!
Be darker and blacker than I at night,
and fire burn redder than this blood flays,
That in this black coffee we pick and pack
shall boil all pot-bellies - both white and black
Every trophy of ivory tusk
thrust in their guts, in their hearts deep-thrust.
That my blood may flow for the future race
not in vain, come soon, avenge redsum faced,
I die - the god of death draws nigh.
Remember my death curse-Nile, my Nile!

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Vladimir Mayakovsky, the great Russian poet, was born in 1893 and died in 1930. The passage published above is extracted from one of his long poems - "Lenin" which he wrote in honour of the Soviet leader. In the passage above, Mayakovsky demonstrates the sheer energy or his poetic talent which stands out in every one of his poems. In the above the reader will observe how deeply Mayakovsky understood the nature of imperialists overrule. And for a poet born in Europe to understand the colonial's predicament as Mayakovsky did, is certainly a triumph of poetic imagination.

"There lies before us, if we choose continual progress in happiness, knowledge and wisdom. Shall we choose death because we cannot forget our quarrels?"

"We appeal as human beings to human beings: Remember your humanity and forget the rest. If you can do so, the way lies open to a new paradise; if you can not, there lies before you the risk of universal death."

-Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russel, W. Infeld, .
P.W. Bridgman, H.J. Mullen, C.F. Powell,
P. Rotblat.



7 ON THE YOUTH FRONT

COLONIAL YOUTH DAY.

A meeting organised by the Transvaal Youth Action Committee at the Congress Hall, Johannesburg on the 21st of February on the occasion of Colonial Youth Day was attended by a number of youth. Amidst a tense setting of lighted candles and coloured electric bulbs - the youth present adopted a pledge read out by four girls. Alfred Hutchinson was the main speaker of the evening, and together with another speaker spoke of the significance of the fight for the liberation of all colonial and semi-colonial peoples.

The meeting ended with folk dances and people's songs - a demonstration of the unsuppressable spirit of the youth whose enthusiasm could never be crushed by the colonialists.

DADOO-NAICKER CAMP.

The Transvaal Indian Youth Congress has a three day camp (Saturday 31st March to 2nd April) at an exclusive camping spot. The fee is 5/- per day and includes food, travelling and camping.

Write or call in at the T.I.Y.C. offices, 37 West Street, Johannesburg or phone 33-9192 to reserve your accommodation.

This camp offers you an interesting and adventurous way of spending the long Easter weekend.

YOUTH CONGRESS WRITE TO MISS AUTHERINE LUCY.

The Transvaal Indian Youth Congress has written the following letter to Miss Autherine Lucy, the Negress who was asked "to leave the Alabama University Campus for her own safety" and subsequently expelled by the University Authorities.

"Dear Miss Lucy, - From a country in which the colour of your skin determines your personality; determines whether you are eligible to certain rights and privileges; determines whether you should attend a University or not, we send you warm, fraternal and fighting greetings in your noble struggle to be admitted as a fellow student at the Alabama University, in the deep south.

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"The dark-skinned citizens of South Africa are denied basic human rights by a Government founded on injustice and inequality, and are experiencing the tragedies caused by oppression and misery. We know what the denial of education, franchise and other human rights mean to our people, and therefore, extend our wholehearted support to you, for we know too, that grave injustices are done to the Negroes and Coloured citizens of the United States of America. The very fact that certain States in the South are attempting to reverse the Supreme Court decision to abolish segregation in the schools is an indication of the "master-race" theory propagated in America.

"We congratulate you on your courageous stand and firm determination and assure you that oppressed and down-trodden people the world over are with you in the fight for right and justice".

BIG PLANS FOR YOUTH GENERAL MEETING.

New Youth learns that the Annual General meeting of the Transvaal Indian Youth Congress will reach very high standards. Extensive plans are being made to make this a "Freedom Charter Conference". Papers are being prepared on education, culture, sports etc. It is said that this will be the most colourful General Meeting the Youth Congress has ever had.

DUMA NOKWE ADMITTED AS ADVOCATE.

Philemon Duma Nokwe, once National Secretary of the African National Congress Youth League was admitted as a barrister to the Transvaal Supreme Court. He is the first African in the Transvaal and the second in the Union to be admitted as a barrister. Duma graduated at the University of the Witwatersrand last year.

He has been banned and confined to Johannesburg in terms of the Riotous Assemblies Act, and had to obtain permission to travel to Pretoria.

Duma is a B.Sc. graduate of Fort Hare and received his early education at Pimville and thereafter went to St. Peters' School (run by Father Huddleston's Community of the Resurrection) in Rosettenville. Duma was a teacher at the Krugersdorp Govt. School before he joined the Defiance Campaign. After serving a term of imprisonment Duma was dismissed from his teaching post. Thereafter he taught at the Central Indian High School run by the parents in opposition to the Ghetto school at Lerz.

We wish Duma every success in his new profession.

BRIEFS.

The four members of the Transvaal Indian Youth Congress - Faried Adams, Mosie Moola, Bable Saloojee and Suliman Esakjee who are being tried for painting slogans were remanded to the 2nd May.

Alfred M. Kathrada, banned secretary of the South African Indian Youth Congress, who was being tried for being in the Orange Free State without a permit was discharged.

The People's Choir has just published a supplement to their booklet "Songs for you to sing". Available at 6d per copy from 37 West Street, Johannesburg.

The Central Indian High School pupils are to be complimented for starting a fortnightly bulletin called "C.I.H.S. News". The newspaper is written, edited and done by the students themselves.

Youth Congress writes to W.A.S. - the T.I.Y.C. has written a letter to the Witwatersrand Agricultural Society bringing to their attention the hooliganism of whites against non-whites at past Rand Easter Shows. The letter urges the Society to take measures to see that such incidents are not repeated at the coming Show.

The S.A. Society for Peace and friendship with the Soviet Union has just published their latest bulletin which includes a report of the 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party. These are available at 6d from Box 2920, Johannesburg.

WHO WERE THE FIRST PEOPLE IN SOUTH AFRICA?

"It is dangerous to let man see too clearly how closely he resembles the beasts unless at the same time we show him how great he is"

-Pascal.

Like so many historical questions, "Who arrived first in South Africa - the white or the black man?" has today acquired heavy political overtones. This is not because, as one writer puts it, "all history is but past politics"; rather it is due to the habit of our political historians who poke their noses into our archives in order to sniff up "evidence" to lend moral title to an unjust social system. And the sort of evidence they trot out is the absurd



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TREASON TRIAL, 1956 1961

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