

No 11 - August 15th, 1970.

The date above is probably rather optimistic, as the last Pink Press was completed in June, but not sent out till late July. However, We'll try to get this one out on time.

It is now nearly a year since we sent out the first Pink Press, which was little more than a notification of the change of address of Dave de Beer and Steve Hayes. A lot has happened over the last year, and if we added up all the people who have stayed with us in Windhoek, it would be quite an impressive total.

The Community of St Simon the Zealot now consists of the following :

Dave de Beer : Age 22, B.Com graduate from Wits University, Treasurer of the Diocese of Damaraland.

Steve Hayes : Sometime student at Wits, Natal and Durham Universities, also bus driver with Johannesburg Transport Dept and London Transport, Missions to Seamen Chaplain & Waterworks Attendant; now assistant priest at St George's Cathedral, Windhoek, and proof-reader at the Windhoek Advertiser.

Dick Blair : Formerly a miner in Cumberland, England. About 2½ year ago he and a few friends bought a second-hand ambulance, and drove to here, where Dick stays. He is now working laying water pipelines.

Chris Nicholson : Law and cricket student from Natal University; admitted as an advocate in Windhoek on 15th June, defender of the poor and needy; married in Durban on 25th July to

Jill Nicholson : Studied at Natal Teachers' Training College in Pietermaritzburg, now a teacher at St George's Diocesan School, Windhoek.

Bill Maier : Bishop Winter met Bill while he was touring America. Bill said he would like to come here and join us. One day a few weeks ago, he phoned up to announce that he was here. He comes from Los Angeles, and has done much work with paraplegic children.

Now all this status-type description above won't tell you very much about us if you don't know us already. However, it might tell you where you might have met us before.

Events - June/July.

So many things have happened over the last two months that life has been extremely chaotic. The following are the main events, which will be described fully further on :

26th June - Dave goes with Rick Houghton & 6 students from the theological college in Ovamboland to the Anglican Students' Federation conference near Cape Town.

- 3rd July - Chris Nicholson goes to Durban to get married.
- 6th July - ASF delegation returns, also Heidi Burger & Cally Friedman arrive.
- 19th July - Steve Hayes and Rick Houghton ordained priests in Windhoek. (Steve's mother arrived in Windhoek, bearing an enormous cake, offering from the staff of St Barnabas Hospital in the Transkei; also brandishing scissors, with which she sheared Steve & Dick)
- 22nd July - Departure from Windhoek of Dave, Bill, Steve's mother, Heidi, Cally, & Bishop.
- 25th July - Chris Nicholson & Jill Almond married in Durban.
- 26th July - Funeral of Hosea Kutako, 100-year-old chief of the Herero people, and leader of South West Africa's Hereros since the Herero-German extermination war of 1904.

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Ordination - - -

On July 19th Steve Hayes and Rick Houghton were ordained priests. Steve came to the Diocese of Damaraland in July 1969, and Rick came in December 1969.

The cathedral, which is probably the smallest Anglican cathedral in the world, only holds 120 people, so the ordination was held in the hall. People came from all over South West Africa, and there was a big crowd there. Among those taking part in the laying on of hands was the Rev. Elliot Kendall, from the British Council of Churches. When asked what denomination he was from, he would not say, as he prefers to be regarded as an 'ecumenical person'.

After this, the new priests were vested in chasubles, presented with a Bible, and a chalice and paten, and their hands were anointed. They then concelebrated the eucharist with the Bishop. It was a very joyful celebration, and afterwards balloons appeared, and food and drink.

Funeral of Hosea Kutako.

One person who was not able to attend the ordination was Clemens Kapuuo, the Chief-Designate of the Ovaherero, as he was suddenly called away to the Aminuis Reserve, where Chief Hosea Kutako had died the previous night.

The funeral took place the following Sunday, in Okahandja, where several previous Herero chiefs are buried, including the famous Samuel Maharero. The funeral service began at 10 am, and went on for 6 hours. It was conducted by a minister of the Oruano Church, which is the national church of the Hereros, a break-away from the Lutheran Rhenish Mission. Ministers of other churches also took part, including Steve Hayes, who represented the Bishop of Damaraland, who was away in Johannesburg.

Clemens Kapuuo, the new chief, spoke from the graveside of the life of the old chief, and of his struggles on behalf of his people.

Hosea Kutako was born about 1870, the son of a Lutheran pastor. He himself intended training for the ministry, but the Herero-German war of 1904 interrupted these plans. Defeated in the war, stripped of their lands by extortion and conquest, most of the Hereros fled to Botswana with Chief Samuel Maharero. Those who remained in South West Africa were in peril of their lives, for the German leader, von Trotha, had given orders that they were all to be exterminated.

Samuel Maharero then sent Hosea Kutako to lead those Hereros who had remained in South West Afrika, and in 1917 sent his son, Frederick, to lay his hands on Kutako's head.

With the South African invasion and occupation of the Territory, the Hereros hoped for an improvement of their fortunes. However they were given only tiny scattered fragments of their lands as reserves.

In the 1940s Chief Kutako sent a petition to the United Nations, calling for an investigation into the way the Hereros were being treated.

At the funeral, Clemens Kapuuo spoke in Herero, and his speech was translated into Afrikaans and Nama. He said that Hosea Kutako had sent the Revd Michael Scott, an Anglican priest, to the United Nations with this petition. He had told Kapuuo that Michael Scott was a great friend of the Herero people, and that Kapuuo must tell Michael Scott when he died. Kapuuo announced that he had done as the late chief had asked. He pledged himself to a continuation of the policy of his predecessor, namely to ask the United Nations to administer South West Africa until it is ready for independence.

After the funeral many of the men present, wearing military uniforms, marched off, carrying wooden spears, followed by the women in their uniform of long red Victorian dresses. There were about 3000 people present at the funeral.

It had been a most impressive service, and I was reminded of the Biblical account of the death of Moses, to whom God had said "This is the land I swore to give Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, saying: I will give it to your descendants. I have let you see it with your own eyes, but you shall not cross into it."

Hosea Kutako was not to see his dream realised, and he died without entering the promised land. But he laid his hands on Clemens Kapuuo, to continue what he had begun.

"Joshua the son of Nun was filled with the spirit of wisdom, for Moses had laid his hands on him. It was he that the sons of Israel obeyed, carrying out the order that Yahweh had given to Moses."

Christ is risen from the dead,
Trampling down death by death,
and upon those in the tombs bestowing life.

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VISITING ST SIMON'S (and other communes)

Please write and tell us beforehand that you are coming. Don't just crash. Don't write and say you're coming unless you hear.

We like visitors - but with six of us, the house is now full, and it can be very difficult if people turn up unexpectedly wanting to stay for a night or weekend. The house has been full before, but mostly with casual visitors staying for weekends or vacs. Now the six of us are permanent, and we have work to do, which is disrupted when people arrive every three or four days expecting to move in. If you let us know in advance that you are coming, then we can plan things accordingly. And if it is not possible, we can let you know before you set out.

The same applies to people who might be thinking of joining us on a permanent basis. At the moment there is no more room in the house, so we shall have to either split up and form two communities, or move to a bigger house. In either case, this needs advance planning.

"I Pledge You My Word".....

Time: July 25th, 1970 at 5.00p.m.

Place: St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Durban, Republic of South Africa

Actors: Chris Nicholson; Jill Almond (for scene ii - Nicholson)

Also present: Dave de Beer, John Aitchison and about ninety-eight other sundry people also known to the main actors.

Comment: by Dave who had just jetted down from Johannesburg.

They had spent almost two weeks in Windhoek planning this great day - the only trouble was that they did not know exactly which day it was they were planning. Jill then went down to Durban to prepare for this day, except that Chris in Windhoek then got a message to say that the day they had planned was not the day they thought it would be so they had to plan for another day. In all Chris got so confused that he travelled to the green hills of Natal to jointly plan the day which they had already planned in Windhoek for yet another day.

Anyway it finally happened - Jill marched into Church on the arm of her father and out on the arm of her husband, and two Zealots, far away from their base in Windhoek married each other in a service free from 'thees' and 'thous' and other outdated language concluding with the revised communion service and hymns such as 'Mine eyes have seen the glory'. Simple and meaningful.

With champagne, wine, breads and cheeses spread out in such a festal manner no reception could fail, particularly when the handsome groom delivered his gay five-minute speech stretched it out to ten by making people laugh for half the time, and then waltzed his bride round the floor before discovering the champagne. (In all fairness 'twas his younger brother who discovered most of it.)

Some hours later we slinked away, wedding presents under our arms as there was a transport problem back to Windhoek, and made a prolonged tour of Durban North on foot as we tried to find our way back to where we had come from.....

YET ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL TOUR!

Dave, Bill, and the Bishop paid their usual respects to the Ovambo porters at the airport in Windhoek (if there is no-one else to wave you good-bye why not ask the porters?) and three hours later landed at Jan Smuts Airport, Johannesburg on 22nd July. There were several reasons for going - to discuss with resource persons the ways in which the church could relate to the city of Windhoek as it continues to expand 100% every ten years - to attend the Bishop of Johannesburg's 25th anniversary of his consecration as a Bishop - and to renew contacts and introduce Bill to friends in Johannesburg. It was also planned for Dave to fly to Durban on the 25th at lunchtime after attending the Bishop's celebrations in time to attend the celebrations in Durban reported above.

Met at Durban airport by John and Jenny Aitchison who travelled down from Pietermaritzburg for the occasion. The wedding having been attended and the Aitchisons on their way back to Maritzburg Dave called in on the Trumbulls seeing great multitude's of people who he had not dreamed of seeing - like old friends from America - so much so that he almost missed the return flight to Johannesburg. The Diocese having decided to buy a new truck in Johannesburg rather than in Windhoek it was decided that Dave n Bill should drive it back, but it first had to have its back built up and a giant air-cleaner put on so with an unexpected extra four days in Johannesburg old contacts were set upon with a vengeance and new ones opened up. Bill moved in with one of the communes for a week.

INTERNATIONAL TOUR (continued)

One of the more interesting things done was to attend a performance given to the white Johannesburg public by American negro Percy Sledge and his supporting cast. Sledge's singing was good - his presentation sometimes was lacking - supporting cast varied from mediocre to reasonable - the audience, lousy. Watching the audience and sensing their reaction to extrovert negroes (they were a surprisingly middle-aged crowd) was interesting in the extreme. South African born Stella Starr, coloured sex-pot, suggests a "love-in". "Snuggle closer to your partner" she purrs as white businessman's wife watches her husband eyeing the curvacious coloured figure on stage. "If I fall will you catch me?" she asks explaining she has 'flu. "No!" mutters white youth to his friend, "You smell." With such tensions around it is not suprising that the audience refused to let itself go. They seemed almost guilty. Percy Sledge: "You know I'm very grateful for you letting me come here. I dig you. Now I'm gonna give you a lesson." A nervous jump and contraction by the audience which seemed to suggest their thoughts. "He wouldn't dare, not after we let him perform in front of whites. He can't criticise apartheid." Half a second later their fears are allayed as the band strikes up 'Got to get a message to you'. But the tensions were definitely there.

The tour ended with a last night, all night party with a 6 a.m. departure for Windhoek in the new truck now laden with food for distribution to the poor and aged around Windhoek and in some of the Herero Reserves; An uneventful yet interesting trip through the Kalahari, overnighing at VanZylsrus, and then back to South West with all its challenges and frustrations.

A visitor from Tanzania

One very interesting visitor was Richard Price, a young Englishman who spent 6 years in East Africa, first as a student at Makerere University in Uganda, and then four years teaching at an Anglican Church School in Masasi, Tanzania. At the ending of his contract, he was given a free air ticket back to England, and on discovering that the fare to London from Johannesburg was only R 6 more than that from Dar-es-Salaam, he readily paid the difference, and set out to see some more of the continent, and having heard of us from Gerry Robinson, in a Dar-es-Salaam bar, he came and stayed a week.

He told us many things about Tanzania which are little-known here - about the educational system, the Ujamaa co-operative villages, and the life of ordinary people. In many ways the outward trappings of education in Tanzania resemble those of Bantu education here. There is great emphasis on practical subjects, like agriculture, woodwork, etc. Each day the pupils spend some time working in the fields, but this is not just forced labour got for nothing by the school staff. The teachers, even the Principal, also take their share, and President Nyerere himself goes on tours where he goes out and spends a day hoeing the fields with the common people. A refreshing change from the remote bureaucratic type of politician.

Another thing, which surprised us, was the low cost of living. Tanzania is a poor country, having no copper like its rich neighbour Zambia. Yet when travelling from Tanzania to Zambia, the Zambians practically beg visitors for Tanzanian shillings, so they can go and buy the cheap goods and fresh fruit over the border. Dick Blair, who came that way from England in his ambulance, confirmed this, and said that once they had crossed into Zambia, it was virtually impossible to get cigarettes or petrol.

We have a prominent memento of Richard's visit in the form of a brightly coloured Tanzanian collarless shirt which is Steve's favourite garment.

A Yank's random impressions of South and South West Africa.

Oye ! No . . . its really quite a different world than I've been brought up in. Some of the scenery between Windhoek and Johannesburg reminds one of what a foreign planet might be like. In other respects also, I could be in a world other than the one I thought I knew.

When I first arrived in Joburg I had the usual uneasiness of a foreigner, but my fears rapidly disappeared when I was greeted with the friendly smiles of the South African customs officers. I then waited three hours in the Joburg airport killing time by observing the happy carefree people milling around the airport. I almost forgot that I was in Africa until I saw an overalled porter carrying a briefcase on his head following two South African business executives deep in conversation.

South and South West Africa remind me very much of the 'old South'; here the nigger knows his 'place'. I must say that the South African Police are much more efficient and effective than the Ku Klux Klan ever was.

Customs - the customs of different countries are always of great interest to me. I think it is very flattering to be thought of as a 'European', though my ancestors defected to America in the late 1700s and early 1800s, Whereas in Europe I would be labelled American (in different degrees of love and affection).

Language - though Afrikaans is not strictly speaking classified among the Romance languages the first thing that comes to mind when one hears a native Afrikaner speaking is : Love, Peace, and Brotherhood (?)

Though I miss all of my friends and wish they could be along with me on my journey, I find the country fascinating and have made some very good friends. More later

The Great Mail Robbery

Recently postage rates were put up for secondclass mail matter in the African Postal Union. This has lead to the anomalous situation that it costs more to send the Pink Press to someone else in Windhoek than it does to send it to Wuppertal, Washington or Wolverhampton. It now costs 2c local, and 1½c overseas. No doubt when we go decimal at the end of the year and letters are measured in grammes prices will go up even more.

This means that we cannot send the Pink Press out with such gay abandon as formerly, and so if you want to continue receiving it, please write and let us know. After a couple of months we will begin to cross off the list people who haven't written for some time.

Arrival of Aitchisons.

John and Jenny Aitchison arrived nearly a week ago, and are busy setting the house in order. Their hand will probably be seen in the next Pink Press. John Ngava has departed for other parts - present address unknown, so unfortunately we can't forward letters.