

From Benjamin Pogues,
to Nathaniel Chan,
Jaredson Chan,
Solanoburg,
14th. May. 1966.

Registered.

Mr Robert H. Robertson,
c/o Office Comandante,
Robben Island Gaol,
Robben Island,
near Cape Town.

My dear Rob,

As you see - and as my telegram
sent yesterday indicated - I am in hospital
at present. So if nothing else, you will
have to excuse my handwriting while
I lie in bed. I came in on Monday because
I have been feeling ill for some time past
with little trouble. I came in originally
for rest, diet and medication for three
weeks. But the X-rays taken at the start
of the week look so bad that it seems
surgery is indicated. I am now being
submitted to an entire battery of tests before a

a great decision is taken. My god, how
 friends with us a great deal of the time
 I have thought back to when you had your
 operation looks like you, and how lovely
 and off you must have felt. There in we
 see you were well hardly more and dear
 to you.

One of my primary reasons, of course
 for my coming to some into hospital
 apart from the fact that I have been for
 so long and now down - is that I want to
 100 percent fit in the coming months. I
 know that in a fight - and hell, I mean
 fit up a big big fight. I've learned a lot
 since June last year. I've learned an
 about husband - more than I had dreamed
 was possible. And I have had to test myself
 and learned myself to see how far I was
 prepared to stand up for what I believe. I
 would like you to know that in the agony
 of spirit which I have gone through, the
 thought of you has been a primary factor.
 I have looked at your example of courage
 and integrity and I have drawn strength
 from it. And underlying it all, I have

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often put the question to myself:
"If I do this - or don't do that - can I
look at squaring in the face again?"
I was against this background to
your letter of April 20 reached me the day
before yesterday. As I always do, I opened
it and read it joyfully, happy to have
word from you. When I reached your last
few paragraphs - when you wrote about the
betrayal - I am not ashamed to confess
that I started weeping and I could not
stop weeping. Thank you, Bob. I despair
only because I cannot do enough for you
and your wife and children. You deserve
so much.

To the readers again: I am enclosing
a copy of a letter I have had from the
Trustees of the M. V. Society. Bob & I regard
to the letter, and I regard to the non-
arrival of the books listed in your
April 20 letter. I intend taking up in
off-ical quarters. If you wish to make
any comments on the letter, please let us
know. I agree with you that, if nothing
else, it is surely a discourtesy, not to have

come you or me that books, etc. sent to
 you have been withheld under consideration.
 I sent also three or four etc. for annual
 one - for example, the large Swanford
 parcel which I sent down - unsuccessfully
 to you. There is the penny side to it. The
 title "Horticultural" one of the books sold
 back from you) I appear to be a strongly
 anti-Government work, the one on Irish
 Vegetation is also anti-Red, and by so
 much of the imagination would it be
 regarded as subversive even in our fair land.
 Anyway, I stopped taking up these matters.
 The subscription from the
 "Erewhon" did not reach me. Why? your
 guess is as good as mine. If you look
 at the Minister's letters you will see that
 overseas publications are verboten (careful
 choice of word?), but I simply don't see
 how this could or should apply to a
 reputable academic journal. I will take up
 the matter here again, but I suggest that you
 also ascertain the position from your immediate
 quarters.

In regard to your study book, I
 deeply regret the delay. I can promise you
 that I have been pushing things as hard as
 possible. I did this again after receiving your
 last letter, and have since had a reply
 from Professor Markham, President of Concord
 University (which has, you will recall,
 awarded you an honorary degree - was
 your fellowman in really old you "Prof")
 to the effect that a book is on its way.
 It should have reached you by the time
 you receive this letter - I hope. Like books
 I am trying to reach to you as rapidly as
 possible.

Incidentally, I must tell you that
 being a hermit is a most comfortable
 experience. I had great difficulty in getting
 a bed and had to accept a luxury word
 here - at a price which makes my whole
 twitch whenever I think of it. Up to my
 bed (with padded leadboard), in a panel
 of switches, controlling sundry lights to
 give strong or soothing illumination,
 hot water, etc. I have brought with

on my good plays and a safe narrow
 and I spent most of the two hours
 my good safe. I have decided to
 go 'under' and anyway, safe are easier
 to trust around the world than that, of
 record as it is being done to avoid the
 eye to the future. Most important of all
 I am eating regularly and well - something
 and babies, which I haven't been able
 to do for a long long time. The food
 here is out standing, the breakfast
 finds itself in providing anything or
 frequent wants. I believe the only time
 the chef was dumped was when a
 Frenchman ordered snate. Somehow, I
 feel the food I am getting now is even
 better than what you eat.

And joy of joys, the kind-hearted
 Mother has agreed to allow Jenny to
 come and see me tomorrow. So I am
 looking forward to a great treat. The other
 day I was talking to Jenny about her
 "Daddy's", and I found it interesting
 that she repeated the question - do you

I
repeatedly asked - please - you had ever
seen her. I told her no. ~~to~~ to you
have seen living a long way away, but
that you had seen in pictures, and
that you are a close friend of her Daddy,
and therefore a friend of hers. This she
happily accepted and sends you her love.
I am sure I'll get it and that
you have read "Spartan" - and become
I so much wanted to have the pleasure
of sending it to you. "My glorious brother."
I have just got and will be reading it
in the next few days.

If I have to undergo an operation,
I shall read you a telegram the day before
and will ask you to bless me in your
thoughts and to pray for me. It would
mean much to me to know that you
were thinking of me then.

God bless you and maintain
your spirit.

With great affection,

Henry

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