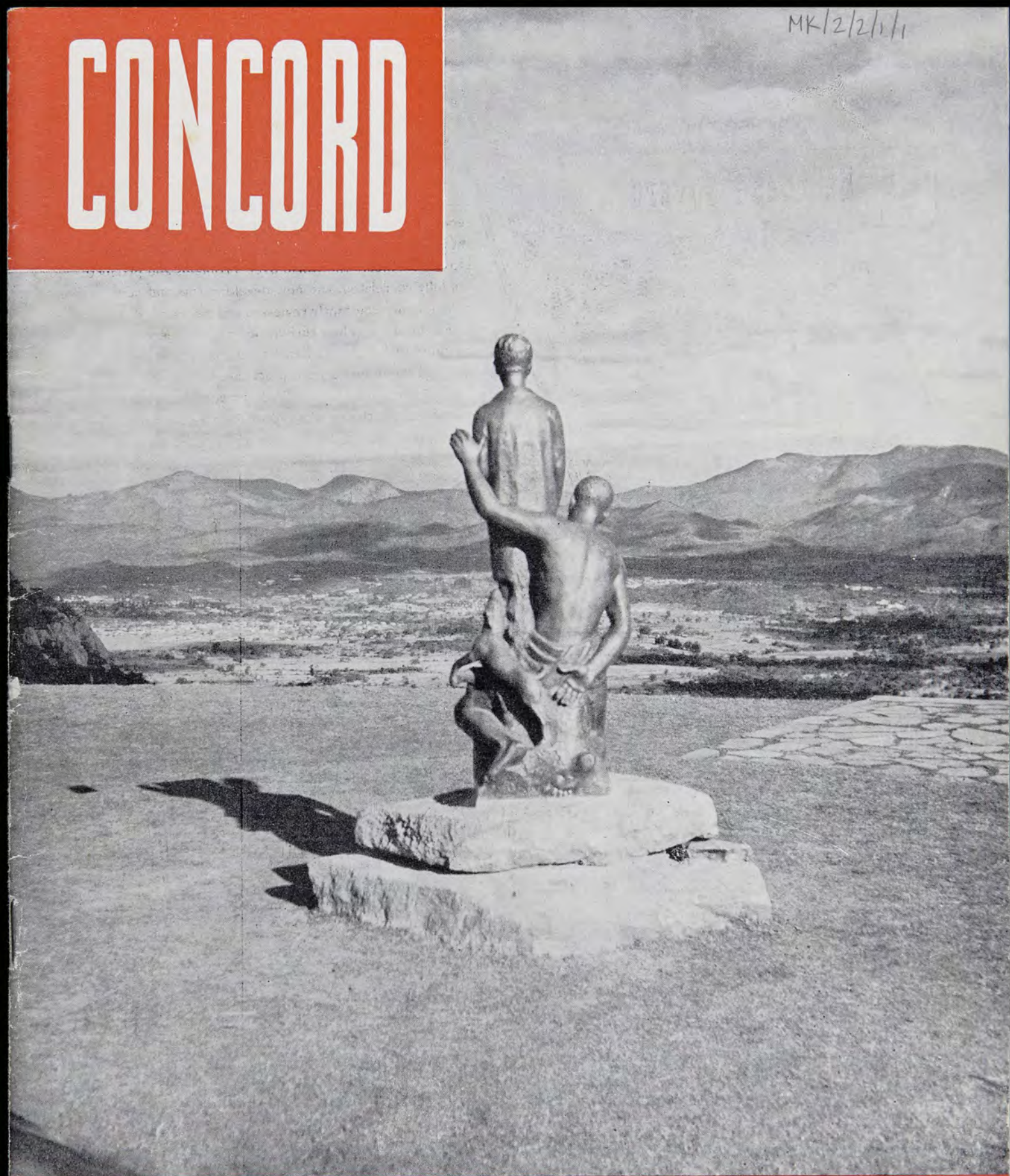


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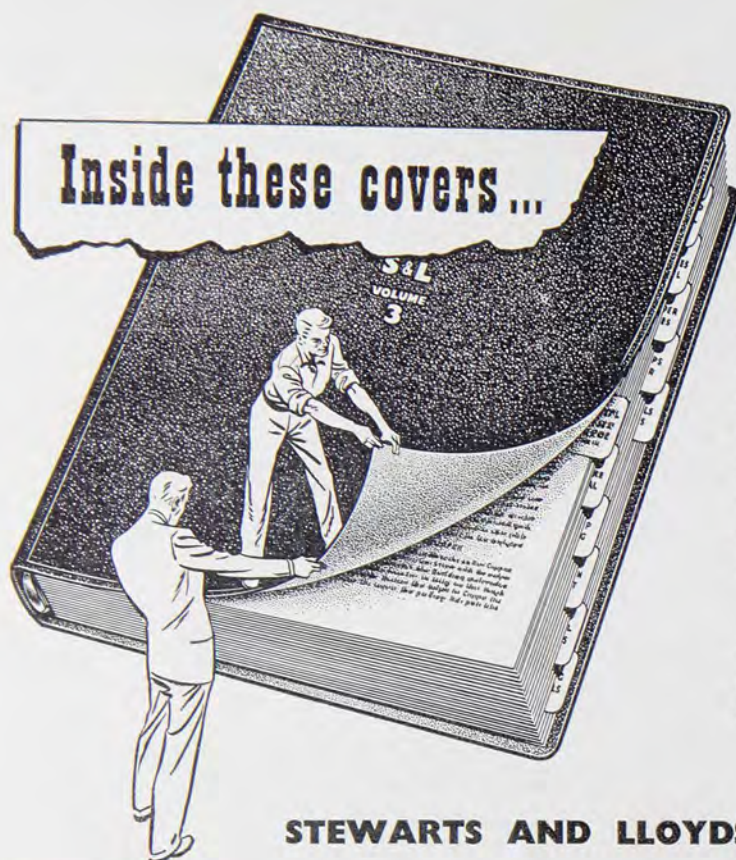
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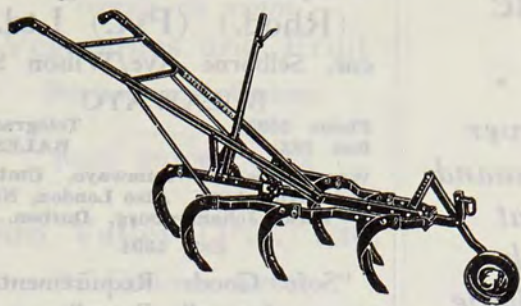
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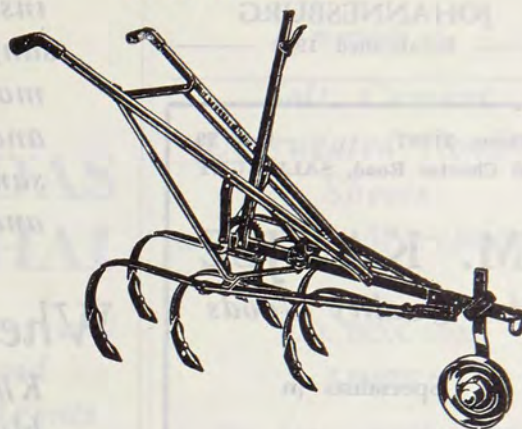
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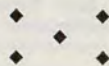


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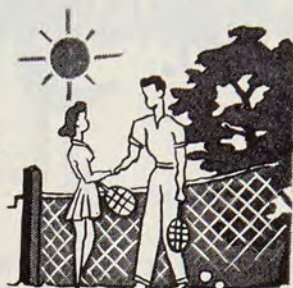
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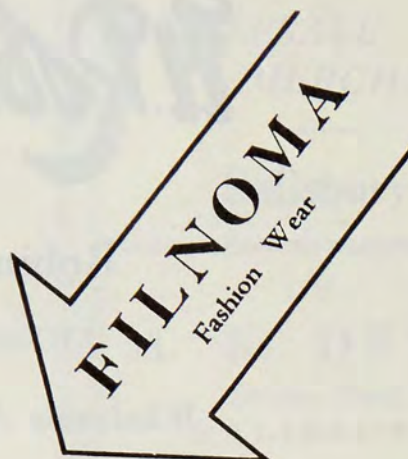
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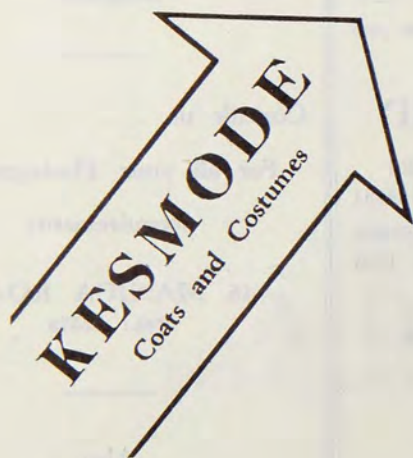
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CONCORD

NO. 1.

APRIL - JUNE, 1954

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Contributions and correspondence are invited, and should be addressed to the Editors, 7 and 8, Kingsway House, Kingsway/Speke Avenue, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

Printed by the Rhodesian Printing and Publishing Company, and published quarterly by the Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia.

The Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia

Headquarters:

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To the Hon. Secretary. Date.....

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- (a) To provide a means whereby people in Southern Rhodesia, irrespective of race, creed or colour, may work together for the purpose of promoting the national welfare;
- (b) To examine the problems of the country's development and to work out solutions based on:
 - (i) The ultimate aim that fullness of life, both spiritual and material, shall be available to all its inhabitants; and
 - (ii) the means of utilising fully the capacity of each individual to contribute, irrespective of race, creed or colour;
- (c) To define and establish common goals in the development of Southern Rhodesia;
- (d) To work for the acceptance of the Association's principles and findings by peaceful and constructive means;
- (e) To work for the evolution ultimately of an integrated society, in which there will be no differentiation between people on grounds of race or colour, with humanity and the good of mankind as the common aim.

THIS IS CONCORD

THIS journal is the beginning of a new adventure. It is an inter-racial journal, produced by members of the different communities of Southern Rhodesia, for members of the different communities of the Federation.

We, its Editorial Board, are four co-editors—a European, an African, an Asian and a Coloured—backed by a Committee comprising many other representatives of the different races, and sponsored by the Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia.

But it is not a parish magazine concerned only with the Association's affairs. On the contrary, it aims to cover a wide range of subjects, grave and gay, which are of interest to all of us.

We who live in the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland are divided into different racial groups and these groups have in the past remained largely isolated from one another except for business or commercial purposes. But now we have indicated to the world our acceptance of the fact of our inter-dependence. We have recognised that our ambitions for our country can only be realised if we can find common objectives for it and work together to achieve them. In recognising this we have lighted a new light in Africa, and now it remains to work out the principle in practice. It is indeed an adventure. Who would be living elsewhere at a time like this?

The need for an inter-racial journal is obvious, and it is clear enough what sort of journal it ought to be. It should be the fruit of genuine co-operation by the group producing it. It should give to members of each community vivid glimpses of the people, activities and ways of life of the other communities. It should contain contributions by members of all the communities—not necessarily smooth essays of great literary merit, but live and spontaneous expressions of thought, opinion and fact. It should be an embodiment of the new spirit of racial co-operation.

Whether "Concord" has in any measure achieved this ideal in its first issue is for you to decide. We have approached the task of producing it with humility, knowing there are no precedents to help us. It is, as far as we know, the first venture of its kind in Africa.

We have been aware from the beginning of the many pitfalls which beset the publication. Unless it could be done on a proper professional basis it might turn out too much like a school magazine. On the other hand, it could be too professional—good as journalism but lacking real, voluntary co-operation. Some section of readers would easily be offended by the choice of contents. There are all sorts of suspicions which could be aroused because we still know very

little of each other, and ignorance is the seedbed of suspicion.

There might appear to be too much, or too little, about one section or another. Too much, or too little, about Africans, arousing a suspicion that the Board was dominated by Africans or dominated by Europeans with a sentimental obsession—what people call "negrophilists" or that it was really run by Europeans and the Africans were not really operative on the Board. Too much, or too little, about Asians, indicating that the Board was under some sinister influence promoting Asian imperialism in Africa, or that it was not really concerned about Asians at all. Too much or too little about the Coloured community, or the Europeans—with similar implications.

Then again, if we were to publish articles expressing views on political matters they might be found to be "Socialist" or "Reactionary" or "Fabian" or "Tory"—or be damned in any other of the available ways, and we might be held responsible. A part of the mind is like a funeral parlour stocked with a series of coffins and convenient labels, and it is easier to dispose of anything by labelling it and sticking it in a coffin than to keep it alive with an open mind and make use of what is useful in it.

We have surveyed these grisly risks and we have decided that a policy based on avoiding them is useless. The Board, and the committee behind it, have worked together long enough to achieve real co-operation, with members of all the communities contributing actively and on an equal basis, and this is the criterion we have decided to adopt in choosing contributions: "Does the contribution illustrate some aspect of the truth which is of value to people living in the country, irrespective of race?" If the answer is "Yes" it is eligible for publication in "Concord". If it has some bias or other that is not in itself any reason for turning it down, provided only that it is not demagogic—"tub-thumping"—or inconsistent with the basis on which co-operation rests. What the article says is what the writer feels (and probably what a lot of other people feel), and that in itself is a fact which may be of value.

It is not our business as the editorial board to hold party political views. It is our business to help in the evolution of a non-racial approach to national affairs, and hence to the development of our homeland on harmonious and constructive lines.

This introduction to "Concord" has to be serious. The contents are not all like that, and we hope that you, and the readers belonging to other communities who will be reading it at the same time, will find in it a variety of material both interesting and entertaining.

WELCOME TO CONCORD... *From Overseas*



Peter Abrahams. Writer, journalist, broadcaster, author of "Return to Goli" and other works.

I do, of course, wish CONCORD well. It seems to me that the way things work out in the so-called multi-racial societies is going to determine, for a very long time to come, the relations between the lighter and darker races of men all over our earth. If CONCORD can help replace the current idea of domination by a will to genuine co-operation it would be

serving the deepest interest of all men everywhere.

The thing it seems to me the progressives and liberals of the multi-racial societies have to be careful about is that their deeds so rarely match up to their words, with the result that they lay themselves open to the charge of hypocrisy.

Peter Abrahams.

Essex, England.

Dr. Ralph J. Bunche. Director, Department of Trusteeship, United Nations Organisation.

I am happy to extend to CONCORD, the new publication of the Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia, my good wishes. This enterprise, jointly sponsored by members of the communities of Southern Rhodesia, is to be warmly welcomed, designed as it is to con-

tribute to that earnest multi-racial co-operation which is so urgently needed in many parts of Africa to-day, and indeed, in many other parts of the world. Efforts such as this can do much towards the elimination of bias and prejudice and the achievement of the imperative goal of mutual understanding and respect among peoples of all races and cultures.

Ralph J. Bunche.

New York, U.S.A.



Photo: Rhodesia Herald.

Alan Paton, B.Sc. Author of "Cry, the Beloved Country," "Too Late the Phalarope" and other works.

It is with all my heart that I send good wishes for CONCORD and for the Interracial Association which sponsors it.

Inter-racialism welcomes diversity, it does not seek to destroy it; but it seeks a unity which transcends it. Racism exalts diversity above all else, and leads to no kind of unity at all.

There is no reason why men of all races should not pursue many goals separately; but one goal they must pursue together, and that is the unity of mankind. It is a delusion to suppose that unity can be achieved by separation.

May CONCORD have a long and useful life, and strengthen the forces of reason and goodwill through the continent of Africa.

Alan Paton

Durban, South Africa.

C. Rajagopalachar. First Indian Governor-General of India, Chief Minister of Madras State.

My best wishes to CONCORD.

In spite of the animal in us we must persevere in our task to give a chance to the higher nature in man. CONCORD will be a labour in this

direction. The great aim is to enable human minds to see one another through the bodies that obstruct the true vision.

C. Rajagopalachar

Madras, India.



From Southern Rhodesia



The Hon. Sir Robert Tredgold,
C.M.G. Acting Governor of
Southern Rhodesia.

You have heard the expression "The Music of the Spheres" but do you know its meaning? One of the first thinkers in the beginning of civilisation believed that the secret of nature was harmony. He inferred that even the heavenly bodies in their movements must produce perfect sound. Three thousand years later a great thinker of our own time coined the expression "Holism" to express the same principle of "Unism." Concord is harmony and harmony is one of the secrets of the universe. This publication CONCORD has set itself a great objective in its purpose. It must have the support of all men of goodwill. There may be differences of opinion as to the method of approach; but such differences are always capable of settlement by good sense once the principle is accepted. I would wish this new venture Godspeed in its endeavour.

The Hon. R. S. Garfield Todd,
Prime Minister of Southern
Rhodesia.

The advent of a new paper or a new magazine can be an event of great importance in the life of a country. I join in the welcome to CONCORD and hope that I will not always agree with all the articles in every issue. If this magazine is courageous in its views, it will not always inspire concord amongst its readers, but that large measure of harmony between the races which we all desire will not be achieved without traversing a rather rough road and probably a long one. What I would ask is that the highway be marked, not only by courage, but by a sympathy for conservatives as well as liberals, by a readiness to ascribe the good motive to those who disagree, by a balanced outlook and by responsible writing.

Dr. Aggrey sought harmony between the races and pictured the black and the white keys of a piano. The Capricorn Africa Society likens Africa to a zebra whose life is affected by wounds whether inflicted upon white stripes or black. What we all seek is concord.



From Northern Rhodesia

Dr. Alexander Scott, Independent
Member of the Federal Parliament,
Founder and Director of the
Central African Post.

As a Northern Rhodesian I earnestly hope that this Magazine will do much to stimulate goodwill between the races of this country.

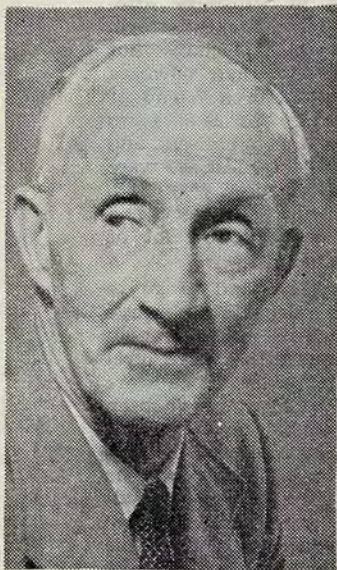
There is a very obvious awakening throughout the Federation to the need for a larger measure of tolerance and a common fellowship.

May the sponsors of CONCORD make a substantial contribution to the maintenance of this spirit. Without it there can only be unhappiness and discord.

A heavy responsibility rests on the leaders of the races to guide them wisely; to be content with immediate gains in social status and so conduct themselves that they give no offence to others.

Just as one should go into a Court of Justice with clean hands, so one should approach political and social questions with candour and without ulterior motives.

Those who wish to be citizens of this great country must accept all its responsibilities and carry out their civic duties.



D. L. Yamba, Member of the
Federal Parliament, former Member
of the Northern Rhodesia Legis-
lative Council.

The proposal to form an Inter-racial Society in Central Africa is an ideal to me and to anyone wishing to see the progress of this land and all its inhabitants in every walk of life. People who do not entertain the principles of "Equal Rights" and "Equal Privileges" for all races in Central Africa should now begin to change their minds.

It is understood that no one race shall find it possible to live in Central Africa without another race. This can only be fulfilled by accepting the principles of GOODWILL which in itself is the foundation stone on which to build our country.



From Nyasaland

W. M. Chirwa, B.A., U.E. Dip.
Member of the Federal Parliament,
President of the Nyasaland
Students' Association.

The appearance of a Journal sponsored by the Interracial Association in Central Africa marks a new trend in our struggle for the common brotherhood of man and shows a determination of the founders of the Association to build a society in which man shall be judged by his own personal achievement and not by his race, colour or creed. I hope the Journal will strive for the elimination of any form of discrimination which exists to-day and press for the recognition of African Trade Unions, and thus bring about a spirit of understanding and tolerance in a multi-racial society upon which true and genuine partnership can have its lasting foundation on the basis of equality of all human beings.

I therefore sincerely pray that God should bless the efforts of the founders of the Association and wish your Journal much success.



Rev. Andrew B. Doig, B.D., S.T.M.
Member of the Federal Parliament.

The news that the Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia is now to have a regular Journal of its own is most welcome, giving evidence that the Association is now well established and that its members are conscious of the very demanding task that lies ahead of them.

The task is no less than the promoting of as many points of contact as possible between the different racial groups. These are days when hopes and fears of many kinds are abroad. The hopes expressed must be proved to rest on sure foundations and the frustrating fears so manifest must by personal relationships and legislative action be effectively dispelled. This will demand all the high faith, clear thinking and real love that we can muster.

I offer my best wishes to CONCORD and its sponsors, with the hope and confidence that it will command the service of clear heads and warm hearts, have a wide circulation and prove a real force in forming public opinion in the three territories of the Federation.



Schoolmasters' Saga

by G. D. MHLANGA

I WAS born in Gazaland, Chipinga District, Southern Rhodesia. I have never been able to ascertain the exact date of my birth, but it must have been early in the 20th century, when Chief Ngungunya's hegemony in Gazaland had given way to Western civilisation.

My parents were illiterate, poor and non-Christian, hence they were strongly opposed to my conversion to Christianity. In fact, the majority of parents at this time were averse to the Christian religion for it divided parents and children in all ceremonial matters.

My parents were noted for their generosity and honesty. In fact these I was told are our great family traits. My grandfather was a chief of no mean order.

The first school I went to was Emerald School, three miles from Silinda, but six miles from my home. This was in 1912. The school was under Mr. Hlanti, one of the Zulu teachers who had volunteered to serve in Gazaland. Our people owe these Zulu teachers and evangelists a debt of gratitude. Mr. Hlanti's successor was Mr. N. Msimbo, a man of sound Christian character. It must not be imagined that I went to school voluntarily. Education on the Mission Farm was compulsory and anybody who failed to comply with this requirement would be evicted from the Farm, and so I had to go to school willy nilly. Parents detested this rule, but it has proved to be a blessing in disguise.

In 1914 the missionaries decided to build Beacon Hill School near my home. The school was under the supervision of the Rev. N. Dhlakama, a man of magnetic power. It was through this man that I became a Christian, and that I began to have a strong desire for education.

THRILLING EVENT.

There being no Standard II at Beacon Hill, we had to go to Mt. Silinda. This was the most thrilling event in my early years. The Principal of Mt. Silinda College was Mfundisi A. R. Mather, who retired from the Inspectorate not so many years ago. On my arriving at Mt. Silinda Mr. Mather asked me to work at his house. My work included gardening, cutting wood, milking, etc. He was very fond of me.

At Mt. Silinda I was always first in class. Our education was always free, and pupils were paid for the manual work they performed during the term. Concurrently with our academic subjects we were taught carpentry, building and agriculture. Our inspector was Mr. E. D. Alvord, O.B.E., who retired a few years ago from the position of Director of Native Agriculture, and who has founded his own school of agriculture at Craigmore, Chikore Mission, in the Chipinga district.

UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT.

An unfortunate incident occurred at Silinda after passing the Fourth Standard. When the next year began, we expected the Principal would give us Longman Standard V, which we prized very highly because of its long words, but contrary to our expectations we were given a different book which we all detested. We also thought that our Principal did not like us to know big words. In spite of the fact that we were assured that the book was as good as any other book, we decided to leave Mt. Silinda and go somewhere else for further schooling. This was, of course, a breach of school discipline, and we had to be punished for it.

We made up our minds to leave Mount Silinda for Umtali, where we would work to accumulate money for further schooling.

My cousin, Mr. M. Mhlanga, Court Interpreter at Chipinga, and I left Silinda for Umtali on foot, for in those days people travelled on foot or by ox wagon. We travelled for five days before we got to Umtali through wild and hostile country. On arrival we were quite haggard and as hungry as a hunter.

Nineteen twenty-two was a particularly bad year, for, as a result of a long spell of drought, crops failed, and there was a great famine throughout the length and breadth of Southern Rhodesia. In consequence of this, there was an influx of Africans in towns in search of work, and consequently there was no work to be had in Umtali, and we had no choice but to leave for Salisbury to try our luck there.

JOBLESS AND HUNTED.

There was no job to be had in Salisbury also, and we had no alternative but to leave for Bulawayo. While in Salisbury, an incident which I have not forgotten up to this day occurred. We had nowhere to sleep, and so we went to put up with a friend of ours. Just as we were ready to go to bed, news came that the police were raiding the premises, and we had to take to our heels without delay, lest we were arrested. This was mid-winter, and we were very cold. We could not help feeling that towns were very bad places and that the police were a very bad lot of people, hunting us down like criminals.

Failing to get jobs in Salisbury, we had to go to Bulawayo to try our fortune there. Even in Bulawayo there was no job to be got. In fact, as the supply of labour had far exceeded the demand, the wage level had considerably gone down, so that even if we were fortunate enough to get a job we would not have been able to earn sufficient money to enable us to go for further education in the Union. Exasperated in this way, we made up our minds to work on our own as carpenters in Bulawayo. This proved to be our salvation, for after two years we were able to save sufficient money for our future education. For this we were grateful to our mission for teaching us hand work concurrently with our academic education so that we should be self-supporting.

What shocked us in Bulawayo was the manner in which the majority of the African people lived. They seemed to have lost all sense of morality, and what saved us were the regular prayer meetings we held.

ARRESTED.

While in Bulawayo I was arrested for having no Location Pass. What had happened was that my Pass expired a day or so before and I ought to have gone for another, but as I was looking forward to leaving Bulawayo to sell my chairs, I thought I would renew it on my return. On the morning of my departure I was arrested. I informed the policeman that I had not renewed my Pass the previous day because I was going to Umvuma to sell my furniture, and in support of this statement I gave him my Travelling Pass and my Registration Certificate to show I was no loafer, but he would not hear of it. I was hustled together with hardened criminals, and I was sentenced to one week's imprisonment with an option of a fine. I could not but regard the Pass System as an evil.

After a year or so in Bulawayo, we left for Lovedale Missionary Institution, South Africa. Our joy on this occasion will be better imagined than described. We got permits to leave Rhodesia for the Union of South Africa. We were, however, arrested at Mafeking on the grounds that our permits were not valid documents. We were so despondent that we thought God was against our going to the Union for higher education, and I cannot forget the way in which we prayed that night.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

On the following day we were informed that we could pass on to Lovedale provided we paid a pound each and that we reported every month to the nearest police station our presence in the Union. We paid the required sum and promised that we would do as instructed.

There were many students at Lovedale from all over South Africa and from such places as Nyasaland. It was indeed a cosmopolitan Institution. We felt unhappy at first, but we soon got used to the people and later we had hosts of friends amongst the students.

We were placed in Standard V, and our teachers were Messrs. Mahlasela, Lepolisa and the late Mr. Nyoka. In 1925 I was promoted to Standard VI, which was under Mr. Moikangoa, who was appointed Inspector of Schools in the Orange Free State and whose son is one of the African doctors in the Union. I was given the first prize and was also awarded the Dux Medal. At the end of 1925 my cousin left for Rhodesia, and I remained alone in the Union.

The next year I got a bursary tenable in the High School, but the bursary was inadequate and I had to work to supplement it. I was employed by Mr. P. A. Pilson, Principal of the High School, who retired a few years ago. I worked for him from 2.00 p.m. to 5.00 p.m. daily, and accordingly I had limited time to do my school work. I had no choice but to get up daily at 4.00 a.m.

Having been first in Standard VI I was promoted to Form II, and my subjects were English, History, Geometry, Algebra, General Physical Science, Maths, Zulu and Latin. My favourite subject was Algebra. Out of 50 students, 23 passed, and I was one of the successful candidates. My joy on this occasion was indescribable.

A GREAT PERSONALITY.

As there was no Matriculation or the Senior Certificate at Lovedale, I decided to branch off and qualify as a teacher. I then took N.P.H. II. My teachers were Messrs. Thulbeck (late), Macquarie (now inspector of schools) and G. Stark (now Director of Native Education, Southern Rhodesia.) The Principal was the late Dr. Henderson, who passed away in 1930. He was a statesman, a wise administrator and a great personality.

In 1930 I was appointed teacher in the High School at Healdtown Missionary Institution, nine miles from Lovedale. In the same year I received a letter from my old friend, Mfundisi A. R. Mather, asking me to leave the Union for Rhodesia. Accordingly I decided to leave the following year.

When I left Healdtown School, Cape, I was furnished with a testimonial which described me as a Christian gentleman.

BLAZING A TRAIL.

I was the first African to hold the Junior Certificate in Southern Rhodesia in 1927. The conditions of teachers were very unattractive in the Colony, and now and then I wished I had not returned to Rhodesia. I felt, however, that somebody had to blaze the trail and to battle for better conditions. The attitude of my European colleagues at Domboshawa left much to be desired. But here I must single out the Rev. Broderick, who was father and adviser to me.

When I left Lovedale in 1929, my intention was to work for a couple of years and then go back to Lovedale for the Senior Certificate, but this proved to be impracticable, for my parents were very old and needed financial support, and my two brothers and sister had also to go to school, and so I could not go back to school until all these dependants had been provided for.

In 1935 I got study leave of two years' duration. The Principal of Domboshawa as well as the Director of Native Education, Mr. Jowitt, spoke in eloquent terms about my work and recommended that I be granted Study Leave and that my place at Domboshawa be kept for me.

I left for Lovedale. When I was teaching I was able to do first year Matric by correspondence.

After passing the Senior Certificate examination in 1932 I went to Fort Hare. My joy on this occasion needs no qualification. My curriculum was as follows: English I, Psychology I, Zulu I, Zoology I and Bantu Law.

NO SMALL HONOUR.

In April, 1936, Fort Hare came of age, and I was chosen by the new students to deliver their ceremonial address. This was no small honour, considering the number of students from all over South Africa, including Coloureds and Indians.

At the end of 1936 I had to return to Domboshawa, as I had no money. I was more than glad when I was notified by the University of South Africa that I had passed all my subjects.

In 1944 I went back to Fort Hare to complete my degree. I was granted Study Leave by the Government, and in addition, and for the first time, I was awarded a bursary.

I returned to Domboshawa in 1945. When Goromonzi Secondary School for Africans was opened in 1946 I was transferred there, and came in contact with Mr. Miller, a great personality and a man of great vision.

In 1947 I interpreted for the late King when he visited Southern Rhodesia, and, in 1953, I was one of the recipients of the Coronation Medal.

Some of my scholars have achieved greatness, to wit, Mr. J. Z. Savanhu, one of the first members of the Federal Parliament.

I cannot conclude my biographical sketch without expressing my indebtedness to my church of Mt. Sijinda for the foundation truly laid, to Lovedale and to Fort Hare, the "completers" of my educational career.



Gideon Mhlanga, B.A.

Photo: S. Pontoji.

HIS EXCELLENCY—MAN OF THE PEOPLE

By Eric Robins

OUR host, two springer spaniels nuzzling the creamy drill trousers of his tropical suit, listened graciously as the wilting young man with hair and tie awry fervently listed the "evils" of Federation.

The Bloomsbury harangue droned on above the chinkle of ice in glasses and the chit-chat of the other guests at the sundowner in that soft-carpeted reception lounge . . . The dogs yawned and sank down at their master's feet.

The one-man conversation piece ended abruptly as the ardent and artless Left-winger paused to sip his gin.

"For Heaven's sake, give us a chance!" said his victim quietly.

Lord Llewellyn had spoken—and the Press of Central Africa who had been invited to his home to meet the Governor-General warmed towards this genial but forthright man's man.

It was in that moment that we newspapermen knew that "Jay" Llewellyn was the ideal choice for a novel and historic task.

The public of the Federation, certainly, has since had ample evidence of the veracity of our verdict that night.

The Queen's representative, held more in esteem than awe, has become a man of the people . . .

The Governor-General was born 60 years ago in Kent as plain John Jestyn Llewellyn, with a Welsh businessman for a father and an Englishwoman as his mother. Bred in the traditions of Eton and University College, Oxford, all his life he has been British and proud of it.

"It is the great British race," he says, "which gives hope for the future." And: "We have between us in the British Commonwealth the most skilled farmers, the best craftsmen, the most learned scientists and technicians, and the wisest statesmen and administrators in the world . . . There is no known raw material or foodstuff which cannot be found within the bounds of the Commonwealth."

Although he would modestly deny it, Lord Llewellyn himself is universally recognised as one of "the wisest administrators" Britain has produced.

His long and distinguished record of public service fully justifies that claim.

The London "Times" paid this appropriate tribute to him when he was appointed to his present post: "He is less a politician than an administrator who has sought in politics an opportunity to do a job of work."

Lord Llewellyn is a man of strikingly practical outlook and with a tight grasp of the problems facing the Commonwealth, and Central African Federation in particular.

He served in both wars—in the first as a fighting soldier, and in the second as one of the top men of drive and destiny in the British Government.

In 1914 he obtained a commission in the Dorset Royal Garrison Artillery. He served at Vimy Ridge, Arras, and Hill 70, was wounded and won the Military

Cross. After the war, he became a barrister (and Colonel of the Dorset Heavy (Territorial) Brigade) and was awarded the O.B.E. in 1926. Three years later, he captured the Uxbridge constituency as a Conservative candidate, and soon made his mark in the House of Commons. By 1935 he was Assistant Government Whip, and two years later was appointed a Civil Lord of the Admiralty, a job which began with being responsible for everything naval ashore from a dock to a tool-shed and developed, during the pre-war, semi-rearmament days, into dealing with boom defences, mine depots, and naval workshops.

Late in 1939 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the newly created Ministry of Supply, and in the following year Churchill switched him to the Ministry of Aircraft Production (as Parliamentary Secretary) to help the dynamic Lord Beaverbrook keep plane production abreast of aircraft losses at one of the most crucial periods of the war. A year later, Lord Llewellyn was tackling a similar task in the Ministry of War Transport, assisting in keeping open the vital sea life-line of Britain.

Now a Privy Councillor, Lord Llewellyn was appointed President of the Board of Trade in 1942, but 17 days later a Churchillian telephone call "out of the blue" made him Lord Beaverbrook's successor as Minister of Aircraft Production.

He immediately issued a "Speed the Planes" call to the workers.

Later the same year he crossed the Atlantic to Washington as Minister Resident for Supply—"You'll be playing for big steaks" joked friends—and returned to London in 1943 to succeed Lord Woolton as Minister of Food.

He was swept out of power with Churchill in the 1945 election and shortly afterwards entered the House of Lords as Baron Llewellyn of Upton in Dorset. He was as active in politics in Parliament as he was in big business outside the House. In 1951 he was President of the Federated Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire. From 1947, he visited West Africa, New Zealand and Ceylon and at the end of 1952 he went to New York as a member of the British delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Lord Llewellyn dislikes a surfeit of formalities, and is happiest on informal occasions. He has been the life and soul of many a private party or mess celebration. He enthusiastically enjoys "just meeting people."

At 60, this burly, brisk man with a fresh sportsman's complexion and strong but kindly features, stands as proudly erect as a regular officer. He is as blunt in speech as Sir Godfrey Huggins and Sir Roy Welensky—without, perhaps, their gift of oratory.

He suffers fools patiently but not gladly.

Through the Governor-General's virile personality shine his principal qualities—his broadmindedness, his humanity, his tolerance, and his liberalism.



Wankie and all That

A VERY heavy responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Territorial Government of Southern Rhodesia in its approach to one of its first jobs—the setting up of Industrial Conciliation Machinery which will include the African.

The recent strike at Wankie spotlighted only one aspect of the problem—the complete absence of any effective contact between the mine management and the African mine-workers. At Wankie the bulk of the Africans are unskilled, migrant workers, and the problem of the Industrial Colour Bar did not arise. But in many of our industries, notably the Building Industry, there are Africans who are no longer migrant or unskilled, and it is necessary that our Industrial Legislation should be planned in such a way that both the European and Non-European may play their full part in the building up of our country under conditions which allow for an understanding of each other's fears, hopes and ambitions.

Machinery For Agreement

The lesson from history is clear, that the only satisfactory way of fixing conditions of employment in a democratic state is by agreement between employers and employees, and as far as the European worker is concerned we have applied this lesson in our Industrial Conciliation Act. This Act provides for the official recognition of European Employer and Employee Organisations, and allows them to form their own National Industrial Councils consisting of an equal number of employers and employees. Each industry therefore has its own joint council of employers and employees who decide on the conditions of employment which shall prevail in their particular industry. These conditions are embodied in an Agreement and forwarded to the Minister of Internal Affairs for his approval. Having obtained the consent of the Minister the Agreement then assumes the force of law in the industry concerned. Any subsequent grievance of employers or employees is dealt with by this joint council, but if the council fails to reach agreement, then the dispute may be referred to arbitration.

This is *good* machinery and makes the strike and the lock-out merely a last and desperate resort, but unfortunately in this country the African worker is specifically excluded from the Industrial Conciliation Act.

After the African strike in 1948 the Government realised that something must be done about African wages and it appointed a Native Labour Board consisting entirely of Europeans to deal with conditions of employment of Africans in Industry throughout the country. The Native Labour Boards are representative of neither Employers nor Employees, and although they have done a lot of conscientious work to the best of

Immediately after the formation of the Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia it set up an Industrial Relations Committee to investigate the problem of employer and employee relations, and it has since become obvious that the problem is one of the most urgent to be tackled by the Territorial Government. The solution lies as much in the hands of employers and employees as in the hands of the Government and the Association has sent a memorandum on the subject, drawn up by the Industrial Relations Committee, to M.P.'s, Heads of Government Departments, master-employer associations, municipalities and European and African trade unions, suggesting that a fully representative round table conference should be held with the object of arriving at agreement in principle. If sufficient support is forthcoming the conference will be held in Salisbury as soon as possible.

In this article the Chairman of the Industrial Relations Committee sums up the points made in the memorandum.

their ability, they are unpopular with both. There is therefore a need for a responsible and legally recognised Trade Union Movement which will enable the African workers to negotiate freely with their respective Employer Organisations when improvements in wages or working conditions are demanded.

Unofficial Movement

Many are the arguments which are advanced against the idea of granting to African workers the democratic right of collective bargaining at this stage of their development—but one argument in favour remains unanswerable and that is the fact that in this country, whether recognised or not, a strong African Trade Union Movement does in fact exist, and its leaders have already come to the conclusion that the most effective way of advancing the interests of their members is by using the same machinery which the European workers employ—the machinery of collective bargaining. The rapid advance of the African towards the goal of western civilisation

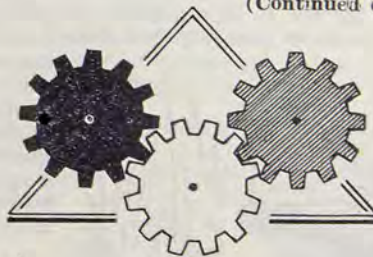
is inevitable, and, regardless of any artificial discrimination based on the colour of one's skin that advance will continue in the future just as relentlessly as it has done in the past.

In those industries therefore where non-Europeans are exclusively employed, or where the European is employed only in the capacity of a supervisor, Trade Unions should be officially recognised and encouraged and accepted as part and parcel of the country's industrial structure. Only in this way can they be assisted and encouraged to develop along peaceful and constructive lines and to play their full part in the development of our country.

The Industrial Colour Bar

In the industries where there is a mixed labour force what the European worker justifiably fears is the employment of Africans on the same work as himself at a rate of pay which he could not possibly accept without lowering the civilised standard of living of himself, wife and family. On the other hand, the African artisan feels that the present industrial legislation is designed to "keep the native in his place"—a permanently subordinate place. He therefore resents that discrimination which closes the door of opportunity against

(Continued on Page 31.)





THE FRIENDLY VILLAGES

BY IAN DIXON

I DO not know now, in retrospect, what was best of those days. Whether it was the day or the night, or the lazy camp-fire plumes of smoke, the equine scent on everything, the rich tang of food eaten out of doors, or the silence and communion with the essential.

Certainly I was always glad when the patrol started, and the pack donkeys were unwillingly laden with the coming month's supplies in the blue of an August dawn. Whether the cooing of the half awakened doves in the blue gums that lined the roads had anything to do with it, or whether the heart was glad (in a highly disciplined fashion, of course) to be rid of the soullessness of clerical work, the fatuity of statistics and the unimaginativeness of law. Whatever it was we were glad to be rid of it. By "us" I include the African Police, my horse and pack donkeys.

As the well known, but never familiar road, snaked out of the little village and away from the white-washed walls and trim gardens, the neat fowl runs and the omnipresent telegraph poles, the heart would bound, the shoulders square to the yet unencountered problems of the coming month. Hands would rise and undo the top button of the tunic. A loosened lanyard, a helmet readjusted; with such a gesture would we cut symbolical umbilical cord and drift into the unreal reality of the Bush.

With the onset of the sun, and perspiration, the horse would begin to settle to the journey with much arching of neck, jingling of bits and coquettish glances back.

But there was a system—each man found his own, and no two were alike. Patrolling was a highly individual form of enjoyment. The earth and the sky and the sea of grass were the same for each man, but one could live with it and the other couldn't. Let there be no delusions, to the accepted pattern of modern man with their mechanical minds and their mechanical enjoyment, patrol was an unpleasant interlude compounded of acute physical discomfort and loss of all amenities. But to those who were not born in the shadow of the slide rule, a patrol was a challenge and provided a welcome interlude to the uneasy droning of the Court and the faces of the tired men with stripes on their arms.

I remember one such day and time. When sated with some particularly stodgy form of official reasoning and having been earnestly lectured by one of the cleverest, most earnest, and deadly dull men it has ever been my fortune to meet or serve under, I cantered out into the sun and away from the squat suburban houses and the squat suburban minds they contained. I remember the champagne taste of complete freedom, the distant hills, the fine yellow sand. The emphatic clip clop of hooves, creaking of saddlery. I remember the gun going off. . .

It came from in front borne faintly on the wind. It was an alien sound—it did not belong to my state of mind and I ignored it. More difficult to ignore, however, were the sounds of panic-stricken voices and the keen-

ing of women. An ominous shadow darkened the perfection of my day. Sergeant Makokwa (that was not his name,

but it will do) had heard it, too. Without a word being said we quickened our pace to the hills and the huts they hid in the foreground.

I remember an ashen grey face, a great deal of blood, a host of faces turned up to me, all staring with great wide eyes, urging that something be done. I remember pulling back the blanket and seeing a lacerated shoulder and being surprised that there was no more. I remember the surprise of seeing a baboon lying near that ashen face—a very battered ape.

Makokwa and I patched him up. Makokwa being a keen St. John Ambulance man, tied a very professional bandage and I was content to let him tie it, glad that I had not attempted it first.

I suppose it was a fantastic story. The baboon had shot the man.

The Docket records the fact that the man had attempted to kill some baboons in a mealie land behind his kraal. His gun, that in another era had cleared Napoleon from the Iberian Isthmus, laid low a baboon. It was the only one killed that day and was carried back to the kraal, to all intents and purposes, dead, the centre of an excited circle. The man, meanwhile, had reloaded his Tower musket and was leaning on it

basking in the plaudits of the community. The baboon decided to stand up. It levered itself to its feet on the trigger of the musket, with the result

already recorded. After it had achieved its vendetta the baboon quietly rolled over and died. It was not allowed to lie undisturbed—a spirited rendering with sticks had reduced the animal to the state I first saw it in, causing the rivers of blood.

That was one day—and there were others.

Sometimes there was a dance at a kraal and I used to go and watch. At first this conduct put a fairly effective damper on the proceedings but, after the first few patrols I became known and was accepted. Once the ceremonial calabash of beer had been accepted the Sons and Daughters of the Sun would bend themselves with redoubled vigour to the torture of their drums. I remember seeing an extraordinarily old woman going through the most bizarre antics. I remember the heavy oafishness of her mime, the mock dignity, the toothless gums, the glitter of those wise beady eyes. I recalled realising (with a jerk) that I was the source of her inspiration and resolving that in the future I would walk less like a Bow Street Runner and more like a human being.

The drums had an extraordinary quality of expression. But Africana abounds with the sound of tribal drums so I will not bother to add my grain to the mountain of gross misinterpretation that has grown around them. But I do remember that those drums had an amazing double echo.



The villagers used to come to me with all their problems and, with the aid of Makokwa, I would try and sort them out. They varied from educational problems to the most involved and obtuse family lawsuits. I learnt much that way, more than the regimented minds ever taught. I learned that their minds are as simple as children, that they are the most conservative people in the world, that they always laugh, that they love conversation almost better than life itself. A clever man to them is one who hides his meaning in a welter of rhetoric, a sea of arguments, and a swamp of unrelated facts.

Many used to suffer from the depredations of wild animals. The worst of these was, without doubt, the crocodile. I have shot many for them.

There was one water-hole that served several communities, the fount of all life in the particular area, and a sea of green. Yet it had become a place of terror! Beneath the deceptively tranquil surface of the pool a loathsome king ruled with all the terror of the hereditary despot. His palace a gruesome, foul-smelling lair of rushes carpeted with line and furnished with decaying meat—the entrance was 15 feet under water. The day before I arrived there he had taken a full-grown ox in a swift surge of foam, the wretched beast having neither will nor time to struggle.

The next day he took my dog. Nec scire est omnia!

I started my vigil while the last frenzied yap still echoed in the reeds. I spent the night there and so did Makokwa. He was, I think, as fond of the dog as I. That night was long and cold: unfamiliar rustles kept sleep away. The moon made a silver road from the pool to eternity. Alas my poor friend! I hope that when you travelled it that night a generous providence gave you plenty of fencing standards, for you were a country dog and would have been nonplussed by lamp posts, no matter how heavenly they might have been.

Just as the sun climbed over the horizon and the first pair of ducks went rocketing overhead, the croc. broke water. We saw each other simultaneously but before anything could be done only a ripple remained where his malevolent eye had been a second before.

As the sun came up, so did the people. With much shaking of heads and pointing at the water, clucks and exhalation of "Hauh," I learnt that I had the sympathy of the villagers and, not only that, I became the express weapon of a lot of patient and long-suffering people. The avenger!

On the third day, after several previous misses, the tyrant died. He died as they all do, suddenly and noisily. It was good to watch the tremendous tail flailing the water, the red eddy, and the silence.

I remember the way my knees clicked as I stood up, stiff but happy. The uproar from the village, the thanks in simple eyes. It felt good to have avenged my friend, but better to have cleared the pool of its lethal thrall.

Then there was the night of confused pain. The night of rain on the tent—the night of spiders. The time of damp blankets and uncooked food. The time of ticks. When the world I loved turned on me with the fury of the beast, when I realised that I had been betrayed, that my open life held its assassins. But it was not the big things that got me. Not thirst, not animal—just a microbe or two, and a mosquito for good measure.

I had started that day thinking I had influenza and dosed myself with aspirin. It had been raining for the whole week and everything was sodden. The beautiful kopjes became dank and ominous under the continuous downpour. The giddiness came about midday and then I lay down in the tent.

What happened after that is confused. There is a memory of a truck, a thermometer reading 105, the frightened face of a fellow Trooper, sheets and soft feminine hands and faces.

It took nearly a month to get over. The doctors told me that a combination of malaria and tick fever had taken me within a few paces of the Pearly Gates—another hour or two and I would have been through them.

It has been Makokwa, of course, who had realised that I was sick and who had taken it into his head to cycle 25 miles in the deluge to the telephone and get help. Who else could it have been? How do you thank a man for your life? With money? With platitudes? With advice?

Now the debt is cancelled. It was cancelled the night of the snake. It started like any other night with camp-fires, good wholesome food, and steaming coffee. With blankets and the sky as a ceiling.

I forget who woke me. It may have been Tsungarayi, my cook. But there was urgency in the way he shook me. After realising that something was wrong, and that a rifle was required, I followed him. I noticed that he walked as though there were eggs beneath his feet.

I remember his hand raised and the whispered injunction for caution.

I remember the way Makokwa lay huddled in his blankets and with the greatcoat over him. I remember wondering why his belt lay across his chest and realising that it was not his belt but a snake that I saw. The snake, seeking warmth, had found Makokwa and settled in for the night without awakening him.

I got Tsungarayi to blow in the fire and give some light. Makokwa stirred when its radiance blazed into his dreams and the snake, like some horrible spring jerked up and hissed into the light. The tail coiled tighter, the soft insinuations, the ripple of its muscles could be seen in the fireglow.

The bullet took it cleanly through the head and it subsided in a convulsive rhythm of agonised entwining on to the greatcoat. The sound of Makokwa's scream is in my memory now—the juddering start as he leapt up, the greatcoat, like some enormous bat hurled from him. The face contorted with loathing and stark fear. The sizzle and the convulsive twist of the tail in the fire. They are all with me here in this room now.

Yes, I remember Makokwa and the friendly villages, and the wisdom that comes from a knowledge of the simple things. The logic of the places where there are no lords and no slaves. Where existence is interdependent; where one day is much like another. Where worth is recognised by worth.

Looking back, the greatest thing was the air of peace. And, if anything remains, it is the feeling of concord and one-ness with the country and with its people.





My Impressions of Parliament

by J. Z. SAVANHU, M.P.

THE opening of the first session of the First Parliament of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland by His Excellency the Governor-General (Lord Llewellyn) on February 3, in Salisbury, was an historic occasion which left an indelible impression on those who witnessed it. It was a colourful ceremony in which the pomp and pageantry of Westminster were re-enacted and adapted to local conditions. The proceedings outside and inside the Chamber followed each other with faultless sequence and precision.

This ceremony, and the Oath of Allegiance or Affirmation which had taken place the previous day, served by their awe-inspiring solemnity to impress upon members of Parliament the high office to which they had been elected and the great responsibilities that were to be theirs not only in the first, crucial session, but throughout the historic life of the First Parliament. For upon it perhaps wholly depended the success or failure of not only Federation as a political institution, but what went with it, viz., racial co-operation and partnership—the greatest experiment in the conduct of human relations yet attempted in this part of the world.

The Africans' Debating Ability

The deliberations of this Session took the course which a student of the Central African political scene would have anticipated, with one exception; the debating ability of the African members, and their knowledge of the English language, were an eye-opener to many.

What impressed one most, however, was the fact that throughout the debates the European members steered clear of racialism, and of the 17 Bills passed during the First Session none of them was a "differentiating measure" in the opinion of the Standing Committee—the African Affairs Board. Even Mr. J. R. Dendy Young, Q.C., sole representative and Leader of the Confederate Party, was quite co-operative, except for an expression of fear of Africans encroaching in European spheres of employment.

African members from Nyasaland, however, struck what seemed to be a discordant note when they said in their maiden speeches that their people were still opposed to Federation; that their fears, suspicions and distrust were not yet over. But these things had to be said, unpalatable as they are in certain circles.

The Northern Rhodesian Africans accepted the fact of Federation and expressed their willingness to make it work. Mr. D. L. Yamba, of Northern Rhodesian Legislative Council fame, is a veteran politician who took to the debates of the Assembly like a duck to water. He was emphatic in his plea for the extension of the franchise to British protected persons, the advancement of Africans in the Federal Civil Service, the treatment of the multi-racial inhabitants of the Federation "on equal terms", and the extension of "equal privileges" to all persons who, he said, must be accorded full citizenship of the Federation. He stressed,

quite rightly, that the foundation on which these objects could be achieved was "goodwill towards one another."

Sorting into Groups, not Races

Mr. M. M. Hove (Specially Elected African Member for Matabeleland) earned the applause of the House when, referring to racial questions which had been raised by some members, he observed:

"I think this debate would have reached a very unfortunate point if we ended on this racial question. I think as hon. members of this House we should try to sacrifice certain things in order that Federation may work . . . I believe as time goes on we shall find ourselves sorting ourselves out not into racial groups but into groups of people who hold certain opinions, thinking the same way and perhaps trying to influence one another."

Practically every member took the opportunity offered by the Budget debate to make their maiden speeches. For they could speak on their pet subjects. This practice of airing "grievances before supply" goes back, as everyone knows, to the days of the Plantagenet Parliaments when the king was obliged to sit and hear the petitions of his subjects made through his Great Council each time he wanted any special financial aid.

Watchdogs of the People

Every new member must have been impressed by the amount of work done by the Speaker, the Clerk of the House and their subordinates in the conduct of the business of the House.

One thing a new member soon learns in the House is that, strictly speaking, he is not part of the Government; the Prime Minister and his cabinet form the Government; the rest of the members play the role of watchdogs of the electorate. Almost all legislation is initiated by the Cabinet, but there is provision for ordinary members to do likewise.

Perhaps what makes a lasting impression on all who attend a sitting of the House is the solemnity that pervades the Debating Chamber from the time the Speaker and the Clerk and his assistant, in their grey wigs and black gowns, preceded by the Serjeant-at Arms, bearing the Mace, enter the Chamber, a solemnity that lasts throughout the sitting. No one may smoke, and laughter must be short and subdued. Slang and hackneyed expressions are taboo, and applause may be given by rapping on one's table softly; members who clap hands are soon advised not to do so by Mr. Speaker.

The First Session of the First Parliament of the Federation is over, and looking back on the events which brought about Federation, and the creditable manner in which the Government has discharged its responsibilities so far, it seems appropriate to wish the Federal Ship of State fair weather, and conclude with a rather far-fetched dictum of Burke. "What the greatest inquest of the nation has begun its highest tribunal will accomplish."

SIX YARDS OF TRADITION

By P. R. SINGH

THE Indian Sari is as distinctive as the Spanish mantilla. It is the Indian woman's national dress and is worn in more than a score of different styles.

It is a respectable form of dress of the Hindu women and the infinite variety of ways in which it is draped in the different Provinces of India, reveals not only the personality, but the different moods and characteristics of the people.

India, by virtue of her vast area, her ancient civilisation and distinctive cultures, commands in the realm of costume a rich and colourful variety. From Kashmir to the South, from the Cutch peninsula to Assam, they all delight in garments fanciful as they are various, outdoing each other in bright colours and embroideries, glittering sequins and gold and silver thread and ingenuity of designs.

The Ghagra, Lahanga and Channia are some of the romantic names to the skirt as worn by women of Rajputana, Marwar and Kathiawar. The Choli, Angia and Ravakai are blouses, and Dupatta, Odhni and Chunri, are the veils which drape so gracefully from the waist and over the head and shoulders, and are drawn deftly over the face in a fine gesture of courtesy.

The Sari, however, is the most common of women's apparel. This flattering garment, a gift to nature's favoured ones, and a boon to the less fortunate, finds favour with the women of every Province.

As various as it is universal, the Sari has an untold range in variety of workmanship and design. The rich brocaded saris of Benares and Bangalore, the gleaming tissues and gauzes of Surat and Ahmedabad, the scintillating star-spangled Lucknow Kamdani saris, the delightful printed and embossed silks, georgettes, ninons and Crepe-de-Chine of Bombay and gorgeous bright hued silks of South India with their distinctive checks,

stripes, colours and traditional borders and Mundani (end). These and countless more pretty and prettier, are too well known to need description.

Though influenced by the impact of western culture, Indian women have not been weaned away from their national costume. Rather, wherever they have ventured they have taken Indian dress with them, attracting attention and inviting admiration. The sari effect imparted to evening gowns by Western modistes bespeaks the spell of this graceful garment more surely than mere eloquence. Even some of the non-sari women of India have been quick to adapt the Sari as their habitual garment. The Sindhi



and Punjabi ladies are examples. Until recently they wore pyjamas or pantaloons, a kurta or shirt and a duppatta or veil thrown carelessly over the shoulders. Now, however, they are blossoming forth in saris!

The Indian woman in general has acquired the art of draping the most original form of dress in a most becoming manner. She takes the liberty of choosing colours and designing the borders and ends to suit her colour and moods. She enhances the beauty of the Sari by matching blouses that tone or contract correctly.

In India, white stands for purity, red for creative energy, blue for the benign power of Vishnu and orange for happiness and bliss.

In the West, women's dresses have to rely on the pattern, cut, style and making up as long as the fashion is in vogue, then it is outmoded and new ideas, new creations and styles take its place, in turn to be out of fashion. Not so with the Sari; the elegance with which each wears it, the effect obtained is always new and interesting. A very great factor in its favour is its utter simplicity and yet it is elaborate.

Packing and storing of the western sister's dresses have been a bit of a problem, but the Sari needs very little space. As many as three Saris with the accessories could be packed into a lady's ordinary handbag.

In cutting up material to make a dress, the pattern of the material has to be sacrificed—in a Sari the beauty is retained to full advantage.

One of the greatest advantages of the Sari is that it makes a good figure look well, and it conceals the faults of a poor one. While it can give slimmness, it can also take away those inches around the hips, flatter undeveloped calves and other parts of the anatomy of which a lady is most conscious.

The Sari suits all ages, the flapper or the matron, for it can be draped to both expose and to hide, it is a garment for all purposes, all weathers and for all occasions.

Thus the six yards of Sari, India's national costume, with its background of culture, art, religion and utility is a valuable contribution to the picturesque parade of women in garments—singularly graceful and possessing an individuality irresistibly charming.





From THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

On these pages, two men of opposing political views discuss some of the problems of Africa as seen from "the heartland of the vast, complex and changing Commonwealth system."

Sir Richard Acland has been Labour Member of Parliament for the Gravesend Division of Kent since 1947. He is the author of a number of books on political and kindred matters.

Bernard Braine is a Conservative Member of Parliament and Hon. Secretary of the Conservative Commonwealth Affairs Committee in the House of Commons. He has visited about half the Colonial dependencies at one time or another.

SIR RICHARD ACLAND CALLS HIMSELF

"A Friend of Fenner Brockway" . . .

I AM not at all sure that I am a suitable writer for the first (or for an early) issue of CONCORD, for is it not more likely that I shall serve as a red rag to a bull and drive into fury the very people whose active sympathy most needs to be attracted when I say that the only quick way of introducing myself to Southern Rhodesian readers is to call myself "A Friend of Fenner Brockway"?

And what are we, these friends of Fenner Brockway?

We are the people who have never been to Southern Africa; who do not know the actual social conditions; who have never run a business; who attend meetings addressed by Michael Scott; who encourage agitators with Fabian pamphlets from London; and who want to turn all the whites out of Africa.

Except for the last clause which is false (as I shall try to show), the rest of the count against us is substantially true. Then why should we be heard? Perhaps only because, without ever having been to Southern Africa, we try to look at the world challenge as a whole. Perhaps, too, because we have a great tradition behind us. For it is the fact that however bad the actual policy of Britain may have been in the past anywhere in the world, and however deep the hypocrisy under which it was rationalised and covered up, there have always been in England some white men pleading for a more moderate policy.

During the American War of Independence for example, there were "Fenner Brockways" who proclaimed at the time in London that Washington was right and George III was wrong. Supporters of Doctor Malan should recall, too, that in the heat and misery of the Boer War, it was the spiritual and political fore-runners of Fenner Brockway who risked physical injury to protest in Birmingham against the unjust war of aggression. So, too, half a century earlier, a minority in London was despised for challenging the popular complacency about British rule in India so that to-day Chester Bowles, in seeking to explain the "miracle" of present-day friendship between British and Indian people in India writes: "Even when the colonial administration in India was at its ruthless worst, there were always voices raised in the House of Commons, and throughout

Britain, demanding a more moderate policy." (*Ambassador's Report*; published by Harper. Page 56.)

Trying, then, to look at the world challenge as a whole, and trying, however inadequately, to stand in line with this great British tradition, we naturally find ourselves at variance from views held by large numbers of white people in Southern Africa.

And perhaps almost our first point of divergence lies in the judgment we make about ultimate power. So often discussion on contemporary issues takes place as if the white race held the ultimate power, and as if, therefore, the great question is how much in our generosity (or in our sloppy sentimentality, as some would put it) we should concede to weaker peoples. Herbert Agar, the American, has put the position in the exactly opposite light with words which I quote from memory: "The next twenty-five years may contain the last opportunity for the white race to join the human race."

Oddly enough, such a sober observer as the Special Colonial Correspondent of *The Times* after a tour of all Africa early last year, reached much the same conclusion on the strength of the forces which do, and which might contend in Africa: "So far as it is possible to gauge these strengths, it appears that the settlers hold most of the cards now. But that if the conflict develops the Africans will win out in the long run."

On this basis, we who are the friends of Fenner Brockway, are not the people who want to get all the whites out of Africa; as far as people in London are concerned, we are they who hope that friendly co-operation between peoples of all colours can grow and persist in Africa, and indeed throughout the world, in the same sort of way as it is now miraculously growing in India.

But having thus made my apology for the mere existence of "Friends of Fenner Brockway," what on earth else can I say? I do not know the detailed problems of Southern Rhodesia, and it really would be an impertinence to offer detailed advice.

Perhaps I had better confine myself to the world challenge now directed against the basic values of white western civilisation. I believe that it has reached a critical stage and that the coolest and most courageous judgment is required of us. To this end, with my

friend Fenner Brockway, I have recently written a pamphlet under the title *Waging Peace*.

We believe that the Berlin Conference marks a turning point; or the ending of a three-year episode.

We were badly frightened by Korea. We seriously believed that the most immediate danger was early war on the largest possible scale. We argued that if we quickly concentrated all our resources on building up arms we could soon negotiate from strength. Negotiate, in the first instance a *modus vivendi*; and then a world settlement which would fairly soon allow of a real reduction in arms expenditure. To-day we have overcome both the immediate fear and the early hope. This is not merely my view. It is the official view of the Government in the White Paper on Defence (Cmd. 9075 of February, 1954): "It is the Government's view that the continuation for a long period of the present state of cold war is now more likely than the outbreak of a major war on any particular date."

Two months earlier, I and my fellow-authors of *Waging Peace* had given as the third and by far the most important of our reasons for believing the risk of war much less than we had supposed in 1950-51: "Everything that is happening must surely convince the Soviet leaders that as things are going now, all will

in due course fall into their hands without a war through the economic social and moral disintegration of 'our' world."

In fact, we are not going to be put to the challenge of war; we are going to be put to the challenge of peace. The great test for the white race is whether with all its great temporary advantages of technological skill and industrial and managerial experience, it can now find enough humility and sympathy and understanding to give genuine co-operation and real practical help to one and a half billion people all over the world who are now awakening out of many centuries of poverty and contempt. If we can, we may disappoint the confident calculations of the Kremlin leaders.

And if not ?

I quote from *Life and Work*, the monthly record of the Church of Scotland (January, 1953): "We are, most of us, almost taken by surprise that the Lord God should choose this ground, the poor of the earth, for His judgment . . . just when we should have liked more time to prepare, more time to repent, more time to do better. And the Lord, through Soviet Russia (as of old through the heathen Cyrus) seems to be saying, 'No more time—now is the judgment of this world.'"

. . . AND BERNARD BRAINE WRITES ON

"The Europeans' Inspiring Task"

THE establishment of Central African Federation has been a victory for commonsense.

Clearly if the rich resources of the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland were ever to be developed to the full advantage of their various peoples and of the Commonwealth as a whole, Federation was inevitable.

Nor could it have been achieved at a better time. Material considerations aside, this brave new venture with its goal of racial partnership gives real hope to Africa.

We in Britain are in deadly earnest about this idea of partnership between the many races which owe allegiance to the Queen. How could it be otherwise? The Commonwealth itself is a partnership of sovereign independent nations, the circle of which is gradually widening as former dependent peoples acquire control over their own affairs. Any attempt to reverse this historic process or to base imperial rule upon notions of racial superiority and little else would destroy the very thing we have laboured to create.

As we see it in Britain—still the heartland of the vast, complex and changing Commonwealth system—the goal of partnership is not a vague phrase or pious aspiration. It is a political and economic necessity. Nowhere is this more evident than in those parts of Africa where European settlers have put down their roots, are engaged in the exciting and inspiring task of building new nations and yet are surrounded by millions of primitive people already stirring under the impact of 20th Century ideas. For if it be true that the African cannot be lifted out of the rut of poverty and ignorance without European leadership, knowledge and capital, it is equally true that there is no future for the European in Africa without the willing co-operation of the African.

Opportunity now exists in Central Africa to build and to maintain a genuine multi-racial society in which men are not judged by the colour of their skin but by their quality of manhood, their culture and attainments.

Not that there is anything new in the idea. Cecil Rhodes believed in it. Lord Milner held that 'not race, not colour, but civilisation is the test of political rights.' But what is new is that at a time when elsewhere in Africa white and black men, motivated perhaps more by fear than by conviction, are proclaiming doctrines which carried to their logical conclusion could plunge the whole Continent into darkness, those who possess political power in Central Africa have declared for partnership.

Of course, quick and easy results are not to be expected. No sensible person in Britain expects a transformation overnight. It is right—as Sir Godfrey Huggins has so often stressed—to lay emphasis upon economic development. For it is only out of increased productivity that the means can ever be found of providing the social services, the education and the skills which will equip the African people to make their full contribution to the running of their country. What matters is not so much the timetable of progress, for none can be sure how long the civilising process will take, but the sincerity of those in whose hands effective political power rests at the present time.

Perhaps it is sometimes felt by people of our own race in Africa that there is too much armchair talk about African problems in the Mother Country, too much theorising, too little understanding. Certainly a great deal of what has been said in recent years has been ill-informed and unhelpful. But one advantage of the growing volume of discussion in this country of African affairs is that many people are beginning to see things in perspective and are coming to realise—perhaps more slowly than they should—that the factors which impose checks upon the African's progress arise mainly from his present lack of knowledge and political immaturity and not from any wilful determination upon the part of the European settler to hold him back. Once that essential truth is grasped when much of the woolly and emotional thinking that has clouded the issue in the past will be swept away.

RHODESIAN Art

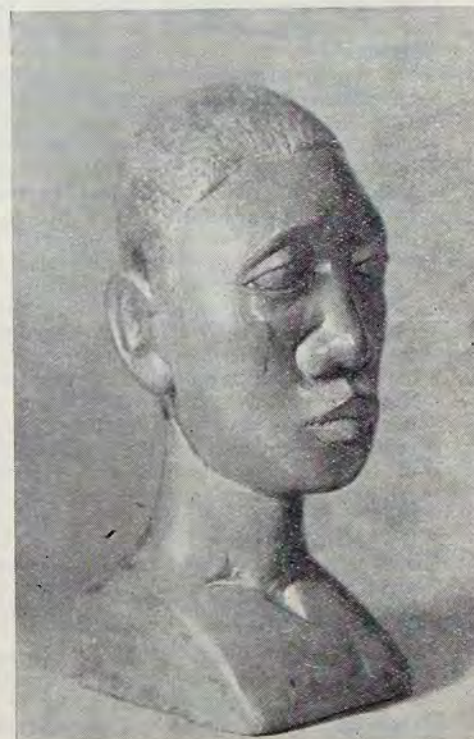


1. CYRENE

In 1936, the farms Collaton and Irene, near Bulawayo, were given by a benefactor to the Bishop of Southern Rhodesia, and in 1939 they were formed into a Central Primary School for Africans under the Rev. E. G. Paterson.

The place was re-named Cyrene, after the biblical Simon of Cyrene who bore the Cross, and, through the influence of its principal, it became a centre in which the practice of arts and crafts was emphasised.

From the inception of Cyrene Mission the impact of outside schools of art upon its pupils has been excluded; the style which



A SOAPSTONE HEAD,
by S. KATSANDE

AFRICAN FARMING METHODS BEFORE THE



MISSAL STAND WITH INSCRIPTION IN THE VERNACULAR

has emerged over a period of years has arisen from a natural, but previously untapped, African creative talent. If any style can be said to have influenced the work it is that of Ned Paterson who had studied art before he was ordained, and whose instruction has raised the standard from one of elementary daubs to highly competent painting, sculpture and wood-carving.

The influence of Cyrene has now penetrated throughout Southern Rhodesia and the Mission itself is attracting pupils from many parts of Central Africa. Exhibitions of Cyrene art have been shown and acclaimed in other

parts of the world and Ned Paterson is at present exhibiting some of the work in Britain.

On these pages we show some paintings and carvings by Cyrene pupils; the two examples of the former (which are published with acknowledgements to the Southern Rhodesia Public Relations Department) were done by Samuel Songo, an African who has only the use of his left arm. For the photographs of the carvings we are indebted to Mr. H. I. Wilmot, who took them, and to the Bishop of Mashonaland, the Rt. Rev. E. F. Paget, C.B.E., M.C., D.D., by whose permission they are published.



GOLD MINING IN ANCIENT DAYS,
by SAMUEL SONGO



AFRICAN WOMAN WITH POT
—SOAPSTONE



MARY AND CHILD
—A CARVED WOOD PANEL



WOOD CARVING OF THE
CRUCIFIXION

THE EUROPEANS CAME, by SAMUEL SONGO

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE COMMUNITY

By Prof. W. ROLLO

IF I were asked to define what a University is I think I would put forward three points.

Firstly, that it does not discriminate in its membership; secondly, that it emphasises in its teaching the universal element in human knowledge; and, thirdly, that the University must be universal in the sense that it serves the needs of the community in which it is centred.



First of all it goes without saying that a University is a public institution open to everyone, provided he or she passes the necessary entrance examination, provides proof of suitable character, and pays the required fees. Notice that it is open to everyone who fulfils these conditions and that it does not divide the community into the sections of which the community society is composed and

then go on to say that tailors, but not engine drivers may send their children to the University or that people of this race or that of this colour or that may attend or may not. If it does, it ceases to be a University in the real sense of the word.

Now, what is the idea at the back of this conception of a University? Surely it is that there must be a place in a community where the ordinary conditions imposed upon us by the struggle for life, by the laws of the State take second place to the urgent need of studying all these conditions of life objectively and without restraint. In a University young people of all classes, of all its component races, are given the opportunity of three or four years of protected existence during which they can prepare for three things—(a) the business of living a good, useful and happy life, (b) the business of their particular profession, (c) the business of mixing with others than those they will most frequently come in contact with later. How is it possible otherwise, for those whose very manner of life will separate them entirely or at least place them in a definite relation in later life to meet and mingle with those others, to learn to appreciate them as fellow human beings, to study each other's way of life and thus to work towards mutual understanding, instead of tacitly accepting obvious differences? Where else can black and white, for instance, meet without the restraint of government laws, on an equal footing for

the time being and so learn about each other in a friendly atmosphere in the classroom, in the students Union and in the clubs and societies.

These young people are the future leaders of our community and of the country, give them this one chance to learn to appreciate each other and they will then be able later to give their best contribution to the welfare of the State to which they belong as well as to the World State, that is slowly and painfully coming into being. The argument is often put forward in the case of white and black that the latter have not yet reached the degree of civilisation and culture as we know it to allow their integration into our society on an equal footing. Everybody knows this is true and that the process of integration will be a long one until each section of the community finds its suitable place. That is why the African, who for many years past has been in contact with the white man's civilisation and way of life and has been to some extent integrated into it—(often because the white man can use the African for his own benefit) — needs separate training in his own primary and secondary schools where he can make up the leeway in learning what is to him a foreign way of life in his own surroundings, in his own national and familiar environment. But when he has passed through that stage, has made up as much as possible of the leeway in assimilating western civilisation, then he must be given the opportunity which only a University can provide of meeting those whose way of life he has been learning, on an equal footing, without restraint and of arriving at that mutual compromise which lies at the back of all community life. He must, of course, undergo the same tests as any other, but if he passes, pays his fees and provides the usual testimonial of suitable character, he should have the right of entrance to his community University. If separate University facilities are provided for him, where can he ever have the chance of meeting the other members of his community? University education is not just book knowledge, but also intellectual contact between those who otherwise would never or seldom meet.

There is another sense in which a University is truly universal. I think it is the special function of a University to teach "science" in the sense of the Latin word "scientia", that is the universal element in human knowledge. That is why a University brings together in one and the same institution teachers of the various specialist branches of knowledge, thus justifying its name of being a University. But it treats each separate department not as a whole in itself but in its organic relation to the other branches of knowledge. Preparatory training elsewhere may supply the student with the mere implements of study, may discipline his mental powers into a capacity for scientific culture, and may furnish him with much elementary knowledge in an arbitrary and authoritative way: but it is the province of University education to bring the mind, by the exercise of its own independent efforts, to the knowledge, not only of the net results of enquiry on any subject or class of subjects, but of the principles on which they are based and the processes which lead to them—in other words, to enable the student, in every province of investigation, to discern and to acquire the habit of seeking after that which alone constitutes thorough and exhaustive knowledge—the knowledge of the reality under the mask of appearances, of the principles and

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laws that underlie the chaos of the senses, the transient and meaningless aspects of the material world, and the rude generalisations of popular thought.

Thirdly and lastly, the University must be universal in the sense that it serves the universal needs of the community in which it is centred. It is and must be a part of the community it serves. It is the sons and daughters of the community that attend it mainly and thus the community has a very real and utilitarian interest in its University.

As a young man I studied at Glasgow University in the good old Calvinistic days when it was considered good for you to walk five miles to classes—the first, I may remark, at 8 a.m.—and five miles home in the afternoon. This meant for the great majority who lived at home that they seldom if ever went back of an evening either to functions at the University or to gatherings of whatever type in town. As a consequence there was plenty of time for book study and that was generally considered the be all and end all of University life. After the First World War I studied at Leyden University in Holland—a much smaller town than Glasgow, much more compact and with the University sprawling about in the centre of the town—one meets students and members of staff on the street, in the cafes and wherever one goes. As a result the University and the community are intertwined and the students are in daily, almost hourly, contact with the other members of the community. The University of Cape Town, as I remember it more than a quarter of a century ago, sadly missed this side of University-community life and there is nothing in the growth of that University that

calls for more admiration and support than the establishment and development of an Extra-Mural Department, a Publicity Officer's Department, supplying as they do constant contact with the public of Cape Town through public lectures, demonstrations, concerts, etc., etc. Last, but not least the Little Theatre in Cape Town has a proud record behind it if only on this score alone.

It is my earnest hope that Rhodesia University College, even from the very start, will find ways and means of developing an Extra-Mural Department, not only to promote contact between its students and the public, but also and above all to provide adult education for those who desire it, and I know that they are many.

It has been said and quite rightly that the University must be above time and locality, that it must be free of the cares and trammels of the society in which it is situated in order to be able to lead and not to be led: but at the same time it must be in constant contact in the ways I have mentioned with the community it serves. This new venture offers an unparalleled opportunity of benefiting by the experience of others and of giving Central Africa an institution of learning that can both satisfy the local needs of the country and community and also measure up to the highest standards of University requirements. The future demands this of all of us, our young people need the lead that such an institution can give and last, but not least, the whole trend of the world shows the direction in which we must go. Let us not fail to see what Rhodesia University College can become not only in Central Africa, but in the whole of Africa and indeed in the world. The opportunity is here and we must seize it.

KEYNOTES

"FROM the beginning, wherever the world's work was done by a white man he had been accompanied by a coloured man. From the building of the pyramids and the journey to the Cross to the discovery of the New World and the discovery of the North Pole, the Negro had been a faithful and constant companion of the Caucasian, and I felt all that was possible for me to feel, that it was I, a lowly member of my race, who had been chosen by fate to represent it at this almost last world's great work."—Matthew Henson on the discovery of the North Pole.

"THE story of the ascent of Everest is one of teamwork. If there is a deeper and more lasting message behind our venture than the mere ephemeral sensation of a physical feat, I believe this to be the value of comradeship and the many virtues which combine to create it. Comradeship, regardless of race or creed, is forged among high mountains, through the difficulties and dangers to which they expose those who aspire to climb them, the need to combine their efforts to attain their goal, the thrills of a great adventure shared together."—Sir John Hunt in "The Ascent of Everest."

"CENTRAL Africa and its people are on a journey towards the top of a hill. . . . When all its races stand on the summit the 'Golden Age' of Central Africa will have dawned."—J. A. Mtepuke, Student, Adams College, Natal.

"LET us go forward together—we are all of one company."—The late Admiral Sir Campbell Tait when Governor of Southern Rhodesia.

"I always feel that more important than the details of a solution which you propose for a political problem, is the question whether or not that solution is agreed."—Shri Purani.

"MANY Americans who are strongly opposed to segregation, strongly disapprove of miscegenation. . . . For that reason they differentiate very clearly between the standpoints of integration and amalgamation. They say that the true alternative for segregation is not amalgamation, but integration. What is the difference? While the supporter of amalgamation is in favour of the crossing of the different racial groups, and even recommends such crossing, the supporters of integration either adopt the opposite attitude or otherwise they are indifferent."—Dr. Ben J. Marais, M.A., Th.M., D.Phil., in "Colour—Unsolved Problem of the West."

"BUT what of the smaller brain of the negro? . . . Let us at the outset grant that the brain of the negro is on the average 50 cubic centimetres smaller than that of the American whites (1,400 to 1,450 cubic centimetres).

What does it prove? Probably not much, possibly nothing. The fact is that certain native tribes in Africa, the Japanese, the American Indians, the Eskimos and the Polynesians all have brains that are on the average larger than that of the Europeans.

"Neanderthal man apparently had a brain that had a capacity of 1,625 cubic centimetres! . . . The Nordic types of Europe and the negro—both long-headed types—have the smaller brain capacity. The greatest brain capacity established is that of an idiot, and the smallest (1,100 instead of 1,400) that of Anatole France."—Dr. Ben J. Marais, M.A., Th.M., D.Phil., in "Colour—Unsolved Problem of the West."

"THE integrationist's standpoint is exactly what Christian ethics require: that every man, woman and child, shall be free to enter into, and contribute to, the welfare of all mankind, without any restrictions or disabilities based on colour caste—and without any advantages because of colour or lack of it."—Dr. Ben J. Marais, quoting Gallagher.

"INDIANS in Southern Rhodesia could be placed in two categories—those who are Indian Nationals with allegiance to the Republic of India and to its Constitution, and those who consider themselves Rhodesian citizens of Indian origin. The latter group, which is by far the largest, have taken Southern Rhodesian citizenship and for all political purposes are Southern Rhodesians."—V. S. Naidoo.

"SOUTHERN Rhodesia, partner in that great project of Federation, is embarking upon a new era of development based on the principle of partnership. The conversion of abstract principle into concrete reality demands great wisdom, exact knowledge and high statesmanship. Rhodesia has, it is generally conceded, learnt much from observing and assessing the policies and practices that have been followed in South Africa. South Africans follow with equal interest the different road to the future which Rhodesia is treading."—Ellen Hellmann, President, S.A. Institute of Race Relations.

"SOME people say we Africans 'should develop on our own lines.' But for those of us who no longer live in the kraals there are no lines. We have only one course open to us, that is to develop on European lines."—Gideon Mhlanga in an address to the Rhodesian National Affairs Association.



PASTIMES OF AFRICA

By J. H. L. SIGAUKE

THERE were no organised pastime activities in the primitive community. Let us take ourselves right back as far as we can remember and look into the early African country life where one saw sparsely-situated houses. In that life a man had a few wives and some children. A few of such families constituted a kraal. Pastime activities varied from the young to the old and will thus be narrated.



With the young in age there was nothing occupying their time better than herding cattle, goats and sheep. Each young boy from each house would drive cattle to a spot where he would meet others of his age, or his friends. They met with close understanding and the popular game would be fighting with small, flexible branches of fibre trees. In this way the champion was determined and each one of them would fight hard to eliminate the champion. On many occasions hide-and-seek games of various types were played at the herding centres. For this they carried bows and arrows. Part of the time was spent in shooting birds or small animals which were usually roasted and eaten and rarely taken home.

In all countries that had big rivers nearly all young boys knew how to swim as they went with fishing nets to catch fish. They had some competitive games in deep pools of water. This was rather risky, on the other hand, as at times they came across crocodiles. Although there were no proper methods of swimming these boys had plenty of games played on the surface of the rivers and each day passed quickly. Such games as were called Mudodo also occupied both girls and boys. It should be noted, however, that boys and girls rarely met unless where a family had no boy to herd cattle then a girl at times had to tolerate the company of boys.

Whilst at home, girls and boys usually gathered into groups where they competed in riddles. Two teams would be formed either of opposite sex or mixed, and they had plenty of fun. Story telling and singing took place in a small way in the evening. The young folk had very little out-door games in the evening as



they were rarely allowed to go out. With regard to the above activities every child was occupied and found pleasure in spending a day out in the veld eating wild fruits and cooking his own food with his friends. They usually went home in the evening.

The middle group which I personally decide to take as from twenty-five years of age to thirty-five years, had much to do in the home and outside the home. The running of the home was entirely in their hands although under instructions of the old people. In the true sense there was not much organised playing of games, but their time was spent in some work or some kind of activity. The pebble game has been one outstanding game that originated from the primitive community. It is still popular even in our modern townships. In Harari one hears people screaming at each

corner of the streets. A group of men would be playing "Tsoro".

In many respects this game requires as much intelligence as a man playing either chess or draughts as each move determines skill in the game and finally makes the player win. This is played on four lines on the ground, each line having ten or more holes. In the two outside lines and in each hole three or two stones are put. Two teams of any number play and usually the game is very interesting. This has become very predominant and in some townships the Municipality has provided cemented sets at each corner of the streets.



Along similar lines to Hockey a game called "Homa" was also popular in the primitive community. This comprised two teams of equal numbers and each player had a stick similar to a hockey stick. A round, hard object similar to a hockey ball centred the game. It was played on a ground similar to a football ground though not as big. There was much fun in the game and the object was for each team to drive the round object and score at the opponent's goal. Although it had very few rules it was well organised and penalties were laid down for foul play.

Every activity provided practice to something in view and gradually skill and experience was achieved. A



game called "Dema" provided practice in the art of shooting moving objects or animals. "Dema" was made from some soft wood and it looked like a football in shape. Two teams played it. There was a referee to this game

who would roll the "Dema" between the two teams and each player with a stick three feet long and sharpened at one end would shoot the moving object as it passed him. Marks were awarded to the winning team and some kind of records were kept but were seldom correct as they depended entirely on memory. Bows and arrows were used to shoot in the same game in place of sharp sticks. The middle age group took pride in this game and each time they went hunting they would be sure of certain individuals who would not miss any running animal they came across.

Fighting took place in a more advanced way. Each man had a knob-kerrie which he carried whenever he went visiting and it was also used when fighting. These were the men who went out fighting whenever war broke out and prior to such incidents they had plenty of fighting to enable them to defend themselves and their families. In cases of wild animals that came to destroy cattle such men were the home defenders and enough practice in shooting and fighting had to be put in to make them efficient. Some kind of social activities took place in many forms. Tribal dances were very predominant and they are still, even to-day. Men and women met at certain centres where women sang and men were full partakers in dancing. This was highly respected and men who



were recognised as big figures came to adjudicate, and prizes were presented to the winners. There are many kinds of tribal dances; for instance, in the Union of South Africa, the mine labourers have a modernised one known as "Gum-boots-dancing". Although the dancing itself is not much different from other dances it has some developed variations.

The aged or the fathers had nothing in common like playing games. They met at the chief to discuss big matters concerning the kraal or had meetings about their children. They also moved from kraal to kraal in search of beer, and at such beer parties they shared ideas with others. In each kraal the young folks would assemble and the old people narrated stories of the early heroes, warriors and wars. This would encourage the growing young men to become brave and attain



a big name in the community. You will notice that very little has been said about girls; it does not mean to say that girls did nothing. Girls in the primitive community had very little playing

outside the home. They were engaged more in helping the mothers at home. In more outstanding occasions they occupied themselves in clay modelling and bead work. It should, however, be noted that women in the

primitive community played a very small part in big matters that concerned the kraal or the country. They were always behind men and not much taken into account wherever a group of men met. This tendency to neglect women still finds expression in our modern societies although to some extent it is gradually disappearing.



The above activities and many others occupied the African in his old home and he found pleasure in his life. He was satisfied with his life. He lived with his people in close understanding. There was no space for misbehaving with the young folks. Although to some extent there were problems to be solved, the African had all facilities to suit his life. The western civilisation has brought with it many new problems to the African and for him to be socially adjusted to the environment under which he lives much consideration has to be effected into leisure time activities. Every individual must rest and during that rest there must be something to occupy his mind. He needs such time to meet other members of the community in play and in any other activities that are socially acceptable to the community.

Wankie and all That

(Continued from Page 19.)

his people. He realises that he has yet to prove himself and for this reason is anxious to be given the opportunity to develop in every sphere of our economic and industrial life.

There is no doubt that, as yet, the African cannot compete with the European as a skilled artisan. Some Africans believe that the line of development should be the immediate removal of the economic colour bar and the provision of apprenticeship facilities, but it should be understood that Trade Unions cannot secure from their employers remuneration which is higher than the value of the labour given, and attempts to get correct economic parities in wages should be made in stages. Whilst never losing sight of the ultimate goal, Africans should in the interim strive to become more efficient as labourers and semi-skilled operatives and through the normal channels of collective bargaining gradually improve their wages and standards of living. Ordinary economic forces will then gradually assert themselves and bring the African into the field of skilled occupations. The industrial legislation of the country should be such as to encourage such developments.

Inter-Racial Trade Unions

In those industries, therefore, where Europeans and non-Europeans work side by side what is needed is an inter-racial trade union. The parent European trade

union should widen the scope of its activities and membership to embrace not only the skilled but also the semi-skilled and unskilled workers in their particular industry. European and non-European workers would then discuss in one organisation the problems and conditions of employment obtaining in their industry. A "Joint Council" would be established to "fill in the steps on the wage ladder," to create grades between the "black jobs" and the "white jobs" and give the opportunity for the lowest to climb to the highest rung if his work merits it without undermining the worthwhile man at any stage. This can only come about by agreement between employees and employers without interference from any outside body.

Every effort must be made to point out to the European employee that once his policy of industrial apartheid becomes a reality on both sides of the colour line the African worker will rightly establish his own Trade Union Movement in the skilled industries which will openly compete, fight for and ultimately win for its members access to the skilled trades at rates of pay that will virtually exclude the European. It is therefore to the benefit of the European and the country as a whole that the inevitable development of the African in those industries where Europeans and non-Europeans work side by side, should receive co-operation and guidance from within the framework of existing Trade Unions. Once the understandable anxiety of the European worker is removed our country can look forward to a period of industrial peace and prosperity in which all our peoples irrespective of race or colour may contribute to the maximum extent of which they are capable.

EURAFRICANS — Who are they?

By J. E. Jones

BY Eurafrian we mean a person of mixed European and African blood.

From the advent of Vasco da Gama, Jan van Riebeeck, Livingstone and Cecil Rhodes we see the creation of a new race in the birth of a people whose fathers were Europeans and mothers Africans.

For the sake of convenience these people have been called Coloured. The motive for using this name is simple and it has muddled up their minds and knowledge on the question of origin and ancestry. This is a method of defining Eurafrian by means of a somewhat negative form a definition which does not so much say what a Eurafrian is as what he is not.

The result of that confusion is that they believe, some do not, that when the Europeans first set foot on this African Continent there had been Coloured people existing as an entity and not related to them in any way. Lack of education and chronological history and the absence of just laws have made these people to suffer as the result of ignorance.

But we must ask ourselves whether or not there had been any people of our pigmentation in this part of Africa prior to Vasco da Gama, Jan van Riebeeck, Dr. Livingstone, the Dutch settlers and Cecil Rhodes in their respective period of time and sphere. We know that they came into existence only after the white men had set foot in Africa and that they are the offspring of the European and African. If they are of this origin why have they been confused for so long on their racial status? The tendency to adopt the negative interpretation is clearly manifest.

Most of those early Europeans came to this part of Africa without their wives for fear of the then unknown diseases and the lack of medical facilities and also of the hostile people who inhabited Central Africa, their life was indeed very adventurous and it was unsafe for women at that stage of occupation. These Europeans have been followed by many thousands of others who settled to conduct divers occupations.

No one could expect that men such as these who pioneered Central Africa could have lived amidst a strange people without having to obey and comply with nature's laws in respect of conjugal partners. Those who chose went to the chiefs and asked for wives in accord-

ance with African customary laws and where dowry and other formalities were required, satisfaction was given by these settlers. The women taken by Europeans were and are still regarded by Africans as lawful wives. Little did they know that these strangers had their own marriage laws. They had thought that these strangers would settle among them and that they would observe and respect their laws and they regarded them as honest people in this particular respect. The children born out of this wedlock are the Eurafrians. The term proves origin or descent, it is self-explanatory and specific. (See Nuttalls Dictionary and Concise Oxford Dictionary.) The judgment of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Court of Appeal in the recent case of Mr. G. T. Thornicroft versus Sir Malcolm Barrow is directly in point.

Europeans have lived, not casually, but permanently and in an open way for all to know their African wives in their homes. One or several children have been born as a result, but in many instances a surprise has always awaited these African wives from the European husbands, because when they became wealthy and thought that they could support European wives they quietly told their African wives to return to their villages taking with them all the children. Now African women look upon polygamy as a natural thing for a man to practice and so in the circumstances such as these they have borne all the responsibilities of rearing the children.

From the Cape to Chitambo's village one finds that: (a) Eurafrians can be permanently identified with their African mothers and relegated to African society; (b) they can be identified with their European fathers and raised to the level of European society; (c) they can be treated as a distinctly separate race alongside other races.

Differences of physiological characteristics and origin have made Eurafrians a separate race which makes up one of the four communities that form the population of the Central African Federation. At the present moment, Eurafrians, particularly those in Southern Rhodesia, are denied a racial status. The method of identifying people by the colour of their skins is rather unsatisfactory. For instance, if Europeans were called whites; Africans, blacks; Chinese, yellow; Indians, brown; these terms would obviously be repugnant.

There is no objection to the universal application of the term Coloured when used in its popular meaning as it is understood in Europe—meaning all non-whites, but this is not the case here in the Rhodesias because of the objection to it from Asians and Africans.

The judgment of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Court of Appeal has strengthened the Eurafrian case for the recognition of a separate and distinct race. A person of mixed European and African blood is not Coloured, European or African, but a Eurafrian, as defined in any reputable dictionary and it is hoped that all other races will take note of the dictum of the learned judges and respect the feelings of the Eurafrian people.

CONCORD'S COVER

Our cover picture shows the statue of Kingsley Fairbridge with his faithful companions, his African servant Jack, and his dog Vic. The statue was sculptured by William McMillan, R.A., who has recently been commissioned to undertake the memorial to the late King George VI. Here on Christmas Pass, overlooking Umtali, Kingsley Fairbridge stands, not in cold statuesque isolation, but affectionately and enduringly in the company of those whom he loved. On a plaque behind the statue are his own words:—

"I looked and beheld a country

Well fit for the birth of a Nation."



SMALL PIECES OF LAND

By N. M. Shamuyarira

THE relationship between white and black goes as far back as 1510, when Dalmeida was ruthlessly murdered at the Cape by Hottentots. The Bantu and the Europeans pricking the Bushmen from front and rear met in the Eastern Cape Province at the beginning of the last century. In 1835 after Sir Benjamin Durban had won a short and vigorously fought battle against the Xhosa's, he annexed the area between the Kei and Keiskama rivers, known then as "Queen Adalaide," thus bringing the first 72,000 Africans under British rule. There and then began the question of native administration and policy which has become a burning issue in our politics.

The two races started grabbing land for farming and stock-raising, until the passing of the Land Act, in 1913. Towards the end of the century a few brave men—the Pioneer column—came up to Southern Rhodesia.

As soon as the Chartered Company got on its feet in Southern Rhodesia, and the mining centres were tapped, there arose the need to farm efficiently in order to fill the stomachs of the workers, and with it the race for land between the races began. The Land Apportionment Act came in 1923 to guard against Africans losing their land, by purchase, to European farmers. The Africans now occupy over 30,000,000 acres of land. The land occupied by Africans is small in comparison with the large pieces of land occupied by European farmers. Of course, there is the argument that the European farmer can produce more per acre of land than the African, thus increasing the economy of the State. Anyway, the question I want to discuss here is: "What have the Africans done with their relatively small piece of land?"

A Frog in a Drying Pond

Twenty-eight years ago, before the Government started directing the development of the reserves, the Africans farmed haphazardly and unprofitably. This was in perfect order for the days when they inhabited all Rhodesia, but now that they filled pockets, termed reserves, their position was that of a frog in a fast-drying pond. The only alternative was producing *more per acre*—the goal of all farming systems in the world.

Fortunately for the Africans, a Native Agricultural Department was set up, headed by that tireless and exceptionally talented Nebraska graduate, Mr. Emory Delmont Alvord. He inaugurated the demonstrator system which slowly turned the barren, lifeless and "non-ends-meeting" reserves, as well as the poverty-stricken and disease-ridden peasants into a contented, prosperous and better-fed community. No cloud could overcast the dawn of his excellent work, and as such it will be treasured by all Africans. I feel that I am not hitting wide of the mark to say that the Department of Native Agriculture with its vast network of L.D.O.'s and demonstrators, has achieved more than any other Department dealing with Native Affairs per unit of money and labour. This is not

a wild statement when one considers that the happy race relations which our young country boasts about, could not have been attained in the presence of a hungry, starving and morbid African race. By teaching the Africans and organising their farming system in a way that enabled them to eke out a living from the congested reserves, and even have a surplus to sell, is a credit to this ingeniously organised Department. High yields of 20 bags of maize per acre were recorded in the Irrigation schemes of the fierce-sunned Sabi Valley, Mazoe, Chitomborgwizi and a few other places. Yields of nuts and rupoko were also good.

A Formidable Foe: 'Divisi'

When the demonstrators started work on the reserves in the early twenties, they were met by a formidable foe, "Divisi." Certain Africans took it upon themselves to keep medicine that would be sold to those who wanted high yields. There were many kinds of "Divisi" but the common one was a treated root of a tree or a shell of a garden snail, mixed with grain at broadcasting time. For this "Divisi" to be effective the buyer had to comply with its regulations. One of the popular regulations was the total eradication of weeds in the treated land. In the twinkling of an eye you will have sensed that "Divisi" was a logical advocacy for good farming. Now the demonstrator with his rotation which had nothing mysterious connected with the powers-that-be (spirits) had a job far from being easy.

Sacred Cows

Improved stock farming was introduced fairly late. This was a great pity because by then many reserves that had been overstocked had been viciously attacked by erosion. The Pole-Evans Commission which toured Zimutu Reserve in 1944 reported that certain parts were so badly eroded that they were very little short of a desert. The low vegetal cover in most reserves will affect not only African

but European farmers lower down the rivers. When it is realised that the water to feed the Sabi Valley irrigation scheme will rise from an area that covers 33 reserves, the co-operation that must be there in soil conservation becomes evident.

Coming back to stock farming, Africans used to have animals that were sacred, so to speak. They carried the spirits of certain grand-parents and could not be inspanned or treated roughly. The idea, like all other strong African customs and beliefs, had a moral significance. It promoted a love and care of animals. These animals were generally bigger and fatter than all the others, and if someone tipped them, they adopted an official attitude in the head. The Department's desperate effort to feed and improve stock was well received by many Africans up to destocking point. To induce the old people to get rid of some of their stock required not only the wisdom of Solomon, but the patience of Job

(Continued on page 35.)



Nathan Shamuyarira, Editor of "The Harvester." Before turning to journalism he was a teacher at Domboshawa Government School, near Salisbury.

"SELF-GOVERNMENT", applied to Africa, has two distinct meanings—depending upon who is applying the term. In Westminster it means government by indigenous races, in Africa it is more usually applied to government freed from Colonial Office pressures and the over-ruling legislative power of the Crown.

It is self-government in this latter sense that Lord Milverton has in mind when he pleads the importance of government in Africa being rooted in Africa, rather than in the colonial offices of Europe. In West and South Africa this ideal has come true. Elsewhere, it has not.

GOLD COAST



In the Gold Coast it has come true partly because a phenomenally high world demand for cocoa coincided with the emergence of a remarkable African leader, Dr. Nkrumah. Only five years after it achieved a status where a majority of its Members in the Legislative Council was elected instead of nominated, the Gold Coast was granted its own Executive Council

in 1951—in fact, its own Government—in which eight out of eleven Ministers are Africans and 75 of its 84 members are elected. In the last two years the number of Africans among senior officials has just about doubled.

By all accounts, party politics here are stormy, tending to mass influence and the dictatorial trends which result from a lack of any formed opposition. To judge from the diagnosis of at least one observer, the great handicap to democracy, both here and in Nigeria, is that virtual self-government has come in advance of the emergence of genuine political understanding and, consequently, of spontaneous political parties.

Though no longer under the wing of a Colonial Office, reports on the development of the Gold Coast proper, of the Colony of the Ashanti (administered as though it were part of the Gold Coast) and of the Northern Protectorate of Togoland (a Trusteeship Territory) go to the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations. It looks as though the Gold Coast may well win the race to become the first Black Dominion in the British Commonwealth. Those of us who fix our eyes on the loftier, and infinitely more difficult, aim of true inter-racial government may well hope it may be the last.

SOUTH AFRICA



The Union of South Africa is, of course, virtually a republic. In fact, it is a self-governing Dominion—a White Dominion. Here the horizontal colour bar in respect of things social, industrial and political is the most obvious symptom of the facile, portmanteau term "apartheid". Apartheid, as now exemplified, is a deformed version of apartheid in theory. Dr.

W. M. Eiselen, principal exponent of the theory, believes that under apartheid the European should do his own menial work as he does in his home continent and that Africans should be given enough land to develop their own personalities and capacities to the full, at their own pace, exclusively among their own people. Two races could thus grow up side by side within the Union.

AFRICA'S COLONIAL

But the White politicians, who see the overwhelming dependence of European industry on African labour and who recognise the inevitable emergence and insistence of a political voice in such black states, dare not translate apartheid into such unpopular coin. Instead they have fallen back on the sometimes ruthless "separation" of Africans (three million of them) and Europeans in cities, and on the system of Native Reserves where three and a half millions live a cramped existence in areas too small for them. (Two million Africans in the Union of South Africa are untraceable squatters and migrants.)

NIGERIA



In her own fashion South Africa may be said to have thrown off all but cursory connection with Westminster. Nigeria, though now a "black state", is still tied, through her three Governors (Governor-General and two Lieutenant Governors) to the Colonial Office. But she chooses her own 68 members of her House of Representatives. Her Ministers are chosen, both in the Regional Executive Councils and the Council of Ministers, by the Governors—probably, at this stage, the only possible way of producing a workable body of men with ability and a degree of compatibility. This set-up leaves room for newspaper complaints that Nigeria

is a long way from self-government in the Westminster sense; though it is nowhere more pertinent to quote Lord Milverton's view that self-government by indigenous peoples is by no means synonymous with good, fair, uncontentious government. Inordinate haste is likely to lead to indecent totalitarianism.

BELGIAN CONGO



The Belgian Congo—where both Europeans and Africans probably live in more comfort and affluence than anywhere else in Africa—is governed entirely by its Colonial Office in Brussels. No one has a vote. Even the Government Council is "chosen" by the Governor-General acting for the Colonial Office. Here there is little colour-bar to technical skills; on the

contrary, African progress in the labour field is actively encouraged as contributing to the general prosperity of the Colony. Eighty per cent. of African workers have their families living with them; and these families share fully in medical and other services provided by the Government and large industrial concerns. Consequently—almost alone in Africa—Africans have developed a lower and middle class of their own. Though the "évolué" tends to mix mainly with his own class, the advanced African does not become entirely divorced from his less advanced brothers, as he does in countries where a white fear of African technical advancement in the labour field keeps artisans at the lowest levels and leaves only the professions—medicine, teaching and so on—for the educated African.

The "rub" in this apparently utopian set-up is that though many will agree that to encourage economic

APRON STRINGS

before political advancement is in the right perspective, so far Africans have no voice in the Congo. (For their comfort, let it be said, neither, directly, have Europeans.) Political agitators are summarily removed to far-away places where they can do no harm—as many as three thousand were thus removed in 1951. And though white apprehensions and black aspirations, already marked in the rest of sub-Saharan Africa, are beginning to come to the fore, apron-strings, in this case, have not yet begun to fray even at the edges.

EAST AFRICA



The so-called East African Federation is infinitely less prosperous than the Congo. In Kenya, for instance, annual exports are worth about twenty million pounds as compared with one hundred million pounds from the Congo. As a Crown Colony, Kenya is as closely tied to her own Colonial Office; but here Europeans, at least, have a voice. Mr. Michael Blundell, leader of the Elected

Members of the Legislative Council, stands, and has always stood, hard and fast against intolerant tendencies. Mr. Lyttelton's Constitutional changes provide Kenya, for the first time, with a Cabinet of six Ministers which—also for the first time, includes two Asians (Minister of Works and Minister Without Portfolio) and one African (Minister of Works), the plan—following what may well become the regulation pattern of racial representation in British territories—has so far not been accepted by Africans in Kenya, but is supported by Asians and Europeans.

In Kenya there are roughly five million Africans, thirty thousand Europeans and ninety thousand Indians. In Tanganyika there are about half as many Europeans, two million more Africans and nearly as many Indians as in Kenya. To Tanganyika's credit, there is here an attempt to gain acceptance from each of the three communities of the fact that the other two are equally essential to the country's prosperity. This attempt springs in the main from Westminster; so that in this territory Colonial ties are definitely in the interests of progress.

The third of this heterogeneous trio—Uganda—is a black man's country. The Protectorate so nearly runs itself that Entebbe has a white population of only 350. Recent intervention by Westminster has been of the same order as that in British Guiana, a use of the reserve power of the Crown to prevent a sudden and arbitrary break that would bring harm to the country in the opinion of those with final responsibility.

ANGOLA, MOCAMBIQUE



Portugal, one of the world's earliest colonisers, does not talk of Colonies but of "overseas provinces". And in Portuguese West Africa there is perhaps less sense of colour bar (except where boundaries coincide with those of the Congo and of Southern Rhodesia) than in any other colonial territory in Africa. Those few Africans who pass the test of citizenship

(Vernon Bartlett puts these at about one-tenth of one per cent. in Mocambique) are classed as citizens; though the rights of citizens—white or black—do not amount

to much. Besides voting for three Members of the National Assembly in Lisbon, they may vote for five unofficial members of the Government Council which has no powers except to advise the Governor.

The Government of Mocambique is vested in the Governor-General appointed for a term of four years, and in a Government Council which includes official elected Members, one for each of six divisions. Governors of each of the provinces also have seats on the Council. Essentially, this is government by remote control through a Portuguese oligarchy on the spot.

Zanzibar, a British Protectorate since 1890, is governed by the Sultan with the advice of a British Resident, directly responsible to the British Colonial Office. The advisory Legislative Council includes three Arab, two Indian, one European and two African unofficial members appointed by the Sultan.

FRENCH WEST AFRICA



French West Africa is tied to Metropolitan France merely through a few private companies who, until recently, had sole rights to exploit its resources to the full, paying fifteen per cent. of their profits to the French Government. Here the heinous results of absence of Colonial Office administration, before graduation through diminishing stages of government from the home base, are only too clear. Its population is little more than double that of Paris and includes some of the most backward peoples in Africa. Expenditure—recently stepped up—on native education is less than one per cent. of the State's total expenditure.

This cursory glance at forms of government in Africa leads to the conclusion that British territories in Africa by no means have the worst of it. Mistakenly in the view of some, but wisely in the view of the eager masses, accent in British territories is on political before economic progress. The new Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland—with considerable legislative powers of its own—is making the attempt to keep both—economical and political—in step. The even braver and more encouraging attempt towards tangible African representation in affairs of State, the plan to provide labour with a recognised voice, and the continuing progress in agricultural and academic education for both black and white, may well mark the Federation as the most interesting, if not the most promising, group of territories in the Continent of Africa.

SMALL PIECES OF LAND

(Continued from Page 33.)

on the part of the officials. I was told a story the other day of an African dip supervisor who left the dipping tank at the point of a spear and for a good 400 yards struggled hard to keep a clearance of one yard between his back and a knife-point. Destocking in my own mind was a necessary evil.

The acquisition of 8,000,000 acres of land for African occupation last year, the intensifying of soil conservation work and the granting of title deeds to farmers in purchase areas went the full way in dispelling the erroneous fear in certain quarters that the term "reserve" meant reserved for European occupation.

The implementation of the Land Husbandry Act, the inauguration of the council system, the increasing of subsidies to chiefs and headmen, the use of the Native Development Fund, the inauguration of I.C.A. (Intensive Conservation Area) Committees, as well as the representation of African farmers on the Land Board, are measures which have and will still have far-reaching effects.

Errands of Mercy

By E. Opperman

THE story of an African nurse is a long one. It is the story of life itself, and it lives as long as mankind lives. And just as man's life is not one pattern—all happiness or sadness—so are a nurse's experiences varied. In her career there are sometimes easy times and sometimes hard ones, but mostly hard times. Something new happens every day. New difficulties—obstacles hitherto unmet—come one's way as a matter of course.

It is obvious that such a story cannot be recounted in one article. I propose to tell it in instalments, which will appear in every issue of CONCORD.

But before I plunge into the theme it is necessary that I give it a background. How does a nurse prepare herself for her career? What sort of training does she get?

In the days when African girls were first admitted to training hospitals in South Africa, Standard VI was the highest qualification. This was obtained with difficulty because then our parents did not believe in education, especially of girls. They only looked forward to seeing the girls come of age and getting *lobola*.

When the first group of girls eventually got into the field, it was the good work they did which encouraged parents to let their children take up nursing as a career.

When the South African Medical Council was born, the Junior Certificate or its equivalent became the minimum standard required of applicants. To obtain the Junior Certificate they had to do English, Hygiene and Physiology, History, Latin, Mathematics, Biology, Cookery, Laundry and Housewifery, and the mother tongue.

When we applied for admission in 1936 we were told that Matric or its equivalent (which is the Primary Higher Teachers' Certificate) would be a recommendation as they felt that African girls would find it difficult to pass the South African Medical Council Examinations in a foreign language. I may mention that Europeans and non-Europeans write the same nursing examinations in the Union of South Africa, although this is not the case yet in Southern Rhodesia.

In Matric we did English, Mathematics, Latin, Child Mind Psychology, Botany, History, etc. I remember one of us remarking that we now knew quite a good bit of English to go in for nursing, because when we were doing our Junior Certificate the *Macbeths* and *Macduffs* of Shakespeare meant very little to us. We now had *A Tale of Two Cities* and other set books.

After doing our teachers' course we had to go out teaching for a while because there were no vacancies in recognised hospitals. Eventually we were admitted to the Victoria Hospital, Lovedale. We were a group of six girls whose ambition had always been to become nurses. We found a complete change of occupation. There was, however, one thing common among probationer nurses and schoolgirls—that of playing monkey tricks with the newcomers.

One day one of us asked one of the older nurses what was going to happen at the end of the month, as we had heard that Matron changed the staff from ward to ward. "You are going to look after the dead people

in the mortuary day and night," replied the nurse. Our friend was so worried that, had she not got the truth from other nurses, she was ready to resign.

The practical work was very interesting, though there was much hard work. The three months we spent on night duty every eight months was an experience. We had to study hard, however tired we were from hard work.

After eighteen months we wrote the Preliminary Examination—Anatomy and Physiology, and out of 27 candidates 17 passed, two with honours.

When off duty we played tennis and were often invited to social gatherings at Fort Hare.

We got a little bonus of 30s. per month, with a little rise of 10s. per annum. This went for shoes and stockings and text-books. We were supplied with uniforms.

The General Nursing course takes four years, and at the end of the fourth year the candidates sit for the South African Medical Council examination (now South African Nursing Council.—Ed.)—Theory, Practical, and Oral.

The Midwifery Course is six months for those who hold the Council Certificate in General Nursing, otherwise it is two years.

These two certificates are a recommendation to trained nurses seeking employment.

Those who accept posts as midwives in the country have many difficulties to face. Confinements are conducted under the most difficult conditions. Often a midwife is called out to a case three or four miles away at night. She has to walk that distance, and to find the patient lying on a floor in a small mud hut with one small window as big as my fist. The hut is full of smoke from a fire made of cowdung. On examination the midwife finds that the patient has not got long to go before baby arrives. She looks around, and there are no facilities in the form of hot water, basins, etc. She has to do her best out of nothing. The nearest hospital is thirty miles away, and there is no conveyance. All the dangers of blood poisoning (i.e., sepsis) come into her mind.

It is amazing how midwives go on under these conditions. Strangely enough there is a very small percentage of septic cases, and even these occur only when the midwife has been called too late. These patients have so often been interfered with by over-zealous old village women, trying all sorts of cruel—albeit well-meaning—and useless methods to get the baby delivered.

This introduction covers the background of a South African trained African nurse. A number of Rhodesian nurses have recently been trained in the Union, most of them at McCord Zulu Hospital in Durban. They are to-day employed as Staff Nurses in Government Hospitals and Municipal Clinics in Salisbury and Bulawayo.

A number of Mission hospitals in the Colony train nurses and the Harari Maternity Hospital in Salisbury and the Mpilo Maternity Hospital in Bulawayo provide two-year courses for African maternity assistants. But the training obtained here is not of the same standard and quality as that offered in the Union. I shall discuss this more fully in my next instalment.

From My Diary

On Bogies and Heresies

Having lived here for very many years I have learnt slowly and sometimes painfully a little of the art of healthy scepticism. This holds me in good stead when it comes to the bogies and heresies that have unfolded in inter-racial politics over some 20 years.

Not that these bogies and heresies have entirely left us. That would be too much to expect. There are with us, unfortunately, those who will not change, even though conditions here, in Africa and the world over, have altered, and altered radically.

The hue and cry of the early 40's over three Europeans addressing a political meeting of Africans at Harari is now long forgotten. The names of Mrs. Gladys Maasdorp and the late Jack Allen readily come to mind, however. They were pilloried and ruined politically, that is from the angle of successful politics which carry people into Parliament. Their Labour Party was split and its strength dissipated. That meeting and their Party's admission of Africans to membership were among the most significant contributory causes.

But that was then. Now, seemingly out of the blue the bogies and heresies of those days have received high level acceptance, and what is important, an aura of respectability. Sir Godfrey Huggins himself has addressed meetings of Africans on political themes and his party accepts Africans to membership. The two Southern Rhodesian African M.P.'s are members of the Federal Party with rights of access to Parliamentary caucus meetings. These are indeed mighty steps forward.

Whether Mrs. Maasdorp and the late Jack Allen were premature in their views may not be of great practical consequence to-day. What is of consequence is that people of all races owe a debt of gratitude to their vision and courage way back in the 40's.

On Criticism from Overseas

There is a growing tendency to discount everything that overseas critics say and write about our affairs. That distortions often occur and that the facts used on occasions leave much to be desired is no justification for an unthinking and complacent attitude on our part.

Often the view is expressed that but for our overseas critics everything in the garden would be lovely. This sort of "sub-standard" attitude is harmful and should be deprecated.

A debate on Federation in July, 1952, which I heard in the House of Commons, and in particular a speech by James Griffiths, brought these thoughts to mind. There was a good deal in the speech with which I could not agree. But it contained also some valuable and reasonable points completely overlooked here in the heat of our own great debate on Federation.

Pressure of space forbids more than a few brief references.

"... I say to all the Europeans all over Africa. I know that all of you have made a great contribution to Africa. Please remember that your children and

grandchildren will live with Africans 50 years hence. They will not be the Africans of the Bush..."

"... Invest in the future. Your security and that of the African depends in the end not on any kind of safeguards. It depends on the goodwill that you build up now. Come together..."

"Here we have the last chance in Africa... of showing that we can build a decent democracy on the basis of men of different colours and at different stages of civilisation working together as partners towards a common end..."

"... Discuss not only federation but bring them together to discuss all these problems. If they settle one thing in agreement, such as the colour bar, they are on the road to partnership."

The colour bar may be the most difficult thing to discuss and settle but there are many other problems which are being discussed jointly. What should be brought to the notice of people overseas is that this joint approach is gaining strength here. And, incidentally, I take it, is one of the "raison d'être" of the Inter-racial Association.

Regrettable Veto

It was a great surprise and shock when friend John X joined the Confederate Party and actively campaigned for it. Until then, a man of liberal opinions, John had been broad enough to seek the company of intelligent, mature Non-Europeans and to discuss with them in his own home matters ranging from literature to politics. It would take a lot of space to do justice to John's reasons for turning Confederate. Briefly, he was "appalled by the insincerity of the main body of Federal protagonists preaching partnership and meaning the reverse." He felt "the impact of raising false hopes would be disastrous." "Better," he emphasised, "that we clearly assert European dominance in certain areas and that we extend to Africans real rights in their own areas."

He it was who let me in on the shrewd summing up of an old African during the Federal campaign: "The European who wants Federation, wants it for the same reason as the European who does not want Federation."

The unequivocal vetoing by the Minister of Native Affairs of an application granted by the Salisbury City Council to the Inter-racial Club, of which the Bishop of Mashonaland is a prominent sponsor, to establish an Inter-racial Club in Salisbury, to say the least of it, is most regrettable. The need for such a Club is great, for there is no place where civilised people of all races can meet socially and perhaps play a game of chess or discuss, over a cup of tea, the weather, or books, or cabbages and kings.

When the hand of the Minister comes down so heavily on a small matter, one wonders with good reason how much truth there is in John X's contention. Armed with such a practical travesty of partnership, it will not be surprising if many disillusioned Africans join the ranks of African Nationalism.

Is it too much to hope that M.P.'s of courage, genuine believers in partnership, will challenge, and challenge effectively this unfortunate veto?

Observer

Only Shadows in the Void

by A. D. J. van Zyl



HE stood in the doorway of his store. A fine shaft of sunlight, reflected from the window of the Indian tailor opposite, warmed his body and its golden slivers pierced the gloom inside the store where his two assistants were already engaged in serving their patient black customers.

Hamadziripi, alias Jackson, felt fine. He had never felt

so good as this morning. The pavement beside which he stood seethed with people, mostly black, some Asians and a few Europeans. It was not yet eight o'clock, though the warmth of the sun was already to be felt on the skins of the urgent cyclists darting through the narrow street of the African quarter.

Awakening in the morning, there is always a certain excitement abroad in the lusty young city, not the apprehensive haste that one observes in older cities, rather a friendlier tension more in keeping with the Africans' priceless gift of cheerfulness. Jackson felt the excitement and with it a powerful, satisfying upsurge of confidence. All these little people hurrying past his shop—he had the power to make them do his wishes. He had money and they had none. An African constable saw him and ostentatiously shook him by the hand. Yes, even the Police were proud to be seen talking to Jakisoni. Even the Police . . . yet the edge of his exuberance was dulled. The constable, in his cool, starched khaki, depressed him, and for some unaccountable reason stirred the ashes of the long extinct memory; yet not extinct for a spark flashed and in its light he saw the charred bodies of his wife and her child—who was not his child—lying in the ashes of their hut. Without knowing it, his hand went to his throat to ease the choking pain of the thong with which he had twice tried to hang himself. The first time the branch of the mopani tree had broken and the second time the leather thong was wrenched in two. Two days later, when he emerged from black unconsciousness, the pain that had made him kill his adulterous wife was gone. With it, too, had gone fear, all fear; fear of many things, of hunger, the fear of white people, of his own chief and headmen, the fear of the witchdoctor, fear of the police. For what reason was this last fear now awakening; he knew he was secure; there had never been any suspicion that he had killed his wife. The fire had been one of the many misfortunes that came uninvited borne by evil spirits.

Jackson had made the discovery, when he was still young, that a man without fear wields a great advantage over his fellows. A man without fear prospers. As evidence of his prosperity, there were six sleek Leyland buses, each costing two thousand pounds; he owned two stores in the City, a dozen stores in the Reserves and as many eating houses. He was a member of the Council in his Reserve—the Native Commissioner addressed him as "Mr. Jackson"—where he wielded more power than the headman; he believed he could vote in the elections of European members of Parliament, though the fact was of small moment to him; things, as they stood, suited him very well.

Jackson was a great man among his people and he was irritated and put out of countenance by a stupid policeman who revived disturbing memories. His genial mood had disappeared. He went into the store. He was a big man and moved slowly, but there was power and purpose in his movements. The African customers in the store stared at him, a grey-bearded, shrivelled old man greeted him with the familiarity of the aged. Jackson greeted the old man politely and shook his hand in a casual manner. From his office he sent a message to his wife Anna, at their house in the Location. He wrote, peremptorily, because she irritated him. She was to prepare to receive the white builder who had contracted to build their new house in the Reserve.

Anna wanted a new house and he indulged her because she was useful to him. Anna had the ways of the white people. His home was arranged in the manner of the Europeans. She could make tea and serve food at table. The days when he squatted on the ground beside a pot of sadza belonged to the past. For himself Jackson was indifferent as to the manner of his living, but Anna's way was useful to him in his business. He could take white men and Asians to his home and rely on Anna to have everything in readiness.

Yet he hated her. He had never been able to bring her to heel like other African women, who, though vociferous and nagging, conceded to their husband his superiority, brewed his beer, bore his children, cultivated his lands. Anna was never vociferous. Her dignity was unassailable. Once—and only once—when he had beaten her she had left him and returned to her mother who lived in Francistown.

They were married under the Christian law in the Roman Catholic Church. He had paid no lobola for her.

The woman he had taken in Anna's place turned out to be a fool. She arranged the chairs in a straight line along the wall; she was overcome with awe whenever a white person came to his house. The unfortunate woman was sent back to her father, under great humiliation, on the grounds that she was barren, but as he made no claim for the return of the lobola the woman's father had made no trouble. Anna had returned on her own terms.

He hated Anna because she despised him. He was Mashona and she from the Bamangwato. He could sign his name, laboriously, and that was all. She had passed the seventh standard. He knew he hated her, but the only reason he could think of was that she had borne him no children. The great Jackson had no children—money, many cattle, yes, and everything he wanted, but no children. He smarted whenever he thought of it, and in later years he thought of it more often.

The white doctors who had examined Anna said there was nothing wrong with her. He knew they were wrong, and, as he drove to his house with the white builder beside him, he thought again of the witchdoctor in his own village. Manomano, with his occult powers, could make Anna fruitful like other women.

The European was silent throughout the drive to the location. He held the building plans tightly in his hand, and stared out of the window of Jackson's vanette. When they halted Jackson politely opened the door of the vanette for the builder who got out and walked

hurriedly into the cottage, almost furtively, as if he were afraid of being observed. He felt better inside the cottage, at ease in the European atmosphere of the room. He unrolled the drawings on the polished mukwa table.

"There you are, there you are," he said heavily patronising. "The architect who did it thinks it's all right."

Jackson had not seen the plans before. Anna had arranged it all with the builder. He had nothing to offer and simply nodded his head. He understood, vaguely, what the drawings meant but could think of no comment to make on the design.

"Is it all right?" the builder asked.

"It is all right, sir."

Jackson saw with surprise that the design of the house included many circles. The rooms were round like the huts in his village, yet the complete design was modern, European.

He knew he must call in Anna to talk about the plans and he resented the necessity. He thought again of the doctor in his village. He felt belittled in the eyes of the white man that he should have to call in the woman to talk business with men. There seemed no way of avoiding it. He would ask her in, ostensibly to make tea. It was a good idea and at once he felt better.

She thwarted him by coming in without an invitation and again irritation seethed in him. She was a tall woman. She wore a simple cotton frock and shoes without stockings. Anna stood silently, with remarkable poise. Her silence disturbed the white man, though her husband seemed unperturbed.

At length the builder said: "I've brought the plans. Everything is like you asked."

She looked at the drawings for a long time, then said: "It is well, thank you. On the roof there will be grass?"

"Grass? You mean thatch. Wouldn't recommend it. Cost you a fortune to insure it. Asbestos is just as good."

The woman remained silent. It would be immodest to argue with a white man. Her husband spoke to her in Shona and she replied in the language.

"She wishes for the thatch, sir," Jackson said. The European shrugged his shoulders and rolled up the plans. It was late in the evening that he realised he had missed the opportunity of asking the white builder to drink some tea. He felt deprived and thwarted and the feeling was quickly changed into bitter animosity towards his wife. It was her duty to bring tea when white visitors came to his house. That was why he kept her. He cast around in his mind for some way to punish her; beat her—he had tried that before; cancel the contract for the house, or, better still, instruct the builder to make the roof of asbestos instead of thatch; Manomano the witchdoctor . . .

He called her loudly and burst out in Shona: "Must I, Hamadziripi, always be like a beggar without child? Any dog in the village can have pups."

She could not look at him. As always, when this matter was talked of, she felt deeply humiliated. Still looking at the ground she said quietly: "What would you have me do? The doctors say my womb is like that of other women."



"The white doctors! What do they know? Are they clever like me? Have they as much money as I? Tell me that! No, I will take you to Manomano. He has herbs and roots that make the barren fertile. I will take you to Manomano."

For many minutes she sat silent.

"I will not go," she said softly, and he knew, with rage surging through him, that if he beat her to death she would still refuse. "I am a Christian," she went on. "I do not believe in pagan doctors."

He breathed heavily and ordered her to bring him beer. She brought the beer in a tall china jug and placed it on the mukwa table beside him. He took long draughts and as the beer began to stimulate him he thought: "I shall go myself to Manomano. He can work on her from a distance. His muti is strong." Then, having made the decision, he relaxed in the easy chair and drank copiously from the jug.

The beer quickened his pulse and his mind became occupied with thoughts of business and money, exciting thoughts. He marvelled at the ease with which money could be made. Easy for Jackson. This was warming and wonderfully satisfying knowledge. The jug was refilled. He stared at his wife without seeing her. At length the jug was empty, and Hamadziripi lay relaxed, like an animal, in the chair, breathing thunderously. His mind was empty. Then suddenly, from the abyss of his mind, came a roaring like thunder: You, Hamadziripi, are impotent like an ox. You have had two women—three women—yet no child of your own. Barren . . . Not your wife. You . . .

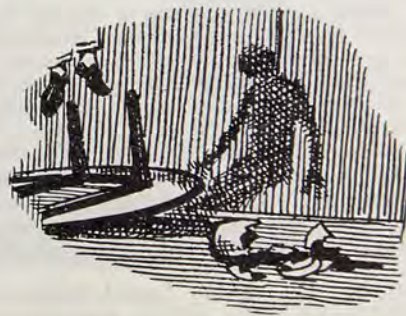
The message awakened him. He did not know from where it had come, nor did he know that he had arisen from his chair and shouted at his wife: "You are lying. I am not impotent." Nor did he know that he had forced her head over the back of the chair until the spine snapped . . .

His wife was dead. Yet even in her lifeless body there was calmness—calm defiance. She was dead and he was defeated. And as he stared at her he knew that now he was empty as the beer jug on the table. There was no fear in him, no love, and now no hate. Then into the emptiness crowded the dark forms. Hamadziripi began to weep silently. His face was motionless—only exquisite bewilderment was drawn there—and great tears gleamed on his black cheeks.

The night passed over him and as the sun broke through the msasa tree Hamadziripi calmly arose from the floor in front of the chair on which his wife lay. Destiny had him by the hand.

He arranged the rope carefully round his neck, then climbed on to the table and tied the loose end to a rafter. He kicked the table from under him.

The empty beer jug crashed on the floor in many pieces, and the table turned over and lay with its legs incongruously reaching upward.





SOUTHERN ASPECT

From Our Correspondent

THERE is now hope of a uniform policy of racial co-operation and economic and political integration throughout South Africa and the Central African Federation.

With the two magic words "economic integration", Mr. Jacobus Strauss, Smut's successor as leader of the United Party, the Nationalists' chief Opposition party, has given an inspiring preview of the new direction that policy is likely to take at the Union Congress of the United Party at the end of the year.

Political observers in South Africa say that "economic integration" is sure to be emphasised in a major resolution that is to be drawn up and presented to the congress.

The first step in the machinery of changing the party policy will be the work of the Provincial Committees which, Mr. Strauss says, will advise him.

A resolution will then be drawn up to be presented to the congress.

The great advantage of having the resolution ready and backed by the party leadership is that it will not be necessary for sub-committees on this vital issue to be appointed during or after the congress.

The resolution will be dealt with directly by delegates from all the constituencies in the country, most of which have already expressed enthusiastic support for Mr. Strauss' integration statement in Parliament which has provided a real turning point in South African political affairs.

I understand that the resolution will not be written into the party's constitution, but will stand as a separate document couched in tactful and diplomatic phrases.

Economic integration itself is not a policy, but a fact. The two words simply mean that Africans are to be recognised and accepted as a major, permanent part of the labour force of South Africa.

Africans in the Union have been following the normal economic urge to move to regions of higher productivity. As they are now artificially being moved back to the farms and the reserves, under the "Bantustan" policy of Dr. H. F. Verwoerd, the Minister of Native Affairs, to keep Africans out of the towns, they will suffer in these areas of lower productivity, and so will the general production of the country.

"Economic integration" is a phrase which shows up so clearly the hollowness of *apartheid*, currently coming to mean "economic disintegration".

It is accepted by the United Party that, while *apartheid* leads to "poor whiteness", economic integration will mean more rights at a later stage for the Africans, as a permanent labour force, and that it also implies the industrial colour bar will have to be raised by some degrees.

The 1953-54 split in the United Party had indicated its vacillating policy with a weak inclination to

liberalism giving way to a desire to pander to reactionary elements.

In a stirring speech in the crowded debating Chamber of the House of Assembly in Cape Town, Mr. Strauss came out formally and forcibly in favour of a full integration of non-Whites in the economic life of South Africa, together ultimately with full political integration.

The stage for that historic statement had already been set by a United Party back-bencher, Professor Isak Fourie, an economist, who called for full economic integration as the only possible hope for South Africa. He was supported by Mr. Harry Oppenheimer, son of Africa's "King of Finance", Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, who said that in four years the Union could produce £100,000,000 more gold and uranium provided there are an *additional* 80,000 African mine workers, making the South African pound as hard as the American dollar.

It was Mr. Oppenheimer, as chairman of the United South Africa Trust Fund, who gave large sums of money to his party to fight the last general election. Mr. Oppenheimer is taking over control of the vast Anglo-American Corporation which has £50,000,000 interests in the Federation alone.

Mr. Strauss, faced with the choice of accepting the views of these two powerful and enlightened representatives of his rank and file, of repudiating them, or temporising, came out directly in favour of integration in the interests of all races—and left his handful of right-wing "rebels" out on a limb.

At the same time he stressed: "The United Party stands for social and residential segregation."

If returned to power, the United Party is prepared to take various steps regarding political rights.

It will resurrect the Natives' Representative Council and "give it a measure of responsibility and executive powers so that it can become a workable institution where African leaders will be trained to manage their own affairs."

Dr. Malan's Minister of Native Affairs—whom Mr. Strauss described as "a complete dictator, regarded by many as a madman and a menace"—has replied to the many and forcible arguments of the Opposition that *apartheid* "is an impractical dream" with a blunt and uncompromising statement that the Government is to combat integration "however great the difficulties."

The Government intended to lay a foundation for *apartheid* on which future generations could build. There would be no political integration in any form, no trade union rights for Africans, no mixed universities, and no compulsory education for Africans above a certain stage. Where possible, industry would be moved to the borders of Native Reserves. ("Are you going to move the gold-mines?" shouted one Opposition M.P.). The colour bar would be increasingly introduced in industry, and migrant rather than residential labour would be regarded as the normal in the mines. The political ambition of the African should be satisfied in his own areas because if political rights were given to them in White areas it would mean the end of White civilisation in South Africa.

With integration versus *apartheid* as the dominant issue in the sub-Continent, it may well be that Federation—and now Mr. Strauss—will show the way to unravelling the crippling tangle of the latter ideology.

AN AFRICAN ON FEDERATION

NOW that the Central African Federation is an accomplished fact and the stage has been set for the implementation of a policy which takes into account the interests of all races, it is fitting to point out certain salient facts which have emerged from the Federal election and its aftermath.

The first thing we have to admit is that African opposition to Federation was firm and undisguised particularly in the preliminary stages and up to the formal acceptance of the scheme by the British Government. But we have also to admit that since then the majority of the Africans have accommodated themselves to the change now that it is an accomplished fact.

Some Fears Justified

What is interesting is that some of the fears expressed by Africans at the time of discussions and consultations have since been justified. The emergence of the Confederate Party and its expressed policy is a case in point. Its pronouncements did show one thing, that there were some Europeans who favoured and intended to implement a policy of repression which the Africans foretold. However, the danger has been averted, though it has not been completely eliminated. What course political events will take after the next Federal election no one can foretell.

For the moment, however, it is necessary to speculate on the present set up. There is no doubt that the majority of the Africans who were able to understand and form constructive opinions on what was at issue were relieved by the victory of the Federal Party. The reason is that in the Federal Party they saw reason and a certain measure of fair play. Although the policy of partnership is as yet theoretical, they see in it a certain amount of hope, believing as they do that half a loaf is better than no bread. Certainly informed African opinion knows it will not give them all that they want and hope for to attain human dignity. But since it implies working side by side with Europeans and profiting by the knowledge of the European and sharing with him some of his material and spiritual wealth, it is far more acceptable than its counterpart which was put forward by the Confederate Party.

Stand Or Fall Together

But that is not to say there were no Africans who did not fall for the Confederate Party's policy. As one African put it to me: "Their policy (Confederate) is a good one because we shall be able to make our own guns." But speaking from experience, there were not many Africans who shared this ignorant opinion and this for several reasons. One, because consciously or sub-consciously the Africans know the policy of segregation is impracticable. They know both races are indispensable to one another and will always be. They must stand or fall together. Two, they know that at the present stage of our development we cannot stand alone, but must for a very long time to come depend on the help and guidance of the European. Three, those of them who understand know very well that their own leaders are just as likely to be unfair to them as any other race. Four, they know, too, that if fear of the African is the basis of the policy of separation then the last thing any European political party in power would do is to create separate African States with complete autonomy which would constitute an effective threat to the security of the White man in this country.

Immense Difficulties

No one can doubt the immense difficulties which lie ahead both for the African and the European. These difficulties will arise from the conception and interpretation of partnership. It is not a matter of doubt that

Africans and Europeans interpret partnership differently and this is likely to be embarrassing, particularly if the African does not get something like what he hoped for. To my mind, if the European wants to win the confidence of the African and make Federation a success, he has to rid himself of one fallacy, and that is the African wants to dominate the European and the best method to avert this is to withhold from him the rights and privileges which civilisation can offer. It seems to me that when you civilise a man, you immediately place yourself under the obligation of giving that man the rights of a civilised man. This is the challenge facing the European in this country and it will have been answered the day the educated African can stand up and say: "I am a British citizen," with the same pride as a pukka Britisher. But, of course, the African must realise, and I say this in all seriousness, that his patience is his strength and if he wants to grow up into a man he must appreciate his limitations.

Human Dignity

It is pertinent to ask what is the immediate task to set partnership in motion. To answer this question it is important to point out that there are certain basic rights which the African looks forward to now that the electorate has endorsed partnership.

Of these I should place security of tenure in the urban areas first. This is a very sore point with the African of Southern Rhodesia. The denial of the right to own his home where he earns his living—which is in the interests of the employer and therefore the European as a whole—has no justification whatsoever to the African. He regards the enforced confinement to the locations as a soul-destroying system as those who know location conditions will admit. Were this grievance to be removed and the African was encouraged and assisted to own his home the country will have gone a very long way to making the African feel a sense of dignity and responsibility.

In short, as we enter into our new political system, the African looks forward, not so much to a policy of patronage and patriarchal treatment, as to a policy which is sufficiently progressive as to permit him to rise to the level of human dignity. This implies equality of opportunity both in the political and economic fields. If this can be attained, then there is nothing to fear for the future of Central African Federation.



L. C. Vambe, the author of the article on this page, is acting Chief Editor of African Newspapers, and Editor of the African magazine "Parade."

"MORE BLESSED . . ."

by Monty Bennett

WHAT is Man's chief characteristic? The psychologists say that it is selfish acquisitiveness. The economists base their theories on the same conception, and any parents of more than three years' standing will wholeheartedly concur. My grandmother used to tell me that if three people accuse you of being mad you should bang your head on the wall. On the basis then of this triple accusation Mankind should admit his acquisitiveness and his selfishness and start to bang. And so he is . . . yet so he is not . . . for in the next chapter of the psychologists, and the chapters to be written of the economists, there be an admission that he is (in part) exactly the opposite.

Men will spend their best years in hoarding wealth, and end up by devoting all their time in disposing of it unselfishly. The average man will respond to the profit motive and yet at times respond to the appeal or personal sacrifice . . . and the greater the sacrifice, the more the sweat and blood and tears demanded, the more he will respond. Religions of the world have discovered this paradox of Man, his readiness to respond to demands which hurt. Judaism has recognised two standards as far as possessions are concerned. For its prophets an absolute surrender of all possessions, for the weaker brethren, a more modest sacrifice—the biblical one-tenth. Jesus made a more uncompromising demand for his followers . . . "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell that thou hast and give to the poor"; and the Indian religions have in the past emphasised the same need for absolute sacrifice. Some few men have given up the world, but the average man has continued to be the average man of the psychologists and economists—an acquisitive animal. There comes now from India a new movement which is designed to appeal to the non-average part of the average man, and it is a movement which may spread the way of all religious movements . . . from East to West.

Acharya Vinoba Bhave is a disciple of Gandhi, and in the opinion of many Indians, the greatest and noblest disciple. In 1951 Vinobaji was on a pilgrimage in the Telengana district of Hyderabad. This was a district of great poverty where the Communists had made considerable progress in their campaign designed to expropriate land from wealthy landlords. Unescorted and unprotected, he reached the village of Pochampalu, and here, the impoverished and

landless villagers jibed at his preachings of non-violence. "Give us land," they said, "not more words." Vinobaji looked sadly at them, he had no food to distribute and certainly no land. Suddenly he was inspired to attempt the miraculous. Looking around the hostile faces he asked in a gentle voice: "Is there one man here who will give away his land to these poor people?" In the pause of silence evoked by this strange request a worker rose from the audience. "I have 200 acres," he said, "and of this I will give one half to those who are poorer than myself." Vinobaji relates that tears came to his eyes when he heard these words, this response to his flash of prayer. The villagers immediately surrounded their benefactor and began to discuss the practical method of dividing up the 100 acres amongst the 40 families who were present. There then occurred another strange happening on that strange afternoon. The 40 families decided that they would each need only two acres, leaving a further 20 acres for other villagers.

That day began a new era in Indian Land Settlement. Heartened by his success, Vinoba started a campaign for land gifts, and within a few months he had succeeded in collecting the remarkable total of 12,000 acres in Telengana. From New Delhi there came an invitation from Pandit Nehru, and Vinoba responded by walking to the capital, and starting a nation wide campaign.

The campaign is now just over two years old, and it has already changed from a drive for charity, into a National Movement . . . almost a Religious Revival. Vinoba walks across the land, and the land is given to him. Over 2,000,000 acres have already been given, and some critics are being heard to say that the final result will be to lead to the fragmentation of India's land. To these critics Vinoba answers "the greater danger is the fragmentation of human hearts," and he continues to call for land.

He sums it up in this picturesque phrase: "In India the average family is five; let every landowner recognise his five children; and his sixth child — the landless ones..



(Drawing by J. M. after R. K. Laxman. With acknowledgements to "Illustrated Weekly of India.")

The Interracial Association

THE Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia, as it is to-day, is the nucleus of a movement which happened to start in Salisbury and which is in the process of expanding.

Its object, in the simplest terms, is to bring together people who are prepared to do some constructive thinking on our national problems, irrespective of race.

It was officially launched on the 25th July, 1953, with the formation of the Salisbury Branch, which has since done a lot of work. Without having made a drive for membership, it has enrolled nearly 300 members of all races. A headquarters has been established at Kingsway House, Salisbury, where there is a suite of two large offices—the first real meeting ground for laymen of the various races on a matter so obviously our common concern—national problems.

But there are other associations concerned with national problems, and with race relations. For example, there are the National Affairs Associations in Salisbury, Bulawayo and Umtali. The Inter-racial Society in Bulawayo and the National Affairs Discussion Group in Salisbury, both specifically interracial bodies. There are African Welfare Societies in many centres, with their Federation in Bulawayo. There is the new United Club—often referred to as the Inter-racial Club—which recently applied to establish premises in Salisbury. And there is the Capricorn Africa Society which has just launched a full-scale campaign for membership. You may well ask: What is the particular function of the Interracial Association which distinguishes it from other bodies? Is there not a danger of overlapping and duplication?

The Association grew out of a conviction which came to a head at the time of the Federation campaign that it was not good enough to talk in vague generalisations about "partnership". If we really meant by it something different from apartheid then we must be clear what we did mean. The fate of the United Party in South Africa was warning enough of the results of a negative attitude—failure to be clear on principles and failure to apply them in practice. The first thing to do was to try to define more clearly what we meant in terms of "native policy". A group of about 40 members of all races got together informally on this particular job and arrived at some provisional conclusions in a document called a "Draft Declaration on African Affairs". In doing so they realised how much could be achieved by a regular organisation engaged in that type of work. There was nothing to prevent the harmonious development of our marvellous resources—human and material—except

racial fear, and the only answer to that was for members of the different races to get together and put their cards on the table with one another.

Was there a chance of some existing body taking on the job? The founders of the Interracial Association belonged to various existing societies and were anxious to avoid starting a new one if it could be avoided, but they came to the conclusion that it could not.

The National Affairs Association had no colour bar in its Constitution—quite the reverse—and it had, in fact, led the way by inviting people of all races to speak at its lunch hour lectures. But it had come to play a specific role—providing an impartial platform for anyone with something to say—and the work of arriving at conclusions on the facts might interfere with its work of presenting them.

The National Affairs Discussion Group was specifically a study group, and the Inter-racial Society in Bulawayo was concerned partly with national problems and partly with cultural matters. The African Welfare Societies were specifically concerned with welfare, and membership was confined to Europeans and Africans. The United Club was concerned to establish a club in the ordinary sense.

The Capricorn Africa Society was concerned with a large group of African territories, originally for the purpose of promoting closer association and subsequently to work out some common basis of citizenship. In a sense, the Interracial Association was concerned with citizenship, too—in its study of the qualifications for the franchise—but its specific purpose was, as a fully inter-racial body from its inception, to look for solutions acceptable to all sections of the community for a whole range of problems, and to work for their acceptance in a single territory.

There is, of course, common ground with other Associations. Many members of the Salisbury Branch belong to one or more of them and there is active co-operation. But the job to be done is distinct and the formation of branches in other centres is beginning. The Salisbury Branch will then take its place beside the other Branches in Southern Rhodesia, and there are signs that it will not be long before the Interracial Association of Southern Rhodesia takes its

place beside Interracial Associations of the other territories of the Federation.

In the nine months since its formation the work of the Association has included the final preparation of the "Draft Declaration on African Affairs," a study of industrial relations (see page 19), the formation of an Interracial Assembly, an enquiry into the operation of the Urban Areas Act, and the publication of this Journal.

"It is almost accepted as a truism to-day that the future of the country depends on good race relations. But not very much practical effort is being made towards bringing members of all races together and this organisation is deserving of commendation for that reason alone . . ."

"It is important, if we are to develop in the right direction that there should be full opportunity for discussion between people of all races. Getting round a table to talk is of the utmost importance. If we can get a number of people of different races frankly discussing common problems and points of friction, a very real contribution to the welfare of the country will have been made . . ."

"The Association should commend itself to most men and women who have the future of the country and of Africa at heart and I hope they will come forward and give it their support . . ."

"The Interracial Association provides an opportunity for men and women of goodwill and liberal outlook to come together and endeavour to find a means by which all races can live and work together for the great future that lies in store for this country—on the assumption that this vital and initial problem of race relations can be solved."

—From the opening address by Sir Robert Tredgold at the Inaugural Meeting of the Interracial Association in July, 1953.

"I have been greatly impressed by the Draft Declaration on African Affairs. This strikes me as a very able exposition of the race problems in a country like Southern Rhodesia. I would not like to commit myself to approval of all the detailed proposals; in any case I am reluctant, as an outsider, to intervene too closely in the internal affairs of a State in Africa. I firmly believe that the real hope for the multi-racial societies of Africa lies in the vigour and vision of Africans of all races and colours . . ."

"I also agree that much turns on the personal relations between men of equal civilisation in Africa regardless of colour. I certainly hope that the Association will vigorously propagate these ideas. I wish it well in this endeavour."

—The Rt. Hon. Patrick Gordon Walker.

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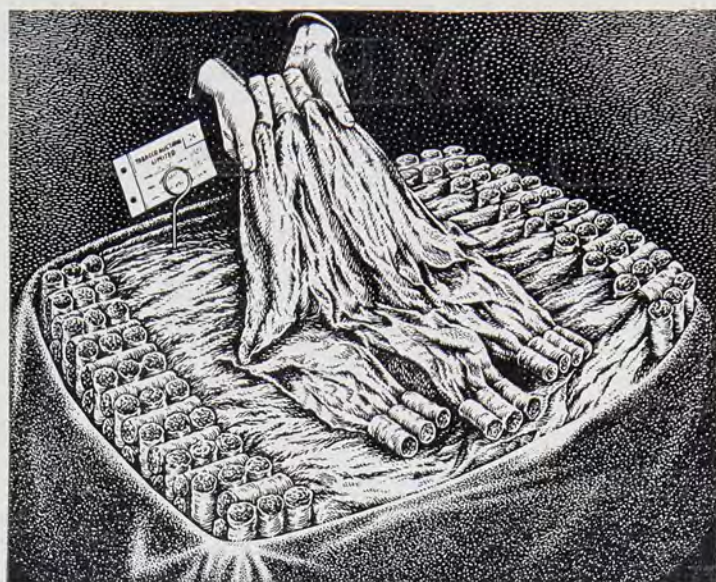
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