

TO THE READER:

No portion of the following unpublished manuscript may be cited for publication without the explicit authorization of Mr. Jordan Ngubane. Mr. Ngubane has recently completed a more extensive study which is to be published in 1977. He prefers that scholars refer to this newer work.

Very many of my colleagues could express themselves very forcefully and eloquently on the public platform. I was not a first-class journalist, my efforts notwithstanding. My real value to the League lay in the fact that I was a politically-committed pressman. I used my pen to advance a particular line and had the good fortune to escape with that in so far as my bosses were concerned. B.G. Paver, then managing director of the "Bantu World", once warned me that by supporting African Nationalism, I was leading my people in a direction which would produce civil war between Black and White. And yet, when I tendered my resignation from his organisation to edit "Inkundla yaBantu," a political weekly published in Verulam, near Durban, he went out of his way to try and persuade me to stay on.

My editor in the "Bantu World" was R.V. Selope-Thema, a Congress veteran. He had been present in the original Bloemfontein conference and had been one of the most determined advocates of the policy of isolating the White Supremacists in the fight to extend the area of liberty for the African. Because of this, he had been included in delegations overseas which started the process of diplomatic isolation which was to culminate in United Nations criticisms of White Supremacy.

I had come up from Natal with a reputation which did not inspire confidence in the ranks of the Old Guard. Selope-Thema's attitude to me was one of polite aloofness. When he condescended to speak or, more correctly, when I boarded the lion in his den, he communicated with me in mono-syllabic semi-whispers and nodded gestures. In Natal I had been involved in a number of very serious collisions with public figures. The worst of them was the clash with the Acting Paramount Chief of the Zulus, Mshiyeni kaDinuzulu. When Hertzog abolished the Cape African vote during the middle thirties, he had, among other things, set up an advisory council to keep the government informed on how the Africans felt from time to time. Mshiyeni was a leading member of this council---he was a government nominee.

In my column in "Ilanga laseNatal" I had pointed out politely at first that it was bad for the Zulus to have their

social head involved in the political controversies which raged within the Natives Representative Council. I appealed for his being kept out of the political dust-stirring so that he could mediate in moments of dangerous conflict. I won growing support among readers of "Ilanga."

The Regent was an illiterate man. He had never heard of Henry VIII or the Divine Right of Kings. And yet he defended the doctrine with a fierceness which played no small part in making me a confirmed republican. Before long he and I had quarrelled very badly, publicly. He attacked me savagely whenever the opportunity permitted. A good Zulu did not take blows lying down. I did not give measure for measure. But the fireworks I sent back were sufficiently sizzling to involve very many people in the dispute and to give it the dimensions of a major political crisis among the Zulus.

Feeling for and against me become so strong that at one time I dared not move out of my home after the sun had set. Angry Zulu tribesmen, who felt insulted by my exchanges with the Regent, swore vengeance. I was a Zulu ^{-speaking African} myself and knew precisely what a Zulu could do in that mood.

Apart from this, I had done nothing to strengthen the Old Guard in the Natal Congress. I had not used Dube's "Ilanga" to destroy his influence. Among people of my age-group, however, I organised quietly and intensively against Dubeism and Championism. Dube was never able to catch me in the act of demolishing his leadership publicly. Whenever he tried to corner me, I was always able to adduce impressive evidence to prove that Champion was the man whose influence I was destroying. This puzzled and often embarrassed the old man for a long time. The fact that I had put him in this position did not endear me to the Old Guard in Durban. They passed word on to their colleagues in Johannesburg. Selope-Thema was the keeper of the faith in those circles.

Dube was struck with paralysis of the side before I was transferred to Johannesburg. The Old Guard was shaken very badly by this blow. In terms of the political situation in Natal, this held out the prospect that Champion might emerge as the unquestioned leader of the Zulus on the political plane. I read unmitigated disaster in this prospect. He had an incorrigible

capacity for dividing the community. He did not understand the mind of the section of the community which had evolved the Cultural Amalgam. He denounced it as the side of the traitors. The Old Guard rallied promptly in caucus sessions held behind barred doors by night. The Reverend Mr. Abner Mtimkulu emerged as Dube's successor. The result of these secret manoeuvres disappointed my generation very bitterly. With Dube on the sickbed we felt we could surface and oppose Champion openly while doing all in our power to destroy Mtimkulu. Our side was rallying magnificently when I was suddenly transferred to Johannesburg. This was the nastiest blow to us. In Johannesburg I found that I had more times on my hands than I had ever had in Natal. One of the first things I did was to join the African National Congress (Transvaal). When I went to Selope-Thema to break the news to him, he stared sceptically at me. His furrowed cheeks moved back almost invisibly in a sardonic smile. He ended up by merely nodding approval. I walked out of his office somewhat deflated. I had by then made up my mind to break down the wall between me and Selope-Thema. To have him on my side was vital for my survival in the "Bantu World." The old man was a connoisseur of good wines and shapely feminine legs. On Mondays, when - as was sometimes his habit - he failed to turn up for work, I saw to it that his copy was ready. When the lovely girls who were his friends came to see him, I did not fix my own appointments with them. That gave me a fairly good name with the old man. In my political activities I was careful to strengthen his hand almost in every situation. Whenever I could not, I went up to him and explained my difficulties honestly. In the end, this policy broke down the barriers between us. He started bringing his editorials to me for discussion. That strengthened my position in the office tremendously.

Paul Mosaka had started the anti-ANC and non-racial African Democratic Party in Johannesburg early in the war. It had a somewhat socialistic bias. The Youth League smashed it. I distinguished myself in Selope-Thema's eyes in this fight. From then onwards I could use the "Bantu World" more freely to put across our line. With my Transvaal flank secured, I turned my attention to Natal, where Champion threatened to ^{crush} ~~crush~~ the young men who thought as I did and who were led by the poet-journalist Herbert Dhlomo. He was challenging

Mtinkulu's leadership in ways which kept the Old Guard awake of nights. We dared not raise a finger in Mtinkulu's defence. We regarded him as an incorrigible bigot and a dangerous tribalist. The clergyman was accustomed to talking with pontifical authority while everybody else was expected to shout amens. This was too much for our political nerves. We decided to explode a bombshell; ^{to} start the crisis which would destroy the Old Guard's influence by setting people thinking along different lines. From my Johannesburg office, I wrote an article, in 1943, for "Inkundla yaBantu" with the eloquent title: WHO WILL SUCCEED DR. DUBE? I started with a sketchy analysis of the factors at play in the Natal situation and their likely results. I finally concluded that the province needed a new quality of leadership. I mentioned names from which Natal could pick its leaders. I put Albert John Luthuli on the list, Dr. Innes B. Gumede, a mutual friend and myself. Writing under a non-de-plume, I felt I could best disguise my authorship by referring to myself this way.

I had another, very practical reason for including my name. All my friends knew that I had no personal political ambitions. At the same time all of us agreed that if we proposed Luthuli by himself, that would expose him to all the fury of Champion's attacks. We agreed further that Luthuli would have no stomach for the bandying about of personalities which was Champion's main weapon of attack against his middle-class opponents. Rather than fight for the position of Natal's leader we were certain Luthuli would have preferred the peaceful pursuits of life in Groutville. If my name was mentioned, Champion would concentrate on trying to destroy my public image---which he had tried to do for years without much success. This would draw the fire from Luthuli. This plan sounded excellent when we discussed it with my friends in Durban. The only thing we were nervous about was what would happen if Chief Luthuli issued a public statement dissociating himself from the views expressed in my article and making it known that he had no intention to lead Natal in opposition to anybody. We dared not tell him of our plans in advance. He would have killed them before hatching. We could not even take my valued friend and mentor, Dr. Gumede, into our confidence. He would have dynamited the whole arrangement and would have warned Luthuli of what was afoot. In the end we decided on exploding a political bombshell from the skies which would take everybody by surprise. As we had planned,

Champion promptly opened fire on me. Whenever political trouble developed about whose origin he was uncertain he instinctively attacked me first. He wasted his anger damaging the public image of a man who had no political ambitions. He left Luthuli in peace. This is precisely what I had hoped for.

Week in and week out I waited anxiously for "Ilanga lase Natal" which I read with the closest attention in the fear that Luthuli might ultimately decide to write against the "Inkundla" article. To my relief, he did not say a word. He watched the storm rage over my head and kept tactfully on the sidelines. I was never to know how he really felt about the whole episode for, none of us has ever said a word about it in all the years from 1943.

In so far as I was concerned the article had produced precisely the results I had hoped for. The churchmen, who had long fought shy of politics, started interesting themselves in the situation likely to be created by Luthuli's election to the presidency of the Natal Congress. His name figured more frequently in public discussions. Herbert Dhlomo, the poet-journalist, built up Luthuli's public image through the "Ilanga." I was to be punished very bitterly for my role in this episode. Toward the end of the year I returned to Durban to get married to Miss Eleanor Joyce Madondo, of Imfume Mission Station. She and I had a very wide circle of friends on both sides of the colour line. Both of us had attended American schools in which our performance had been outstanding. We sent out a large number of invitations---the overwhelming majority of these to Africans. To our disappointment a fairly substantial minority refused to have anything to do with me. The Zulus take their politics very seriously. The Dube-Champion feud cut across almost every human bond. It divided families and set brother against brother and father against son. It created impenetrable barriers within the African community itself. If one belonged to the Dube group, one was not welcome in the Champion side. More often than not it was physically dangerous to cross the dividing line. When I ignited the great explosion some people felt that by attending my marriage they would be demonstrating their solidarity with me against Dube or Champion.

The most crushing disappointment came from the Dube family, with which I had been very closely associated in a non-

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~~WYU~~: LUTHULI: THE MODELLATE

1944 - 1947

I returned to Durban in 1944 to occupy a position of importance in African political life. "Inkunda yaBantu" became a weekly and I was appointed its editor. This was the only journal of opinion owned entirely by the Africans. The editor enjoyed an independence which none of his colleagues on the African side had. This enabled me to influence events over a large area of African political life.

The goals I set myself were the destruction of the Old Guard's sterile leadership, the unification of the Natal Province, the provision of an alternative to communism and the reinforcement of the A.N.C. for purposes of making it an effective resistance group. These were some of the preliminaries in the campaign to clear the way for Luthuli's rise to the leadership of the Congress.

A very interesting aspect of the relationship which had developed between the two of us was that we did not discuss his personal political ambitions. His modesty was such that he would have almost run right round the world to avoid creating the impression that he was pushing himself to the fore in opposition to any one of the established leaders. We spent a lot of time discussing the general political situation. I found him candidly honest in expressing his views - in the tentative manner which appealed tremendously to me. I did not really tell him all about my plans for him: that would have wrecked them. The strategy was always to sweep him forward on the crest of the wave of popular approval. He was always confronted with positions of irresistible power. ~~I was in doubt about his~~

~~reaction to any given approach, a tactful question in response between discussions of important topics often gave me the desired glimpse of how his mind worked from situation to situation. I had not been with "Inkunda" for long when I started sounding observations to the prospect of becoming Natal's Spiritual leader. At the time his mind was bent on making a success of his job as a tribal chief. To administer Grootville's affairs was not the most comfortable of tasks in the world. He~~

was being

This was how I penetrated beyond the wall of modesty he put up when it came to involving him personally in situations of political leadership at this stage. The most important reasons for this technique were the peculiar relationship between him and myself on the one hand and his own enemies, very many of whom were jealous of his rise to power and influence. He was very much an older man than I was. In a society where this affected social relationships, the area of intimacy at the level of personal ^{ambitions} ~~relationships~~ was limited. I could discuss principles and policies and situations freely, but I could not ^{always} delve into his personal affairs or ask him pointedly about his personal fears or secret ambitions. ~~Personally~~ Some of our mutual friends did not look with ~~too~~ much enthusiasm ^{at} the way I built him up in the Press and in the inner councils of the League. I was often accused either of attributing to him abilities he did not possess or of doing the thinking for him. I found this grossly unjust to the man. He was never an original thinker; but he used his brains exceptionally well. I never even regarded him as brilliant. But he was wise, consistent to purpose, conscientious and reliable. I was often impatient with his habit of thinking slowly and of being rigid in ^{some of} his ideas. He laughed at my impatience and attributed my flexibility to the fact that I was a townsman whereas he came from the country. Some of his political judgments were naive—a fact he always criticised in himself, even publicly. He made up for this by respecting profoundly and without reservation the judgments of many who knew better. He was generous in his judgment of men—even his bitterest enemies. A confessed conservative, I often found my freedom to ~~pick~~ pick his mind on his secret ambitions sometimes inhibited by what looked very much like his guardedness in his approach to the ^{realistic and} ~~townsman's~~ urban mind in situations of uncertainty. And then, one of the things Luthuli dreaded was to commit his innermost thoughts to paper. Even at this time, when we were very close politically, he preferred personal consultations to correspondence. As his political career became more controversial he gave the impression of seeking to avoid to commit himself to paper. I knew of very close personal friends to whom he wrote—but even among these, he wrote with less candour than when he spoke. Very many people complained that if they wrote to him, they were lucky if he ever replied. ~~to them~~ He certainly was bored with dealing only in ideas. He always wanted them related to action.

If I was in doubt about his reaction to any given situation affecting him delicately, a tactful question interposed between discussions often elicited the desired reaction. I had not been with "Inkundla" for long when I started sounding him on the prospect of becoming Natal's political leader. At the time he was still keen to make a success of his job as a tribal chief. And, to administer Groutville's affairs was not the most pleasant of tasks in the world. He.....

was being criticised by a section of the community for pressing too hard for the adoption of his ^{agricultural} reforms. He did not want to impose his will on them. At the same time he was in no mood to tolerate the conservatism which wanted things to remain as they were. In addition, some non-African farmers opposed his attempts to organise African sugar-cane farmers - particularly when he urged those along the south coast to join their brothers to the north. Carping critics accused him of wasting time in organising the sugar-cane farmers instead of concentrating on the administration of tribal affairs - hearing cases, making representations to the government and being generally at home to give advice. These attacks affected him. He wanted to prove to his critics that improvements in any ^{sector} ~~segment~~ of the community's life was, in fact, a step forward for the whole; that Groutville could not make real progress in isolation while the other parts of the country wallowed in poverty. He wanted to demonstrate also that there was no incompatibility between being a chief and leading in other phases of community life. He was still working to justify himself. He wanted to prove to the country that being a chief was, in fact, a step toward fighting more effectively for economic betterment and real freedom. In public assemblies he did not hesitate to raise his voice loudly in protests against injustice. But his was always the ~~voice~~ ^{voice} of a convinced moderate.

I bided my time. The inevitable frustrations and disappointments which lay on the path of the man with a developed moral conscience were legion in a country like South Africa. One day he walked into my house in Beatrix Street and told me that he had been asked by some people to stand as a candidate in the Natives Representative Council elections. The awakening of his political consciousness had begun in earnest. I was excited by this development. I congratulated him on having agreed to allow his name to be nominated. He told me that his own political experience was limited and asked if I would help him organise his election campaign. I gladly agreed to do this. We turned the house in which I lived into our election headquarters. My wife was the secretary. Luthuli and I constituted the election committee. He would work at Groutville by day and get to Durban in the evenings. The three of us would work until midnight at times.

Our daughter, Mano, was a bundle of brazen mischief.

Luthuli often wore maroor socks. For reasons I did not know, Mano, who had just started to walk, was fascinated by everything red. She would toddle toward him, kneel at his feet and start pulling at the socks, extolling their beauty and asking him where he had got them. Eleanor would pick her up, tie her on her back in the way Zulu mothers do and sit herself on a paraffin box while performing her secretarial duties. Mano would howl until her anger was drowned in sleep. Luthuli doted on children. He would beg my wife to leave the little girl on the floor. He would assure her that Mano's curiosity did not disturb him. Eleanor would not be persuaded. We fought to see Luthuli win. Anything which impaired our powers of concentration was a threat to the success we worked toward. Protest or no protest, Mano would be slung on Eleanor's back. After election day I travelled to Maritzburg to act as Luthuli's agent when the votes were counted. For hours on end I sat on a bench in the Chief Native Commissioner's office, writhing in anguished suspense as the votes were counted. Towards the middle of the counting the tide began to change. Luthuli started leading. At the end he was at the top of the list. He was declared elected. From the counting office I dashed wildly to the post office and sent telegrams to him and to my wife.

I was delighted with the result. On the one hand it justified my faith in him. On the other, membership of the Natives Representative Council was going to give him a national name and drag him deeper into politics. He soon made his mark in the Council. His was still the voice of reason. Contrary to expectations he threw in his lot with the "radicals" and supported demands for more power for the Council. The relations between it and the government were beginning to be strained. The Africans had branded it, to quote a phrase used by Professor Matthews, a "toy telephone". They wanted to transfer it into an effective instrument for the purpose of influencing government policy. The rulers had set their mind firmly against this. Voices were being raised, both outside the Council and inside it, to the effect that it should be boycotted if it did not produce the desired results. Others wanted it abolished because it perpetuated the illusion that the African had a say in government.

Luthuli joined the Council with an open mind. He still believed that the White man could be made to change his attitude through reason; that race oppression could be argued off the Statute Book. He believed genuinely in the negotiated settlement of the race problem. With this in mind, he sided with Matthews, who was in no hurry to destroy the Council if this would divide it and finally isolate the "radicals".

Year in and year out the moderates in the Council pleaded for a change in racial policy. Each time they did this, new legislation making things harder for the African found its way into the Statute Book. The volume of African protests increased. Field Marshal Smuts considered at last the idea of granting the Council increased powers. He was still turning the idea in his mind when his government was thrown out of office in 1948. Dr Malan's Nationalist Party won the elections on a distinctly anti-African card. Friction developed rapidly between the Council and the government until it was finally disbanded. That ^ucrashed Luthuli's faith in the power of the spoken word when dealing with the White Supremacists. He and I had often discussed the crisis in the Council. As long as Smuts was in power, Luthuli was for pressing African demands as far as possible, in a peaceful manner. He had grown up along the mainly English-speaking coast. He had never known the reality of Afrikaner Nationalism's hatred for the African. When he came face to face with it after Malan had taken over the reins of government, he felt outraged. How did one ^{deal} ~~live~~ with a government which was deaf to reason and unresponsive to peaceful pressures or non-violent demands for reform? I could see the crisis rise within the Zulu nobleman and the man with a developed moral conscience. I sounded him again on the idea of leading opposition to apartheid - the name by which white Supremacy was then known. There was a definite change in his attitude: If the call to service came, he told me, how could he turn it down? I took my hint.

For years the Congress Youth League, which I led in Natal, had urged the Africans to walk out of the Council. It was a dummy, said Mda, who led ^{national} the League after Lembede's death. It undermined the fight to extend the area of liberty by preserving the illusion that the African had direct and effective communication with the government. The League wanted militant action to confront race oppression with the reality of disaster. Neither

Luthuli nor I was under any illusions about the turn events had taken in the Council. The government had rejected the voice of reason. Other methods of struggle had to be considered. To translate this line of thought into action I intensified pressure to destroy Mtimkulu's Natal Congress. Dube had quarrelled with his colleagues in the ANC in the 30s and had walked out of the movement he had helped to found to form his own Natal Native Congress. This was the faction we wanted to kill and return Natal to the fold of the ANC. To my very acute embarrassment, when Champion saw me attack the Natal Congress directly, he started saying complimentary things about me. This was almost the kiss of death in my friends' view. My attitude to the position in Natal had crystallised into a definite form. It was clear that Natal could never be united nor could she join the ANC as long as Champion or Mtimkulu dominated the scene. Champion moved in smartly to place me in a position of shattering complexity. He announced publicly that he was a member of the African National Congress; that he endorsed my policy of seeking to destroy the Natal Native Congress to pave the way for the ANC! He told the Zulus that he was ready to offer his services as leader of the African National Congress in Natal. What was I to do?

Xuma was working very hard to re-organize the ANC on a sounder basis. He had in mind a highly centralised organisation. I gave him all possible support. When Champion declared that he was on our side, I was ^{confronted} ~~faced~~ with a choice of indescribable bitterness. I faced the inevitable. After giving very careful consideration to the crisis which his announcement had caused for me and my friends, I suggested to our group - we called ourselves the Bandla - that we should accept the challenge and allow him to stand for the elections. A storm of first-rate magnitude developed. Our group was split from top to bottom. I found myself completely isolated. Almost the entire middle-class section deserted me and turned against me. I still had the journal of opinion on my side. I was accused of making a volte face; of being Champion's bought agent. My own reasoning was simple. Champion had played his cards with the skill of a master. If we supported Mtimkulu, the ANC would never be established in Natal and we would not be in the position to have the Natal section of the Youth League. In addition, Champion would continue to be given cause

to get on any soapbox and beat his bosom in his well-known attempt to project himself to the fore as a political martyr. That would keep Natal divided and incapacitate the African community for the task of facing the challenge presented by ~~XXXXXX~~^{segregation}. If, as the middle-class demanded, we got Luthuli elected, he would be exposed prematurely to the mudslinging and character-destruction which wrecked so many political reputations at the time. I recoiled with horror from the prospect of seeing our symbol hewn to pieces by the political vandals from Champion's side. The third alternative was the one which promptly made my name stink in the whole of Natal. To destroy Champion's influence, ^{I argued,} we had to elect him president of the ANC in the province. He was out of sympathy with the attitude of the majority of its members. He approached men and events from the heroic angle. The ANC had a long tradition of realistic opposition to race oppression. He was a complete stranger to the dominant tradition inside the ANC. The problem^s he would face, I was convinced, would expose his real weaknesses and destroy his chances of ever again banging his bosom in the pose of a martyr. Once the myth of the martyr was exploded, we would be free to place Luthuli in the position where he could influence events in the direction of our choice.

I found myself in the very awkward position where my ^{- with the exception of Herbert Dhlomo -} friends were virtually united in their bitter denunciation of me; where my only public supporter was my bitterest political foe. Mtimkulu yielded to pressure to hold the elections where, it was clear, Champion would press his claims. The conference met in 1945 in Maritzburg. By this time opinion was divided into three groups. The Old Guard was determined to re-elect Mtimkulu. The middle-class insisted on having Luthuli. A large number of the uncommitted wanted Champion. I went up to Luthuli before the conference to request him to refuse nomination. I realised that he stood the best chance of success. I analysed the situation which had made me decide to support Champion. He agreed with my conclusions very enthusiastically and promised me he would not stand in the presidential election. Our strategy was to pack the executive with our own supporters. Very heavy pressure was put on him to agree to be nominated at the conference. He stood firm. The gathering was rowdy from the very beginning. Oliver Msimang was in the chair. During the lunch interval I walked through the back gate accompanied by my brother Richard, who was

always my escort in moments of crisis. The Dube-men and the representatives of the professional and business classes would not look at me. After getting ourselves something to eat, we walked back to the small gate in front of the main door. Mtimkulu stood there, his tall figure towering impressively over the iron fence. He beckoned me to him. He asked me precisely what was wrong with me to support my bitterest enemy. I repeated the reasons which almost everybody knew by then. He wanted to know if I wanted any position in the movement. I answered in the negative. Then he turned his back on me and walked away, shaking his head and uttering muted curses. When I turned my back to enter the gate, I found one of the most militant Dube-men barring the way. He attacked me the moment I turned my face toward him, calling me a traitor. He raised his stick and brought it threateningly down toward my head. He would have hit me if Richard did not raise his arm instantly to let the full force of the attacker's stick land on his arm.

We walked into the conference hall. The afternoon session was almost chaotic. The majority of the delegates were angry with Mtimkulu's tactics of delaying the elections. Blows were exchanged freely in various sections of the hall. Champion and Mtimkulu made several appeals to the delegates to behave themselves. These did not help much. In the end Luthuli rose, walked toward the rostrum and addressed the conference briefly on the need for calm in view of the decisions to be taken. The effect was electrical. Everybody sat up and shut up their mouths. Mtimkulu rose to his feet and declared that in view of the persistent rowdiness, he was closing the meeting. A violent burst of protests followed. Mtimkulu was a man of granite determination. He stood immobile, erect, until the chorus had died down. Then he raised his powerful voice and burst out singing the African National Anthem. Not one voice joined him. Mtimkulu continued his solo, his stentorian baritone echoing from every corner of the hall. After the last bar, he picked up his papers, his hat and walked solemnly toward the door. He stopped just before he passed through it and turned toward the platform. He saw his secretary, ^{A.J.} Sililo, busy taking down the minutes. He barked out: "Sililo! What are you doing there?" Sililo replied in a soft, almost feminine voice: "I am taking down the minutes!"

Nearly the whole house rose to its feet and hurled abuse at Mtimkulu. The hotheads jumped over benches and raced to the door in efforts to throw him out of the hall by force. When he saw them, he strode toward the gate. Champion was elected president of the re-established African National Congress, Luthuli got a seat on the executive. So did I, together with a number of our supporters. We controlled the majority in the executive.

A few days later the ICU group organised a party in Durban to celebrate Champion's victory. When congratulated on his ~~his~~ achievement he is reported by one of his followers to have said: "Do not congratulate me, comrades. The victory has not been won by me. ~~His victory~~^{It} belongs to that yellow boy, the son of a policeman". I was sick with asthma then and much of the "yellowness" had faded out of my complexion. He gave to each of the members of his executive colleagues a specific job to do. Mine was to organise youth. I saw in this a mandate to finish up the job of establishing the Youth League in Natal. I was elected its first president in 1947. As leader of the League and editor of "Inkundla" I was in a very much stronger position to plan and carry out our policy for the next phase in the struggle to unite Natal behind Luthuli.