

219 Victoria St  
Kingston, Ontario  
CANADA K7L 3Y9

Sat. April 26th, 1986

Dear Peter,

This must be a record. Your letter arrived on Thursday (24th) and here I am answering it today! Thank you for thinking of me and writing about Ernie. I did know about his death, Dorothy cabled me and I phoned Jill when I, mistakenly, thought I would remain coherent. But I did manage to find out from her about the funeral and the burial being at the farm. She said Ernie had told a friend, a few weeks ago where he had wanted to be buried on the farm. I now wonder if that friend was you. When Jill was here last May the signs in Ernie were all there and she was really worried, with good cause. It has been a relatively quick illness, though he and Jill probably didn't see it that way. Although I had been expecting the death, because I had heard that he'd had another operation, the cable shocked me and I was surprised how thoroughly upset I was.

Ernie <sup>had</sup> a special quality. My first reaction was that his wonderful laugh was stilled and I think that, perhaps, was the essence of the man. His Humour and his humanity. Images come up from memory. Visiting him at the Fort in 1960 during his first detention. Then visiting him at Jeppe police station the second time round and bribing the station Sergeant (with a bottle of brandy) to let us bring in proper food for Ernie, who had by now developed an ulcer. He was then put into hospital. In happier times Ernie manoeuvring votes at a Provincial Congress to ensure a certain result that was "in the best interests of the Party". His enthusiastic participation, in every sense, in the Mary Walker election campaign in Hillbrow, when he applied a certain amount of fisticuff pressure on some hecklers and wreckers. His verbal persuasive powers were extensive too, as were his interrogative abilities. Police witnesses were really afraid of Ernie. Dorothy has told me that there were not as many blacks at the funeral as she had expected. I am surprised at that because I would have thought otherwise.

As I read your description about Liberal meetings around the country, I had a feeling of de javu. It is almost full circle to 1952, don't you agree? I hope you are right that there will be a climate in which such groups could play a role. At this distance, watching, reading hearing all the things that are happening in SA today one really feels without hope for a resolution of the situation with even a modicum of common sense left to work with.

That lady with the strange voice was a reporter from the local newspaper who thought that she could get some idea about how SA works in a fortnight over Xmas. I gave her some names but knowing in advance that because of the time of the year the likelihood of her meeting you was slim. This proved to be true. Paddy Kearney and Mary Mkhwanazi were also away and she didn't even get in touch with them at all. The articles from her visit were not very good. Incidentally I have had to get used to <sup>being</sup> called Ardri as you spelled it out so well.

Canadian pronunciation is often far from what we are used to. I have made a collection of some of them. Dawn is always said as DON, confusing when you think someone is talking about a man and it's a girl. Tarmi for Tommy is another.

Berrie for Barrie. One gets used to it after a while and makes one's own "translation". Then there are the totally different words for things. Canadian pavement means the street and sidewalk is the pavement. Clothes pegs are pins in Canada. I could go on and on but had better stop for fear of confusing you mightily. So you see even coming to an "English-speaking" country like Canada has its puzzles.

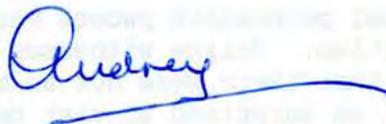
I am not going to continue with my market stall this year. The returns on it were not worth the effort involved. I enjoyed doing it but the reality was that it was only in the month of July was it worthwhile. I still have a little stock left but don't see quite how I shall turn it into money. I shall have to write to Deanne and tell her. I am sorry that she was hit so hard by the IRR cut off. I suppose the tourist potential in PMB isn't as great as it is in Durban.

Good luck in the pursuit of a passport. I do hope that you get one. If you do think about returning home via Canada. A long way round certainly but interesting! July and August here are like January and February in Durban, unfortunately, but England is a little more clement, if it's not actually raining!.

The way Inkatha is developing is really discouraging, to put it mildly. One sees the hand of the SB in much of what happens, though probably it can't all be placed at that source.. This new Trade Union that Inkatha has initiated seems to be an ominous development. The future South Africa does look like being an unhappy place, though one can't be sure that it will be any worse than it is now.

I hope you have by now recovered from the shock of this instant reply. love to you and Phoebe and maybe we'll see you in August/Sept.

Harry sends his love too.

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Audrey". The signature is written in a cursive style and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.