

However, as to the truth of the story, I should like to quote from two books written by a witchdoctor. In his book "My people" written by Credo Mutwa, he says "We are your ancestors and have a message for you and all the tribe. There were three of them and they were covered from head to foot with great karosses. They then tell of the wonderful things the tribe will enjoy but first they must burn all the corn, they must kill all the cows, goats, oxen, bulls and sheep". He goes on "Who were the three figures? That they were white men is beyond all doubt. There are many factors which point to this. Nor could they be farmers; the whole incident was too well planned and well executed. We must look elsewhere, higher up for the brains behind this terrible crime". Another Native Vusamazulu C Mutwa, in his book "Africa is my witness" writes "The most outstanding thought we, the Bantu, have, is that the whole tragedy was conceived in the mind of a shrewd white man and the actors were white men, etc.

Sorry to have bored you with that story but historians like Metrowitch say it is doubtful as they would have to be wonderful linguists. There are men who have dealt with Xhosas for years, from childhood, who speak the language perfectly without any accent. The result, as we all know, was that they died of starvation by the thousands and it took them twenty years to build up the tribes and their stock.

Well, to get on with my story; it was towards the end of the year that my Dad, Mother, Gerald and the two girls arrived at the Hoek to spend a couple of weeks before going on to Berlin where we had rented a cottage as my Mother wanted to see the village where she had spent some time with her parents where my Grandad Rooney was a schoolmaster. One day my old uncle said to me "I am just going down to see the old man Ballantyne and see how much money he can let me have on his bond". When asked why he wanted the money he said "The Reserve Bank is to be started and I wish to apply for shares". Well, there he got in on the ground floor and Reserve Bank shares went up and up. They were, however, not allowed by the Government - it was a Government concern - to pay a dividend of more than 10% and that has been paid every year, though they could have paid more. Well, the family spent a very happy couple of weeks and old Uncle George - a keen trout fisherman - tried without success to show them how they were caught and give them a taste.

My old uncle used to read a lesson and then a prayer at breakfast time. All was dead quiet when presently my Dad walked in with squeaky boots. The old man looked at him none too pleased; it did not happen again. Though there was not much to do we spent quite a pleasant month at Berlin, taking an occasional train journey to Kingwilliamstown which was only a short distance but took nearly an hour.

From Berlin we went to East London where a cottage No 1 Quanza Terrace, Esplanade had been booked. We arrived to find the fire burning in the stove and the pantry provisioned by the agent, Stickels, who owned the shop "Sticket" at the corner of the Esplanade and Quanza Street. The four cottages were eventually, in the late 1940's, demolished by the Council and the high