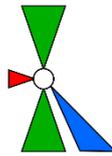


## 1528 BB3

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	GXK
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Robertson, Angela
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	Notes for my nephews.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	Notes for my nephews and nieces. Sample containing about 20146 words of unpublished miscellanea (domain: social science)
<b>Text availability</b>	Ownership has not been claimed
<b>Publication date</b>	1975-1984
<b>Text type</b>	Written miscellaneous
<b>David Lee's classification</b>	W_misc

<p>&lt;1528/c&gt;</p>	<p>6th March The Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole has been re-arrested. The African National Council - one of whose leaders he is - have responded by breaking off the talks with the Smith government. Political battle-lines have been hardening for the past three weeks. Two Sundays back, I heard Sithole preach. He took as his text, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself'; and he gave Bible truth to a thousand people in the African township of Harare. His vigour and passion impressed me. As he shook my hand after the service, I said to him, 'I'm glad to meet you. I am committed to revolution too - for a hate-free, fear-free, greed-free world.' He grinned. Some say Sithole has become unbalanced. (A senior African nurse told me this; and so did Miss Barbara Tredgold, sister of the former Chief Justice and a great champion of the Africans.) He is accused of plotting to have his fellow ANC leaders assassinated. He has suffered much; and certainly his statements to the press have been angry and bitter. There are rumours that it was his African neighbours who wanted him locked up. Wherever the truth may lie, it is a body-blow to the hopes of political 'detente' between black and white. Some, on both sides, will be glad. Others will not - like Brian O'Connell, shrewd head of the International Red Cross here (as well as of a big business house). He said to us the other day, 'This little country is the key. If we mishandle things here, we will plunge the whole continent into blood.' This week I visited a young M.P., a rising star of the Rhodesia Front, strong supporter of Smith, called Andrew. Peter Nieswand used to go and interview him for the BBC, sitting as I did beside his swimming pool, looking across the lawn on to six miles of fine farmland. His soya crop may be the finest in the country. He farms, fights on the border, and politicks hard. When he heard the radio news of Sithole's arrest, he said 'Good! Best news of the week!' Andrew is a fourth-generation Rhodesian. His great grandfather came here on the staff of 'Mr. Rhodes'. (Andrew speaks of Rhodes as if he might walk through the door; and in the corner of the living-room hangs a pencil portrait, autographed, of 'The Founder'.) His great grandmother, Madeleine, was a friend of Rudyard Kipling, and wrote <b>poems which Kipling encouraged the family to publish</b>. Andrew read me several. They are</p>
 <p>Key: <a href="#">Footprint</a> <a href="#">ConEn1</a> <a href="#">Footprint</a> <a href="#">ConEn2</a> <a href="#">Footprint</a> <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p>	<p><b>deeply-felt songs of pioneering days</b></p> <p>; for instance: <b><u>'But I shall die where I have fought, and deem my lot is best; We hold the hills, we made the roads, to North and East and West; Our eyes have seen the promised land, our feet have crossed her streams - And she shall rear a sturdy race, the Nation of our Dreams ... Here I have loved and greatly lived, and here by these grey stones, My sunburnt sons, my Native-born, shall lay their father's bones.'</u></b> <b><u>'This is my country,'</u></b> says Andrew. I have no other. I am more a Rhodesian than Jack Kennedy was an American.' He means that his family has lived here longer. He told me what happened when Rhodesia unilaterally declared her independence ten years ago. Harold Wilson threatened to bring them to their knees in 'days rather than weeks, weeks rather than months.' Andrew himself, as a member of Ian Smith's 'economic committee', took part in an international cloak-and-dagger</p>

	<p>operation to keep vital supplies moving through the British blockade. 'I was a decoy,' he said. 'The British Intelligence followed me to Spain,' he went on. There they tried to kill me. They poisoned me. Fortunately I brought up the poison; but I still carry the effects of it. It was a mistake - the man who did it was exceeding his instructions. I never saw him again. They put another man on to me after that.' We spoke of Britain. Still, through all that has happened, he feels the link. The coat-of-arms of Sir Somebody hangs above the hearth; and Burke's 'Peerage' is in the book-shelf. And he speaks with pride of his father, a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. 'But you British,' he says, 'have lost your will to govern. We haven't.' Men like Andrew do not want 'detente'. And no solution is possible as long as men are proud of their will to govern and are not themselves governed by the God Who cares for all races and all men. The leftist world has no doubt that history is on their side. But their idea, too, is Godless and partial, a shoddy second-best. Surely, as Aggrey said, 'Only the best is good enough for Africa.' God's mighty instrument is the lives that are wholly given to Him for His purpose. 'Lord, make me the instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love ...' There are men and women</p>
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