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The Gateway welcomes letters on topics of student interest. Correspondents are asked to be brief, otherwise their letter will be subject to abridgement. And correspondents, in replying to one another, should keep to the issues under discussion and abstain from personal attacks. All letters to the editor must bear the name of the writer. No pseudonyms will be published.

Exceptional circumstances apart, no letter should be more than about 300 words in length. Short letters are more likely to be published promptly—and to be read.

mcgill scores south africa - 11 consumer, enjoy the dismal fruit

The following is the second part in a two-part series on South Africa. The background article was prepared for the 29th annual CUS congress by McGill University. This second article deals with some of the atrocities in the country of 'apartheid,' a country separated.

The average working day is from seven in the morning until five in the evening. Exceptions occur in certain potato farming regions where the average work day is fourteen hours per day, labourers picking the potatoes out of the ground with their bare hands, and whipped if the overseers are not content with the pace of work. Labourers work on the normal African prison diet of mealie-meal porridge, vegetables, and meat three times a week. Non-prison farm labour works under largely similar conditions but it is paid eighty-five cents a day rather than twenty-five.

The chain of jails spread all over the country-side owe their real inspiration to C. R. Swart, formerly Minister of Justice and now President of South Africa. The same Swart inspired the widespread use of corporal punishment for offences ranging from using an entrance reserved for a white man, to theft and other crimes which Africans are forced to commit to survive. Wages are below the breadline and insufficient to remain alive. Corporal punishment is administered with a cat-nine-tails on the bare backs of prisoners. The tails are made of leather with lead chunks in them. Floggings range up to fifteen strokes. After such a flogging the victim usually requires at least one month to recover enough control of his nervous system to relieve himself or hold a pencil.

Prison labour is clad in dirty sack clothes, as the Nazis did to inmates in the concentration camps, so that they would be conspicuous enough to make escape difficult.

From Patrick Duncan: "South Africa's Rule of Violence"—"The Worst Farm System in the World" (ch. 11):

"The above heading is a wide generalization, yet I believe that it is no more than the sober truth. In other lands, admittedly, peasants are treated harshly, and are forced to work sometimes against their will. In China in some of the communes men and women are harnessed to ploughs, and communists guards stand over them with rifles.

"In Latin American powerful landlords exploit their serf-like servants. South Africa seems to combine the worst features of all other known systems. And the basic reason, is that one tribe, which hates and fears another, is in a position of unquestioned power over that tribe. . . . In South Africa there are no ties of kinship or nationality between master and man. . . . In South Africa the master is armed to the teeth, while the men are disarmed. . . . For these reasons, although some masters treat their men kindly in South Africa, there is universal injustice, and unfairness in sharing the rewards. There is lack of personal freedom of movement. There is poverty and ignorance on a vast scale. And there are cruelties which in other countries would seem incredible."

Farm labour has no choice but

to work at the will and mercy of the white farmer. Perusal of records of concrete cases of cruelties (only some cases are ever reported—perhaps less than one in three which occur) completes the atmosphere and working conditions prevalent on South African farms.

Workers who do not want to work have been beaten morning, noon and night with lengths of rubber hose till they died from internal bleeding and shock.

Workers who want to leave the employment of their overlords have been threatened with death, and forced to dig their own graves. One African who escaped death by assaulting his would-be assassin at an appropriate moment recorded how the farmer led him to the place where he would be shot, by wiring his hands behind his back, and leading him by a wire pierced through the membrane between his nostrils.

Workers have been made to dig holes in the ground. They are buried upright in the holes with only their heads appearing above the ground. One man opens the victim's mouth while the farmer urinates into it. The police on the farms employ similar tactics.

Children stealing cow-dung for fuel are caned by the police in sadistic manner, the average flogging reported to be about twelve cuts in the back with a fine-edged cane.

In Dwarfsfontein it was an every day occurrence for labourers to be struck with whips and sticks on their way to the lands from the compounds where they were locked up for the night.

A farmer was sentenced to a fine of fifteen dollars for beating a naked fourteen year old girl with a double length of rubber hose for stealing cow-dung.

Cruel and prolonged assaults are not uncommon. Torture spreads over periods of several days for suspected petty offenses. There are cases of workers beaten with hose pipes, tied, kicked, and left chained all night without food.

Torture by fire and electricity is common. A farmer accused a black employee, in one case, of stealing money from the farm. The police could prove nothing. The farmer tortured the employee to get him to talk. First they bound his hands and drove thorns into his fingernails.

Then electric leads from a car were fastened to his face and penis, and the engine of the car was started. Then his feet were roasted over a specially prepared fire. The fire charred the bones of one foot. Later three toes and part of the foot had to be amputated by the doctor. The prison sentence to the farmer was a meager eighteen months, of which nine months and four strokes were suspended.

The law closes its eyes to these incidents, either by ignoring them altogether, or visiting sentences which make a mockery of any recourse to justice that remains. The law can do this because the law employs the same tactics. Police beatings, torture by electric shock, suffocation, and night sticks are as common as the cases of cruelty on the farms—far too frequent for the law to handle even were there a desire to do so.

But there is no desire to abate the violence and relieve the plight of the Africans. It means nothing that sixty per cent of black babies die of malnutrition. Hendrick Verwoerd himself, the Prime Minister of South Africa, wrote a thesis in his university days describing the means by which violence and cruelty become so commonplace that they are ignored and lived with as anything else. There is a psychological conditioning to living in a state of violence which renders one imperious and insensitive to the shocking horrors which continue day in, day out, year in and year out in South Africa.

The denials and the propaganda to the contrary coming from South African individuals and the South African Information Service, which cleverly exploits the one or two "model" farms as demonstration of separate and equal development for approval to the outside world, are empty and meaningless shams. The truth of life in South Africa is clearly documented with references and proof by honest citizens banned from the country for opposition to Apartheid. Ministers of government are on public record for the endorsement of the structure they have created.

Dear Consumer, enjoy the fruits of South Africa. Rest content in the fact that this is the system you encourage when you buy your food from South Africa.

letters

r. u. blitzing

Through The Editor
To The Students:

You are a hard-working university student—working hard at having a good time, working hard to get all you can out of your university years, working hard to get a degree—and you can't afford to support the United Community Fund. . . . with money. But you can support it by giving a couple of hours of your time—time out from coffee dates, time out from rush functions and committee work, time out from studying—to join an army of student canvassers in an all-out attack, a blitzkrieg, on Edmonton business come Blitz Day.

Every year U of A students are asked to go out and canvass four Edmonton businesses each for the United Fund on Blitz Day.

This is one chance you have to make a positive and worthwhile contribution to the community you live in, a community which helps keep you in university. It's a chance for university students to show that they are responsible citizens, not carefree, selfish or hare-brained idealists who'd rather talk than act.

If we want to be listened to with respect by society, if we want our tuitions paid for by society, if we want to take, we have to give.

Give your time to the United Fund. The money you collect supports the work of the Red Cross, the CNIB, the Canadian Mental Health Association and 42 other service organizations.

You're offered a number of incentives: a free breakfast (a survival breakfast as we call it), \$4.25 seats



News Item: Laval Rejects Western Canada Week

Viewpoint

By CHRIS VAN LOON

Once upon an icefloe, in the far-off kingdom of Ycarcomed, there dwelt a happy, hardy community of industrious people who called themselves the Evitaitini.

There arose a king among them, called King Eraflew, fair of face and kind of heart, who determined to bring the best of everything to the Evitaitini. So he globetrotted, and returned to Ycarcomed full of wonderful ideas and good intentions.

Years passed. Eraflew had put many of his ideas into practice. His people were happier and more prosperous than in the time of his father, Msilatipac, but some of them still worked hard. Eraflew couldn't figure this out.

He called his counsellors together. "I don't get it. Why" he queried, "are some of these silly Evitaitini still working so hard? Don't they already have everything they want?"

"Simple," said the astrologist. "They're looking for Egedelwonk."

"Egedelwonk?"
"Egedelwonk is a rare and expensive plant, which doesn't grow here very well. If an Evitaitini works very hard, he may be able to afford a bit of it."

"Well," said King Eraflew. He put his toothbrush and Diner's Club card into his pocket and toddled off in search of Egedelwonk.

A year later he returned with a dogsledful of the stuff. It had cost him plenty, but he thought it worthwhile, so Egedelwonk went on sale at cost.

It was a miserable failure. Only the few rich and the fewer determined Evitaitini bought it. "Too expensive," murmured the counsellors.

"Hm . . ." mused Eraflew. He spent a night juggling his finances and decided that with the help of a little more tax, prices could be slashed. This was a smashing success. Suddenly middle class and even some lower class Evitaitini could afford Egedelwonk. And when Eraflew offered low-interest loans as well, sales soared, for now everyone could afford it, though one might have to forego an extra parka for a while. No country prospered as did Ycarcomed; certainly no country boasted so many inhabitants owning Egedelwonk.

Unfortunately Eraflew didn't stop there. Out of the goodness of his wallet he contributed enough to cut Egedelwonk's price down to an all-time low: nothing. Now, he thought, everyone can have it without having to endure hardships. After all, Egedelwonk is a right, like adequate food and shelter, isn't it? And shouldn't I actually be paying them for working so hard for their Egedelwonk. So Egedelwonk became free.

Peculiarly, sales slowly, surely dropped. Poor old Eraflew. He could never figure out why. His own children slaved for months to earn an expensive kayak, but they wouldn't lift a snowshoe for Egedelwonk. "No challenge, Dad." The quality of Egedelwonk fell off as less and less of it was sold. Nobody cared.

It was the end of an era.

Chris Van Loon is a Grade XII student at Bonnie Doone and the above was her opinion of free education or in her words—eurf noitacude.)

at the Edmonton vs Saskatchewan game for \$1.00 and city wide recognition for yourself, Blitz Day and the University of Alberta.

Indeed, the material rewards are more than adequate for the time and effort involved.

You can Blitz for the material rewards, you can Blitz to improve the University students' public image, or you can Blitz out of an honest desire to help. If none of these appeal, Blitz for the pure fun of it.

BUT BLITZ!

Maureen Stuart
Blitz Chairman

no opposition

To The Editor:

We often hear people say that students are apathetic when it comes

to interest in their national government and politics.

How can you blame them when the only party which is organized and obviously responsible and active at U of A is the campus Liberal Party? Thus far the Liberals have organized policy meetings and have brought to the campus such outstanding people as the Hon. Paul Martin. Next week we'll even have the Rt. Hon. L. B. Pearson with us at the Jubilee Auditorium on Tuesday afternoon.

Where are the other parties—left or right? Are we to have no opposition in Model Parliament this year?

Edward Devai
grad studies