

Sunday 5.15pm. Bas just passed Ladysmith en route Durban.

My dear Raj,

Your letter arrived hereon the 14th, dated 6th, 7th & I am sure posted on the 10th. Thank you. You will never know what joy you bring into my life. One lives in memories. The good old days so much these days that I dread the thought of my pensionable years. The dread is so acute that I have been telling all my christian co workers, if I cop it I dont want any umfundisi blabbering over my frozen remains any of the hochus pockus. A jolly fire get a few able bodied chaps to heave ho & smack over the fire & they can watch my fat kindle the flames. If they can separate my ashes from the wood & fat, to remove same & flush it down the nearest toilet. Not in the toilet at work, that would be catastrophic for Khalaki. The idea of death puts the fear of the devil into him that he wont crap for the rest of his life. Mind you with so much of crap his days would pretty soon be numbered. Yes Bas was also asked by Zac to convey the fact that Bala was married Who is the bird? Not the one he was jilted by. I hope he will be appy. Lovely for Shirish what with new wife. He will need some time to spend with her. Poor Reggie. I am sure his recent contravention was the cause. Still.

Suks has sent some birthday cake to Mamma & Dev. You grab a piece too. You have the FLU. No sick leave for 12m thats a record. Looks like my absence has improved your work performance. Mind you if I recall correctly, you never spent the time away from work with us? Have I not said thanks for the jigsaw. It is before me as I type, and is most appreciated. I get the message about the project Gz. I knew it, but scarecrow approach was quite different. He said punish them with kindness. Certainly locally it has paid off. We read more are far more amenable to talk & study, which is most encouraging. I am glad you looked up Elsie. With P?

The lakehaven saga has not changed. How many times have I asked you to drop it, but you choose to punish yourself willingly. No keep at it Working with people is always a trial, unlike chemicals, where the results are predictable. Look at the Navi saga?

I had Jack over the last few days. He did that opinion for Mac. It was lovely having him. You remember Elaine who knocked my babys head into her windscreen. Her papa.

I have also heard from Chota. My cup runneth over. P should tell him that Chatsworth & Pinetown are in the same magisterial area. Its going to be dicey to get him into Ps flat, unless the sister lives there for awile. You remember how hard we worked Cock's case. Do you see the little bro. He has promised to see me. Can you believe that. The most strangest of animals is the human. My mail this week is full. Sweden, Denmark, Swits, Australia, UK, home too, especially Gam. It is such a pleasure hearing from him. I live in such beautiful memories of my friendship with him. Did I tell you that after the divorce in Pmb he had some important matters in his office, my sister was leaving early & I asked him to go with them; he refused saying he could leave me in the state I was in. He has been a pal. I can hear him now when I & that guy from the Uk came phoning me in impeccable tamil tells me so. His tamil was so good that he was afraid I was going to rob him of his tamil clients? I love that thing. He & Bas seem to be having problems I think its that pota who tried to sell you a house. But these two have a longstanding relationship with a little bit of think over they will get together.

6pm Bas at Escourt, I hope. You know he used to get into quite a state driving from PMB. That was an hours drive, but this is 7hours. He refuse to carry food. Just coffee & sausages. Gave us a few hints to keep warm Keep all lights on, brought us a heater at R30.00. Put the heaters on in the bedroom, breathe in deeply, hold it in it warms you no end, dont cut your hair, voetsak to him.

Thanks for Shas letter. What does one say. I see him on my back not able to breathe, running with him & the nightwatchman following to St Aidans

Suks screaming in Bas's hands. Found that ass Padyachee whom I nearly clobbered. My baby breathing I returned home. Read Ebis letter, the ebb & flow he calls it. Perhaps it is just as well I am here, for the parting with him there at home would have been too much. What a mess, hey pal.

You remember the New years trip to Wasbank? One happy moment in life has to be treasured like the devil ne'.

Now all we have is photographs meaningless pieces of cardboard which tell some story. All of you sleeping, nay snoring on that long road. Take care please, Did you get that dough for g? Got your card. Love you, take care.

Love Kyle

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