Will Congress Be Banned?

By CHIEF A. J. LUTULI

THE BUS BOYCOTT:
ROUND TWO

UNIVERSITY APARTHEID

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL FOR DEMOCRATS
FROM THE SIDELINES

This month's writer: OLIVER TAMBO

DOES dictatorship, like charity, begin at home? Contemplate the political exploits of the notorious Dr. Verwoerd who, having wormed himself into the position of Minister of Native Affairs, has proceeded to reduce his Cabinet colleagues into nodding robots. Grabbing powers from them, he has inflated himself into a great Emperor, ruling over a black domain that spreads freely and extensively into other Government Departments, such as those of Finance, Interior, Education, Social Welfare, Commerce and Industry, Transport, Justice and Education.

With the Minister of Education, Arts and Science looking on helplessly, and the Cabinet nodding approval as of habit like hypnotised subjects, Dr. Verwoerd lunged out at the Universities and startled the entire world (except the Broederbond “world”) with his Universities Apartheid Bill.

In characteristic fashion, he interposed himself between the Churches and God, claiming from both the power to dictate in matters of worship, and introduced a new sin, namely worshipping God at a place and time not approved by His Imperial Deity, Dr. H. F. Verwoerd. The wages of Verwoerdian sin is goal.

Horrified and indignant, the Churches and the public reacted uncomprisingly to Dr. Verwoerd's Bills, leaving him in no doubt whatsoever that his proposed law would be openly defied by the Churches as being no law at all. Like a despicable and spineless bully, he has now turned on those—the individual Africans—whom he considers weak and helpless, those he thinks cannot fight him, those he has given himself the power to deport or banish at will. Could anything be more contemptible?

When the Nationalist fire-eaters and storm-troopers gate-carshed into political power in May, 1948, carrying bags of scorpions for the chastisement of all and sundry in the name of apartheid, few people in South Africa realised then that the ensuing ten years would see the country embark so definitely and, so it seems, irretrievably, upon that catastrophic road which is known historically to end where a yawning precipice begins.

Today, the South African Police are armed and ready to shoot, patrolling rural and urban areas. They set upon boycotters in much the same way as a pack of hounds would be sent after their quarry. The Special Branch is busy prying into the private lives of individuals, following persons round street corners and from house to house, and should they open their mouths, surrounding them and demanding to know where they were born. There are banishments, bannings, deportations, depositions of tribal chiefs, forcible removals of whole communities, police raids, mass arrests, mass hangings and treason trials. In short, there is a state of unprecedented unrest which grows in intensity as the parliamentary machine in Cape Town runs at top gear, churning out the apartheid laws to be ruthlessly rammed down the unwilling throats of the people. Did I say “unwilling throats”? That is not strictly correct. The United Party throats are not unwilling: the official Opposition is not doing much opposing—at any rate not officially.

And that is why the Nationalists, in nine short years, have succeeded in doing so much harm to the cause of so many.

The bitter pill of oppressive laws,
To delay the crack, the inevitable doom
And remain the Lord of Tartary.
Wherefore in the name of White baas-skap
For better or for worse,
Tomorrow to fresh laws and restrictions new.

The end is not yet. . . . Dictatorship, like a malignant disease of the human body, grows from strength to strength until it destroys both itself and the body politic—unless it is vigorously resisted and stamped out. The end is not yet: not of Nationalist tyranny, but nor, by any manner of means, of hope for the future of our people and South Africa.

BUT the end is not yet.
I can well imagine the Nationalists, in 1948, chanting with the poets:

“IF I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone.
THE END
I would provoke, oppress,
Exploit them one and all.
But here it comes, the day of days—
May 26 of '48
And I am Lord of Tartary!
Apartheid here, apartheid there
Apartheid everywhere;
Day in, day out; year in, year out;
Apartheid more and more.
Away with peace and friendship now
And even forever more:
Away with justice and the law,
And down with liberty,
Away with all democracy,
Away with all freedoms.
And unless they call a halt too soon
I must go on, there's much to do,
For who will the apartheid apostle be
When I am gone—rejected or destroyed?
I cannot stop, I must keep on
Now that I'm Lord of Tartary.
When Parliament falls into the palm of my hand
No freedom and no democracy
Shall be allowed this land to roam
Let laws and decrees this purpose serve
While I am Lord of Tartary.
Oppress and repress
Deport and depose—
These four bespeak my policy.
For I am bound to increase the dose,
RECEN'T press reports have indicated that the Nationalist Government contemplates the banning of the African National Congress and making further very large scale arrests of its members.

It is apparent that these reports should be taken seriously. It is not the first time such threats have been made at Cabinet level. The present Treason Trial was itself preceded by a statement in the House that the Minister of Justice was preparing to make 200 arrests.

A pertinent question is: why this threat from the Government now?

There is no doubt that the emotional appeal to the colour prejudice of White South Africa has always paid the Nationalist Party handsome political dividends. It did so as far back as the issue of the notorious "Black Manifesto" during the regime of the Hertzog leadership of the Nationalist Party. It was this emotional appeal to colour prejudice, by the presentation to the electorate of a programme of apartheid, that swung the Nationalist Party under Dr. Malan into power in 1948.

Apartheid—or a Common Society

The coming 1958 election will hardly be any different. The African National Congress stands for a common society in our multi-racial country. This idea of a common society is consonant with a democratic outlook of life, whereas apartheid is a negation of democracy. A common society implies the acceptance of a free society where individual liberties, so long as they do not endanger the interests of the state, are paramount, and human dignity is upheld.

Apartheid is so contrary to natural, normal human behaviour that it has to be enforced by numerous stringent laws and regulations. Inevitably the country becomes a police state, as our country is fast becoming or is already. Apartheid violates all standards of decency and humanity. It keeps people ignorant and suspicious of one another. It results in race antagonisms and common loyalty to what should be a common country is never developed. Are there surer ways of retarding the progress of a country than these? It is only closer understanding among the peoples of a nation that has any prospect of creating a united nation living in friendship and mutual respect and these, after all, are the foundations cementing national security and stability. True friendship, mutual respect and understanding grows as a result of contact, based on equality and opportunity for all.

Apartheid makes such contact difficult, and now virtually impossible. Fear, suspicion and domination regulate human relations.

Is this what the Nationalists want? The early history of Black-White relations in South Africa points to the fact that South Africa was on the road to building a common society. This until White politicians introduced segregation by law. I join those who challenge on historical grounds, and on grounds of normal human behaviour, the claim of the Nationalists that apartheid is the traditional policy of South Africa.

No persecution will divert the African National Congress from working for a common society in our multi-racial country. This is the only realistic and humane policy.

This view is, of course, anathema to the apartheid policy of the Nationalist Party. The Nationalists have no faith in a future where they will enjoy democracy in common with all the people in our land. The Nationalists look upon the numerical preponderance of the Blacks over the Whites as a threat to their existence. They view with apprehension the organisation of the African people under the leadership of the African National Congress. And so, as their fear mounts, we come to be regarded as the arch-enemy of Nationalism.

Strijdom's Way, or Ours

Perhaps we are. South Africa must move either their way or ours. And the threats of the Nationalist Government against us are a measure of the tide which is starting to flow our way. The Nationalist Party now acknowledges, albeit grudgingly, the power of the African National Congress as a growing political force in the country, and as a spearhead of the growing formidable opposition to its baasskap policy and its dictatorial method of government.

The recognition that A.N.C. policy holds out the only perspective for a truly democratic future in South Africa is not limited to Africans alone. Increasingly as United Party opposition to Nationalist policies grows feeble and more hesitant, more and more Europeans must also turn to Congress for its leadership in opposition. Our common needs begin to transcend colour divisions.

Whether or not the Nationalists take steps to outlaw the African National Congress this year, in the end such steps will be taken. For, I repeat, it is either their way or ours, and they know this.

The carrying out of this threat to ban the Congress would unquestionably cause relations between the Government, as representing the White section only, and the Non-Whites, to deteriorate still further to a point of open hostility and enmity. No government dare view with equanimity the creation of hostile feelings between it and any section of the people in the country.

We Will Shape the Future

Whether or not the Nationalists will succeed in destroying the African National Congress will depend not on the Nationalist Party alone, but mainly on the determination with which the Congress pursues its aims and carries the people of South Africa forward on the road to a true democracy, based on liberty, fraternity and equality, where moral values shall be respected in the conduct of government and in the regulation of personal relationships.

This Nationalist Party threat can be met and beaten. Not by turning aside from the struggle, but by the African National Congress and all lovers of freedom meeting it as a challenge, and answering that challenge by a bolder, more courageous and more vocal stand for all the things they believe in.

For myself I am confident that the African National Congress will meet bravely this threat to its existence. We know that the future will be shaped by our own actions. We, the African people, who far outnumber the other racial groups, cannot, in honour, hope to ride to freedom on the backs of other groups struggling for freedom. Such parasitic behaviour would rightly earn us the ire and contempt of our contemporaries everywhere. We must make our own history. And this means that all Africans should feel challenged to give the Congress full support, and make of it an honourable and effective spearhead of the liberatory movement and the principal spokesman of the African people.
There is another aspect of this threat which must be stressed. For the threat to outlaw its opposition reveals the Nationalist Party as having no faith in the democratic form of government, neither for Non-Whites nor Whites. In its ideology the Nationalist Party proclaims the right to trample on the rights of individuals. It resents opposition. It gives scanty consideration to the opinions of minorities and the voiceless. It threatens the independence of local authorities, and now of churches, universities and other private agencies and associations. This trend in exercising autocratic Ministerial control is plainly and sharply revealed in some of the Bills now before Parliament, such as the Native Laws Amendment Bill, and the Bill providing for the establishment of so-called Bantu Universities and for refusing Non-Whites admission into the open universities.

Indeed, the determination to deny democratic freedoms to Non-Whites sooner or later becomes a threat to the democracy of every section, a threat inter alia to White citizens, and especially to those who oppose apartheid. In this regard, the threat to outlaw the A.N.C. is equally the concern of the White democrat, of the Coloured and Indian minorities.

**Greenwood Ngotyane: Organiser from the Transkei**

A ban might succeed in silencing the African National Congress, but it could never drive out from the hearts of the people the Congress spirit, and the eternal thirst for freedom which sooner or later would result in some action of the people to get their freedom. The African people have reached a stage of political awareness where, despite the Government propaganda to the contrary, they have confidence in the African National Congress and unreservedly accept Congress as their premier national organisation, pledged to strive for the attainment of the fundamental aspirations of the African people and the best interests of the country as a whole.

I urge the Nationalist Government to desist from carrying out its threat to ban the African National Congress. The A.N.C. is no threat to the peace and progress of the Union. It strives only to make democratic rights available to all people of our country regardless of their race or colour. In its fight for freedom it is pledged to struggle in peaceful, non-violent ways.

The African National Congress is happy to struggle to bring about a South Africa where peace and friendship on the basis of equality and mutual respect shall prevail. Afrika! Mayibuye!

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TREASON TRIAL PROFILE

**ACCUSED NUMBER 97** is thin and wiry, with a rugged face and humorous eyes. He has a halting, diffident manner and his speech is deceptively slow; only his eyes reflect the shrewd Xosa brain that is never slow and seldom unintuitive.

Greenwood Ngotyane, agitator extraordinary, was born in an African hut deep in the heart of the Transkei in October, 1922, and as one of the lucky four in ten odd who survive infant mortality, he grew—gawkily but surely—until he became a herdboy at the ripe old age of ten or eleven, when his future seemed assured. But then a marvellous thing happened to young Greenwood; thanks to an enquiring mind and a tumbledown mission school, he learnt to read and write, and this great new gift imbued him with the two things Verwoerd must have had in mind when he concocted Bantu Education—an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and a feeling of discontent. The first led him to night classes and lending libraries, and the second led him into Congress, the Trade Union Movement and, incidentally, the Drill Hall.

He came to Cape Town, where the A.N.C. attracted him like a magnet. He became a fulltime organiser for that body and later for the Congress of the People. At the same time he successfully helped to organise the N.E. Railway and Harbour Workers Union until it became a flourishing and militant thorn in the side of the Administration. So exemplary a trade unionist was he, that in 1954 he was elected to represent South African workers at the W.F.T.U. Conference in Bucharest, the first African ever to attend an international workers' conference.

This trip to Europe remains the highlight of Greenwood's life. He is a man who radiates sincerity and good comradeship and his fellow-delegates quickly took him to their hearts. Unfortunately, on the way back he contracted a severe illness in Bulgaria and was confined to a hospital in Sofia. When asked how he was treated there, he gets a faraway look in his eyes and speaks almost wistfully of his period of illness. "They were wonderful, absolutely wonderful to me," he murmurs.

Back home again and well, he decided to get married and in true Xosa fashion he returned to the Transkei for this purpose, having gone through the formalities of courtship and lobola. He reckoned, however, without the Special Branch, who refused to credit that Greenwood Ngotyane would visit the Transkei for anything so unseminister as marriage. They ordered a full enquiry and he was shadowed by large men in mufti. Not until he actually led his bride to the altar were the police satisfied that his visit was matrimonially—and not politically—inspired.

Upon his arrival in Cape Town he was promptly banned from all gatherings for five years. However, a man like Greenwood can do political work without attending meetings, as was shown when he undertook the election campaigns of both Ray Alexander and Len Lee-Warden, both of whom were returned with thumping majorities.

In spite of the vast amount of work he undertakes and carries out, he has never been known to refuse his help to any individual who happens to be in trouble over his pass or permit. Greenwood himself has suffered so much as a result of the Pass Laws that he has been known to spend days assisting a fellow "passless Native."

At the moment there is an eviction order waiting for him in Cape Town; but it is one thing for unfeeling bureaucrats to issue orders—it is quite another to get rid of the Greenwood Ngotynes of this world.

So now he sits in the Drill Hall dry dock unemotionally listening to the evidence that he has committed treason against the country of his birth and origin. His prospects, on the face of it, would appear to be black indeed, yet Greenwood would smile if you suggested such a thing to him. "As long as I have blood in my veins and a head to think with," he says, "there is always hope."

— VIC EDDY.
THE BUS BOYCOTT: ROUND 2

By L. Bernstein

How many angels can dance on the point of a needle?

The problem, it is said, can be debated learnedly and long by unworldly theologians. So too, no doubt, could the Alexandra bus boycott settlement. Can this be victory, it is asked, when the people pay the old fare of 4d., but the denomination "5d." appears printed on the ticket? Can this be victory, it is asked, when the duration of the settlement is dependent upon the Chamber of Commerce's £25,000 fund, with no guarantees for what happens thereafter? The debate can well be left to garrulous old men in wheel-chairs, for whom verbal exercise is all-important and the hard realities of life of no consequence.

The reality is that the people have returned to the buses, and still pay fourpence. The reality is that the employers as a class have been forced to give back to the African workers some part of the profits they obtain from their labour. This the talmudic theorists cannot dispute. But still some argue. The settlement, it is said, is not perfect. The "5d." symbol on the ticket, it is said, is the beginning of a softening-up process, preparing the people to pay fivepence in future. The limited duration of the Chamber of Commerce fund, it is said, gives PUTCO and the Government time to assemble its forces for another offensive against the people tomorrow. Perhaps so. The settlement is not perfect; the reality of life seldom conforms precisely to the perfect blue-prints of what-might-have-been prepared by ivory-castled planners.

The Next Round

But this is not the issue. The real issue, vital to Alexandra, and perhaps to all South Africa, is not the debate on the perfection or imperfection of the settlement reached. This is a red herring. The real issue now is how best to use the breathing space provided by the settlement to prepare the people's forces for the second round of struggle which will come to full maturity when the Chamber of Commerce Fund runs out.

It is in this light that the activities of those who denounce the settlement as less-than-perfect must be judged. Theologic hair-splitting removed from the scene of struggle and organisation is perhaps tolerable for those with patience. But brought into the arena of the people's politics it is intolerable and disruptive. This needs to be said, now and strongly. Those perfectionists who still, to this day, denounce the settlement and those who engineered it, may well act from sincere and honest motives. And yet they are wrecking all chance of turning the present, partial gains into a thorough-going and stable victory. Their sniping opposition, however well meant, has served only to rob the boycotters of the flavour of victory which they have won, and to lower their morale, hope and courage for the new stern battles which lie ahead to consolidate that victory.

Morale, hope and courage might seem insubstantial matters to those whose political armoury consists only of agitational phrase-mongering and "purer-than-thou" denunciations. But they are now the heart and soul of the Alexandra and Witwatersrand problems. There can be none, even amongst those who engineered and accepted the present settlement, who can doubt that even more strenuous battles lie ahead. There is the battle to keep the fares to fourpence even after the £25,000 fund runs dry. But over and above that, there is the battle to win substantial all-round increases in wages for every worker and a minimum wage of £1 per day, without which the matter of bus fares will be an eternal running sore, symptomatic of the poverty of the urban people. Only fools can seek to enter into these battles by destroying the people's confidence in the gains with which they have just emerged, by raising their doubts as to whether it was worth while, and by raising their suspicions against those who led. Men who would be generals must understand that substantial gains have been won; and that the confidence in their own strength which the people draw from such gains is the stepping-stone to new and greater gains in the battles that lie ahead. Unity, determination, courage won the gains of yesterday; tomorrow's battle, if it is to be won, must start from the pinnacles of self-confidence and high morale which can grow from such victories, but only if initiative amongst the people can be taken from the disruptive critics, and returned to those who can understand that even partial, temporary victory becomes a weapon to advance new conquests.

Giddy Slogans

Every people's struggle, it is said, is rich in lessons for those who take part in them. In this respect the bus boycott is no exception. In many areas "perfectionism" damped the flavour of victory and in some the settlement was, at first, rejected "until a minimum wage of £1 a day is achieved." No doubt the leaders meant well. But they became giddy with their own success, imagining that a boycott could bring not just PUTCO but the whole national body of employers to its knees. Setting the sights high and raising the people's hopes so unrealistically could only make the settlement seem a let-down. There is a moral in this. Not the moral that leaders should not fire the imagination of their people with the wonders of the life that can be theirs when they find the ways to reach for it; this, the vision of a world filled with "singing tomorrows" is the star to which every people's dreams and strivings must be hitched if they are to go forward as far as their strength will carry them. Not that. But rather the moral and political leaders can only lead successfully while their feet are planted firmly on the ground of reality; that a struggle cannot be dragged beyond the limits of the people's strength, understanding and willingness to fight, no matter how radical and militant the slogans advanced by the leaders; that leadership consists not only in knowing how to go forward, but equally in knowing when and how to stop, or to retreat in good order and in unity.

Adventurers' Gamble

There are times—and the thirteenth week of the boycott was surely one—when it is impossible to go forward any longer without a pause to regain lost breath or recover balance; times when one step back is an essential condition for taking two steps forward. These are the times when leaders show their qualities. Hotheads, adventurers and those concerned only with their own reputations for militancy will continue to cry "Forward! Forward!" even while conscious that their own forces are being steadily pressed back, even though they lose control of the very fortresses which they stormed and conquered before the tide began to turn. A leader is not just a demagogue, a rabble-rouser, a fire-eater on a public platform. A leader needs to be a statesman, capable at every turn of the struggle of keeping close links with the people he seeks.
Leadership is tested, not on paper, but in action. And the leadership of the A.N.C., which intervened directly in the boycott at the eleventh hour, has been vindicated by the people, who considered the settlement offer, used their own good sense to weigh up the possibilities of further resistance, and then accepted it. And in doing so, they rejected the adventurers who still cried "Forward! Forward!" That the acceptance of the settlement was disorderly and ragged—first Alexandra, later Moroka, and with Pretoria left outside the area of the settlement—is the result not of the A.N.C. intervention, but of the fatal divisions amongst the boycott leaders themselves, who failed to rise to the historic moment and seize the settlement and victory when both were there to be taken.

There are lessons to be learnt. There will always be lessons to be learnt. Such lessons serve to illuminate the path that lies ahead. We are face to face with the second round—the round of decisive, country-wide campaigning for an all-round increase in wages, and for a national wage of £1 per day. The leadership is there and able; the energetic shock-workers of the people's movement are there, with more experience and understanding than of yesterday. The people are there, inspired by the simple Alexandra lesson of the power that is theirs, if they unite to organise and direct it. _The lessons have been recorded as armour for the future._

### The Press and The Boycott

I think there will be general agreement that, within the inevitably restricted framework of its lack of really representative contacts among the African population, the Rand's English-language press did better than was to be expected over the bus boycott. For the first ten days or so both newspapers evidently tried their best to do an honest job of reporting. One paper continued to attempt this, at least as far as the "contemptuous" refusal of the Chamber of Commerce's "ingenious" refund offer on March 1. After that it rather "lost sympathy."

But the other paper lost its balance after the first ten days. Its reports thereafter were frequently travesties of the facts. When reporters of the paper, known to have been present at the events caricatured in the press, were taxed, they were sometimes able to produce their reasonably accurate competition. Our "conurbations" and their hinterland are so far apart and the potential reading public so small that each centre can support at most one morning and one evening paper, sometimes not even that. Since no press in the world is really free in any absolute sense—free, that is, from the predilections, prejudices or preferences of those who control or compose the papers—the best safeguard against suppression or distortion of news comes from the possibility of a rival presenting an obviously more authentic account. It is a very inadequate safeguard. But it carries with it the threat of readers changing over to the alternative that best satisfies their thirst for information, amusement (one is bound to admit 10), the bolstering of their prejudices. Unfortunately, not only is there virtually no alternative English organ in most centres—the morning

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*By C. W. M. GELL*
and evening papers observe a convention of condensing or omitting news extensively reported in the other, even when they are not owned by the same group—but the "competition" provided by the Afrikaans press exerts a consistent influence towards "playing down" controversial colour issues in the battle for the Afrikaans reader. The Non-White reader potential is probably already more important than most papers realise but, not directly affecting national advertising revenue, it does not yet carry the weight it may well deserve.

Slanting the News

We have, therefore, the situation of a press owned chiefly by large financial or business interests, having a virtual monopoly in each local centre. The views of those interests naturally influence editorial policy. They sometimes also extend their baneful influence into the sphere of news coverage. And this, for reasons not difficult to discern, is what distorted the reporting (as distinct from the leader-writing which is always tuned to a certain "wave-length," as readers of each paper recognise) of the one Rand English paper after ten days of boycott, and the other after March 1 or thereabouts.

This could be illustrated in much greater detail and with more authority by those having first-hand experience of what was going on. I shall confine myself to the very limited experience within my own knowledge or that of a friend in whose judgement and experience I have implicit faith.

The Rules of the Game

When the boycott spread to Port Elizabeth it was greeted in one Rand newspaper by a hostile editorial. The writer was evidently dismayed that the P.E. boycott was

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STATE INFORMATION AND THE RED TERMITES

A CONVERSATION PIECE BY LIONEL FORMAN

Jeff: Yeah. Bad lot, that Strijdom feller's meddling with the Churches.

Jeff: Well, that's what this Digest is about. Seems this whole affair was run by the Communists. Says here: "Underground Red workers mastered the progress of the boycott through all stages."

Jeff: What do you know! The Times said a Negro outfit called the African National Congress, or something, was behind it. They reckoned this A.N.C. are a pretty representative crowd. Only body that can make any claim to speak for the Blacks, the Times says.

Mutt: Yeah? Well then, these Commissaries must be pretty unbeatle. It says here the A.N.C. is a Communist Party front organisation, made up of a "mixture of trained Communists, fellow travellers, and a leaven of unsuspecting left-wing workers."

Jeff: Gee! Strijdom better act quick here. This A.N.C. crowd wouldn't run down Hitler's storm troopers. They were all for Hitler in the war.

Mutt: You reckon what they really mean is that they're modelling the police on Hitler's storm troopers?

Jeff: Anyway, if these Reds are so strong, it's good the Government has started putting out some anti-Communist propaganda. What's this Digest thing like? Convincing?

Mutt: Stinks.

Jeff: Anyway, I suppose the Red propaganda isn't any better.

Mutt: Well, it says here the material they used in this boycott was "superbly written, distinguished by their clever and moderate language."

Jeff: Say, what is this State Information trying to prove?

Mutt: Looks as if the Reds are just about ready to take over.

Jeff: But hold on there. Does anyone believe that these Congresses are just Communist fronts? Don't they just stand for full equality?

Mutt: Well, this State Information department says that anyone who demands full equality is a Communist.

Jeff: Oh.

Mutt: Puts a different light on it, doesn't it?

Jeff: Yeah. That means you and me would also be Reds.

Mutt: Yeah.

Jeff: Looks as if the Reds are ready to take over.

Mutt: Yeah.

Jeff: Jolly good thing, if you ask me.

Mutt: Yeah.

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The purpose of the Bill is to "provide for the establishment, maintenance, management and control of the universities and other institutions of higher education in South Africa; and to make other provision in connection therewith." It has far-reaching implications for the role of students and the qualifications of the staff. The Bill empowers the Minister to establish universities and other institutions of higher education and to determine the terms on which students may register at any university. The Minister has absolute, unfettered powers conferred upon him to control the universities. The existence of a college depends entirely on the Minister's will.

The council of a college is appointed by the Governor-General which in effect means the Minister. The principal and members of the Senate are appointed by the Minister who is authorised to prescribe their functions. The form in which a college is to be established may be varied at the Minister's discretion.

The ministerial stranglehold over the staff of a "university" is dealt with in a special chapter of the Bill. All persons who enter these colleges must be under which students enter these colleges. There is a provision for that mutual confidence which is the hallmark for successful teaching and learning. The forms of misconduct are almost entirely identical with those prescribed for teachers in the new university education system.

In conclusion, the Bill has far-reaching implications for the role of students and the qualifications of the staff. The Minister has absolute, unfettered powers conferred upon him to control the universities. The existence of a college depends entirely on the Minister's will.