

P.O.Box 137, Durban.

14th August, 1972.

My dear Frank and Gwen,

I am on lunch and wanted to say how opportune your letter of the 10th August, 1972 was. This morning Sukhthi announced that her Dad said she could not stay with me but could only come to me over the weekends. I was smarting from this when your letter arrived.

Per parcel post on Friday I had Sha's birthday present, which I only gave him this morning and he was thrilled with his three new books. Did I tell you I had their comics a day before. Many thanks.

Your letter above took me back to the time before Sukhthi was born, in fact the last week of her coming, when not being able to do anything, I saw the Sound of Music twice. It was very beautiful. It was the same version that you saw. I too think that if it ever returns I shall go and see it. I am not a film fan. In fact it is some years since I last went to a show. No not true. My brother came over to the office a couple of weeks ago and told my Boss I was urgently required at home. When I asked him what, he replied that Sha was not well. Well I just put on my coat and ran. When we were at the bottom of the steps he said he just wanted to take me away from work etc and for me to relax gave me tickets for Sukhthi and his daughter Mischelle and left us at the cinema. But I could not stay long, for after the first gun shots both these young ladies were running out of the cinema and I was forced to follow. I returned to the office and carried on with work.

I am sending you a newsreport on the latest position in my application for admission as an attorney The Law Society who is vigorously opposing my application wants it heard before a full bench. This has been set down for Friday the 18th August. Wish me luck.

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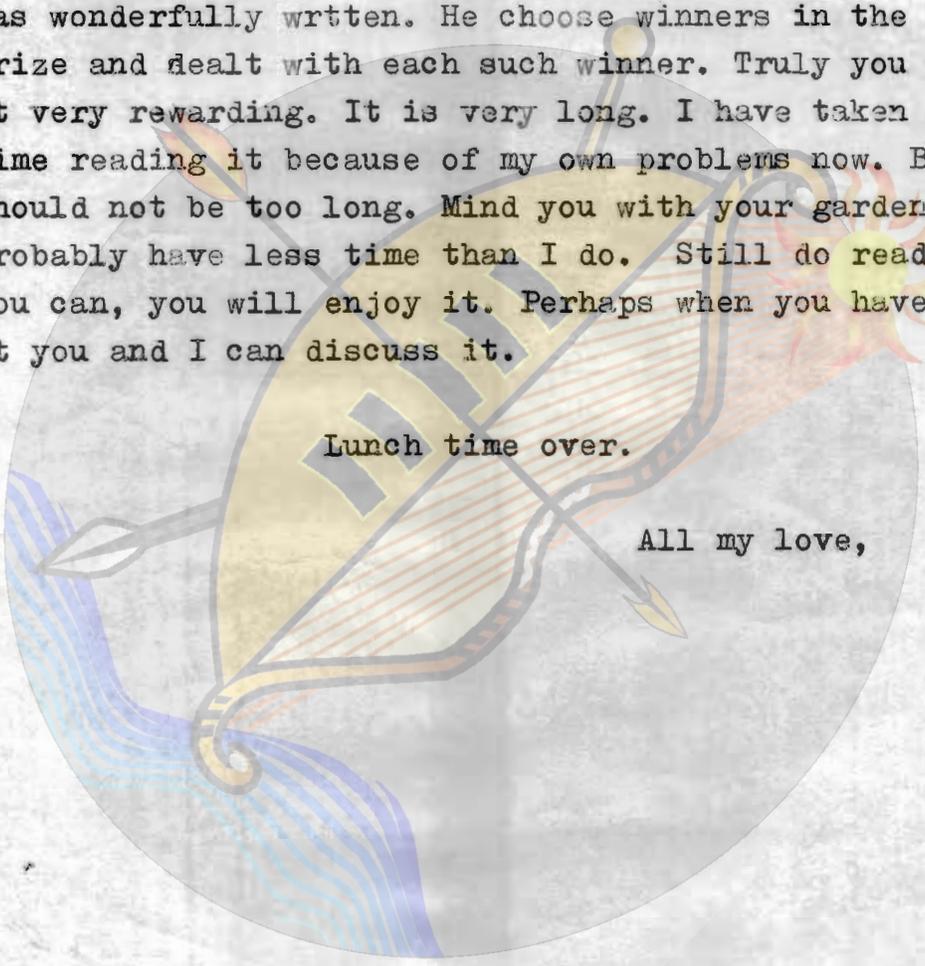
I need to get another position that pays me better and this will possible relief from this wretched poverty. Now that the children's position is unclarified that will require funds to clarify.

Yes I wish I could find a Alice in Wonderland sort of place.

Do you have much time for reading. I have just finished a book by Irving Wallace - The Prize -It was wonderfully wrtten. He choose winners in the Nobel Prize and dealt with each such winner. Truly you will find it very rewarding. It is very long. I have taken a long time reading it because of my own problems now. But you should not be too long. Mind you with your gardening you probably have less time than I do. Still do read it if you can, you will enjoy it. Perhaps when you have done with it you and I can discuss it.

Lunch time over.

All my love,



P.O.Box 137,  
DURBAN.  
26th January, 1973.

My dear Frank & Gwen,

I am sure I have acknowledged the parcel, but if the letter has not reached you...I have had Gwen's lovely cake and shared it with many friends. They all enjoyed it and I wish you could have heard the compliments. Thank you my dears. Also in another parcel was a lovely calender which I have hung up in my office. Beautiful gardens. When I want to escape from the drudgery of the ~~gaxax~~ life generally I shall walk in your gardens. The tea cosy, and pot holder too were lovely. Many thanks.

For Xmas from Saturday the 23rd till 7am on Wednesday 27th I was locked up in dreary flat. Somehow the lovely curtains, bedspreads, clean kitchen scrubbed out bathroom, toilet are meaningless without friends to enjoy it. Whether it be over a cup of tea or a meal friends are wonderful.

To while away the time, who ever came to the door Be he the milkman or the little boy who sells cookies or the beggar I spent as much time as I possibly could talking to them. MD did not send the children he was possibly lonely too. But I hear that sent them out to his relatives. Still it is queer that with all the humanity that politicians are supposed to exhibit he has so little to show me.

My friend Marge with her three children brought me Xmas fare and made my day. But she is a wonderful human being a school teacher, divorcee and has a wealth of warmth and understanding.

I have moved from my flat as I had to climb 4 flights of stairs to get to the my flat. I am now living in Marges flat and she has moved to Tongaat, where she has acquired a house. She will take occupation of the house in March, In the meantime she has lefy all her things in the flat and I have squeezed in with mine. Very crowded but will have to manage. The Police say I cannot stay there for tenancy agreement is not in my name. But I can never get it transferred into my name. The landlords will get a thousand rand key money from a new tenant. And what is more this particular Landlord will give it his his particular sect. This chap is also on the Govt Appointed Indian Council. So what chance have I? I have moved in surreptiously and if the SB's dont inform the landlords I should be able to live there for some time. I am on the ninth floor, and have a beautiful view of Durban. You look over the dirty roofs of very old buildings, some very new and modern. This is also film land the neon flicker and hurt the eye. So the best time to admire the view is late at night or like Wordsworth on Westminster bridge very early in the morning.

I have read the man by Irving Wallace. I shall send you my copy of the prize. I do hope Gwen's Dad is much improved. I can cope with most things but not ill health.

I have had the comics the newspapers etc. For which my sincere thanks.

Thursday Morning 22/3/73

My dear Frank and Gwen,

I got all your jokes yesterday, the little toys for Sukhthi. I dont know where you find the time. Sha has been impatient for the comics. Many thanks.

I have been very ill spend my time sleeping My chest has been congested after a bout of Brohchitis. I have no energy. Life is without purpose, I just exist from hour to hour.

The letter to Howard Gill and copy to your self is to make letter writing easier. I dont duplicate news twice. It is not very complimentary but very handy.

If you are in touch with Mr Steward tell him that I am in the doldrum again. I sent him some stuff which I wanted him to send to the correct agents. It is very urgent and most important.

Sahdhan will like some book on space travel He seems to be much preoccupied with this at the moment.

Please forgive me I shall write when I am able to to.

5 YASMINO Court,  
412 Brickfield Road,  
Oneport, Durban  
Sunday 7/7/74 2am

My dear Frank & Gwen,

I am ill with this awful Kiwi Flu - from Thursday - I have been in bed - Shivering, sweating & utterly fatigued.

I slept earlier - so here I am awake - so I thought I might use the time to say hello.

All the children are with M.D for the holidays & I am alone for the next three weeks. Of course I have neglected myself - not eating & over working - & I am paying the price.

I have had your letters of the 24/6 & 1/7 - Ruthie wasn't here when hers arrived but I shall keep it till she returns.

The pens are lovely. What a clever idea to put Goss on it.

Yes I read the Plot & enjoyed it too. I've not seen the Chapman report. Our library service is on a lifetime membership of 50c - but I am not allowed in there - so I don't have use of it

But I do exchange books with friends.  
The 1st evening of my house arrest  
an American brought me a box of  
books & the plot was one of them.  
How lovely for you to have had Doreen  
& the family. Lucky devils to see your  
allotment & greenhouse - all I have  
of them are what you write -  
I'll I must be content. Have  
a good holiday. Is the Isle of  
Man where those motor races  
are held?

Rha loves books - so if you  
do send him one, by book post.  
He did very well in his mid  
terms exams - Paddhan not  
so well - Sukkhi was ill  
so I just gave a note to say  
she gives the teacher much pleasure.

Today the July Handicap was  
run - almost like your  
great racing event - I cannot  
recall the name. Last night  
so many had great expectations  
tonight many have no shirts  
on their backs - Why?

Tonight I finished a 1000 piece  
jigsaw - there was one piece missing  
dawn - you've no idea how

amazing that can be. I've stuck a  
blue piece of paper to hide the space.  
I saw Mrs. Massimo's aunt - just before  
she left for Canada - she has opened  
up a Chemist Shop - With the few  
epidemic - she is doing very  
well - the house is managed  
by excellent servants & she is  
alright - Well, probably he  
too busy to write for awhile,  
I have been busy at the office  
& if it keeps up like this -  
I shall be able to pay my rent  
and live a little.

I have not heard from Mr. Singh  
for some time - he does not  
reply to my letters -

I found bits of contact paper  
a while ago & today I put  
them on my kitchen cupboard  
doors - it has brightened the  
kitchen beautifully - looks  
exceedingly attractive

I am tired - so let me  
get back to bed - before I  
collapse - Love  
Ryllis

MRS. NAIDOO/D.N/

13th November 1974

My Dear Gwen and Frank,

I had promised to write sooner but I seem to have no time at all. In the maze of office Correspondence files I am writing to you. I do hope you will pardon me. I am just writing to say hi. As soon as I able I shall write to you more fully.

In the meantime, Sukhthi has had your letter. The children will be on holiday soon and they are looking forward to that, while presently mugging through their examinations.

Have you had our Calender?

Will write soon.

Love,

PHYLLIS NAIDOO

Tuesday: 10/12/74

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My Dearest Frank & Genev.

The children have had their books - They have not seen them yet. Will do on the 1/1/75.

Today I collected from the P.O. your very lovely present,

1. Mrs Russian Snow
2. The next step.
3. Free wheels
4. Crazy pavements
5. Love with another name.
6. Let's have I love thee.

They all promise to make excellent reading. Do you know they have named a work of Irving Stone last week - I must check the name.

The customs checked all the above books & OK'ed them. I intend starting with crazy pavements - with it I shall read the next step with it. Thank you so very much.

The enclosed is for you to read & send to Mr. Stewart. He always greets you. His son has married & while he has gained a daughter - his only son is 4 10 miles from home.

Henry Linas to you - I shall be with you at your table on Tina Day.

Love Phyllis

10th July, 1975.

My dear Gwen and Frank,

Thank you for your letter of the 25th June, We have since had some comics too. They arrived yesterday and this was warmly received by Sha who had an Asthmatic attack the night before and had to be rushed to me. He is much better.

Don't worry about his birthday. Its kind of you to think of him. With your inflationary problems you need every cent you can lay your hands on.

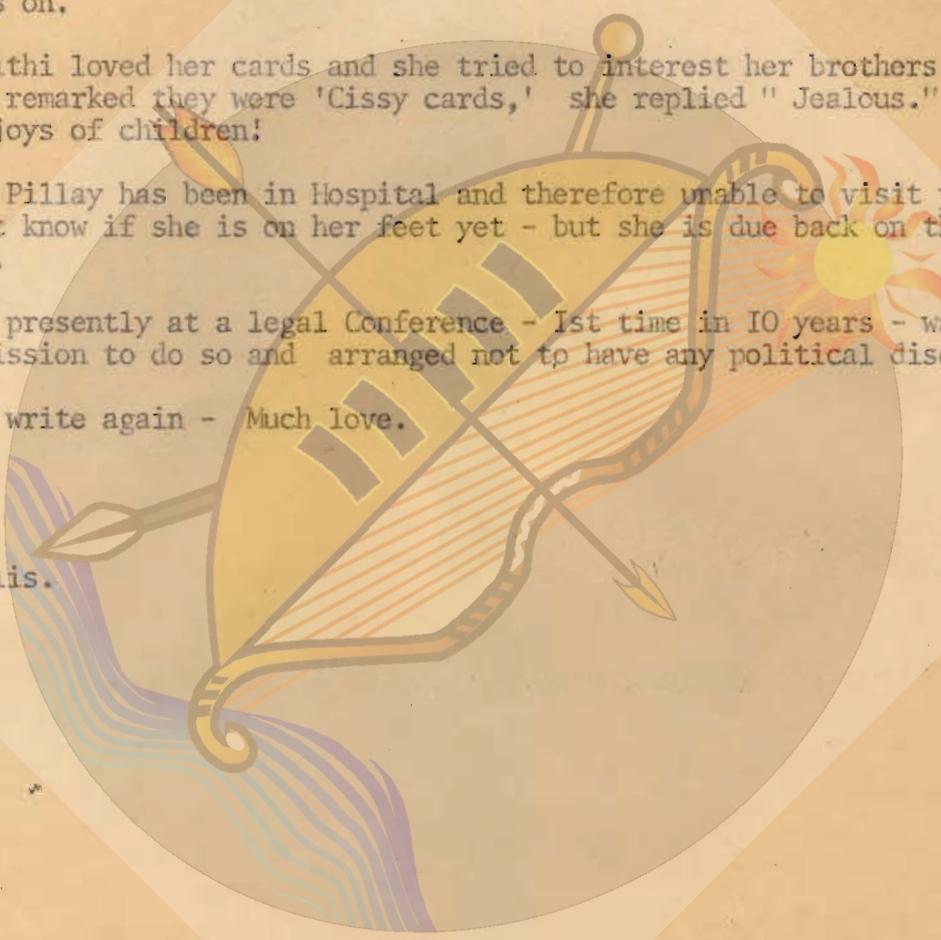
Sukhithi loved her cards and she tried to interest her brothers in them; They remarked they were 'Cissy cards,' she replied " Jealous." The joys of children!

Miss Pillay has been in Hospital and therefore unable to visit you - I don't know if she is on her feet yet - but she is due back on the 17th July.

I am presently at a legal Conference - 1st time in 10 years - was given permission to do so and arranged not to have any political discussions.

Will write again - Much love.

Phyllis.



MRS NAIDOO/CP/N68

12th June, 1976.

4pm at the office - Saturday.

My dear Gwen & Frank,

Your postcard from Felixstowe told me you are on holiday. I am so glad for you. Did you perhaps see Bert Steward? I hope you did cause you could tell me all about him. The postcard shows much sunlight. Is this so? The UK to me is a bleak place.

If you think I am ignoring you... Forget it. I am so busy with all those detained in Natal together with a trial in Pietermaritzburg - Harry Gwala & Others (9) on political charges. It takes us 2 hours daily travelling up & down. Then I get back to run my own office to see that rent & wages are met. I am working round the clock. I have not slept for days. Tomorrow I am going to Pietermaritzburg to check on the wives and families of our men. They are most concerned for their families welfare. All faces serious charges under the Terrorism Act.

A friend cooked our lunch today. Tonight I have to make sandwiches for the families as some will be coming from many miles away.

So my darlings if you dont hear from me, dont despair, I shall write to you whenever I am free. Promise.

You have a good holiday and pray for this beautiful country which is going through some difficult times. I only hope that reason & humanity will prevail here.

All my love.

My dear Frank & Gwen,

It is Monday 6/12/76 4.50 pm. I returned from PMB at 3.30pm. It was so hot that I nearly slept on the wheel driving back. I came back to 5 cards for us & one for Beans. She is to come to me the holidays. I expect her on Wednesday. Also today the children got their books. All three are very excited. You did get my note saying no Xmas for us this year, with our children in jails in detention awaiting trial or under the Terrorism Act. You will therefore hear from us in the New Year.

Thank you for the love & affection you have shown & continue to shower on us. I would oneday that we can say adequately. The only way I know will be having you home for dinner. Do you think that pleasure is in store for us? Did you have a happy time for your birthday. I remember getting up on the 27th & saying many happy returns.

I wish you could see how big Sahdhan & S

Tuesday 7.am. You see I was not able to complete this letter to you, despite my office having closed. I had clients till 7pm. Rushed over to pick up Sukhthi at the pool. I have not been able to swim lately. Only been twice since the season opened. Now that Court will be on recess from the 15th - 15th January, in respect of the trial in Pietermaritzburg, the Attorneys are pushing off to places as far as America. One Attorney is going to India, another to London, Onee Counsel going to America, and another to Rhodesia. I cannot leave 10 men in jail and return after a month to tell what a charing holiday Ive had. I will visit them in jail on Mondays, wed & Fridays, except on the 17th December, when Mac Maharaj will be released ~~after~~ after 13 yrs of incarceration. We are sure that the Govt is not going to be happy about the Courts 12 years punishment, they will impose in their christian wisdom a further 5 years house arrest. Of that I am very sure.

I did tell you that his wife left to London on an exit permit. Now that she has been away for 2 years, and our friends in London have isolated her, she wants us to believe she needed a holiday. Of course she intends to ~~make~~ Mac to believe she is making every endeavour to return to him, when she intended to force Mac to leave this country by her going away. He has told her in no uncertain manner that he will not leave unless he was forced to. Only she should not be the force to do so.

Well it takes all sorts doesnt' it. Beans will be delighted with her gift when she comes home tomorrow. Thank you,

Sahdhan will be in Std. 10 next year.. his last school year. I am not sure what he wants to do, but I shudder at the thought of his going to our tribal universities here. I wish he enters a trade, but till now I dont see any inclination in that direction. What will be will be.

Sha goes Std 7 next year. Due to age problems he could not get into school early, therefore this terrible lag between him & Sahdhan, which causes him not to work as hard as he should. He passes & well too with very little effort. I should not complain should I?

Sukhthi will be in Std 4 and came 5th in class. She too is a lazy buggler and does not give off her best. She baked a cake at 5am. Iced it and proudly took it to school. She also sat up taping some pop music at a neighbours. The joys of children & end of term parties change from year to year.