

Received  
4/2/68  
R. G. P.

Robben Island School,  
P. O. Robben Island.  
14th February, 1968.

Mr Benjamin Logrand,  
705 Doran,  
Van der Merwe Street,  
Hillbrow,  
Johannesburg.

My dear Kenzie,

I've looked all over for your last letter but can't find it. I remember that Veronica read it as she read all your other letters to me. It's just possible that she put it in some other place. That's the price one has to pay for company.

Well, you no doubt have the full report by now. Thank you for everything. I was very pleasantly surprised to note that you had arranged for the circumcision of the boys so expeditiously. They were themselves very anxious to pass on that information to me.

They brought their toys along ~~too~~ and before they left we played a little

badminton, although I took the opportunity to introduce them to tennis. The car rally we didn't assemble. I didn't have any glue, but they have left their toys behind and when I have my exams behind me I'll have time to attend to such matters.

It was the first time I could talk to the children without feeling rushed and I found myself sharing your concern: they are almost completely inarticulate in English. Mikawa's letter misled me. She writes the language tolerably well, all things considered. But when it comes to speaking it, she's quite dumb.

I tried to drill them in a few of the vowel sounds but I soon realized the hopelessness of the task. For a whole year they pronounce "bird" as "bed" and what ~~change~~ possible hope can I have to correct that in a fortnight?

It appears also that their teachers complain that they are weak in arithmetic. I made a few tentative moves but as I <sup>do</sup> not know what methods are

being pursued by their teachers, here, too, I retreated. We played plenty of Scrabble, though, and at least here I had the pleasure of seeing them use their hands. Zedwa and I couldn't agree on the matter of their weight. I thought they were grossly overweight. She thought they were fine on the whole - just a little paunchy!

By the way, thank you for the paintings. They were most interesting. I have read the biographies of Michelangelo and Lauter and Van Gogh I had read bits about the others, too, Cezanne, Seurat and the others. And it was a real delight to have the works of all of them in front of me.

Ernie sent me a couple of expensive records but I haven't played them yet. But that brings me to a matter I wish to discuss with you.

Zedwa will have told you, perhaps (you will excuse me if I do not always refer to her as Veronica. I call her and refer to her as Zedwa and that comes more naturally to me than Veronica which, incidentally, is what all her sisters call her!)



she will have told you then, as I say, that I played a sample record to demonstrate that the Record Player is "busted". I had hoped she would take it along with her as I believe it can still be repaired, but she didn't want to carry too many things.

I have now received word that the Reeler, which, in my last letter to you, I told you was in for repair, cannot be repaired. It appears a whole part or something will have to be replaced and the repairers apparently cannot get that part.

In my last letter I asked you to arrange that I get another Reeler. I had hoped this would be an additional Reeler, but it would appear now that it will have to be a substitute. In that letter I had raised the question of subscriptions to the newspapers. I hope you received it - dated 23rd November, 1967.

What we are about it I think it would work out cheaper if, for such repairs, I could have either Clive or somebody else, collect the article at the docks and take it to a shop of their

choice and then ~~return~~ <sup>send it back from the</sup> ~~it to the~~ docks.  
Please let me know what you think  
about it.

Thanks for the kosher food. I'll comment  
on that in my next letter, when I'll also  
deal with the Ismeli-boat conflict. But I  
may as well say now that as I had had  
no instructions I ate the bread first and  
found it absolutely delicious. But the fish!  
I finished it out of loyalty to you.

In my letter of the 14th Dec. I'd said I  
would prefer that Zedwa bring the heater with  
her rather than have it sent by post. I had  
hoped that this one <sup>here</sup> could be put right in  
a jiffy. But in the altered circumstances,  
I'll have to ask that <sup>the new one</sup> ~~it~~ be sent as  
soon as possible.

There's a lot I should like to discuss  
but I'll leave it off for now. Again, thanks  
for everything. The reports I received concerning  
your skirt-world aren't particularly sublime, you  
know. Glad to know that Condy is still around.

Love and best wishes to Jenny. Shalom.

Yours sincerely,  
Bob.

I've long been wanting to inform you that "toothless bulldog" is a typically First State expression used to indicate that however brilliant the speech the means to effect it are lacking. It was used of the Native Representatives in Parliament - Mrs Bullinger etc - they didn't command the votes! We ex-First Stainers knew what Simbale was talking about

Bob

*[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the lower half of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

Bob

***PUBLISHER:***

*Publisher:-* **Historical Papers, The Library, University of the Witwatersrand**

*Location:-* **Johannesburg**

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***DOCUMENT DETAILS:***

*Document ID:-* **A2618-Bb8**

*Document Title:-* **Letter to B Pogrund from Robben Island (original) with typed transcript**

*Author:-* **Robert Sobukwe**

*Document Date:-* **14 February 1968**