

28 July 1979

(letter in full)

My dear Mammie,

It is July, cold and wet and windy; and the thoughts of people are almost automatically focused on Durban. There is the July Handicap of course; but more important is the desire of people to escape from the foul weather conditions and enjoy the warmth of Port Natal. And so, in my own way I too must join in the rush for Durban, and say "hello" once again to my dear Mammie and the children. When my mind turns towards the east coast it isn't so much because of the weather, but because of the warmth and love of deeply treasured friends.

Your letter got here in November already. It was lovely to read about all the children and grandchildren. And by now Jameela must have added to the happy family. And maybe Sayyad has also got married. I am sure it must be wonderful to have all the family together on occasions like Eid etc.

I hope by now there is a shopping centre near the house. It must be very inconvenient to rely on vans in order to buy basic necessities like bread and milk. You know when I think of Phoenix I can only vaguely remember Manilal's place. From what I read in Fiat Lux there must be quite a big population there already. What is happening to the farm. Is Ela still living there? I wonder if she got my Xmas card last year. The area where Cassim and Mabel were staying - is that also broken down? I don't suppose you ever see them; but if you happen to meet them please give them my regards.

I didn't know that both you and Rahina had diabetes. I hope it is under control. Do you have to take insulin injections? And special diet? I wish I hadn't written about the diet. Because

now I'm thinking of the lovely food you used to cook. And just now I'll get hungry.

This reminds me. Do you know the widow of Dr Mayat, who was killed in an accident recently? She wrote a book of Indian recipes. She is from the Transvaal, and her brother was staying with me at the flat until he qualified as a doctor. He now lives in Canada. When the accident happened he was in S.A. I wrote a letter of condolence to him but by the time it reached Potchefstroom he had already returned to Canada. So his brother sent my letter to Mrs Mayat, and a few weeks ago I received a very nice letter from her. It was a surprise. She offered to send me some religious literature and also a copy of her book. I have not been able to reply to her but will try to do so one of these days. In the meantime I have asked my niece to write and thank her. When I think of her brother it reminds me of our first visit to Cape Town - way back in 1948. Cassim arranged for us to stay at Mams. That's where we met Mabel, Hassan and Sylvia, and many others for the first time. We spent a month in Cape Town and had a real good time. And do you know what? We tried our best to take a trip to Robben Island but we couldn't get permits. Well since I was so keen to come here the government eventually helped to fulfil my wishes and brought me here without permits and by aeroplane. I only wanted to visit the Island for a few hours in 1948. Now I've completed 15 years!

Mammie, it has been very cold these few days. As I'm sitting and writing, it is getting colder. So I better say good night and get under the blankets. Keep well and lots and lots of love to you and the children, and friends. Also, Eid Mubarak to all of you, from

AMK

Phoenix

42

My dear Mammie,

...

I hope by now there is a shopping centre near the house. It must be very inconvenient to rely on vans in order to buy basic necessities like bread and milk. You know when I think of Phoenix I can only vaguely remember Manilal¹'s place. From what I read in Fiat Lux there must be quite a big population there already. What is happening to the farm? Is Ela² still living there? I wonder if she got my Xmas card last year. The area where Cassim and Mabel were staying - is that also broken down? I don't suppose you ever see them; but if you happen to meet them please give them my regards.

Do you know the widow of Dr Mayat, who was killed in an accident recently? She wrote a book of Indian recipes. She is from the Transvaal, and her brother was staying with me at the flat until he qualified as a doctor. He now lives in Canada. When the accident happened he was in S.A. I wrote a letter of condolence to him but by the time it reached Potchefstroom he had already returned to Canada. So his brother sent my letter to Mrs Mayat, and a few weeks ago I received a very nice letter from her...

¹ Manilal Gandhi, son of the Mahatma

² Ela Ramgobin, daughter of Manilal Gandhi

24th July 1983

My Dear Mammie,

Now let me tell you the best part of Eid. When Mr Vassen brought the food parcel he was allowed to hand it to me personally. His little daughter would not stay alone in the car so he had to bring her in. And do you know what, for the first time in 20 years I was able to hold and cuddle a child. It was a most thrilling experience, which I shall never forget. She is a lovely shy little girl. In my excitement I couldn't even remember her name. When I got back to my cell, my colleagues could see how excited I was. That night - and even afterwards - the little girl was on my mind.

28th August 1983

My dear Mammie,

... You must be wondering how we celebrate our birthdays in jail. for the first 10 or 12 years there was hardly any celebration; only the usual greetings and perhaps a bit of singing. Then of course there were the messages from family and friends. As you know it is only when you get promoted to "A" group that you are allowed to purchase some goodies, like tea, coffee, cocoa, sweets, biscuits, canned fruit etc. Well for the first decade and more there were just two or three chaps in our section who got promoted, so they could not be expected to buy things that could be shared by all 30 of us. In any case they were only allowed to spend a few rand, which was not enough to make reasonable purchases. And then some of them did not even have a few rand to spend. In later years promotions became a bit more common, and the authorities also increased the amount that we could spend. Then, on all our birthdays we used to have tea or coffee (and sometimes biscuits) for all the 30-odd inmates in our section. And as the "A"-groups increased so did the quality of our celebrations. I was among the last to be promoted; I only became A group in 1977 - ie after 13 years! As conditions improved some of us hired films for the occasion. Generally the celebrations became quite nice. I am of course referring to what used to happen in our section on Robben Island, which as I've said was occupied by about 30 of us. ...

So there you have some idea of a birthday in jail. Last Sunday I spent my 21st birthday in jail! ...

Oh yes I had a very lovely surprise; I got a birthday telegram from Uncle George and his daughter Hemma. It made me very happy to hear from them...

10th October 1983

My Dear Mammie,

...

Yes, September has been a very bad month. Within one week three people died who were all very close friends and colleagues:- Rev. Scott, Adv. Berrange, and Doc. Doc's death is really a big blow. It never entered my mind that we will never see him again. It hurt very much. He was a wonderful and most loveable man. I still remember him telling us that whenever he went to Durban he could not return without visiting Mammie and Daddy. And he loved your fish. Do you still remember how he used to carry on? ...

5th February 1984

My Dear Mammie,

...

... I am very glad that you met some of the family. They were very happy to meet you. Let me explain who is who. Zohra is the wife of my brother's son, Enver. Julie who took you to Zohra is Enver's sister. Actually Zohra is a Pahad, and is related to Goolam and the late Aminabai. Do you still remember the occasion when I brought Aminabai, and my sister and other womenfolk from my family to Durban. They all stayed at Ismail and Fatima's place. We also had lunch at your place one day. This same Julie was also with us. She was still at school then. My late brother Ismail's wife (also Aminabai) was also with...

You know Mammie when I was in Cape Town in 1962 we took a drive to Signal Hill with Barney, and there was a lady from England. Barney pointed to Robben Island and jokingly told the lady that that was Kathy's future home. A year after that I was arrested and the next year I was on Robben Island!

...

4th March 1984

My Dear Mammie,

...

[Essop Jassat] He always reminds me of the late Doc... I know him since he was a little boy at school.

...

I must tell you ab out the good news we've been getting the last week, which has made me very happy. Firstly there was the release on Monday of Billy after 20 years. I saw a photo of him and his wife in the Sunday Times today. We were expecting his release, so it was no surprise. The real big surprise was the release of Mr Ja Toivo of Namibia, four years before completing his 20 years. Isn't it lovely to be so suddenly and unexpectedly reunited with the near and dear ones! Twenty years is really a very long time to spend in jail. We saw in the papers that the question is being asked: "What about the rest of the political prisoners?" I fear that many people may build false hopes as a result of this development. I don't think there is reason for any optimism, especially for those of us who are serving life.

...

24th March 1984

*Daughter of George Singh
Attorney General and
Congress top soccer official*

My Dear Hemma,

I never imagined that one day it was going to be my difficult task to write a letter of condolence to you...

... I wish I had the power to choose words that would adequately describe what your Daddy meant to me. It was in the mid forties when I first met him. I had already heard that he was a lawyer and sports administrator. He had also written a booklet explaining the implications of a 1946 law affecting the Indian community. In those days lawyers, doctors and university students were rare among us and we teenagers regarded every Black professional man with awe and admiration. In 1947 Uncles JN and Ismail brought me along to spend a few days in Durban. The highlight of the trip was a night picnic on a boat owned by Daddy. This was my first close encounter with him and I immediately took a great liking to him. I did not for a moment feel out of place. My first impression of him was of a warm, friendly, sociable and hospitable person - uncomplicated personality, popular, modest and loveable. A host of similar positive impressions were to be added as our relationship grew with the years. He was devoted to his beliefs, loyal to friends and colleagues. He was passionately involved in the promotion of what was called "mixed sports" in the earlier years. Indeed his contribution in this field, helped by a tremendous administrative ability, makes him one of the top pioneers of non-racial sports in South Africa. I was distressed to find that when Dan Twala died last year his role in non-racial sports was not given the prominence it deserved. I hope there will be no similar omission about George. Dan and George were truly giants in the field and no history of de-racialisation in

sports can be written without them being accorded their rightful places.

But to know only his public life is to have only half a picture of the man. It was essential to know George the father and family man. For it was here that some of his most loveable characteristics were to be seen. His love for his family, his hospitality, his generosity, his gregariousness, sociability - and above all his simplicity. Even now after all these years I have a chuckle when I recall sitting at a table full of delicious food - and with poor Daddy struggling with his meagre diet fare. Then as soon as Mummy got busy elsewhere Daddy would conspire with Sheila to smuggle a few goodies to him. And Sheila - the mischievous little scamp that she was - would gladly oblige.

By this time Daddy and I had become good friends. When in Durban I stayed with you folks, and when Daddy came to Jo'burg he stayed at the Flat. One day in 1962 I was bringing the late Moses to Durban. Actually he had some urgent business with the Chief in Stanger. Before we reached Durban I suggested to Moses that he should abandon his plans about staying at Vera's, and come along with me to George. Moses had met George but they did not know each other well. He protested that we could not simply land at somebody's place without prior arrangements. So I said to him, "You just come along with me. I've got a room there, and you'll be most comfortable and happy. Also you won't have to look for a taxi to go to Stanger. Everything will be fixed by George." At last Moses reluctantly agreed to my suggestion. He was overwhelmed with the welcome he received, not only from Mummy and Daddy but from you children. The next morning as I had predicted, George decided to take the day off from office, and we went out to Stanger in his car, and made it a day's outing. Needless to say

when I brought Moses to Durban again a few months later we went straight to George's place.

I wonder if you can still remember an occasion during the trip to Durban by the King Kong group. I also happened to be there at the time. Both Sheila and Tensing were quite taken up by the King Kong songs and Sheila was singing and dancing. (Incidentally Sheila was quite a performer.) Seeing the excitement about King Kong I suggested to Daddy that I bring some of the artists home for lunch. Mummy readily agreed. So we spent a lovely afternoon with about 6 members of the cast...

...

I can go on and on citing numerous occasions of a similar nature. And of his many trips to Jo'burg, mainly on soccer business; and of the interesting experiences and incidents. I only wish someone would write about those days for inclusion in a book. It was in those days that firm foundations were being laid for the Soccer Federation.

The very last time I met Daddy was in early 1963. I had already been under House Arrest, so he could not stay with me. He didn't relish the idea of staying elsewhere, so he hurried through his business and returned to Durban after a day or two. But we did take a chance and organized a little Chinese dinner at the flat, for about 6 of us. He loved Chinese food. And we had an enjoyable evening.

If I were to describe his numerous visits, phone calls, letters etc in connection with soccer I'd take up many pages. But it was in these activities that one came to see the real man...

... I was thrilled to receive a telegram on my last birthday, signed by you and Daddy. I didn't have your address, so I asked Fatima Seedat to phone and thank you on my behalf.

10th June 1984

My Dear Mammie,

...

So Billy really managed to fool you by speaking Afrikaans over the phone. He is full of jokes. Do you know that he learnt Afrikaans in jail? He couldn't speak a word before. In jail he got through Matric Afrikaans. Do you know what he is doing? I was hoping he would get a job at the Legal Resources Centre and specialise in labour legislation...

...

24th November 1979

Sir,

I am sorry that I have to once again refer to you a letter that has been returned to me for rewriting.

As you will notice there are two portions that the censors have found objectionable and have instructed me to delete.

I am aware of the arbitrary attitudes of the censors about not allowing us to mention the names of fellow prisoners. This is unfair and has no basis whatever in terms of the law or the rules and regulations governing prisons.

As far as this particular portion is concerned I respectfully submit that it is not even covered by the prohibition imposed by the censors. I am not mentioning any names, and in any case the man in question is no longer a prisoner on Robben Island. I fail to see how this paragraph can possibly be subversive or violate prison security. I have been writing this type of thing in previous letters and there have been no objections. In fact I can think of at least one letter this year in which I wrote about a fellow prisoner who is now out of jail and it was allowed to go through.

I wish to appeal to you to use your authority to restrain the censors. They should be prevented from just being guided by their own personal feelings, and likes and dislikes. They should be made to give a rational explanation for their actions, to point out exactly what is wrong with contents which they deem to be unfit.

As for the second portion (on page 2), you will recall I specifically discussed this matter with you. What I wrote there is no more than what you agreed I could do. I am merely taking

the precaution of stressing to my friend that he should not personally handle the literature but place the order through a bookshop.

I am enclosing the letter. It is unfortunate that I have to constantly approach you on matters which are so straightforward, but which are unnecessarily complicated by the narrow outlook of the censors.

I shall be pleased if you will let me know your decision with regard to the two paragraphs.

Lest you gain a wrong impression I might point out that I do not refer all similar letters to you. Last month the censors returned a letter to me, and tho I did not quite agree with them, I thought they were not being unreasonable. So I rewrote the letter. For quite a few months I had not been experiencing much difficulty with the censors. But for the past couple of months there seems to have been a radical change in their attitude. They seem to be reverting back to the old days of malicious and arbitrary censorship. Under the circumstances I must make an earnest appeal to you for your assistance.

Thank you very much.

Yours faithfully,

A M Kathrada

Enclosed: letter to "Daso" dated 17th Nov 1979 [Daso4.50]

4th November 1984

My Dear Mammie,

...

Now to come to the point which I have been avoiding so far. That is the question of your and Farieda's visit. I was told last week that the visit has been refused. No reasons were given. The refusal came to me as such a surprise that I just didn't know what to say. I felt disappointed, angry, frustrated, and bitter - all at the same time. I just cannot think of one single reason why they should have refused the two of you. They are so inconsistent and unpredictable. In the last year or two there has been some relaxation, which we all welcomed. Even I was allowed visits from family members and friends - some of whom have been refused before. Colleagues of mine have had similar and even surprising experiences, where even whites were allowed to visit. And here they go and refuse you. In all the years that I've been corresponding with you, our letters have always reached, and I can't recall even a single line in your letters that was scratched out. The last thing I expected is that they would refuse you permission to see me. And what have they got against Farieda? I really wonder. Anyway I intend to pursue this matter further. In the meantime thank you very much, and Farieda, for trying. You are the 8th visitors to be refused this year. Zohra and her husband; Fatima and Shehnaaz; Hamid Bhayat and his wife who were on holiday from Canada, were all refused. In all cases no reasons were given. So perhaps I wasn't quite correct to say that there has been relaxation.

I suppose you have seen Mnister Le Grange's statement that they are considering the release of the over-seventies, and those

who are ill. I hope people don't attach much importance to it. Government leaders have been making similar statements before, for reasons of their own. We have long learnt to ignore them. On a more personal level, I still have 15 years to go before reaching 70; and my health is still okay. So on both those grounds I don't qualify. And since they won't allow me to see you, we'll just have to keep contact by letter. Okay?

This will be the lot for today. We were all shocked by the assassination of Indira Gandhi. Only last Sunday we saw the film "Gandhi", so the topic of India was very much under discussion. About 2 months ago I read a biography of hers, which was very interesting. It is tragic that she died such a cruel death.

26th May 1985

My Dear Mammie,

I must say you always remind me of the grannies we read about in the books. They are always busy, travelling from wedding to wedding, attending the birth of grandchildren, and generally doing everything to preserve the closely knit ties. You are an ideal grandmother, and I am sure the young people must be very fond of you.

31st August 1985

My dear Mammie,

... In fact ever since the tragic riots my thoughts have been constantly with you all. I have been very worried and sad. I read in the papers that African shops were also attacked and looted, yet many people, for mischievous reasons, try to give the impression that the riots were purely anti-Indian.

It was also heartbreaking to learn that buildings on Phoenix Settlement were destroyed, together with a lot of valuable historical documents and objects. It seems clear that elements deliberately came into the areas to cause trouble, and they were joined by criminals, who are always ready to take advantage of such situations.

How far is your place from the trouble spots? I hope you and the family were not harmed in any way. If you happen to see Ela and Mewa please pass my best wishes to them. I read of Mewa's narrow escape.

I read last week of the arrest of brother Dullah together with a lot of other people, and my thoughts immediately went out to Farieda and the children. When you next contact her please pass her my love and also to Fazlin, Rustum and Kemal. Please thank her also for the lovely birthday cards from her and the children. Fazlin mentioned on her card that she and the family were going to celebrate the birthday at the house. That was last Wednesday 21st August. During the day Dullah phoned the jail authorities to find out if he could bring me some birthday food. Unfortunately it could not be allowed. Then in last week's Sunday Times we read that he had been arrested under Section 29.

Dullah saw me for a few minutes on Ramadan Eid when he brought

a lot of food from Farieda. Then in July I had a legal consultation with him. He was also briefed by Attorney Ayob in connection with my studies and visits, and I was due to see him. Now I may have to make other plans, that is if they keep him inside for a long time.

You know at a time like this, being a prisoner is so frustrating. One feels so helpless. For instance I'd like to do something to cheer up and encourage Farieda and the children. But there is nothing I can do, apart from sending my love and good wishes, and telling her not to worry. I read in the papers that they will be allowed to send the Koran and the Bible, and also some food and clothing. I'm sure Farieda must have done that already. I remember when we were under 90-days (in 1963) I was only allowed to have the Bible, and I must say it helped a lot to while away the time. I suppose one of these days they will inform the families where the detainees are being kept, and I hope Farieda will be allowed a visit.

...

Lots of love etc

P.S. I am deliberately registering this letter in view of the recent trouble in your area.

31st August 1985

Phoenix Settlement

✓
42

My dear Mammie,

In fact ever since the tragic riots my thoughts have been constantly with you all. I have been very worried and sad. I read in the papers that African shops were also attacked and looted, yet many people, for mischievous reasons, try to give the impression that the riots were purely anti-Indian.

It was also heartbreaking to learn that buildings on Phoenix Settlement were destroyed, together with a lot of valuable historical documents and objects. It seems clear that elements deliberately came into the areas to cause trouble, and they were joined by criminals, who are always ready to take advantage of such situations.

How far is your place from the trouble spots? I hope you and the family were not harmed in any way. If you happen to see Ela and Mewa¹ please pass my best wishes to them. I read of Mewa's narrow escape.

¹ Ramgobin

see tape + 9.190

✓ 1

12

My Dear Hemma,

I never imagined that one day it was going to be my difficult task to write a letter of condolence to you...

I wish I had the power to choose words that would adequately describe what your Daddy¹ meant to me. It was in the mid forties when I first met him. I had already heard that he was a lawyer and sports administrator. He had also written a booklet explaining the implications of a 1946 law affecting the Indian community. In those days lawyers, doctors and university students were rare among us and we teenagers regarded every Black professional man with awe and admiration. In 1947 Uncles JN² and Ismail³ brought me along to spend a few days in Durban. The highlight of the trip was a night picnic on a boat owned by Daddy. This was my first close encounter with him and I immediately took a great liking to him. I did not for a moment feel out of place. My first impression of him was of a warm, friendly, sociable and hospitable person - uncomplicated personality, popular, modest and loveable. A host of similar positive impressions were to be added as our relationship grew with the years. He was devoted to his beliefs, loyal to friends and colleagues. He was passionately involved in the promotion of what was called "mixed sports" in the earlier years. Indeed his contribution in this field, helped by a tremendous administrative ability, makes him one of the top pioneers of non-racial sports in South Africa. I was distressed to find that when Dan Twala died last year his role in non-racial

¹ George Singh

² J.N. Singh

³ Ismail Meer

sports was not given the prominence it deserved. I hope there will be no similar omission about George. Dan and George were truly giants in the field and no history of de-racialisation in sports can be written without them being accorded their rightful places.

But to know only his public life is to have only half a picture of the man. It was essential to know George the father and family man. For it was here that some of his most loveable characteristics were to be seen. His love for his family, his hospitality, his generosity, his gregariousness, sociability - and above all his simplicity. Even now after all these years I have a chuckle when I recall sitting at a table full of delicious food - and with poor Daddy struggling with his meagre diet fare. Then as soon as Mummy got busy elsewhere Daddy would conspire with Sheila to smuggle a few goodies to him. And Sheila - the mischievous little scamp that she was - would gladly oblige.

By this time Daddy and I had become good friends. When in Durban I stayed with you folks, and when Daddy came to Jo'burg he stayed at the Flat. One day in 1962 I was bringing the late Moses⁴ to Durban. Actually he had some urgent business with the Chief in Stanger. Before we reached Durban I suggested to Moses that he should abandon his plans about staying at Vera⁵'s, and come along with me to George. Moses had met George but they did not know each other well. He protested that we could not simply land at somebody's place without prior arrangements. So I said to him, "You just come along with me. I've got a room there, and you'll be most comfortable and happy. Also you won't have to look

⁴ Moses Kotane

⁵ Poonen

for a taxi to go to Stanger. Everything will be fixed by George." At last Moses reluctantly agreed to my suggestion. He was overwhelmed with the welcome he received, not only from Mummy and Daddy but from you children. The next morning as I had predicted, George decided to take the day off from office, and we went out to Stanger in his car, and made it a day's outing. Needless to say when I brought Moses to Durban again a few months later we went straight to George's place. 12

I wonder if you can still remember an occasion during the trip to Durban by the King Kong group. I also happened to be there at the time. Both Sheila and Tensing were quite taken up by the King Kong songs and Sheila was singing and dancing. (Incidentally Sheila was quite a performer.) Seeing the excitement about King Kong I suggested to Daddy that I bring some of the artists home for lunch. Mummy readily agreed. So we spent a lovely afternoon with about 6 members of the cast...

I can go on and on citing numerous occasions of a similar nature. And of his many trips to Jo'burg, mainly on soccer business; and of the interesting experiences and incidents. I only wish someone would write about those days for inclusion in a book. It was in those days that firm foundations were being laid for the Soccer Federation.

The very last time I met Daddy was in early 1963. I had already been under House Arrest, so he could not stay with me. He didn't relish the idea of staying elsewhere, so he hurried through his business and returned to Durban after a day or two. But we did take a chance and organized a little Chinese dinner at the flat, for about 6 of us. He loved Chinese food. And we had an enjoyable evening.

If I were to describe his numerous visits, phone calls, letters etc in connection with soccer I'd take up many pages. But it was in these activities that one came to see the real man...

I was thrilled to receive a telegram on my last birthday, signed by you and Daddy. I didn't have your address, so I asked Fatima Seedat to phone and thank you on my behalf.

24th March 1984

*Daughter of
Attorney George Singh
Congress leader and
top soccer official*

My Dear Hemma,

I never imagined that one day it was going to be my difficult task to write a letter of condolence to you...

... I wish I had the power to choose words that would adequately describe what your Daddy meant to me. It was in the mid forties when I first met him. I had already heard that he was a lawyer and sports administrator. He had also written a booklet explaining the implications of a 1946 law affecting the Indian community. In those days lawyers, doctors and university students were rare among us and we teenagers regarded every Black professional man with awe and admiration. In 1947 Uncles JN and Ismail brought me along to spend a few days in Durban. The highlight of the trip was a night picnic on a boat owned by Daddy. This was my first close encounter with him and I immediately took a great liking to him. I did not for a moment feel out of place. My first impression of him was of a warm, friendly, sociable and hospitable person - uncomplicated personality, popular, modest and loveable. A host of similar positive impressions were to be added as our relationship grew with the years. He was devoted to his beliefs, loyal to friends and colleagues. He was passionately involved in the promotion of what was called "mixed sports" in the earlier years. Indeed his contribution in this field, helped by a tremendous administrative ability, makes him one of the top pioneers of non-racial sports in South Africa. I was distressed to find that when Dan Twala died last year his role in non-racial sports was not given the prominence it deserved. I hope there will be no similar omission about George. Dan and George were truly giants in the field and no history of de-racialisation in

sports can be written without them being accorded their rightful places.

But to know only his public life is to have only half a picture of the man. It was essential to know George the father and family man. For it was here that some of his most loveable characteristics were to be seen. His love for his family, his hospitality, his generosity, his gregariousness, sociability - and above all his simplicity. Even now after all these years I have a chuckle when I recall sitting at a table full of delicious food - and with poor Daddy struggling with his meagre diet fare. Then as soon as Mummy got busy elsewhere Daddy would conspire with Sheila to smuggle a few goodies to him. And Sheila - the mischievous little scamp that she was - would gladly oblige.

By this time Daddy and I had become good friends. When in Durban I stayed with you folks, and when Daddy came to Jo'burg he stayed at the Flat. One day in 1962 I was bringing the late Moses to Durban. Actually he had some urgent business with the Chief in Stanger. Before we reached Durban I suggested to Moses that he should abandon his plans about staying at Vera's, and come along with me to George. Moses had met George but they did not know each other well. He protested that we could not simply land at somebody's place without prior arrangements. So I said to him, "You just come along with me. I've got a room there, and you'll be most comfortable and happy. Also you won't have to look for a taxi to go to Stanger. Everything will be fixed by George." At last Moses reluctantly agreed to my suggestion. He was overwhelmed with the welcome he received, not only from Mummy and Daddy but from you children. The next morning as I had predicted, George decided to take the day off from office, and we went out to Stanger in his car, and made it a day's outing. Needless to say

when I brought Moses to Durban again a few months later we went straight to George's place.

I wonder if you can still remember an occasion during the trip to Durban by the King Kong group. I also happened to be there at the time. Both Sheila and Tensing were quite taken up by the King Kong songs and Sheila was singing and dancing. (Incidentally Sheila was quite a performer.) Seeing the excitement about King Kong I suggested to Daddy that I bring some of the artists home for lunch. Mummy readily agreed. So we spent a lovely afternoon with about 6 members of the cast...

...

I can go on and on citing numerous occasions of a similar nature. And of his many trips to Jo'burg, mainly on soccer business; and of the interesting experiences and incidents. I only wish someone would write about those days for inclusion in a book. It was in those days that firm foundations were being laid for the Soccer Federation.

The very last time I met Daddy was in early 1963. I had already been under House Arrest, so he could not stay with me. He didn't relish the idea of staying elsewhere, so he hurried through his business and returned to Durban after a day or two. But we did take a chance and organized a little Chinese dinner at the flat, for about 6 of us. He loved Chinese food. And we had an enjoyable evening.

If I were to describe his numerous visits, phone calls, letters etc in connection with soccer I'd take up many pages. But it was in these activities that one came to see the real man...

.... I was thrilled to receive a telegram on my last birthday, signed by you and Daddy. I didn't have your address, so I asked Fatima Seedat to phone and thank you on my behalf.