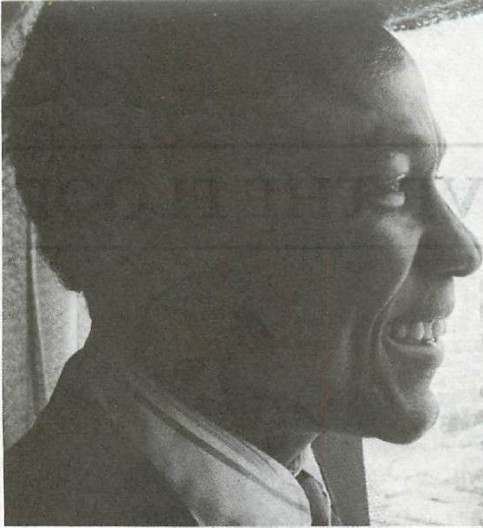


The task of red-blooded sportsmen

NEW WORLD NEWS

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Wasserfall

CONRAD HUNTE, former Vice-Captain of the West Indies Cricket Team, speaking in Johannesburg earlier this month, called on the International Cricket Conference (ICC) to consider seriously enabling South Africa to re-enter international cricket, now that the South African Cricket Union (SACU), which controls the game throughout the country, has been launched on a non-racial basis. And he looked ahead to a time when every sports administrator would be elected 'on a basis of character and ability, and not on a basis of race or politics'.

Mr Hunte was speaking as Guest of Honour at the Black Sports Star of the Year Banquet. The banquet is given annually by the South African Co-operative Citrus Exchange.

'I am particularly proud that our own West Indies' Cricket Board of Control is the first national member of the ICC to come into print as being willing to discuss with Mr Varachia (the President of the SACU) the terms and conditions and the possibility of this re-entry into world cricket,' Mr Hunte continued.

'Much credit for this healthy state of affairs must go to the enlightened leadership of the committee of nine set up to pave the way for "normal" cricket in South Africa, but also to the many others working quietly to this end.

'Last December in the match between Kohinoor, a multi-racial club, and Bedfordview, a white club, there was a remarkable event. During the luncheon interval an officer of Bedfordview Club invited all the visitors to share the club facilities. So the children of different races present were able to swim together in the swimming pool and the spectators, Indians and other races and whites, shared the facilities of the clubhouse and had lunch together.

'I believe that enforced integration and enforced segregation is a violation of the true spirit of sport. Voluntary involvement of people of different backgrounds on a basis of freely sharing and caring for one another, uplifts the dignity and the sacredness of the individual and leads to the preservation of each other's culture.'

'It was not an easy decision to come to South Africa,' he said. 'With increasing violence in the world, I became for the first time afraid of losing my life. In fact, my life is not my own but belongs to God for His purposes. I asked him what to do about my fear. He told me to do three things.

1 Make your Will.

2 If you die in battle for truth against falsehood, then your life is not lived in vain.

3 If you are where God puts you and are doing things He tells you to do, then He will protect you.

He went on to tell how, in the middle of his test cricket career, 'I ran into the greatest test of all—the force of moral and spiritual re-arming. They taught me the secret of listening to the silence in my heart and in the heart of the Almighty and to find my true purpose in life, working with people of all races and backgrounds, to lift the poor and relieve the burdens of the rich and to make the bounties of the earth—shelter, food, work, clothing, education and faith—available for all and for the exploitation of none.

Menu cover for the banquet



'In response to this challenge, I needed to correct certain wrong habits I had copied from my elders and developed on my own, like stealing from my employers on company expenses and of shedding some wrong attitudes I had within me against others.

'At one time I was rooming with a black Rhodesian. I could sense that there was a barrier between this man and myself. I didn't know how it got there and I wanted to pull it down. I listened to my inner voice.

'I had the surprising thought, "You remember those early years in Lancashire, England, when you became so angry when you were mistaken for an African?" Yes, I remembered. "You must then face that unwittingly you had grown a feeling that Africans were uncivilised and that you didn't want to be considered one of them."

'I was shocked. Then I saw quite clearly

what went on deep inside me. This black Rhodesian and a white South African seemed to be on much more friendly terms than with myself. I was the only person in the group not born in Africa and I felt the odd man out. In my discomfort I tried to console myself. "You are more educated than this black man, you are more famous than him. And what is more, you're a West Indian and he is an African, so you're better." Only then did I realise I had thought like that. These words actually went through my mind. I decided to apologise to this man for these wrong attitudes and feelings and he said the most remarkable thing to me, "Thank you, Conrad, for what you say; I knew it all along."

Hunte finished his address by referring to 'the continuing struggle for international sportsmen in the task of bringing about deep and lasting relationships between people of different outlooks and aspirations'. 'I see a great destiny for cricketers and all sportsmen,' he said. 'Sport is no longer just a pastime for some, or a source of income for others. It is a powerful mass medium through which sportsmen and administrators influence the way people live and what they think.

'I believe the real task of all sportsmen goes beyond the boundaries of sport. This task is to build a new world where permanent unity, peace and character are secured. The time has come for every sportsman to be a patriot who will play to win as well as "play the game".

'Every administrator will be elected on a basis of character and ability and not on a basis of race or politics; every spectator, sportsman and administrator alike, will pay the price of liberty and peace by living honestly, unselfishly, fearlessly and globally and by challenging all others to do the same.

'No truly red-blooded sportsman will want to accept a lesser task in life. And may I remind you that the blood of every sportsman is red.'

Afrikaans and English newspapers carried stories about Hunte's visit. *Vaderland*, an Afrikaans daily, pictures him giving a 'cricket clinic' for a multi-racial group. *The Star* tells of his realisation that his life was not made for fame and money but to help the underprivileged, quoting Hunte: 'I decided then to live a Christ-like life and to try and bring about change and a new consciousness in the races of the world.'

MY ROOTS SURVIVE THE FLOOD

THE NEW YORK DOCTOR had said, 'The tumour is malignant. You must have an immediate operation.' Though there was little hope, it was Gunda Sjögren's strength and courage that fought through to recovery. Afterwards he said, 'If you had had one trace of fear you would not have survived. Who are you really?'

Yes, who was she? Just an ordinary Swedish girl. 'I come from Lapland. I used to go to school on skis,' was all she could say.

But given back the unspeakable gift of life, Gunda Sjögren began to articulate who she was, her roots and origins in the forests of the north of Sweden.

Next month her autobiography, 'My Roots Survive the Flood—A story from an Arctic village', will be published by Grosvenor Books. In this issue of NWN we publish a few extracts that convey a flavour of the book.



The iron cauldron



The iron cauldron stood there by the lake, shielded from the north winds by some rocks. Mama took me with her times without number when she did the laundry down by the lake.

Now I was 14 and allowed to do the washing

all by myself for the first time. Again and again I had asked to, and in the end Mama gave in. Clothes and linen were valuable items in the settlers' homes, where everything was home woven. Years of work had gone into them.

The day before wash day I made everything ready. I carried down sacks of birch wood to make the fire under the sooty pot. All the washing had to be put to soak in big wooden buckets and bowls. Sheets in one, towels in another, coloureds in a third, and woollens must be kept separate—no soaking for them. In the summer every single thing on the farm must be washed; covers, rugs and all the homespun clothes.

Early next morning I was up and lighting the fire under the pot, which I filled with water from the lake. To save steps I took a bucket in each hand. A household of eight meant a lot of washing. I took out the first lot of warm water and put it aside so as to have something to wash with from time to time. The first job was

to start all the sheets and all the white-wash boiling in the cauldron. The lye hung on a string in the water. Mama had made the lye herself out of ashes. She used to buy brown soap from the village shop; it didn't cost much. Soap powder we thought of as something extra special, a luxury you allowed yourself very rarely. Once Mama had received a shilling for baking bread from five kilos of flour for a team of foresters. 'What did you do with the shilling?' I asked her. 'I bought soap powder,' said Mama.

Soon the handwoven towels were hanging on the lines, clean and rough in the fresh air; red on one, blue and green on another. Mama had told me that ironing was easy if you shook the washing carefully before you hung it up. The sun and the wind did their work. We never put the sheets in the mangle, and only the top edges were ironed. When you jumped into bed those sheets made you feel you were right in the sun and the wind.

Wanting to help

Going to the 'big city' she took domestic work in Stockholm, but was always looking for something big to live for.

I ran over the bridge between the islands of Great and Little Essingen in Stockholm. I ran fast, but I was afraid to lift my feet too high. People might see that I had stuck paper into the soles of my sandals where holes were starting. I was running in sandals although it was quite cold. I couldn't afford to repair them or to buy a new pair.

I had been on a trip to Finland with some friends. We had gone there with full rucksacks, but most of us gave away all the food we had and nearly all our clothes. I kept one dress and one pair of shoes. When I came home I began to give 70 per cent of my monthly wages of 80 crowns to friends in Finland who were in dire need.

Go out among the people—use all you have to share with others! I felt an urge to do something. This time it was a material need I wanted to relieve. But I also wanted to share the new experiences that had made my life look absolutely different this last year. Much had happened since the day when I scribbled my thoughts on that brown paper. The most important thing was that I had given my life

to God. Now I longed to help others. Sometimes it meant something as simple as taking time to listen in order to find what, deep inside, you knew was really right.

I had been to visit my former mistress. She invited me to coffee in her garden one summer day. There were things that I wanted to clear up from my time in her family. She, too, had much she wanted to say to me. It was so much easier to talk now, and when she suggested we should use Christian names it seemed quite natural. The class distinction disappeared when we told each other what we really thought. I was invited back quite a few times to that family.

Then came the great meeting in Lund in the summer of 1944. Several hundred people gathered there, many with their children. A couple of other girls and I were put in charge of catering for 30 children in a school kitchen we had been lent. In spite of rationing we managed to get what we needed, sometimes as gifts from the shops.

But it was also important to give your convictions to the people there; they had gathered from all over Scandinavia, although the war was still going on. Surely I, Gunda, could not be one of the speakers? All the same, one morning I found myself on the platform. What had I learned that was worth telling?

'Women are meant to be an inspiration, not a temptation,' I began. And then I told them the simplest things from my daily life as a housemaid. 'If I'm stirring the soup and my thoughts are on my next date or I'm simply daydreaming, you can bet that soup won't be any good.' Thunderous laughter from the audience.

After the meeting I was surrounded by journalists and photographers. What's all this? Who is this girl, who proclaims her message so boldly? Does she mean what she said, and does she live it out? Anybody can talk.

Men had played a big part in my life. It was chiefly a question of power, not merely sex. But it was like playing a game, once exciting, and what else in life could give you excitement? You had a strong motive to make sure you got married, partly because in that lay the very security of life. Without exactly being clear that you were exploiting others, you continued to live from one man to the next. And when the difficult moment came, when you felt exploited yourself, then you became terrified and wanted to tear yourself loose. It was a sign that I had begun to break that selfish chain of exploitation, when I gave my message from the depths of the heart of a 20-year-old. 'Woman—an inspiration—not a temptation.'

BY GUNDA SJÖGREN

Stones on the road

We had been married less than six months when it was discovered that I had a very serious form of cancer.

Shortly before I knew this, I had arrived at a decisive point in my life.

I had gone through a night of despair, a night of uncontrollable weeping. I was shaking as deep feelings swept over me. I found myself crouching on my heels in the hall; I couldn't stay in the bedroom sobbing so violently, while Lennart lay there and slept.

It was his firm reply which set it all off. I had had the feeling that we weren't united on some small point. 'We can't go to sleep like this,' I had said. 'You have something against me and we must talk it through.'

'No, I have absolutely nothing against you, Gunda,' said Lennart. 'I think we ought to go to sleep now.' He spoke firmly and calmly, but his look almost seemed to be asking, 'What is the matter with you?'

Indeed, I had wondered myself what was the matter with me. Passionate feelings welled up inside me, amid all the insecurity of a new way of life, and that in a foreign land. But I had concealed the insecurity; to all appearances I was the one who wished to decide, to direct, to give advice all the time. Naturally this affected Lennart. But try as I might to stop dominating, I couldn't keep these feelings back, and spoke my mind forcibly on the most inappropriate occasions.

Now, here I was crying like a baby in the middle of the night. Lennart's firmness had thrown me out into the unknown. I saw that he would no longer give in to get peace in the home.



Many pictures passed before my mind's eye that night. I had lost my home, and who cared? Nobody. The houses were gone, Papa's and Mama's life-work lay deep under water. Soon nobody would know that our home had existed. Bushes and trees had been uprooted. Here was a spot where we had once made a garden. Here was the corner where I had carted earth and stones one spring to make a place to sit. Raspberries, currants and strawberries ripened here under the midnight sun. Here lilacs bloomed, though summer was far advanced. Now all

was gone forever. What was the good of weeping? But you couldn't be strong all the time. Why did I always have to be so strong and competent? Now I felt weak and I wanted to be wretched. How strange it was that when I got my own way I felt strong, but when things went against me I felt full of fear. I was helpless and alone. What should I do? Whom could I talk with? I was like a child crying for comfort. Lennart? No, he wouldn't understand. God? He was so far away. Mama? Yes, she would understand. I rested upon that thought. I savoured it, but somehow the taste was not right. 'There's something wrong here,' I thought. Then I became completely calm. For I saw what was wrong was that Mama should come first in my life, when I said I had given my life to God. I went in, lay down, and slept.

A voice behind

Next day when I woke I thought, 'You will find out where you went wrong,' and suddenly I saw with blinding clarity an incident from my childhood. I had been so ashamed of it while I was growing up that I had consciously decided to forget it.

Mama had breast-fed me for a very long time. There was nothing very unusual about that in those days. One day I had stood on the porch and shouted to her while she was in the barn, 'Come in, so I can have it off you.' She had not come in. But it was this scene which suddenly rose before my eyes. I felt the burning blush starting in my toes and going right up to the crown of my head. And I had thought I had forgotten this forever!

But now I saw what I had not seen before. The great driving force in my life was a hunger for comfort and a desire to be liked. In school, among friends and after I left home I had always run my life so as to be liked. I had told lies if I thought it would help to gain approval.

Mama was not holding onto me. She had released me so that I could do something good out in the world, as she put it. But it was I who was bound to her. The thing that meant most was to know that there was one person who understood me.

I got a strange feeling that I had to begin again at the beginning. I knelt by my bed, with the thought that the only one who could help me must be Jesus. 'I am impure through and through. All I do is wrong. My own nature gets in the way.' So I said to Jesus, 'Here I come, exactly as I am. I need to be washed clean, and you are the only one who can do it.'

When I got up I was different. Fear was gone, and I felt I was afraid of nothing. I was calm and free and full of a great expectation. Was this what it meant to be washed clean? Jesus had died that I might be free and forgiven. Now I could come back every time I needed it. I would live like this every day and expect the power of God's spirit to lead me.

It was just a few weeks later that I learned that I had a mortal illness. Humanly I could have been hysterical and terrified but something within me said quietly and calmly, 'Expect the worst, and leave it in God's hands.'

The surgeon had got his staff together before the operation. 'We don't know if we can do anything at all in this case,' he said. But he told them about it, and explained why I had come to America, and that I worked voluntarily without salary. The result was that several of the hospital staff offered to work without pay.

Thus it was that the anaesthetist could say to me before I went under, 'There are many who have volunteered to help.'

Afterwards the surgeon told Lennart he had had three similar cases. 'Your wife is the only one who pulled through.' Another of the surgeons added that if I had had the least trace of fear I would not have survived.

When the news reached Papa and Mama, and my brothers and sisters, it came as a tremendous shock. 'Gunda has cancer. Immediate operation necessary.' But they replied with touching faith, all signing the telegram, 'We thank God for you.'

So the days passed after the first operation. I seemed to improve. But a rapid deterioration set in with difficult complications. A second operation became necessary, more dangerous than the first. We understood from the surgeons later that they had had very little hope that I would survive.

Soon after the first operation Papa was walking across to my brother's home. When he had taken a few steps away from his house, he thought he heard a voice behind him saying, 'Gunda will live.' In surprise he turned round, but he saw nobody. He went back into the house to ask if someone had called him. No, nobody had. Yet the voice had said clearly, 'Gunda will live.'

Papa held firmly to this. When the second telegram came about the further operation and the risk of my death, it was he who declared to the family and friends, 'Gunda will live, that is definite.'

In New York they fought for my life. And when I awoke the doctor was standing in the doorway asking, 'But who are you really?'

Then I knew that the girl from Lapland must tell her story.

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MY ROOTS SURVIVE THE FLOOD

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We Must Never Lose Hope,
Says South African Teacher

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by Edwin Noble, former President,
Manchester Branch of the
National Union of Teachers

IN NOVEMBER 1976 I received an invitation to meet with a few friends interested in education. They were planning to produce a broadsheet. 'If we put our ideas and experience together it could help to stimulate a new look at the aims and philosophy of education.'

The Government had just launched the 'great debate' on education, an attempt to stir discussion among the public on issues such as discipline and academic standards. So the time seemed ripe.

I was not so sure. But their enthusiasm began to fire me.

'Let's call it "Polestar",' said Ian MacLachlan, a secondary teacher in the inner-city area of Glasgow. 'The Pole Star represents the unchanging light of truth by which we should steer.'

Keith Neal, Head of Biology at Manchester Grammar School, offered to be treasurer.

Solution-oriented a recent 'Polestar' editorial

THE GREATEST UNUSED resource in the modern world is human brain-power. What would we think of a firm which installed a multi-million-pound computer and then left it standing idle or just used it to work out the tea-breaks? Yet the human brain is in many ways superior to the best computers. Mankind has several thousand million of them at its disposal—and certain urgent problems that need solving. If all this brain-power were put to work would it not come up with most of the answers? By asking why it is not doing so we may shed light on our educational needs.

A computer can store algorithms, basic ways of tackling problems. The human mind has the advantage of an inbuilt problem-solving facility, but this needs practice and guidance.

A computer has to be programmed. It can

What students can do

H.C.F. ?

We reprint below two extracts from speeches which show that the determination to fight for moral and spiritual values is gaining momentum in this country.

Mrs Shirley Williams

Secretary of State for Education and Science, speaking in St Mary-le-Bow church on 25th October.

THERE HAVE RECENTLY been suggestions that the law on Religious Instruction in schools should be amended to reflect the change of values and beliefs in society in this country in the past thirty years.

... of parents withdraw their children from religious education.
Society in Britain has indeed changed greatly since 1944. It now incorporates a wide range of beliefs, from Hindu, Muslim and Jewish to Roman Catholic and Protestant. R.E. has to reflect the fact...

But who should edit it? Eyes turned towards me.

'What me? I wouldn't know how to do it.'

But I was retired and had the time. I remembered the saying, 'If a thing's worth doing, it's worth doing badly.' If the choice was between my doing it inadequately and it not being done at all, I had better decide to do it as well as I could.

We fixed a date, three weeks later, on which to publish it. But how? We had plenty of material but I had little idea of what to do with it. Then quite unexpectedly, Dermot McKay, a man with a good deal of publishing experience, heard about the idea and offered to help.

The paper came out on the day we had planned. In hindsight, now that I know more about what is involved, this seems more extraordinary to me than it did at the time.

There was considerable response. A Member of the House of Lords rang me up to ask if he could quote the poem by Philippa Sandeman, 'I only teach RE'. You can see it in Hansard.

We decided to make it a regular bi-

only deal with what is given. The human mind can, in addition, reach out for the information it needs. This again needs training.

What do we do when faced by a world problem? Ignore it? Moan? Protest? Highlight where others have failed? Millions protest about southern Africa. How much mental effort do we put into considering what kind of society should be created there and how?

We should aim to cure evil. How much of our thinking is really solution-oriented? Why not apply our brains to deciding how people of different races and cultures can live together; to tackling the tragedy of 300 million unemployed; to satisfying the hunger in the hearts of the North and the bellies of the South; to establishing human rights everywhere; to creating a peaceful, united, prosperous world?

Maybe we shan't like all the answers but we should make an honest attempt to find them. It is not enough to leave such ques-

monthly. We have just published issue number 8. We have subscribers in 19 countries. Articles have been reprinted in educational and other papers, both here and abroad. Copies are sent to all MPs, one of whom wrote, 'How much one must wish that the motivation of all teachers was similar to the motivation of Polestar.' Why not?

Education, rightly understood and practised, can be the key to a new world. Teachers can be the spokesmen of the inspired democracy of the future, of a world that has learned to live together as one family, a world where everyone is cared for and free to develop his talents for the good of all.

But education is the task of everyone. It is a process of changing the thinking and living of individuals and nations. It is a process which should not cease for any of us and to which every one of us can contribute.

The aim of Polestar is to inspire as many people as possible, starting with ourselves, to widen our vision of what education can and should do and of the kind of world we wish our children to inherit. ♪

tions to the experts. Some of the best brains in the world have failed to solve them. Can we average mortals then succeed? Yes, if we decide to look for the answers together.

A computer needs an input of power. What is ours? There is the heart-power that comes when we really care for others. Beyond this, we can plug in to the greatest source of power in the world, laid on by the most creative mind in the universe, the one who designed the brain in the first place, who knows how it works and what it is meant to accomplish. Unlike electronic computers, we have free-will. We can choose not to plug in. But what limitless possibilities for mankind we are missing if we choose not to.

What implications has this for education?

8 issues of Polestar cost £1.00 in Britain,
£2.00 in the rest of Europe,
£2.50 in the rest of the world.

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