



DELHI UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

DELHI UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Cl. No. V63:1:NS

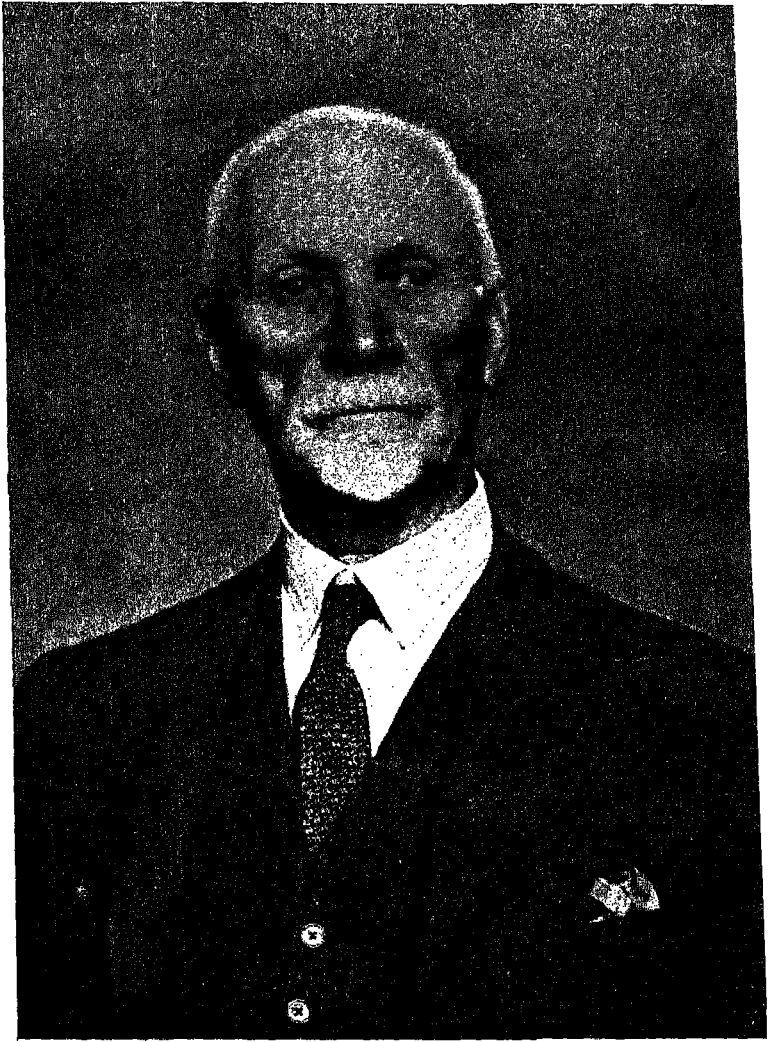
H4

906D

Date of release for loan

Ac. No. 78513

This book should be returned on or before the date last stamped below.
An overdue charge of Six nP. will be charged for each day the book
is kept overtime.



JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS

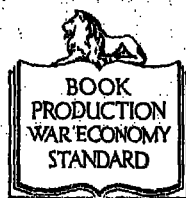
THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION

BY
LEWIS SOWDEN

ILLUSTRATED



LONDON
ROBERT HALE, LIMITED
18 BEDFORD SQUARE, W.C.1



THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN
COMPLETE CONFORMITY WITH THE
AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
NORTHUMBERLAND PRESS LIMITED

CONTENTS

FOREWORD

Page 7

Chapter I. THE SECOND ROUNDING OF THE CAPE 9

II. UNEASY HERITAGE 18

III. HOLISM AND POLITICS 41

IV. GOLD AND NEUTRALITY 57

V. CRISIS 75

VI. THE UNION AT WAR 87

VII. PANORAMA 109

VIII. OUMA AND OTHERS 121

IX. TONGUE AND TAAL 138

X. BROTHER BANTU 147

XI. INDIAN PRIDE 166

XII. THE CLOSED DOOR 172

XIII. MARKETS AND MARKETS 184

XIV. THE SÜDWEST GERMANS 197

XV. PAN-AFRICA VIEW 212

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Jan Christiaan Smuts

Frontispiece

The following Illustrations appear at conclusion of Text—after page 220

1. Van Riebeeck Statue, Cape Town.
2. A Bushman and his Family.
3. Zulu women hairdressing.
4. Bushman drawings in the Tsisab Gorge in South-West Africa.
5. Field-Marshal Smuts and Mr. Churchill. (*Crown Copyright.*)
6. Dr. D. F. Malan, Leader of the Opposition.
7. Johannesburg. Skyline from mine dumps.
8. General view of Johannesburg's business quarter.
9. The Post Office, Johannesburg.
10. Interior View of the Railway Station, Johannesburg.
11. Cutting up Whales at Durban.
12. A Tobacco Field, Rustenburg.
13. A Zulu Warrior.
14. The Rhodes Memorial, Rondebosch.
15. Bren gun practice, Ladysmith, Natal.
16. Mr. Oswald Pirow.
17. A Witwatersrand Gold Mine, Johannesburg.
18. Rough Diamonds.
19. Houses of Parliament, Cape Town.
20. View of the City of Cape Town.
21. Union Buildings, Pretoria.
22. West Street, Durban. The City's principal thoroughfare.
23. Mrs. Smuts. (*Crown Copyright Reserved.*)
24. South Africa's de Luxe Train, "The Union Limited".
25. The Hospital, Cape Town.
26. Cape Town University, Rondebosch.
27. Native School in Cape Province.
28. Ricksha Boy—Durban.
29. Ostrich Farm near Oudtshoorn.
30. A cotton field in the Eastern Transvaal.

FOREWORD

AFRICA is a vast continent stretching for five thousand miles from its northern extremity in Tunisia to its southernmost point at Cape Agulhas, and for about the same distance from Dakar in the west to Somaliland in the east.

To go to Africa is to go to anywhere between these widely separated points, where lie many different peoples and almost different worlds.

At one end of Africa are the ancient lands of Egypt and Libya, and at the other end, nearly as far south of the Equator as they are north of it, is the land known as South Africa. And I speak of South Africa.

A continent separates it from the Old World; oceans separate it from the Old and the New. But five thousand miles on the earth's surface is not what it was. The war has not isolated countries, as seemed the first result of the blight in 1939. It has made nothing of distance and created new friendships.

If, living in London or New York, you have an acquaintance in Cape Town, you no longer ask him about the Pyramids; for you are aware that there is little reason why he should know more of them than you. Instead, you ask him about Table Mountain at the Cape, or the Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, or about the various supposed wonders between.

Are there wonders? Perhaps none except such as are created by the observer. There are certainly people and peoples.

Writing of South Africa, I find that I have written not of wonders but of people.

This is as it should be. For wonders lose their magic with familiarity and as often as not are the end of wonder as well as the beginning. But people, especially in the variety in which they are to be found in South Africa, never cease to perplex.

L. S.

JOHANNESBURG

CHAPTER I

THE SECOND ROUNDING OF THE CAPE

ONLY once before in the history of the West has the Cape route been so important to the life of European civilization as in our own day. In the fifteenth century its discovery was one of those epoch-making events which enlarged the boundaries of the world and the scope of human endeavour; in the twentieth its maintenance was a vital part in a great strategic plan, the success of which would determine mankind's course for centuries in a world which had progressively shrunk, and had quite lost that limitless aspect which it must have presented to the medieval navigators.

Five centuries ago Prince Henry of Portugal, scorning the censure and obloquy of the nobles, was sending his sailing ships southwards down the west coast of Africa, groping towards that remote terminal of the African continent which, he believed, would give him the gateway to the East and its riches. Prince Henry never lived to see the consummation of his efforts, but as one looks back over the changing picture of the world, one sees his figure standing at the starting-point of modern history, and pointing the way both southwards to Africa and the old world of Asia, and westwards to the New World across the horizons of the Atlantic.

Prince Henry, surnamed "the Navigator", a younger son of John I of Portugal, English on his mother's side, had retired to the extreme south-western point of Europe, the promontory of Sagres, there to devote himself to the study of astronomy, mathematics and exploration across the seas. Until his day the human race had found its pathways along the rivers and the plains, across the mountains and the inland waters. He was inspired with the thought of finding a road across the oceans, and ever since then mankind's greatest highways have been across the seas.

He erected an observatory at Sagres, and chose as his

director Maestre Jacomo, otherwise known as Jayme Ribes and, before his conversion from Judaism, Jahuda Crescas, one of the great school of cartographers of Majorca. Ship after ship he sent to feel its way down the west coast of Africa, convinced that somewhere to the south a route could be found for the trade from the East, which then travelled overland, an uncertain journey through the world of the Arabs, to Europe's threshold in the Adriatic, Venice, that held both the West and the "gorgeous East" in fee. As finance, he had the large revenues of the Order of Christ, of which he was Grand Master, and as further incentive, the glory to be found in the propagation of his Faith in the unenlightened Orient.

Marked on a modern atlas, the Navigator's immediate achievements seem quite out of proportion to his objective and to their consequences. Henry betook himself to the inhospitable Sagres in the year 1419. In 1433, his mariners doubled Cape Bojador, and ten years later they reached Cape Blanco, still on the northern side of the African bulge. A year or two later they passed Cape Verde, more vividly engraved on the minds of our own generation as Dakar, and when he died, in 1460, they were no farther than what is now Sierra Leone. That was the end of Prince Henry's work, but the beginning of his fame among men and of his inspiration to an adventurous world. The story of his discoveries attracted strangers to Lisbon from all countries—among them, Christopher Columbus, who arrived in 1470 and remained in the Portuguese service till 1484. During these years his mind shaped the great project of voyaging westwards in search of the East, and when the King of Portugal refused to entertain his proposals, he went to Spain and the court of Ferdinand and Isabella.

It was not for want of the spirit of exploration that John II of Portugal withheld approval of Columbus's project. On the contrary, he proved a worthy successor to the Navigator's task. But he looked south rather than west, and, whether lured by unknown lands to annex and convert, or by gold, or by slaves (there were thousands of the latter), he sent his mariners farther and still farther down the West African coast. And the winds favoured his undertaking. They blew Bartholomew Diaz, his cap-

tain of 1488, far out to sea, from the vicinity of the Orange River, and dropped him so far south that the Portuguese had to veer northwards to get a sight of coast again; and when he made a landfall it was at Mossel Bay, eastwards of the southernmost tip of the African continent, amid the warm currents that must have told him that at last he was on the highroad to the Indies. But his men would allow him to push only a little farther along the coast, and with the goal of a century almost in his sight, he had to turn back—back past the headland that from his day bears the name of the Cape of Good Hope, back along six thousand miles of coastline to bring the great news to King John of Portugal.

It was nearly ten years before another captain left Lisbon to complete the journey of Diaz. By then John II was dead and Columbus had twice voyaged westwards and discovered his "Indies". Vasco da Gama left Portugal in July, 1497, rounded the Cape of Good Hope in November, at Christmas-time sighted land which he named Natal, reached Mozambique of the Arabs in April, and when he anchored before Calicut, on May 20, he sounded the death-knell of Venetian greatness, moved the centre of the world from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, and decreed that for the next five centuries at least, Asia should not be alone for the Asiatics. The Cape route was a reality.

Columbus died without knowing that he had discovered a new world, believing only that he had found a way to the coveted wealth of the East. Da Gama, too, discovered more than he knew—a way to Africa as well as a way to India, though men were to neglect it for a hundred and fifty years. The achievements of both men were the result of Prince Henry's visionary calculations, and if the discovery of America bore little relation to his exertions, the discovery of the Cape route was an inevitable consequence.

The first rounding from West to East of the barren, inhospitable but grand-looking Cape of Good Hope was as momentous an event as Columbus's voyage into the West. The Genoese brought a new world within reach of Europe; the Portuguese brought two old worlds together, so that neither Europe nor Asia could ever be the same again.

Our own age, so vastly different from that of the Portuguese navigators, yet presents an instructive analogy. The fifteenth century was the threshold of a new era for the world; if the agonies of our own generation mean anything, then the twentieth century must be just such another gateway in history. The analogy goes deeper. The problem that confronted civilization after the voyages of Columbus and Da Gama was essentially one of apportioning the earth among its peoples. That is the problem to-day and the problem for the next hundred years and more—with a great difference.

For five centuries the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the British, the Dutch, the French and those envious late-comers the Germans, have been competing for the open spaces of the world, or the spaces that seemed open to them, seeing that the aboriginal inhabitants could nowhere maintain their right as occupiers. At any rate, those spaces were unexplored and undeveloped in the European sense, and therefore beckoning to the restless and covetous European.

To-day one can be fairly certain that there are no new worlds to discover. There is no room for more Columboes, Da Gamas or Magellans. The world is occupied, and the man from Europe has so far lost his arrogance as to concede that the native inhabitants of a country probably have a right to the wilderness of their inheritance. But there is still room for voyages of discovery, not amid the oceans of the earth, but amid the far more difficult seas of human, international and interracial relationships. The powers of the earth are struggling to-day to discover how their domain that has shrunk so embarrassingly while their needs have expanded, is to be divided between them. The Axis powers have their way, which, looked at as objectively as possible, is a selfish way. The United Nations have theirs, which, if it is ultimately to prevail, in peace as well as in war, must demonstrate its unselfishness.

The Germans would like to divide the world arbitrarily, much as the Pope did, if with less authority, in 1494, when he assigned different halves of the undiscovered globe to

Spaniards and Portuguese. Their demarcation, even if they achieved it, would probably not last much longer than his—a century, perhaps two; and then the struggles of the twentieth century would, in one form or another, take place all over again. Eventually, even the Germans would be brought to their senses by the unanswerable logic of events, although it would take longer than civilization is willing or can be expected to wait.

When the United Nations win this war, and if they persevere in their professed determination to bring a just peace to all peoples, then the next few centuries will see a gradual adjustment of needs and possessions among the various groups of the world's inhabitants. The consummation of this process may be remote, but it is inevitable. To speculate as to how it will be reached, or through what throes of mankind, is to look further into the future than is at present necessary.

3

There was a critical period of many months, after the fall of France, when it looked to all the world, except the British who simply refused to believe it, as if Hitler was to impose his will on the future and shape posterity according to his desires and those of the German people. That part of the European continent which was not Russian was his, and, as subsequent events demonstrated, much of what was Russian was embraced within his plan of conquest.

The Italians in Africa were in a position to carry all before them, had they only known it. They were in strength in Libya and Abyssinia, facing in the north the small army of General Wavell in Egypt, and in the south, on the borders of their newly acquired East African empire, small colonial forces and an inadequately equipped South African division, which had barely been brought into being when Italy openly declared for the Axis in June, 1940.

To plot the might-have-beens of history is never a fruitful occupation, but it is easy to picture the situation that might have developed in Egypt and the territories beyond, had the Italians in North Africa used the tremendous

advantage they had gained by the defection of France from the Allied cause. But the inclination for conquest, both in men and commanders, was unequal to the ambitions of Mussolini. Honour was satisfied and military prowess vindicated when the Italians crossed the Libyan border into Egypt and the Abyssinian border into the Sudan and Kenya, and on the eastern hip of the African continent conquered British Somaliland which was defended by a few infantry battalions and a Camel Corps commanded by an officer of Marines! And before the Italians could summon enough enterprise and courage to advance any farther, forces were being thrown in against them along the Cape route, twelve thousand miles down the Atlantic, up the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea.

The British lost the short Mediterranean route to Egypt and the Middle East when they lost France, lost the French ports in North Africa and the naval squadrons based on them. The British might sink or put to flight one Italian warship after another, but the Mediterranean had become for the time being, if not an Italian sea, then an Axis sea, to be made more securely so by the conquest of Greece and Crete. Henceforth, British ships making the Mediterranean voyage had to be prepared for heavy attack all the way, especially in the ninety-mile strait between Sicily and Tunis, further obstructed by the Italian island of Pantelaria. With doggedness and seamanship convoys battled their way through, for greater than the risk was the need in North Africa, but the losses mounted as the Germans concentrated an air force in the Mediterranean. Eventually convoys came into the Mediterranean only to reinforce the island of Malta, defiant British outpost behind the German lines. The principal route of supply to the forces in East Africa, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, India and Malaya became the Cape route, itself endangered by German possession of the continental coast from North Cape to the Bay of Biscay, threatened by Nazi influence (to put it at its lowest) at Dakar, and considerably lengthened by the necessity of taking a devious course to avoid U-boats.

Never had British strength in the East been in such urgent need of reinforcement; never had the route of supply been so long. A ship could make it only three

times a year. And in one respect the route failed—in respect of Malaya. For whether the British defeat in Malaya was the result of insufficient material, insufficient ships or the length of the supply line from Britain, it was ultimately a failure of the Cape route, demonstrating at once its vulnerability and its importance.

But in other respects the Cape route did not fail. There may have been a period when failure seemed imminent, when the three months' journey round Africa seemed too great a disadvantage as against the three days' journey from Sicily to the Axis troops in Libya. It was a strange repetition of history—the Cape route to the East competing with the route across the Middle Sea to Italy. It was a question as to whether the British could get enough ships round Africa, enough men and material to their armies in Egypt, before the Germans could assemble enough strength on the North African coast to overwhelm them. In this sense it was a question as to whether they could achieve the second rounding of the Cape, and perhaps more was at stake than in the fifteenth century; for, if the rewards of success were not commensurate with those that lured the early navigators, the penalty of failure was infinitely greater than they could have suffered.

For more than two years the convoys for North Africa came round the Cape. From Cape Town to the Zambesi and beyond, there was never more thought of ships than during this period, and probably never more talk of ships, although the warning "Don't talk ships or shipping" had its restraining influence. Month after month the ships anchored at the ports, sending their men ashore for a few hours' leave, taking in stores. They were in the roadsteads of Table Bay and Durban harbour for all to see. You could count them. Society entertained the troops, who, however, could entertain themselves well enough. The pink-faced lads of England, in khaki or Air Force blue, emptied the provision shops when they descended upon a town.

There were Allied uniforms, too. The ports felt the full pulse of war, the eddies of which spread inland at a

rate which varied with the news from the North. When the British were falling back in Libya before an Axis offensive, urgent whispers travelled up from the coast telling of thousands upon thousands of men passing through Cape Town and Durban. Nothing could stop those whispers, which were the expression of popular effort to tide over a crisis. They were mostly very inaccurate or belated, otherwise the consequences might have been serious, for there were undoubtedly people in the country in sympathy with the enemy and ready to transmit information.

The difficulties of the Cape route have been all too obvious, but had South Africa, like Eire, chosen to be neutral in September, 1939, the difficulties would have been immeasurably greater. The naval station of Simonstown, which is under direct British control and is situated within a score of miles from Cape Town, would have been of limited value. The ports would have been closed to the convoys, and movements of all ships off the South African coast exposed to enemy observation. This has been demonstrated in Portuguese East Africa, where the German consulate is the centre of a "listening" organization responsible for the loss of many Allied ships that had made use of a Portuguese port. There is no need to stress how the Germans would have employed their diplomatic establishments in South Africa had the country remained neutral.

By declaring war in September, 1939, however, the Union of South Africa assumed its predestined role—predestined ever since the Dutch of the seventeenth century decided to make the Cape their half-way house to the Indies. South Africa became the custodian of the Cape route, the half-way house to the East, the place of re-victualling—which is exactly what the Dutch intended it to be when they established their first settlement at the foot of Table Mountain in 1652.

The people of South Africa very nearly cast off the traditional role prepared for them by their ancestors and by three centuries of history. The Government that would have held back from the conflict and declared South Africa neutral was defeated by only thirteen votes in a House of a hundred and fifty members. Sixty-seven elected members of the House of Assembly, almost en-

tirely Dutch, or Afrikaners, as the South African Dutch are now called, voted in favour of the motion of the Prime Minister of the day, that South Africa, as a sovereign state in free association with other members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, should declare itself neutral. Eighty English and Afrikaners voted against it, thus defeating the Government and making way for a regime ready to harness the country to the cause of free peoples.

In these pages I propose to relate how the Union of South Africa arrived at this point in its history, how it assumed guardianship of the route that has proved so vital to the well-being of the United Nations, and how it has discharged that duty. It will also be my purpose to indicate how the years of war brought South Africa to the threshold of a new era in its history, an era which must bring decisive departure from the outlook and policy of the past, and development along new lines and in accordance with new concepts.

CHAPTER II

UNEASY HERITAGE

If you were to draw a map of South Africa to-day in the old pictorial fashion of the cartographers who filled empty spaces with the creatures of their imagination, you would focus your attention on a region a thousand miles north-east of Cape Town and write with many flourishes of your pen: "Here is Gold." Then you would return about a third of the distance you had travelled, and you would write, not quite with the same ample flourishes but fancifully enough: "Here are Diamonds." You would then follow the Orange River in its westerly course to the Atlantic Ocean, and, coming to the sea, you would mark along the coastline again the magic words: "Here are Diamonds." This would still leave much of your chart unaccounted for, and therefore you might journey due east in search of further treasure and ultimately find yourself on the shores of the Indian Ocean, where, for want of something more valuable, but tempted by the pictorial possibilities, you would mark: "Here are Bananas."

Having in this way charted the gold mines of Johannesburg, the diamond deposits of Kimberley and the south-west coast, and the fertility of the Garden Province of Natal (which you might further have indicated with: "Here is Sugar"), you would have created a picture which in many respects equals the expectations of the man who has never seen the land but may often have thought of it. In one respect, however, you would have sadly failed him. For you would have indicated no lions, no elephants, and not even a wandering hippopotamus.

The plain facts are that you may spend a lifetime between Cape Town, Johannesburg and Durban without ever seeing a lion or an elephant anywhere except in a zoo, and the first and last vagabond hippopotamus that went wandering, contrary to all hippo custom, among the habitations of men, along the south-east coast, was shot

by an unappreciative farmer, to the general indignation, about a dozen years ago. Wild life has everywhere retreated before the advance of man—doubtfully before the black man and his assegai, decisively before the white man and his rifle. To-day, South Africa protects its animal life in several national parks, and therefore he who insists on a pictorial map may mark: "Here are Elephants" (in the Addo bush near Port Elizabeth), "Here are White Rhinoceroses" (in Zululand, white only by courtesy), and: "Here are Many and Various Animals" (in the great Kruger National Park along the eastern marches of the Transvaal).

So much for the fanciful lie of the land. Geographically, the country also presents some striking features. It rises in four plateaux, from the coast flats at the Cape to the Highveld of the Transvaal, where it reaches an altitude of 6,000 feet. In Basutoland, the veld becomes mountainous and heaves up to a height of 10,000 feet. The coastal regions are rich, even luxuriant, and the Transvaal is temperate and fertile. Between the two is the arid Karroo, with its semi-desert vegetation, which, travelling inland from the Cape, you enter by way of the Hex River Mountains, and the dust of which you do not really shake from your teeth till you leave Kimberley. But here you are already on the fringes of the Kalahari Desert, which stretches west and north in red sand-dunes, thorn trees and tufts of desert grass.

In South Africa it is on the whole much pleasanter to travel eastwards than westwards; for eastwards brings one to the rich sub-tropical Natal with its sugar and tea plantations, its many fruits and its beautiful mountains; and westwards brings one to the desert. The rainfall tells the story of this contrast. Coming from the Indian Ocean, the clouds hit against the mountain ranges, particularly the Drakensberg (the "Dragon Mountains" because that is what they looked like to the early Dutch trekkers), so that most of the rain falls to the east of the mountains. When little gets past the Dragon, there is drought in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, and much complaining from the farmers. In Natal the annual rainfall reaches seventy-five inches, in the Transvaal under half of that, in the Orange Free State still less, and in the Karroo it is

round about ten. In the desert regions of the west coast it is under five and nearer nothing.

The Cape coastal region has almost a climate of its own, being wet in winter (mid-year) when the rest of the country is dry, and having a much more interesting evergreen and woodland vegetation than the grassveld of the northern provinces. Snow falls in the Transvaal once every few years, lingers for a day or two and makes news.

At Christmas-time, when for all its being midsummer, holly and cotton-wool decorate the shop windows, the Transvaalers take their holidays at the Cape; but in winter they go to the balmy clime of the Natal coast.

What sort of a country is South Africa for man to inhabit?

On the whole it is a good country. Arid in parts, fertile, very fertile in others, it is not a land in which the white man can take things easy, if he wishes to maintain his standards. Nature is harsh and, with her heat, drought, pests, disease, her fast-flowing and fast-emptying rivers, cannot exactly be described as welcoming the human hand. She certainly does not offer it an easy conquest. It is the kind of land that presents a challenge to man, a challenge to the exercise of his strength, his courage and his spiritual gifts; a land where the climate entices a man to fall into relaxed habits, but where the geography forbids him to do so, if he wishes to survive for any period that matters. It has always been a land worth taming and winning—and it still is, a fact which has to be stressed these days, when even South Africans are inclined to underrate the resources of their country, its natural endowments and its possibilities.

2

The Union of South Africa was brought into being on May 31, 1910, by a British Act of Parliament, and consists of four provinces, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, each of which was a self-governing colony before that date, and two of which had been republics a decade earlier. The Union, as it is generally called for short (but never, to avoid confusion, the U.S.A.), is a large country by European standards and

a small country by American standards. It is more than twice the size of France, less than twice the size of Texas, and about as large as Peru. It holds a mandate from the League of Nations over South-West Africa, a former German colony abutting on its north-western frontier, which was conquered by South African forces in 1915, and which is two-thirds the size of the Union.

The population, as varied as may be found in any country, and a good deal more varied than in most, amounts to about ten millions, of which two millions are Europeans or whites, seven and a quarter millions are the Bantu or the black African native peoples, about two hundred thousand are Indian, and the rest are the coloureds or people of mixed blood. The two million whites are of British and Dutch stock, to a lesser extent of French and German, with Jews, Greeks, Italians and other nationalities as admixtures.

Four colonies formed the Union of South Africa in 1910—four colonies and all that they brought with them. They brought a mixed and uneasy heritage, the accumulation of more than two centuries of turbulent history, and they loaded the new State with it. Nothing that the Union has borne in the three decades of its existence, not drought, not pestilence, not the locust that periodically threatens its crops, not war, has been so troublesome as its past; for out of the past it inherited enmity between English and Dutch, fear of the black man, and all the gnawing prejudices that these two have bred. It also inherited certain good things, without which the land could not have survived. It inherited a love of freedom and an idea of democracy, of rule by the people, which took root among its earliest settlers and determined the development of the earliest communities. This heritage from the past is so much a part of South Africa's present, that it demands some examination before one can even begin to understand the country or its people.

8

The English might have had the Cape before the Dutch, for in 1620, two captains, Fitzherbert and Shillinge, sailed into Table Bay and annexed the adjoining

territory in the name of King James I. But that monarch would have none of it, for he was much more interested in the soil of America, popularly thought to be heavy with gold, than in a barren and unfriendly shore in the South Atlantic. So easy was it then to claim or reject a continent.

The Dutch came in 1652, when the Dutch East India Company established a refreshment station at the Cape of Good Hope. The Council of Seventeen, the directors of the Company, were business men, with all their interests in Batavia and the East Indies, and they thought that by planting a garden at the Cape they would reduce the terrific mortality rate among their crews, a third of whom died of scurvy during the six months' voyage to the East. The first commander of the Cape, Jan van Riebeeck, initiator if not founder of a State, had no grand ideas about his appointment. For him, a junior official, it was promotion, and if he did as he was told and kept reminding the Company of his merits, it would be a step to further promotion. His preferment came ten years later, when he was allowed to sail to Malacca to make his fortune, but in those ten years he had planted a shoot of Western civilization at the tip of Africa and given it firm root. He had established a fort, a village, farms and gardens, and if his work was not exactly inspired—the hard-headed Seventeen were not the kind who encouraged inspiration—he did it efficiently, with the neatness and order of a Dutch housewife. Deservedly does his statue stand at the foot of Adderley Street in Cape Town to-day, looking in from the sea.

Almost from the first, the settlers at the Cape, the free burghers as they were called, found themselves at odds with the Company. The burghers were free only in so far as their freedom did not threaten the Company's interests. They enjoyed only restricted rights of trading; they were subject to various irritating restraints, they lived a hard and dangerous life, being often exposed to the inroads of marauding natives, and they paid burdensome taxes. Their only hope lay in moving inland, in withdrawing themselves farther and farther from the Company's power, which was more difficult to tolerate than the dangers of the interior. And so began that expansion

northwards into Africa, that "trek" which continued with generation after generation, and reached its climax in the nineteenth century.

This movement was inevitable among a sturdy people in whom the spirit of independence was strong. But it was not in accordance with the Company's scheme of things. The purpose of the Company was trade and profit, and all they wanted at the Cape was a victualling station, not a colony. Where the burghers went government had to follow, and the more scattered the settlements became, the greater were the difficulties of administration. The commanders or governors tried to check the movement inland, and proclaimed the boundary beyond which a man could settle only at his peril. But the peril carried with it the attraction of freedom, which was just what the Company could never offer or never in a desirable form. They could not halt the inland trek, and subsequent administrations, more powerful in other respects, proved equally powerless in this.

Other factors tended to antagonize the government and the governed. There was maladministration, there was corruption, and there was oppression, and never more so than in the governorship of a certain Willem Adriaan van der Stel, misguided son of a wise father, Simon van der Stel, whom he had succeeded. Willem Adriaan's period of rule (1699-1707) established a tradition which, in spite of the Governor, was one of the better things in the country's history, and which is expressed in one word "Libertas". When, a couple of years ago, a new house was built in Pretoria for the Prime Minister, it was named "Libertas", which, as every schoolboy knows, is the Latin for "freedom". Every South African schoolboy also knows the further significance of that name in Cape history.

During the governorship of Willem Adriaan van der Stel, there lived at Stellenbosch a certain Adam Tas, who had come from Amsterdam in 1691. Tas was the leader of a struggle against official corruption and a movement that sought to overthrow the tyranny of the Governor. Van der Stel had cornered the wine and cattle trade for himself and his friends, and had used his unlimited powers to deprive the burghers of their very means of existence.

Braving the possibility of torture and banishment which the Governor was able to inflict, certain burghers sent secret petitions to the Company's headquarters in Holland and the East Indies. Another petition against the Governor's illegal practices and those of his favourites was being prepared in 1706 on behalf of sixty-three burghers, when Van der Stel got wind of what was happening.

He immediately had a counter-petition drawn up, using influence, fraud and force to obtain the signatures of two hundred and forty out of the five hundred and fifty free burghers in the settlement, and took repressive measures against the malcontents. He arrested the leaders, threw Adam Tas and others into prison, and deported several to Holland. It was precisely through the agency of the latter that the burghers' petition eventually reached the Seventeen in Holland, with results entirely victorious to the cause of free men. The little tyrant of the Cape fields was overthrown, and Adam Tas returned to his homestead, which, in a triumphant pun on his name and state, he called henceforth "Libertas".

To-day, therefore, the name "Libertas" in South Africa stands for more than "freedom". It stands for the right of protest by free men against oppressive government, for the spirit of the law against rule by tyranny, for one of the cardinal principles of democracy. Thus does a nation draw its traditions and institutions out of its past.

4

The burghers' brush with officialdom had another and less beneficial result. Alarmed by the boldness of the settlers, while conceding the justness of their cause, the Seventeen decided to send no more immigrants to the Cape. Regarded from our own times, their decision seems fantastic. The settlers numbered 1,650 men, women and children at the time, truly a diminutive community for the land that was opening up before white men. But the Company would have no more settlers on its hands, and there was to be no further assisted immigration to the Cape for a hundred years. If one asks why, after three hundred years of colonization, there are only two million whites in South Africa, here is part of the answer. The

Dutch East India Company set the fashion in closing the door to immigrants, and though the door has stood wide open at times, there always has been someone down to the current period of the twentieth century eager to swing it back.

Before this official stoppage of immigration, however, the Cape population had received an important accession in the form of a small body of Huguenots, part of the stream of Protestant refugees driven from France by the religious persecution of Louis XIV and the Revocation in 1685 of the Edict of Nantes. The emigrants previously sent to the Cape by the Company were Dutch and German, with the former predominating. Holland was now burdened with an influx of people with whom, good as were its intentions, it did not rightly know what to do. The Council of Seventeen therefore resolved to send a number of these thrifty and industrious people to its African settlement, and in this way gave the Cape population one of its most valuable strains.

They were not numerous, a mere two hundred souls coming to the settlement in 1689 and the ensuing years, so that they constituted only about a sixth of the burgher population. Their influence, however, was far-reaching. They were a more cultured class, they were skilled in handicrafts, vine-dressing and other forms of agriculture; and they were the first settlers for whom the Cape was not a half-way house. They had no fatherland to which to appeal, and Africa was their only home. They were inspired by a piety and belief in their hard-won faith to which has been traced the strong religious feeling that has ever since characterized the South African Dutch.

The arrival of the Huguenots created no permanent political schisms. The Van der Stels saw to that. They scattered them among the existing settlers at Stellenbosch, French Hoek and Drakenstein, and they encouraged a mingling of the people in order to ensure a thorough assimilation of the newcomers. In spite of initial protests, this assimilation was inevitable, and in time their language disappeared, their identity was lost, and only their names remained to mark the Huguenot strain in South Africa. The Le Roux, the Du Plessis, the Jouberts, and so on, are the everyday evidence of Huguenot history.

A contrast has sometimes been drawn between Dutch suppression of the French language of the Huguenots in the seventeenth century, and the linguistic equality granted to the people of the conquered Boer republics by the British in the twentieth. The analogy is not a just one. The early settlement, with its handful of whites, was in a precarious position, and the Dutch had reason enough to fear the aggressive France of Louis XIV, and thus to entertain doubts as to the possible attitude of a French community towards an invading force of their countrymen. The attitude of the Van der Stels was justifiable if harsh, and was necessary to the colony's survival. That the Huguenot strain has manifested itself in the character of the people as well as in their surnames, is something which even the Van der Stels would have commended.

5

The Company could stop further immigration, but it could not prevent the continual drift of the burghers inland, away from the Cape fort and its gardens, into the open spaces. The farmers on the outskirts of the settlement were becoming more dispersed and isolated; and they loved their isolation. They were the first Trek-Boers, the farmers who pulled out ever onwards, men who, when they chose to halt, built their houses where they could not see the smoke of their neighbour's homestead.

As the Company weakened, as its affairs became more and more involved and it drifted towards bankruptcy (which it reached in 1794), the burghers came permanently to regard authority as being out of sympathy with their aspirations, and government as an institution better kept at a distance. The ground was thus prepared for antagonism towards the British even before their arrival. The British came in 1806, when Holland was ranged on the side of Napoleon, and when the Cape, the key to the Eastern seas, the "frontier fortress of India", was an attractive prize which might have fallen to the French had the British been unable to hold it. They had come once before, in 1795, and stayed till 1803; but this time they stayed for good and began the modern era of South African history.

The right sort of administration might have cured the burghers of their antipathy towards government. But among the Governors there was Lord Charles Somerset, a man who was disliked as much by the English as by the Dutch. It was during his period that the deplorable affair of Slagter's Nek took place, when five men were hanged for a petty rebellion on the frontier, arising from one man's refusal to appear on a charge of ill-treating a Hottentot servant. Not English law, but Roman-Dutch law had condemned them; Dutchmen had sat in judgment over them; and an English Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, had shown mercy by reprieving a sixth man and reducing the sentences on others. Yet Slagter's Nek became a symbol of British legal severity, and to this day may be heard used, as I have heard it, for a rallying cry at anti-British electioneering meetings.

Had Lord Charles Somerset been a man of vision, he might have reprieved all six men. He might have done so, too, had he had any understanding of a people who, living on the frontier, were continually engaged in hard defensive warfare against the inroads of the Bantu. But sympathy was about the last thing to be expected from Somerset—energetic, well-meaning in his way, and a good judge of horses.

There was also among the Colonial Secretaries in Downing Street, Lord Glenelg, an appeaser. When the Governor of the Cape, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, had defeated the troublesome Kosa tribes on the frontier in a costly war and then created a buffer state for the colonists' protection, Glenelg quite reversed his policy, and thus convinced the Boers that they could expect no justice from the British. No wonder that Lord Glenelg's name still provides a joke to every South African schoolboy conning his dates and his Kaffir wars. What could you expect of a man whose name read the same way backwards as forwards?

There were also the missionaries who began to take an interest in the heathen soul in South Africa just at the close of the eighteenth century. They propagated the idea of "the noble savage", held that the black man was the equal of the white, and that it was not the frontier settlers who needed protection from his depredations, but

he who needed protection from them. The missionaries, full of thought for the souls of the black men, and with not overmuch to spare for the bodies of the white, impressed the sentimentalists in England, including Lord Glenelg, and so embittered the Boer farmers that when, in 1837, they trekked from the colony and British rule, they included in their first constitution an article requiring from every member of the community an oath forswearing any connection with any English missionary society. And the Boers, it must be remembered, were a God-fearing people, who, it has been said, advanced into Africa carrying a rifle in one hand and a copy of the Bible in the other.

It was not only the Boers who suffered and were discontented. The British settlers, five thousand of them, who had been established in the frontier districts in 1820 (one of the occasions when the door was opened) were equally the victims of shortsighted and vacillating British policy, were also at variance with authority, and were even louder in their criticism of government than were the Boers.

Further to swell the sum of the colonists' grievances came the emancipation of the slaves, and the manner in which the British bungled that great act of justice. They had provided a sum of £20,000,000 as compensation to the owners of 800,000 slaves throughout the Empire, but the portion available for the 39,000 slaves of the Cape turned out to be about £1,250,000, or two-fifths of their value. This two-fifths became one-fifth when agents stepped in to discount the claims, which were payable only in London, and many owners, whose slaves like other property were heavily mortgaged, found themselves facing ruin.

This happened just at the time when the farmers had every reason to be disgusted with the attitude of the Government generally, when they had good reason to believe that there was no protection for them on the frontier and that British officialdom was prejudiced in favour of the black man, and when the interior spaces of Africa were beckoning as never before.

In their records of this period, the Boers have been careful to explain that the emancipation of the slaves was not one of their reasons for trekking. Their word can be

accepted. The lot of the slaves had been lighter at the Cape than anywhere else in the world, and the Boer, good Christian as he was, could not object to so Christian a measure as their liberation. Their principal grievance was the manner in which the emancipation had been effected, and although the slave population in the districts from which the trekkers came was small, this grievance was well founded. A community whose habits had been based on slavery from the beginning had a right to expect that the Government, abolishing that basis in the name of humanity, would take adequate measures to safeguard the economic stability of the country. This, too, would have been no more than humane.

Yet, it must be admitted, the Boers had another reason arising out of the emancipation, and perhaps a more fundamentally important reason, for trekking. They objected to the manner of emancipation; they complained of the withholding of a vagrancy law to check thieving; but they also resented what seemed to them to be a definite policy of giving the black man equality with the white, of placing him on an equal footing with Christians. One has to live in South Africa a matter of a few months to understand this attitude, for it exists to-day and is the main motive behind the popular demand to "keep the black man in his place".

6

The Bantu, as the black or dark brown peoples of southern Africa are called—it is their own word for "people"—were not in the country when the Europeans arrived in the seventeenth century. They were still moving down from the north, crossing the Limpopo River which is to-day the northern border of the Transvaal, their southernmost tribes spreading down the coast that Da Gama had called Natal. The Bantu—Zulus, Basutos, Bechuanas, Kosas, Matabele, as their principal southern divisions are named—are a vigorous and stalwart people, of a vitality that has stood the test of contact with a higher civilization. Many a white in South Africa would like to forget their presence, and often does; but the story of the Bantu has been bound up with that of the Europeans for nearly two

centuries, and thinking people are more and more beginning to realize that the future of South Africa is a future not only for white men, but for white and black, and, probably, for varying shades of colour in between.

When the Dutch arrived at the Cape, the greater part of what is now the Union was occupied by the Bushmen, occupied in the sense that it was their hunting ground. The Bushmen were a relic of the Stone Age, small, sallow-skinned folk, with foxlike faces; the men with protuberant stomachs, the women with enormous buttocks and considered beautiful on that account. They were wanderers and lived by hunting and preying on the possessions of other men. Therefore the hand of society, whether Bantu, Hottentot, or European, was against them, and their history has been one of gradual extermination. They are still to be found to-day in the Kalahari Desert, and such strangers are they to white civilization that, in 1936, a group of them was exhibited at the Empire Exhibition, Johannesburg, as human curiosities. But the vanishing Bushman has left curious traces of his existence among the present peoples of South Africa, queer clicks in various Bantu dialects, and, stranger still, paintings on the walls of caves in different parts of the country. For the Bushman was the primitive artist of Africa, and the culture that has destroyed him, to-day preserves and values his art.

The Hottentots, with whom the whites first came into contact at the Cape (they slew a Portuguese viceroy in 1510 and thus falsely established a reputation for great ferocity), were an olive-yellow pastoral people, flat-nosed, thick-lipped and slight of build. In culture they were about half-way between the Copper and Iron Ages; they occupied the coastal regions, and were among Van Riebeeck's first slaves. They were not numerous, their tribal system was destroyed by an outbreak of smallpox in 1713, and few full-blooded Hottentots survive to-day.

The inevitable clash between black and white came in the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the Europeans were spreading their scattered settlements north-east, and the Bantu flood, with the Kosa tribes in the van, was coming south-west. There were nine Kaffir wars (as the conflicts with the Kosas are termed) during the hundred years from 1779, besides several Basuto and Zulu

wars that attended the advance of European communities into the interior. They were the result of the clash of two civilizations, each of which considered it had a perfect right to its own territory and that of the other. The advantage of the fighting was mostly with the white men and their firearms, but the naked bronze warriors armed with assegais were always more numerous, and, it must be granted them, were daring, cunning and reckless warriors.

Here were no Bushmen to exterminate or Hottentots to enslave. In the Bantu, the European met an opponent worthy of his mettle, and the struggle which began with cattle-rustling across the Fish River, the early frontier, was to continue for generations. The Bantu, savage though he might be, knew his rights.

"This country is mine!" the old half-naked Kosa Chief, Ndlambe, once declared, stamping his foot before a Colonial officer sent to parley with him. "I won it in war, and I intend to keep it." It was a point of view which every European who knows his own history will readily appreciate.

And so the fight went on, first between the colonists and the Kosas who burned the white men's homesteads, stole their cattle, killed and were killed; then between the Boer trekkers and the Zulus of Natal, whom the monstrous Chief Chaka had turned into the greatest military power among the Bantu; between the trekkers and the Matabele of the Transvaal, offspring of the Zulus; and between the Boers and the Basutos, a nation established in a mountain stronghold, Thaba Bosigo, "Mountain of Night", by Moshesh, a petty captain who became the greatest Bantu statesman. From those days the Boers, and to a lesser extent the English, inherited their fear and hatred of the black man, who always outnumbered them, who could muster thousands against the white hundreds, and who plundered and massacred their small communities. From those days, too, came the slave idea, which down to the present governs the relationship of white towards black, which keeps the black man in a costly subjection, and which is the chief drawback to the development of the country.

7

Slaves reached the Cape hard on the heels of the white men, who demanded, as they have ever since demanded, cheap and plentiful labour. Van Riebeeck imported slaves for his free burghers, who complained of the cost of labour and wanted higher prices for their produce. Subsequently, others were imported, among them all shades of the coloured races—Malays from the East Indies, negroes from the east and west coasts of Africa, and the mixed-blooded natives of Madagascar. From these and the Europeans among whom they dwelt arose that yellow-brownish half-caste population, to be found mostly in the Cape Province, a people pitied by the whites, despised by the blacks, "God's Stepchildren", as the novelist, Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, has so aptly named them.

As early as 1717, the Governor of the Cape was faced with the question as to whether the work of the colony was to be done by free white men or by slaves. The Directors of the Company were not satisfied with the progress of the settlements, and one of the matters that they asked Governor de Chavonnes and his Council to inquire into was the comparative merits of white and slave labour. This was a question destined to arise again and again in the history of the country. Had it been answered differently to start with, and had the Council taken the right turning, subsequent generations might have had the courage to do likewise. But only one man, Dominique de Chavonnes, the Governor's brother, rose to speak for free labour; and he was outvoted.

Let the point be made clear. The choice was not so much between white and black as between free labour and slave labour, and so it has remained down to our own day. The problem is even more urgent in the twentieth than it was in the eighteenth century, and therefore it is worth noting what Dominique de Chavonnes had then to say in favour of the free man's work. While the rest of the Council were saying that white labour was lazy, unreliable and expensive, he insisted that two white men could do the work of three slaves; that if a white man cost

twice as much as a slave, he would spend twice as much to the benefit of all concerned; that lack of slaves would breed habits of industry; and that the smaller farms to which the white men would have to limit themselves if deprived of slave labour, would be more efficiently worked. But the Council paid no heed to Dominique de Chavonnes' plea, and neither, broadly speaking, have any councils since then.

8

The Great Trek of Boer farmers out of the Cape Colony and away from British rule, which took place between the years 1835 and 1840, is one of the living things in present-day South Africa. Of all the movements inland away from irksome Government control at the Cape, this was *the greatest and the most far-reaching in its results*. It led to the establishment of two Republics, it created a great tradition, and it has been used both to inspire the people and to divide them.

When the centenary of the Great Trek was celebrated in 1938, the Afrikaner section of the people, from one end of the country to the other, was swept with a tremendous wave of enthusiasm, which might have kindled like feeling among the English, had not the event been used by the anti-Government section for political ends. As it was, the English, never stinting in their admiration of the Trekkers, showed no more than a polite interest, and the most active of the anti-British, anti-Government and anti-Democratic parties existing to-day can be traced back to that year and to that celebration.

It is likely that had the outlook of the Government not proved so unacceptable to the Boers, they still would have trekked into the interior. It would, however, have been a different kind of trek. The farmers had been trekking from the earliest days, and Boers had crossed the Orange River, the northern frontier of the colony, before the Voortrekkers, as those who trekked—"pulled out"—in the period 1835-1840 have become known to history. There was an earth waiting for the hand of the white man, and the Boers would have been much less adventurous and vital than in fact they were, had they resisted

its invitation. But the main difference between the Great Trek and the movement that preceded it was that it was a deliberate undertaking, the purpose of which was to obtain release from obnoxious rule, and to set up new communities, under their own form of government, in the interior. That was their aim and that is what the Boers ultimately achieved.

There have been greater treks in history than the Great Trek of the South African Boers, greater in the numbers of people involved and in the distance traversed. The Voortrekkers numbered only about three thousand, and they trekked from six hundred to eight hundred miles. But greatness is not assessed in numbers or by comparisons. The Great Trek was a heroic undertaking, initiated in a spirit of independence which it is good to see among men, and carried out with great fortitude. The Boers, a tough, pioneering, hard-living people, travelling in heavy, stout-beamed, covered wagons, did what they could not have done a century later, what cannot be done in our own times, when the sign "Occupied" is prominently displayed over all the regions of the earth. Dissatisfied with the State that had in various ways grown up around them, they set forth into the wilderness to found a State of their own beyond the horizon. They trekked as the Pilgrim Fathers had trekked, and as the Huguenots, their ancestors, had trekked before them.

It is worth noting that at this time there was none of that racialism that is so conspicuous a feature of the South African scene to-day. Boer antagonism had been aroused not by the British colonists, but by the Government and its unsympathetic administration. The British settlers who had in 1820 been received with kindness by the Boers, now reciprocated that cordiality when the Boers and not they were the travellers. In the Museum at Pretoria, there is a massive Bible which the British inhabitants of Grahamstown presented to a party of Trekkers passing through the town northwards, "as a farewell token of their esteem and a heartfelt regret at their departure".

Racialism and bitterness came later, when the Boers, though beyond the borders of the Colony, found that the British still claimed sovereignty over them as British sub-

jects; that when they had broken the Zulu power in Natal after suffering grievous losses, the British, who had been on the coast before them, stepped in and claimed the territory; and that when they settled beyond the Orange River, the Governor of the Cape declared British dominion between that river and the Vaal. English traders in Natal had suffered and helped the Boers in their fight against the Zulus. But the good that this might have bred was undone, and the Boers trekked again across the Vaal—the Dun-Coloured River—to the Transvaal.

Still there was no end to British blundering in South Africa. The British Government, preoccupied with growing tension in Europe, soon decided to rid itself of what seemed the worthless and expensive possession north of the Orange River, and actually did so, in 1854, against the protests of a considerable section of the inhabitants, who feared the power of the Basutos more than they disliked British rule.

Soon there were two Boer Republics. To start with, there were even more—at one time as many as four incipient States in the territory north of the Vaal. For just as there are jealousies and parties among the Afrikaners to-day, so was there division then among the Trekkers. They had trekked not in a body, but in parties which, though helping each other in war, were at loggerheads in peace. The rival factions carried their quarrels even to the point of civil war, if you can call that war in which men wept when they shed the blood of their opponents and prayed God to remember that the other side was also Christian. But two Republics eventually emerged; one, the Orange Free State, between the Orange and Vaal Rivers, and the other, the South African Republic, beyond the Vaal.

Both Republics were then in a precarious position, for both were without finances and both were threatened by powerful native tribes. The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley, just beyond the Orange Free State border, or what was adjudged to be beyond the border, came to save one, and the gold of the Rand saved the other—only to work its ruin fourteen years later.

Within a few years, the Orange Free State, this piece of abandoned country, a sort of no-man's-land between two

rivers, blossomed into an "ideal commonwealth", as Lord Bryce, statesman and jurist, called it, "the kind of commonwealth which the fond fancy of the philosophers of the last century painted", one of the two best administered States in the world (the other being Switzerland). More interesting still for our present purposes, this little Republic, whose white population of 80,000 included a large proportion of English, was demonstrating that Boer and Briton could live together and build a State together in harmony, just when the Transvaal was demonstrating that it could not be done. Here, however, there were complications, the first of which was one more caprice of British policy, and the second of which was the discovery of the great gold reef of the Witwatersrand and the consequent influx of "uitlanders"—"outlanders", foreigners—into the new Republic.

In 1877, the British, on the grounds that the Transvaal was bankrupt and exposed to a threatened attack of the Zulus, annexed the Transvaal and committed one of their greatest blunders in South Africa. Granted that the Transvaal was weakened by dissension among the people and lack of authority in the Government, the act was still a blunder, and if it was not the actual beginning of Boer-British racialism, was its strengthening and confirmation. Three years later came the first Anglo-Boer War with its minor but humiliating reverses to British arms, and, a new policy ruling at Westminster, the Republic was handed back to the Boers. But the wrong of 1877 could not be undone. The Republic was now united as never before under the iron hand of Paul Kruger, and in the eyes of the world had gained status and prestige.

9

Wisely did President Kruger observe one day in 1885, when a deputation came triumphantly to acquaint him with the discovery of a gold reef:

"Do not talk to me of gold, the element which brings more dissension, misfortune, and unexpected plagues than benefits in its train. . . . I tell you to-day that every ounce of gold taken from the bowels of our soil will yet have to be weighed up with rivers of tears. . . ."

Thus to foresee was characteristic of the man's native sagacity; to prevent the evils that were to flow from the gold discoveries would have been superhuman. And President Kruger was anything but that. He had built up the South African Republic with the power of his spirit and his personality; he hated the British, from whose rule he had trekked at the age of ten; and his ideal was Boer dominance. His conception of nationhood was patriarchal. His Boers had created this State out of the wilds. Though gold and the Uitlanders, who, in a white population of about 245,000, came to outnumber the Boers by two to one, had brought prosperity to the Republic, was it to be handed over to them, a people whom he once addressed to their faces in Johannesburg as "Burghers, friends, murderers, thieves and robbers"? So he denied them the franchise, though they paid nine-tenths of the taxes, and he burdened them with vexatious monopolies.

On the face of it, here was a clear case of taxation without representation. But the extraordinary and complicated situation which obtained in the Transvaal cannot be reduced to such a convenient simplification. The Boers saw their hard-won independence slipping into the hands of a horde of gold-seekers, who at first despised the citizenship they afterwards demanded, and who to make matters worse mostly spoke English, though they were of many nationalities. Could they be blamed for hanging on to their State, determined to keep it as their own? That is pure sentiment, no doubt; but sentiment is a powerful force in the destiny of all nations, and has to be respected.

With another man as President, things might, conceivably, have gone differently. Kruger was great in his will-power, in his shrewdness, in the rugged force of his personality, and the granite character that kept him to his chosen path. But his conception of nationhood was too narrow for the forces that had arisen within the State, and it permitted of no compromise. Kruger had the faults of his greatness, and was like the hero of tragedy who carries within himself his own downfall.

Against him rose the other colossus of southern Africa, Cecil John Rhodes, Oxford graduate, Kimberley millionaire, and empire builder, who envisaged one

united British South Africa stretching from the Cape to the Zambesi and beyond. He had got round to the north of the Transvaal and established his Rhodesias, but in the way towards the fulfilment of his ideal of one South Africa stood the Boer patriarch, clinging to his Republic. That ideal would assuredly have been achieved in its own time, but Rhodes was an empire builder in a hurry. He had come to South Africa as a tubercular youth whom a doctor had given about six months to live. Sun and the dry climate had done for him more than could have been contained in the doctor's philosophy, but Rhodes knew that he could not hope for a long life. Time was short, and there was much to do.

In his haste he nearly ruined all, for he made possible the Raid into the Transvaal on December 29, 1895, which, led by Dr. Jameson, his lieutenant, and designed to overthrow Kruger's Government, ended in fiasco and shame. Rhodes, who would have called off the Raid at the last moment had it not moved beyond his reach, had to resign from the Premiership of the Cape Colony and seek redemption amid the Matopos of his Rhodesia. Here was another hero of tragedy, self-driven inexorably towards his doom. For all his haste, with only six more years to live, he was never to see the promised land of a united South Africa.

The Raid was another British blunder in South Africa, and an additional reason for bitterness, mistrust and hatred.

10

When one considers the problem across the gap of fifty years, it is practically impossible to escape the conclusion that the question was not, would the Transvaal remain independent, but "for how long?" The destiny of the Republic, both Republics, was tied up with that of the other Anglo-Dutch States of South Africa, where the same people had the same economic problems and were similarly placed as against the world at large. As surely as Fate had decreed that British and Dutch were to be at loggerheads in Africa, so surely had it also decided that they were to be bedfellows. And the question as to how

long the Transvaal could remain independent resolved itself into other questions. Would the Boers come to realize that their future lay, not in isolation, but in partnership, even with the people whose presence they most resented? Would they reconcile themselves to merging their own identity as a pastoral people with that of a greater unity? Would the British give them time to come round to this way of thinking? Would the European powers, including an increasingly bellicose Germany now stretching a hand into Africa, allow the British to wait? The powers were jockeying for position, and the British Empire had to secure one of its back doors. A peaceful solution in South Africa called for men of great and long vision on the Boer side, and men of immense sympathy on the British; Boers with a philosophical outlook, Britons with patience. What actually happened was, that Kruger stood at the head of the Republic, firm as a rock in his faith, expressing all that was unbending and irreconcilable in his people; and the spearhead of British ambitions was firstly, the imperialistic Rhodes, and finally, a pro-consul, Sir Alfred (afterwards Viscount) Milner, High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape Colony.

The last scene before catastrophe was played out between these two men, the cultured representative of the English ruling classes, proud, wise and iron-willed, and the burly President, in his tightly buttoned frock-coat, astute, and equally strong-willed. No two men could have been more ill-assorted for talking out a crisis to sweet reason and compromise, especially in the atmosphere of mistrust that now existed. But Fate arranges its own little ironies.

They met in Bloemfontein on May 31, 1899, and the discussion went on in terms such as these:

KRUGER: I understand from His Excellency's arguments that if I really do not give the whole management of my land and government to the strangers there is nothing to be done.

MILNER: I must protest against His Honour's repeated assertions that my proposals amount to his giving over his land to strangers. It is not my intention, nor is such a result likely to be produced by anything I have suggested.

KRUGER: If His Excellency wishes me to take advice from someone who has nothing to do with the government of the State, who then governs?

MILNER: Why not have an advising Council, to be made up of those who are not burghers of the State, but who represent the interests of the uitlander community?

KRUGER: How can strangers rule my State? How is it possible?

Eventually, the President, who was now seventy-four years old, broke down and cried:

"It is our country you want, it is our country you want!"

War was declared in October. The Orange Free State threw in its lot with the sister Republic. Eight months later, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg and Pretoria had been occupied by the British, but the "fight for two koppies", as it had been called, dragged on for nearly two more years, during which the struggle on the veld grew sterner, and in England Englishmen quarrelled violently over British policy. When the war finally came to an end in May, 1902, it had cost many millions in money and many thousands in lives, and to South Africa's uneasy heritage it had added another burden of anguish and dark remembrances.

CHAPTER III

HOLISM AND POLITICS

Forty years have passed since (the Boers, acknowledging defeat, accepted the British peace terms at Vereeniging, a little town on the Vaal River, between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—) forty years which have seen enormous changes come over the entire aspect of southern Africa. During that period the Boer has emerged as the Afrikaner, with his own language, his own literature, and the beginnings of a culture. He is no longer the farmer or pastoralist, rearing his cattle, growing his maize, keeping his distance from the urban communities except when they are his markets. He has come into the towns, crowded into the mines that once were his foes, into the railways, into the Civil Service and all the Departments of State.

The British terms at Vereeniging had been generous—recognition of the Dutch language, a grant of £3,000,000 to repair the ravages of war, a large development loan, and the promise of self-government at some future time. Above all, the spirit behind the treaty and its subsequent application was, in effect, an acknowledgment that South Africa would have to look after its own affairs and that its future was to be moulded by the people who lived in it. At last, Britain had seen the light in Africa; the period of Imperial interference was over and the country was to be allowed to develop along natural lines, along lines largely determined, of course, by its inescapable past, but increasingly influenced by the strengthening forces of the present.

In forty years the Boers have shown that if they lost the war, they could triumph over its crushing adversities and proceed to win the peace. That is what has happened. True, it was a peace which, despite friction, has proved, all-round, acceptable. It was a victory which was aided by sections of the English, just as the maintenance of the British connection was aided and promoted by sections of the Afrikaners.

Ever since the Union of 1910, which at last brought the old Republics into partnership with the two British colonies, the British in South Africa have been content to live under a Government headed by an Afrikaner. Britons and Boers, who were enemies forty years ago, have fought side by side in two wars, and are still fighting. A Boer general, one of the most troublesome to the British in the war of 1899-1902, but the most far-sighted of all who fought on either side in those two and a half years, has risen to the highest councils of the Empire. All this is a vindication not only of Afrikaner character and capacity for tolerance, but also of British liberalism and British policy in South Africa, which has made no mistakes since the beginning of the century. It is as though the British, having brought the country within their sphere and united it, were prepared to consider all accounts settled, and leave the new State to direct its own future, even when that direction might go contrary to British interests.

There are those who say that British policy has been wrong, and that it was a great mistake for Britain, having conquered the country, "to hand it back to the Boers"; as they put it. It is certain of the English, of course, who say this—not openly, but usually in whispers, to each other, when Afrikaner pinpricking has been more irritating than usual and Afrikaners in authority have been indulging an old desire of "getting their own back". But whispers are usually quite as important as the loud accusation or re-creation, and are best brought into the open and answered.

By the "handing back of the country to the Boers" is meant, firstly, the granting of Responsible Government to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State within five years of the Treaty of Vereeniging, and secondly, the creation of the Union of South Africa as a self-governing Dominion in 1910. The Afrikaners, or Afrikaans-speaking people, have always been in the majority in South Africa, and at present constitute about sixty per cent of the population. In 1910 memories of the Republics and the war were still vivid in people's minds, and nowhere more so than in the minds of the conquered. The British, now in the position of a political minority, could be pardoned for fearing that the Afrikaner in power would "take it out of them" and

rule the country in a manner inimical to Britain. But for once the popular conception of things proved wrong, and the statesmen proved wiser than their people. Lord Selborne, then High Commissioner, and the officials whom Milner had left behind, were all for Union; so was Louis Botha, Boer general and then Premier of the Transvaal; so was General Smuts and other Afrikaner leaders. Union was achieved in the face of inter-provincial jealousies, misgivings on the part of the English, and suspicions on the part of the Afrikaners.

Subsequent events have proved that the granting of self-government and Dominion status to Anglo-Boer South Africa was an act of far-seeing and great statesmanship, the greatest that can be placed to the credit of Britain or of anyone in South Africa. It was an act which went as far as anything possibly could to wipe away all the blunders of the previous century. It was a new beginning for the country, enabling its two peoples to start afresh and build a State together. It was also a manifestation of a new conception of imperialism and was to show the way to newer conceptions still. Doubtless the country is more Afrikaans than it would have been under direct British rule; doubtless the Afrikaners have introduced changes and measures distasteful to the English, but they did it constitutionally. They have certainly used their majority for their own advantage, but not, I maintain, more than they were entitled to.

A country, in the long run, belongs to the people who inhabit it and work it; and when one examines the course of events in the Union for the past thirty years, and takes into account the fact that roughly sixty per cent of the people are Afrikaner and forty per cent British, that law has been operating precisely and justly.

Moreover, the benefits to the British cause in its most liberal and democratic aspects, resulting from the Act of Union in 1910, have been direct and important. It brought a large and influential Afrikaner opinion over to the side of the Empire and the freedom for which it stood and which it could bestow, as nothing else could have done. The trust it placed in the people of South Africa was not betrayed, and liberty and free institutions have flourished among them as well as they possibly could have

done in the circumstances in which they were placed. It is proper to mention here that there is a large section of the South African population, namely, seven million Bantu, that knows little of the free institutions of democracy; but this is another tale to be unfolded in its rightful place.

The point to mark at present is that Britain's statesmanship in 1910 was rewarded in 1914. It was natural for the Afrikaners to harbour resentment against their former foe, in spite of the latter's amends. It is not surprising that when war broke out in Europe in 1914, sections of the Boers saw an opportunity to profit by Britain's pre-occupation and went into rebellion, hoping to overthrow the Government and enlist German aid from South-West Africa. Britain had cause for anxiety. The German army was on the Marne, and a German naval squadron, after defeating a British squadron off Chile, seemed to be making eastwards for the Cape of Good Hope. But this rebellion was South Africa's affair. Botha went into the field to quell it, keeping the predominantly British regiments in the background so as to give the conflict no racial aspect. It was Afrikaners against Afrikaners, and this time, though there were regrets, there were no tears and no prayers. Boers subdued the rebellion of their own people, and before long joined the British in conquering German South-West Africa and German East Africa, and even went to the battlefields of France.

This could not have happened had Britain maintained the attitude of the conqueror in South Africa; and imposed her direction on an unwilling people instead of letting them find their own. It was the result of the bold, frank and generous outlook adopted by Britain's statesmen in 1910, and a striking justification of it. Without it, things might have gone far differently in 1914 and the ensuing years, and Britain's troubles in South Africa would have been endless.

2

Since Union there have been two main tendencies of political thought, one going parallel with the Empire and the other diverging from it. The extremists on one side

were the Little Englanders as they have often been called, and on the other, the Little Afrikaners as they should have been called. Union could unite four provinces but not two peoples, whose division could continue, conventions, agreements and acts of Parliament notwithstanding. Two years after Union, General Botha's first Cabinet was split. At a place called De Wildt, General J. B. M. Hertzog, then Minister of Native Affairs, delivered himself of a speech which was the beginning of a new phase in political rivalry. Since December 7, 1912, De Wildt has been a name of importance in South African political history. It is a wayside station in a farming district on the railway line from Rustenburg to Pretoria, and, in 1912, was little more than a name on a railway time-table. But South Africa has a way of throwing unimportant names into the political limelight, arising no doubt from the fact that politics, as it has been said, is one of its major industries, and in the country districts a political meeting is still the favourite form of relaxation. In later years, a place called Wakkerstroom was to provide another milestone on the road of party politics and in the career of General Smuts; and later still it was to be the turn of a place with a Scottish name, Germiston, to start a new chapter in the story of both Hertzog and Smuts.

When General Hertzog spoke at De Wildt in December, 1912, his audience of farmers and their wives stood around a group of tents that had been erected for his reception. Among other things, he told them that he believed in Imperialism only in so far as it benefited South Africa, and wherever it was at variance with the interests of South Africa he was strongly opposed to it. Explaining this remark two months later, in the Orange Free State, he added that as a subject of the British Empire he was in the first place a South African and then an Imperialist, a remark which was greeted with "wild cheers", according to a contemporary account.

To-day it is difficult to see why it should have been greeted with any cheers at all, in the Orange Free State of all places, and still more difficult to understand why it should have created a political sensation of the first magnitude. A few years ago, it was the fashion to display posters which urged the public, "Buy Empire Goods—

South Africa First", to which no one ever thought of objecting, least of all South African industrialists, who were mostly English. What seems remarkable about General Hertzog's speech at De Wildt is not that he should have considered himself a South African first and an Imperialist second, but that he should have considered himself an Imperialist at all. Such a speech would be inconceivable to-day, for fashions have changed, the term "imperialist" is outmoded, and if the idea exists at all, it is certainly not the idea that General Hertzog then had in mind.

The De Wildt speech was in fact merely a climax. General Hertzog had been showing increasing annoyance with the Unionist Party, the party which was in Opposition and which, briefly, put the Empire first and South Africa second. He had stigmatized its leaders as "foreign fortune-seekers" or "adventurers", and unburdened himself of the opinion that the two white peoples must be left free to develop in two streams. His education policy in the Orange Free State, where, before Union, he was Minister of Education, had made him extremely unpopular with the English section, and the De Wildt speech was the culmination of months of tactless behaviour on his part. That was his chief crime, tactlessness. General Botha resigned and re-formed his Cabinet without General Hertzog. When Hertzog subsequently formed the Nationalist Party, the fight was on.

At first the two protagonists in the field were Botha and Hertzog. Botha, one of the most prominent of the Boer generals, was the most beloved man in the country, respected and held in great affection by Afrikaner and Englishman alike. Twelve years after the Treaty of Vereeniging he was fighting for Britain (and for South Africa) and he conquered German South-West Africa. He was a man of wide sympathies, approachable by high and low, and his personality was felt throughout the State. When he died in 1919, it seemed at first that there was no one to take his place, for General Smuts, who succeeded him as Prime Minister, was neither so well known nor so well liked. His was a colder personality, not the kind that could make a common man feel his equal. It is only in late years that he has become truly popular and revered.

For more than twenty years, the two principal opponents on the political scene were Smuts and Hertzog, not Boer and Englishman this time, but Boer and Boer, Afrikaner and Afrikaner. Both showed themselves men of ideals, courage and doggedness of purpose; but Smuts has always been preoccupied with the big things, Hertzog too much trammelled with the little things; Smuts, as a man of vision, as a philosopher and a botanist, has always tried to put the details of the present into their proper place and view them in their rightful perspective; Hertzog was too much tied to his own ideas, fond of carrying them into subtle refinements, and, though displaying for the most part clear singleness of purpose, sometimes, at a crisis, giving that purpose a bewildering turn.

The faces of these two men offer the same contrast as their personalities. They have often appeared on one photograph, and I am thinking in particular of one that was taken at the time of the National Convention that led to Union, showing Smuts with head poised as though trying to look at things from afar, and Hertzog with his dour chin well dug into the present and its grievances.

Hertzogism is a waning, if not a spent force in South Africa to-day. But for twenty years, with its insistence on Afrikaner equality (which to the English seemed very much like Afrikaner dominance) and its constant fraying at the links with the Empire, Hertzogism was the dominating factor in Union politics.

3

Both Smuts and Hertzog were guerilla leaders in the Anglo-Boer War, both had come from the Cape Colony where they had been born as British subjects, and both had gone into soldiering for the Republics after serving them at law. James Barry Munnik Hertzog (whose Christian names, it is worth noting, show no racialism) was born in 1866, four years before Jan Christiaan Smuts. He had his first schooling in Kimberley in the camp of the diamond diggers. It was a strange place for a Prime Minister or any man to start his education, a settlement that had sprung up beside a hole in the ground, a hole that has been growing bigger and bigger ever since.

From the hole in the ground he went to Victoria College, Stellenbosch (now the University of Stellenbosch), an institution which has produced men prominent in both political camps, but in recent years has been productive of reactionary tendencies. He took his B.A. degree and then proceeded to Holland to learn his law in Amsterdam. Here he took no part in sport, read works on abstruse subjects and went for long rambles into the country. He was, as one can imagine, a most serious and conscientious student who, in due course, was rewarded with the Doctorate of Laws. Returning to his own country he found that his Dutch degree was not recognized at the Cape, but was recognized in the Republics. He preferred Pretoria to Bloemfontein until 1895, when he was offered a judgeship in the Orange Free State High Court and became a judge at twenty-nine. For young men with talent and training there were indeed no countries like the two Republics.

During the Anglo-Boer War, Judge Hertzog, as legal adviser to the Free State High Command, might have led a comparatively comfortable life, but he preferred a more arduous and dangerous course. Making his way into the western parts of the Republic, among the burghers who, discouraged by defeats, had gone "huistoe" (homewards), he roused them from despair, and led them in guerilla operations that harried the British forces hard put to it to conquer a country they had defeated. He even carried the war into the north-western Cape.

When peace came, he was one of those who led the Afrikaner revival, determined that if his people were to regain their self-respect, they must insist on their language, on the political equality they had won at Vereeniging, and on their own institutions. The Afrikaner people had to survive in spite of the British and in spite of the Empire, and he took the road that led to De Wildt and the formation of the Nationalist Party. Botha and Smuts had come to a like decision, but they had taken a broader path where there was elbow room for South Africans, both English-speaking and Afrikaans-speaking. When General Hertzog spoke of South Africans one could not be quite sure that he did not intend the Afrikaners to do the elbowing.

4

About the only place in the world where the greatness of Jan Smuts is questioned is South Africa. It is the old story of the prophet at home. The people of a small town never cease to marvel at the success of one of their townsmen. They knew him as one of themselves; they knew him doing the same little things as they did, sharing the same petty pleasures and the same animosities. What, they ask, can the world see in him? It is the same in a small country, where people are close to one another in a social proximity which mere space cannot destroy. They constantly see each other close up, and, constantly looking at the blemishes, dissecting the unevennesses, they miss the effect of the whole character and the whole person—and the whole, as Smuts has written a book to demonstrate, is always greater than the sum of the parts.

So it has been with Smuts in South Africa. They have constantly measured him by his reaction to their own, sometimes petty, problems; to their own disputes, their own rivalries and prejudices. And, unable to take in the lines of the man, the grandeur of his figure as a whole, they have seen a statesman who is no greater than the scene in which he acts, and the scene, the narrow, parochial affair that they have made it.

There was a time when in his own country Smuts was commonly referred to as "Slim Jan" (Crafty Jan) by English and Afrikaners alike. That was because, they told themselves, he often did things in a way they did not approve of, or gained a point in a way that seemed over-subtle. The truth was that they felt the presence of a superior intelligence, or, to put it colloquially, that he was too clever for them; and their reaction was the primitive reaction against a force not entirely understood.

Nothing has better illustrated this attitude than the scepticism with which the average South African, English as well as Afrikaner, received accounts of Smuts' reception in England on his various visits there, of the honours accorded him, and of the enthusiasm he inspired among the people.

The English South African said that it was the romantic English crowd who saw in Smuts the Boer hero, the guerilla fighter who had given them so much trouble early in the century, and who was now championing their cause; it was the English crowd going sentimental over a gallant soldier. They wondered whether all this fuss about Smuts in England was wise, and whether it was really good for South Africa.

The Afrikaners had another version. This was the cunning British way of winning them over to the side of Britain and the Empire, and they made up their minds that they were not going to be taken in. In this sense, the British, in taking Smuts so warmly to their hearts, really did South Africa no good, and probably did him some harm. It made the Afrikaners feel that he was more distant from them than ever, and confirmed their suspicions that he was going British. Six years after he had sat in the British War Cabinet, the only Dominion leader to do so, five years after he had helped Woodrow Wilson to draft the Covenant of the League of Nations, his own Afrikaners rejected him and put an end to his premiership. True, many things had happened since 1919 to set them against him, but British admiration of Smuts was among them.

During late years, the attitude of both sections of the people has undergone change. The Afrikaners have acknowledged that he is one of them, and perhaps never so much theirs as in the ripeness and maturity of his years. They have taken a pride, grudgingly, at times, in his greatness overseas, and found satisfaction in the reflection that one of their Boers was, apparently, able to instruct the British. The English-speaking South Africans, on the other hand, have been thinking that possibly the folk in the Old Country were right all the time, that they saw the man in his full stature; they saw him big in big things, while his own countrymen saw him only in the little things, in which he was as much open to criticism as any man. Smuts has ever shown impatience with small things, irritation with callers who bothered him on trivial matters, but has always been ready to discuss the big and fundamental questions, believing that once the big issues were settled, the details would arrange themselves.

If, during thirty years, Hertzog emerged as the champion of nationalism in South Africa, Smuts has stood above nationalism, convinced that patriotism was not enough, and that there was a greater ideal than nationalism. His enemies may argue that if he has transcended nationalism, it is the nationalism of his own Afrikaners and not the nationalism of the British Empire, or, as it is more correctly called to-day, the British Commonwealth of Nations. They will be wrong. Smuts has not denied nationalism, nor the right of small nations to their own identity, their own existence and their own ideals. They are to him the parts of the whole which he constantly keeps in mind, parts which, while they lack the qualities possessed by the whole, still have their own well-being to be considered. When Europe had to be reconstructed after the 1914-1918 wreckage, it was Smuts who, coming from a small nation himself, turned his thoughts to "the small nations, the embryo states, the derelict territories". It seemed to him and to Wilson "impossible to put the fate of these lost ones into the hands of nominal victors hardly less lost than themselves", as Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin has wisely written in her biography of Smuts.

As one of the principal architects of the League of Nations, Smuts showed that he was capable of thinking beyond the British Commonwealth, just as, earlier in his career, his thoughts had gone beyond Boer republicanism. The failure of the League does not invalidate the outlook of Smuts, or of Woodrow Wilson, or of the other men who planned the Covenant. Their structure was of human creation and subject to human error, and its failure was as much the result of the frailty of the people for whom it was meant as of those who built it. Posterity will probably decide that the League was ahead of its time (which is almost as great a sin as being out of date), and that it was a mansion despoiled by people who proved themselves unworthy, as yet, of inhabiting it. In his conception of the League, as in his earlier political activity, Smuts demonstrated his belief that nationalism and internationalism must go hand in hand, the smaller enriching the greater by its individuality, the whole giving the part qualities which it cannot in itself possess. English statesmen meant much the same thing when they said that the

Commonwealth was inclusive not exclusive, that it provided scope for other cultures than its own, and did not erase them.

5

It was almost impossible for Smuts, with his background of thought, to take up any other political standpoint. At Cambridge, the earnest young student who had come from a Cape farm, via Stellenbosch, wrote an analysis of the American poet, Walt Whitman, which was finished a year before the Jameson Raid. It was copied out for presentation to a publisher by his future wife. During the courtship he taught her Greek and they both studied botany.

In that book, which George Meredith declared sound though inopportune for publication, Smuts came to the conclusion that the determining force of life was an impulse towards wholeness that manifested itself in each individual by a power of growth from within. More than a generation later, when his theory of Holism had been given to the world, Smuts was to read this book of his youth, and, while acknowledging its puerility, declare: "In some respects it is better than *Holism and Evolution* written thirty years later."

Walt Whitman, A Study in the Evolution of Personality, was never published, but the idea which it contained grew steadily in the author's mind. A year after its completion, he was practising at the Transvaal Bar, and in 1898 Kruger picked out the brilliant young lawyer for his State Attorney, though he was only twenty-eight and two years under the statutory age of thirty. In the war that saw the downfall of Krugerism, a war which he tried to prevent by negotiation with the British agent at Pretoria almost until the last hour, State Attorney Smuts became Commandant-General Smuts; the man of thought became a man of action, the student a soldier. It was a translation that few men have been able to manage successfully, and in our own time has been done probably by only one other man, Lawrence of Arabia. The student accompanied the soldier on commando, and, leading the Boer guerillas through the Orange Free State and into the Cape, harassing the British troops for supplies, he carried

in his saddle-bag a Greek Testament and Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*.

Ten years later, after Union and the completion of another stage in his own career as well as in the history of South Africa, he turned once again to his theory of "Wholeness" and again wrote a book, *An Inquiry into the Whole*. This time he did not seek a publisher; no man has at forty the same confidence in his beliefs as at twenty-five. He kept the idea to himself, and it continued to grow and develop in his mind.

At length, in 1924, after his defeat at the polls and his supersession in the Premiership by Hertzog, "to shut out humiliation, disillusion, the sense of futility, the taunts and accusations of his victorious opponents", as Mrs. Millin writes, "he took up again the work he had done in 1910, to continue with it." Then, at sixty-four, during his first session as leader of the Opposition, he wrote the book that the world knows as *Holism and Evolution*, and accomplished another translation from the politician to the philosopher, a feat rare enough in the world at large as well as in South Africa to create, even among his own followers, a sense of bewilderment and an uneasy feeling that he was meddling with matters beyond his province.

They read explanations of his theory:

"Everything wants to be whole. Lower wholes give birth to higher wholes and become incorporated with them."

They scanned quotations:

"Electrons and protons, atoms and molecules, inorganic and organic compounds . . . are but some steps in this movement of Holism."

And perhaps again:

"This is a whole-making universe; it is the fundamental character of this universe to be active in the production of wholes, of ever more complete and advanced wholes. The evolution of the universe, organic and inorganic, is nothing but the record of this whole-making activity in its progressive development."

And all they did was to shrug their shoulders and say that the old man was a great fellow, but . . . they shrugged their shoulders.

If, however, we are to understand General Smuts's political outlook, we must pay some attention to his theory of Holism (a term he derived from the Greek word "holos") and, instead of leaving it to the philosophers to interpret and assess, we must to some extent try to familiarize ourselves with it. General Smuts has told his people more than once that this has been his guiding philosophy: "When I was young I saw a light, and I have followed that light ever since." He has applied the Holistic theory to every big situation in which he has found himself, whether that has been a South African, a British Commonwealth or a world situation—a simple fact which even his own public, his most enthusiastic supporters, have overlooked, believing that Holism, whatever it is, is something beyond the field of his politics, whereas it is the key to his entire political outlook.

We have his own words as authority for this. Speaking at the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, on September 21, 1927, he told how, returning from Cambridge, just before the Jameson Raid, he had found the situation in South Africa to be a problem in Holism. The country was torn by huge waves of racial strife. The Jameson Raid was followed by years of friction, culminating in the Anglo-Boer War, and the Boer War had left them again with a problem in Holism.

"We were left the fragments out of which we were to make a whole," he said, "and it was the problem of South African statesmen to follow up the ideal in the solution of our political problems. We did so, and I think not without success. Gradually we have seen emerging out of these discordant elements the lineaments of a new South Africa. We have not yet the whole, we have not yet a really unified South Africa, we have not yet attained to the unity which is our ideal. There is still too much of the old division and separation in our national elements, but still the effort has been made, and you see to-day in South Africa the biggest problem facing us is being solved along Holistic lines."

These remarks, it is worth noting, were made when Smuts was Leader of the Opposition, and when the intensely nationalistic Hertzog was at the helm in South Africa.

Looking at the world beyond South Africa, General Smuts again saw a problem in Holism.

"Where there should have been a united family of nations we saw the elements drifting apart, we saw disunity and disruption, and we saw in the end the greatest crash in the history of the world. When the Great War ended there was the same problem in Holism. I think the League of Nations is a genuine effort in reconstructing the broken front of European civilization, of once more reforming unity out of division and discord."

Smuts, therefore, applied his Holistic theory to South Africa; he applied it to the British Commonwealth; and, after the war, applied it to a stricken world in 1919. One may be quite sure that if General Smuts is called in to help in shaping the peace to follow this war, he will again do it on Holistic lines.

6

The names of Hertzog and Smuts represent two forces at work in South Africa—the national and the international, or, as I think Smuts might call the latter, the Holistic force. The two, it is important to mark, are not mutually exclusive, the one being a particular manifestation of the other. The conception of Holism does not rule out the existence of parts, or, as they should really be considered, minor wholes.

Hertzog, insisting passionately on the Afrikaner's linguistic rights, his right to equality in the Government Departments and the Civil Service, his right to his own cultural existence, was building up the Afrikaner nation, creating a whole out of it. And this had to be done if the Afrikaners were to survive as an entity after the Anglo-Boer War. Smuts, too, has realized this, and therefore he has never tried to undo Hertzog's work. He has tried to improve upon it according to his own lights; but he has never reversed the measures of the Hertzog Government—though he may still have to do so, in certain important issues, if he is to remain faithful to his own outlook.

The Hertzog Government introduced a national flag which restricted the use of the Union Jack in South Africa—a plainly anti-British measure which Smuts will never nullify. Hertzog gave the Afrikaners linguistic equality in the country; Smuts approves. Sovereign independence for South Africa and the other Dominions, which was defined in the Statute of Westminster, was largely the result

of Hertzog's efforts, and when he died in November, 1942, was recognized as his chief monument by friend and foe alike. It won Smuts's fullest approval. The Hertzog Government was, at times, guilty of minor measures designed, it seemed, merely to irritate the English. Smuts has not meddled with them. It may be argued that in this attitude he has merely followed a tenet of homely wisdom and left well alone, knowing that it was better not to open up old sores. But he was also following the general line of philosophy which tells him that the forces that do, are better than those which undo, and where the tendencies towards wholeness, the Holistic forces, exist, they are good.

The difference between Smuts and Hertzog is the difference between a man who has a world view and a man who has not; a man who can see his own country in the perspective of the world, and a man who does not wish to see beyond his own frontiers. Hertzog had his gaze focussed on his own country and mostly on his own people; Smuts has seen his own country as part of a great system or a great pattern. Hertzog would have broken away from the British Commonwealth if he could; Smuts would do so only if he thought that the Commonwealth as a "whole" was weak and inchoate, was, in other words, without the Holistic forces which alone justify its existence. In his universe there is no room for weaklings or degenerates. And thus he arrives at his conception of the Commonwealth, which is the best that any statesman has enunciated, and which he set forth in London, on May 15, 1917, at a banquet presided over by Lord French, one of his opponents in the field fifteen years earlier:

"You do not want to standardize the nations of the British Empire; you want to develop them towards greater, fuller nationality. These communities, the offspring of the Mother Country, or territories like my own, which have been annexed after the vicissitudes of war, must not be moulded on any one pattern. You want them to develop freely on the principles of self-government, and therefore your whole idea is different from anything that has ever existed before. That is the fundamental fact we have to bear in mind—that this British Commonwealth of Nations does not stand for standardization or denationalization, but for the fuller, richer, and more various life of all the nations comprised in it."

CHAPTER IV

GOLD AND NEUTRALITY

THE story of South Africa from 1910 to 1939 may be roughly summed up in the phrase: From the Act of Union to the Statute of Westminster. When Britain went to war with Germany in 1914, General Botha immediately informed the British Government that the Union recognized its obligations to the Empire and was prepared to defend its own territory. Even while General Hertzog's party was condemning the Union's participation in the war, the Government was taking steps to send a force against German South-West Africa.

In September, 1939, the Union was not at war until Parliament had debated the issue, until a Government had been defeated, and another Government had ranged the country on the side of Britain. Much had happened in a quarter of a century to make this difference possible. Whereas in 1914 it was assumed that if Britain was at war, so was the Union (and so were the other Dominions), this no longer held in 1939. New factors had arisen, new ideas had grown, and the British Statute of Westminster had proclaimed a new conception of Empire and Commonwealth. In South Africa those twenty-five years were a period of tussle between two political parties, which, while seemingly at variance over such issues as Capital and Labour, the Colour Bar, and the Gold Standard, were mainly disputing the nature of the British connection.

2

The political tug-of-war in South Africa since 1910 has been marked by much bitterness, much emphasis on the wrongs of the past and, on the whole, a poor standard of oratory. Neither of the two leaders could be called an orator either in his own or in the English language, Hertzog being the more forceful, and Smuts the more inspiring, though rarely succeeding in getting close to his audience.

Hertzog often became involved in intricate sentences which were the despair of reporters; Smuts, always anxious to make himself clear, sometimes resorts to commonplace phrases which destroy the effect of many a fine sentence. If anything, the Afrikaners have on the whole shown more eloquence on the political platform than the English—when, that is, they have been using their own tongue. Afrikaans, newly emerged from the people, has a colloquial power that good English lacks; and colloquialism invariably affects a crowd of voters more than refined expression and bookish words.

The restrained speech of even a fluent Englishman has often suffered by comparison with the volubility and the warm emotionalism of an Afrikaans speaker who has followed him at the same meeting. That emotionalism, given full rein at a meeting of Hertzog's Nationalists, has frequently brought an audience to a great pitch of excitement and sent them away glowing with patriotic zeal and anti-British fervour.

Not oratory, but animosity, has characterized the political struggle, not less so in the country, where the struggle has been mainly between Afrikaner and Afrikaner, than in the towns, where Afrikaners have been mostly opposed by English. In the country, politics took on the passion of a gospel; ministers of religion instructed their flocks how to vote and as good as led them to the polls. Even in the towns, a politician has always been able to draw quite as good an audience as a film star, and do it almost nightly at election times. At the end of each meeting there was always the vote of confidence, or the contrary, country audiences especially setting great store by this vote, which, of course, meant absolutely nothing.

From 1913 onwards, Hertzog's Nationalist Party gained steadily in power, gaining seats from Botha in 1915, during the Great War, and gaining still more from Smuts after Versailles, in 1920. In the following years Smuts had to absorb the Unionist Party in order to retain power, but even a good majority in Parliament could not stem the tide of the post-war slump. It had become clear that in spite of the four years' war, the world was still not a world for heroes to live in. Unemployment increased, wages showed a stubborn tendency to fall, and in 1922 came the

extraordinary episode that has since gone by the name of the Rand Revolt.

The Great War had brought prosperity to South Africa, or something that looked very much like it. The price of gold, the country's most valuable product, had risen; so had the cost of living and so had wages. Money was plentiful and many new industries flourished fitfully as long as they had not to compete with the imported article. The post-war reaction was inevitable, and was hastened by the falling price of gold and severe droughts, for which latter, the farmers, always prone to confuse natural with official authority, suspected that an iniquitous Government was probably to blame. Changing the colour of one's vote might not be an effective remedy for bad crops, but there was no better.

Gold is but a commodity, and if the cost of its production is higher than the price set upon it, it will not be mined, but will remain in the earth, a valueless metal. In 1922 there were those who would give the Rand no more than about ten or twenty years of life, and were gloomily contemplating the Gold City of Johannesburg barren and deserted. The price of gold was then just under £5 an ounce, having risen from £4 5s. since pre-war days, and, being to-day £8 8s. furnishes an excellent reason why Johannesburg is still a very flourishing city. But twenty years ago the low price of gold immediately threatened the existence of the low-grade mines, that is, the mines possessing poor ore carrying no more than about four or five pennyweights to the ton; and the outlook, admittedly, was not encouraging. The economic destiny of South Africa was hitched to gold, and its fortunes would rise or fall with the gold price.

The Witwatersrand gold mines announced wage cuts, and worse still, the opening up to non-Europeans of certain classes of mine work previously done by whites. All the instincts of the white worker were up in rebellion. This was breaking not only into his bread but also into his colour bar, and it would be difficult to say which he regarded as the more serious. There were 20,000 whites then working in the gold mines and 180,000 Bantu who were excluded from all skilled work. The black man gave his brawn and the white man his skill, an arrangement

which still obtains to-day. Gold mining is not easy work either for white or black, and one has only to descend a gold mine (one which is not kept as a show place for tourists) to be convinced that the miner is worthy of his hire, however high it may be. In those days the average earnings of a white miner were about £42 a month; while a native worker earned about a seventh of that.

The white miners saw their ascendancy in earnings and status threatened, and all 20,000 went on strike, taking their stand on wages and a white South Africa in which they were outnumbered by nine to one. The irony of the position was not appreciated, either then or in subsequent years when the cry of a "white South Africa" rang up and down the land.

Four years of war had familiarized the men who had returned and the world in general with violence. The strike took on an ugly aspect. The men formed themselves into commandos, drilled, tried to terrorize any sections of the community that were not with them, and brought the business of the Rand to a standstill. The struggle that had started between Labour and Capital quickly changed into one between the forces of revolt and the Government.

Smuts declared martial law and ordered troops to the Rand. The strikers hoped that the burgher commandos from the veld would side with them, and if they had, the conflict would have taken a grave turn for the Government. But the burghers had no time for strikers, whether English or Afrikaans, especially when these were represented as Socialists or Communists who marched under the Red Flag. There were clashes between troops and strikers, the former in some instances getting the worst of it. Blood was shed on both sides, and at one juncture it looked as though Johannesburg might fall into the hands of the rebels, who had their headquarters and were entrenched in the western suburb of Fordsburg. But the burgher commandos, brought in from the veld, stood firm for the Government; the strikers' commandos were dispersed; and finally Smuts ordered the shelling of their headquarters at Fordsburg after the evacuation of the resident population.

The Battle of Fordsburg ended the Rand Revolt, but it represented Smuts's greatest mistake, and it was remem-

bered against him for years afterwards. He was blamed, not so much for sending troops against the workers, though it was usually put in this, its most sensational, light, as for allowing the conflict between Capital and Labour to develop to a point which made the use of troops necessary. He was accused of lack of sympathy with the cause of the workers, and failing to intervene effectively in order to secure a settlement before the struggle went to extremes. The Battle of Fordsburg, a few salvos fired into a deserted building and an empty square, told more against him than all his previous achievements had told in his favour, and the results among the electorate were immediate.

Times were bad, and it was no use Smuts's saying that it was not in the power of any Government to command prosperity. The farmers, accustomed to appeal to the Government whenever they were in trouble, had not much use for a regime that lacked that virtue. Moreover, Hertzog's Nationalists began to think that they had much in common with the Labour Party, if that "much" amounted only to votes. The Labour Party had no time for Nationalist ideas of secession from the Commonwealth, and the true-blooded Nationalist was dead scared of Labour's Socialism. But, as the Afrikaner says, one could make a plan. One side had only to soft-pedal secession and the other to go slow with its Socialism—and the Nationalist-Labour Pact was born.

Smuts knew that he was losing the confidence of the people; the loss of a by-election at Wakkerstroom showed very plainly which way the political wind was blowing; and impatient of uncertainty, the Government went to the country two years before a general election would have been necessary. The tactics of the Pact were to avoid three-cornered contests, so that throughout the country the fight was either between the South African Party and the Nationalist Party, or between the South African Party and Labour. The country voters, who in their commandos had fought for the Government, now voted against it, for supporting the Opposition at the polls and putting down strikers were two different things. The result was a clear victory for the Pact, who together gathered in eighty-one seats against fifty-three of the S.A.P. (South African Party). Smuts was defeated in his own constituency, and had to go

to Standerton, General Botha's old seat, to be returned to Parliament. And after eighteen years on the Government benches, first in the Transvaal and then in the Union, he found himself in Opposition.

3

The defeat of the South African Party in 1924 was regarded by many as a bad blow to British prestige in South Africa. It was nothing of the sort. British prestige was not involved, or, if it was, it did not lose in the long run, but gained by the course of events in South Africa during the nineteen-twenties. If there were any, as I believe there were, who entertained a secret hope that General Hertzog would not be called upon to form a Government, they were disappointed. They were the same as those who had disapproved of "handing back the country" to the Boers, and a fulfilment of their hopes would certainly have been an irreparable blow to British prestige. But the constitution granted in 1910 stood, and the Governor-General, the King's representative, called upon the leader of the Nationalists, the leader of the anti-King, the anti-British, the anti-Empire, essentially the secession party, to form a Government. Many feared that General Hertzog would immediately initiate a policy aimed at severing the Empire connection, and many among his own followers hoped that he would.

Apart, however, from General Hertzog's promise to the Labour Party, which obtained three seats—three Britishers—in a Cabinet of eleven, the links with the Empire proved stronger than they seemed. Economic bonds, material interests proved more than political and sentimental ties, and soon South Africa was to hear General Hertzog abjuring republican aims and claiming that the country had all the independence it wanted. More extraordinary results were to follow. South Africans were told that the King was their king not just because he was king of England, but because he was king over them, and King George V was being toasted as "The King of South Africa".

I remember an occasion at Brakpan, a mining town, a hot-bed of nationalism, twenty miles east of Johannes-

burg, when the King's toast was thus honoured at a Nationalist Party rally, without a voice being raised in protest, although many had been raised against Smuts and his South African Party. Nothing, it seemed to me at the time, could have been more incongruous.

The ascent to power of Hertzog in 1924 was not a blow to British prestige. It was proof that Britain was to stand by the policy she had initiated in South Africa after the Anglo-Boer War, and was to let the British Commonwealth of Nations be tested on its merits, to demonstrate whether it was an arbitrary system or whether it had within itself the forces of cohesion. If the answer was not given immediately, it was given unequivocally fifteen years later.

It cannot even be said that the Nationalist-Labour Pact was a sign of any growing impulse towards collaboration between English and Afrikaners. Both parties knew they were using each other to get Smuts out and themselves in. In 1924 Hertzog knew that he could not have risen to power without the aid of Labour, and Labour was on this occasion nothing loath to accept office in a Government in which they had no majority, however much they might have protested previously that this was contrary to their constitution. At a later date, Hertzog might have been able to dispense with Labour collaboration, but he would not take the chance or he considered there was no harm in having the "mak Engelse"—the tame English—as the Nationalists called the Labourites, on his side. And they were tame, even though they were led by a British colonel with a very British manner, Colonel F. H. P. Creswell.

If it was not Smuts, but the menace of a "black South Africa"—a menace worked up to provide an election cry—which sent Nationalists and Labourites into each other's arms, then the Pact was all the more discreditable to Labour. It meant a greater jettisoning of Socialist principles than the Labourites professed, and was probably the true reason why Labour in South Africa has been a diminishing force ever since. The main political division in South Africa has not been, as in other countries, between Capital on the one side and Labour on the other, but between race and race. A strong Labour Party might have changed that and helped to secure political rivalry

on healthier lines. But their enmity towards Smuts was greater than their love of socialism, and therefore they allied themselves with a party of Tory landowners and Afrikaans trade unionists who regarded the trade unions chiefly as security for the maintenance of the colour bar.

"Yet the Labourites joined them," Smuts afterwards said. "They were blind and mad over the revolution. They cared for nothing except to break me. Nothing mattered—no principle—nothing—as long as they could break me. Well, they broke me, but they broke themselves. Yes, they altogether finished themselves."

4

General Hertzog could not give his Nationalist voters the satisfaction of seceding from the Empire and creating a republic that would enjoy the doubtful benefits of complete independence in a perilous world, but he could give them something which, up to a point, did very well instead. He could give them the formalities of independence, knowing that man often has a way of mistaking the formality for the real thing, and sometimes preferring it. He gave the country its own flag. The English could not object to this, but they could kick up the devil's own row as to its composition. And they did. They formed Flag Committees, the object of which was to keep the Union Jack flying over South Africa, and their most jingo representatives stumped the country on its behalf.

When there was talk of a referendum which might have torn the country in two as nothing else had since 1900, a compromise was reached. The flag agreed on was to consist of the orange, white and blue of the old Dutch East India Company, with the Union Jack and the two flags of the old Republics superimposed in small on the white band. In addition, the Union Jack itself was to be flown on certain official flag-masts. All things considered, it was a good compromise. It gave the country two flags, but to a people accustomed to the official use of two languages, that was not expected to cause any real inconvenience.

In 1926, General Hertzog and certain of his Ministers attended the Imperial Conference in London, bluntly de-

declaring before their departure that it was their intention to demand an unequivocal statement as to the status of the Dominions within the Commonwealth. Hertzog's bearing as to this matter had been almost aggressive in South Africa, but in London both sides were agreeably surprised. London called Mr. N. C. Havenga, Minister of Finance, "Mr. Avenger", and found that these Nationalists were not the fire-eaters they were supposed to be, but that, on the contrary, they were friendly, businesslike folk, who were inclined to answer questions with an over-cautious "Ja—Nie" (Yes—No), completely non-committal. On his side Hertzog found ready acceptance of his views on Dominion status, and he returned to South Africa bringing a prize.

This was "sovereign independent status", the result of the Balfour Declaration which defined the relations between the principal members of the Commonwealth and described Great Britain and the Dominions as "equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another". Subsequently, this idea was embodied in the Statute of Westminster, which reduced the composition of the Empire to law, making it a free association of States in the British Commonwealth of Nations. Such, of course, it had been for some time. It was laid down that the King could act in South Africa only on the advice of his South African Ministers, which had been a fact ever since Union; that British Acts of Parliament could not apply to South Africa unless covered by an Act of the South African Parliament (which had also been a political fact); and it defined who the King was, in which definition there was also no real change.

The Balfour Declaration actually did no more than set down on paper the development already reached by the Empire, and was hailed by the Nationalists as a great victory for General Hertzog. Their enthusiasm was in reverse proportion to that of the English, who felt that although the Declaration and the Statute of Westminster applied to all the Dominions, they were really Hertzog's doing, and therefore suspect. It was then that the Afrikaners were toasting the "King of South Africa" and the English were saying that they had never heard of him.

It was then, too, that those terms "neutrality" and

"secession" came to be hotly debated. If South Africa was a sovereign independent State it could declare whether, in the event of Britain's being involved in war, it would fight or remain neutral, and further, it could at any time decide whether or not it was to continue in association with the rest of the Commonwealth. Were these rights created by the Balfour Declaration and the Statute of Westminster, or did they exist in any case?

It would be too much to say that the Statute of Westminster was just another of those formalities which Hertzog fobbed off on to his Republicans. But it is correct to say that it made not the slightest difference to the country. This Statute did not create the independence of the Dominions; it recognized it. The Empire had developed into the Commonwealth of Nations, and the Statute of Westminster recorded that fact. If South Africa, without possessing the legal assurances brought home by Hertzog, had decided to secede, would Britain have raised a finger to stop her? It may be strongly doubted whether in 1939 the mere absence of a Statute of Westminster would have prevented the Union remaining neutral if this had been the will of Parliament or the people.

In defending the Statute of Westminster in the Union Parliament in April, 1934, General Smuts described "the grand equation of the Commonwealth which equates Great Britain with the Dominions" as "the very foundation of the Empire" and one that would continue to be the foundation. "This was not only great statesmanship," he said, "but it was great faith in the future of the Empire, of the Commonwealth." He was settling the fears of certain of the English, who, more English than the English at home, were not a little disturbed by this development of the Empire beyond their ideas.

As to those things, "secession, neutrality and the like", they were impracticable and academic, said General Smuts. "I do not believe that anything we can say in a constitution will settle our attitude or influence it when we come to the day of secession or to the day to declare our neutrality." There he was absolutely right. The time was not far distant when the question of neutrality would be torn straight out of its academic tranquillity into

the hurly-burly of the street; but anyone who knew the spirit of South Africa in 1939 was fully aware that the existence or non-existence of a Statute of Westminster would not have affected the issue.

Within the formula enunciated at Westminster, General Hertzog did what he could to demonstrate to his people that the link with the Empire was weaker and that the possibility of being involved in foreign British entanglements was less. He established a Department of External Affairs headed by a man whose sentiments were anything but pro-British, and sent Ministers Plenipotentiary to Berlin, Paris and Washington. Canada had already appointed a Minister to Washington, and therefore English South Africans could not object to these establishments as purely Nationalist innovations, though they might sneer at them as futile gestures of independence and point to the unwarranted expense of their maintenance. To the extremist Nationalist this was, of course, money well spent, as was any money that might be used for the discomfiture of England. On the other hand, it is difficult to-day to understand the attitude of the English, for a South African Minister in Washington now seems as correct as an American Minister in Pretoria, if not quite so useful.

To many, to Afrikaners as well as to English, it seemed that General Hertzog was playing a double game. While he was still establishing single-medium schools for giving instruction either in English only or in Afrikaans only, a measure which, it is generally agreed, has done more to divide the two peoples than anything else, he was expressing regret that there were those among his own people who were not prepared to work with English South Africans. "The time has come for us to fight that spirit," he told them at Pretoria in December, 1930.

To the out-and-out Nationalists, the Republicans, the die-hard haters of Britain, he was also a deep disappointment, for he was telling them (in January, 1928, at Lydenburg) that "a republic to-day is not a matter of practical politics", and, at Ladybrand in October of the same year, that South Africa's independence was genuine, and was indeed a greater reality than the independence of the old Transvaal Republic.

Thus he was increasing the antagonism of the English, moderate and extremist alike, and losing the confidence of his own people. Yet it was neither of these factors that brought about the end of the Nationalist Government in 1933. It was gold. The gold price had defeated Smuts and the South African Party in 1924; the gold price broke the Nationalist Ministry and, seeming for the time being more constructive than destructive, it brought the two great political opponents into the same camp, the camp of a Coalition Government.

5

When Britain went off gold in 1931, at the height of the great world depression, the sensation in the Union could not have been greater had the bottom dropped out of it. Indeed, to most people that is what it seemed like. Theirs had been the gold country for fifty years; their prosperity was based on gold; and they had grown up thinking of gold as their life-giving stream. Since the eighteen-eighties they had given the world gold to the value of about £1,400,000,000, and in 1931, at an output of £50,000,000, it represented more than half of their exports. The export figure did not tell the whole story, for there were many industries in the Union which existed solely to supply the gold-mining industry, and if this went, they could not last. Now it seemed that gold was rejected; their principal and vital commodity had been found wanting; it seemed no longer necessary. The whole idea was unthinkable; but there it was. Britain was off gold; money and gold were to be two different things, and if gold was not money, what was it? It seemed, to the man who regarded economics and finance as among the hidden mysteries, that the country had been deserted by the world, and foremost of all by Britain.

Smuts was in England at the time presiding at the centenary meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He immediately counselled that the Union should follow sterling, and he sent urgent cables home advising the country to go off gold at once. The public, even his own party, reacted coldly to this advice. This surely was Smuts the Imperialist speaking,

Smuts who had had his head turned by the honours accorded him in England. Surely it would be wrong for the greatest gold-mining country in the world to renounce gold. Smuts was not to be trusted.

In the gold capital itself, Johannesburg, at the University of the Witwatersrand, the University built on a ridge that divides the north of the city from the south, there was a great gathering of people come to hear what the professors had to say on the subject—English-speaking professors, experts on economics, finance and, of course, gold. The professors declared that it would be folly for the country that produced half the world's gold to abandon the gold standard; it would be unreasonable and illogical. This was an argument that appealed to the man in the street, who never stopped to ask how the fate of gold was going to be decided or even influenced by two million white people living at the tip of Africa. If gold was doomed as a means of exchange, it could not be saved by South Africa's continuing to support it or continuing to produce it.

Smuts, back in South Africa, spoke against the gold standard; so did the mines, who kept pointing out that if the pound fell, as it was falling in England, the gold price would rise; so did the facts, for South African goods, produce of a country where money was dear, had to compete in markets where money was cheap. Fruit sold in London for twenty English shillings brought home only twelve or thirteen South African shillings. Conversely, every twelve shillings sent to London became twenty shillings by a mere stroke of the pen. It was a crazy world, but it was a fact. Measures had to be taken to stop the flight of capital out of the country, but no measures could be adequate. The man who sold his produce in London did not bring his money back if he could help it; and when a man could walk into a bank and pay sixty-six South African pounds for a hundred English pounds, he found ways of doing it despite the preventive measures. True, the hundred pounds would remain in London, but he took a chance on the country's going off gold sooner or later, when he would whisk his money back across the seas and, by a piece of financial magic, the hocus-pocus of banking, find himself about fifty per cent richer.

The situation became fantastic, too fantastic to last. At a by-election in a mining and railway town called Germiston, nine miles from Johannesburg, the Government suffered a resounding defeat. It was plain that Hertzog's Ministry could not hold. There was talk of forming another party. A judge of the Supreme Court, the late Tielman Roos, a former Minister of Justice, who had once been called the Lion of the North, came off the bench to inaugurate a movement against his one-time leader, Hertzog. When it looked as though Hertzog might be pushed entirely into the wilderness, the Government went off gold (amid the cheers of the people who had sent their money overseas in anticipation), and Hertzog and Smuts made a deal. A Coalition Government was formed of Nationalists and South African Party men with Smuts as Deputy-Premier under Hertzog, and at the next elections the United South African National Party as it came to be called (United Party for short) swept the country.

6

Great was the rejoicing! Political peace at last! Racialism was at an end, and loud were the erstwhile opponents in each other's praise. Boer and Briton, Afrikaner and Englishman were together in the Government, and eternal happiness was assured. The calm and untroubled future in prospect seemed strangely uneventful by comparison with the hot-tempered past, except to those who looked beyond party arrangements and temporary excitements.

For once, however, the man in the street found that there was something more interesting than politics. The gold price, which had been stagnating at about eighty-five shillings, had begun to rise with the abandonment of the gold standard; gold shares were mounting; there were fortunes to be made on the stock exchange. South Africa went into a gold fever the like of which had never before been experienced. Shares were mounting daily, not by shillings but by pounds. Good shares doubled and trebled their value; worthless shares appreciated in sympathy. People who had never been near the share market before turned their money into scrip and talked of noth-

ing but stock prices. On the floor of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange brokers tore the coats from each other's backs in their eagerness to buy. With the gold price mounting steadily, the mining of low-grade ore became profitable, even when the gold content was as low as three pennyweights to the ton. Mines on their last legs suddenly found that they had a new lease of life; and old mines were being reopened. When the rest of the world was still struggling in the trough of the great slump, South Africa was booming.

But beneath the placid surface of the political coalition, murkier currents were stirring. A section of the English, disapproving of the Status Act (passed at Cape Town as a corollary to the Statute of Westminster) because it did not link the Union sufficiently with England, broke away from the United Party to form the Dominion Party. They were headed by a barrister, Colonel Stallard. A section of the Nationalists, disapproving of the Act for the very opposite reason, also broke away as the Purified Nationalists. They were headed by a pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, Dr. D. F. Malan, and were destined to play a much more important role than the Dominionites. So here were the old racial divisions back again. The future after all was going to be not quite as undisturbed as one had feared, and much more interesting.

Meanwhile things were happening in Europe that were to have a far greater influence on the country than anything that happened within it. A man called Hitler had risen over Europe preaching a doctrine that, strange to relate, appealed to certain sections of the Afrikaner people. It was strange because any examination of the Nazi creed would reveal that it could never fit the Afrikaner. It was (and is) the creed of a people who hoped to rule by conquest, who intended to impose their will on minorities, who meant to gather unto themselves the riches of the earth (including as much gold as possible), and who were determined to spread the German *Herrenvolk* across the continents. How could this creed ever come to be adopted by a section of Afrikaners who were a minority even among their own people? How could these people ever be deluded into imagining that they had anything to hope for from Germany or Nazism?

There is only one answer to this question. Nazism was anti-British, and so were Dr. Malan's Purified Nationalists, or, as they became known, the Malanites. That was and remains the root reason for their approval of Nazism. It provided them with a platform against Britain and the British in South Africa, and anything was good enough if it offered the possible means of damaging British prestige. That was how Nazism came to take root in South Africa.

Meanwhile, despite the fusion of the two great political parties under Hertzog and Smuts, there was a recrudescence of pin-pricking of the English, or what the English took to be pin-pricking. An Afrikaans National Anthem was coming to the fore, and though it contained a line protesting against any other country's claiming one's love, the English could not object to it, seeing that already there were two languages, two flags and two capitals—Pretoria, in the Transvaal, the administrative capital, and Cape Town, the Mother City, a thousand miles to the south, the legislative capital. They did resent, however, what seemed to them attempts to push "God Save the King" into the background.

Then General Hertzog sprang another surprise on the English section in 1937 by having a Governor-General appointed from within the country. The Governors-General represented the King, and all previous Governors-General had been selected from the British peerage. They might have been chosen on the advice of the Union Government, but they had been sent out from England. This new move of Hertzog's was interpreted as being directed against the prestige of the Governor-General and thus of the King in South Africa, and as intended to weaken the British connection. Suspicions were not allayed by the shrewdness with which Hertzog had made the innovation. He had appointed a Britisher, Mr. Patrick Duncan, one of the old Unionists and one of the brilliant band of young men whom Milner had brought to South Africa at the close of the Anglo-Boer War. They had ever afterwards borne the name of "Milner's Kindergarten", and they included a future Governor-General of Canada (Lord Tweedsmuir) and a British Ambassador in Washington (Lord Lothian).

Mr. Duncan became Sir Patrick Duncan, in spite of

an earlier understanding that there were to be no more honours for South Africans. But the British in South Africa were not mollified. They even criticized Duncan for accepting the appointment, and asked each other what sort of Governor-General he would make. Subsequent events proved him a very good Governor-General, for Sir Patrick Duncan, starting with everything against him, maintained the dignity and prestige of the vice-regal office. But the English were less and less trustful of the United Party Government with Hertzog at its head and Smuts playing second fiddle.

In Europe events were moving towards the great ordeal. Every advance by Hitler was regarded with favour if not with actual rejoicing by the Malanites. Even Munich and the fate of Czechoslovakia did not warn them of the lot that awaited small nations whose territory was coveted by Nazi Germany. The year of Munich was the centenary of the Great Trek, and thus the occasion for country-wide celebrations, celebrations which might have been nation-wide had they not been seized upon by Afrikaner extremists as an opportunity for making political capital. A trek of wagons was organized over the routes taken by the original Voortrekkers, and the 1938 trek blazed a trail of fervid nationalism through the country. It became so obviously political in colour and sectional in purpose, that even the Government dared take no official part in it. The English were as willing as any to honour the memory of the Voortrekkers, but before the aggressive zeal of the Nationalists, all they could do was look on politely, while their newspapers put on an appearance of English participation by reporting the 1938 trek amply.

To do honour to the memory of their ancestors, many Afrikaners donned Voortrekker garb, and many also grew beards in the style of their forefathers. The ox-wagon became a symbol to be revered, and to do the Afrikaner justice, it was a symbol that had meaning to it. It had poetry about it, and significance. It was unlike any other symbol in the world. The idea of an ox-wagon that went slowly but surely lumbering over the distances and over the years was a good one. It was soon seized upon by the extremist element, this time the extremists among the Malanites, out of whom there now grew the Ossewa

Brandwag, the Ox-wagon Guard, formed on European models and calculated by its constitution and outlook to play an unruly part in the politics of the next few years.

So this was South Africa in 1939: a nominally United Party in office; a Dominion Party, of little power, trying to strengthen the links with Britain; a more powerful Malanite Party intent on weakening those links, but already being torn by the more extremist notions of the Ossewa Brandwag.

As events in Europe moved steadily and inevitably towards war, Dr. Malan kept harping on that word "neutrality", a word that grew larger and larger in people's minds as the fateful year of 1939 advanced. A few years before it had been academic, but now it posed a question of grim reality, a question that shaped itself sinisterly over South Africa as the calendar opened on the month of September.

CHAPTER V

CRISIS

ON March 15, 1939, my friends in Johannesburg looked at me sadly as though they thought they might never see me again. Hitler, true to form, having protested that he had no more territorial claims, had disrupted and annexed Czechoslovakia; his next step would bring the tension between the powers to breaking-point; and I was leaving for England. It was not to be supposed that I would cancel a trip I had been looking forward to for some months simply because war was imminent in Europe. That, in any case, might make it all the more interesting. As things turned out I was back in South Africa ten days before the invasion of Poland, and during the intervening months had had an interesting lesson in perspective.

In the course of the six thousand mile voyage up the Atlantic, the news grew more threatening. Hitler's designs on his Polish neighbour became clear, and passengers were talking about getting into uniform as soon as they landed. Was breaking-point reached? Not yet; for as we approached England the skies seemed to clear; Britain's undertaking to Poland had, for the time, checked Hitler—or so it appeared; and when we docked at Southampton war seemed much more remote than it had seemed in Cape Town. That impression strengthened during the summer, which was as beautiful as only a European and English summer could be.

Politically one had great hopes of the British negotiations with Russia, and while these dragged on there were whispers that agreement had actually been reached, but was being kept secret for the time being in order to give Hitler a turn at guessing. That was a symptom of how much the English people wanted an understanding with the Soviets. True, in London, one had heard the sirens being tried out, and, coming in from the suburbs one evening, I had passed through a trial black-out that seemed anything but black. When I sailed from Southampton in

the opening days of August, the future seemed hopeful, and war a good deal more remote than a mere four weeks.

That picture was immediately changed for me on my arriving back in South Africa. Instead of confidence, I found apprehension; instead of hope, I found gloom. And looking back upon the scene I had left not three weeks before, I realized that there was ample reason for both. Now I could see Europe from afar, and the dark outlines of the situation stood out all too clearly. Now for the first time I began to hear suggestions that unless Britain arrived speedily at an understanding with Russia, Germany might. In England I had mixed considerably with newspapermen and others who considered themselves more or less well informed, and never a whisper of a possible Nazi-Soviet Pact had I heard. Within a few days of my return to Johannesburg, that was not just a whisper but a shocking reality, and not the most complacent could be mistaken as to its meaning.

Everyone now knew that the question that had been facing the country for months would at last have to be answered. War or neutrality for South Africa? The Malanites had a pretty shrewd idea as to what their own leader would do. Ever since Dr. D. F. Malan, the pastor of Graaf Reinet in the Cape Colony, had taken his stand with Hertzog in the early days of the Nationalist Party, he had shown a tenacity of purpose, an astuteness and a religious devotion to his cause that soon marked him as one of the brains of the party. They also destined him to a wider pulpit than the Church could give him, and soon he was editor of an Afrikaans paper established in Cape Town as the mouthpiece of the Nationalist Party. Here he increased his power and influence, and it was plain that his entry into Parliament was only a matter of time. He captured a seat from the South African Party in 1921 and was in the Cabinet three years later. He held the portfolios of the Interior, Education and Public Health till 1933, when, on the formation of the Coalition Government, his exclusion from the reconstituted Ministry became inevitable. There could be no room for the irreconcilable Dr. Malan in a Cabinet that included five S.A.P. members, and refusing to see any good in a coalition that seemingly could get on without him, he went into

Opposition with his own group of Nationalists, on whom he now bestowed the distinguishing title of "Purified".

Throughout his career, Dr. Malan had shown a consistent hostility to the British connection. For him there could be no concessions and no compromises. When, in the early days of Nationalist ascendancy he had spoken rapturously of Britain's generosity and the Union's untrammelled independence, one could not but believe that he spoke with mental reservations. In the uncertain months of 1939 it was clear that, should war come, he would demand neutrality. The Purified Nationalists whom he led and the restive Ossewa Brandwag knew where they stood in this respect. But the English and the Afrikaners who were well disposed towards Britain and the cause of Democracy, who understood the menace of Nazism and realized that their country's freedom would be decided on the European continent, were in doubt. Hertzog's outlook could not be predicted. And what of Smuts?

In April Smuts had acted promptly, and, as Minister of Justice, he had taken over control of the police force of the former German colony of South-West Africa and strengthened it with a detachment from the Union. Movements of grave import had been afoot in that territory on the Union's south-west border, where the German population was preening itself in the glow of the Fuehrer's European successes. As Smuts revealed later in the year, had he not acted quickly in April, World War II might have started in South-West Africa instead of Poland. The nation was grateful to him. But at sixty-nine he was no longer young. At sixty-nine a man might not have the courage of forty-four, and might pardonably prefer to let things go their own way instead of grasping them in his hand and moulding them. A firm stand on the neutrality issue might rend the country in two. Was there a man on the side of the Commonwealth and Democracy who would face that risk and shoulder the ensuing responsibility?

To the increasing dismay of the world, the Nazi-Soviet Pact was ratified, and on the morning of Friday, September 1, the cables were flashing the news over the teletype that German troops had invaded Poland. In London, Mr. Chamberlain might, as a matter of form, be sending polite demands to the Germans to cease their aggression, but the course of events was no longer in doubt—except to one of the Afrikaans papers which printed a suggestion, supposed to have come from Government sources, that Britain might remain neutral. The sources could not have been ministerial, for on Friday the Union Cabinet at Cape Town was already discussing the fateful question: Was South Africa to take part in a war in which Great Britain was concerned (as Hertzog put it) or merely maintain an attitude of friendship?

On Sunday Britain declared war and that evening South Africa knew that the Cabinet was split, irreparably split into two sections, one headed by Hertzog and the other by Smuts. The news, which spread before its formal announcement on the following day, sent a thrill through the country. No one, irrespective of his political outlook, could fail to appreciate the drama of the situation at Cape Town, where there were seven men for war, six against, and between these points of view Parliament was to be made the arbiter.

Monday was a day of acute anxiety. To the English, the idea that South Africa might stand aside when Britain was engaged in another life-and-death struggle was unbearable, and many talked openly of sailing immediately for England, should Parliament decide for neutrality.

The issue was more than one of war or peace. Relations with the Commonwealth were vitally involved, for the Englishman knew that neutrality would mean a weakening of the link with Britain, would be another effort at edging out of the Commonwealth, and was intended as such whatever the spokesmen for neutrality might say. The Malanites relished the prospect as another item in the account they imagined they had still to settle with Britain.

The debate in the House of Assembly lasted all day, and produced one of General Hertzog's most amazing speeches. It was an instance of that baffling, inexplicable twist of thought of which he had often shown himself capable, for instead of stating the case for neutrality, he resorted to what became in effect a justification of Hitlerism.

It was urged, he said, that the Union must take part in the war because Hitler was out to obtain world domination. But where was the proof of this purpose? In General Hertzog's opinion there was not the slightest proof. Hitler had entered the Rhineland; he had annexed Austria and Czechoslovakia; and he had taken Danzig by force. He had increased his navy quietly, and had extended his army (like the well-meaning fellow he was, no doubt) solely because he and the German people were smarting under the wrongs of Versailles. But it was not a proper deduction to say that he was planning world domination.

The faces of General Hertzog's followers dropped as they listened to this speech. It was one of General Hertzog's greatest mistakes. He might have made out a good case for neutrality, for South Africa as a sovereign independent State could do as it pleased; the causes of the war were more than a little befogged, and the reasons for going to war by no means clear. General Hertzog might have made out a case for neutrality, but he chose to make out a case for Hitler, which was far more difficult.

General Smuts's speech in reply was one of his most vigorous utterances. As he spoke he voiced the thoughts of many a man in South Africa that day:

"I am convinced in my soul that we are up against vital issues for the present and for the future of the country. . . . Are we going to treat Germany as a friendly power and decline to sever relations with her? . . . This time it may be Danzig, but whatever the immediate occasion, the fundamental issue remains, and if we are not going to face up to it now, we shall get what we deserve."

And then he touched a raw spot for the nation as a whole. For the time being Germany wanted Danzig; next time she might want South-West Africa.

"When we are faced with the demand for the return of South-

West Africa at the point of the bayonet, we shall have to say whether we are going to face that issue alone, because our friends would then be against us. . . . If South-West Africa goes, in my opinion the future security of South Africa will not be worth very much."

It was impressive to see these two men take up so firm a stand against each other on an issue of such magnitude. Hertzog had said plainly that the break in the Cabinet could never be bridged. The difference had to be fought out conclusively. It was inspiring to see Smuts face the issue so unflinchingly. For Hertzog, the cause of world freedom might be blurred by his prejudices, by his grievances and by his crabbed theories of nationalism, but in Smuts freedom found its champion.

Hertzog's proposal to Parliament was that the Union should maintain its relations with the various belligerent countries "as if no war is being waged", while fulfilling its obligations for the defence of the British naval base at Simonstown. Before the return of the seasons that phrase, "as if no war is being waged", had a very fanciful air about it.

Smuts's amendment was that the Union should refuse to adopt an attitude of neutrality, should sever relations with Germany, and should take all necessary steps for the defence of its territory. He also used words which, surely, indicate that he was aware that more than neutrality, that Commonwealth membership was at stake, for he enumerated as one of the principles upon which policy in the crisis should be based, that the Union should "continue its co-operation with its friends and associates in the British Commonwealth of Nations". One other principle which had the full support of the people was that the Government should not send forces overseas as in the last war. The people knew their peril, for there was a troublesome element in South-West Africa, while in East Africa, beyond Tanganyika, a former German colony, and beyond British Kenya, the Italians were firmly established in Abyssinia on the hip of Africa. South Africa's role would be to look after its own, and it would have its hands full in doing so.

3

The afternoon papers carried no result of the debate in the House of Assembly, and people speculated ceaselessly on the possible voting of the Members. The chances were that Smuts would have a majority, but at such a time there was no knowing who could be counted on and who not. That evening a Spanish dancer, La Joselito, danced on the stage of the Empire Theatre, Johannesburg. She danced to half a house, and that with only half a mind on her performance. The most memorable item of the evening came after she had left the stage and taken her curtain calls, and the audience had shuffled out into the street. For there, on the posters of an extra edition of the *Star*, in large black letters, were two words: Hertzog Defeated.

We knew then (and how much clearer did it become twelve months later) that Hitler had been dealt a blow. Even while his land and air squadrons were blasting their way through Poland, he had suffered a defeat in the South Atlantic. Britain's bastion on the Cape route was secure.

One could not, however, be quite sure as yet. At a time such as this the public was easily excited, and passions lay on the surface. There was an unruly spirit abroad and people remembered the 1914 rebellion. Smuts had carried his amendment at Cape Town by eighty votes to sixty-seven, which showed that there was a considerable body of opinion opposed to his policy. Would the country accept the decision of Parliament?

Let it be said at once, in fairness to the Malanites and to the hot-headed Ossewa Brandwag, that the danger would have been the same whatever the decision of Parliament had been. In one instance the danger proceeded from the extreme Nationalist section, in the other it would have proceeded from the extreme English section. It is not unlikely that in the latter event, many young Englishmen and also many Afrikaners would have preferred to show their loyalty to the Commonwealth by sailing overseas to join the British forces at home, or making their way to other British territories in Africa to join in the defence of their own continent. Nevertheless, there

would have been a period of danger—as there existed now.

September 5, the day after Hertzog's defeat, was a day of unease. We were waiting for a statement that Smuts had taken over the Government, and this statement seemed unaccountably delayed. In the afternoon came word over the radio that Hertzog's resignation had not been announced. One of the Afrikaans papers put out a bill saying that he had in fact not resigned. For one or two hours things looked most uncomfortable; ugly rumours were abroad; and the fat, it seemed, was now properly in the fire.

Early in the evening, however, came an announcement which quite altered the look of things. Hertzog had resigned after a refusal by the Governor-General to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country (which would have meant asking for trouble), and Smuts had been called upon to form a Government.

4

Next day, September 6, war was formally declared on Germany, and the German Minister at Pretoria was handed his papers. This latter consequence of the Union's policy was particularly gratifying. The German Ministry at Pretoria had been used like the Nazi delegations in other countries, as the centre of a network of espionage that had its contacts throughout the country. It is easy to imagine what would have happened had the country remained neutral, maintaining its relations with the belligerents "as if no war is being waged". The German Minister would soon have found it necessary to increase his staff. There would doubtless have been an early influx of German "tourists" from South-West Africa, as well as from other sources, all showing a close interest in the Union's strategic points, particularly on the coast. Simonstown, which Hertzog was willing to defend, would have been valueless, as would the other South African ports.

As it is, the German consulate in Portuguese East Africa, stationed at Lourenço Marques within fifty miles of the borders of the Transvaal, Swaziland and Natal, has

been doing the best it can in collaboration with members of the Gestapo. The Axis, with characteristic abuse of the hospitality of a neutral country, has turned Lourenço Marques into its listening-post in the Indian Ocean and at the side door of the Union. It has done a good deal more than listen.

After Japan's entry into the war, enemy submarines made their way into East African waters, and soon Allied merchant ships were being sunk in the Mozambique Channel between Portuguese territory and Madagascar, astride the convoy route to the Middle East. These sinkings increased as the year 1942 advanced. On August 20, seven merchantmen (Norwegian, Swedish, American, Yugoslav and British) aggregating about 30,000 tons, were reported as having been sunk on different dates. Between November 4 and December 1, nine ships were sunk of tonnages ranging from 2,000 to 10,000.

In South Africa questions were being asked as to how the enemy submarine craft were able to remain so long at sea, so far from their bases. The answer was simple, for there was no reason to suppose that the enemy would respect neutral waters in Africa any more than he had done in Europe. There was in fact every reason to believe that submarines were hiding in the inlets and coves where detection would be extremely difficult, and were making other use of the desolate Portuguese coast.

There was that amazing incident when an Axis submarine surfaced off Lourenço Marques and bargained with the master of a fishing vessel for his catch, which was a fairly good one. The fisherman demanded a high price, and was startled by being told that his price was far higher than the legally fixed rate applying in the port. After further argument, he decided that it would be wiser for him to hand over his catch, and then was further surprised to find the submarine commander paying him in Mozambique escudos. It can be safely assumed that the commander knew more about Lourenço Marques than the price of fish.

The Axis submarine or submarines had no need to waste fuel hunting the seas for a victim. All they had to do was lie in hiding until they received word that a ship had left the wharf at Lourenço Marques. The informa-

tion would come from Germany. The German consul at Lourenço Marques was spending from £50 to £200 a day transmitting messages in diplomatic code to Berlin via the Marconi Beam Station. His messages contained the latest Malanite and other news from the Union, as well as up-to-the-minute shipping items. As soon as a ship left the harbour, its movements would be wirelessly to Berlin, from where another wireless message would go to the submarine lurking somewhere in the Mozambique Channel, reaching it less than two hours after the vessel's departure.

South African newspapers were restrained in their comment on these things, for Portugal was a good friend and one who found herself in an extremely delicate and difficult situation. But public anger rose, and the feeling grew that the Portuguese were doing less than could fairly be expected of a neighbour that owed not a little of her prosperity to the Union.

The German activity at Lourenço Marques points the warning: If the Germans could do all this from a neutral port, what could they not have done in a neutral South Africa with a much less neutral South-West Africa supplying all the necessary "tourists"?

It is difficult to believe that General Hertzog and his followers could not foresee the danger from South-West Africa. And yet it is fairly certain that he himself did not, or he could not have been willing to expose the country to the danger. Just as in Parliament he was able to draw up what amounted to a defence of Hitler, and shut his mind to the evidence of Hitler's aggressive intentions, so in the country he could close his eyes to the German menace. And menace there undoubtedly was.

There is every reason to believe that in April, 1939, when Smuts sent his police into South-West Africa, the Germans were contemplating the seizure of that territory and its use as a base against the Union. German Jewish refugees, who, on account of their former services for the Fatherland, still retained the sympathies of the officials who issued their exit permits, were quietly warned not to go to South Africa. (I had this from one of them who came in spite of the warning.) Had South Africa remained neutral, there would always have been the danger, from the German standpoint, of a change of heart. In any case

it is obvious that they would have taken steps to diminish or entirely remove that risk. Knowing German methods of corrupting a country before destroying it, one can easily conceive how the Nazis, using South-West Africa and its ten thousand Germans as a base, would have proceeded against the Union, and how they would have exploited their victorious position in Europe in 1940 to impress the Union, where the Ossewa Brandwag was already rubbing its hands in contemplation of a complete German triumph.

As recently as September, 1942, Mr. H. G. Lawrence, Minister of the Interior, found it necessary to impress upon an audience at Cape Town that neither Germany nor Japan would have overlooked the country's strategic importance if she had been neutral. Three months before the attack on Pearl Harbour, Japanese in the Union were going about the country investigating roads, automobile routes and petrol stations. Earlier, a Japanese representative in South Africa had informed his country that that was the time for a Japanese attack on the Union because of prevailing political divisions. It was known, said Mr. Lawrence, that the Japanese could send submarines from Tokyo to Cape Town without refuelling and that these submarines could transport smaller submarines for attack.

Had South Africa remained neutral, Germany need not have waited for a successful invasion of Britain before carrying out her designs on South-West and South Africa. The stage would have been well prepared by the middle of 1940, when General Smuts's words, "we shall have to say whether we are going to face that issue alone," would have fitted precisely.

General Hertzog and his followers in the broken United Party could not have appreciated the danger in which a neutral South Africa would have found herself, or they could never have advocated neutrality; for their patriotism was never in question. They preferred to believe that the Germans were more sinned against than sinning, that they had no ambitions for world domination, that in annexing Austria and Czechoslovakia and invading Poland they were only righting the supposed wrongs of Versailles—or that, in any case, these affairs were no concern of South Africa. As for the extremists among the

Malanites and the Ossewa Brandwag, they were ready to run any risks that might give them a chance of damaging Britain. For this reason they believed or said they believed (and have gone on saying it) that Germany would not interfere with the Union, and would be content to have this rich prize in the palm of her hand and refrain from closing her fingers on it.

On the day that he quitted office General Hertzog renounced any association with the anti-Jewish and other racial appeals of the Malanites, advised his supporters to avoid subversive action, and urged that opposition must be strictly on constitutional lines. There is no doubt that this advice to his followers did much to calm the country.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNION AT WAR

No State in the world was less prepared for war in September, 1939, than South Africa. This country which, less than forty years earlier had waged a bitter struggle within itself, and twenty-four years earlier had, under Botha, conquered German South-West Africa, and then, under Smuts, had driven the Germans from East Africa, found itself, in 1939, practically without the means of defending itself. There was, of course, a Defence Force—a permanent force of about five thousand men (1,500 of whom were in the South African Air Force) and an Active Citizen Force of about ten brigades. All these men were first-class fighting material, big fellows used to an outdoor life, but they were only partly trained in any form of warfare and quite untrained in modern methods of fighting. Apart from two mine-sweeping trawlers acquired in 1939, there was no navy to speak of, for it had always been taken for granted that the Royal Navy would be at hand to protect the three thousand miles of coastline from South-West Africa to Natal. The equipment of the Air Force consisted of under seventy planes, most of them trainers, and the rest of them obsolete. Of anything that could be regarded as modern equipment, the Defence Services had nothing.

How had this country allowed its forces to fall into such a state of neglect? The people had certainly not lost their fighting spirit, of which there was ample, unimpaired either by years of prosperity or by the white man's reliance on the black man to do most of the manual labour. It was the result partly of official policy and partly of popular outlook. For twenty years South Africa, in common with the other democracies, had been told that war was highly undesirable, and, with them, had gradually come to think that on that account alone it must be unlikely. South Africans in general might have been sceptical of the results that would follow from disarmament, or of the

serving his manner and his method, thought of him as an aspirant Hitler.

Yet the man was able, go-ahead, and never happy unless he was doing something. He had courage and he had ideas. Look at his bush-carts!

Officially they were known as "animal transport", but no one ever called them anything but bush-carts—two-wheelers, made mostly of steel, said to be uncapsizable and drawn by a pair of oxen. They were designed for warfare in the bushveld, regardless of the fact that it would be a sorry day for the Union when any war got as far as the bushveld. It was claimed for them that they could go anywhere, and that they presented no problem in motive power, for the oxen could always be commandeered from the surrounding farms. In situations of extreme necessity the oxen could always be used for food. The bush-cart, therefore, had obvious advantages over mechanical transport—had it not?

Nine hundred of these bush-carts were assembled, and they caught the public fancy. People laughed at them—well, who would not laugh at a bush-cart?—but they showed imagination, Pirow's imagination. As late as August, 1939, when the Panzer Divisions were gathering in Prussia, Mr. Pirow went on manoeuvres with the bush-carts in the eastern Transvaal, and expressed himself as completely satisfied with the bush-cart's performance, and thought that it would prove a great asset to the South African Army. (To-day two hundred bush-carts are being used by Italian prisoners for transporting camp refuse.)

The bush-cart, if anything, enhanced Mr. Pirow's prestige, but his trip to Europe in 1938 aroused many people's suspicions as to his political outlook. He himself had always been quite frank about this, never seeking to hide his hostility to the British connection, and in his earlier years frankly avowing his republicanism; but when Hertzog modified his views on a republic, so did he, saying, "I am still a republican—with sense", a remark which suggests that latterly he lost the saving quality. When he went to Europe in 1938, he visited Britain, Portugal, Franco's Spain, Belgium, Holland, Italy and Germany, and was received by Hitler. He afterwards declared in the House of Assembly that this grand tour

of his was purely a business trip, that in Fascist Spain he had studied modern methods of warfare, and in Italy and Germany he had discussed trade relations. Probably there was nothing more in it than that, but the South African public could not help feeling uneasy, could not help thinking that he had consorted with those with whom he thought he had most affinity, and kept asking questions which were never answered to its satisfaction.

The period of his visit was just after Munich, and even if trade discussions with Italy and Germany were necessary in their own capitals, to make this series of calls on the Fascist powers was to fly in the face of public opinion. Mr. Pirow has, of course, never been afraid to do that, but to do it just at that time was a defiant parade before the world of his undemocratic sympathies. His followers in the Nationalist Party thought all the more of him for thus hob-nobbing with the disreputable great; but others regarded him less charitably.

When, in the weeks following the outbreak of war, the nation learned how inadequate were their defences—and they were allowed to learn not even a half of it—they naturally put the blame on Mr. Oswald Pirow, who was now no longer in the Cabinet, having followed General Hertzog into the political wilderness. Now were his bush-carts remembered against him, and a grim joke they became as the war developed.

It was no doubt wrong to put all the blame on him; the muddle that a country finds itself in is never the fault of one man; the Government as a whole must have been aware of the policy of the Defence Department, which, presumably, was that the later they bought their armaments the better they would be, and which contemplated in 1938 an intensive three-year defence plan. And the Government must have approved of this piece of astuteness. But the people blamed Pirow. They now forgot his good, solid work in the Government; his former candour now seemed so much posturing, and his army manœuvres so much play. To them it seemed that he, not the Government as a whole, had let the country down, and even his own crowd could not quite forgive him that. To oppose the British connection was one thing; to leave the country defenceless was another. Nothing damaged

his reputation nearly so much as the gradual disclosures of the inadequacy of the Union's defences, and people no longer talked of Pirow's energy or efficiency, but of Mr. Pirow's "Pirow-ettes".

It was now for General Smuts to build up a South African army, and he faced the task with the same courage and decision as he had shown in Parliament. There could, of course, be no conscription; the disaffected element was too strong, stronger then than now. It was also agreed that no troops could be sent overseas. But there was also a feeling, fostered by the anti-Smuts factions, that no troops should be sent out of the Union. The Prime Minister had to combat this idea. The Union's frontiers were not on the Limpopo, but wherever an enemy appeared in Africa. Italy was not yet at war, but few people had any illusions as to Mussolini's ultimate intentions. General Smuts boldly announced that he wanted men who were willing to fight anywhere in Africa. There was some nervousness as to how this would be received among the already recruited forces, all of them volunteers; and in the anti-war party there was a hope that a good portion of the men would refuse to take the "anywhere" oath. The Army authorities announced, however, that all soldiers who were willing to attest for service anywhere in Africa would wear red tabs, and within a few days there was not a soldier to be seen without the red tabs on his shoulders.

The first eight months of the war were, as elsewhere, dull, leisurely and strangely unwarlike. And then, as things began to stir in Europe, the Department of Defence woke up to the fact that it was not getting the arms it needed from either Britain or America, and that it would probably never get them. April and May piled disaster on disaster on Allied arms. When the Germans broke through at Sedan, one of the London correspondents cabling to Johannesburg said that the next seventy-two hours would decide the fate of the French and British Empires; the English newspapers counselled: do your job and believe in the Navy; the Ossewa Brandwag—the O.B.'s for short—held their heads high and congratulated each other on the German victories. Meanwhile the Government was getting down to the deadly serious business of equip-

ping its armies, in the knowledge that every German victory in Europe sent Italian courage higher.

It appointed a Director-General of War Supplies, whose job it was to make arms without an armaments industry. Fully to appreciate the situation, one has to remember that at one time it was an ideal of British policy to make Britain the workshop of the world, or if not of the world, then certainly of the Empire. The Dominions would supply the raw materials, and take Britain's manufactured goods in return. It was a scheme of things that never envisaged an eventuality in which the Dominions would ever have to defend themselves and the British Navy might not be everywhere. This war has now blown that pretty plan to pieces, but previously it had been slow in dying. In South Africa it was kept lingeringly alive by a strange belief that the climate was unsuitable for carrying on the processes of manufacture, and this, despite the fact that the country badly needed its own industries and Englishmen were foremost in establishing them. When the Hertzog Government, shortly after its accession, proposed to establish a steel industry, it aroused a storm of opposition.

All sorts of objections were raised, both by those who chose to regard it as a political move in a futile pursuit of economic independence, and by those who disliked to see the State entering into competition with private capital. It was at the time looked upon by the South African Party as one of the sins of the Hertzog Government, but Hertzog carried the measure through, and by Act of Parliament which became law in 1928 established the South African Iron and Steel Industrial Corporation, a public company in which the Government has the controlling interest. Such are the ironies of time that in 1940 this company, known throughout the land as Iscor, was the saving of South Africa. Iscor, with its battery of ovens, its blast furnaces, its sheet-works, its steel furnaces and its rolling mills set up outside Pretoria, and drawing supplies of high grade ore from Thabazimbi ("Iron Mountain") in the western Transvaal, became the backbone of the armaments industry.

The man chosen to build up a war supplies organization out of nothing was the white-haired, scholarly looking Hendrik Johannes van der Bijl, an Afrikaner born

at Pretoria, and trained at Stellenbosch, Leipzig and Chicago. He had had experience of armaments production in America during World War I; he had devoted himself to the building up of South African industry for nearly twenty years; and like the true scientist, he had stood aloof from political wranglings. "I don't care what language a man speaks—English, Afrikaans or Yiddish," he once declared, "or what his politics are." More important still, he was chairman of Iscor and of another great State undertaking, the Electricity Supply Commission—Escom for short—which had been established by the Smuts Government in 1923 to operate free of Parliamentary control on a non-profit-making basis. Thus Dr. van der Bijl had under his control the country's power and steel resources, and with these he had to start making weapons of war when the British were evacuating Dunkirk, and French resistance was going to pieces behind the Maginot Line.

Apart from his key position in the country's industry, he had obvious qualifications for the task. Before World War I, he had been an instructor in physics at Dresden, and in the U.S.A. he had been research physicist to the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company. He had made discoveries which promoted the development of radio-telephony, and in 1915 his researches had enabled a speech to be transmitted by radio-telephone from Virginia to Honolulu. He thus possessed inventive as well as administrative capacity, and it would be difficult to say which was more necessary in South African industry in 1940. There was criticism of his appointment, though not loud-spoken. The time was too dangerous for open squabbling, and the criticism was partly prompted by jealousy. But a man must be judged by his deeds, and Van der Bijl's achievements in two and a half years speak eloquently enough in his favour.

In July, 1940, the authorities decided that the public should be told something of the country's war industries, which were then no more than three or four months old and, in some respects, only in the early stages of tentative production. But it would be good for morale to let the population have some idea of the direct help that was

being given to restore the shattered Allied front. Men, English and Afrikaner, were pouring into the fighting units, women into the auxiliary services, Bantu into the labour corps. Italy, hoping for easy spoils, had declared war and was on the Kenya border two thousand miles away, and there was little reason for hoping that we could hold them either there or on the Egyptian front two thousand miles farther north. It was considered good policy to tell the country what was being done on the home front to support the army about to go north.

In a well-appointed board-room at the seventeen-storeyed Escom House in Johannesburg, Dr. van der Bijl held a Press conference as preliminary to a week's tour of the war industries. As the start of a Press campaign, the main purpose of which was the bolstering up of morale, it was excellent. There sat Dr. van der Bijl at the head of a long beautifully polished table. He was fifty-two, well-groomed, quiet-spoken, perfectly calm and self-possessed. As, addressing about a dozen pressmen, he surveyed briefly the work he had been directing, he seemed to enjoy the prospect before him. There was no ebullient confidence about him, but a belief in his task, which was much more reassuring. He told us of the difficulties his department faced, of the guns ordered from England that simply could not be obtained (the U.S.A. was then shipping guns for the defence of Britain), of the machines ordered from America that would not come, and of the ingenuity that South African industry was now showing in finding the men and the skill to supply its own weapons and materials.

One remark that he made that morning stuck firmly in my mind. "When I was in America in 1918," he said, "we were making so much munitions that if the war had lasted another year we'd have blown Germany out of the Continent." It was a rueful thought which he voiced with a smile and the detached air of a man who had just lighted upon a most interesting fact.

That tour of the war industries produced a good newspaper story: my own ran to about seven thousand words,

was syndicated and was published in four instalments. The story was that South Africa, which had never before made a gun, was now manufacturing howitzers, shells, bombs, trench mortars, armoured cars, steel helmets, army boots, portable bridges, and pre-fabricated parts for the rapid construction of complete aeroplane hangars. The howitzers were being made on the former premises of a mineral water works; the shells were being forged at a tube factory; rifle bullets were being turned out at the Royal Mint in Pretoria; fuses were being made in the railway workshops; Iscor was turning out steel plates for armoured cars and steel billets for howitzers; and bombs were being cast in a score of foundries in the towns and on the gold mines.

Making trench mortars was fairly easy: iron tubes about four feet long, set up on one end to point upwards, and fed at the muzzle by hand with bombs scarcely larger than a soda-water bottle. These weapons had been improved since World War I; they could now be trained on a target. But here was the snag; the sight was a very delicate instrument, and it seemed that no one could make it. At last a quiet little workshop was found, run in a small way by an Englishman who specialized in the making of precise instruments. He was shown a gun-sight: could he make it? He told the sceptical official to come back in a couple of weeks, and at the end of that time he had made it. And so the production of trench mortars was begun, simple, light pieces which two men could carry, and which afterwards did deadly work in Abyssinia.

The armoured cars were built on strengthened Ford chassis. Iscor supplied the armour plating, an engineering shop built them up, and a motor-car dealer fitted them. He had been running a little body-assembling business in peace-time, and now he was the man to equip armoured cars. The work was done just off a busy street, in a corrugated iron shop (guarded at night) where, as you watched the men absorbed in their work (the proprietor lending a hand), you could almost forget that a great army of Democracy had just been defeated.

The gold mines, commanding considerable resources of skill and material, supplied men, machines and premises. The railway workshops, belonging to the State, as does

the entire railway system, turned over their benches to munition-making. As, normally, dynamite is made in the country for the mines, there were ample supplies of explosives.

It was on the whole a heartening picture, which, of course, had another side to it. No tanks or aeroplanes could be made; these would have to come from Britain and America. Neither anti-tank machine-guns nor anti-aircraft guns were being made; the 250-lb. bombs seemed very small when you remembered that the Germans were using half-ton and ton bombs; some of the workshops had not reached production stage. Although much was being done, much more in fact than we could see, it all seemed so little and so slow by comparison with the urgency of the need. Each afternoon, coming out of a bomb or a shell or a helmet factory, we would look for the newspaper contents bills (which were later stopped to save paper) and they would say: "Air Actions Over Britain"—"More Planes Over Britain"—or something like that. "Still the same," said one newspaperman of our company. "Nothing new," said another.

The Battle of Britain was on.

4

Yet it was a good beginning. Those armoured cars have been improved and strengthened; they have swept through Abyssinia, have been to and fro in the Western Desert, and have gone farther afield. Bigger bombs have come from the foundries. The howitzers have proved their worth. Millions of pairs of boots have gone into the battlefields. The war industries have expanded in many more ways than were thought possible in those experimental, struggling days of 1940.

It was becoming increasingly difficult to import food-stuffs from America. This population of two million whites and eight million coloured people had never been able to feed itself, had never been able to grow enough wheat for itself; so that in 1941, in order to conserve flour and save shipping space, the baking of white bread was prohibited and wholemeal bread made compulsory by law. Moreover the convoys were coming. With the

Mediterranean closed, the Cape route was in operation. When Wavell was driven from Cyrenaica and the British were driven from Crete, it was good to know that the convoys were coming round the Cape, touching at Cape Town and Durban, taking in supplies, going north. Inland, one was never supposed to know when a convoy was in port; but there were times when one could not help knowing. Letters came from the coast, or a friend or relative coming off a ship for a few hours telephoned from Durban. Certain foods and commodities became scarce, and others disappeared from the market. Food had to be sent to the convoys and to the forces in the Middle East.

South Africa found the food. Her canning and bottling factories showed that they could do much better than in 1914. Agriculture and industry now revealed hidden resources and scope, and encompassed twenty-five years of development in two and a half years. South Africa was called upon to play its historic role as a refreshment station, and was not found wanting. During the whole of 1941 and 1942 the convoys went by northwards, supplying and reinforcing the armies on that critical front in Egypt. When the Eighth Army was pushed back to within sixty miles of Alexandria, the convoys arrived just in time to strengthen the hard-pressed defence. Americans were coming, too, and by the end of 1942 it became clear that the Second Rounding of the Cape had been achieved. Even if new routes were being laid across the Continent, the Cape route had served during a most perilous period, and South Africa had done its share in keeping the route open.

Its armies had suffered the varying fortunes which were the lot of the British forces in Africa during those two years. Early in 1941, three brigades joined the two British Divisions on the Kenya border to cross into Abyssinia and begin one of the most extraordinary campaigns of the war. With the other British units that came from the Sudan, they made up not more than a tenth of the forces they challenged, but they overthrew the Italian East African Empire and its army of 300,000 men. The Italians were outmanoeuvred and outwitted from the start. They did not believe that the British would cross the frontier desert.

South African transport crossed it at anything from three to sixty miles an hour. The little trench mortars made in South Africa blew them out of many a fort. A few Hurricanes shot their bombers from the skies. The British equipment, reckoned by the standard of this war, was pathetically meagre, but, to parody a famous phrase, never was so much achieved with so little. When Wavell, after his brilliant dash to Benghazi, had been forced back to the Egyptian frontier, when Greece had fallen and Crete was lost, the conquest of Abyssinia, Eritrea and Italian Somaliland furnished the only bright spot on the British map.

General Smuts was now made a Field-Marshal of the British Army, but in South Africa he continued to be known as General Smuts, and so strong is the attachment to this designation that he has at times been referred to (even in print) as Field-Marshal General Smuts. He may be a Field-Marshal in the British Army, but in South Africa (and, therefore, in these pages) he remains General Smuts.

South Africans, English and Afrikaners, were in the van when the Eighth Army swept into Libya again in November, 1941, and they suffered their first reverse when the Fifth Brigade, fighting to its last round at Sidi Rezegh, was overrun by German tanks, and many of its men were killed or made prisoner. Successes followed at Bardia, Sollum and Halfaya, but seven months later came the disaster of Tobruk, when the second South African Division was forced to surrender, and South Africa lost 12,000 of her best. That was a severe blow to a people of two million, whose army of nearly 200,000 certainly contained a smaller proportion of combatant units than it would have had, if one portion of the population, a minor portion, had not stubbornly refused to participate. General Smuts called for 7,000 men to fill the gap caused at Tobruk, and eventually got 10,000. South Africans took part in the conquest of Madagascar, when no one stopped to inquire whether or not that island could be considered part of Africa. And the first South African Division was with the Eighth Army when that much-tried force rose from El Alamein in October, 1942.

On November 6, when the defeated Axis army was re-

treating across the Western Desert, Dr. van der Bijl could tell his war workers:

"We are to-day producing for our armies up North tens of thousands of heavy aerial bombs, scores of millions of rounds of small-arms ammunition, hundreds of guns and mortars, hundreds of armoured cars, tens of thousands of shells, grenades and land-mines. They and great quantities of other equipment—boots, clothing, food, transport, vehicles and technical gear, structural steel, pipes, wire ropes, carbide, radio sets and gun-sights—have flowed from our production lines to the North."

"We have recruited a great army of workers for our factories, and they include many thousands of women. In the engineering industry alone there are about ten thousand women, nearly all of whom are on direct war work."

They could not make tanks, but they made half a million spares for replacement.

"These 500,000 spare parts have put tanks and guns back into action when the Eighth Army needed them most urgently. They were made in workshops, both in the Union and Rhodesia, which undertook this vitally important work so that South Africa's favourable geographical position could be exploited to the full."

5

And what was the Nationalist, Malanite and O.B. opposition doing at this time? It so happened that on November 4, 1942, on the very day when the Axis forces began their retreat from Egypt, Mr. Oswald Pirow, who by now was heading a New Order Party, was outlining his plans for a "new order" in South African industry to an audience in Pretoria. This New Order of his envisaged a South Africa which would integrate its industry with that of the new (presumably Hitlerite?) Europe. The "integration" was to be done in this way: South Africa's exports would be chiefly base metals, gold and diamonds, and whatever agricultural surplus there remained when the home needs were satisfied. Imports would be almost exclusively the products of the co-ordinated European industry.

What a translation was here! This New Order was nothing more than the old imperial workshop-of-the-world idea—only now the workshop was to be apparently Nazi Germany.

One could now forgive those who had been questioning how much of the South African was left in Mr. Pirow.

Mr. Pirow's flight of fancy, or throw-back, or whatever one may be prompted to call it, was symptomatic of what had happened to the Opposition Party during three years of war. There was in truth no longer any Opposition Party, but in its place several parties at loggerheads, and pulling in different directions.

Taking with him a remnant of his followers left to him after the neutrality debate on September 4, 1939, General Hertzog formed his Afrikaner Party, most moderate of all the anti-war factions and soon to be a political cypher. Dr. Malan continued with his Purified Nationalists, renamed the Herenigde Party (the re-United Party, which re-united nothing), and subsequently styled the Republican Nationalist Party. Mr. Pirow announced his New Order, like its apparent model in Germany much more nationalist than socialist, announcing the end of Democracy, and proclaiming—in some vague future after the war—a Nationalist Socialist Afrikaner State directed by the Afrikaans-speaking Protestant part of the nation. And there was the Ossewa Brandwag, more active and immediately troublesome to the State than any of the others, its arrogance varying directly with the German successes in Europe.

Dr. Malan has continually preached—though not from the pulpit—against the war, against the Government, against Britain, against the Democracies, and has assured his followers at various times and with various degrees of conviction, of the imminence of a total German victory. In the latter event, of course, the Malanite Party would immediately achieve all its aims, for had not Dr. Malan received an assurance from Germany, by radio via Zeesen, that a victorious Nazi Germany would respect South African independence, and had not Dr. Malan believed this?

His supporters embarrassed him with their projects for a Boer Republic, which turned out to be much the same as Mr. Pirow's New Order, a dictatorship, with minorities deprived of rights, and everything else arranged to conform with a familiar Continental pattern. All these projects ignored the fact that their sponsors were themselves

in a minority and that in the event of a German victory they would, in any case, be allowed to exist at all only at the pleasure of the Nazis.

The Ossewa Brandwag, professing to be a cultural body to start with, soon adopted an organization on military lines, made its officials commandants and generals, and made no bones about its Nazi sympathies. Whereupon the Malanite pot, calling the O.B. kettle black, accused it of importing foreign ideas.

When other Afrikaners donned the red-tabbed khaki uniform of the South African Army, the O.B. sported a pointed beard as a sign of their political faith and sentiment. The fact that General Smuts had worn such a beard for years did not impress them as a contradiction of their chosen symbol. A number of dynamite explosions occurred in the suburbs of Johannesburg and other towns, mostly damaging private property when they did any damage at all. Several of these explosions were directly traced to members of the O.B. The Jews, favourite scape-goat of the disgruntled, were accused of being the real originators of the war, a common argument both of the O.B. and the Malanites being that this was a capitalist Jewish war.

Soldiers were assaulted in the less frequented streets, and open antagonism reached a climax in January, 1941, when police and military had to be called out to quell street clashes between soldiers and civilians in Johannesburg. Certain American papers that afterwards reached the country seemed to magnify this affair and give it undue significance. The American view, which perhaps had a perspective that we on the spot could not have, was certainly instructive; but I remember that, on the Saturday night when the riots occurred, I was at a show in the centre of the town—the film was *The Grapes of Wrath*—and I came out of the cinema to feel a smarting of the eyes (for there was tear gas in the air), but was unaware that anything had been amiss until I opened Sunday morning's paper.

Since January, 1941, the leader of the O.B. has been Dr. J. F. J. van Rensburg, who had been Administrator of the Orange Free State and as such a public servant supposed to be above politics. He resigned that post, retired

from the public service on a pension of £600 a year, and became tub-thumping commandant-general of the O.B. He had been the Nationalist leaders' "white-headed boy". Pirow had made him Secretary for Justice and placed him at the head of one of the leading Departments of State half a dozen years after he had entered it as a junior official. A few years later, in 1937, when he was thirty-eight years old, Hertzog sprang a surprise even on his most ardent admirers by making him Administrator of the Orange Free State.

He had been a colonel in the Defence Force, too, having risen from subaltern in a few years, and in 1936, "by virtue of my interest in military affairs", had visited Germany. How he thus advanced his military knowledge has never been disclosed, but it is known that he returned with an ill-concealed admiration of Nazism. And so, in December, 1940, the colonel resigned from the administratorship of the O.F.S. and a month later was promoted commandant-general of the O.B. In his first pronouncement as leader, the beardless Van Rensburg proudly declared that the O.B. was not democratic—as if there was danger of anyone suspecting that it was.

The spiritual links of the Malanites, the Pirowites, and the O.B. with Nazi Europe, differing only in degree, were repeatedly demonstrated by their attitude to the war news. Hitler's overthrow of France was hailed with jubilation among the O.B., particularly in Pretoria, one of their strongholds. The costly but heroic South African stand at Sidi Rezegh was billed by one of their newspapers as "A Black Day for a South African Brigade". Faces were long when it became clear that Hitler was to achieve no quick victory in Russia, but eyes brightened as his armies neared Moscow. O.B. aggressiveness lost some of its cocksureness when America came into the war, but there was comfort in Japan's victories—cold comfort, though, because the Afrikaner has never liked the Japanese.

Rommel's defeat by Montgomery in Egypt in November, 1942, shook Nationalist confidence to the core. Dr. Malan had consistently led his party to believe that a victory for the Axis was inevitable and that, after the retreat to El Alamein, the British forces in Egypt were as good as eliminated. Nationalists who had christened their

children after Hitler, now named further newcomers after his general in Africa, though they were hampered by the fact that "rommel" is an Afrikaans word meaning "rubbish". Their newspapers, which had always given prominence to Axis war reports, published the Allied communiqués in quotation marks, to suggest that the facts they set forth were only claims and as such were in doubt. This effort at objectivity in presentation of the news was a pathetic piece of journalistic piety.

Those who had cheered the enemy's successes now found themselves belittling the achievements of their own side. "What a position for any man to place himself in," as a leading article in the *Rand Daily Mail*, Johannesburg, said on November 7.

"To be impelled to rejoice when the nation mourns and to mourn when it rejoices; to be glad when the enemy beats the men of your own country and your own town, and to refrain from praise when their courage is rewarded by success. Up till now the role has been ignominious in the extreme; in future it is likely to become ridiculous as well. For, if there is one thing less dignified than to applaud the enemy's success, it is to hope that he will win and yet watch him fail."

6

Knowing the Afrikaner people, their passion for freedom, their love of their country, and their realistic outlook, far more realistic than that of the British, it is impossible to accept that even the extremely opinionated among them can have any faith in Nazi promises to them, can believe that a victorious Germany, reaching out for world power, would leave South Africa, so materially and strategically important, to its own devices, or allow it more than a fraction of the freedom it now possesses within the British Commonwealth and will possess in the greater world of a democratic victory. Their sympathies with the Nazis are the expression of their hatred of the British, their century-old grudge. They would gladly see Germany win because of the damage it would mean to Britain, and they deliberately shut their eyes to the ruin it would bring upon them. It is a hatred that derives from the Anglo-Boer War, from the first annexation of the Transvaal, from

the Trek, from the frontier troubles that preceded it, from Slagter's Nek, and even from the days of the Dutch East India Company, when the farmers were constantly trekking farther away from the hand of unsympathetic authority.

A great many Afrikaners, those who have the liberal outlook that has inspired their greatest leaders, have been content to leave the wrongs of the past—to the past. They take a pride in their people's history, and in their present achievements. Their outlook is no longer that of the frontier farmer, packing his wagon, saddling his horse and trekking away into the isolation of the veld. They have turned their faces again to the world, they have accepted the amends that Britain has made for past wrongs and are ready to co-operate equally with the English and with all peoples willing to live and let live.

As for the Malanites, the Pirowites and the Ossewa Brandwag, all at variance with each other, but all sharing the hope for a Hitlerite victory—it is impossible to believe that this hope is inspired more by an admiration of Nazism and its vicious institutions than by an unreasoning attachment to the grievances of dead generations. It is also difficult to escape the conclusion that these grievances are kept alive because they are part of the professional politicians' stock-in-trade. Both Malan and Pirow have been willing enough to forget the past when it suited their purposes to do so.

In 1927, Malan, then Minister of the Interior, could say:

"Dutch South Africa recognizes the British Empire as the freest country in the world. The recognition of South Africa's freedom has killed secession."

In the same year he was saying:

"No one would like to break the British connection; nor is there any idea of that"—and, "Republicanism is dead."

A few years later, in 1933, when Malan was in Opposition, Pirow was almost echoing his words:

"I take the Republican movement as nothing short of a joke, and not a very good joke."

In 1935 he proclaimed:

"To-day, when we are, in the fullest sense, masters of our own destiny, I can say without fear of contradiction that there is no anti-British feeling in South Africa."

And two years before the outbreak of this war, the Minister of Defence, as Pirow then was, declared:

"The only practical relationship for generations to come is that between South Africa and the British Commonwealth of Nations, and I am satisfied to make the best of that relationship."

Did these men mean what they were saying when they were in office? Or do they mean what they have said since—Malan holding ethereal consultations with Zeesen, and Pirow preaching a New Order and advocating the republican idea that he once called a joke? Or is it merely that in both circumstances they were grinding a political axe? When in office they were most anxious to remain in office. When in Opposition they had to maintain a reason for their political existence, and each, pretending to leadership, had to proclaim his own creed. At the time of testing, it looked very much as though, while loving their country, they loved themselves more.

7

In his own party, among the Afrikaans and the English-speaking sections alike, General Smuts has been criticized for not taking a stronger line with the Opposition groups. They would have liked to see him apply vigorous measures to suppress their propagandist organs, to check their flirtations with Zeesen, and to eliminate their quasi-military organization. The course of events has shown that he was right and they were wrong.

They argue that, strong as Smuts has proved himself at seventy, he would have been stronger and taken a more vigorous line of action had he been twenty years younger. Stronger he might have been, but not wiser. He has given the Opposition all the benefits of the Democracy they would have liked to see overthrown, and all the freedom to which they were entitled under the constitution. Those

who were considered to be immediately dangerous, because of their too active support of the enemy, were interned; others who were found to be seeking information on behalf of the enemy—and there have been some—were dealt with by the law. He has never given them cause for making martyrs of themselves; he has nurtured no new hatreds; and the waverers, those who were playing for safety believing that if Germany won they would be safer with the Ossewa Brandwag or Malan, and if the Allies won they would not be molested—these he has given a chance to come over to his side.

The result has been that in the years of war the Opposition has disintegrated. It has split up into three or four factions, almost as violently opposed to each other as they are to the Government. It has lost ground and spent its forces in argument, in drawing up "new orders" and constitutions, and in discussing a future it would find ruinous to possess. It has even made itself ridiculous in its proposals to abolish Father Christmas because he was "foreign", in planning a Nationalist Labour Day, and in issuing playing-cards in which powder-horns, wagon-wheels, yokeskeis (yokebows) and velskoens (shoes of ox-hide) were substituted for hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades, and presidents, voortrekkers and so on for kings, queens and knaves.

The elections of July, 1943, showed to what extent the Opposition had weakened—elections which, for the first time in the Union's history, were held on the battlefronts as well as at home, for votes were gathered from the forces in the Middle East and from South Africans serving in England. The anti-Government, anti-war parties, which in September, 1939, had mustered 67 members in the House of Assembly, had their strength reduced to 43 (against the Government's 107), and polled throughout the country 357,000 votes against the Government's 653,000. Dr. Malan, calling himself "Volksleier" (People's Leader), was able to claim a hollow victory in having eliminated the smaller Opposition parties from the House, however vociferous they might remain out of it, for he won all the anti-Government seats. Thus the elections demonstrated that there was still a hard core of anti-democratic nationalism in South Africa; but it also

proved that the large majority of the people was unequivocally for the cause of the United Nations.

Every war leaves its legacy of bitterness. If in South Africa this war adds to that chafing heritage from the past, it will not be the doing of General Smuts nor of the Government which headed the country and ranged it on the side of the United Nations and the free spirit of man.

CHAPTER VII

PANORAMA

THE ten million people of the Union of South Africa live in cities, towns, dorps and villages, on farms, in native reserves and in kraals. Their extremes of civilization are represented by the seventeen-storeyed concrete buildings of Johannesburg, and the reed huts of the Bantu's kraals. Coming fresh from the reserve to work on the mines, the raw, blanketed native will occasionally pass through the city and, stepping fearsomely through the traffic, will cast awesome glances at the buildings around him. The white man photographs the reed huts in their sun-baked valleys so that a knowledge of their structure may for ever be preserved.

The cities are as modern as the average cities of the rest of the world, and where they are new they are probably more modern and less interesting. The small towns have all the gossip, jealousies and prejudices of small-town life, the usual shops, cinemas, schools, churches and church bazaars, and the usual people. In the villages or the dorps of the country-side, "dorp" being an Afrikaans word signifying something between a village and a town, one may see living evidence of voortrekker origin—the square where the wagons assembled, and which to-day serves as both square and market-place, surrounded by church, post office, hotels and shops. The towns of the Witwatersrand have a different outlay and character, for they arose not around a square but along a road, the Main Reef Road that led from mine to mine. Along the Main Reef Road the first houses and shops clustered.

The greatest city in Africa south of Cairo is Johannesburg, a mining camp in 1886, to-day a metropolis of half a million people, with a cathedral, a university, a large library, six large cinemas as well as many small ones, and slum districts which have grown quite as fast as the rich residential suburbs. It is a predominantly English city, built by the English and built in somewhat haphazard

fashion. For a new city, so new that anything more than twenty years old already has an air of antiquity about it, its streets are surprisingly narrow. This is one of the indelible marks of its history. Johannesburg was first laid out on a triangular piece of "uitvalgrond"—a piece of no-man's-land that no man, till then, had wanted. The people for whom it was built had not come to build a town. They had come in search of gold, and did not know how long they were to stay. In such circumstances it was not to be expected that anyone was going to plan for the future. If there had to be a town, it was only to serve immediate needs, and therefore, since corner sites fetched more money, it was a good scheme to have many corner sites and therefore many streets. And if the streets were going to be numerous they would have to be narrow. And so they were, and so they are.

Johannesburg's streets never seemed so vexatiously narrow as when, in peace-time, it had 60,000 cars and every owner wanted to park his against the kerb while he did his shopping, his eight hours at the office or his two hours at the cinema. There was nothing to be done about it except blame the good old pioneers, who, being mostly dead or dying, did not care. The civic authorities might cut part of the side-walks away, designate certain streets as "No Parking" areas and make others "One-Way"; but they could not push the buildings apart. This is one of those instances where the pioneers built worse than they knew.

At the south end of the streets, cutting across the southern parts of the town, are the mine dumps, hills of whitish sand, the waste stuff from the mines. There is one spot where you get a view of the dumps stretching east and west for a distance of twenty miles—the most striking thing in the landscape, witness to the Rand's origin and wealth. I have seen the dumps described by one writer as "ugly slag heaps". He was a visitor. No man is a true Johannesburger until he has learned to admire the dumps at sunset.

Johannesburg is a bustling and energetic place, where the winds and the altitude (5,600 feet above sea-level) are credited with giving the inhabitants a restlessness equalled nowhere else in the country. "Your air is like wine, like

wine!" a newly arrived Continental exclaimed to me, drinking it all in by great gulps. I had not noticed it. Businesslike in its every thought, it has had much more of a cultural life since, ten years ago, Hitler rejected the most cultured part of his population. It has had more concerts and more confectionery shops, and though its City Councillors may still be in doubt as to the uses of a Beethoven symphony, they support an annual symphonic and operatic festival.

The considerable Jewish population is neither so rich nor so influential as is generally supposed. The non-Jewish rich of Johannesburg, English and Afrikaner, are both much richer and much more numerous; but not so obtrusive. That is the Jew's besetting sin. He likes to spend his money freely and does not mind who knows it; and he gives it freely, too, being more charitably disposed than any other section of the community. On the other hand, the Jews have their poor as well as any other people, but the Gentile critics never know of them; neither, for that matter, do many of the Jews.

Pretoria, the administrative capital, thirty-six miles to the north, is much more Afrikaner in atmosphere. It was built by the Boers, who, taking their time and being somewhat more artistic than the early Rand pioneers, made a better job of town-planning than they did. It is said that President Kruger wanted the streets to be wide enough to turn a team of oxen in, which is also said of Rhodes in Bulawayo and Salisbury, and may be true of both. For both were men of big ideas. The fact remains that Pretoria's streets are wide and spacious, and in October, when the long avenues of jacaranda trees are in bloom, present an incredibly gorgeous spectacle. Its life is rather leisurely, partly because of the weather, always four or five degrees warmer than in Johannesburg, and partly because of its large population of civil servants, among whom the struggle for existence is never very urgent.

✓ Cape Town, the Mother City of South Africa, claims to be the most cultured, and probably is, if only because of its greater age and its accumulation of traditions. Its City Council spends about £20,000 a year on the support of a symphony orchestra, and therefore must be regarded

as having duly satisfied itself as to the necessity of Beethoven—but not of Wagner, whose music was banned in 1940. In this respect the City Fathers of Cape Town showed themselves less sensible than those of Johannesburg, who rightly considered that the master composers were none of their business. The background of Cape Town is dominated by Table Mountain, no more than 3,650 feet above sea-level but immensely impressive. It presides over a population that is probably more varied than that of any other part of the Union, for here where the seas meet, the seas of humanity have also met and produced a District 6, which may euphemistically be described as bizarre, but which is, for a student of types, the most interesting part of the city.

Durban, the other large port of the Union, is sometimes said to be the most English of South African towns and tries to live up to that reputation—not an easy matter in the presence of a large Indian quarter which, with its domes, minarets, turbans, swarming children and odours, is as truly a part of the Orient as anything east of Suez. Beneath its subtropical sky, Durban is sultry in summer and beautifully mild in mid-winter, which is July. To a Johannesburger, even when he goes there on holiday, life seems irritatingly slow; while the Durbanite regards the Johannesburger's restlessness as a characteristic that must be forgiven a community whose life is based on so evanescent an asset as gold mines. Durban also supports an orchestra at a cost of about £12,000 a year, but does not claim any higher cultural status on that account.

2.

Many a visitor from the U.S.A. contemplating Johannesburg's busy streets, its department stores, its traffic, and its large blocks of offices and flats or apartments, has described the city as typically American. The American element in the life both of Johannesburg and of South Africa as a whole is really much deeper than that, for American influence in the Union is second only to that of Britain itself, and in recent years has been spreading in many directions. The South African rides mostly in American cars; sees films that mostly come from Holly-

wood; if he reads, reads as many American books as English; and for some time has been showing a marked preference for American periodicals. His radios come from America, his refrigerators come from America, and the toys he buys his children are mostly marked "Made in U.S.A." He gets his slang from America and his canned foods, and his politicians have been showing irritation at the fact that imports from the U.S.A. have been steadily rising, amounting to sixteen million pounds in the year before the war, while exports remained stubbornly below the million mark. The irritation gave rise to demands for reciprocity, which sounded very much like a sparrow demanding reciprocity with an eagle.

American influence in South Africa is strong and is healthy. The U.S.A., a country but recently emerged from the pioneering stage, has much to teach another country that is still in it. Just as the American motor-car manufacturer in building cars to suit American conditions also produced the kind of vehicle best suited to South African roads, so in other forms of activity, cultural as well as material, the products of the greater country have readily been found to answer the needs of the smaller. Agricultural machinery made in America has tilled and planted the South African veld; an American style of architecture is changing the face of its towns; the Johannesburg shop girl smartens herself up with American cosmetics after having learned to use them from American beauty hints; and her kid brother reads or scans American comics. Women get their fashion books from America and were getting them throughout 1940 and 1941 when commodities more urgent than fashions were required; and while the well-dressed man will never depart from the restrained London cut, the younger generation finds that the more ostentatious styles from New York are much to its liking.

The South African living in a society that is without classes except for the rich and the poor, the white and the non-white, understands the atmosphere of American society better than that of England, with the social distinctions of which he is inclined to show impatience. He appreciates the pungency of American novels better than the subtleties of English writers, and he prefers full-blooded American

plays to refined English ones. The American scene seems closer to him, and though there may be ground for arguing that it has been brought closer by the films, the similarity of conditions is without doubt the older cause.

American influence in South Africa also has a political value. An Afrikaner who would suspect an Englishman's intentions, attributing imperial or racial motives to it, will trust an American's. He has never feared anything from the U.S.A., never been frustrated by its politicians or over-run by its soldiery, and therefore he is less critical of its behaviour. What in an Englishman would be regarded as English and on that account blameworthy, is in an American considered as American and admirable. The U.S.A. can therefore play a most important role in the Union, as a mediator between English and Afrikaner, interpreting this one's motives, allaying the suspicions of the other. Even when the aims of Britain and the U.S.A. are identical, they seem better to the Afrikaner when explained in an American accent.

America's entry into the war brought many an Afrikaner over to the Allied way of thinking, convincing him that the Allies had right on their side. On the other hand, there are symptoms of a changing attitude, largely the work of the Malanite and the O.B. politicians. They have begun to see a danger in American influence, in the flow of American capital and American ideas even when they come to develop the country. They have begun to identify American with British interests and to breed in their followers a new hostility. To them, anything which is not Afrikaans is anti-Afrikaans, and in the growth of American prestige in South Africa they pretend to see a strengthening of the British position. But American influence will continue and it will grow, especially after this war, not merely because American soldiers will have been in the country, or because of America's great part in the struggle, but because the peoples of the English-speaking Democracies will have been brought so much closer to each other. Contacts will have been established which never existed before; South Africa will look more and more to American experience in the development of its own resources, and will follow American example in the treatment of its problems.

This does not mean, of course, that British influence will diminish. South Africa, in common with the other Dominions, will prove a meeting ground for the Anglo-Saxon peoples, who have already been drawn so much closer by the common dangers that have assailed them in all the continents and in all the seas. Englishmen in Britain and Americans in the U.S.A., looking at each other across the Atlantic, do not always find it easy to see eye to eye with each other, although the increasing exchange of books and plays during recent years has done much to create a better understanding. The difficulty tends to disappear entirely in the Dominions, which thus become strengthening links between peoples of similar origin and ideals.

It should not be imagined, however, that South Africa will become an Anglo-Saxon preserve. In the past, such immigrants as have stepped off in Table Bay, have come from many countries. The bias in immigration has been in favour of newcomers from western European countries, under a mistaken impression that they were of better stock than those of eastern Europe, an impression which was much encouraged by Hertzog's Government. His followers wanted not only a "white man's country", but a "Nordic man's country". They also preferred Continentals to Englishmen in the hope that they would be anti-British. In their discrimination against eastern Europeans, however, they received much support from the English section, who also developed a prejudice, largely anti-Semitic in colour, against those countries where the Battle of Europe has been raging since June, 1941.

3

Are South Africans rich people? They have a reputation for being so, largely the result of the gold and diamond mines on which the country's economy has been built. But possibilities of wealth are limited amid a small community; and so in South Africa there were, in 1941, 99 men with incomes of over £20,000, about 120 with more than £10,000, and 2,000 with more than £5,000. The majority of the Union's 80,000 taxpayers were in the £400-£1,000 class, but supplied only a fraction of the State's

£26,000,000 revenue from income tax, about ninety per cent of which comes from 3,300 tax-paying companies.

In 1940 there were 318,000 motor-cars in the Union, that is, about four per taxpayer, one to every six whites, or one to every twenty-eight persons of all races.

That is not a bad financial picture for a small population, but it has another side to it, a side which may be entitled the Poor White Problem. Poor whiteism is one of the sores of the South African economic system, and broadly speaking is the result of the white man's reliance on the black man's labour. Between the comfort of the white and the toil of the black, there are thousands of poor whites caught between the upper and the nether millstones, and inheriting from the earliest generations of settlers at the Cape, who preferred the slave to the free worker, a tradition that abhors manual labour as "Kaffir work". The poor whites are the children and grandchildren of families who turned away from manual labour as something beneath them, and yet were not good enough for anything else.

In 1927 the president and the secretary of the Carnegie Corporation of New York visited South Africa, and were so impressed with the significance of poor whiteism that the Corporation appointed a Commission of Investigation. The Carnegie Report was issued in 1932 in five volumes, and made some disturbing disclosures. The Commission estimated that more than 300,000 of the white population were "very poor". Not all of these could be classed as "poor whites" in the sense of being an unhabitable class, but more than half of them could.

They consisted principally of poor "bywoners" (squatters or sub-farmers giving their labour for the right to work a small piece of land as their own), of hired men on farms, owners of dwarf holdings or of small undivided shares of land, poor settlers, and a growing group of unskilled or poorly trained labourers and workers who had their place neither in farming nor out of it. They were to be found in remote parts of the Cape, living on a few shillings of monthly wages and meagre rations; or in the Transvaal low veld, descendants of the original pioneers become derelicts in their own land; or in isolated valleys, far from civilization, resenting its intrusions, and dragging

out an existence on earnings that amounted to no more than a few pence per day. In Namaqualand families of poor whites could be found living in grass huts and moving from place to place without any permanent home. All over the country there were families of indigents, living in wretched hovels and shacks, farm-hands, bywoners, and even farmers still claiming that title because of the fraction of land they possessed, remnant of a large farm that had been divided and subdivided among the heirs of the original owners.

The poor whites could be found in the towns too, untrained, improvident, lacking habits of industry, and taking only half-heartedly to the work, euphemistically called "unskilled labour", that could be found for them. It was so styled to prevent them from thinking of it as "Kaffir work", yet many of them had sunk economically almost to the level of the native, and the black man found nothing to respect in them other than the colour of their skin.

One of the members of the Carnegie Commission, Dr. E. G. Malherbe, officer in charge of the National Bureau of Education, Pretoria, reported that in one rural primary school, there was not one child, not even in Standard VI, who could find South Africa on the map of the world. When shown a world atlas, some of them told him that it was the first time they had seen one.

When he asked them whether any of them had heard of General Hertzog (then Prime Minister) three put up their hands. Asked who he was, one replied: "He's the man who flies in the aeroplane."

Small wonder that Dr. Malherbe expressed himself as far from satisfied with the educational provision made for the children of the rural poor.

"Dull children are being added more rapidly to our population than bright children," he said.

"Poor whiteism begets poor whiteism," he pronounced.

"Thousands of those children," he wrote, "had never seen the sea. Hundreds had never seen a train. In certain rural schools a large proportion of the children had not seen a town larger than a thousand inhabitants; in fact many of them had not been more than thirty miles away from home. This isolation, this immobility of the population, which leads to social inbreeding and deterioration are . . . among the root causes of poor whiteism."

Various State-aided schemes for the regeneration of the poor white, tried both before and after the investigation by the Carnegie Commission, have only served to emphasize the difficulties and the magnitude of the problem. Certain attempts have succeeded in a small way; others have demonstrated that State assistance is far from being an unmixed blessing. As the Carnegie Commissioners reported:

"The Commission is convinced that much State assistance is given in such a way as to have a demoralizing effect on poor whites, and so increases the difficulty of their rehabilitation. It causes loss of independence and may imbue them with a sense of inferiority, impairs their industry, weakens their sense of personal responsibility, and helps to make them dishonest."

"There are clear signs," the report added, "that voting power and political influence are being abused to an increasing degree in order to obtain State assistance."

Which was a polite way of alluding to the poor white's favourite argument, when he has any: "If the Government doesn't give me a job, I won't vote for them."

Such is the vicious circle of poor whiteism, the common phenomenon, it is sometimes said, of mixed communities consisting of an upper class of whites and a lower class of blacks, but more probably the outgrowth of such ideas as "Kaffir work" and "Kaffir wages", and the employment of slave labour in preference to free. For slave labour creates "slave work" or "Kaffir work" which the free white man will shun and will keep on avoiding even when work, the work of his hands and body, offers the only way to his salvation.

Are South Africans rich people?

The correct answer is that one-tenth of them are poor whites.

4

When the Union came into being in 1910, the white population was fairly evenly divided between town and country, the proportions then being about forty-nine per cent rural to fifty-one per cent urban. Since then, farming has become less, not more, attractive; markets have become more, not less, difficult; and industries have been

growing in the towns and offering an easier livelihood than the land and the plough. There has been a ceaseless drift from country into town; the old trek movement has been completely reversed; where families packed their wagons and made for the veld, they now bundle into a train and make for the town. Just as the authorities had been unable to stop the trek outwards, so now they have been unable to arrest the trek inwards. Nor has it been generally agreed that this should be stopped. Life has not been easy in the country; farming has offered a precarious existence; some people are as much a burden on the State whether they live in country or in town; and the industries which General Hertzog's Government was anxious to establish needed workers. The drift to the towns could not be checked; at most, it could only be retarded.

The result has been that in thirty years white South Africa has become largely an urban community. To-day, two-thirds of the white population live in the towns, and nearly half lives in the larger towns. Yet, throughout its history, the policy of the Union has been ultimately determined not by the towns but by the country; not by the worker but by the farmer; not by the broader views of the city dwellers, but by the narrower sympathies of the dorp and the veld. This has been brought about by a curious system of parliamentary representation.

Right from the beginning of Union, Government policy has always dealt tenderly with the farmer. He was the backbone of the country, but the kind of backbone that needed careful nursing. The country was afraid of being outvoted by the towns in the Union legislature, and a peculiar provision was therefore introduced in the system of representation. A Delimitation Commission of three judges, to be reappointed at intervals, was created for the purpose of defining the electoral divisions or constituencies that would send members to the House of Assembly. They had to determine the quota for each province, the number of voters, that is, to be allocated to each seat in the House, and the territorial extent of each division. But the commissioners were allowed a certain latitude; wherever they deemed it necessary, they could depart from the quota by a margin of fifteen per cent above or below it. In practice this has meant that the

number of voters in the urban constituencies has usually been fifteen per cent above the quota, and in the rural constituencies fifteen per cent below it, thus creating a thirty per cent margin between them.

At times the margin has been even greater, for the commissioners have interpreted the spirit of the law in a most liberal manner. In 1939, when the quota for the Transvaal was 6,000 voters for each division, there were urban divisions with as many as 8,000, 9,000, 10,000 and 11,000 voters, while there were rural divisions with less than 5,000.

The effect of this has been that a vote in the country has always been worth about fifty per cent more than a vote in the towns, and the country has always had more members in the House than the towns. In short, the Act of Union, by making provision that the country should not be outvoted by the towns, made sure that the towns would be outvoted by the country. In 1910, only about thirty-two per cent of the members were from urban constituencies, and to-day, when two-thirds of the population are town-dwellers, the proportion is only forty-seven per cent.

This proportion was reached only in 1942 by the eighth Delimitation Commission, and it has thus taken thirty years to give town and country anything like equality of representation. But the significant fact is that it has at last been achieved, that the town-dweller has been given an almost equal say in the Government with the country-dweller, and at a time when the voice of the town is more necessary than ever in giving direction to the Union's future development.

CHAPTER VIII

OUMA AND OTHERS

MANY a war-time visitor to the Union, coming here at a time when the cause of the United Nations was struggling against every sort of adversity, has been astonished by the scene which presented itself to him. To the sailor coming off a destroyer or a tramp, after many weary weeks at sea, after months of dodging submarines, not always successfully, sunny South Africa has never seemed more restful. To the refugee from the threatened North or from the ravaged East it has been a sanctuary. To the visitor from Britain or the war zones it has seemed immersed in a perpetual complacency. The impression was in each case superficial, and in one case it was also inaccurate. Restful South Africa might be to the sailor, and homelike to the homeless, but the country that has raised an army equalling in number a tenth of its white population, that has sent its forces to Libya, Abyssinia and Madagascar, and that has built up a war industry supplying the battlefields both in and beyond Africa, cannot be accused of complacency.

Anyone coming from Britain's front line or from the Mediterranean must inevitably conclude that South Africans have been taking it easy. They have not had the same exciting stimulus as people living within a few miles of the battle zones, and have not been roused by immediate dangers. Moreover, the home population has suffered no want, no hardship and no privation, and apart from anxiety as to the progress of the war and the fortunes of its own men in the field, has not suffered at all. It would be surprising if in these circumstances the population were anything but easy-going.

Only during 1942 did the civilian population begin to feel the exigences of war impinging upon their daily lives. Petrol was rationed for the first time in February, 1942, long after drastic rationing had been introduced in Australia and New Zealand. Small wonder that the people of the Antipodes were annoyed to learn in 1941,

from a South African visitor, that unlimited motoring was still allowed in the sister Dominion. The invasion of Malaya put an end to all that, but to-day the motorist who uses a car for week-end jaunts or for getting to the office, can still drive at least two hundred miles a month. And if he can get a friendly garage hand to accept somebody else's coupons, he may do more.

White bread went out officially in April, 1941, and is still out except for people with weak digestions who cannot stomach wholemeal bread, and except for women with enough time on their hands to sift coarse flour and bake their own loaves.

Cream was ordered off the market in 1942. Wheat is controlled; oils, greases and tyres are controlled; paper is controlled and cut down to half the pre-war consumption, and restrictions on the making of clothing were introduced in January, 1943. Prices are controlled, but the cost of living was up by twenty-five per cent in 1943 nevertheless.

In a country with a large native population who would not know what it was all about, rationing of everyday commodities would be extremely difficult. A modified form of rationing started when the town shops, to check the run on their stocks, refused to supply more than a small quantity of the goods most in demand. Whereupon the patriotic householders repeated their orders at several shops. The shopkeepers retaliated by closing early, and that is where the contest between them and the customers stands to-day.

A shortage of tea was threatened in 1942, when supplies from India seemed uncertain. That would have been serious, for South Africans, with their morning and afternoon tea—11 a.m. tea is almost a national institution—are about the heaviest consumers of tea per head in the world, although they do not make it nearly as well as do the English. But an American convoy on its way back from India with nothing but tea in the holds unloaded two ships in Union ports and saved the situation.

In October, 1943, the war seemed to come closer. A transport "curfew" was introduced taking all trams and buses off the roads after 10 p.m.; and Wednesday was made a meatless day.

Black market? There was some excited talk about black markets early in 1942, but not for long. It is axiomatic that wherever there is rationing, there will be a black market. The thing is inherent in human nature. But it also follows that where there is little rationing, there cannot be much of a black market—and so it is in South Africa.¹

A C.P.S. organization (Civilian Protective Services), the equivalent of A.R.P., was started in 1940, but in the inland towns has never been more than half-hearted. Durban was blacked out in the middle of 1942, but Cape Town has only been dimmed. Johannesburg was given two black-out trials and was warned of more to come, but as the authorities did not seem to take their warnings seriously, neither did anyone else.

Building for civilian purposes has been drastically reduced and architects have practically been put out of business. The motor trade, which was making fortunes out of American cars before the war, has seen its business dwindle with every restriction on the use of petrol and tyres. But for the rest, South Africa enjoys that prosperity which war has more than once brought to its shores, and money has never been more plentiful. Income-tax is only from 1s. 6d. in the pound to about 3s. 6d. and is not payable by persons earning less than about £300 a year. There are other forms of taxation, such as super-tax for incomes of £2,000 and more, a Personal and Savings Fund Levy, and Provincial taxes, all of which sound more formidable than they are. War taxes in South Africa amount to no more than a fraction of those in Britain, and are certainly not burdensome to a community whose richer section does not rightly know what to do with its money. The Government tries to withdraw money from the market by selling Loan Certificates and War Bonds, and is greatly helped in this respect by the war charities. These have multiplied to such an extent that when, in 1942, the Johannesburg City Council thought it advisable to keep a tally of them, it found that there were no fewer than fifty-two entitled to recognition—"entitled" because certain professedly charitable establishments had been

¹ With the extension of Price and Food Control during 1943, black market trading increased considerably.

found to be working in a manner that smacked more of business than charity, and were, therefore, not entitled.

2

The leading war charities are the Governor-General's National War Fund, the Red Cross, the South African Gifts and Comforts, the Navy War Fund, and Medical Aid for Russia. All are well supported, especially by firms who would otherwise only have to pay more income-tax. Most popular of them all should be the National War Fund, which cares for the dependants of soldiers, but it is not, firstly because the public does not like the way in which its care is doled out, and, secondly, because it considers that the function is one for the Government and not for charity. The man in the street takes the view that just as the Government pays all the expenses for maintaining a gun in the field, so it should pay everything for keeping a man in the field, and that "everything" includes the care of his family. He is firm in this conviction, which all the sob-talk from the Fund's spokesmen has been unable to shake.

The Red Cross is widely supported, but most popular of the war charities is probably the South African Gifts and Comforts, if only because it is headed by "Ouma" Smuts, the most beloved woman in the land. "Ouma" Smuts is the wife of General Smuts. She called him "OuBaas" (Old Boss), and therefore the people nicknamed her "Ouma" (Grandmother). Her organization has sent hundreds of thousands of parcels to South Africans at the front, on all fronts, some of the parcels of cigarettes, tobacco, pipes, socks and other "goodies" going as far afield as Murmansk in the Antarctic.

Tousle-haired, thin-lipped, ascetic-looking Mrs. Smuts, whose countenance softens in a quite surprising way when she talks, is to-day a personality in South Africa as she has never been before. In former years she brought up her family (nine children, three of whom died early), she attended party meetings, she made speeches, but the public never got to know her as they have during these years of war.

She met Smuts, six months her senior, when both were students at Stellenbosch. They learned Greek and botany

together, and read poetry, but she remained, and was proud to remain, a "Boere vrou" (Boer woman) like her ancestors. And there is still more of the "Boere vrou" in her than of the scholar or the statesman's wife.

Whether she is presiding over a work party at "Libertas", the official home of the Prime Minister at Pretoria, whether she is talking to a group of workers or to a crowded meeting, her manner is simple and homely. Her words go straight to the heart. Listening to her, you are completely won over by her sincerity, and you begin to understand why she has become "Ouma", more especially so to the troops, of whom she speaks as "my boys". When she pats a man on the shoulder—he may be a private or he may be an officer—asks him how he is and where he comes from, she talks as one personally interested in his welfare. When she visits the troops and the women's auxiliary units in Egypt, as she has done twice, they are to her not fighters in a great struggle, but they are her "boys and girls".

General Smuts was never blessed with ease of approach to ordinary people, but she is. She has strengthened his links with the South African public, and through her warm-hearted, unpretentious ways, he has appeared to them more human. Her birthday, December 22, is the occasion for country-wide collections in aid of her fund, and jokingly she sometimes refers to herself as "Ouma Gifts and Comforts".

No survey of the present-day South African scene would be complete if it overlooked the spare, housewifely figure of "Ouma" Smuts; nor would it be entire without mention of other personalities who have so far played secondary roles, but who may be increasingly prominent in the years to come.

3

Foremost among these is the forty-nine-year-old Jan Hofmeyr, Minister of Finance and, during General Smuts's absence in Britain in 1942, Acting Prime Minister.¹ When the country woke up one morning to hear that Smuts was in England, it was surprised and delighted; when it heard later in the day that Mr. Hofmeyr was act-

¹ Also in 1943.

have expected of Mr. Sturrock; one would never have attributed to him such a capacity for rashness, just as one did not credit him with the qualities of a more positive kind that he has since revealed. He has proved one of the outstanding successes of General Smuts's war-time Administration; a Minister of Railways who has won the approbation of employees and public, no simple thing in war-time when the public had to be told that the less they travelled the better.

Not a spectacular figure, Mr. Sturrock is benevolent rather than impressive on a public platform. He has done what few other English Ministers have been able to do; he has learned Afrikaans. But then he is not English; he is a Scot, an engineer who got his training on the Tayside. He was in business before he went into politics, and if any doubted the uses of a business man in the Cabinet he has shown them his own efficiency as Minister responsible for the Government's largest business, the railways and harbours, which employs 126,000 men and spends more than £40,000,000 a year.

His success in his portfolio has been the result as much of his business ability as of his human approach to the job. The railways employ a large number of Afrikaners, among whom the hot-heads on the Government side professed to see strong Ossewa Brandwag influence. He told them in his characteristically unexciting manner that he was satisfied that there were no subversive influences among railwaymen; and if a cautious Scotsman said so, it had to be so. He added, also unexcitingly, but with undeniable humour, that he could object to the ox-wagon only as an alternative form of transport.

When it became necessary to discourage long-distance travel in war-time, he told the public that he would much rather carry a bag of potatoes than a passenger. The papers made jokes about it, but the good sense of it was apparent to all. Claude Sturrock is one of the few Britishers in South Africa who have shown themselves to possess a head for politics as well as business.

The most attractive personality in South African politics is Colonel Deneys Reitz, former Minister of Native Affairs, appointed High Commissioner in London in 1942, who has told his strange story to the world in two

admirable books, *Commando* and *Trekking On*. If you know Deneys Reitz you can hear him speaking in those books, his voice unassuming, his mind always open to a humorous suggestion. Son of a former President of the Orange Free State, he fought at Smuts's side throughout the Anglo-Boer War. At twenty he went into exile rather than take the oath of allegiance, but returned later to support Botha's Government, and helped him overcome the 1914 rebellion. He was in the South-West campaign, the East African campaign, and, joining the British forces in France, this former Boer guerilla fighter quickly rose to command a battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. He visited Britain and France in November, 1939, and warned Chamberlain of the inadequate defences on the Belgian frontier. "The Germans," he told Chamberlain, in the plainest possible language, "will go through the French and British lines like a dose of salts."

Not a politician in the true sense, for his humanity is too broad for that, Deneys Reitz has done more to promote racial understanding in South Africa than a score of professional vote-seekers.

Another son of a President of the Orange Free State in the Cabinet is Dr. Colin Steyn, the Minister of Justice, a small rotund man who sat in Parliament for a number of years as a supporter of General Hertzog, then left politics to return to his law practice, but was back in the political scene in 1932 to help in getting Hertzog and the Government off the gold standard. Colin Steyn is a man of sound sense and a moderate who has urged moderation as the only course in South Africa. On one occasion he declared: "The future lies in the moderate English-speaking man and the moderate Afrikaans-speaking man," and on another: "South Africa is going to be the first absolutely bilingual nation in the world." When in November, 1942, he publicly expressed "to the great Russian nation the sincere appreciation which we felt forty years ago when they sent an ambulance to assist our two Republics then in trouble", he not only meant to declare his friendship for Russia but to rebuke the Malanites and O.B.'s who were trying to make capital out of the Bolshevik bogey.

The outstanding Labour man in the country to-day is

Walter B. Madeley, the Minister of Labour and Social Welfare. Madeley has been in the House of Assembly ever since Union, always representing the same seat, a gold-mining town east of Johannesburg with the sad name of Benoni. Throughout the ups and downs of the Labour Party in South African politics, the genial, breezy-mannered Madeley has spoken as the constant and most sincere exponent of its principles. His leaders have not always stood by him, and he has not always been with the body of the party; but it may be accurately said of him that Labour was always where he was. And that is why to-day, approaching his seventies, and not so boisterous as he used to be, he is Labour's principal spokesman.

In the Cabinet he has shown as little reverence for the Smuts Government as in former years he showed for the Hertzog Government, which he once forced to resign before they could get rid of him. But what can you expect of a Socialist who has so often found himself between the veld landowners on one side and the mining magnates on the other? And Madeley has always been frank about his Socialism, which is of the kind that would not harm anyone—except the landowners and the mining magnates.

4

So much for the personalities at the head of South African politics. There are others, out of politics and as big as most of those in it. There is John Martin, who grew from newspaper to mining chief and a director of the Bank of England. When the Union's buying in the U.S.A. seemed to be going all lop-sided, he was sent over to put it right, and established the present buying commission. An industrialist of great ability both in dealing with men and in dealing with finance, John Martin is a power in the land.

There is the American, I. W. Schlesinger, head of the largest chain of cinemas in the country, a man who, it has been said, would have been bigger had he remained in America and the larger field that country could have offered him. He might have been bigger in South Africa, too, had he been able to regard entertainment as an art as well as an industry.

And there is Professor Leo Fouche, head of the South African Broadcasting Corporation, which was taken over by the Government in 1936 after Schlesinger had put it on its feet. He is a professor of history, bearded, with a head like a prophet's, who taught his students at Pretoria and Johannesburg to learn their South African history not from books, but from sources, and, where possible, from the scenes of its making. He is a great lover of classical music—which, however, is not the reason for the controversy that continually smoulders in the Press between those who want music on the radio and those who want jazz.

And there is Sarah Gertrude Millin, wife of Philip Millin, a Judge of the Supreme Court. She is author of a score of novels, and biographies of Rhodes and Smuts, and is the greatest writer the country has yet produced—not generally regarded so only because she is an instance of the prophet who has mostly stayed at home.

And there are other personalities; but from personalities I turn to the people, for they are the real problem, or rather the problems. Nowhere can there be found two million white and eight million non-white people with so many problems, as in South Africa. Here it can be said that the output of problems per thousand head of population is greater than anywhere else in the world.

5

Much has been said and written in South Africa to stress that Briton and Boer, Englishman and Afrikaner, are people of the same blood, the same sea-faring stock, the same ideals and the same love of freedom. Much that is obvious has been argued in this strain, and, strangely enough, has impressed no one. People may be of the same stock and be thoroughly different from each other, like two brothers who, growing up together in the same environment, yet develop all sorts of antagonisms. It may be true that of all the peoples of Europe, those of the northern Netherlands are closest in blood to those of England and Scotland. What of it? Has that kept Dutch and British always at peace? The possible kinship of the sea between

these two sea-faring peoples has been weakened in South Africa, because the Afrikaner has been bound to the land for three centuries, and his language takes its imagery from the ox-wagon and the veld, not from the ship and the sea.

This insistence on the common origin of Englishmen and Afrikaners leads nowhere and will not do. It is even vicious, because to the people of the country it seems insincere, and therefore it breeds suspicion. They may even resent it, just as two inimical brothers resent the ties of their common parentage. It would be more honest and wiser frankly to recognize the differences in the characters of the two peoples, and to point out that it is to their advantage that this is so. The greatest of all modern experiments in State-making, the United States of America, owes a good deal of its success to the diversity of the people taking part in it, and the variety of the contributions made to the common pool of thought and ideas. The doctrine that has to be preached in South Africa is that unlike peoples can still make a great success of nation-building, and may even profit by acknowledging each other's differences and using them. The history of both Britain and the U.S.A. demonstrates that richness of national life proceeds not from a general likeness of things, but from unlikeness, from a mixture of bloods, mentalities and spirits. Britain, despite her insularity, has never ceased to profit from the different peoples who have at various times and for various reasons sought a home and haven on her shores, and, maintaining her tolerance and broadmindedness, she will continue to profit.

The British in South Africa have the national phlegm, the national hard-headedness and efficiency in business, the national doggedness and sense of humour. Their patriotism is deep and sincere and more demonstrative than in England, where they have no need to defend it. They take their sport very seriously, and the arts much less so. The announcement in November, 1942, that the South African Railways coveted part of the Wanderers' football grounds in the centre of Johannesburg for their railway station, took second place in the news only to the battle of Egypt.

The British in South Africa are efficient, industrious

and adventurous, and have shown themselves adaptable. Their part in opening up the country has not been so spectacular as that of the Afrikaner, but, taken as a whole, it has not been less effective. Because they have been more interested in industry than in agriculture, the British are people of the town and city, while the Afrikaners are mostly of country and dorp. This relationship has been changed in recent years by somewhat increased settlement of Englishmen on the land, and by a large influx of Afrikaners into the towns. The position in the country districts, where one-third of the white population is to be found, is reflected by the fact that eighty-six per cent of the people engaged in agriculture have Afrikaans as their home language.

The Afrikaner is an excitable type, possessing what one calls temperament. He is never so emotionally reserved as the Englishman (but then no people is), and he likes to talk of culture and take part in cultural activities. His approach to the arts, when he has any, is serious, and if he has not contributed as much to the artistic life of the people as have the British, it is partly because, so far, his energies have been largely absorbed in pioneering, and partly because he has largely cut himself off from European sources and traditions, while the British have maintained both spiritual and material links with Europe.

Considered all round, the Afrikaner is about as different from the average Englishman as is the average Continental of north-western Europe. A more interesting point emerges, however, when one relates him to the different stocks to which he traces his ancestry, Dutch, French and, to a lesser extent, German. There were Germans among the early settlers sent out by the Dutch East India Company, and two thousand more, brought by the British, settled in the eastern part of the Cape Colony in 1859. The influence of these has, on the whole, not been great, although there are those among the Afrikaners who would like to believe that it is. Indeed, those with anti-British sentiments like to exaggerate their supposed affiliations with Germany and make much of any German ancestors they may possess. But their pretensions are in vain. The Afrikaners are not German either in outlook or in temperament, and no amount of aping of Nazi in-

stitutions by the Ossewa Brandwag will, happily, make them so.

The Dutch strain is, of course, strong in the Afrikaner, and yet not strong enough to make the Afrikaner a Dutchman. It gives him the more solid qualities of his character, his dourness, his determination and his stubbornness alike against the forces of man and the forces of nature. But the Afrikaner is on the whole a brighter fellow than the Dutchman, with a sprightlier sense of humour and a lighter touch in his language. This last may be due to various strains and contacts, including that of the English tongue, but it certainly owes much to the French in him.

Of all his ancestors, the Afrikaner is probably most proud of his French Huguenots. He likes the ideals which brought them to this part of the world, he likes the aristocratic touch which, he supposes, their names impart to his family tree, and, above all—French is still a fashion. No doubt he is at times inclined to set too much store by his French blood and to assume affectations on the strength of it, but he is to a large extent justified, and more so than he is usually aware. The original Huguenot immigrants numbered no more than about two hundred people, or about one-sixth of the free burgher population at the Cape in 1690. They exercised a great influence on the settlement then, and, though they have since completely merged with the European population, that influence continues.

The French temperament shows itself in the Afrikaner in most unexpected ways and when he is least conscious of it. A certain instability of character may be traced to it, an unpredictable quality in his behaviour. It comes out most strongly when he engages in cultural or artistic pursuits. The fact that painting is the most developed of all the arts may be attributed either to the Dutch or to the French strain, or to both, or to the inspiration of the country itself. A poet is more likely to starve in South Africa than elsewhere; an accomplished musician may be reduced to playing six hours a day for a livelihood; but a painter, if he knows his business as well as his brush, will usually manage to make a living, sometimes a comfortable living. It is still true, as that fine artist and wit,

the late John H. Amshechwitz, R.B.A., once observed, that the rich of South Africa are content to have a three-shilling picture on the wall as long as they have a three-hundred-guinea carpet on the floor; but it is not so generally true as it used to be.

When the Afrikaner takes to the stage the French in him comes markedly to the surface. He may train in England, may act on the London stage and return to his own country accomplished in his art. But his style, unless he has worked in England for many years, remains un-English. His mannerisms, his demonstrativeness, a certain flamboyance, are not English; perhaps they are not French either, but they are more akin to French than any other. He falls into Continental types much more easily than into English or American types, and his women on the stage show a similar approximation to a style that partakes more of France than of any other country.

6

Culture is to the Englishman one of the human acquisitions which it is bad form to display. He has never spelt "culture" with a capital "C" except at the beginning of a sentence, and he has tried to restrict the meaning of the word to the processes of cultivation whether of the mind, the land, his flower garden or his beehives. In this way he has prevented his culture from becoming transformed, as has happened so disastrously on the Continent, into a cult, which paradoxically enough, is the very negation of culture. But his attitude has its disadvantages. Because "culture" tends to abbreviate into "cult", he is inclined to fight shy of its manifestations, and even to avoid the thing itself.

The Afrikaner's attitude to culture—culture, that is, of the mind—is more positive and his approach more deliberate. It had to be, because he had isolated himself from the cultural heritage of Europe, and he had to create a tradition of his own. To-day he can point to his own cultural development, and whatever its shortcomings (for no culture grows in a day or even in a generation), he can claim that it is distinctly South African. His writers have their entire background in the country, and his poets de-

rive their inspiration from the country and its people. Now, therefore, he feels justified in reproaching the Englishman with having no culture of his own and with relying on an imported culture.

It is not a just reproach, nor even one which argues broadmindedness, which is the mark of culture, and it comes from the politicians rather than the thinkers among the people. It has some justification, however, in the sense that the English in South Africa have neglected their own cultural capacity and made themselves entirely dependent on the overseas supply.

It is true that the Scots have their Scottish gatherings and the Welsh have their music festivals, but one cannot live by Eisteddfodau and Highland Flings alone. The Englishman (in peace-time) gets his books and many of his weekly newspapers, his clothes, his canned fish and condiments, his actors and his musical examinations from England and America, not merely because they are better, but because he has come to despise the South African product, which therefore struggles and goes down before overseas competition and local prejudice. He will not, generally speaking, see a play which has not been a "hit" in London or on Broadway, and his amateur societies—there are no professional companies—will rarely produce any other. A book that is published in the country attracts little notice and enjoys no prestige, and no South African book at all is considered to be good unless it has been so pronounced in England or America. The South African author is, in fact, not an author unless his name has appeared in a London publisher's spring list, and then he becomes the "local boy who made good" and who might have been still better had he never been local.

This has to be said in the Afrikaner's favour, that he has fostered his own. Many of his early books may have been of indifferent merit, and some of them still are, but they were his own, and a beginning had to be made somehow. He has produced a body of literature, in prose and verse, quite remarkable for the period it has had in which to develop, and his publishers have shown no little enterprise in issuing it. In the theatre quite an extraordinary situation has arisen. During war, there have been six or seven Afrikaans theatrical companies on the road, while

English theatrical activity has been largely confined to the work of amateur groups in the towns. The English amateurs were doing London and New York successes, while the Afrikaans professionals were doing various translations and some sentimental melodramas of their own. The standard of the latter was not high, but as there are no Afrikaans films, it ought to be compared with that of the cinema rather than that of the theatre, and then one must conclude that the Afrikaner is as much entitled to his melodrama as the Englishman or American. Two London actresses, Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Miss Marda Vanne (the latter South African born), have been trying to establish a true South African theatre, and their venture, the result of much courage and enterprise, promises much, but it is symptomatic of the English attitude in South Africa that such a thing could be undertaken not by anyone in the country but by people with names—and ability—from London.

The Englishman is not wrong, of course, in maintaining his links with England and its great cultural riches, and it would be nothing less than decadence on his part to desert them. But his response to the country in which he is living might be greater without his love of England being less. The Afrikaner finds fault with the Englishman who after a lifetime in South Africa still talks of England as "home", because it betrays the bearing of the colonizer, and he also finds fault with the Englishman's attitude towards the Afrikaans language.

And language has provided one of the most interesting and yet most vexatious chapters in Union history.

CHAPTER IX
TONGUE AND TAAL

THERE is a saying among the Afrikaners, enclosing a kernel of true wisdom, which runs:

"Soveel tale as ek kan,
Soveel male is ek man,"

and which may be roughly translated, "I am a man for every language that I know." Such a saying could not have arisen among a people inherently hostile to foreign languages, and illustrates the fundamentally friendly attitude of the Afrikaner towards another's tongue. Yet language has produced a manifestation of racial antagonism in South Africa which is, one is forced to conclude, the fault of the English rather than the Afrikaner. Not that the Englishman is hostile to Afrikaans. His attitude to the "taal"—which is Afrikaans for "language"—is perfectly "correct", and that is precisely the source of the trouble. For "correctness" implies a certain indifference, and while the Englishman can afford to be indifferent to the other languages he encounters in the world, his indifference in South Africa has proved too costly a short-coming.

Tolerance has been preached as offering the only road of true co-operation between the English and Afrikaners. But tolerance is not enough. The Englishman has, on the whole, shown more tolerance than the Afrikaner, but the Afrikaner has shown a greater capacity for co-operation. There are more bilingual Afrikaners in the Union than bilingual Englishmen, and while the Afrikaner is never heard to complain of the difficulties of learning English, the Englishman has paraded his alleged incapacity for foreign languages and used it as an excuse. One hears little of this inability when he has to learn French, or, to bring the comparison nearer home, when an English colonial official has to learn a native dialect.

Admittedly, the Afrikaner learning English knows that

he is acquiring a language which is a great asset to him in the world, while his own is of little use outside South Africa. On the other hand, a knowledge of Afrikaans opens the door to Dutch from which it derives, and will to a certain extent smooth the way for a student of German. The uses of the language are therefore not quite so restricted as they may at first seem. Afrikaans should, however, commend itself to Englishmen in South Africa not for its status, but because it is the language of the people with whom, for better or for worse, Destiny has cast them to build a country, and on that account deserves more than tolerance from them.

The Afrikaner can be pardoned for suspecting the Englishman's belief in national unity, when he contemplates his attitude towards his language. The English granted the Afrikaans language full equality with their own, but complained bitterly when General Hertzog tried to make the Civil Service truly bilingual, not an unreasonable requirement in a bilingual State. This they said was thrusting the language down their throats, but at the same time there were more English-speaking South Africans in the Civil Service than Afrikaans-speaking, and if to-day the balance has swung the other way, it is largely because the Afrikaner is more likely to be bilingual than the Englishman. The proportion of Afrikaans-speaking personnel in public administration is 58.9, and in transport and communication (also in Government hands) 52.3, showing an English drift away from occupations where the State can insist on bilingualism, towards other occupations in which the employer does not require linguistic qualifications. Thus in the professions, 69.2 per cent of the persons are English-speaking, having English, that is, as their home language; in commerce and finance 69.1 per cent, in engineering and metal-work 65.9, and in mining and quarrying 59.5 per cent.

The Englishman's chief error lies in regarding Afrikaans as an inferior language. That is not altogether culpable considering that until not so very long ago, the Afrikaner did the same. At the time of Union, it was Dutch and not Afrikaans which was made an official language. Afrikaans, though it had existed as a spoken language from about the beginning of the nineteenth century, had

to struggle for recognition, not only against the hostility of the English, but also against the prejudice and snobishness of its own people.

When the struggle for the recognition of Afrikaans started in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, initiated by men who realized that if they neglected the spoken language in favour of the written Dutch language, they stood in danger of losing both, strong opposition was encountered in the Church. The story is told of a zealous churchman who, confronted with proposals for translating the Bible into Afrikaans, stoutly maintained that if Dutch was good enough for Moses it was good enough for him. There were instances of teachers being dismissed for daring to use Afrikaans in school instead of Dutch, and as late as 1918 the introduction of an Afrikaans phrase into a Dutch essay at school would bring a reprimand from the teacher and giggles from the class. One of the stock exercises used to be the re-writing of passages of Afrikaans (or Cape Dutch as it was then usually called) made as colloquial as possible for the purpose, and often spelt in a most grotesque manner, into elegant "High Dutch", the term used to distinguish the language of Holland.

By this time, however, Afrikaans had won its battle. It already had a small band of accomplished writers who were getting their books published; it had been recognized by the Provincial Councils in 1914, was being introduced into the schools through the lower standards, and was accepted by the Church between 1916 and 1919. In 1925 Dutch, as an official language of the Union, was by Act of Parliament made to include Afrikaans, the effect of which has everywhere been the replacement of Dutch by its South African offspring.

The Afrikaner has lost his superior attitude towards that offspring, proudly acknowledging it as his own, but the average Englishman still thinks of it as an upstart that at most need only be tolerated.

Although the origin of Afrikaans as a distinct language is clearly known, for it grew up among the early settlers of the Cape Colony, the manner of its development has considerably puzzled inquirers into its history. The simplest explanation would seem to be that any language separated from its native soil, as Dutch was in South Africa in the seventeenth century, inevitably develops variations which gradually come to replace the parent forms. If the variations seem too wide and the tempo of change too rapid, they were probably further stimulated by the use among many people at the early Cape of a faulty or dialectal Dutch. This would certainly accelerate a breakdown of the old forms and create a very likely cause for the growth of the new language.

The strong resemblance between Afrikaans and Flemish has produced another theory. It has been pointed out that a Fleming and an Afrikaner can understand each other without difficulty. When M. Albert de Vleeschauwer, the Belgian Minister for Colonies, visited South Africa in 1941 and called on General Smuts, the two men had a common tongue. General Smuts spoke in Afrikaans and M. de Vleeschauwer answered in Flemish, finding, as he afterwards said, no difference between the two languages. Throughout his stay in South Africa he spoke mostly Flemish.

The early settlers at the Cape included many who spoke Flemish in their homes, and among the mixed community coming from the Netherlands, from France and Germany, Flemish proved an intermediate tongue offering the line of least resistance for social intercourse in a very mixed community. If the forms peculiar to Afrikaans are regarded as divergences from the closer Flemish, and not from Dutch, then it is possible to conclude that they may have arisen from natural causes of variation.

Whatever theory is favoured, however, the important fact confronting one is, that in South Africa a new language was born, that this country, in our own times, produced one of the fundamental phenomena in the development of human society, a new tongue which to the

student of human society is a thing of endless interest, and not the less so because it is closely related to an older tongue. During the last two centuries, linguistic forces have been at work in South Africa similar to those which, six or seven hundred years ago in Britain, were moulding the English language. To study those forces at work in England one has to go to old texts, bring musty and crabbed old documents to light, examine an old system of grammar to appreciate how Old English broke down into modern English, and spend many hours on very tedious work. In South Africa this study becomes a living thing. Forces which in other countries spent themselves ages ago, have been at work within the memory of the present generation, and are still at work.

3

To-day, when detractors of Afrikaans point to the uncertainty of its spelling (much less now than it was ten years ago), one is tempted to produce a few medieval English texts to demonstrate the similar uncertainty that existed in English a few hundred years ago. One could, of course, take out a modern dictionary, and point to variations in the spelling of the same word, only it would not be so striking. Discrepancies of spelling are not a sign of weakness in a language, but of strength and vitality. It will be a bad day for the English language when it no longer permits an occasional difference of opinion as to orthography.

Similarly, there is a good answer ready for those who point disparagingly to the simplification of the Afrikaans grammar, only this line of criticism is not so common, because it requires a certain familiarity with the language, and familiarity with a language breeds respect. The truth is that in its emergence from Dutch, however that emergence took place, Afrikaans underwent a healthy simplification of a kind that seems to be natural to linguistic development. The primitive languages are the most complicated and subtle in their grammar and syntax, allowing for refinements which disappear as a later language develops. The English language dropped much of the grammatical system of Old English, gave way

under the linguistic tide that followed the Conquest, then, absorbing it, grew up into a new tongue.

The same thing happened with Afrikaans, which carried the process much further. Distinctions between the plural and singular of verbs were lost, even with the verb "to be"; fewer tense forms were retained, the nominative plural of the first personal pronoun "we" was discarded, and "ons" (us) made to serve for all cases. Many words lost or changed their syllables in the passage from one language to the other; others changed their meaning, as had happened in the growth of French from Latin. These simplifications did not mark any deterioration of the language used by the early settlers, but natural development. They may seem unpleasant to the ears of a Dutchman just out from Holland, but so would the noble periods of Mr. Churchill to King Alfred, if the latter could even begin to understand them.

To anyone with a grasp of the history of language, it is of intense interest to watch a new tongue taking shape, and, in doing so, obeying laws which one had come to believe belonged to some dim and dusty past and could not have any relation to our own day. Where, in all the range of human experience, can one hope to be in a position to contemplate a language changing and simplifying its grammar? To watch poetry developing before prose, as happened with English? To see what metres it will adopt, what new ones develop, or to what uses it will put the old ones? All this is more than useful. It helps one to regard one's fellow men not as of this or that nation, but as members of the same errant human race, groping but persistent, developing in spite of itself. Moreover, the cultivation of such an outlook will enable the Englishman better to appreciate the changes that his language has undergone in America—for there have been changes—to regard them as a new infusion of blood, and therefore making for vitality, and to assess American ways of expression for the new shades of meaning which they introduce.

4

The changes which have gone into the making of Afrikaans have certainly not impaired the Afrikaner's powers of expression. His language is a virile one, not enervated by over-refinement as is many an Englishman's speech; its metaphors are close to the earth and come directly from people's experience; and its poetry has a quite surprising capacity for getting significance out of the sound of a word. Its poets have an opportunity that has not come man's way for centuries, that of using an entirely new instrument. And they have not missed the opportunity. They have not produced a poet of the first rank, for the very adequate reason that there has been no time for that; but they have created a body of work of fine lyrical impulse and high poetic quality in general. Colloquially, the language passes this important test: many of its phrases are untranslatable. They have grown out of the life and environment of the people, and are applicable to situations and things that English has not had to encompass.

Certain limitations, in the scientific field and in the expression of abstract ideas, are inevitable in a language of such recent growth. There is always the Dutch vocabulary to draw on, but too frequent a resort to Dutch has its dangers, tending to spoil the language it is meant to feed, as many Afrikaans newspaper writers unwittingly reveal. In order to demonstrate the literary qualities of their language, they resort to cumbersome compounds and modes of expression in which the spirit of the language is apt to become submerged. Afrikaners are justly proud of the progress made by their language in a short period. Yet rapidity of growth may have its disadvantages, extending into artificial and unfruitful channels, in which case Afrikaans would desert the very people it was meant to serve.

5

One cannot expect the average Englishman in South Africa to take the philologist's view of Afrikaans; but if

he is sincere in his collaboration with the Afrikaner to create a united nation of South Africans, his attitude towards the partner in the contract must be more than that of aloof tolerance. It is not enough to leave the Afrikaner to his own language, his own cultural pursuits and his own institutions as things which are not worthy the other's participation. This has too much characterized the English attitude in the past, and is rightly resented by the Afrikaner. If the latter has at times been aggressive in advancing his language, he has partly been driven so by the Englishman's indifference. He has also this on his side: Afrikaans has been struggling for existence against a mighty competitor, against which, one might have thought, it stood no chance whatever. It had to be aggressive to survive, and its protagonists had to resort to measures which seemed to the English very much like attempts to "thrust Afrikaans down their throats". The not unnatural result was greater stubbornness on the part of the English, indifference often changing to hostility.

The older generation of Englishmen are more hard-headed in this respect than the new. English-speaking youth are coming more into contact with Afrikaners in spite of the barriers maintained by the single-medium schools. There are more books on the market offering easy ways of learning Afrikaans than ever there were, indicating an increasing demand for them. A man like Professor T. J. Haarhoff, of the Department of Classics of the University of the Witwatersrand, has pleaded the cause of Afrikaans eloquently and not altogether in vain, using a humanity that derives from the old languages to point the values of the new. The English Press, with rare exceptions, has consistently preached co-operation and encouraged the acquisition of the other language; so has that small section of the Afrikaans Press supporting the Government.

Can South Africa become a truly bilingual country? The growth of bilingualism shows that it might. In twenty years the percentage of bilingual people has risen from forty-two to sixty-four. That, however, is not quite what the Malanites or the O.B. want. They have demanded the establishment of one official language, claiming that mere equality of status does not give Afrikaans

an even chance against its great competitor. That is a confession of weakness and lack of faith in the "taal"; it is an expression of the old hankering after isolation and the fear that loss of isolation will mean loss of identity.

The linguistic problem will be solved only in the way offered by complete equality and co-operation. And it had better be solved, for other problems in South Africa will soon demand the white man's full and united attention, and will be much more urgent than a mere question of tongue or "taal".

CHAPTER X

BROTHER BANTU

WHEN Eisenhower, Alexander and Montgomery expelled the enemy from North Africa, the Cape route had fulfilled its vital function in the Mediterranean theatre of war. The Cape still remained the half-way house to India, and was to play an important part in driving the Japanese from their new ramparts in the Pacific; but the Mediterranean was now open to the convoys of the United Nations, and the supply line had been reduced by ten thousand miles.

The Cape route has done its work and done it so well as to have wrought a change in the whole African continent and its aspect to the world. Armies have come to its shores; battles have been fought in its deserts and over its mountains; where men would never have gone peacefully, they have driven their engines of war. And in the south a small community of two million white people have watched the terrific conflict from afar, giving a helping hand, yes, but mostly watching and waiting for the tides of battle to recede.

After four years of war, new forces have been gathering in and about Africa which must vitally affect the lives of the people in the south. The convoys that came along the Cape route liberated a black empire on the east coast. In the equatorial west, black men stood faithful to the Allied cause when they had little enough to hope from it. Men came from India and helped to hold the Suez front. The Cape route could not save Malaya, Singapore, the East Indies or Burma, but it held India and so made the independence of India an inevitable outcome of the ultimate victory. Democracy, fighting for the rights of the people, cannot deny those rights to the brown peoples or the black.

Other forces reach out into the South Atlantic from the white world, for the war has brought men from Britain, from Australia, from New Zealand and from North

America. It has focussed the eyes of the world on this continent as never before, and created an interest that will endure. It is no use saying, as certain men in the Union are saying already, that there must be no interference from other countries. The countries that interfered to keep or make Africa free will have a right to interfere afterwards. An attack upon freedom anywhere in the world is an attack upon freedom as a whole. If freedom is anywhere betrayed, the world will have a right to demand the reason why, and if it is so forgetful of the present struggle as to forgo that right, so much the worse for the world.

Until now the two principal forces that have been shaping the Union of South Africa have been the British and the Boer, or the British and the Afrikaner. Both on the African continent and in the East across the Indian Ocean, new forces are arising that must inevitably influence the country's future development. How does the Union stand in relation to these new moulders of its destiny?

2

When, within six months of Japan's entry into the war, the East Indian territories of the United Nations fell to the steady, unflagging assault of the Japanese land, sea and air forces, the question that confronted the humiliated democratic world was: Why had not the vast native populations of these countries risen in defence of their freedom, and why had they in some instances actually assisted the invader? The answer was simple. They had no freedom worth defending. The blessings of Democracy were denied to the peoples whom Democracy used for its own purposes. The natives had as much to gain from a Japanese as from an Allied victory; and they had as much to lose. In addition, the Japanese had raised before them the ideal of an "Asia for the Asiatics", against which the argument that it was to be an Asia in which the Japanese would be master could make little headway. One master was as good as another, and to the millions of Burma, Malaya and Java there was no reason, or not reason enough, to fear an Asiatic more than a European master.

In South Africa people looked eastwards at this collapse of Democracy's house of cards on the fringes of the Indian Ocean, and were disturbed. Between the eight million black and coloured peoples of the Union and the two million whites, the relationship was analogous to that existing in the territories that had fallen so speedily to the assault of the Japanese. Those conquerors were even stretching their hands westwards, and in the arrogance of their triumphs were uttering taunting threats against South Africa, which they knew had been thoroughly scared by their successes. The question arose among a conscience-stricken people, which had been pursuing its normal pleasures almost uninterruptedly since the outbreak of war, as to whether the Durban July Handicap, the premier horse-racing event of the year and focus of the Durban holiday season, should take place as usual. From the Pacific came the boastful answer that the Japanese would see to it that it did not take place. Then, of course, it became a point of honour to run the Handicap in spite of the Japanese and so expose the hollowness of their threats; but the Government declared that it was to be the last of the war.

The fear lingered on, however, in people's minds: What would be the reaction among the repressed Bantu against a landing of an invader? Those fears proved to be exaggerated, firstly, because no one had raised the cry of "Africa for the Africans", not even the African himself (or not so as he could be heard); secondly, because the power of Japan turned out to be somewhat less than its threats; and, thirdly, because of a pious and most comforting statement contained in the first page of the Report of the Native Affairs Commission for the years 1939 and 1940, dealing with sixteen months of the war period, and published in February, 1942.

"The Commission has to record," it said, "that during these sixteen months the natives of the Union have displayed an exemplary loyalty towards constituted authority and a law-abiding attitude that is wholly admirable. Subversive propaganda has made no impression upon them. Though they have had to face the same stresses and strains as the Europeans, they have been singularly unaffected by them. The official news bulletin issued daily in the native language by the Native Affairs Department, which is a summary of the Press cables reaching South Africa freely

from all parts of the world, has been accepted by the natives as a reasonably accurate statement of events. They realize that their future is just as much at stake in the issues of this war as is the future of the Europeans. Gifts from chiefs and people in aid of funds for the prosecution of the war and the relief of distress have been both numerous and generous. They have volunteered, in large numbers, for the Native Military Corps; and they have asked on numerous occasions, through their representatives and chiefs, that they should be permitted to play a more combatant part in the war. There can be no doubt that the unanimous resolutions passed by the Natives' Representative Council in its sessions of 1939 and 1940, expressing 'the unswerving loyalty of the African people to His Majesty the King and to His Government of the Union of South Africa' and their prayers 'for the victory of the forces of His Majesty and His Allies in this war', represent the deep and genuine feelings of the natives of the Union.

That statement constituted, on the whole, an accurate description of Bantu reaction to the war, though it took no account of a minor element which felt prompted to ask whether the Bantu were expected to fight for a "White South Africa" and whether their lot would be any better after this war than it had been after the last. The only effective answer to this was, that the Bantu would be a good deal worse off if the Germans won. Though avoiding the real issue, this answer impressed the natives, who knew how harsh and rigorous German rule had been in East and South-West Africa before 1914.

There was good ground for the satisfaction expressed in the report, expressed with a warmth (even a tinge of surprise) quite remarkable for an official document. The surprise may have arisen from the fact that the Bantu had few enough reasons for loyalty to the Government and those reasons mostly of negative import. That Government had not been as bad as it might have been. Another Government might be worse. A Malanite dictatorship of a Nazi brand would be a good deal worse. However little the Bantu had to hope from the South African form of democracy, it was probably more than could be expected from any other form of government that the world offered. On the other hand, they had many positive reasons for discontent.

The seven million Bantu of the Union are the most repressed class in the country. They do the bulk of the manual unskilled work on the farms, in the mines and in

the industries. They are badly paid, badly fed, badly housed and, even for the limited scope of the work they are allowed to do, badly educated. They are largely the source of the cheap labour with which the mines have been developed, with which industries have been established, and which has enabled the European community to maintain a comfortable, sometimes a very comfortable, standard of living.

3

The Bantu of South Africa are mainly the descendants of the Kosa tribes, the Basutos, the Zulus and the Swazis, and they maintain these tribal divisions. The Kosas, against whom the Dutch and British colonists fought their long series of Kaffir wars during the nineteenth century, are to be found mainly in the eastern parts of the Cape Province. The Basutos, gathered into a nation by the black statesman, Moshesh, now have an "island" territory amid the Union, under the direct control of the British Government through the High Commissioner for South Africa. The Zulus were in rebellion as late as 1906 and their territory has been part of Natal since 1897. The Swazis, a tribe akin to the Zulus, have another "island" protectorate near the east coast, also under the control of the High Commissioner. There are smaller tribes or clans in the Transvaal, of mixed origin, some of them related to the Matabeles of Rhodesia, some to the tribes of Bechuanaland, which is the other of the three native protectorates administered by the High Commissioner. Swaziland (in the south-east corner of the Transvaal), Basutoland (which is surrounded by the Orange Free State, Natal and the Cape Province) and Bechuanaland (a much larger territory bounded by South-West Africa, the Cape Province, the Transvaal and Southern Rhodesia) are quite separate from the Union, though the two smaller protectorates cut right into its territory. The Union Government would like to see all three incorporated within its own boundaries and rule, but the native inhabitants have always regarded such a step with apprehension.

Two factors are responsible for the present attitude of the whites towards the Bantu in their midst. The first is

the legacy of hatred that history has left, especially among the Afrikaners, whose ancestors were plundered by the Kosas, massacred by the Zulus, and harried by the Basutos. The English do not share this hatred, their memories of the Kosa wars being neither so vivid nor so bitter, and the 1878 disaster at Isandlwana, where eight hundred British soldiers were trapped and slain, being remembered rather as a misfortune of war than as a piece of Zulu savagery. The other factor is the present strength of the Bantu people, which has engendered fear, both among English and Afrikaners, of being swamped in a black majority that outnumbers them by four to one. For the Bantu problem, it is worth noting, is not that of a depressed minority, but of a majority that has been subdued first by force of arms and then by force of law.

Something more, however, than Bantu numerical superiority worries the white man. If there were only that, there would be little to fear. Far more formidable is the quality of the Bantu people. Here is no race that has suffered deterioration in contact with a higher civilization, corrupted by its pleasures and broken by its vices. The spread of venereal disease has not seemingly impaired its vitality, and from the ravages of alcohol it has been largely protected by the European's Liquor Laws. These originally prohibited the supply of strong drink to natives so as not to damage their capacity for labour, and now continue the prohibition for a variety of reasons, moral, economic and social. Though the laws are to some extent infringed in illicit trade, they have undoubtedly protected the natives from the worst effects of drink.

The Bantu are not a degenerate people. Living both beside and among European communities, often under the most depressing conditions, conducive to poor health, high mortality and a servile state of mind, they have yet shown remarkable vitality and resilience of spirit. Their zest in life is great even amid the restrictions that hedge them in on all sides; they know an art of living that triumphs over all the bonds that the white man has placed on them; and they have a capacity for learning that is to-day struggling against all the arbitrary limits created by the European. The will to live is not a force that is consciously controlled. The people that has it, lives; and

the people that lacks it or loses it, will die. The Bantu possess the will to live in a fertile full-blooded impulse, and nothing the European can do will destroy it.

The white man has for long been conscious of the black man's power to survive, and has tried to combat it by repressive legislation, by excluding him from work where he might compete with him, by denying him the benefits of the civilization he has built upon his shoulders. The white man's line of conduct with the native has been and still is: "Keep him down," and to the argument now rising in the land: "The native cannot be kept down for ever," his answer is: "Keep him down as long as possible."

At one time the attitude towards the African native, in England not in South Africa, was determined by sentimental reasons. The philosophy of the noble savage survived into the nineteenth century, having as its active protagonists the missionaries. In South Africa, at least, there is nothing sentimental in the general treatment of the native. The politicians who win their voters—white voters, that is, the blacks having practically no franchise—with cries of "A White South Africa", are playing upon the genuine fears of the populace. The growing body of opinion that would like to see a more liberal policy extended to the native, is actuated by the consciousness of a great injustice being perpetrated in what professes to be a free, enlightened and democratic State. The continued subjection of the natives in the status of a slave race is not only a great wrong, but also a great folly, which has retarded the development of the country, impaired its efficiency, and doomed four-fifths of the population to abject poverty. But the native, whose culture ranges from the millions of primitives on the farms or in the Native Reserves to the few graduates of the native college, is slowly awakening to the values in the world around him. He is learning the meaning of such terms as "labour", "capital", "wages", "freedom", "franchise" and "democracy". The will to knowledge, like the will to live, cannot be stemmed. The white man in South Africa is living amid a black populace to whom enlightenment is coming; it may be coming slowly, but it is coming. It depends on him whether it comes in the right way or the

wrong, and the right way will not be under a rule of repression and denial.

4

It is two hundred and twenty-five years since one man, Dominique de Chavonnes, stood up in the Council of the Governor of the Cape, and spoke up vainly for free labour as against slave. His voice is symbolic of what has been happening in South Africa ever since. The Bantu, of course, are, technically speaking, not slaves; but, restricted in movement by the various provisions of the Pass Laws, excluded from any but unskilled labour, remunerated on a scale which does not ensure them the bare necessities of existence, and prevented at almost every turn from improving their mode of life, they occupy a station which it is difficult to distinguish from that of slavery or serfdom.

The voice of Dominique de Chavonnes was heard again in 1743 from the Dutch Governor-General, Van Imhoff, calling at the Cape on his way to the East. "The majority of the farmers in this Colony," he said, "are not farmers in the real sense of the word, but owners of plantations. . . . Many of them consider it a shame to work with their own hands. . . . Having imported slaves, every common or ordinary European becomes a gentleman and prefers to be served than to serve."

The voice of Dominique de Chavonnes is to-day heard from certain Government officials who have to deal directly with the native, and who appreciate his difficulties, but whose views are to a considerable extent modified to suit the State they serve. It is heard from the handful of representatives whom the natives have in Parliament (three in the law-making Assembly and eight in the largely impassive Senate); from economists speaking in their more or less academic seclusion; from welfare workers who have to combat disease and crime; from those churchmen who are conscious of preaching to underfed bodies; and from a few liberal-minded politicians who can risk the displeasure of their constituents. All these people might be thought to constitute a formidable body of opinion, but they do not. They form the one voice in the Council, con-

stantly outvoted by the mass opinion that sends a hundred and fifty members to the House of Assembly, and has stubbornly set its face against any amelioration in the lot of the native.

That mass opinion, upon which the cry of "A White South Africa" has often been played with most inflammatory effect at election times, regards the native only as a source of labour: cheap labour for the farm, cheap labour for the mines, cheap labour for the industries, cheap labour for the white man's house and kitchen.

Somewhat under a fifth of the Bantu population live in the urban areas, most of them in dilapidated, unhygienic locations, or in hideously built townships where the amenities of life are the absolute minimum and often barely reaching that standard. The mine-labourers are in a class by themselves, their welfare being the constant and efficient care of the Chamber of Mines, which looks after them much as a good workman looks after the tools of his trade.

The remainder of the natives are scattered through the country, about three million of them living in the Native Reserves, which total an area of about 33,000 square miles, or about a fourteenth part of the total area of the Union. Their land is generally fertile and well-watered, but overcrowded, overstocked and poverty-stricken. The Government Commission which expressed its satisfaction with the loyalty shown by the natives during the war, also recorded that the average income in the Reserves was estimated to be £30 a year for a family of five. Dwelling on the backwardness of agriculture in the Reserves, the neglect of their industrial as well as their agricultural resources, and their deterioration, the Commission goes on to say:

"For many years the Native Reserves were regarded as useful reservoirs for native labour. They were mere resting-places in which the Union labour force took its holiday in the intervals between its work. Little care, indeed, little interest was evinced in native developments. Native administrators did undoubtedly do their best to awaken the people from the tribal apathy and stimulate their wealth-producing capacity; but in the absence of any central planning and of any clear conception of a native policy (which included uncertainty regarding the permanence of the Reserves as places for native habitation) there was little encouragement for economic effort. Thus some of the most fruitful parts

of the Union which could have added immensely to the national income have remained undeveloped.

"It must be admitted that the failure of a crop was regarded by many European employers as a hopeful indication that more labour would be available at a cheap rate, or that the trading stores would thrive from the increased demand for foodstuffs in the Reserve with the money obtained by the labourers. The primary industries of the Union have often enjoyed an abundance of labour not only because the natives have had to pay taxes, as is so commonly said, but because the adult working males had to seek money to buy food for their families. That state of affairs was not confined to the Union. It is the native story of Africa. Improvident husbandry, the failure of the seasons, alternate floods and droughts, pests, disease and locusts, often left the tribes without food for a part of the year, when the whole population was accustomed to scatter into the veld and the forest to gather the roots and berries and wild fruit which kept them alive until the next crop could be harvested. Everywhere in Africa the native has lived alternately between feasts and famines, and the population has been kept to bare limits by the elimination of the weakest. Natives of the Union have, for generations at least, been able to maintain themselves less precariously than millions of their brothers on the continent of Africa."

5

It is all very well to accuse natives in the Reserves of tribal apathy. It must be remembered that modern ideas of progress are something peculiarly European, being neither African nor Asiatic, and seem, by the way, to have led the world into no great happiness. But it may be doubted whether the European attitude towards the Bantu has encouraged them to be anything but apathetic. The tribal natives, having to raise their families on £30 a year, are forced to seek employment in the towns, in the industries or on the mines, leaving their wives, mothers and the rest of the family to do the best they can with their land. (The statement in the official Union Year Book that "work is sought by them on the mines in order to maintain the improved standard of living to which they have attained" can hardly be taken seriously.)

The natives on the mines earn about £60 a year, of which only half comes to them in wages, and the rest in the form of rations, quarters and medical attention—priced at £30 by the employer, be it noted. They are given facilities for transmitting money home, or collecting

it on return home. In this way it is computed that the earnings of a family in the Native Reserves may amount to £73 a year. But how is this achieved? It is done by keeping the Native Reserves poor and undeveloped, so that the mines may have cheap labour.

The natives employed on the coal and gold mines total 350,000, of which number 252,000 are drawn from territories within the Union and the three Protectorates, and the rest from Portuguese East Africa by arrangement with the Administration of that colony. Development of the Reserves, resulting in higher earnings for their native inhabitants, would mean restricted labour supplies both for the mines and for the other industries, which also depend on cheap native labour.

There is this difference, however, between the natives working on the mines and those in the urban industries. The former return to their Reserves at the end of their contracted period of service, which is on the average a year. A large portion of the latter no longer have their homes in the Reserves; they have become detribalized, and to all intents and purposes are city dwellers. It is computed that the natives in the factories earn about as much as those on the mines, £60 a year, but they are much worse off. They have to pay rent, amounting to about twenty or twenty-five shillings a month or about thirty per cent of their earnings. They have to buy food and they have to pay for their transport in and out of town. They have also to buy clothing. It is obvious that they cannot manage on this money, and so their wives have to supplement the income by doing washing for European households or engaging in less desirable or even in illicit occupations.

Whatever may be said of the urban native, it cannot be said that he is lethargic. See him in the streets; see him scanning the front pages displayed outside newspaper offices; see him at his work, mostly menial and unstimulating. He is alert, growing more and more conscious of the disabilities under which he lives, and more and more discontented. He has come into contact with the European, learned from him something of his ideas of progress, and acquired some of his desires for improvement and comfort.

For being alert, for having lost his tribal apathy, what does the urban native get? His wages are definitely below the bread level; he is debarred from occupations where he might earn more; his trade unions are not recognized and such hospitals as minister to him in illness are frightfully overcrowded. In addition, his children can get little or no education, firstly, because little is provided, secondly, because children have to become wage-earners as early as possible, and thirdly, because in their restricted occupational field an education will not be of much use to them.

How all this works out may be studied in the best occupation open to the native, one in which he is allowed to be skilled and which gives him a higher status among his people: teachers are about the unhappiest section of the native community.

6

A Government Inter-Departmental Committee on the Social, Health and Economic Conditions of Urban Natives, which issued its report in October, 1942, calculated that under existing conditions in Johannesburg, the amount needed to house, feed and clothe a native family of five in decency, is £7 14s. 6d. per month. It is interesting to see how this figure is arrived at: sixty-one per cent (twenty-two shillings a week) goes on food, about sixteen per cent on rent, and the rest on fuel, light, transport, clothing, taxes, church fees, school-books, burial society, recreation, hire-purchase and, presumably, any other interest on which the native may choose to spread himself. The amount allocated to clothing is six shillings a month.

This sum of £7 14s. 6d. is regarded as a minimum for living "in decency". To which the only possible comment is: If a native is able to support himself, a wife and three children on that wage "in decency", then he must be a conjurer of no mean order. It is obvious that "decency" is regarded as a word which can be stretched or shrunk at the will of any interested party, and that the sum of £7 14s. 6d. is reached not by considering the desires or aspirations which proximity to European society and participation in its system have bred in him, but by assuming that he is entitled only to the lowest possible

standard of living. Nevertheless, it is an advance for a Government committee to conclude that a native family needs £7 14s. 6d. to live decently, when the average wage-earner is paid only about two-thirds of that and the average wife cannot hope to make up the difference except by illicit means.

This is how the native teacher fares under these conditions: His wage is not less than £3 and rarely exceeds £7 a month. The average pay is £6 for a man and £5 for a woman, but twenty-eight per cent of teachers still earn no more than £3 a month. The native teacher is a man of some standing in his community; he has to keep up appearances and to maintain a higher standard of living. His requirements are considerably higher than those of any other worker, and he, too, has somehow to bridge the gap between his earnings and his needs. He does this often by leaving the profession, so that wastage becomes abnormally high. Of the native teachers trained in the last thirty years, only fifty per cent are now in service. When he remains a teacher, living, as a memorandum of the Transvaal African Teachers' Association put it, "on mealie pap and hope" (mealie pap being porridge made from ground maize), he or his wife has to engage in other occupations to make ends meet.

He may take to hawking or peddling in his spare hours, or he may become an agent for an insurance or burial society. If he is sufficiently disgruntled, he may seek a shorter cut to a balanced household budget. During school hours his wife will brew liquor, and after school hours he will help her to sell it. This is one of the illicit occupations in which native women in the townships are driven to engage. He will also make his money go further by buying stolen goods, thus encouraging thieving and pilfering gangs. In this way is an educational institution turned into an instrument of discontent and vice.

7

The state of native education as a whole is roughly indicated by the figures of Government expenditure. In the year 1939-1940 the amount spent on primary and secondary education by the four provinces was just over

£10,000,000. Of this sum £900,000 went on native education and £948,000 on the education of coloured people (those of mixed blood) and on Asiatics. In 1939 the Union Government made grants totalling £415,000 to the four universities and five university colleges, and £260,000 to the technical colleges. In theory, native students are not debarred from taking courses at the European universities, but in practice the number is very few indeed, and would start a major national crisis if it showed any signs of increasing. There is only one native institution doing work of a university standard, the South African Native College at Fort Hare, in the eastern Cape Province, which has about a hundred and sixty students and receives a Government grant of £12,000 a year.

The average white in South Africa, who has his face set against native education because he fears and disapproves of any sort of native training, will argue that the money spent is enough for the natives' needs and probably more than enough. All the evidence goes to show, however, that not only is the money grossly inadequate, but that because of that inadequacy the country gets a poor return for its expenditure.

The missionaries were the pioneers of native education in South Africa. Their primary aim was religious, being directed to saving the native's soul as a good Anglican, Wesleyan or Catholic. To-day the scope of their education is much wider, and there is no doubt that they have done more for native education than any other class of people. That to the Bantu they did appear as a distinct class is evidenced by the story of an old Bantu chief who divided Europeans into two classes, white men and missionaries.

Missionary instruction still has a strong religious basis and purpose, a beneficial thing on the whole for a people who manifest quite as strong a need for religion as many more advanced peoples. Deprived of his witch-doctors, his witchcraft and his superstitions, the native takes to religion as something which satisfies one of his fundamental longings. Indeed, the white man's religion, or the form in which he gets it, is not always adequate in this respect and, breaking away from the various organized

religions to which he has been introduced, he forms Churches of his own.

These Churches are generally in a state of flux, their numbers varying as old ones disappear and others arise. It is estimated that there are about five hundred of these separatist Churches in the Union, some of which bear such fantastic names as "The African Castoril Dead Church", "The Apostolic Holy Spout Church", and "The African Noah's Ark Ethiopian Church". There is, or was a short time ago, a "Donkey Church" in the southern part of the Orange Free State, so called by observers because a heavily draped donkey was used in all the ceremonies. Such manifestations argue that if the native is to have religion, he had better have it from recognized sources.

Government aid to native education first took the form of assistance to mission schools, and was intended to strengthen missionary influence. Since then, however, the field of native education has expanded far beyond the missions, the demand is greater than they can supply, and the adult native eager for education, regards it less as a way to God than as a way to life. The demand of the native has far outstripped the European's willingness to meet it, for the European was ready enough to convert the native into a humble and contented Christian properly trained to turn the other cheek, but thought better of it when the native evinced somewhat more worldly ambitions. The result of all this has been that native education is to-day struggling along under deplorable conditions.

Such schools as exist are overcrowded and understaffed. The buildings are often makeshift and unhygienic; the equipment is so inadequate that many pupils have to sit on the floor. The books used are in bad condition and insufficient in number. The teachers are often unqualified and of low academic standard. The pupils are often undernourished. Proceeding from all these factors, the educational achievement of native children lags far behind that of European children.

Not more than about thirty per cent of native children of school-going age ever receive any schooling at all. The majority of these do not go beyond Standard I, and the

number that remains is less with every higher standard. The average age of pupils is about two and a half years higher than that of European children in corresponding classes.

It is a favourite argument among whites that the black man has a lower mental capacity and cannot absorb much education, or, at any rate, not as much as the white man can. He points to the black man's reactions to various intelligence tests, both such as arise in the course of everyday life and such as are specifically set in the course of research. The results undoubtedly indicate a certain inferiority on the part of the black man. Dr. M. L. Fick, psychologist of the National Bureau of Education and Social Research, after conducting group and individual tests on over a thousand native pupils and teachers, found the average intelligence quotient to be below ninety as compared with the European average of a hundred. To what causes, however, this deficiency may be attributed, whether to poorer education, different upbringing or environment, is still to be settled, and is pertinent to the issue. It is manifestly unfair to the native to subject him to tests which are based on European experience and ways of living, if, from birth, he has been brought up in a Bantu environment. And in any case it is a poor excuse for denying him education to say that he cannot take it.

A Government Inter-Departmental Committee examined this question in the course of a very thorough survey of native education as a whole in 1936, and came to this conclusion:

"A great deal of careful research needs to be undertaken in this direction before the conclusion can be arrived at with any degree of scientific certainty, that the potential or inborn intelligence of the native is lower than that of the white man. Most of the tests so far have been taken from the cultural and scholastic environment of the white man, and if natives are deficient in these school-acquired skills (as most of them are) they do not show to advantage. Even in using non-linguistic tests of a manipulative type, there are many simple habits, as, for example, working from left to right, or working in a straight line, which the white man imbibes unconsciously from infancy, but which cannot be taken for granted to the same extent in the native."

The South African Native College at Fort Hare was

opened in 1916 and turns out a small batch of native graduates yearly. Dr. A. Kerr, Principal of the College, told the Inter-Departmental Committee: "Nothing in my experience of the last twenty years justifies any feeling but the most cheerful optimism as to the educability of the Bantu."

8

The root cause of the repression of the black man in South Africa is the white man's failure to realize that one quarter of the people cannot be free while three-quarters are slave, and that the general level of a community made up of two free men and six bondsmen must be lower than that of a community composed of eight men all free. The white man's unvarying reply is that if the seven million Bantu were given full rights, the two million white men would soon find themselves swamped—"swamped" is the usual word. Facing one way he argues that the native is of an inferior intelligence; facing the other way he shows a moral fear of competing with him. And possessed of this fear, he will not see the immensely valuable human material that is going to waste among the Bantu of South Africa, among a people condemned to poverty, baulked of its ambitions and stifled of its desires, a people that both spiritually and materially could contribute a great deal to the growth of the country, if allowed proper outlet for its energies. South Africans who talk with a far-seeing look in their eyes about their real wealth being neither in land nor in gold but in their people, suddenly become short-sighted when they are faced with people of a different colour from their own.

The 1936 Inter-Departmental Committee quoted the following significant sentences from Dr. Edgar Brookes, who represents the natives of Natal in the South African Senate:

"Even politically speaking South Africa is bound to benefit from native education, for men who can read and think are better material than illiterate savages, and on the whole more tractable in action if more vocal in protest. To think or speak otherwise is to commit oneself to the greatest of all fallacies as regards native policy—namely, that the progress of the native is inimical to the

progress of the European. In every sphere this is demonstrably untrue. Our choice is between a prosperous South Africa, white and black, or a backward South Africa, white and black, not between a prosperous white and backward black or a prosperous black and backward white South Africa. As Booker Washington has told us in his inimitable way: "Black and white are like two men in a deep ditch, the one is holding the other down. To do so, he is forced to stay in the ditch himself; if he gets out, the other will get out too."

The voice of Dominique de Chavonnes and Governor-General van Imhoff is growing more and more emphatic.

"The resources of South Africa can be developed effectively only if we are prepared to embrace all the races of South Africa in our scheme of reconstruction," declared the Secretary for Native Affairs, Mr. D. L. Smit, in November, 1942. "We must be prepared to recognize that native and coloured men, who are the mainstay of all our prosperity, should take their proper place, not merely as drawers of water and hewers of wood, but also in the skilled and semi-skilled occupations. . . .

"If we in South Africa are to make anything of the new world after the war, we shall have to bury all our hatred and fear, and it should be one of the first principles of our Christian programme of reconstruction to educate public opinion on these lines. . . .

"If we run our industries on native and coloured labour, as we must do, we must, in all justice, give native and coloured men a fair place in those industries by paying them decent wages, giving them respectable housing, and allowing them to do whatever work they are able to do without discrimination of race."

9

The truth is that the native problem in South Africa is not so much a problem of the black man as a problem of the white man. It is time to talk of the European, not the native, problem in South Africa. How is the small white community to hold its ground and survive against the tide of colour advancing from the north and the east? Bantu men are not accepted in the combatant units of the Army, because, the white man says, he must fight his own battles, and also because he fears giving any arms to the coloured population. He also knows that it will be difficult to refuse rights to men who have fought with him in the field. This is growing more and more difficult in any case. Bantu men in the transport and labour units have collaborated loyally and wholeheartedly with the white

troops, have been wounded, have died and have been taken prisoner. The Bantu peoples in South Africa know all this and are aware of the growing power coming to black men in other parts of Africa. They know that white South Africans fought to bring freedom to the Empire of the Ethiopians—and yet deny it to the black men of their own country.

The problem as to how the white is to maintain his position in South Africa is an ever-growing problem, the magnitude of which will soon overshadow all others. He will certainly not maintain it by trying to keep himself as a white overlord above the black masses; they the workers, he the overseer. The black man will come into his own. At present it is in the white man's power to decide how that will happen, but not whether it will happen.

On the face of it, the problem seems a simple one. There are millions upon crowded millions of people in Europe who would be willing to come south and make a new world. Europe has a great reservoir of white blood upon which South Africa can draw. A white community two, three, four times its present size would have no fear of being swamped by colour, or would have less fear. With the passing of that fear, the objections to giving the black man his freedom would also pass, and the Bantu would gradually take that place in the community to which their abilities entitle them.

Admittedly the problem raises other questions. Could the country absorb two, four or eight million whites? Those who say that it cannot, even gradually, are the people of little faith. A large increase in the white population would mean an increase in the industries. Would there be enough cheap native labour available? There would not. But then the white man, including the poor white, must get used to the idea of doing some of the labour himself, and it need not be cheap. In the long run, a country belongs to the people who work it.

The fact is that only immigration can solve the European problem in South Africa, but there are great difficulties standing in the way of immigration on any extensive scale. The greatest of these is the white man's attitude, for during many years South Africa has been a country with a closed door.

CHAPTER XI

INDIAN PRIDE

NORTH-EAST up the Indian Ocean from South Africa lies the great Indian Peninsula, about three times as large as the Union and containing a population about thirty-five times as great. When sugar-cane was planted in Natal nearly a hundred years ago, the fertility of the soil produced thriving plantations and good crops, and the planters began to look round them for cheap labour for the new sugar industry. Across the ocean were the teeming millions of India, to whom the planters turned for their labour supply. The first batch of indentured Indian labourers, bound to work for fixed periods, usually five years, at a low fixed wage, arrived in Natal in 1860 and thus started the Indian problem in South Africa.

To-day the Indian population of the Union is 219,000, eighty-two per cent of whom were born in the Union. About 25,000 of them are to be found in the Transvaal, 10,000 in the Cape Province, practically none at all in the Orange Free State, and the rest in Natal. There can be no increase from outside, because further immigration from India was prohibited thirty years ago.

The 184,000 Indians of Natal are labourers, traders and merchants, among them many poor as well as many wealthy. Nowhere in the Union do the Indians enjoy any franchise rights. They cannot move from province to province. They cannot live where they wish, and they cannot own property where they like. They live under a stigma of colour and a cloud of prejudice which has grown up against them in what, for the majority, is the land of their birth. They chafe and protest against their restrictions, and their oriental minds have devised ingenious ways of living and prospering in spite of the vexatious prohibitions which surround them.

From time to time the European is heard to complain of Indian "penetration" into predominantly European areas, and as recently as 1940, when, it might have been

thought, the Government had matters of much graver moment on its hands, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the extent of this so-called penetration. Two years later the Commission came to the conclusion that where "penetration" had taken place it was the result of the Indians' desire to make money, or live in more attractive areas, or to improve their material position. Their motives were not peculiar to them as Indians, but were "the heritage of all virile peoples"—a conclusion for which two years of deliberation seemed scarcely necessary.

The white man's attitude to the Indian in South Africa is complicated by the first impressions which he received from the early indentured labourers or coolies, for since then the Indian has been to the average South African the "coolie", or at best, if he happens to be selling vegetables at the door, he is the "Sammy". Since then the South African has had the utmost difficulty in realizing that the Indian labourer is far from typical of the great and ancient civilization from which he was drawn, and that among a people of 350,000,000 there are of necessity many classes and many degrees. The cause of the Indian in South Africa has been pleaded by men who would be an ornament to any race. It has been fought by one who has given the age a new conception of spiritual force, Mahatma Gandhi, and, in the Agents-General and High Commissioners sent by the Government of India, it has been represented by men who were all the richer for having drawn their culture from the East as well as the West.

2

It was in South Africa, in the first decade of the century, that Gandhi first developed his schemes for the regeneration of India, practised his habits of asceticism, and first applied the principles of Passive Resistance which were to become so important a factor in Indian politics. Gandhi was then not the wraith-like figure in the loin-cloth with which the world has become so familiar. He was well-dressed in suits of good European cut, and wore a high collar and a striped tie. The first of his race to be admitted to the South African Side-Bar, he was a skilled

pleader in Roman-Dutch Law, and it was as a lawyer that he first came to Durban in 1893 to act in a lawsuit on behalf of certain Natal Indians. For the next twenty years the name of Gandhi was writ large over the history of the colour conflict in South Africa, and his personality was the mainspring of Indian agitation.

Coming to Durban, he found that he was excluded from first-class compartments on the trains, and turned away again and again from the white man's hotels. The Indians of Natal and the Transvaal, he learned, were subjected to all manner of legal disabilities, and soon, he who came as a lawyer to plead for his clients, remained to fight the cause of all his fellow countrymen.

He stayed throughout the Anglo-Boer War and led a company of stretcher-bearers, his services earning him a "mention in dispatches". In Johannesburg he made a number of European friends who early came under the influence of his personality and the "satyagraha" or soul force, in which he was now training himself. With them he established a most extraordinary kind of household, where he learned to cut his own hair, acted as midwife at the birth of his own children, studied hygiene and diet, and did menial tasks because they were good for the soul. He established two Tolstoyan communities, one outside Durban and another outside Johannesburg, where he and his followers practised the simple life, restraint, self-abnegation, equality, service and fearlessness.

His struggle with the Government began in 1906 and lasted for seven years, during which he was the inspiring impulse behind Indian agitation for relief from oppressive legislation, for the relaxation of humiliating registration and immigration laws, and for the removal of the stigma that attached to being coloured and Asiatic. He was the protagonist on one side, and on the other was Smuts, first as Colonial Secretary, then as Minister of Justice. When the Indians refused to register in accordance with a new Immigration Act, Smuts sent ten thousand of them to gaol, Gandhi among them. There was compromise; they were released; there was deadlock; and Indians burned their registration certificates. In defiance of the law they entered the Transvaal from Natal, were imprisoned, released, deported; and so it went on.

In 1913 Gandhi led a march of two thousand Indians into the Transvaal knowing that they were sure to be arrested. He was, and the rest were sent by train back to Natal. In gaol Gandhi worked a pair of leather slippers, Hindu fashion, for General Smuts, who in turn saw to it that Gandhi had plenty to read.

And then came the Smuts-Gandhi Agreement of 1914 in which, it was gladly announced, a formula had been reached. Gandhi obtained the remission of a three-pound tax imposed on Indians settled in Natal, and the recognition of their practice of polygamy. The real "formula" consisted of "a general form of words", as Smuts later described it, "which did not mention Indians or Asiatics in particular, but which had the effect of placing it in our power to stop further immigration on any appreciable scale". The stigma was thus removed. A word had done it. Gandhi had won his victory; and amid adulation and garlands the Mahatma ("Great Soul"), as he was now called, left South Africa. Indian pride was satisfied, or so it seemed.

3

It is difficult to believe that Gandhi really considered he had gained the day against Smuts and white South Africa. The concessions he won amounted to nothing, and since his day, although the legend of his personality has remained, the position of the Indians has in no way improved. It is probable that Gandhi realized that his battle was to be fought not among the 219,000 Indians of South Africa, but among the 350,000,000 of India. There he was right. What could the little freedom to be gained in South Africa profit the greater freedom to be won in India? On the other hand, what might not the regeneration of India achieve for Indians the world over?

In South Africa the white man fears the Indians even more than the Bantu, because they have a greater spiritual force behind them. To be swamped by the millions of India would be quite as bad as to be swamped by the millions of Africa. The Indian can live on less than the European; his small traders can undersell most other people, even the Jews; and therefore between Hebrew

and Moslem there is no love lost. The white man dislikes his mode of life and fears his encroachment.

It is all a matter of self-preservation, for, to put the matter squarely, what chance of survival have two million whites in South Africa against an immense people across the ocean, immense in their numerical and spiritual strength, who could spare ten times that number of people as emigrants and never notice the difference? That sums up the arguments and the fears at the back of every white man's mind.

"We have never in our laws recognized any system of equality," said Smuts in 1921. "The Indian question with us is an entirely subordinate question. . . . But you cannot deal with the Indians apart from the whole position in South Africa; you cannot give political rights to the Indians which you deny to the rest of the coloured citizens in South Africa. If you touch the Indian position you must go the whole length. . . ."

But how long can this system of inequality be upheld? How long can the white man in South Africa hope to maintain his domination against Africans and Indians, merely by keeping them weak instead of making himself strong? And how much longer can he keep them weak? Is it likely that when India gains her independence (within the British Commonwealth or without) she will refuse to listen to the complaints from her little colony in South Africa? Then it will be too late for the white man to put his house in order.

If the Europeans in South Africa numbered not two millions but ten, they could well afford to give the Indians their rights. The danger of being swamped would then be remote, and the Indian himself would probably find competition from the whites a much stronger factor than he finds it to-day.

4

Again we arrive at the same conclusion. If the white man is to retain his power in South Africa, it must be not by repression, not by inequality, not by pretending that there can be different freedoms for men of different colours, but by reinforcing himself from the other white

countries of the world—in short, by immigration. It cannot be done at once, but it must be undertaken at once. It will never be done at all if the white man remains the chief obstacle to his own rescue, and keeps a closed door not only against men of other skins, but also against men of his own.

And what of that "White South Africa" which has been made the voter's chief lash and exhortation at election times, and in which, he was led to believe, the white man would permanently rule and enjoy freedom, and the coloured man would be held in perpetual bondage? When, as is the way of such things, it has done its fullest damage and wrought its utmost evil, it will reach the common end of all false promises and election cries. Eventually a new idea will arise, that of a white South Africa which, while aiming at a white standard of society, will make room for men of all colours living and working within its borders, and which will be ready to give the benefits of white civilization to black and brown men as well as to white. If it does not achieve this freedom, white civilization will have failed in Africa.

CHAPTER XII

THE CLOSED DOOR

SURELY the best indication that the rate of immigration to South Africa has been inadequate is the fact that after nearly three centuries of European settlement, the country has only two million whites. During that period the New World has been populated and has brought powerful nations into being. The greater attractions of the New World undoubtedly retarded the development of the Dark World; but other factors added to the delay.

Ever since the days of the Portuguese, South Africa has had a poor reputation as a country for white settlement. After their unhappy experience in Table Bay in 1510, the Portuguese shunned the land, as a region inhabited by ferocious savages, and it was not until the middle of the next century that any other whites ventured to settle there. The Dutch regarded the Cape only as a half-way house to the East, and when, fifty-five years after Van Riebeeck's arrival, the burghers proved troublesome, the Dutch East India Company put a stoppage to further immigration. In 1750 the Company was once more willing to experiment with immigrants, but now the colonists objected, declaring that newcomers would only add to the country's poverty.

It was about a hundred years more before the Cape received any considerable body of immigrants, and then the misfortunes of the British Settlers of 1820 tended further to strengthen the impression that South Africa was not a good land for settlement. What is too often remembered about the 1820 Settlers is not their ultimate success, but the hardships they suffered and the difficulties they had to overcome.

The discovery of diamonds and then gold brought a great many people during the second half of the nineteenth century, but when, in the twentieth century, it looked as though the world was acquiring a new opinion

of South Africa and, because of that and other causes, many more immigrants might be expected, new factors arose once again to arrest the flow.

First of these was the attitude of the Afrikaner Nationalist section which was as clearly set against Uitlanders now as in the days of the Transvaal Republic. The followers of Hertzog, Malan and Pirow feared that their cause would be weakened by extensive additions to the population from overseas. Immigrants from Britain would, of course, bring a British bias; Hollanders could not be trusted to see altogether eye-to-eye with the Afrikaners; Germans could be relied upon to work in their own interests and therefore against Britain; but the Nationalists were not prepared to take a chance. They sought safety in checking immigration as far as possible. A large proportion of recent immigrants had been Jews from eastern Europe, and this provided them with a good excuse, one that would shield their real reasons, for demanding a tight hold on the immigration door.

There was another and a more general factor. Immigrants, it was argued by English as well as Afrikaners, would increase unemployment, for they would obviously take away work from those already in the country. This was the kind of argument that made an easy impression upon people whose jobs were the most important thing in their lives—which meant, as in all countries, the majority. It was an argument easy to use from an electioneering platform, one that would ensure immediate applause, because to the average voter it stood for bread and butter. A politician could not say that he disapproved of immigration because the immigrants would probably not join his party (although lately the O.B. leader has not shrunk from this impertinence), but he could say that they would deprive the long-settled South African of his work. It was useless to answer that immigrants would increase work instead of lessening it, that South Africa's trouble was that it had insufficient people not too many, and that people in themselves were an asset and their labour was capital. It was simpler for the average man to see the other than to grasp this side of the argument.

The official account in the Year Book of immigration

into South Africa since the beginning of the century runs thus:

"In the year immediately following the South African War a very large accession of population was recorded; but for several years following there was a reaction due to a severe commercial depression, and there was undoubtedly a considerable loss of European population. A change in the direction of flow again occurred in the year 1910 (year of Union), when the country once more received an accession of population from overseas."

What all this amounted to may be judged from the fact that from 1904 (the year of the first census after the Anglo-Boer War) to 1911 (the first census after Union), the population rose from 1,116,806 to 1,276,242—an increase of 159,436, most of which was attributable to natural increase. Such immigration as did take place was, to a considerable extent, offset by emigration.

The Year Book continues:

"There was a revival after the cessation of hostilities in 1918, and in the two or three succeeding years there was a fairly large influx of immigrants. The movement was, however, checked as a result of the economic depression, which commenced towards the beginning of 1921."

By 1921 the population had risen by a further quarter of a million, most of which was again the result of natural increase.

"From 1924 onwards, immigrants from countries situated in eastern, central and southern Europe arrived in increasing numbers each year."

The "increasing numbers" were from under a thousand in 1924 to over two thousand in 1928. During these years immigrants intending permanent residence averaged about six thousand a year, but residents departing permanently averaged over four thousand. People were leaving the country nearly at the same rate as others were coming.

By now, however, a new factor had come into play. The United States immigration restrictions and quota turned many emigrants from Europe southwards, who would

otherwise have gone to North America. This was South Africa's chance; this was her opportunity of obtaining a good share of the overflow of population from Europe. But what did the South African Government do? It also introduced a Quota Act. The United States of America with its 110,000,000 whites had an immigration Quota, and the Union of South Africa with less than two million whites was also to have one. Previously, intending immigrants had to prove that they had either work in the country or money in their pockets; but now they would have to show in addition that they came from the right sort of country, and if they did not, most of them would be turned away.

A country, no doubt, has a right to say from which part of the world it prefers to receive immigrants, but for a country like South Africa to say so, while struggling to maintain a "white man's civilization" in the presence of a growing black population, and to show its preference by active restriction, seemed strangely perverse. The Immigration Quota Act of 1930 had the desired effect, and the Year Book records, scarcely concealing a note of satisfaction, that "the years 1930 and 1931 showed a very appreciable diminution in the number of immigrants when compared with previous years". The number of immigrants dropped from seven thousand in 1928 to three thousand in 1932, less than a thousand being admitted from the restricted countries of south and south-eastern Europe in the latter year.

2

The Quota Act was aimed against the Jews. The Jews of eastern Europe, outside Russia, were in an even worse plight after World War I than before. There had been a steady flow of Jews into South Africa for several decades, this being one of the countries where the repressed Jews of Poland, the Baltic States, Czarist Russia, Rumania and Hungary could hope to make a start again. The vast majority of immigrants from the restricted countries were Jews, and the Jews therefore had good reason to believe that the main purpose of the Quota Act was anti-Semitic.

In fighting the Quota Bill, Mr. Morris Alexander, K.C.,

a Jewish member of the House of Assembly for a Cape Town division for many years, declared:

"The leading fruit farmer in South Africa, the leading maize grower, the leading potato grower, and the present chairman of the Federated Chamber of Industries, and public men like myself, would be excluded as immigrants under this Bill as having been born in countries that are not included in the schedule."

That was not, of course, a convincing argument to the man in the street, whose answer to all such protestations was, rightly or wrongly: "Oh, yes, the Jew always manages to get on top."

Mr. Morris Kentridge, another of the handful of Jews in the Assembly, pointed out that there were a thousand Jewish farmers in the land—a sound argument, except to the man who was firmly convinced that the Jews (like the English) were a nation of shopkeepers.

Mr. C. P. Robinson, member for a Natal division, quoted from a resolution taken at a meeting held in Rome, where thirty-eight nations had been represented, and where it was held that no nation should keep out any refugees where the population was less than two per square mile.

"Do you want to frighten us with that?" asked the Prime Minister, General Hertzog.

"Not frighten you, but stir your sense of justice," chipped in Mr. Madeley. "South Africa comes perilously near that two per square mile." (It is now 2.5 Europeans and 12.2 all races for the Union and South-West Africa, and 4.24 Europeans and 20.29 all races for the Union only.)

The influx of Jews over a considerable number of years had brought their proportion in the population to no more than $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent by 1926, and to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent fifteen years later. What then was the reason for prejudice against the Jews, who formed only a small percentage of the population? Simply this, that South Africa, like most other countries, has its Jewish problem kept alive by politicians for purposes of personal or party aggrandizement. The Nationalists used it in 1930 to strengthen their hold on the country and to embarrass General Smuts's opposition. Their Quota Act had the full sup-

port of their own people and many sympathizers among the other parties. General Smuts's men could not effectively oppose it for fear of being accused as "pro-Jewish"—fatal, of course, for any politician.

And so the Quota Act was passed, and Cape Town beheld the pathetic picture of shiploads of immigrants rushing to enter before its provisions came into force. South Africa, instead of taking a progressive line and encouraging the immigrants it did want, took the reactionary course of limiting those who most wanted and needed to enter, and who, in addition, were excellent immigrant material.

During the years that followed the introduction of the Quota, a new force arose in Europe. Anti-Semitism found its most violent exponent in Hitlerite Germany, and started a new exodus from the Continent. Many of the neighbouring countries harboured the Jewish and non-Jewish fugitives from Nazi persecution, and a number of them came to South Africa, for Germany was not one of the restricted countries. Again a cry arose against the Jewish immigrants, who were still more objectionable on account of being refugees—this being a common reaction of human nature. The Quota Act was repealed, having failed when it was most needed, and the Aliens Act was passed instead, in January, 1937. Again the door was closed against the people who most needed a country, people who were cultured, enterprising and trained, and again there was the last-minute rush to enter, one party even chartering a ship.

The closed door was pushed a little tighter, and the number of German immigrants reduced from 3,400 in 1936 to 677 in 1938, the reduction for all immigrants being from 10,000 to 6,000, of which the British constituted about 4,000.

3

There have been Jews in South Africa from the earliest days. They were with the early Portuguese navigators and among the early Dutch settlers, and if these did not retain their individuality as Jews, it was firstly, because they were few in number, and, secondly, because Jews

except when prevented by persecution, prejudice or racial legislation, tend to adopt the customs of the people among whom they live and to become assimilated. The Malanite objects to the Jew as being non-assimilative, and does all he can to keep him so. Proof of the assimilative qualities of the Jew—if any were needed—is to be found in the Jewish names in distinguished South African families which, while not concealing their Jewish origin, have lost all other associations with Jewry. It is natural for a small minority gradually to adopt the manners, institutions and outlook of the folk among whom they live, and the Jews have displayed this aptitude as strongly as any other people. Jewry suffers constant loss by assimilation out of the fold, and the loss would be greater still were it not for the repressive and discriminatory measures of the Gentile, who, in one breath, objects to the Jew being Jewish and refuses to allow him to be anything else.

In South Africa, as in most other countries, the faults complained of in the Jew are largely those which Christian society has bred in him. Many a Jew is to be found in law and medicine because in these professions he can practise on his own, and is not exposed to the prejudices of an anti-Jewish employer. As it is, Jewish doctors have been forced out of the country districts where doctors were most needed, because the agitation of the Ossewa Brandwag had made it impossible for them to earn a living.

The Jew, it is complained, will not be an artisan. It would be more accurate to say that he could not be an artisan, because in the countries of his origin in eastern Europe the artisan crafts were closed to him. If he did manage to learn a trade, he might find that he was denied the opportunity of earning a living by it—a thing which could happen in England at the beginning of the twentieth century as well as in Lithuania. Because of the greater freedom enjoyed to-day, many Jews are becoming craftsmen, and the reproach that they shun manual labour is not valid.

Again, it is complained that the Jew makes a bad farmer and is therefore a bad settler. In South Africa he has made a very good farmer, where he has had the opportunity to go on to the land, a farmer whose enterprise has

been acknowledged by non-Jewish as well as Jewish politicians—when it has suited them. Another very common complaint is that so many of the Jews from eastern Europe become small traders, shopkeepers. In Czarist Russia this happened to be one of the few occupations left open to the Jew, and it would have been remarkable if, coming to a new country, he had taken to anything else. Many have flourished in small trade and many have failed, but the Gentile knows only of the former, for the truth is that in South Africa the Jewish small trader has keen competitors in the Greeks and the Indians, who are quite his equals, if not his betters, in business acumen and industrious habits.

The Jew has many faults, and to explain them is not to remove them. Many of his faults are such only to the critical Gentile, in whom the Jew probably sees as many faults as are to be found in himself. To hope that all blemishes will in time be removed is to expect too much of human nature, but in South Africa the anti-Semites among the Nationalists, the Malanites, the Pirowites and the O.B. have shown the worst side of theirs. They have taken their doctrine from Hitlerite Germany. They have made the Jew a political scapegoat and have learned their anti-Jewish slogans from Zeesen. They have planned Christian-Nationalist constitutions. They have accused the Jew of Socialism. They have also accused him of Capitalism. Their propaganda has had its effect, as anti-Jewish propaganda always has, and the liberal anti-Nazi section of the population has not been free from infection.

4

The Jewish problem in South Africa, both as a purely Jewish problem and, subsequent to 1933, as a refugee problem, illustrates the common South African attitude towards immigrants, who are regarded not as people come to help in the development of a half-empty land, but as people coming to filch others' jobs; who are looked upon as valueless unless they bring capital with them; and stigmatized as only semi-desirable unless they come from certain parts of Europe. Men who would ordinarily scoff at Hitler's Nordic theories immediately become sensitive to

them when they are faced with immigrants from the oppressed parts of Europe. For just as the white man looks upon the black man, not as human material which ought to be developed to its full capacity, but only as labour to be used and discarded, so he looks upon the immigrant merely as another worker wanting a share of his crumbs.

South Africans are in the main no less humane than other people; and during the last three years have acquired a great reputation for hospitality with the visiting troops; but their racial politicians, in their blatant moods, have shown a hostility to the stranger within their gates that is utterly foreign both to English and Afrikaner nature, and is illustrative of the warping influence of a vicious creed. They have unashamedly confessed their estimate of immigrants as so much voting power—voters who might ultimately go against them and with whom they could not trust their doctrine.

When, in 1940, three hundred children evacuated from the danger zones of Britain, were brought to South Africa, voices were raised among the Malanites (who were then confident of a Nazi victory) expressing the hope that these children would not be considered as immigrants, and would eventually be returned to the country of their origin. That pious hope pretended to conceal the fear from which it originated; but "Commandant-General" van Rensburg of the Ox-Wagon Guard set aside all pretence when, in November, 1942, he warned a gathering of his followers in the country, that the Government had power to grant citizenship to every soldier who came to the Union to fight for the Empire. In Johannesburg he had actually seen American troops, as well as Poles, Yugoslavs and Belgians. "They will all go on the voters' roll," he declared, "the voting cattle of the future." There you had it! Possible settlers were to the "Commandant-General", and the people he generalled, so much "voting cattle", no more.

That the immigrants may be men of highly specialized knowledge and training, as are so many of the recent refugees, makes little difference to the South African primed with such ideas, for it is comfortable to imagine that he possesses all the training that the country needs.

Even when the question arises of bringing a man from overseas for a special appointment which may have some public character, cognizance has to be taken of those who will inquire whether someone could not have been found locally. Such an incident, too, may be given political colour and used for political agitation.

The refugees that have come from Europe during the last ten years themselves afford striking evidence of the manner in which people bring enrichment not want to a country, and that their ability, their energy and capacity for work provide the best recommendation to a sparsely populated country. Johannesburg, to which many of the refugees gravitated as the centre offering most opportunities, bears signs of this enrichment obvious to anyone familiar with the city for any length of time. It has acquired a more cosmopolitan atmosphere, more varied interests and more varied activities, all of which are reflected in its shops, its streets, its restaurants and its gatherings. New men have brought new ideas and have stimulated still more. The provincial city of ten years ago is now a metropolis with the ever-changing impulses of metropolitan life.

This change, illustrative of the quickening influences brought by immigrants, was more precisely indicated in the results of a survey published on April 9, 1939, by the *Sunday Times* of Johannesburg. The survey embraced data concerning 2,373 refugee settlers, of whom it was found that 557 were working on their own account and giving employment to 339 other refugees and 2,600 whites and natives of the country. The refugees were very largely craftsmen such as building workers, chemical workers, electricians, watchmakers, tailors, printers, miners and fitters, and included lawyers, doctors and dentists to an extent of less than a half of one per cent. For every ten refugees employed by South African firms, direct employment had been created for thirteen South African whites and twenty-five natives. In the country which had so grudgingly admitted them, the refugees had started, among other industrial activities, the smelting of anti-mony-lead alloys, the refining of scrap metals, including zinc, lead and brass which formerly had been shipped to England and re-imported, the manufacture of type-metal

for printers, the manufacture of gun-metal, of tube-mills for the mines, new road metal and bitumen products, the canning of berry juices, and the making of boot-laces, various new leather goods, dolls, toys, perfumeries and sweets which could compete with the imported articles.

Truly it was the coming of the Huguenots all over again, but few South Africans would admit it.

5

It would be wrong to convey the impression that there are no people in South Africa who realize that the country's only hope lies in accession of population from overseas. There are, but they are not the majority of voters; neither do they constitute a majority of Members of Parliament who would be bold enough to risk the loss of their seats by urging the opening of the door to immigrants. They are to be found in the universities—or rather some of them, for it is symptomatic of the state of opinion or prejudice in South Africa, that when any question of national importance is under discussion, the universities divide into two camps with those of the Witwatersrand (Johannesburg) and Cape Town on one side, and those of Pretoria and Stellenbosch on the other. If most other countries have shown that the universities are the nurseries of radicals, South Africa is among the countries that have shown that they can nurture reactionaries as well.

Occasionally, however, a voice is heard from a liberal university, spoken in a lecture room, and taken up by the Press. Such a one found its way into the headlines amid the blaring communiqués of war, on September 29, 1942, when Dr. S. H. Frankel, young Professor of Economics at the University of the Witwatersrand, told the Economic Society of South Africa:

"It is my view after a study of the national income of the Union that the greatest single obstacle to further economic progress is the lack of effective population. The full economic opportunities of this country cannot be realized unless we arrange for a considerable regular flow of immigration and a concomitant import of capital after the war. To ask what these immigrants are going to do is to miss the point at issue, since it implies that they will only

be able to do what others are already doing. This is not so. The accession of new population will create the opportunities for more employment simply because it will make economic innumerable activities which are now uneconomic."

The high standard of living which the United States had achieved, said Professor Frankel, was due mainly to its far-sighted action in inviting the co-operation of masses of men and women from all over the world. It resulted from casting out fear, and valuing men and women in accordance with the potential contribution which they could be expected to make to the community of which they were permitted to become an integral part.

Casting out fear? Yes. And bringing in friendship.

During the three years immediately preceding this war, the South African birth-rate, at 25.1 per thousand, was higher than that of most European countries, higher than that of Australia (17.5), than that of Canada (20.2), than that of New Zealand (18.0) and than that of the U.S.A. (17.3). In thirty years after Union, during which the white population rose from one and a quarter million to more than two millions, the natural increase amounted to 826,000.

Such fertility is what you might expect of a sunny land, where autumn is almost like another spring, where trees imported from Europe grow twice as fast, a land which breeds big men, and women who develop early. The population may double itself naturally in fifty years. But Nature is too slow to solve the problems that man has made in South Africa. These can be solved only if the land proves capable of breeding a people which is big-minded as well as big-boned.

CHAPTER XIII

MARKETS AND MARKETS

FOR fifty years gold has been the economic mainstay of South Africa. Since a certain day in 1886, when a man carelessly kicked his foot against the outcrop of the main reef on a farm a few miles west of the site subsequently chosen for Johannesburg, gold has been irrigating the country in a glittering stream that has been steadily growing in volume.

The Witwatersrand gold field, the richest in the world, occurs on a plateau at an altitude of nearly six thousand feet. This Ridge of White Waters, or the Rand as it is commonly called, projects somewhat above the plateau to become a dividing watershed between the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans, for to the south of it, the tributaries of the Vaal drain westwards, and to the north, those of the Limpopo drain eastwards.

At a height of six thousand feet, the early prospectors found the projecting seam of the gold-bearing conglomerate and traced it along the Ridge for a distance of twenty miles. In the excited years that followed, when all the world's fortune-hunters seemed to be making for the Transvaal, they eagerly mined the outcrop, which in places yielded visible gold; they followed it into the earth and found to their surprise that it continued at depth; and deeper and deeper they blasted it and wrung it from the enclosing granite. In half a century they have followed the thin veins of gold sixty miles across the face of the earth and thousands of feet into its crust, in some places more than eight thousand feet or well below sea-level. From the sky, as it were, they have dug down beneath the ocean-bed, and blasting their way year after year deeper and deeper into the rock, they have defeated the primeval force which in one act both buried the reef and threw it to a mountain-top.

Considered purely as a physical achievement, the Witwatersrand mines are a miracle of human industry. They

are the work of the most ingenious mining engineers in the world, who with incredible skill have groped their way more than a mile below the earth's surface, cutting away a layer of gold-bearing ore that was never more than a few feet thick. As it stretches east and west, the reef curves southwards, and as it goes deeper it inclines in the same direction. Its shape has been likened to that of a basin, and if you can picture a host of ants mining into the sides of a buried basin, you have an idea of the Witwatersrand gold mines.

Since 1886 the Witwatersrand has given the world 350,000,000 ounces of gold, at a rate that has been rising steadily for the last twenty years. At the beginning of the century, yearly production was less than 3,000,000 ounces; it rose to 8,000,000 by 1911, remained at about that figure for eleven years, and since then has risen to more than 12,800,000 ounces. This constitutes a third of the world's total output of gold, and normally exceeds that of the U.S.A., Canada and Australia combined.

The Witwatersrand mining industry is about the most efficiently run in the world. It had to be to succeed. Until 1932 gold was valued at £4 4s. per ounce, and the cost of recovery was about £3 per ounce. To-day the value is £8 8s. per ounce, and the cost of recovery is just over £5. The increased price has enabled the mines to bring poorer ore to the surface, and whereas in 1930 the average yield was 6½ pennyweights of gold per ton of rock milled, to-day it is about half of that and has to be won from greater depths. In the early days of the Rand, the gold content of the ore was measured in ounces, to-day it is measured in pennyweights (that is, in twentieths of ounces), and the process which brings rock carrying a few pennyweights of gold to the ton from thousands of feet underground has been developed by a genius of organization surpassed nowhere else in the world.

For years the Witwatersrand mines were giving South Africa gold at the rate of £40,000,000 a year. Since 1932 the annual value has surpassed £100,000,000 and now stands at about £110,000,000, at which figure it constitutes about seventy per cent of the country's exports.

It will be readily appreciated that, in a community of ten million people, an industry which produces wealth at such a rate assumes an enormous importance. The gold mines not only are a great industry in themselves, but are also the cause of other industries which have grown up to supply their needs and which could not exist without them. Factories of various kinds have been established to provide equipment. Commerce has been organized to supply the needs of the 400,000 employees. Produce comes in from all parts of the country and finds a market on the Witwatersrand amid its population of one million whites and natives. It has been authoritatively calculated that no fewer than four million people are in various ways dependent upon the gold-mining industry. Gold is the life-blood of the community. It seems sacrilege to say so, but within the limits of truth usually embraced in metaphors it is the truth.

During the war gold production has not been reduced, but has been increased. Contrary to the course followed in other countries where it has been either restricted or suspended, gold mining was declared an essential industry, the output of which should not only be maintained but, if possible, increased. The average man could not understand this. Miners grouched when they were refused permission to join the army (seven thousand were, however, released on half or quarter pay), and the man in the street could not see the point of continuing the production of a luxury commodity at so critical a period.

It may be doubted whether gold, taken out of the earth in South Africa to be buried in the vaults of Britain and America, can be classed even as a luxury. During the war most of it has been retained in South Africa, where it fulfils quite as useful or luxurious a purpose as it would have done in London or New York.

Regarding the use or uselessness of gold, a story is told of a certain American who was on a business visit to South Africa in 1942. He visited the mines, where a certain official mentioned the shortage of tin, which made it difficult to replace the worn-out dishes from which the natives

ate their meals. The American suggested an easy way out of the difficulty: there was a shortage of tin, he said, but plenty of gold.

The story may be pure fiction but, since it is told in Johannesburg, it is an indication of what Johannesburgers, in their less serious moments, think of their principal product.

Yet a moment's reflection will show that the policy of continuing gold production in war-time is not wrong. Countries which have stopped the mining of gold for the duration, counted it as a mere fraction of their economy. As against South Africa's output of 12,821,000 ounces in 1939, the U.S.A. recorded only 4,673,000, Canada 5,000,000, and Australia 1,645,000. Apart from the importance of gold in the economy of the British Commonwealth, gold is the economy of South Africa. Stopping the mines would have been tantamount to stopping the country, unless all or most of the labour employed in them could have been diverted to war industries. This was impracticable if not impossible, and mining therefore had to go on, if only because South Africa could not get along without it.

Of even more immediate importance to South Africa's participation in the war has been the revenue that the Government has derived from the mines. The man who objected to the continuance of mining was not a little reconciled to the idea when he had his attention drawn to the manner in which the Government was making the gold mines pay for the privilege of being allowed to carry on as usual, even better than usual.

In 1931-1932, when the Government's total revenue amounted to £30,000,000, the portion derived from taxation of the gold mines was 12·5 per cent. In the year before the war total revenue rose to £55,000,000, and the mines' contribution to 23·5 per cent. In 1941-1942 total revenue was £91,000,000, and the mines' contribution reached thirty per cent. This thirty per cent amounted to £27,000,000, more than half of which came as income-tax, a third as special payments, and less than a sixth as the Government's share in mines which are leased out and worked on a profit-sharing basis.

It has been calculated that the mines' contribution is

even more formidable than this. Revenue comes from gold mining in various indirect ways, and it is estimated that the Government actually depends on the mining industry for half of its total revenue.

Small wonder that the Union can carry on a war while exacting little more from the ordinary man than one shilling and sixpence in the pound as income-tax. Small wonder that the mining chiefs became restive when they contemplated the growing portion of their profits that was commandeered by the Treasury. In May, 1941, Mr. P. M. Anderson, at the head of the Union Corporation, one of the big mining groups, pointed out that during the previous year the mining industry had paid fifty-six per cent of its profits to the Government in direct taxation and share of profits. In November, 1942, Mr. G. H. Beatty, of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company Limited, another big group, revealed that the Government's revenue from mining profits had risen to sixty-eight per cent of the total, and that during the first half of 1942, out of £20,000,000 of real profits earned by the industry, the Government had taken £14,000,000.

The non-investing taxpayer, it may be said, was in no way perturbed by these disclosures. Though he could not help being impressed by them, he regarded them as furnishing at least one good reason for the continuance of gold mining. On the other hand, the man with money in the mines has been drawing seven or eight per cent on his investment, not a poor return in these times, but he has been shrugging his shoulders and asking how long the industry could be expected to last if burdened with taxation on such a scale. The question is pertinent, and will have to be faced in the no-distant future.

3

In these days when State policy should be directed towards distributing wealth instead of allowing it to accumulate among a few people, a good case can be made out for taxing the gold mines to the utmost. A good case could, doubtless, also be made out for nationalizing them entirely; but whether any useful purpose could be served

thereby is another question. With the Treasury taking more than half of the profits, the State already has a greater interest in the mines than anyone else. If the Government took over the whole industry, it could not run it more efficiently; it might, conceivably, run it less efficiently; and whether it would derive any greater profits is, to say the least, problematical.

Heavy taxation of the gold mines is justifiable, but ceases to be so when it hampers the industry, discourages further development, and begins to strangle the goose that lays the golden eggs. In 1930 it was believed that gold production had reached its peak, and that the ensuing decade would show a steady decline. That prophecy was belied by a doubling in the price of gold after the abandonment of the gold standard, and the resulting payability of large bodies of poorer ore. The life of the mines is still largely dependent on the price of gold, but whatever the price, the life is limited. Greater mining depths mean higher costs, higher costs mean lower profits and make the mining of ore with a low gold content uneconomic. It is estimated that under present conditions a rapid decline in mining must set in within about ten years, and that twenty years later, production will be on a very small scale indeed.

The time is not far distant when the Government will have to direct its attention to nursing the gold industry as well as taxing it. Old mines will be worked and new mines will be opened only as long as they can yield a profit, and as the richer ores become exhausted and the profits fall, Government taxation will have to be reduced so as to keep the mines going—to keep them going as long as possible while other industries are being developed to replace the worked-out mines. The men at the head of the Government appreciate the position; their problem is to adjust the balance between the country's interests and those of the industry—to keep the mines working profitably while drawing off a portion of the profits for the shareholders' spiritual and the State's material good.

As long as the Government is not over anxious to retain the goodwill of the gold industry, it can be trusted to keep an even balance between these interests, and wisely to choose the time when taxation will have to be stepped

down so as to prolong the life of the mines while other industries are placed on their feet. Successive governments have expended a great deal of thought and money on the encouragement of agriculture and the promotion of industries against the time when the mines will have become exhausted, without, however, achieving results of a more than dubious kind.

4

By comparison with gold, diamonds are of little importance in the economy of the country, despite the glamour with which to the distant observer they may invest the South African scene. Kimberley, with its dust, its heat and its big hole, is far from being a glamorous town, and so is the Premier Mine near Pretoria, which has yielded the largest diamond in the world, the Cullinan. On the river diggings and the alluvial fields of the Transvaal, thousands of people live drab and shabby lives in the constant hope of finding the stone that will make their fortunes, but rarely finding more than enough to keep that hope alive and provide them with a most precarious livelihood.

In South Africa, only the west coast alluvial fields north and south of the Orange River still retain some of the wondrous legend that attaches to diamonds. Official reports describe these deposits as "phenomenal", and a dozen or so years ago stories were common of people picking up rich gems from the ground. If one could get into these Namaqualand fields, it was said, one could fill one's pockets overnight and come out in the morning a wealthy man, and it is certain that the diamond occurrences there are of an amazing kind. But the Government stepped in. Diamond production, in any case, had to be controlled. South Africa no longer enjoyed a monopoly in the supply of the stones, for production in Angola, the Belgian Congo and the Gold Coast had increased until it exceeded that of the Union. Agreement had to be reached with producers in Angola and the Congo to prevent a flooding of the market; mines had to be closed while accumulated stocks of stones could be disposed of; the Namaqualand fields were declared State diggings and closed to the

public, mining being permitted only at one or two points.

Since the beginning of the century, South Africa's output of diamonds has dropped from about three million carats to little over a million, and the value from about £6,000,000 to £2,600,000. Whereas in the 1920's South Africa produced half of the world's diamonds, counted in carats, by 1938 its contribution had dropped to a tenth. The value, however, still remains about half, for while other countries are producing low-priced industrial stones, South Africa is still the leading country for high-priced gems. But the market for diamonds, chiefly American, is not what it was, and therefore the great diamond deposits, if not exactly a wasting asset, are a stagnant one. The man who used to dream of making a fortune out of diamonds now wonders whether he can make a living out of them.

South African economy, therefore, is being driven progressively away from the glittering industries, since diamonds do not sparkle nearly as much as they used to, and gold is not inexhaustible. It is being forced to develop its more prosaic and bread-and-butter activities, such as agriculture, base metal mining and industries; and it is finding the transition beset with many handicaps and difficulties.

5

In recent years South Africa has followed the expensive and wasteful policy of trying to develop oversea markets in the face of terrific competition from other countries, while ignoring its own. The home market has always been narrow, much narrower than it need have been, for it has always been considered as a population of two millions instead of ten. Overseas, this small country, possessing a backward agriculture of small output, placed itself in the absurd position of challenging the products of the wealthiest countries of the western hemisphere. This policy has been futile as well as expensive. Not only has it placed many of the home-products beyond the reach of large sections of the population, but if these products have gained a foothold in European markets, it has been both

precarious and of artificial value. How can it be said that a country of ten million people, three-quarters of whom, black, brown and white, live under the bread level, stands in any need of oversea markets for the food which it grows?

A Government Commission appointed in 1940 has estimated that because of the Union's physical and climatic drawbacks, not more than fifteen per cent of the country will ever be cultivated, and that the greater part of it is suitable only for livestock farming on an extensive basis. This estimate may be conservative and pessimistic, but in actual fact it is worse than it looks on paper. Farming in the Union is generally inefficient and uneconomic. Its improvident methods have impoverished the soil and the grazing, and have led in places to ruinous erosion. When the late Lord Melchett, British industrialist, visited South Africa in 1930, he said that farmers were at last beginning to realize the value of fertilizers, but he was expressing himself politely and tactfully. The backwardness of agriculture is indicated by the fact that while two-thirds of the total population is engaged in farming, it produces only about one-eighth (£50,000,000) of the national income.

Instead of assisting farmers to reorganize and modernize their methods, as is now recommended by an Industrial and Agricultural Requirements Commission, which was appointed in 1940, the Government resorted to an extensive system of financial subsidies, which lost millions in money and achieved little, if anything, of permanent value. It became a common joke that the farmer who could not make a living out of farming could always make a living out of subsidies.

Assistance started in 1930, when, owing to a slump in world prices, agriculture found itself in a serious plight. The Government then applied such palliatives as reduced interest on mortgages, protective duties, lower railway rates, and subsidies on exports. During the six years in which the Act of 1931 was in force, a sum of £11,020,494 was paid in export subsidies, more than £5,000,000 being paid on wool, more than £1,000,000 on citrus, £824,000 on maize products, £901,000 on deciduous fruit, £627,000 on minerals and ores, £524,000 on hides and skins, and

£455,000 on wattle bark and extract. It is calculated that in the ten years, 1931 to 1941, the State spent £25,000,000 in direct assistance and subsidies to the farmers. Nor was this all. Home consumers had to pay higher prices to enable the export of products to take place at the lower prices which prevailed overseas. The 1940 Commission has calculated that in the year 1939-1940, the excess cost to consumers amounted to £6,635,000, about a third of which was paid on the price of sugar, more than a fifth on wheat, a fifth on maize and a sixth on butter and cheese. Allowing for a certain portion that went to manufacturers and not to farmers, this meant that in one year £7,500,000 of the farming community's income represented a transfer (in subsidies and excess cost) from other sections of the people. In other words, if the farmer was the backbone of the country, this much had to be paid to keep him upright.

It would have been money well spent had it effected permanent improvements in agriculture; but the effect, if anything, has been quite the contrary. The 1940 Commission observes:

"In giving assistance, control is not exercised so as to avoid inefficiency. It often merely keeps inefficient farmers on the land or even accentuates unhealthy farming practices. This must further lower productivity of the farms, rendering the rehabilitation of those engaged in the industry more difficult. The effect of protecting the processing industries has often been to lower their efficiency."

The main benefits of subsidies and price-raising were reaped by the maize, wheat and sugar farmers. Indeed, says the Commission, permitting itself a touch of sarcasm,

"the assistance given so stimulated sugar and maize production that output increased and with it the export surplus and the export loss, so that further assistance was required. It was duly given."

How this topsy-turvy system works out may be illustrated by its results in the marketing of two commodities, maize and butter. At the beginning of 1940 the world price of maize was five shillings per bag of 200 lb., at which figure Argentina was ready to export 70,000,000 bags of the best. The Union's crop at the time was no more than

18,000,000 bags, of which 4,000,000 were available for export; 5,000,000 would be sold locally, and the rest would be consumed on the farms. The Government decided that the farmer was to get from eight shillings to nine shillings and sixpence per bag as his export price, and set aside a subsidy of £500,000 for the purpose. As this was not enough, the home consumer was made to add another two shillings and sixpence per bag, and the actual wholesale price of maize in the country that year was about thirteen shillings.

Now for butter. During peace-time the retail price of butter in South Africa was just over one shilling and sixpence per pound. In London you could buy the best butter for one shilling or thereabouts, and the Union was exporting several million pounds of butter to be sold at this price yearly. The higher price within the country placed butter beyond the reach of a large section of the population, who simply could not pay the price.

This passion for feeding the oversea market while the home population went short had the result one season of creating a shortage of butter even for those people who could afford to buy. Butter, therefore, had to be quickly imported. Exports and imports almost passed each other on the way.

6

Industry has been nursed in much the same manner by the introduction of protective tariffs, first adopted in 1925. During the thirteen years that followed, industrial output was doubled, reaching a value of £187,500,000 in 1938. Protection, granted to industries on the condition that they maintained a satisfactory ratio as between the "civilized" and "uncivilized" labour they employed, that is, as between black and white, has been costing the country about £10,000,000 a year.

This would probably not be considered a high price to pay for the establishment of industries, if these industries were being developed on a sound basis. The plain fact is, however, that the output per employee in Union manufacturing industries is about half of that in Britain, and two-thirds of that in New Zealand and Australia, and the

quality of the finished products often makes the imported article preferable even at the higher price. There was a time when the local product could not compete at any price. In recent years manufacturers have been learning their business and the quality of their products has markedly improved, but as long as output remains at the present low standard, the manufacturing system cannot be considered efficient.

During the past three years industry, stimulated by war needs and called upon to produce goods that could not be imported, has achieved an expansion that could not normally have been reached in less than twenty-five years. The country has raised a creditable army and at the same time has been able to maintain production and even increase it in many directions. This has been done by bringing more women into the labour market and drawing on the previously unemployed or under-employed non-European labour force.

War has brought great progress to South African industry. Is peace going to put the clock back? It will if the former situation is allowed to continue, that of a small home market for which industry could not work efficiently and agriculture could not work profitably. In a population of ten million people, there were never more than two million who could be considered real buyers. The native living below the bread line on about £5 a month could not be considered a buyer except of absolute necessities. But the native is industry's potential market. He wants the things that the European consumes and uses. He wants to live decently and comfortably as the white man lives, and if he had the money he would spend it. Poverty of the home market is one of the main reasons why South Africa's fishing grounds, which are among the richest, are also among the least exploited in the world.

South African industry, if it is to develop in a healthy way, must look to its home markets. Instead of sending its products to world markets where they stand so little chance, it must seek to develop the markets in its own country and continent. Instead of depending on cheap or slave labour, the industrialist must build on efficient labour. Efficient labour means well-paid labour, and con-

versely, when the native is better paid, his efficiency will increase. The employer will not be so prodigal of his toil when he has to pay good money for it, and will see to it that his talents are used advantageously. Eventually the black man will help to create the market that industry so badly needs.

CHAPTER XIV

THE SÜDWEST GERMANS

ON the north-west borders of the Cape Province, against the South Atlantic Ocean and the cold Benguella current that sweeps up from the Antarctic, lies the territory of South-West Africa, before World War I a German colony, and afterwards a mandated territory of the Union.

Germany was late in the scramble for Africa, and when she entered the field in the closing decades of the nineteenth century, the best parts of the continent had been claimed by Britain, France, Portugal and Belgium. It was galling to the Germans thus to be beaten in the race for Africa, thus to be crowded out of the African sun, except in its less comfortable places, and it has never ceased to vex them that less worthy powers should have occupied most of the "Lebensraum" in Africa while they were preoccupied with building a "Kultur" in Europe. Nevertheless, coming late to the partition of the Dark Continent, they managed to secure for themselves a sizeable territory on the south-west coast, another on the east coast of about the same area, and a third on the Gulf of Guinea. So well did they use these territories, together comprising about five times as much "Raum" as Germany, that by 1914 the German population of these three colonies was no more than sixteen thousand.

Admittedly, South-West Africa, with which we are alone concerned in these pages, is not exactly a land inviting to white settlers. To the newcomer, in fact, its coastline is a most depressing sight, and when he lands, he passes from seas of salt water to seas of sand. The Namib Desert, practically rainless, stretches for about sixty miles inland along the entire coast, and the southern part of the country, being a continuation of the sandveld of the Kalahari Desert, is not easily distinguishable from it. The rivers, except for those which tantalizingly mark the boundaries, are mostly full of sand, but earn their title as rivers after rainfall, when they actually foam with water.

But South-West Africa to-day is a prosperous land with a white population of thirty thousand, the German third of whom have really little to worry about, for if the Germans win the war, they will be top dogs, and if Germany loses, they will be free people in a free land.

2

The Germans annexed South-West Africa after the Berlin-Congo Conference of 1885, when Germany and the other conferring Powers solemnly pledged themselves to the duty of preserving the aboriginal races of Africa, of watching over their interests, and of cultivating their moral and material advancement. Nine years before, fifty-eight chiefs and headmen of the Hereros, one of the principal tribal divisions, as well as several Rehoboth and Hottentot tribes, had asked for British protection and control, and a British Commissioner, reporting to the Cape Governor, had recommended the annexation of the whole coastline of Great Namaqualand and Damaraland, which together constitute most of the territory. Britain, however, annexed only Walvis Bay, and, impressed by pious assurances as to native policy, allowed the Germans to annex the rest of the territory.

Having got Britain out of the way, Germany immediately began to offer "protection" to the native chiefs. Her representative for the purpose, it is interesting to note, was a certain Dr. Goering, Government Controller of a newly formed German Colonial Company for South-West Africa, and owner of a name to which his son, Field-Marshal Hermann Goering, was to give a still more unsavoury notoriety fifty years later. The "protection" that Dr. Goering offered was to be of exactly the same German make with which Europe has become so tragically familiar since 1939. Within twenty-five years it achieved such a destruction of the native peoples of South-West Africa that only about thirty per cent of them survived.

The Hereros were at war with the Hottentots, and on the understanding that they were to receive help against their old rivals, ultimately accepted "protection". The Hottentots were ordered to keep the peace under threat of German intervention, whereupon the Chief of the

Queen Bee Hottentots, a most sagacious primitive, Hendrik Witbooi (Whiteboy) by name, wrote to the chief of the Hereros a letter which showed how far-seeing a semi-savage could be.

"You are to be protected and helped by the German Government," he said, "but do you appreciate what you have done? You have looked upon me as a hindrance and a stumbling-block and so you have accepted this great Government in order to destroy me by its might. . . . Do you imagine that you will retain all the rights of your independent chieftainship after you shall have destroyed me (if you succeed)? That is your idea, but in the end you will have bitter remorse, you will have eternal remorse, for this handing your land and sovereignty over to the hands of white people. . . ."

"This thing which you have done, this giving of yourself into the hands of white people for government, thinking that you have acted wisely, that will become to you a burden as if you were carrying the sun on your back."

The proudly named Queen Bee Hottentots were the first to feel the heavy hand of German brutality. But first there was parleying. Captain C. von François, Dr. Goering's successor and Administrator of the new territory, came in person to offer Witbooi "German protection".

"What is our protection and from what are we to be protected?" asked the astute Hottentot.

"From the Boers and other strong nations," answered the German.

"To me," replied Witbooi, "it is a matter of wonder and impossibility that a chief can, if he accepts protection from another, still be regarded as an independent chief. If I needed assistance I should ask a brother chief to fight with me."

The Germans waited for reinforcements and then attacked at a village called Hoornkrantz, where Witbooi was both ruler and high priest, for he had even expelled the missionary, who had brought him a prepared agreement to sign. The Germans attacked in the early morning when the village was still asleep, slew a hundred and fifty men, women and children, and set fire to the huts. Witbooi escaped with some of his soldiers to fight another day, but finally, in 1894, his ammunition and food exhausted, he was forced to accept German "protection".

For eleven years he watched the German process of

extermination, by flogging, murder and imprisonment, carried out against the other Hottentot tribes, and then in 1905, when he was eighty, he decided to strike for freedom again. General von Trotha issued his "extermination order", whereby all those in rebellion were to be killed, and the old Hottentot Chief, Witbooi, died fighting.

But his prophecy to the Hereros, "you will have eternal remorse", had already been fulfilled. Defrauded of their land and their cattle, enslaved and beaten, and despairing of justice or mercy, the Hereros rose in rebellion in 1904. Before they took the field, their chiefs met and defined a humanity for which the "Kultur" they were fighting could make no room. They declared they would kill only German men who were soldiers, or who would become soldiers, and they would spare the lives of all German women and children, the missionaries, their wives and families, and all British and Dutch settlers, their wives, children and property.

The reply of General von Trotha, representative of "Kultur", was, "Kill every one of them, and take no prisoners."

It was not a war, but a massacre by bayoneting, burning, hanging and poisoning of young and old. Within a year, out of between 80,000 and 90,000 Hereros, there remained only about 15,000, starving and fugitive, and von Trotha considered he had finished his task.

Such is the story of the Hottentots and Hereros under the Germans. I have told it in the barest outline, for the whole narrative is to be found in a 200-page document, officially prepared in Windhoek, capital of the territory, in 1918 and presented to both Houses of the British Parliament. It constitutes one of the most damning records of barbarism ever accumulated by a supposedly civilized people.

Complete tranquillity was not restored in South-West Africa till 1911, and by then a population of 130,000 Hereros, Hottentots and Berg Damaras had been reduced to 37,742.

The Hereros, a great cattle-owning people, whose daily interests were centred in their herds and who, when they were hungry, would rather tighten their belts than kill an

ox, were estimated to possess 90,000 head of cattle in 1897. Ten years later they owned no more than 45,000 and the thousand German settlers owned 44,000. By the end of 1905 the surviving Hereros possessed nothing at all.

Six months before the outbreak of World War I, Professor Bonn, speaking to the Royal Colonial Institute, referred to South-West Africa, "where we solved the native problem by smashing tribal life and by creating a scarcity of labour", and said:

"We tried to assume to ourselves the functions of Providence, and we tried to exterminate a native race, whom our lack of wisdom had goaded into rebellion. We succeeded in breaking up the native tribes, but we have not yet succeeded in creating a new Germany."

3

In August, 1914, a German patrol violated Union territory by crossing the South-West border at the Orange River. German agents were busy in the Union and arms had been collected in the territory to be passed to the disaffected element from whom a rising was expected. The Boer Colonel Maritz, in charge of the Union forces at Upington, in the north-western Cape, had come to an understanding with the German Governor at Windhoek, and when the Union moved against the South-West, he crossed to the enemy and handed over as prisoners those of his men who refused to support his treachery. From Berlin the Kaiser cabled to Windhoek, "Guarantee Boers existence Boer Republics if they attack immediately."

But the Kaiser's "Fifth Column" technique proved inadequate. Boers suppressed the rebellion of their countrymen, and Union forces under General Botha conquered South-West Africa in 1915.

Four years later, when the Government accepted a mandate from the League of Nations over the territory, half of the German population, that is about six thousand people, comprising the Military and Government officials and a number of undesirables, were repatriated, and South Africa showed itself ready to extend every consideration to the remaining Germans and accept them as full political equals.

The official Union attitude to the South-West was thoroughly democratic and liberal, far too much so in the opinion of many South Africans who considered that the Germans were being given too much rope. The Germans apparently thought so too, and soon began "to throw their weight about" in a manner characteristically German.

By the terms of the London Agreement of 1923, the Union Government agreed to accept the Germans of South-West Africa as part of the people, with the same privileges and responsibilities as other citizens, to give every facility for the free use of the German language and to assist the German schools.

In the treatment of South-West Germans there was thus to be no attitude of the conquerors to the conquered, and it seemed at first that the Germans were prepared to co-operate, and even accept Union citizenship. In the following year the South-West Africa Naturalization of Aliens Act was passed, under which all South-West Germans, except two hundred and fifty who "signed out", adopted British nationality. A year later a large measure of representative government, which reserved certain matters such as native affairs, mines, railways and military from legislation, was granted to the registered voters, who included both Union nationals and the automatically naturalized Germans.

The first election under the new constitution resulted in a majority for the German section, who soon began to show what their ideas of "co-operation" amounted to. They demanded more rights for the German language and easier naturalization qualifications for German immigrants, and until they could get these they would not support the Union, that is the English-Afrikaans, section in the aim of obtaining extended powers for the South-West Legislative Assembly. At the 1929 general elections the Union section obtained a two-thirds majority at the polls, but were balked of their ascendancy in the Assembly by the act of the Administrator, who had power to nominate six members to the twelve elected. The Administrator, an officer of the Union Government, in order to safeguard the interests of the German minority, appointed sufficient Germans as members to reduce the Union section's

majority. Without a two-thirds majority the Union section could not carry out its policy, and in 1932 accepted the Germans' terms as the price of co-operation, namely, German as a third official language; the immediate naturalization of all Germans in the territory; and naturalization of future immigrants after two years' residence.

The way now seemed open for complete co-operation between all sections of the people. But was it? The Germans, using a technique since associated with Hitler, regarded concessions as merely opening the way to further demands. Before the terms of the 1932 Agreement could be implemented in legislation, the Germans had started a new agitation condemning the Administrator (who had given them more power than they were democratically entitled to), the Assembly (where they had exercised that power), and the Mandatory Government (who had allowed them too much rope).

A new influence now appeared. A Nationalist Socialist organization was started in the territory, with headquarters at Windhoek, branches in the outlying districts, and the usual torchlight processions and swastika displays. The avowed object was the return of South-West Africa to Germany; the term "co-operation" now became an obvious mask, and in further negotiations with the Union section the Germans sought guidance from their Consul-General in the Union.

At a by-election in September, 1932, the Germans piously declared their slogan to be, "Vote for the best man." This was their idea of a best man:

"For us Germans the best man will always be a German, for the Afrikaners an Afrikaner and for the English an Englishman."

4

Hitler's accession to power in Germany increased the arrogance of the South-West Africa Germans who, except for the older section among them, now regarded the territory merely as an outpost of Nazism. Funds were sent from Germany for the Nazifying of all German institutions, for cultivating Nazism in the schools, dragooning

the Germans, mainly naturalized Union subjects, into the Nazi way of thinking, and spreading propaganda for the return of the territory to Germany. It now became clear how the Germans interpreted Union nationality, which they had accepted in 1925 and subsequently demanded; for they openly advanced the claim that it permitted a divided allegiance to Germany and South-West Africa, but not, strange to say, to the Union, which had granted it.

Nazism in South-West Africa displayed all its most abhorrent features—anti-Semitism, the terrorizing of the older German inhabitants who disapproved of the blustering Nazis, the introduction of the Fuehrer principle, and the establishment of Hitler Jugend and Deutscher Mädchen organizations. Fuehrers for both these movements were sent from Germany. The Hitler Jugend became so openly subversive that in 1934 it was banned, and its Fuehrer was ordered to leave the country. The National Socialist Party also had to be disbanded.

This was the German Consul-General's naïve defence of the Hitler Jugend: It

"has the task of educating the German youth in the National Socialistic views and to train the youth in sport and character . . . the Hitler Jugend has no political aims as the education in the National Socialistic, i.e., the new German, views is not a political object."

Meanwhile, constitutionally the Germans had been losing ground. In the election of 1934 the Union Party gained ten out of twelve seats at the polls, and also obtained four out of the six nominated members. They immediately passed a resolution asking for the incorporation of the territory as a fifth province of the Union, subject to the provisions of the Mandate, and then sent a deputation to put their request to the Prime Minister. All they got from a Government anxious to do the right thing was a Judicial Commission appointed to inquire into the matter and report.

With the Hitler Jugend and the Nazi Party disbanded, other organizations remained to carry on "in the spirit of the Third Reich and of our leader Adolf Hitler". Young Germans were called upon by the local Consul to register for the German Army, and were threatened with a fine of

150 Reichsmarks or imprisonment if the summons to military muster was not obeyed. The German Auslands organization continued to interfere in the affairs of the territory, with the result that the right of free speech, of political association and even of personal conduct almost ceased to exist for the German population. Germans who were not regarded as "good Germans" were openly threatened. Nazi propaganda was spread among the natives. Early in 1939, Dr. H. B. K. Hirsekorn, leader of the Parliamentary German group and Fuehrer of the Deutscher Südwest Bund, after returning from a visit to Germany, told his Bund that automatic naturalization had been accepted in 1924 only so that the German section could take part in the Government of the country, but not with any idea of observing allegiance to the Union. On the contrary, the German's first duty was and remained to his own nation.

German arrogance grew with every Hitlerite success in Europe. The Nazis talked openly of the coming reversion of the territory to Germany. Young Nazis in uniform paraded twice weekly with banners, pipes and drums. On Sundays they carried out assault practice on the sand-dunes and, armed with wooden hand-grenades, were instructed in methods of bomb-throwing. In the evenings they attended lectures, where they affirmed their allegiance to Hitler, listened to tub-thumping orators, and shouted: "Ein Reich—Ein Fuehrer!"

In 1939 the Nazis had obtained almost complete control of the German population of South-West Africa, and exercised supervision, through various organizations, over every aspect of their daily life. In short, nearly a third of the white population of South-West Africa was under Nazi orders, and was known to be so at the time. In fact, nothing that I have related is secret. Officially, it is all public property, for the Union Government has reported annually on the administration of South-West Africa to the League of Nations, and its series of Blue Books on the subject issued during the years preceding this war gives a most illuminating account of German intrigue in South-West Africa.

This intrigue was directed to turning the territory into another Sudetenland. In 1938 Hitler had disposed of the

Sudeten-German problem. In 1939 that of the Südwest Germans still remained.

5

On the morning of April 18, 1939, South Africa was startled to learn that a force of three hundred policemen armed with machine-guns had left Pretoria for Windhoek. Normally, the train journey to Windhoek takes four days. These police got there in two, and within three were mounting guard over all public buildings in Windhoek, the wireless station at Walvis Bay, and all strategic and key points.

The reason for this step soon became plain. The Administrator of the territory might declare that he knew no reason for anxiety. General Smuts, then Minister of Justice and responsible for the dispatch of the police, knew better. South-West Africa had for years been policed by a force of two hundred and forty men, and the sudden transfer of three hundred more from the Union was not dictated merely by the fear of "incidents" or other such vague anticipations of trouble. It is certain that just at about this time German designs on South-West Africa were crystallizing, and Nazi plans were coming to a head. General Smuts had secret information which rendered prompt action imperative, and he took it.

The Malanites blustered their protests that the action was not necessary, but the country was behind Smuts. Englishmen and Afrikaners were equally alarmed over the situation in the territory, and if there was one thing they were agreed upon, it was that the South-West should never return to German hands. They are still agreed upon that, and the readiness of the pro-Nazi sections to give up the territory is the weakest part of their case. Even Mr. Pirow, when, as Minister of Defence, he expressed it as his opinion that Germany would have to be given colonies in Africa, did not contemplate giving up the South-West or even Tanganyika. In any event, if the Germans won the war, it would not be a question of giving up the South-West, but of giving up South Africa.

On the day after the arrival of the extra police in Windhoek, General Smuts rose in the House of Assembly at

Cape Town to announce the introduction of a Bill incorporating the South-West with the South African Police, and to explain his action, as far as he could at the time. He was careful to stress that it was purely a matter of policing and not of defence. There was no question of military action, and what had been done had no other significance than "our ordinary duty of maintaining law and order".

Technically speaking, the dispatch of police was not a military measure, but it was just as good, and in view of the delicate state of international relations at the time, much wiser. How near it came to military action, General Smuts himself indicated when he said:

"We have no power to move police from the Union to South-West Africa except in cases of military emergency. That is why this Bill is brought forward. . . ."

"The Government had received information leading them to fear that serious disturbances might take place in the near future," he told the House. " . . . Towards the end of last week information reached the Government which made us fear that in the very near future incidents might take place in South-West Africa. There might be developments in breach of law and order, which would be of a serious character and which we would have forestalled."

Members of the Malanite Opposition wanted to know where he had got his information.

"From various independent quarters," he replied, "independent sources. Some were official. . . . The Government considered the information, and it was faced with the fact that the evidence before it was serious and reliable and that it was not possible to sit still under those circumstances. . . . We did take action, and if we had not we would have exposed ourselves to grave and justifiable criticism if anything had happened in South-West Africa. . . ."

"We are the Mandatory Power and we are responsible for the maintenance of order and the carrying out of the law in the mandated territory. We shall be looked to if anything goes wrong."

"Members must remember what happened in the case of Austria, when Austria was invaded and annexed on the plea that law and order was not being carried out, that the Government was too weak, and that the Government could not carry on. That will not be said of the Union in this case."

Could anything have been more explicit? In effect he

was saying: "Remember Austria." He might also have said: "Remember the Sudetens." They had been used as an instrument of Nazi aggression in Czechoslovakia. Why not the "Südwestens"? There was a convenient similarity between the names.

Dr. Malan, who, it must be supposed, knew as much of the situation as any man outside the Cabinet, found fault with police being armed in a most unusual manner with machine-guns, and sent to act not as police but as a military force.

To which General Smuts replied, bluntly: "No. My police are armed with machine-guns."

Small wonder that Mr. Madeley, always a downright speaker, could express his "utter astonishment that even to-day people are to be found who deliberately close their eyes to the facts". Did the Malanites wish the Government to wait till the fire started and spread throughout South Africa? Did Dr. Malan wish the police to go to South-West Africa unarmed? He appealed to the Malanites to take their stand with the Democracies—which was about the last thing they would dream of doing.

They taunted him with his Socialism. "Is Russia a democracy?"

And Prophet Madeley replied, "They keep on throwing Russia at me. They will have cause to thank God for Russia before this trouble is over."

A little later General Smuts was even more explicit:

"Young Germans are being sent annually in hundreds to be trained in Germany as soldiers. When they come back from Germany they are as good as any German soldier, and we know that German soldiers are of the best. The rest of the population have no military training whatever. There is not even a rifle association."

Such was the state of the Territory in 1939, when General Hertzog, had he been given the power, would have proclaimed the Union's neutrality, with all which that involved. To the Germans, possessing a most useful body of exultant Nazis in the South-West, it would have been an invitation to make free with the whole of southern Africa. They had all the essentials at hand for a widespread and potent organization. And there is not the

slightest reason to believe that they would have respected the Union's neutrality any more than that of any other country they wished to corrupt to their purposes. Their Fifth Column technique would have been better than the Kaiser's.

General Smuts indicated that he thought as much when, on December 20, 1940, he told his own constituents at Standerton, Transvaal:

"The war in which we find ourselves involved began in Poland, but if the Government had not taken that step last April regarding South-West Africa, it is possible that the war would not have broken out over Poland but over South-West Africa. . . . Last April General Hertzog's Government, after receiving a grave warning from an unimpeachable source, unanimously took immediate steps for the preservation of law and order in South-West Africa.

"In that territory there were very serious movements—movements which did not have their origin in South-West Africa, but in far-away Europe. The Government of General Hertzog unanimously came to the conclusion that immediate steps must be taken as anything could happen. The world was in such a state that war could have broken out at any point. In April of this year we were of the opinion that the upheaval might start on our borders. The German people in South-West Africa are closely knit and well drilled, and they were in a temper in which they could have taken any step. There was every possibility that what had happened in Austria and other parts of Europe could happen there. The last Government was deeply impressed with the seriousness of the situation. . . ."

6

On April 26, 1939, a German member rose dramatically in the South-West Legislative Assembly and asked:

"What will happen to the naturalized Germans and the Reich Germans in the neutral mandated territory of South-West Africa, in the case of South Africa or Great Britain finding itself involved in war with Germany or with a nation friendly towards Germany?"

This is what actually happened:

An internment camp was established near Windhoek in September, and by the end of the year seventy-seven Germans had been detained there. The rest of the Germans, whether naturalized or not, were placed on parole on

giving up their arms. They continued their daily lives and carried on their businesses much as before, and their traders, no longer able to import from Germany, hoped that they would be able to keep going satisfactorily with the supplies brought to them in British and American ships that managed to evade the U-boats.

After four years of war, the Germans of South-West Africa are not as cheerful as they used to be, but quite as prosperous. Money is so plentiful that they have been paying inflated prices for property and land. Karakul pelts, which constitute nearly half of the territory's total exports, were fetching fancy prices right through 1941. In that year 2,270,000 pelts, valued at £2,260,000, were exported overseas, ninety per cent of them going to the U.S.A., seven per cent to Canada and two per cent to Britain. One of the biggest exporters was an interned German whose business was carried on by co-nationals and who sold 10,000 pelts at an average of £2 apiece. Karakul pelts come from tiny Persian lambs which are allowed to live only a couple of days. They are one of the luxury articles on which Mr. Roosevelt clamped down in 1942, so that the market price dropped to about thirteen shillings, which still gave the karakul farmers good money from their Persian lambs.

Old age pensions were introduced in 1942, together with higher income and land taxes. The Treasury undertook to pay £200,000 to the Union Government as a contribution to the war effort. So the Germans sat in the cafés of the Kaiserstrasse in Windhoek listening to the melodies of Johann Strauss. They also listened to Zeesen, rejoiced at the German victories, and boasted of German prowess. In their homes and hotels they ate white bread, while in South Africa only brown wholemeal bread was obtainable. And they knew that whoever won the war, they could not lose.

7

In 1936 the Union Government's report to the League stated:

"It is common cause in South-West Africa that uncertainty as to the political future of the country is the basic reason for the

dissatisfaction now prevalent. It retards the development of the country, makes investors of capital shy and has an unsettling effect on the inhabitants."

That uncertainty must not be allowed to continue. There is only one future for South-West Africa, and that is as a province of the Union. The Germans must be made to understand that the country will never be a German colony again; the South African population must be given the confidence, and the native population, which now numbers 283,000, must be given the security of that knowledge.

South Africa's administration of the mandated territory has been characterized by tolerance and generosity towards the German minority in the face of continual provocation. If it has erred, it has erred on the side of benevolence, and it has shown itself a Government to whom the future of the territory can well be entrusted. If South-West Africa has still to work out its salvation, it will best do so in company with its neighbours in southern Africa.

CHAPTER XV

PAN-AFRICA VIEW

IN the fifth year of the war, it is possible to estimate the effect upon South Africa of a conflict which, while fought in the main thousands of miles from its frontiers, yet extended one of its vital battles round South African shores. For the long-drawn-out Battle of the Cape Route was one of the decisive struggles of the second World War, and much more would have been lost had that been lost. It was fought against the U-boats, against time and against distance, and could be said to have been won only in the closing weeks of 1942, when the Axis forces were driven from Egypt and Cyrenaica, and the armies of the United Nations were converging westwards and eastwards on the Mediterranean shores of Africa.

The effect of the war has been a tremendous acceleration of the processes which had been at work in the country, and which, but for the war and the victory of Liberalism and Democracy, would have continued in slow and probably retarded development. The stimulus of war and, it must be stressed, Allied success—for the results of an Axis victory would have been reactionary in the extreme—have crowded into three years a progress which otherwise would have taken a generation at least. All the forces of growth which were struggling for headway half a dozen years ago have suddenly been urged forward amid the terrific energies called forth by war, and have gained so much ground that the uneasy summer of 1939 is, mentally, not just four years removed, but thirty. All the economic and racial conflicts that made up the country's life in peace-time have suddenly reached or approached a crisis, and have been carried into a new phase much sooner than could normally have been expected.

The struggle between the British and Afrikaner elements is not what it was in 1939. Since then the Afrikaner irreconcilables, as represented by the Malanites and the Ox-Wagon Guard, have gone to the extremes sug-

gested by Nazism. Since then there have been the critical months of 1940 when these extreme elements were planning for success. There followed the protracted struggle of the Democratic Powers in Europe, Asia and the Pacific, during which the Malanite-O.B. parties lost prestige both among themselves and in the country as a whole. Meanwhile the forces supporting General Smuts have strengthened, and under his leadership Liberal English and Liberal Afrikaner have come together as never before.

That is the real significance of the present situation between these two peoples. English and Afrikaner are coming increasingly to realize that their problem is as nothing compared with the problems that confront the world and even with the other problems that confront South Africa. They are coming to understand that the country has been losing steadily by their disputes, and that the time is come when for their own salvation they must pull together.

No doubt the two-stream idea will survive yet for some time; the interests of the Malanite-O.B. politicians demand that it should. After the 1948 elections the Government initiated an active policy designed to make the schools truly bilingual by developing a system of dual-medium instruction. The Malanite-O.B. politicians opposed it, seeing in the equality they once demanded a danger to their isolationism. But eventually they will lose, for the Liberal of both sections who favour bilingualism are in the majority. Events in Europe will compel the Malanites and the Ossewa Brandwag to change their outlook. They will try to forget their aping of Nazism, and they will don their more natural colours as anti-British, anti-U.S.A., and anti-Russian. They will use the threat of Communism, but that is not a bogey of much potency. South Africans in general are extremely friendly towards Russia and appreciative of the tremendous share the Russians are bearing in the present conflict, but they have no liking for Communism, or rather for the particular brand which a small group of Communists has been trying to propagate in the Union.

The war has revealed the folly of the old outlook on immigration. Often in 1940 and 1941 one heard the rueful thought expressed: What could not this country have

done with a white population twice or four times its size? In public, men have advocated more confidently than ever before the encouragement of immigration as offering the most likely cure for the country's ills.

War has given a tremendous impetus to industry and has shown that South Africa can become an industrial country. It has also brought a new attitude towards the native problem, among black as well as among white. Europeans are acknowledging that the black and the coloured men who stood faithful in the war and even went North to help the white man's armies must be given a fuller share in the country. The Bantu, on the other hand, awakened to their rights as an oppressed people by the European's own propaganda, have been bolder in making their demands. They have even learned the technique of striking, and by a series of small successful strikes held on the Rand in November and December, 1942, forced the Government to extend to Bantu workers the war measure making strikes illegal. Previously, so remote had seemed the possibility of native strikes, the measure had applied only to European workers. That these strikes could take place was evidence of the Bantu's growing consciousness of strength, and their success was largely due to European sympathy, not general, but influential.

So fundamental are the changes which the course of the war has wrought in South Africa, that when peace comes the situation will amount almost to a new start, one that has not been possible since the eighteenth century—a new start spiritually, a new start economically, and a new start in the relations between peoples. Peace, with its recession of present dangers, will probably bring a certain reversion to old prejudices and preoccupations. But not all the way travelled can be lost, if only because not all the dangers will recede. There will still be seventy million Germans in Europe and ninety million Japanese in the Pacific. Whatever may be the future relations with these peoples—and a way of living with them in the world will have to be found—it will never do to leave the British

Dominions as weak and defenceless as they were in 1939. Goodwill alone is not a sure shield; the memories of 1940 and 1941 will last; and prudence dictates that the Dominions, no longer outposts of Empire, but States in their own right, and not isolated, should be in a position to defend their territory if the need arises.

In South Africa this means once again a need for more people, for the frontiers are wide and empty spaces are vulnerable. It means that the two white peoples must close their ranks and cease their wrangling over the shadows of history; and it means more opportunity for the Bantu peoples and better employment of their splendid human material. They must be made to feel that they have a share in the country with the white man, so that in time of danger they may become a positive force for safety instead of being, as at present, a largely disinterested element whose aid the white man is afraid fully to enlist.

Peace will also bring a new start for industry, and a new direction. South Africa, in a temperate climate at the foot of a great continent, is well placed to become an industrial country. It has the assets for the purpose, too. It is rich in base metals, and has plentiful supplies of the minerals essential for industry, especially iron and coal, and to a lesser extent, lime-stone, asbestos, chrome and manganese. It is in a position to become the workshop of Central Africa if its people will only look to the North instead of struggling vainly to compete on the congested markets of Europe.

For the last three years South Africans have been thinking of their North as never before. "Up North", meaning the fighting fronts, has been an everyday expression. War has opened up Africa and has turned South Africans to contemplate their hinterland. It is no use thinking any longer of a small country at the tip of Africa, with its ten million people who have been more isolated from their own interior than from Europe and America. The Union is the gateway to a great continent which has a hundred and fifty-four million people (four million of them white) and the Equator is only two days' flight from Johannesburg.

This is the Pan-African idea, which General Smuts was among the foremost of his people to proclaim years ago.

He declared it again in April, 1940, at the opening of the annual Witwatersrand Agriculture Show, premier event of the Johannesburg year, telling a gathering intent on enjoyment and thoroughbred cattle:

"Now is the time for us to readjust our outlook on African affairs and to develop a new conception of our relations with our neighbours. We must demonstrate and bring home to all where our community of interests lies, and we must broaden very much the basis of our co-operation with other African States. We cannot stand aloof, we of this richly endowed South Africa. If we wish to take our rightful place as leader in Pan-African development and in the shaping of future policies and events in this vast continent, we must face the realities and facts of the present and seize the opportunity which these offer. All Africa may be our proper market if we will but have the vision, and far-sighted policy will be necessary if that is to be realized."

In 1940 General Smuts was thinking ahead of his time, and South Africa was really in no mood to listen. But the time and the mood have changed, and the Union is to-day ready for the Pan-African idea. There are still doubters, those who question whether the Union can ever compete with greater countries. But competition there will always be, and if South Africa has to compete, it stands most chance of success in its own continent. The Pan-African idea, the road to the North, offers the best highway to progress and development.

8

Once again South Africa may be said to constitute a problem in Holism, a problem in the integration of a number of fragments, or lesser wholes, into a greater whole. For South Africa is no longer just the Union. It is the Union plus South-West Africa, plus the Native Protectorates of Swaziland, Basutoland and Bechuanaland within and contiguous to its borders, and, to look no farther north, plus Rhodesia, as far as the Zambesi River.

The first step in the direction of the Pan-African ideal is the idea of a greater South Africa, which is an immediate necessity. These small interlocking territories, too small to be administered with real efficiency, must be brought under one Government and made into one unit with a

broader outlook and wider horizons than any of them can have separately. There have been serious obstacles to that unification up to the present, but the war emphasized common interests, and in its aftermath the obstacles will gradually diminish.

There is nothing in the way of South-West Africa's becoming a fifth province of the Union. Its incorporation on this basis is desired by a majority of people in the territory and in the Union and is the first stage in the creation of Greater South Africa. The Native Protectorates, too, with their million people, must be brought to think in terms of Union. Up to the present they have preferred to remain under the direct control of Britain, unwilling to subject themselves to the Union's repressive native policy. As this policy becomes more enlightened these objections will disappear. The Protectorates, in addition, will probably have to be given some safeguards which, protecting the status of their own people, must eventually influence that of the Bantu throughout the country.

Beyond the Transvaal is Southern Rhodesia with an area about a third of the Union's, and with 1,400,000 inhabitants, including 62,000 Europeans. General Smuts tried to bring this territory into the Union fold in 1922, when it was about to be granted responsible government. He went North to put the case for Union to the 33,000 white inhabitants of those days. His enemies in the Union said that he had gone in search of British votes. Perhaps he had. But what of it? He had also gone in search of a greater Union, to which Hertzog's Nationalists were opposed for the very reason which they condemned in Smuts; it would mean an addition of British votes.

The Rhodesians rejected Union, however, for their own reasons. They feared the prospect of becoming a minority under Afrikaner rule, they were reluctant to weaken their strong connections with Britain, and they disliked the adoption of a second official language that union with the South would entail.

In the years that followed the two countries have been driven farther apart by economic factors; but their eventual federation in one way or another cannot be long delayed. The Union's participation in the war should

have convinced Rhodesians that they have nothing to fear from republicanism. As to language, they must develop the point of view in which another man's tongue or "taal" becomes a way towards a broader outlook on men and life. Afrikaners, on the other hand, must learn to think that the Rhodesians have as much right to their British pride as they have to their own Afrikanerdom, and this, I think, the majority of them are willing to do.

The Union, Southern Rhodesia, the Protectorates and South-West Africa—this is the Greater South Africa in which units that are now kept apart only by fear and sentiment must eventually come together. And it is no distant dream, but a reality that must be striven for in the immediate future.

4

The second World War has also brought about changes in South Africa's relations with the rest of the British Commonwealth and the world, not so conspicuous as those within the country, but no less significant. These changes are part of the general transformation that has come over the entire Commonwealth, the meaning of which has not generally been grasped, even assuming that it has been fully grasped within the Commonwealth itself.

On one side of the Atlantic Mr. Wendell Willkie deprecates fighting for that British Empire which, on the other side, Mr. Winston Churchill talks stubbornly of preserving. Either both are slightly out of date or they are not talking about the same thing. The plain fact is that the British Empire no longer exists—not, that is, in the sense that the idea carried a generation ago—and it would be just as well for Americans like Mr. Willkie to grasp that fact. The British Empire was created in a period when it was considered good for the European nations to extend their power over the less fortunate regions of the earth. The leading powers took part in this expansion of Europe beyond the seas, expansion by the generally approved method of seizing colonies and settling people; and Britain proved more successful than certain other powers.

Since then ideas have changed. The men of Europe have grown less arrogant, and are acknowledging that the

lesser peoples, even if they can be regarded as lesser, have a right to their freedom and are entitled to a voice in the country they inhabit. This idea, it should be noted, has not flourished in those countries which, getting a bad start in the race for colonies, hoped to profit by the old conceptions. But it has flourished in the British Empire, which has shown itself adaptable to the new pattern of the world and conformable with the new outlook. The British system has changed with the changing modes of thought, and what was once an Empire is now a Commonwealth, in which many peoples are associated for their own good.

The British Empire has evolved into something finer and greater, the value of which has been enhanced not lessened by this war. The history of the twentieth century has demonstrated that this is not a safe world for small nations. The world needs a system to which the smaller and weaker peoples can adhere for security without endangering their individuality. That is the British Commonwealth. Admittedly, not all its peoples enjoy full political freedom in the democratic sense. But democracy is a tender plant, which has not fared too happily among certain of the supposedly advanced peoples of Central Europe, and cannot be expected suddenly to spring into being in regions where the art of government is still to be learned. All the peoples of the British Commonwealth enjoy potential sovereignty, for the Commonwealth is moving towards greater freedom and self-determination within its bounds, not towards less.

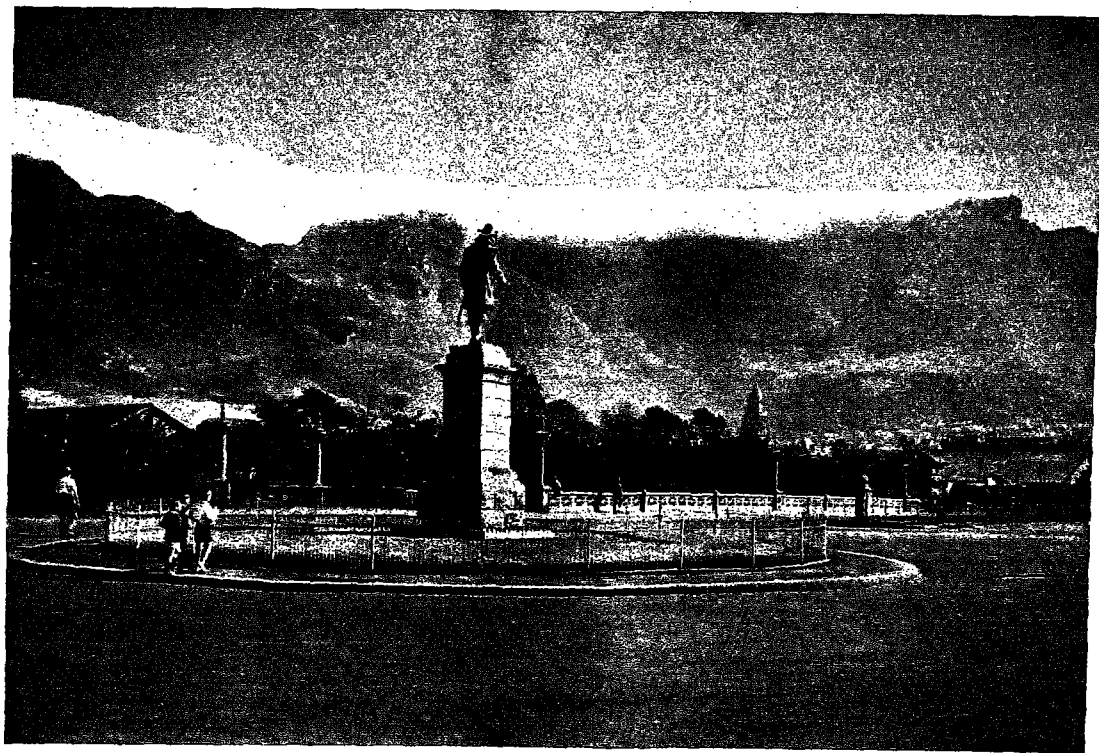
It is, however, of the very essence of such a system that it must stand together in times of crisis, when its unity is most necessary. Had its components gone their different ways in 1939, the Commonwealth would have ceased to exist, because it would have demonstrated no reason for existing. Since 1939 the Dominions have not been fighting for an Empire, but for the much greater idea that the ultimate peace of the world is to be found in associations of free peoples.

The majority of South Africans are glad to belong to the Commonwealth, more especially since on its broader basis the Commonwealth is proving more acceptable to people than the old Empire ever could. Many Afrikaners were

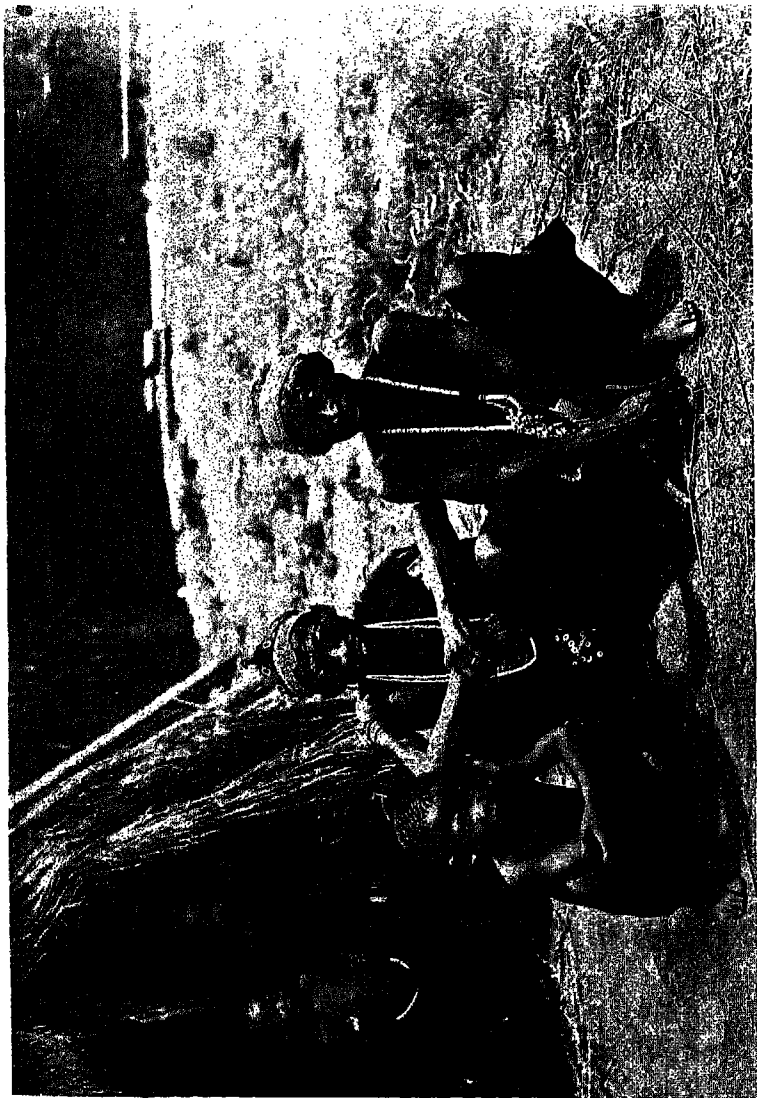
antagonized by the imperialistic idea with its soldiery, its subject peoples, its flags and its jingoism. All that has passed and is passing, and the Afrikaner continues to find in the Commonwealth less to which he can object and more in which he can acquiesce.

War has brought South Africans nearer to the rest of the world and made them more conscious of it. While it has enormously increased their interest in the great U.S.S.R. and its people, and has reminded them in various ways of the growing prestige of the Latin American States, it has also widened their horizons, particularly in one direction. Formerly it could be said that the everyday horizon of the average South African ended with the British Commonwealth. To-day that would be incorrect, for a new entity has arisen on the skyline. It had been growing there for some time, but the past four years have given it shape and permanence, and the United States of America is now definitely embraced within the South African's habitual thought and scheme of things. It is much nearer to him than either Canada or New Zealand and exercises a greater influence on his daily life than any of the Dominions.

That situation is probably not peculiar to South Africa. A Canadian or an Australian, examining his own attitude to the U.S.A. and to the other Dominions, will probably come to a similar conclusion. It illustrates a fact which has before been indicated in these pages, and which war has emphasized, that Britain and the U.S.A. meet in the Dominions, where their interests meet, where their outlook is similar, and where their aims have a common direction. Whatever diversity of opinion there may exist between the people of Britain and the people of the U.S.A., the Dominions cannot but approve of the close community of purpose which war has brought to the two countries, and cannot but hope that it will continue when peace comes. They would regard that day as sad indeed which brought any weakening of the ties now holding them together and making them the surest guarantee for security in a dangerous world.



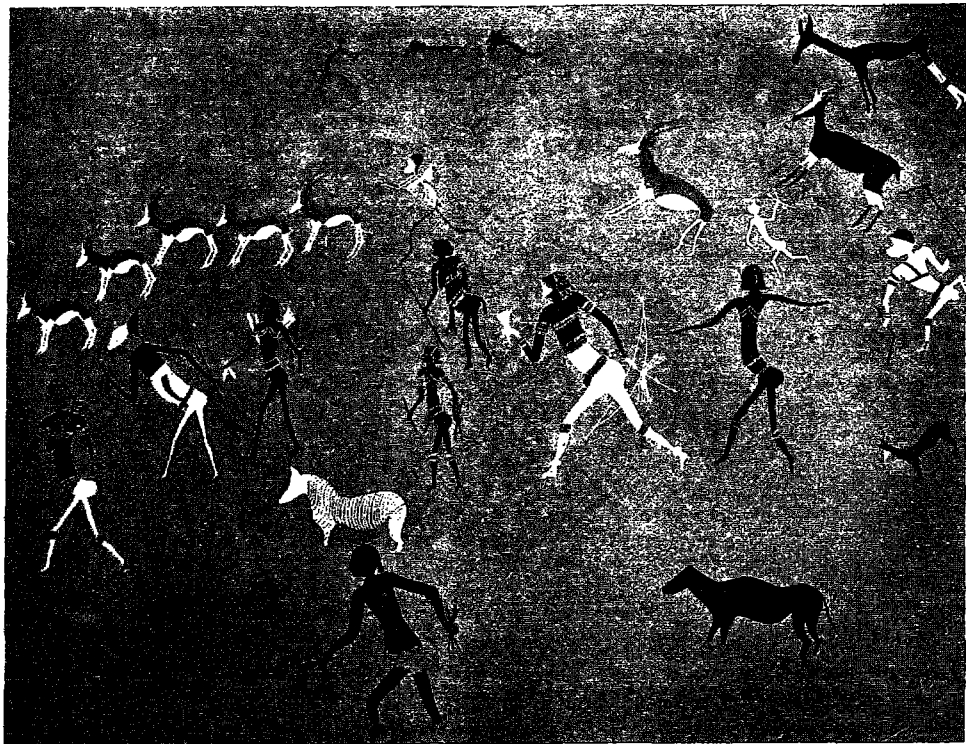
VAN RIEBEECK STATUE, CAPE TOWN. THE FLAT-TOPPED TABLE MOUNTAIN WITH ITS CLOTH OF CLOUD IS IN THE BACKGROUND



A BUSHMAN AND HIS FAMILY



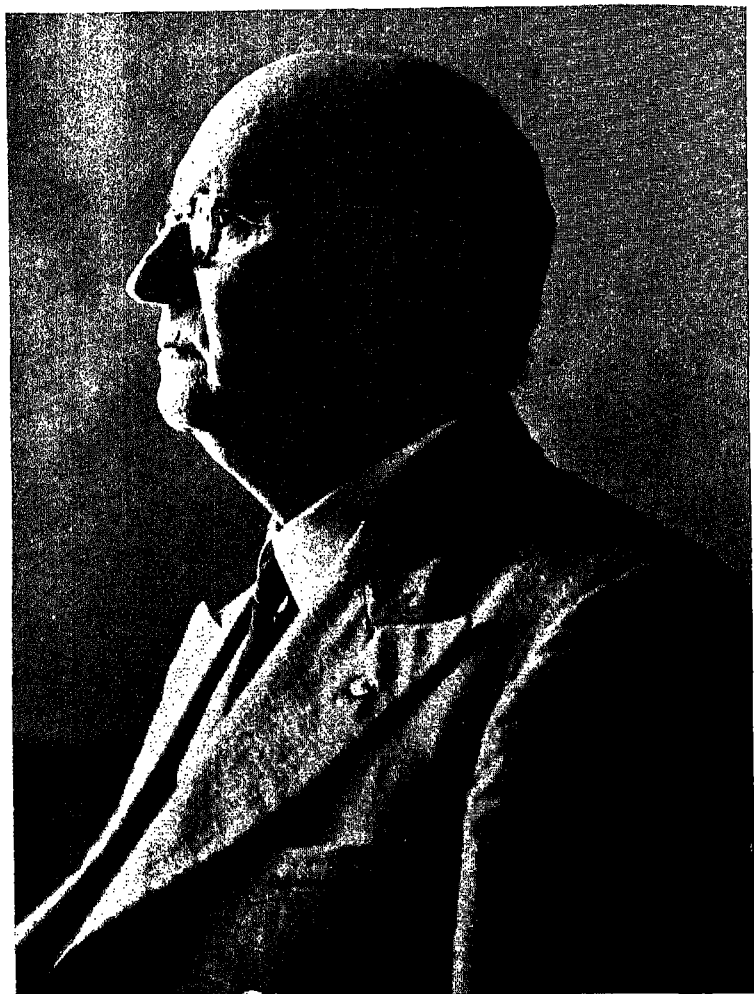
ZULU WOMEN HAIRDRESSING



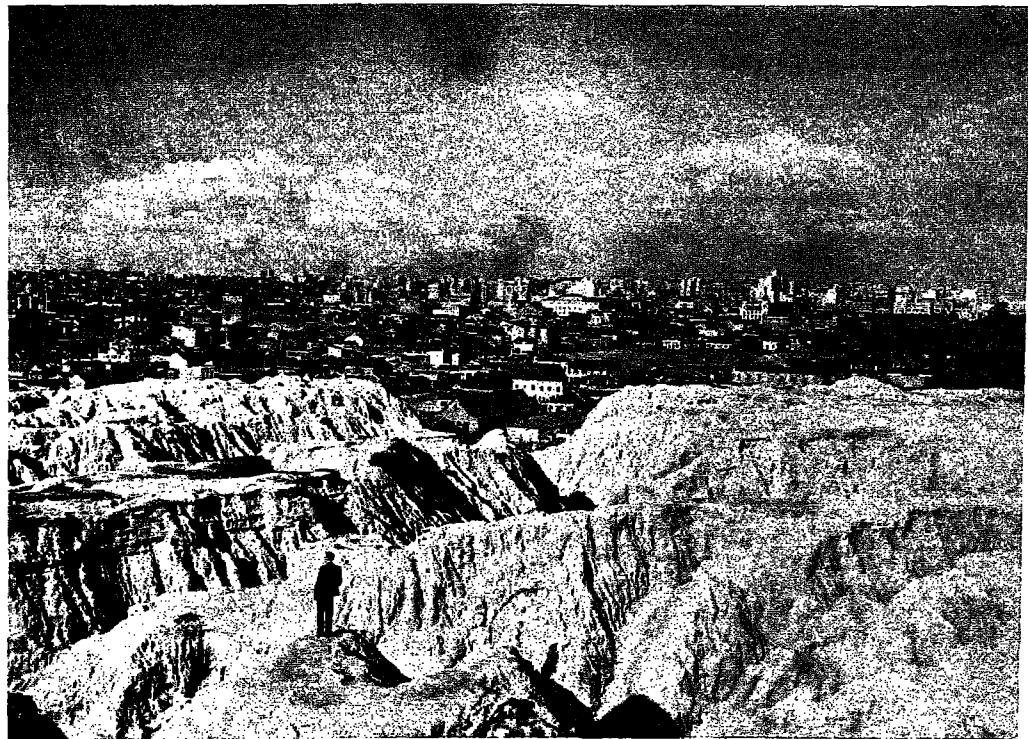
BUSHMAN DRAWINGS IN THE TSISAB GORGE IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA



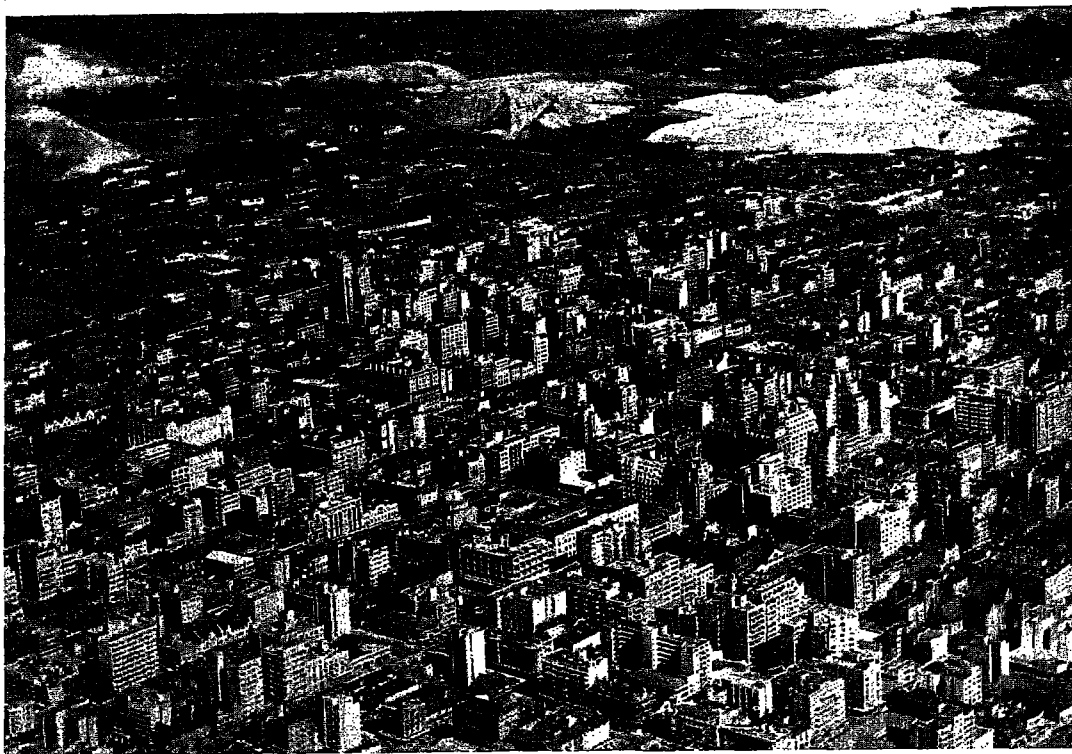
FIELD-MARSHAL SMUTS AND MR. CHURCHILL IN THE GROUNDS OF
10 DOWNING STREET



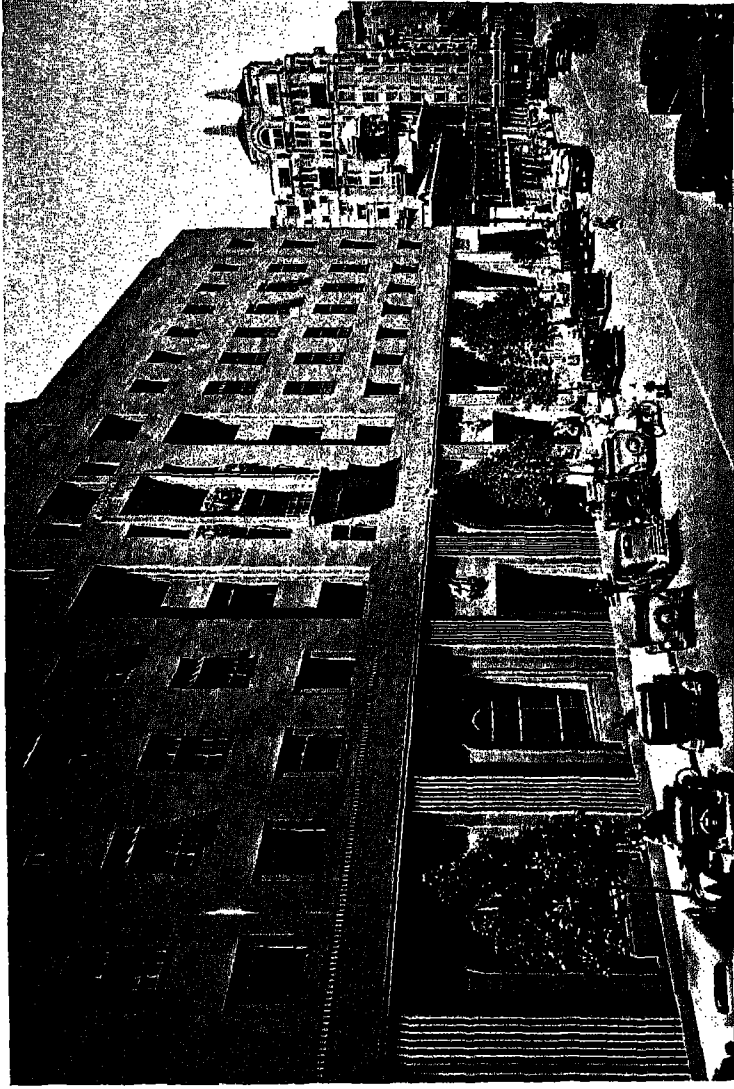
DR. D. F. MALAN, LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION



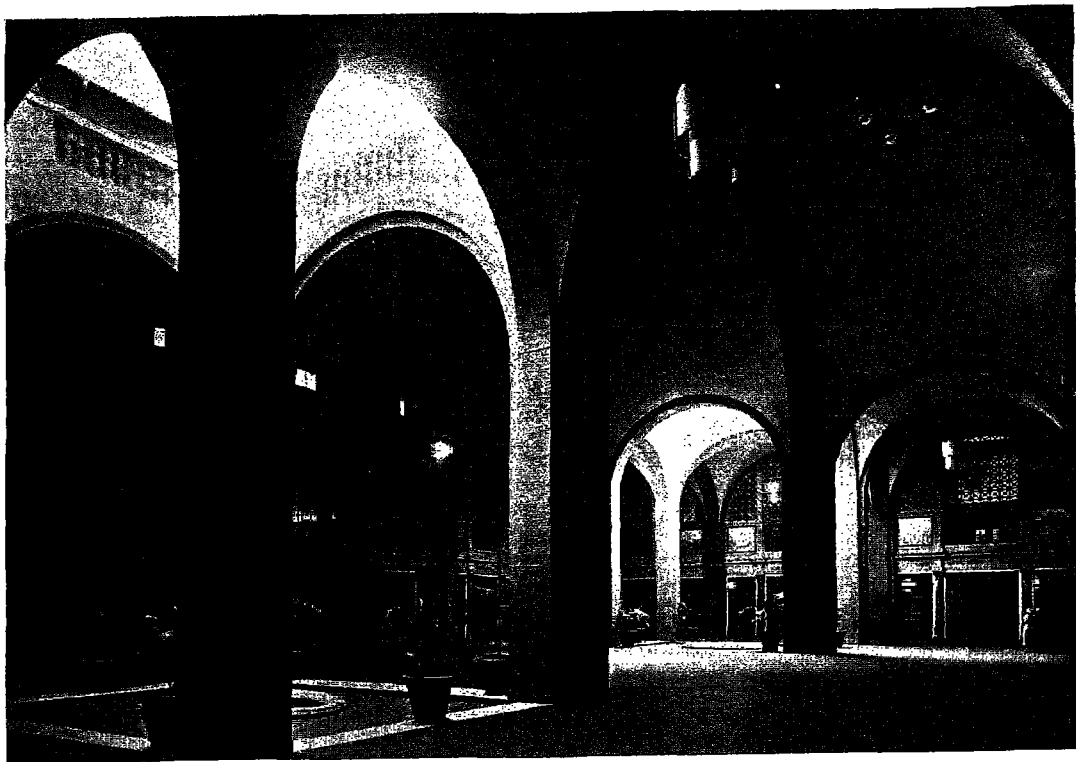
JOHANNESBURG—SKYLINE FROM MINE DUMPS



A city of only fifty years' growth : General view of Johannesburg's business quarter showing proximity of some of the gold mines to the city proper. The white mounds are all that remain of the ore after it has been crushed and treated with cyanide



THE POST OFFICE, JOHANNESBURG



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE RAILWAY STATION, JOHANNESBURG



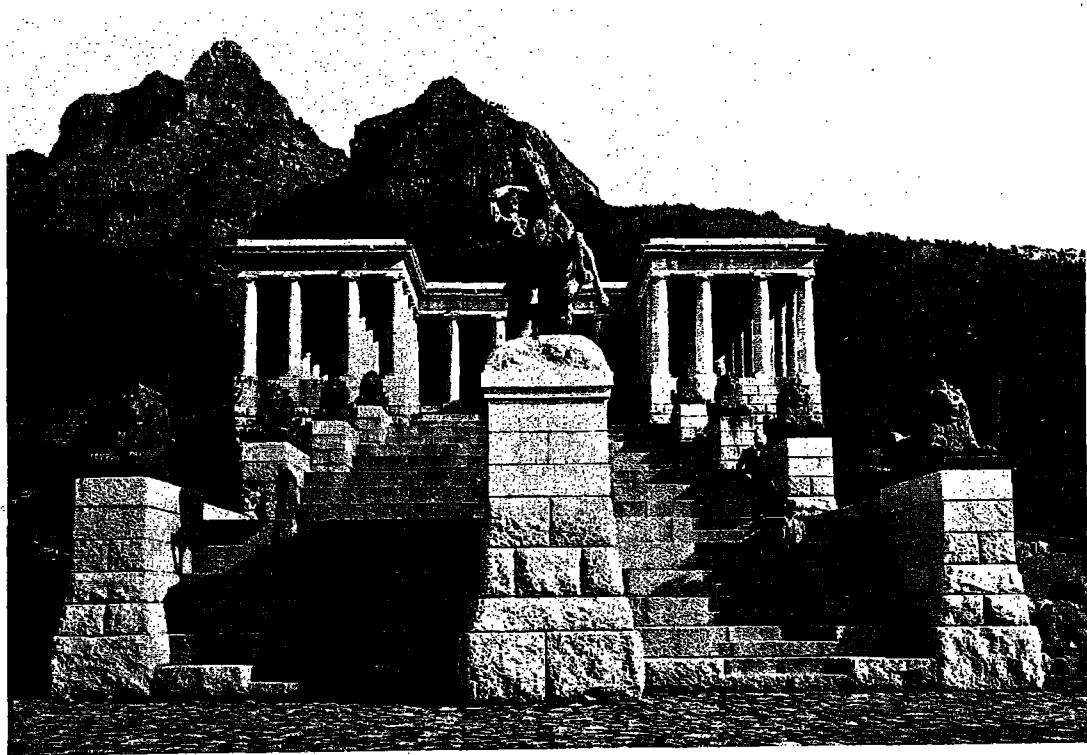
CUTTING UP WHALES AT DURBAN



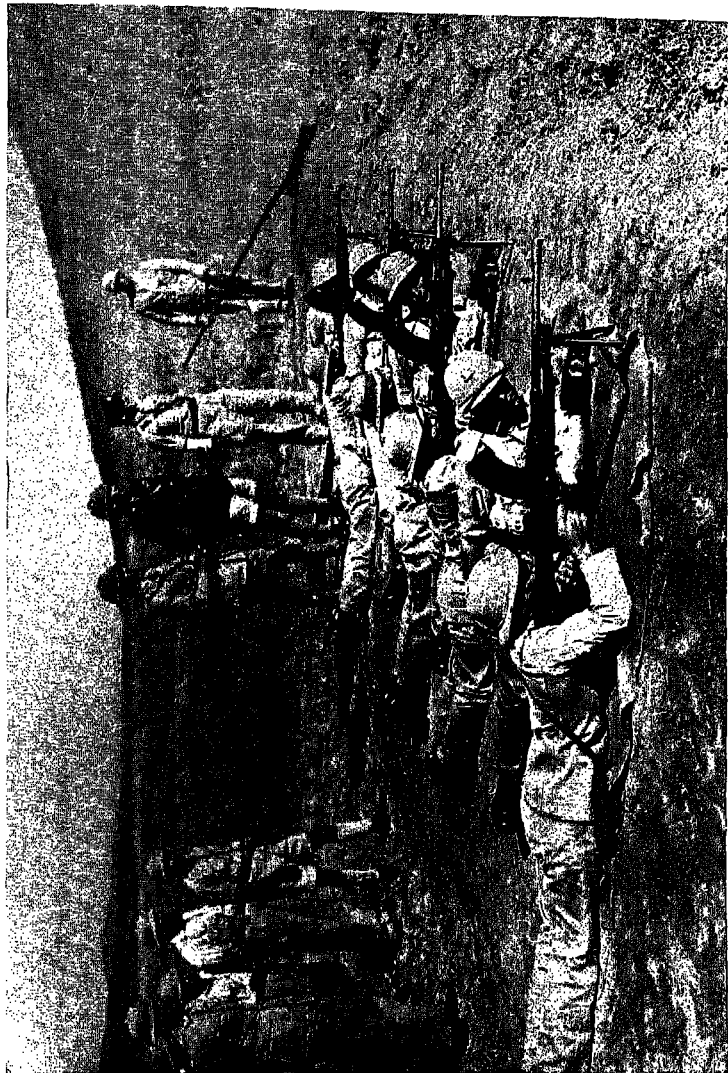
A TOBACCO FIELD, RUSTENBURG



A ZULU WARRIOR



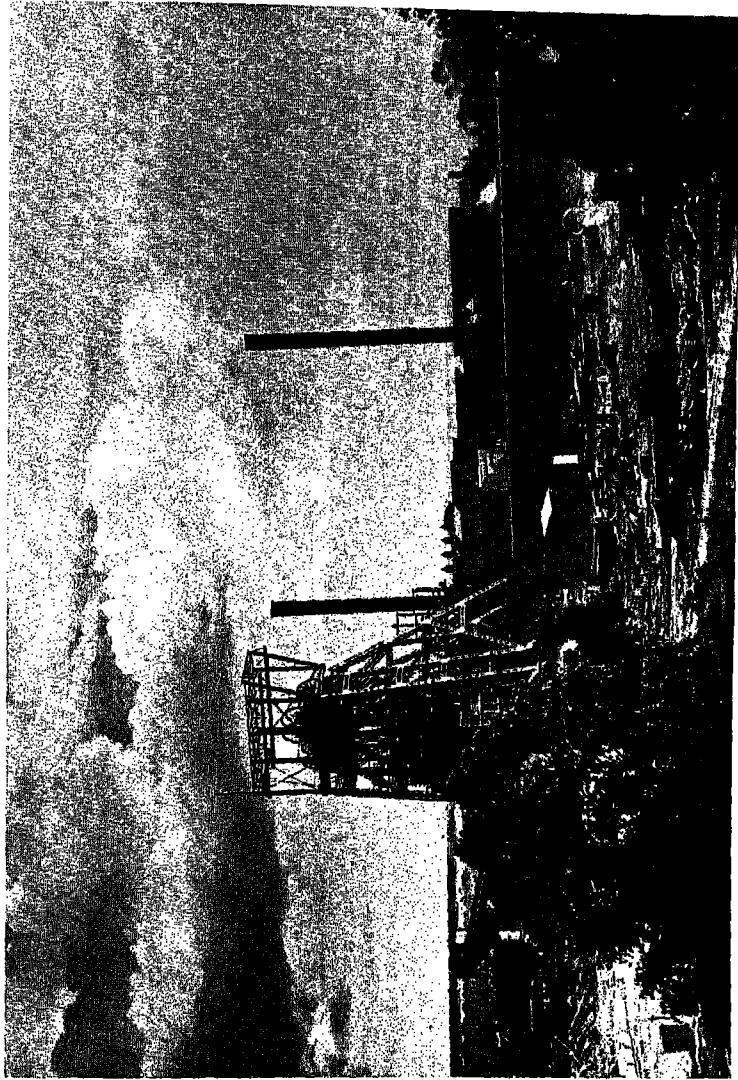
THE RHODES MEMORIAL, RONDEBOSCH



BREN GUN PRACTICE, LADYSMITH, NATAL



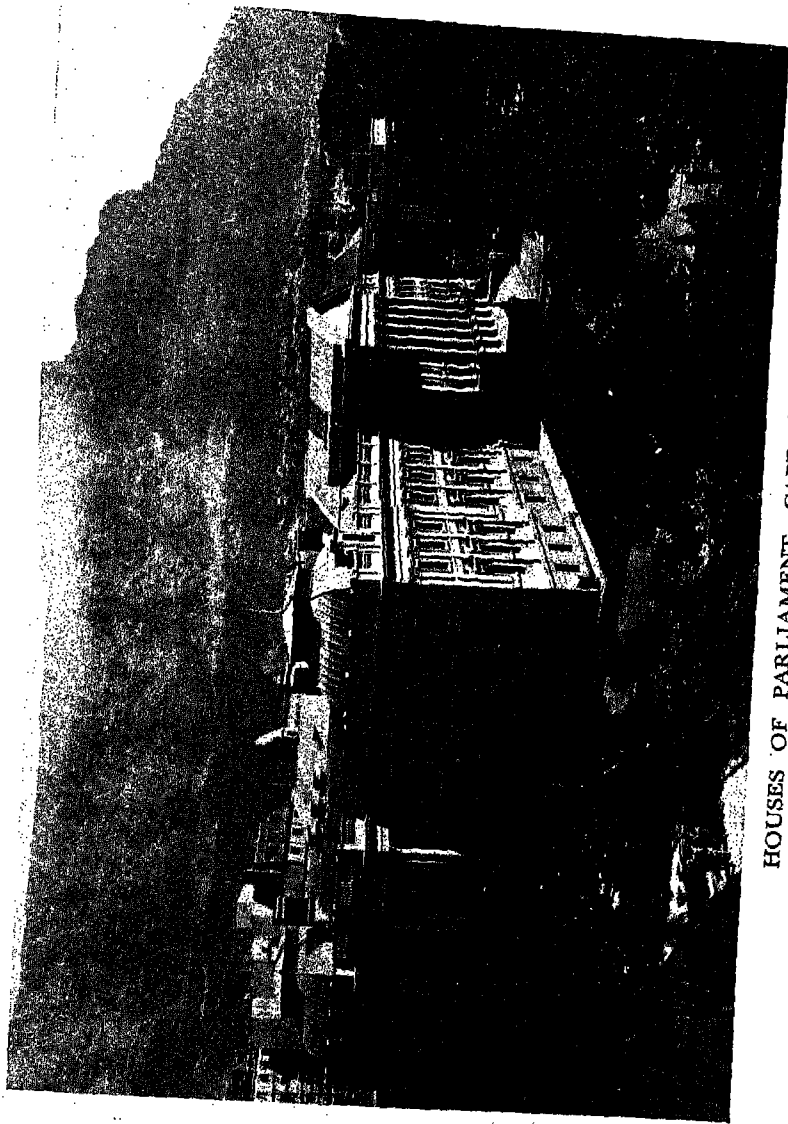
MR. OSWALD PIROW



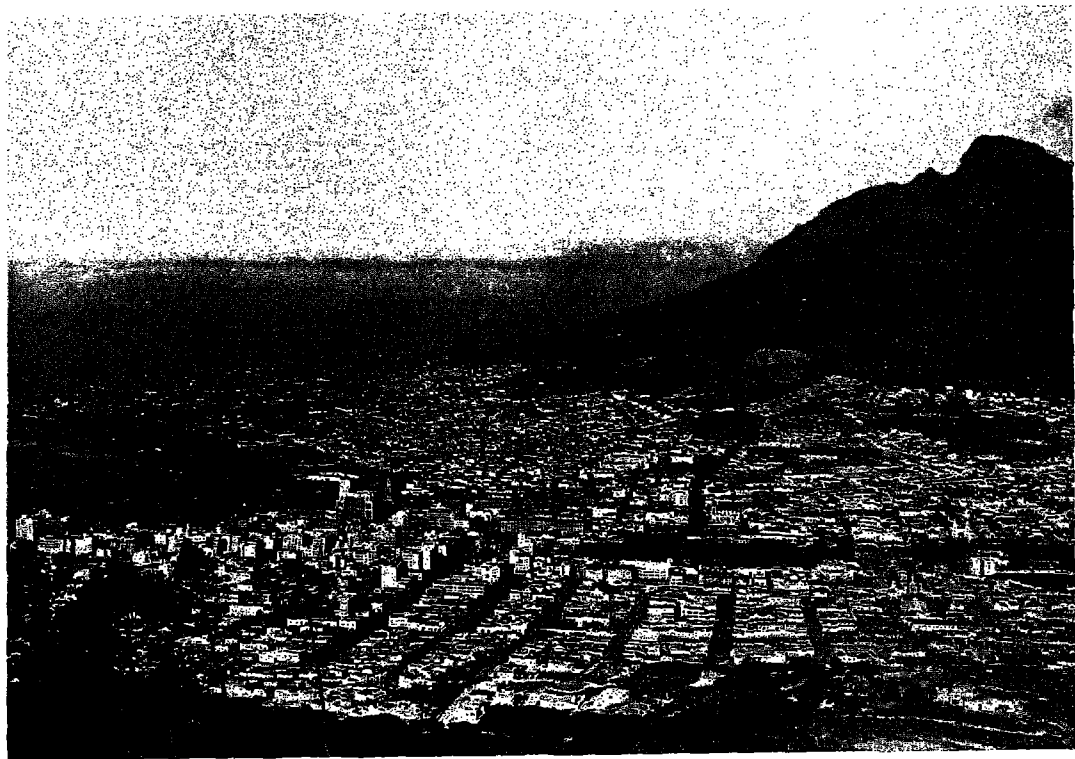
A WITWATERSRAND GOLD MINE, JOHANNESBURG



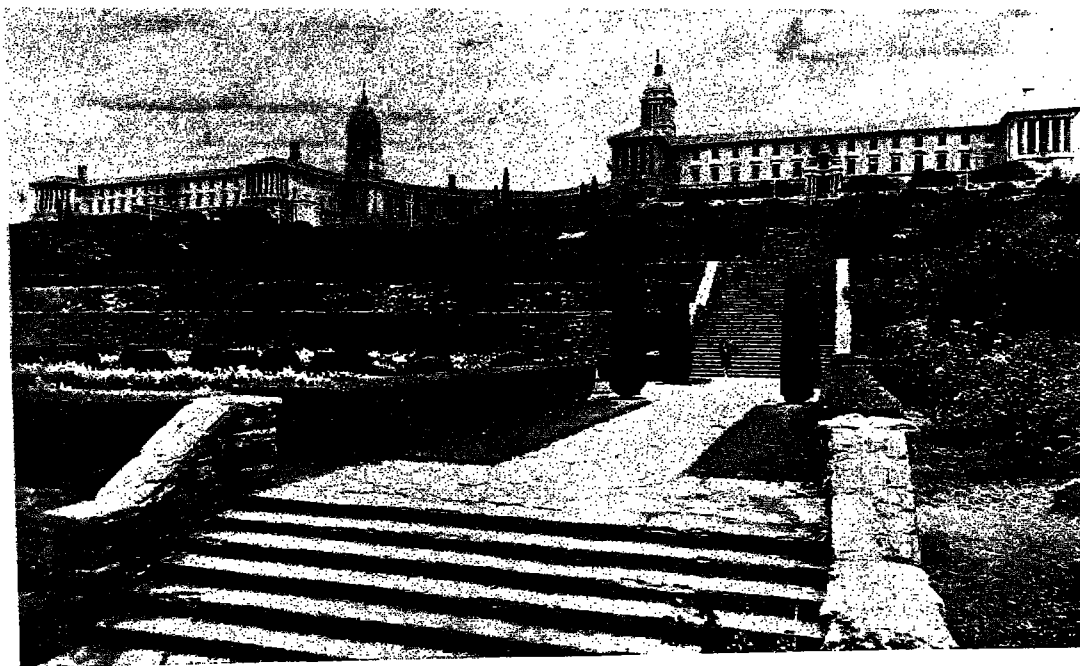
ROUGH DIAMONDS



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, CAPE TOWN



VIEW OF THE CITY OF CAPE TOWN



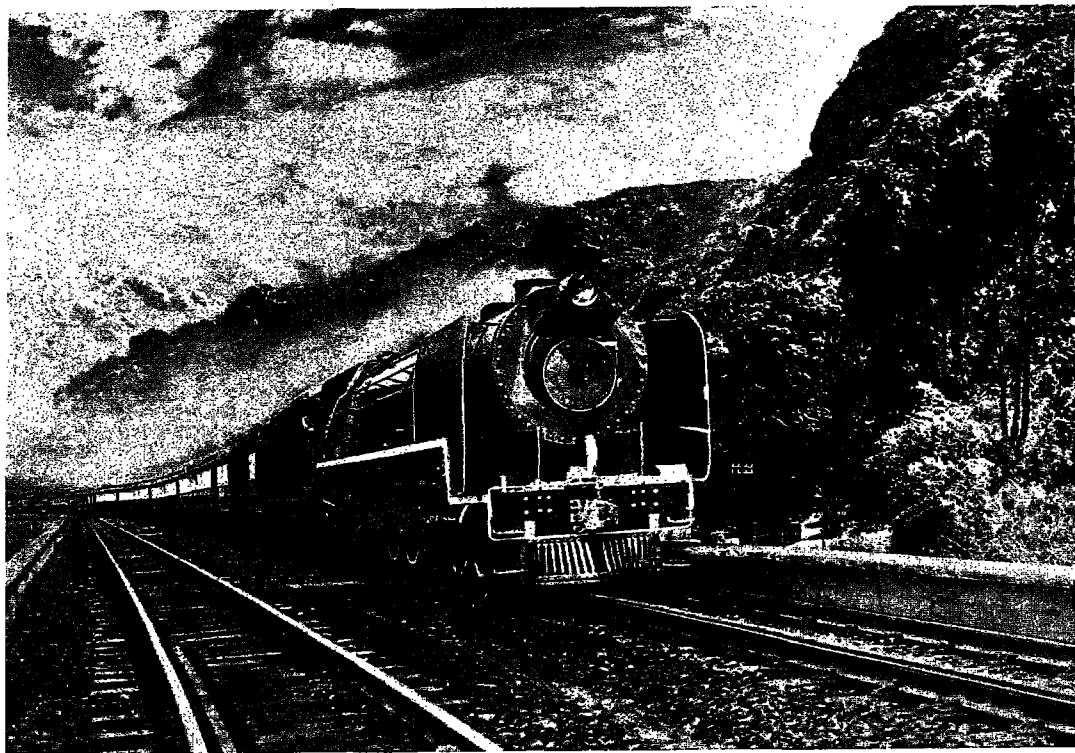
UNION BUILDINGS, PRETORIA



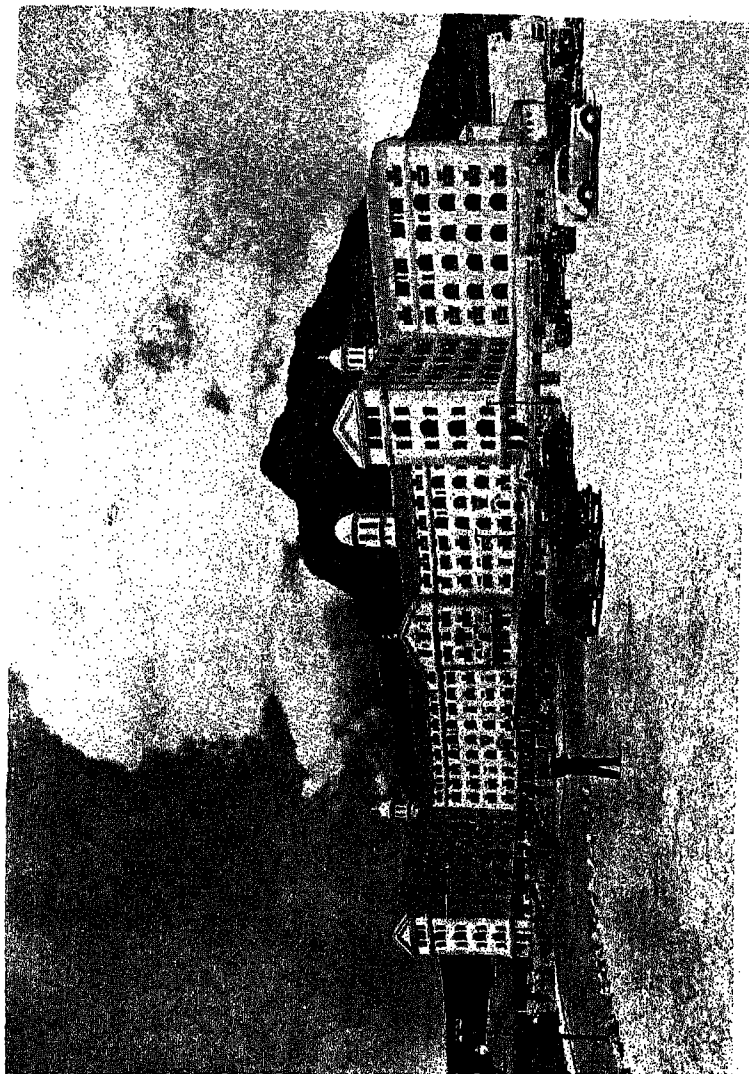
WEST STREET, DURBAN. THE CITY'S PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE



Mrs. Smuts, wife of South Africa's Prime Minister, Field-Marshal Smuts, is affectionately known throughout the Union as "Ouma" (Grandmother). Mrs. Smuts is here shown meeting some of the South African survivors of Sidi Rezegh



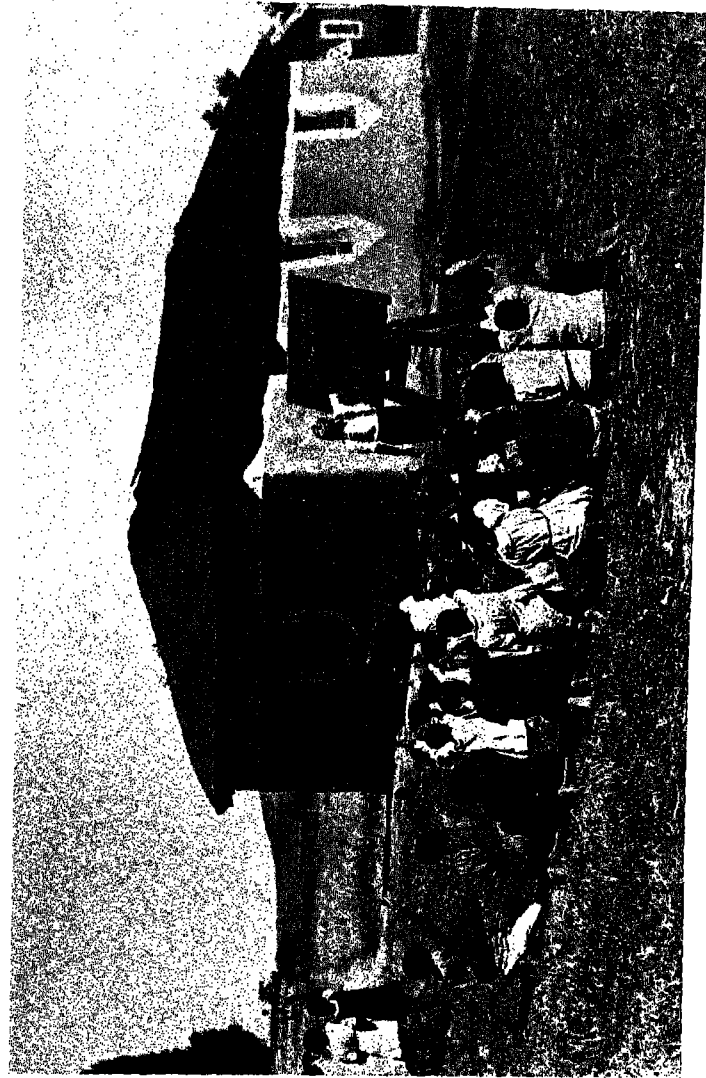
SOUTH AFRICA'S DE LUXE TRAIN, "THE UNION LIMITED"



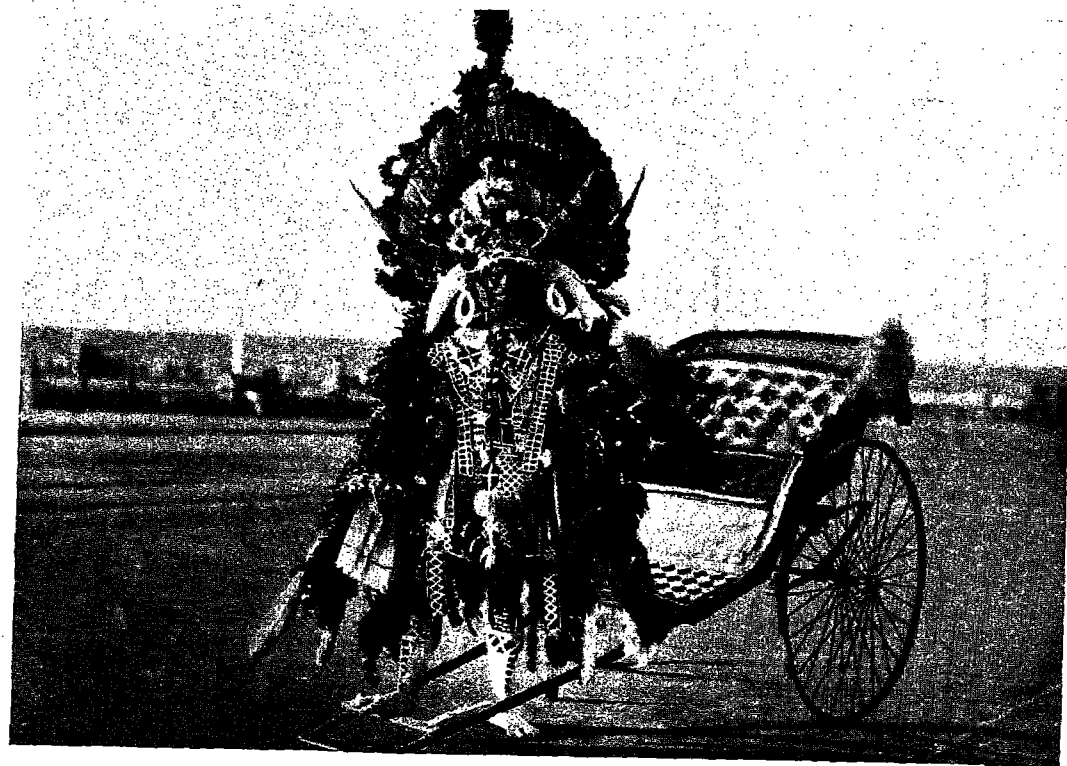
THE HOSPITAL, CAPE TOWN



CAPE TOWN UNIVERSITY, RONDEBOSCH



NATIVE SCHOOL IN CAPE PROVINCE



RICKSHA BOY—DURBAN



OSTRICH FARM NEAR OUDTSHOORN



A cotton field in the Eastern Transvaal. Large parts of South Africa compare climatically with the cotton growing areas of America and Egypt. The country is remarkably free from such insect and bacteriological pests as hamper cotton production in other parts of the world
