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School Days in the City of our Childhood

Summary narrative for the Local History Museum, Durban Municipality.

- Taylor Street Government Native School 1920-1941
- Loram Secondary School 1942-1962

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Thembisa Waetjen, Researcher
Historical Studies, UKZN
waetjent1@ukzn.ac.za
031-260-2534

Preamble: researcher's explanation of historiographical approach

A story seems to have circulated among some of my informants that the school building which became Loram Secondary School was once a hospital, and that C.T. Loram himself had been a doctor at this hospital[1]. However, the building -- erected in 1920 -- was not a hospital but was known from 1921 as Taylor Street Native School (sometimes documented as Taylor Street Government School, Jelf Taylor Street School, Taylor Street Zulu School, etc.) because of its location on Jelf Taylor Crescent (part of which has become NMR [Masabalala Yengwa]). The name 'Loram' was attached only in 1942, after the death of Charles Templeton Loram, whose professional background was not medicine but rather in the field of 'Native Affairs' and, in particular, 'Native Education' which he had a crucial hand in shaping.

In many ways, the 'hearsay' is more palatable than the facts. It might be an historical irony that the school received the name of an educational segregationist who promoted a specialized industrial curriculum for African people based on the American 'Tuskadee' model of Booker T. Washington and the Phelps-Stokes commission. And, indeed, it might have been the school on Taylor street that Loram had in mind as a favourable measure of 'Native Progress' when he exuberantly reported, in 1933, that 'the recently created high schools are overcrowded'. Yet, in the same breath he lamented

> It is unfortunate that much of this zeal for higher education is prompted mainly by a desire for *academic* certificates, but signs are not wanting that the importance of technical training, especially in agricultural matters, is being appreciated.[2]

Tim Couzens writes that '[w]hen [Albert] Luthuli went to Amanzimtoti, Dr. C. T. Loram was Natal's first Chief Inspector for Native Education. He was a strong advocate of 'practical' education for the blacks and also coined the phrase that blacks should "develop along their own lines".

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[1] My informants acknowledge this as hearsay and admit the gaps in their knowledge. It is interesting that the career of C.T. Loram does not seem to have been conveyed at a school named after him. Perhaps this reflects that the decision to re-name the school (a decision whose history I have not yet been able to discover) was not completely to the satisfaction of the staff—though this is speculation. More research is required.

[2] Loram, C.T. 'Native Progress and Improvement of Race Relations in South Africa' Journal of the Royal African Society. Vol. 32, no. 126.(January) 1933. p. 82, my italics. Loram, who by this time was writing as a professor at Yale University, went on to report: "The curricula in Native Schools have been very considerably improved. In 1910, they were for the most part dim copies of European syllabus, but as the result of policies largely based on the Phelps-Stokes Fund, emphasis has been placed on "adaptation" in education so that to-day the curricula of Native Schools more closely meet the needs of the Native people than those of any other section of the community. Emphasis has been laid on mother tongue instruction, the learning of both official languages, theoretical and practical agriculture, and domestic science." P. 84

> This idea of a separate kind of education for blacks did not fully catch on until the Bantu Education Act of 1953 but it was very much part of the education debate of the time. What is crucial to realise, however, is that the blacks who attended the mission schools of the 1920s were largely subjected to an ideology of trusteeship, slow evolution, but with inevitable progress towards eventual assimilation.[3]

The name 'Loram' attached to the school on Jelf Taylor Street compels us to acknowledge the ambiguities in the history of segregated black education, for education can be both a source of liberation and of social control. The experiences of the school's alumni testify to both of these realities. From their testimony, it seems clear that the school was indeed highly academic in orientation and that this academic content was nurtured by a deeply committed, professionalized teaching staff. It very clearly did *not* set out merely to produce manual labourers. But nor could it prepare its pupils for unlimited opportunities, given the racialized social and ideological structures of the day. We know that the professions available to African women in that period were as teachers and nurses -- and it is not surprising that most of my female informants had either retired after a life of nursing or else had aspired to become nurses (and, for one reason or another, were not able to pursue nursing, in which case they fell back on domestic service, laundry, or child care). Ambitious African men could pursue teaching as a career, and graduates of Taylor St./Loram also became doctors, pastors or lawyers, in addition to agricultural specialists.

Because decades under the Bantu Education Act, in combination with the effects of economic inequality on schooling for black children, have left a heavy legacy on South Africa's youth today, discovering the heritage of a school like Taylor St/Loram seems an important opportunity. But what is this heritage to be? Of course, we can't forget the social engineering replete in the tangle of involvements of the Native Administration, the city management and the paternalistic welfare/charity networks because these structured many of the opportunities and constraints experienced by barracks residents. However, these realities do not encapsulate the meaning of the Taylor Street/Loram school, nor can they eclipse the lived experiences of people at this institution. (And this may be particularly true when speaking about the experiences of children.) It is also the case that an institution such as Taylor St./Loram does not fit neatly into the radical resistant narratives that came to be important only after the school's closure in the early 1960s. This research could have focussed on the now- famous political personalities who interfaced with the school in its

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[3] Couzens, Tim. *The New African: A Study of the Life and Work of H.I.E. Dhlomo.* Johannesburg: Raven Press, 1985. p. 50.

forty-year institutional life, personalities such as Selby Ngcobo, John Dube, Govan Mbeki and Eppainette Moerane (Taylor Street School is where they first met and fell in love). Taylor St/Loram was certainly part of a network of black educational institutions that were socially and politically important. Yet this focus also does little justice to what the existence of this school meant within the growing urban communities of black Durban in the first half of the 20th century. After all, Govan Mbeki, for whom the building might now be re-named, taught at Taylor Street for only one year.

The approach I have taken in this research is a social history approach because I came to see that the story of the Taylor Street/Loram Secondary School is the story of its children. The importance of its heritage is captured in the memories of those who sat in its classrooms so many decades ago, who remember the school as a highlight in their lives. Such memories are important to the local public, and particularly to the city. It is in many ways a past worth celebrating, not in order to deny the many hardships of life in a segregated city, but to highlight the resilience and agency of people who creatively made good and full lives, together, within that context. While the democratic South African nation continues to struggle with the legacy of apartheid, and particularly its impact on black children and on education, the significance of an African school that was at the centre of community life, with high levels of academic standards, ambition and professionalism, holds tremendous symbolic power and is indeed a heritage indeed worth preserving. The message of this heritage is: Children come first! And this history highlights how community resources and professional concern can and should be directed to their well-being and future lives.

School Days in the City of our Childhood[4]

Introduction

Along NMR, just north of Kingsmead Cricket Stadium, an old school building of charming colonial design can be found, sandwiched between the new Standard Bank development and a row of car dealerships. The school building was erected in 1920, but for several years it was unreferenced in the Durban city directory and, when finally documented, it was listed only as a 'native school'. Yet, Taylor Street Native School, as it was first known—later called Loram Secondary—was to make a name for itself and shine brightly in the memories of those who inhabited its classrooms. For four decades, its gracefully arched windows and red tile roof stood out prominently in the life of the surrounding community. Today, the building and its history threaten almost to disappear amidst the commercial bustle and monolithic architecture of its 21st century setting.

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[4] With thanks to alumni of Taylor Street/ Loram Secondary for their time in interviews and focus groups:

Agnes Nomhlangano Msomi, attended from 1935-1939 (as Taylor Street)
Charles Mbutho, attended from 1936 to 1940 (as Taylor Street)
Eunice Hlengwa (neé Ntombela) from 1937-1942 (as Taylor Street)
Lesley Sipho Nyide, attended from 1940/1(?)
Mandlenkosi "Slax" Mhlongo, attended from 1941-1951
Abel Mhlongo, attended from 1942-1953
Celia "Fitho" Khuzwayo, attended 1942-1950
Thembikile Ntuli, attended from 1943-?
Emily Ndlovu, attended from 1945-1948
Sibongile Ndaba, attended from 1946?
Lydia Nyide, attended from 1947-54.
Beryl Msomi, began in 1949
Violet Malinga, attended from 1949
Lindiwe Khuzwayo, attended from 1950
Christina Kunene, attended from 1950
Patricia Ngcobo, attended from 1953
Lindeni Ngubane, attended 1954-58
Nora Cebekhulu, attended 1957-59
Agnes Molife, attended 1959-1961 (School closed)
Vinah Hlatshwayo, (?--until 1961, closed)

Thanks also to undergraduate research assistants Nomfundo Ncgobo, Sabelo Myeza and Thamsanqa Dube for participation in the April focus group; to Maryke van de Merwe and Dan Maré for help with some of the interview transcripts; to Rob Lowe, Innocent Chamane and Bongi Mnikathi at KwaMuhle Museum for use of their space even while under construction; to Yvonne Winters and Mwelela Cele for helpful assistance at Killie Campbell; and with special thanks to key informant Abel Mhlongo for generosity with his time, information and introductions.

Imagine, then, this school building standing within a different landscape of sights and sound. Imagine the resonant clang of a school bell announcing morning assembly and the end of each lesson. Imagine the clamour of children's voices at recess, the music of choirs, the spirited shouts of football teams playing at the nearby sporting grounds. Imagine a moving ensemble of green and gold as girls and boys walk home in the afternoon light.

Imagine, too, a multicultural, urban environment surrounding the school that was home to many of these children. This area was once referred to as the 'eastern vlei', a wetlands north of the city centre, stretching to the Umgeni river, and bordered by railway tracks to the west and ocean beaches to the east. Within this space, a kilometre from the sea along Somtseu road, a series of barracks were constructed to accommodate black working people whose labour made possible the functioning of Durban's railways and harbour. In the first half of the 20th century, this was a centre of life for thousands of workers and families hailing from diverse religious, linguistic, and cultural traditions but holding in common the challenges of living within an infrastructural and social climate that was regimented by racial segregationist city planning and labour exploitation.

This residential area was segregated and segmented in various ways: by race, by gender and by religious affiliation. The Magazine Barracks housed men, women and children of Indian descent. The Depot Road Location was built for male African workers, who were considered temporary urban residents. The wives and female companions of these men, visiting from the rural farming areas, along with African women working in town, resided in the Thokoza hostel on the corner of Grey Street and Carlisle. In the middle was a community called Baumannville, a location of about 9 acres containing 120 two-room homes rented to African couples who had been married by Christian rites, and their families. Together, these diverse groups of people constituted an urban culture that in some ways reflected, and in other ways transcended, the social engineering of the city's managers.

It was for the children of Baumannville that the school was built, an indication that -- within the racialized thinking of the day – city planners had in some measure accepted the idea of a permanently settled urban African working class. The Baumannville 'married quarters' is therefore of some historical importance as the cradle of two generation of people of indigenous African ancestry who were born and raised as urbanites -- generations that did not migrate somewhere else but who rather grew up with a sense of home and belonging to the streets and spaces of Durban itself. Like its

urban counterparts in other cities, for example, Sophiatown and District Six, it was home to a generation who made, and were made by, an emerging urban culture. This was a culture that -- while officially excluded from the Eurocentric representations of Durban seen in postcards and in glossy brochures of the era[5] – was nonetheless essential to the character of Durban as a multicultural port city. In these spaces, young Albert Luthuli and other future leaders cut their political teeth as directors of the local African football clubs[6]; Govan Mbeki met fellow communist and love Eppainette Moerane; educational pioneer Rev. John Dube galvanized a network of schools with a vision of African upliftment; and sport, music and cultural entertainments of various kinds coexisted with the difficulties and anxieties associated with racial discrimination and economic hardship in this period.

This complex heritage was physically eradicated in the late-middle period of the 20th century. With the implementation of the Group Areas Act, black urban residents of this area – whether or not they were born here -- were gradually removed and relocated to 'townships' outside the city limits— KwaMashu, Umlazi, Chesterville, Lamontville, Chatsworth. The eastern vlei area was re-zoned as working and non-residential, and the barracks were destroyed. Baumannville residents were removed in 1959 and the Loram Secondary School closed in 1962. There are now only a few structures remaining as physical traces of black, residential Durban as it previously existed. The Baptist Church beside Loram on NMR, the still-functioning Durban Hindu temple on Somtseu Road and, beside it, a now-dilapidated Indian government school, are amongst these landmarks. A string of sporting grounds, which included a stadium that could accommodate 6000, were destroyed and a municipal court and police barracks were erected in their place—an infrastructure of social control.

The old school building along MNR, therefore, commemorates not only a place of education for thousands of African children in the early 20th century. It also marks the heritage of a city that emerged (within, as well as despite, segregation laws) as a cosmopolitan space: a 'black Durban' in which ingoma competitions and ballroom dancing, isicathamiya choirs and soccer fanaticism, religious and culinary multiplicity, and entrepreneurship formed a grand mix of activity. This was a

[5] Maylam, Paul and Iain Edwards (eds) *The People's City: African Life in Twentieth-Century Durban*. Pietermaritzburg: University of Natal Press, 1996. p. 1
[6] Magubane, B. *Sports and Politics in an Urban African Community: A Case Study of African Voluntary Organizations* (M.A. Thesis, University of Natal, 1963.)

Durban that was the hometown to a generation of children who later were forcibly dispossessed of their urban indigeneity through the imposition of apartheid and its attempts to 're-tribalize' African people. Paul Maylem, in the edited book *The People's City*, writes that '[o]ne of the functions of apartheid was to make the daily existence of the underclasses, outside the workplace, as invisible as possible to the dominant classes.'[7] This remarkable high school offers a superb opportunity to make visible the city that was lived, as remembered by those who experienced it as children.

The School and the City

The old school building on Jelf Taylor Street was erected in 1920 through the Native Administration fund, set up by the Native Beer Act of 1908. The Durban Corporation held a monopoly on the brewing of traditional beer, simultaneously regulating the production of the home-brewed beverage and confining its legal consumption to municipal beer halls.[8] From the funds generated through the beer halls, labour barracks like the Somtseu Road location were set up in the margins of the city to house African workers. The school on Taylor Street, established for the children of the 'Married Native Quarters' was thus financed through the labour and thirst of African workers.

Originally, the institution provided for small numbers of pupils. In a letter dated two decades after the school opened, the school's directorship complained about size of facilities of the grounds that they had been built 'when there were barely fifty pupils above Standard IV'. By 1943, the school had 'more than three hundred pupils in the higher classes.' Even by the early 1930s, the building could no longer serve the rising numbers of children. Other venues had to be arranged. Mission boards and Church organisations shouldered the responsibility of providing venues for the younger pupils into the 1940s and beyond.

A young child, just beginning school in the early 1940s would spend the first two years of pre-school—Sub A and B—at the South African General Mission, located on Somtseu Road and occupying land leased from the Durban Corporation (this building no longer stands). The Baumannville residents referred to this pre-school as 'Embhoshongweni' after the tall spire on the

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[7] Maylam, Paul and Iain Edwards (eds) *The People's City: African Life in Twentieth-Century Durban*. Pietermaritzburg: University of Natal Press, 1996. p. 1

[8] For an excellent summary of the Durban System, see La Hausse, P. 'The Struggle for the City: Alcohol, the Ematsheni and Popular Culture in Durban, 1902-1936', in Maylam, Paul and Iain Edwards (eds) *The People's City: African Life in Twentieth-Century Durban*. Pietermaritzburg: University of Natal Press, 1996. pp. 33-66.

Hindu Temple, nearby. Proceeding on to Standards One and Two, the child would then relocate to St. Faith's Church of Anglican Communion on Carlisle Street, at the end of the same block as the Thokoza women's hostel. For Standard Three, the progressing pupil would attend the Salvation Army 'Hut' further east along Somtseu (also leased from Durban Corporation [also no longer existing]). A student who completed their fifth year of education was sent for Standard Four year to Montpelier Road between Fifth and Sixth avenues, to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. As student numbers grew and more students progressed, the scramble for new venues became a feature of the schools administration. Finally, eligible children would begin secondary training at the main school building.

For a brief time, the Norwegian Mission Society's Native Church in Milne street provided temporary accommodation for the Standard Five pupils of Loram Secondary school. The application to use this venue was submitted by the inspector of Native Schools to the Corporation of the City of Durban for approval in April of 1944.[9] The application process took four months, with four business firms and three residents in the Milne Street area consulted. An objection was raised by Peycke and Saunders, agricultural implement merchants, who objected 'on the grounds that noise of pupils will disturb them and their staff in their work'.[10] The head office initially dismissed these objections but upon further inquiry, decided them to be justified. On the 18 August the inspector of Schools paid a visit to Peycke and Saunders and promised that the nuisance would be minimal, thereby obtaining the firm's withdrawal of their initial objections. A week later, the Milne Street venue was endorsed for temporary use by Standard 5 pupils.

The expansion of the school in its first twenty years reflects both the changing expectations and ambitions of African families for their children, as well as the growth of the resident community sufficiently proximate to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by the school on Jelf Taylor Street. Married Native Quarters were intended for Christian couples and their children and the demand proved robust. From 36 units built in 1916, the location was extended by 24 additional cottages the following year. More units were created and by 1928, 120 two-room houses were fully

[9] NAD CNC28/11, 15 April 1944, Town Clerk to Native Commissioner.
[10] NAD CNC 15A 28/11 Calendar of application process by Native Commissioner.

occupied—with families building on to the meagre structures and creating (illegal) extensions. In the 1950s, the 120 units housed a population of almost 800 people.[11]

Couples were attracted not only to living in married quarters so close to the city, but to the advantage of education for their children. The Mhlongo family provides a good example. Mandlenkosi, Abel and Thembikile Mhlongo's father and mother moved into Baumannville in the 1930s after living in Ndwedwe for several years, and before that, in Zululand. Two elder daughters, Thandiwe (b. 1925) and Maria (b.1928) had begun school as rural residents, walking long distances and, after rains, crossing flooded rivers to get to class. In heaviest downpour, school would necessarily close. Abel Mhlongo believes his parents moved closer to Durban not merely for the promise of work, but for the opportunities in education afforded to their eldest girls. 'It was not unusual by city standards for girls to get an education, but by rural standards it was unusual,' Mhlongo remarked. Both daughters were the first in the family to attend school at the Jelf Taylor Street site; their six siblings followed in their footsteps. All eight Mhlongo children graduated from Loram and all the sisters went on to attend Inanda Seminary. It was not unusual for entire, large families of Baumannville children to attend school on Jelf Taylor Street (and, upon completing Standard 9, continue at institutions such as Ohlange or Mapumulo). Children living in other parts of the city, and those residing with mothers in the backyards of the white people for whom they worked as domestic labourers, also attended Taylor St./Loram, arriving by bus and swelling the numbers further.

By the early 1940s, it was clear to the provincial Native Commissioners that a more stable solution to the issue of space had to be found and extensions to the existing school building were developed. In January of 1943, a letter from the Town Clerk informed the Durban Native Commissioner that 'the status of the Loram School has been raised to that of a Secondary School[12] and the children attending the four [off-campus] schools…will be absorbed into the proposed extension.' He went on to assure him that 'there will…then be available the Loram School as extended as well as the recently completed School at Lamont Location. In addition to these schools two sites have been reserved in the Blackhurst Location for further schools so that the children of families who will be provided

[11] Institute for Social Research, University of Natal. Natal Regional Survey, Report Number 6, *Baumannville: A study of an Urban African Community*. Cape Town, London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1959. p. 24

[12] Whether the shift in status of the institution to a Secondary School' a change which affected curriculum and exam preparation, *also* affected the decision to rename Taylor Street Native School, or whether C.T. Loram's death in 1940 itself prompted this decision, is a matter I have not been able to determine.

with accommodation in our locations will be provided for.'[13] Meanwhile, there seems to have been much confusion about the status and economic management of the school, with shifting legislation raising new questions.

On 5 February, 1943, P.G. Caudwell, acting Chief Native Commissioner of Natal requested information from the Durban Native Commission about the school. It seemed that there had been a lack of clarity as to whether the school building was considered an asset of the City Council or of the Native Revenue account, and also whether it was considered a part of the Somtseu Road [labour] location or independent of it. Other urgent questions concerned the various spread of venues that were serving local 'native' children in their schooling. Uncertainties about the building's location and ownership also expressed confusion around segregation laws. The 'married natives' quarters' had originally been 'approved as a Native location by the Governor-General under Section 2 of the Locations Act (Act 2 of 1904 (Natal)). In 1940, this act was repealed and Baumannville was approved as a location by the Minister of Native Affairs under Section 1(1) of the Urban Areas Act.'[14] The attempt to clarify whether the school fell under the same rubric as the Baumannville and Somtseu Road locations was, it seems, relevant to the question of who was entitled to control the rents.

Cauldwell's questions appear to have been raised specifically in relation to decisions made during a City Council meeting almost three years earlier (11 April 1940) in which 'lengthy negotiations' were held with the provincial administration regarding the rents paid for the 'Jelf Taylor Street Native School'. Since its construction by the City Council in 1920 the building had been used 'rent-free' by the Education Department. Now the City Council said it was prepared to allow for the continuing occupation of the school by the Education Department at the cost of 779 pounds per annum, based upon 7.5 % of the capital costs of the school building of 10,385 pounds. Two years after this decision, a proposal for the enlargement of the school [described as Sketch Plan no. 602] was raised at another meeting, held in November of 1942. Additional buildings were estimated at a cost of 19,000 pounds. It was proposed that these would be rented to the Education Department at 7.5% of this initial cost for a period of 30 years.

[13] NAD CNC 28/11B 27th January, 1943. Letter addressed to the Chief Native commissioner quoting communication from Town Clerk.

[14] Institute for Social Research, University of Natal. Natal Regional Survey, Report Number 6, *Baumannville: A study of an Urban African Community*. Cape Town, London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1959. p. 10.

But in late March of 1943, Durban's Native Commissioner responded point by point to Caudwells' query[15]. The school was, the letter declared, definitively an asset of the Native Revenue Account and the rents would appear in its balance sheet and not paid to City Council. Moreover, although the Jelf Taylor school site was *not* included in the areas proclaimed by Government Notice no 1549 of the 27th September 1940, the school would be leased to the education department. Indeed, a lease had already been drawn up earlier that very month and the Natal Provincial administration undertook lease of

> 'a certain piece of land called Lot 23, Block WD of Subdivision B of Subdivision A of Ordnance Land no. 1685, situate in the City and County of Durban…in extent two decimal four nought six nine (2.4069 acres, together with the buildings erected there one for a period of thirty (30) years, commencing from the 1st day of April 1940, and expiring on the 31st day of March 1970.'[16]

Meanwhile, an urgent request for the approval of the proposed building extensions at the site of the Secondary School was advanced in a letter from the Loram School Committee itself.[17] In the letter, the committee members explained the challenges the school faced: the children of Loram were housed in five different buildings and this not only meant unnecessary travel for the pupils and difficulties for proper supervision by the headmaster, but it also 'hinder[ed] the development of a proper esprit de corps at this school, and the main branch of the school is the only one with any playground at all.' They pointed out that some of the children were compelled to take their meals at the Municipal Canteen in the Men's Barracks in Somtseu Road, which they considered 'unfortunate' for the older girls. Plans for additions to the main school would expand the Domestic Science and Woodwork rooms, as well as add 'a proper kitchen and dining room for pupils' meals'. Moreover, they pointed out, 'with the development of higher classes, Physical Science has to be introduced as a subject for the Junior Certificate Examination; but the school has no facilities for the teaching of this subject in the practical way demanded by the official syllabuses'.

[15] NAB 15A CNC28/11J, 25 March 1943, Native Commissioner, Durban to Chief Native Commissioner, Pietermaritzburg.
[16] NAB 15A CNC28/11, 15 March 1943, Lease agreement forwarded from Office of the Native Commissioner, Durban, to the Chief Native Commissioner, Pietermaritzburg.
[17] NAD CNC28/11, 28 June 1943, 'Additions to Loram Secondary Native School' signed by members of the school committee [H.G. Morrison, Chairman; S.S. Ndlovu, Member; A.G. Sililo, Member; D.W. Moshe, Member; R.W.G. Ndimande, Acting Secretary/ O.E.Emanualson, Inspector of Schools; C.C.W. Nxumalo, Supervisor of Schools.]

The committee also strategically dealt a 'race card' into their argument, claiming that the 'Europeans in the Montpelier Road area' (where the American Board of Missions hosted classes), had understood the arranged use of its space to be temporary, and were now complaining, pressing for a 'more suitable place' for the native children to attend school. Apparently, disgruntlement among white neighbourhoods was indeed a threat to the school. In a letter dated January 1943, the Durban office of the Native Commissioner cited the Town Clerk's statement that

> [f]or some time past complaint has been made to the City Council regarding the existence of a Native School in Montepelier [sic] Road, which is in the European Occupied area, and it is anticipated that upon completion of the extension to the Loram Secondary School the City Council will approach the Minister with a view to exercising the powers vested in him by Section 5(6) (a) of the Natives (Urban Areas) Act.[18]

Whether these complaints were significant in gaining the approval for the extensions on the school grounds, I have not been able determine. But the tussle over space highlights two realities: first, it shows the vulnerable status of black schooling in a city that defined itself as white, where it was pitted against arbitrary law-making (and its even more arbitrary implementation) by officials trying to maintain the principle of segregation in an integrating space. It also highlights the haphazard nature of that control. The fact was that black children, for years, attended school in a 'white' area. And the children seem to have continued to be accommodated at the Montpelier site until the new structures were indeed completed. When, in 1944, young Mandlenkosi Mhlongo advanced to Standard 4, he attended Montpelier Road, completing the grade two years after the town clerk's threat. The Minister had not yet been summoned to exercise his evictionary powers.

Proposed additions to the main building at Loram were finally approved and the buildings erected so that by the Mandlenkhosi was ready for Standard 6 on the main campus, he and his cohort were the beneficiaries of brand new buildings. Along with his brother Able, he was among the first to study chemistry and physics science in the new lab that the committee had requested. Abel recalls that in the lab

> there was everything that science involved. Everything we needed. Everybody was interested in the laboratory because of the experiments that the teacher conducted. I remember Mr. Myeni, who was the science teacher, specializing in the science subjects and he had all the, you know, chemicals and minerals for conducting the experiments…we

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[18] NAD CNC 28/11B 27th January, 1943. Letter addressed to the Chief Native commissioner quoting communication from Town Clerk.

> could watch. And he'd let us touch. Pour some of this, pour some of that, and let's see what happens! It was fun![19]

By the 1950s, the school, with a team of 25 teachers, was providing education to well over 800 children [20] and the classrooms that had been added as extensions were full. The new facilities included a state of the art ablution blocks/toilets and units for the groundskeepers. Sibongile Ndaba remembers that

> we had showers at the school, the toilets were not like today's toilets, where the whole school has got about 4 toilets. I'm sure there were about 20, with washbasins and showers. So after, after playing basketball, after playing you could go and have a shower before you go home. It was nice! …and there was even the servants' quarters there, caretakers, who looked after the school, cleaned the school, washed the toilets and did everything. Unlike our schools today where children have to wash the toilets and pick up papers at the school…they don't have caretakers like we did. Now, you know, children have to go through a lot, and schools say they can't pay for care takers and so children have to clean the schools today, but our school was clean…[21]

It is interesting that, while Baumannville location was architecturally impoverished and without conveniences (a laundry room was added later but no meeting hall was ever erected and the buildings became dilapidated in the 1950s) the school facilities stand out for their quality, even from 1921. The building would have stood out for its charm, many windows and beautiful arches. The extensions of later years (now demolished) were modern and well equipped, reflecting a real investment in the educational needs of the community. As indicated by Ndaba's recollection the experience of school seems to have offered a source of pride for who were educated on its premises, both in its existence as Taylor Street Native School and as Loram Secondary. Alumni remember school days with much nostalgia, and memories expressed frequently in direct contrast to the 'schools today' and the 'youth today' and the 'teachers today'. When I asked the general question of what it was like to attend that school, faces lit up, eyes glowed and voices became animated. 'Marvelous' said Abel Mhlongo, with great emotion. 'Absolutely marvelous.'

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[19] Interview with A. Mhlongo, 26 March 2007.
[20] Natal Regional Survey, Report no. 6, Baumannville: A Study of an Urban African Community, Cape Town, London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1959., p. 53.
[21] Interview with Cybel Sibongile Ndaba, 7 May 2007.

> [I]t was a very good school. Committed teachers! Committed students, who wanted to prepare for life. You know, you'd find that most of the students there went to school *conscientiously*![22]

For its alumni, the importance of Taylor Street/Loram was in the daily rigors of education and its interface with the community life. Together and individually, they constructed a picture of life at school, a life that they lived as ordinary but remember in retrospect as extraordinary because of the relocations and Bantu education curriculum that was imposed later. The picture they construct is important and worth detailing because it empirically demonstrates not only the high status of education in this period but, even more crucially, the value place on and seriously invested in children.

At School

Time table and curriculum

For the pupils of Taylor Street, later Loram Secondary, school began promptly at 8:00[23] with the ringing of a school bell, calling children to morning assembly on the grassy space at the north side of the building. If you were a pupil fortunate enough to live in 'Married Quarters' , the location for African Christian families just beyond the other barracks, you might have been convinced you were at an advantage. School was only a short walk from home and it was easy to convince yourself that you could have just one more cup of tea before you set off with your friends, joking and laughing[24]. But then you realized…you were late! Late students got 'the belt' from the principal, whose office faced Jelf Taylor Crescent. Like Cybele Sibongile Ndaba you would be obliged to stand at the gate, quaking in your polished school shoes, until assembly was finished. '[There] was an iron gate. We would stand there, the teacher would lock [it] when the assembly started and then when you arrive late you can't go inside.'[25] After assembly the principal would come, give you a whack on the hand or the seat of your pants (which you endured philosophically) and you would be allowed to enter.

But if you were naughty and nimble, like young Abel Mhlongo you'd take evasive action and walk round to the other side of the school along Somtseu road and toward the temple, known to

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[22] A. Mhlongo, 26 March 2007.
[23] Informants report different times, 8 and 8:15, and it is not clear whether this reflects different memories or a shift in the time table during the career of the school.
[24] This was Abel Mhlongo's account of why he was sometimes late.
[25] S. Ndaba, 7 May 2007.

Baumannville residents as 'Embhoshongo'. Here, a school for Indian children shared a fence with the one created for African children. You scaled the fence and if you were lucky, you might find a way to blend into the assembly, in time for line up.

School Assembly began with announcements, prayers and singing. Hymns in English, such as 'The Lord is my Shepherd' were sung *a capella* and with harmonious gusto.[26] Sometimes the music teacher taught a new song, using a board and teaching the tenors, altos and sopranos their different parts. The teachers took it in turns to pray, read the Bible, or provide a few minutes of Christian teaching, before sending the children off to their respective classrooms. ('Then we walk—*Quietly*! No noise!' explained one former pupil[27].) Roll call took place in the classroom: students would shout out that they were 'present'. Classrooms were organized according to grade, and because a grade might have many pupils, each grade was subdivided into sections, labelled alphabetically (A, B, C, etc…). These sections did not, reportedly, divide learners according to ability. Student numbers in each class varied greatly, with one alumnus describing herself as part of a classroom of seventy, others remembering more modest sizes:

> Between 25 and 30, 40. Depending on how popular that section is…if there are too many in the [grade], they would divide them. If there are 60, then they would divide them so there would be two sections. If there was 100, then there would be 5 sections or 6 sections, depending on the number of kids.[28]

Agnes Msomi, who attended the school in the late 1930s remembers being in a small class of 18 in which the number of boys dominated. 'There were six girls', she remembers[29]. As mentioned earlier, the growing numbers over the course of the school's life reflect its institutional expansion as well as the growing numbers of children going to school.

Seated two to a desk, each like a small table with an inkwell at the centre, learners would sit straight and look ahead to the teacher, no distractions permitted. The teacher, at the front, wrote on the blackboard and instructed students in what they must write in their lesson books, which (like today)

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[26] Versions and actual singing of the song can be found on audios of interview with Violet Malinga, also with focus group 2 of Taylor St. alumni, as well as in the audio-visual footage from Loram April focus Group.
[27] Interview with Christina Kunene, 23 April 2007
[28] Interview with Lydia Nyide, 17 April 2007
[29] Focus group and individual interview with Agnes Msomi, 5 May 2007.

were black books with red binding. In the primary classes, it seems that slates were used instead of paper. Emily Ndlovu describes their advantage:

> We were using slates most of the time… with a lead pencil… and then, when we are here with that slate, the class teacher used to say 'you are going to make short stories'. So when we write the short stories we were going to write it on the slate to prevent us from using papers. This can be easily erased. So everything was ok [not expensive] for us, and the parents. Because, we take slates there, the teacher would read and read and read and read, give you a mark and give [it] back. And then you can erase. And then, for the next time when there's arithmetic, you do that work. History, Geography, whatever it takes. You do that work, even a short thing. Then that can be easily erased.[30]

Class time was relieved by two breaks during the day, a recess from 10h30 to 11h00[31] and a lunch hour, from 13h00 to 14h00 when the Baumannville children had the option of returning home for a meal. Lessons ended at 3h00 and were followed by extracurricular opportunities, such as sport and choir practice.

In the classroom, school lessons were made up of a variety of subjects, and alumni remember learning Geography, History, English, Zulu, Biology, Sciences, Arithmetic, as well as classes in Carpentry for boys and Domestic Science for girls. In the early decades, Latin was taught. In the latter decades, it appears this was substituted by Afrikaans. Some of the later students remember that the curriculum included lessons in physiology and hygiene, apparently offered to those interested in careers in nursing or medicine. Agriculture appears to have been introduced in the 1950s. Former pupils remember some of the themes and topics that comprised the various subjects. Emily Ndlovu remembers that 'we used to do mental arithmetic which I [still] do today!' In Geography, Agnes Molife says she learned about things like weather systems and the planets. In History

> we learn[ed] about olden days…Who made the first train, locomotive. Who made the gramophone. You know the gramophone? I've forgotten who but I know that one made electricity, the first man to make electricity…we learned about the Dutch people came to South Africa, like Jan van Riebeck in 1652… Then all those things like who was uShaka, when was uShaka born, and Dingane. All those things. Who killed Shaka, who killed Dingane. You know.[32]

[30] Interview, Emily Ndlovu, 23 April 2007.
[31] A. Molife reports that in the late 1950s, assembly started at 8:15 with classes commencing at 8:40, and the first break beginning at 10:45.
[32] Interview, Agnes Molife, 20 April 2007.

The generation of alumni who attended Taylor Street Native School do not remember any Arts and Crafts at the school. The Loram generation may, then, have become subject to the beginnings of efforts by the education department to acquaint Zulu-speaking children with a sense of cultural heritage. Students who attended the school in its incarnation as Loram Secondary remember craft shows, where their woven mats was displayed along with examples of essays and other school work. They testify that they greatly enjoyed getting out of the classroom to collect grasses for their projects. It is not clear whether Art was a regular subject or introduced as an occasional activity. In any case, paintings by Loram students archived in Killie Campbell depict scenes of rural society, for example activities around a kraal, people chopping wood. For city kids, such themes would have not have been entirely foreign due to visits from relatives who lived outside the city. Still, these activities do appear to reflect a trend towards a C.T. Loram-style notion of an 'authentic' native cultural expression.

Jack Watt Grossert, who travelled South Africa collecting photographs and drawing sketches of crafts (and who collected paintings by Loram and other students) lamented the failure of education to root black children in African cultural influence. In his 1968 Masters thesis (in which one Loram student's painting appears and is psychoanalysed and classed as an example of 'immature expressionism') he wrote:

> In spite of the introduction of traditional crafts and music into the curriculum of Bantu Schools in Natal, and the use of the vernacular which, by 1960, had reached the topic standard of the primary schools, the cultural atmosphere is still Western European, and the schools are geared to provide literacy and mental skills which should enable the Bantu adolescent to adjust himself to the psychological, if not social, integration with the white. Even today, the majority of Bantu Schools and probably all the larger primary, all the high and all the training schools, no Bantu cultural influence can be detected in the style of architecture of the buildings, in the style of the furniture within, in most of the books the teachers and the pupils use, nor in their dress, because there is no suitable traditional pattern to be followed. Art and crafts, therefore, stand in a unique position in the curriculum, in the freedom given for self-expression, by providing a positive link between the cultural background and the educational system.[33]

The language of instruction was strictly English. Although Zulu and sometimes Afrikaans were used in morning prayers and in respective language classes, Zulu was not permitted even for casual conversation. Christina Kunene explained that 'When you enter these premises, Loram premises, there's no Zulu! You get a punishment if you talk Zulu. You must talk English!' Emily Ndlovu

[33] Grossert, Jack Watt (1968) *Art education and Zulu crafts* (MA thesis) p. 74. Copy at Campbell Collections.

added emphatically that this was 'so you can learn'. Teachers, and also the prefects (Ndlovu herself was a prefect) reinforced this:

> Kunene: When you talk Zulu, they take you to the principal…
> Ndlovu: right down to the principal...
> Kunene: for your punishment…
> Ndlovu: And the principal or the caretaker will give you a good hiding! He'd [tell the prefects] 'The Zulu-speakers? Write them down! Take them to me.'[34]

Students attending Taylor Street/Loram used their English names while at School. For many, this was what they called themselves at home as well. Emily Ndlovu had an English name only until she applied for an ID book at about the age of 18:

> My name is one, Emily. The second name was given to me when I went to take an ID. Then it said, Emily Mamane Ndlovu. But 'Mamane'… I don't like it… because I am not known by that name. I always say that I am not known by that name because this was given to me by the Home Affairs… They just give you *any* name! Any name they like![35]

Most former pupils I spoke with had begun their studies as Sub A students in Embhoshongweni, the place near the tall spire building [Durban Hindu Temple] and progressed through its various satellite locations. Violet Malinga remembers that as a very young child she benefited from a lunch programme organized by the Employment Bureau of Africa [TEBA] office, which was strategically located near the barracks, just beside the South African General Mission on Somtseu Road.[36] 'At lunchtime, they would take care of us all. There it was Mr Robson, who does all the things for us. Lunchtime, they will cook samp for us… custard, jelly…' Mr. Robson, the superintendent of Msizini, apparently often delivered provisions for families in Baumannville, clearly a distributing agent in what was in the late 40s and early 50s a growing welfare circuit.[37]

The school's children were in various ways incorporated into the city's regulatory as well as the organizations of various philanthropic groups that had developed after the second world war.

[34] Interview with Christina Kunene and Emily Ndlovu, 23 April 2007.
[35] Ndlovu, 23 April 2007.
[36] She claims that the small boxy building beside the temple was TEBA but subsequent conversations with Abel Mhlongo suggest that the TEBA office may have been East of the Mission rather than West of it. Braby's directory appears to confirm Mhlongo's memory.
[37] Sibongile Ndaba, for example, remembers that Mr. Robson took the entire community of Baumannville to the beach and for picnics; others remember that he provided special things at Christmas. Ndaba speaks of how, after the riots of 1949, Mr. Robson attempted (unsuccessfully) to stop men from Msizini who had gathered for vigilante violence against residents of the Magazine Barracks. His house stood next door to Loram, on the South Side, where the Standard Bank complex now sits.

Durban Girls' College erected a nursery school within the Baumannville location for preschool children of working parents, training local staff in child development. At the school itself, and reflecting the concerns of a city in which public health policy co-mingled both with child welfare measures and with segregationist politics[38], the children were continually monitored for hygiene and health. Lydia Nyide remembers that on some school days, the nurse would appear and the children would be taken for inspection. Their hair, clothing and shoes were assessed for cleanliness and if their hygiene was found wanting, they would be sent home. 'The nurses, they would come and then they check us, what we wear, panty, clean panty, dress, everything…' explained Christina Kunene. '[They would come unexpectedly at] different times, they don't tell you, they don't tell anyone, even the teachers. They just come and check, even our teeth. Check everything, the ears, everything they could.' Home routines reflect the concerns of parents and children alike to present themselves in a way that could pass such inspections. Teachers, too, played a role in enforcing the expectations for a clean and polished appearance. Violet Malinga told how such concerns helped shape her home routines after school:

After school, I've got lot of work to be done. First thing at home, I must check my exercise [book]…what you call it my homework, put this thing aside 'this is my homework'. From there, wash my hands, have something or a sandwich, a glass of milk, or anything, you see. After that, go wash my socks for the next day. Clean my shoes. Clean my uniform. Put it to one side. In a corner, mummy say...for tomorrow morning. Before I sleep…everybody [in the household] when they get home, firstly they must check their things for school. Clean your shoes, your socks, boys, your, your underpants, you must change the underpants every day. Everything just like that…[and] because I was a twin, check for myself and for my brother…Everything was just exactly [like that]. After that, we'd go and play.[39]

While school drew children into these regulatory regimes, alumni do not remember these being particularly problematic. They describe going to school as 'fun', 'wonderful' and 'marvellous' as well as 'hard work'. And the year of disciplined learning might be followed by a special celebration. According to Agnes Molife, who attended Loram in the late 1950s, at the close of each year in December a party was held for students at all educational levels. Music and food were part of the fun. When I asked Molife whether this took place at the main campus of the school, she said the Loram facilities could not accommodate such a large celebration so the festivities were held at the events hall at Msizini:

[38] Worth considering this in context of Maynard Swanson racialization of public health?
[39] Interview with Malinga, 24 April 2007.

> when we were going to close, especially in December, the school would organize a big party, a closing party. We don't do it at school, there was a hall next to us. You know Loram? It was just across the road, there was a hostel, men's hostel, big men's hostel, just across the road…a band, singing, eating…everyone was there.[40]

Teachers

Memories of teachers confirm that the profession was considered prestigious and that it carried a sense of 'calling' or mission to which a sound work ethic was attached. Teachers at the school were also part of the local community, the single male teachers often residing at Msizini, married teachers in Baumannville, some of the female teachers in the women's hostel. In the late 1930s and early 1940s, staff were active in the Zulu Society, which met at the Social Centre on Beatrice St. A memo addressed to Taylor Street School from the Natal Indian Association, indicates that the 'Honourable secretary' of the Zulu Society was headquartered at the school in 1941, and though no name is given it is likely that this was A.W. Dlamini, the school principle. The memo invites the Society's representatives to a meeting to 'voice the feelings of your community and record the protest of the [treatment of] Non-Europeans generally'. Civic involvement accompanied the intellectual life of at least some of the teachers of this school and the social networks overlapped. A photo depicting the Zulu Regent Mshiyeni and Rev. John Dube seated with rows of teachers at the school, reveals that this area of Durban and its locations and institutions formed an important venue for cross-pollination of concerns and identities.[41]

In the classroom, teachers were both figures of authority and role models, for whom one was expected to show great respect and who themselves demonstrated the values of confidence and self-respect. Agnes Msomi, a Taylor Street pupil in the late 30s, recalls that teachers were, as a rule, well-groomed and well-dressed. In her day, this meant that double breasted suits and spats were worn by men, and skirts or dresses for women. 'Our teachers they used to be well-dressed, you could *recognize* a teacher walking in the street!' she said emphatically.[42] Msomi felt that this professionalism around teaching has been lost, and she sees unionism as signifying the decline of status:

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[40] Molife, 20 April 2007.

[41] According to Celia Khuzwayo, Mshiyeni had a residence at Msizini and also on Argyle Road. She remembers her grandmother organizing a group of women to pay their respects at the latter site, while she says of the former that the labour hostel—because it was all Zulu men—provided the Regent with a feeling of protection and security. Khuzwayo, 5 May 2007.

[42] A. Msomi. 5 May

> Today, the things! They're conducted by the unions. We were never like that! Joining a union? Professional people? How can a professional person be represented by an ordinary person who doesn't know anything the profession? Why can't you have a professional representative? Choose! Amongst yourselves! I am so pleased I retired twenty one years ago [from nursing] I wouldn't' go near those [union] organizations of theirs, I would get kicked out for causing trouble, I swear [laughs]. If you have a complaint, send someone amongst yourselves to represent you, tell them your complaint and its solved!

Twenty years after Agnes Msomi was at school, teachers continued to be an important source of motivation and instruction for the children. Agnes Molife, for example, remembers that morning assemblies included Bible-related teachings by the teachers, who spoke to the students about their future and the importance of self-discipline and ambition:

> The principal was always choosing any teacher. 'It's your turn today, it's your turn today, it's your turn today', ja every teacher must go and preach about the Bible. Today it's you, today its me. [The teachers would tell us:] 'Behave yourself. Figure out what you want to do so that you can join the world, the world is yours now.'

Teachers also enforced a remarkably strict discipline, and students were expected to do their homework and know their lessons, speak politely, treat adults with deference or else risk a smack with the cane. All informants expressed nostalgia for corporal punishment, and drew contrast between what had been expected of them as youth and the behaviour they see as normative among youth today. Still, they described their own naughtiness as a condition of being young and many talked about their disobedient behaviours: arriving late at school, whispering to friends in isiZulu, not completing homework or not knowing the answer to a question the teacher had asked them to learn for. According to Mandlenkhosi Mhlongo, boys often enjoyed the risk of smoking cigarettes in the toilets, posting a look-out who could spot an approaching teacher.[43]

It seems that some teachers may have misused their authority, using gratuitous violence. Sibongile Ndaba, who says that she did much better once she had progressed and was at Ohlange where she did not experience corporal punishment, describes one Loram teacher with a particular reputation:

> The Arithmetic teacher, he was so harsh, he used to quickly call you, you must say 5 and 5, 10 quickly quickly! If she just missed -- clap! You had to go quickly. If you just think what 5 times 5 is oh my God he just go like that…[gestures smacking][44]

[43] Mandlenkhosi Ndlovu, 20 April 2007. He himself did not engage in this behaviour, a fact he attributes to being raised by piously Christian parents he did not wish to disappoint.
[44] Ndaba, 7 May 2007.

Incontrast, Ndaba's favourite teacher, Mr. Nyande who taught English 'used to *promise* to give us a punishment…but never did'. Alumni describe many teachers who were both strict but accessible. Agnes Msomi recalls that the time when the class played a joke on history teacher, Mr. Gcwensa, apparently an individual of short stature, by hanging his raincoat high up in the room out of sight and reach, until he finally noticed. Individual teachers became favourites for a variety of reasons. Mr. Afrika, the Afrikaans teacher who came from the Free State seems to have been a terrifying presence, informing the pupils that they had to learn Afrikaans 'whether they liked it or not'. He seems to have had a long career at Loram and alumni laugh when they remember him. Mr. Mazibuko, who also taught Afrikaans, was the favourite teacher of Celia 'Fitho' Khuzwayo as well as of Mandlenkhosi 'Slax' Mhlongo. Another Afrikaans teacher, Mr. Mthiya, stands out in Emily Ndlovu's memory: he was also the sportsmaster, admired especially by the boys. Abel Mhlongo and Thembikile Ntuli fondly recall Mr. Phewa, who taught English and introduced literature such as Jane Austin's *Pride and Prejudice* and Shakespeare's *A Midsummers Night Dream* for the Junior Certificate year. Preceding Abel Mhlongo by a decade, Charles Mbutho also loved English and remembers a teacher who arrived at the same time as Govan Mbeki and who created a 'revolution'. Mbutho describes receiving 0 out of 20 for his first essay and when, in his next attempt he received a mark of 2.5/20, he was asked to read it to the class: apparently it was the top mark!

After school

At Taylor St. /Loram, sport was not simply an extracurricular activity to train the body as well as the mind. Rather it linked into the life of the community in several ways. The sports grounds off Somtseu road were visible from the upper level of the school and certainly audible, for sporting events such as football, the grounds is where the school teams would meet and play. The Loram school team was known as the 'Home Stars'. Pupils who played for the Home Stars often played for the Baumannville team as well, known as the Baumannville 'City Blacks' [or 'BC Blacks']. Abel Mhlongo recalls:

> The only soccer association was the Durban [and District—known as 'DD'] association but the schools were not affiliated with that association. The schools play each other. Because we students used to join these outside teams like the Baumannville City Blacks but then we also used to play for the schools.'

The sports fields were numbered and meeting at the fields to play for one's home team appears to have generated a good amount of pride.

> they would say so-and-so will play on ground number 2. [The Baumannville Soccer club] was a very important club. When it started I was still young at the time, it was 1940 I think…when it started, our elder brothers, at the time, they used to play but they were undermined, underrated because it was a small place and they are small boys, their mothers were washer women, they were underrated but they played wonderful soccer! They beat bigger men![45]

Abel Mhlongo was a striker on both teams and his elder brother, Mandlenkhosi Mhlongo gained some renown as a goal keeper. 'It was an honour to play for Loram,' Abel Mhlongo. ' All other schools aimed at beating Loram. I will tell you that we were unbeatable. Most of the boys who played for Loram belonged to local clubs, although still amateur, the stakes were high.'
Sporting events on the local grounds galvanized a community.

> it was so interesting because, the teachers, as well, were involved because the boys that played for the Home Stars were players on different teams, surrounding teams, playing for the organization. So when they get to school they would be very committed, very committed. [Not only teachers would attend the games but also] people from the hostels, from Msizini, people who worked and lived in the hostels.

Mandla Mhlongo, who became a teacher and coach himself and who still plays tennis regularly at 75, insists that soccer today is only played this skillfully in Europe, not any more on the African continent. (He has serious reservations about the Soccer World Cup.)

Boys also took part in boxing, another sport that was popular with the men in the Msizini location. Matches were held between the Loram school boys and the young workers living in Msizini. Sport appears to have operated as a medium for social life and the formation of masculine identity for many boys living in the area, an avenue for cultivating discipline, competitiveness and toughness. Mandla Mhlongo feels that sport gave him qualities that, later in life, were beneficial:

> You know, sports disciplines people. I've been telling boys. Ja! Just here [outside the Pinetown library] they wanted to fight. I said uh uh! You guys get to the gym, then you will be disciplined, you won't be fighting all the time. It helped me, I know. I did boxing at Loram, football as well. All the sports. They all take discipline.[46]

[45] Interview with A. Mhlongo, 23 March 2007
[46] Interview with Mandlenkhosi Mhlongo 20 April 2007.

For girls, basketball (netball) seems to have been very popular, and girls such as Violet Malinga, Celia Khuzwayo, Vinah Hlatshwayo, Agnes Molife and Nora Cebekhulu remember their participation on the Loram team. 'It was a hard game but we used to enjoy it! We used to enjoy it,' says Agnes Molife. Violet Malinga describes basketball as something she was good at. She was even given a nickname that was used when she played:

> Major. That's how they called me. Coz I was very good. Basketball. Very good. Aah, if I handle a basketball like this, aah Good God!... I won't miss that goal, I would just do it like this, just like this, if they say, please Major, please mama, please Major, haah! [laughs].[47]

Lydia Nyide also described having a nickname when she played basketball (Dialy—an anagram of her name). Nyide remembers playing other schools in the area, 'just the nearer ones' of Mayville, Chesterville and Lamontville. Unlike the boys team, there were no district leagues and so she never traveled by train to places like Ladysmith the way the Mhlongo brothers did. Also, she says their Loram team did not have a name like 'Home Stars' but was rather just referred to as Loram school. Unlike soccer, netball could be played directly within the school grounds. (The hoops clearly go back at least to 1940, where they appear in the photograph of Regent Mshiyeni as well as in the photographs of Abel. Mhlongo.)

Next to sport, the other major involvement was choir. Almost every one of my younger informants (those who began school after 1940) had participated in the music programme at Loram. Agnes Molife recalls participating in the school choir, a mixed choir of girls and boys. Alumni from the late 30s and early 40s remember Mr. Mfeka as the choir master, while students from later years are proud to have been conducted by Mr. WO Dubazana. During Dubazana's tenure, the junior school competitions were held at the Social Centre on Beatrice street. High school choir events they were held at City Hall. The Loram choir serenaded British Royalty when, in 1947 the city was visited by King George and his daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth. Mandla Mhlongo recalls that it took place at 'the football grounds, for whites. Kingsmead'[48]. Loram pupils also acted as messengers during these events and the choir sang a special song to them that had apparently been composed by one of the teachers (it begins with 'Bayete, Bayete..' but the words are no longer remembered).

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[47] Malinga, 24 April 2007

[48] It remains to go through the various newspapers, in different languages, to discover whether photographs or descriptions of this event exist, whether Loram is mentioned.

At Home in Baumannville 'Married Quarters' and neighbourhood relations

In speaking about the 'married quarters' where she lived as a child, Lydia Nyide explains:

> Baumannville was 120 houses. There were houses that were called izindlebovu-red houses and there were houses that were called white houses, izindlehlope. My mother and my father started staying in izindlehlope white houses and we moved to red houses. Red houses were bigger than white ones.[49]

According to residents, Baumannville was named for the Baumann Baking company, 'B.B', who built it with the intention of housing male bakery workers and their families. Baumann was a City Councillor and the 'married quarters' were named for him in 1940, two decades after their construction, when the location came under a new management structure. Reportedly, when the first cottages were built, many migrant workers declined to move their families, preferring both to protect their wives from the corrupting dangers of city life and to preserve their connections to productive households in the rural areas. The location was made available to working African families who could show that they were married through Christian rites.

Thus, the Mhlongo family coming from Ndwedwe took up residence in Baumannville, enabling senior Mr. Mhlongo to open his Christian bookshop in the native market and to preach every Sunday at the South African General Mission on Somtseu Road. Five of the Mhlongo's eight children were born at King Edward's Hospital in Durban. The Nyide sisters said that both of their parents worked for the city: their father, who held a teaching certification was employed as a clerk in various capacities, including as postmaster at the Msizini location. Their mother worked at Thokoza women's hostel, for a Mrs. Nicholson who was the matron. Other residents describe fathers and uncles who took up work with the railroads, as policemen or security officers, on ships; and mothers who worked as washerwomen and entrepreneurs selling food and beer.

[49] The study of Baumannville in 1858 contains some photos. In them, these rows of brick and whitewashed flats look shabby and dehumanizing. Of special interest from this project, therefore, is a series of photographic negatives taken by Abel Mhlongo who became an amateur photographer at age 15 and documented activities of family and friends in Durban city centre, the beach, various parks and in the Married Quarters as well. Though these negatives have yet to be developed, one can see that they depict Baumanville in a strikingly different way: first because people are at the centre of the photos and second because they highlight activities, gatherings and items that were cared about (weddings, picnics, family members posing next to newly acquired phonographs, interior shots, etc…) The collection could be very important.

Former residents of Baumannville describe the larger barracks area as segregated but not completely separate. In their descriptions, the compartmentalization of Indians, Christian African families, migrant men, and so on, do not receive any special reflection and the overall idea of differences around religion, culture, and so on are presented as self-evident. What informants generally describe is a sense of generally good relations between the children of Baumannville and those living in the Magazine Barracks (who attended separate schools). Lydia Nyide, for example, remembers that the wall separating the two communities from each other, did not prevent people from speaking to each other over the wall. Movement from one compound to the next required a walk between one formal gate and the other, but visits seem to have occurred quite regularly. Emily Ndlovu explained, 'we were neighbored with the Indians, divided by corrugated iron, that is all. We used to see each other all the time.' Christina Kunene recalls:

> When you want to talk with the other person there, you called …we know their names, and they know our names. You called 'Hey! My china! I want to talk to you! What do you cook today? I want curry! Oh! Fish curry! Ok! Give me some!' It was very nice to stay with Indians.[50]

Both of them put these friendly memories against what they about the 1949 riots. They, as well as others, recall being very surprised by the fighting because their sense, as children, was that good relations existed and they describe not understand what was happening. Stories of interactions (largely between women around food) are described by most of my informants. For example, Lindiwe Khuzwayo[51] describes a family named Naidoo who sold fresh vegetables, the mother of whom was particular friends with her own mother, with regular visits to each others' houses. The eldest Naidoo boy was special friends with herself, telling her that someday they would marry. One day, she says, he brought over some tomatoes that had not been sold. He said to her mother 'Auntie, here are some nice tomatoes for you, but please give me some of your beef curry'. (When she refused, telling him 'you know you are not supposed to eat it' he promised to eat it under the bed where he could not be seen.) After this, he was afraid to go and play whenever there was a visit between mothers, because he wanted to hear if own mother would learn of his request and he would get into trouble.

[50] Christina Kunene, 23 April 2007
[51] Lindiwe Khuzwayo, 5 May 2007

Abel Mhlongo says that he learned to love curry around tables in the Magazine Barracks.[52] He, his brother Mandla and also Lindiwe Khuzwayo all reported recent chance meetings in town with people they had known from Magazine Barracks. Lindiwe describes seeing her 'beef curry' boyfriend and how they held each other a long long time right there in the street 'with people just looking at us'. Mandlenkhosi describes similar occasions

> when we met on the streets…hey ye ye ye…used to be wonderful…When we'd meet in Durban, in town, hey! [calls] because I was a football player, I was a soccer player, and they used to call me even when I don't see them, they used to call me 'Hey, City Blacks goalie'!!

Neighbourly relations existed in a segregated city were surely more complicated than may have been experienced by the children of Baumannville, particularly as they describe being asked to leave the room when adults would speak of serious things. Mhlongo attributes the severing of ties as brought about by relocation, rather than the riots

> We didn't have any problem because we were good partners with our Indian people, even in 1949 when riots between Africans and Indians broke out, were never never never never any scuffle with *those* Indians because they had become our friends. They used to come here into our township, we used to go to their township to play, so we did not attack one another… When the Afrikaners took over in 1948... then we're told about this apartheid which means we're not to have friends, Indian friends, because we are Africans, but this, that didn't stop us, friendship carried on. Friendship carried on until they took people to their respective places.

Sibongile Ndaba was the only one I interviewed who was willing to talk about more specific memories about tensions running high after the riots, rumours abounding, a climate of retribution and fathers who monitored the premises. But although she admits that she was 'very young', she recalls that troubles originated from the men-only hostels at Msizini and not between Married Quarters and Magazine Barracks.

> It was bad because we were so afraid our fathers would just camp outside because the Indians would come or they would jump over. Between Baumannville and the …Magazine barracks it wasn't bad, but people from Msizini -- one day I remember there was like you know singing …Mr Robson [who] was in charge of Msizini, stopped them when they tried to jump over the fence to the Indians. And they said 'no, Mnmzane, we are not going anywhere we are just singing.' And when Mr Robson left, ohhh, they jumped over the fence and ran to the Indians. The Indians fled, it was so bad. After that,

[52] It is may not be insignificant that he offered this information over a lunch in which he had ordered a curry, which had—in the context of our interview—sparked his memory of that time.

> Indians wanted to pay back at night so our fathers kept watching all the time and I remember one time when my father came with a big…[indicates a bump on the head] the Indians had caught him, my father was a secretary in Grey so they used to walk from Grey Street home. It was now quiet, the war was over but when you walked past Umgeni Road the Indians just found him and they hit him. He ran.[53]

Relations with the proximate Depot Road men's hostel (Msizini) appears to have been mainly neighbourly. Regular social intercourse as well as mutually beneficial economic arrangements occurred between the two locations of Msizini and Baumannville. Msizini had a large hall that was utilized for meetings, functions and parties. Informants remember these as occasions with food, dancing, singing. The hall was also used by the hostel residents for choir performances and competitions, the isicathamiya music that flourished especially among working men. These performances, as well as zulu dances, were often attended by residents of Baumannville. Sometimes ingoma dance and isicathamiya musical performances by Msizini hostel dwellers took place on the sporting grounds during the day. To those who were children at this time, urban life is remembered as offering a cosmopolitan mix of activities.

Gender exclusion at Msizini meant that the Baumannville women were able to profit from financial arrangements with the all-male population, providing services that would normally have fallen to wives and girl children in a traditional home: cooking, sewing, washing and ironing, and beer brewing. The brewing of 'KB' beer, as one former resident referred to it ('kaffir beer" he explained) was illegal. He remembers that women could brew a certain amount for their household, but not to sell. Despite this, beer brewing was clearly an important income generating activity for the women of Baumannville. Lindeni Ngubane's mother sold alcohol, in addition to doing laundry and domestic work. Lydia Nyide remembers that police raids were one of the exceptions to what is generally described as a peaceful neighbourhood. She remembers coming home from school to find the streets between the houses 'a river of beer'.

Children of Baumannville were active participants in income generating activities and their mother's entrepreneurial ventures. They operated as the main delivery service for their mothers, collecting washing either at Msizini or, much farther away, at the beach flat residences of whites and then later

[53] Ndaba, 7 May 2007

returning the clothing their mothers had washed and ironed to the clients, collecting the payment. Emily Ndlovu and Christina Kunene recall their experiences:

> We used to take the washing with a rickshaw and when we delivered all that… When we are from school and we sort the washing, the Europeans would make a list that 'I've got such and such a thing'. …Even a handkerchief, 'write it down'! Ja! And then you take it. When we are from school, there is no time to go to play…we must 'go and help your mother'! And do the washing. And do the ironing!

As children, the Mhlongo brothers regularly delivered vetkoek, made by their mother, to men in the hostel at supper time, prior to their evening homework. 'She used sell Vetkoeks and we were expected to go to the location, to the men's hostel which was just nearby our Loram secondary school', recalls the elder brother. Such chores, too, were linked to a rhythm that involved school life, since once these tasks were complete, the children frequently returned to the school building to learn for exams and to complete assignments, often until 10 o'clock at night.

> [W]hen I was in the high school, the secondary school, in the evenings we used to go to school to study. We used the blackboard….We were un-supervised, we supervised *ourselves*. And we *studied*! *Seriously*! No tomfoolery. We studied *seriously*. And after studying, at about ten--back home.

Is notable that the school seems to have been left unlocked at night. Mandla Mhlongo, who is particularly concerned about the level of crime today, drew attention to this fact as a way of highlighting the feeling of safety and security that was felt in the area more generally. According to him, the single men at Msizini did not break in or vandalize the building, nor did he ever experience any harassment or trouble.

Others remember that they walked long distances by themselves or in groups of other children, in town, to the beaches, to the shops and to church, to the cinema, often returning at night, without a sense of fear. Lydia Nyide confides that she and her friend used to walk by the prison and, when the inmates would shout at them, they would laugh and run away. She and others emphatically, and with clear nostalgia, express the feeling they had that the city was open to them, everything close by, that they could walk wherever they wished to go and that there were always things to do. The beachfront had a fun-centre and space to play and to swim. They could go to the markets, churches and cinemas on foot or on the tram. By all accounts [and many can be found in the interviews] the city was a safe

place for children [all describe it in contrast to the state of society today and I've excluded this from my social history for now]. The Bantu Social Centre and YMCA seem to have been important in the life of Baumannville children and youth. On offer were indoor games—casino cars, snooker, –as well as classes in ballroom dancing (Abel Mhlongo won competitions), performances, and bioscope. Residents describe holiday celebrations, Christmas carolling, New Years eve parties, dances and parties at this venue, in walking distance. Celia Khuzwayo describes a regular treat walking home from school at St. Faith's, where proprietors of an ice cream factory used to give she and her friends some of the ice cream that for one reason or another could not be sold (broken cones or insufficiently set). 'These things gave us something to look forward to', she said. 'There was always something happening, something to look forward to.'

'Every black one must go': Removals and the closing of Loram Secondary

Informants frequently insisted that one of the attractions of living and attending school downtown was the proximity of everything important. Rickshaws, Trolley Busses, and bicycles could take you where you needed to go, but most places could be reached on foot. Mandlenkhosi Mhlongo remembers that

> everything was just nearby, you didn't need to catch a bus or a train, no. You used to foot it to the beach. Ten, fifteen minutes later, you are there. To the city centre, fifteen, twenty minutes, you are there. On foot. We didn't have any transport issues. We wanted to go to the bioscope? No problem.

At age 10, Violet Malinga used to borrow her father's bike (often, apparently, without permission), and ride out to the end of the point, all by herself. Agnes Molife reported

> you don't even pay money when you're going to town. You know Baumannville? You just walk. Go to the market, go to West Street, come with your feet, don't pay a cent! Shopping, well, there were trolley busses, the trolley busses, you know? But if you don't want: just walk, walk on your feet. [It was] very nice. Go to the beach by foot, come back by foot, and home.

Emily Ndlovu can name the exact date of her eviction notice from Baumannville when she lived there running a household of her own: 7 January 1959 and still has this document among her files. She had resided in Baumannville both as a child, and later set up her home there as a divorcee, making a living as a nurse at King George's hospital. 'We were taken by trucks, big trucks,' she explains. 'Each family was. You were taken…not knowing the number of where you are going, they just take you and deliver you here and tell you this is your home.'

It is a traumatic memory. People who were born and bred in Durban and who had themselves contributed to its developing cosmopolitanism were evicted from their home neighbourhoods and city-based barracks to be placed in locations that required taxi and bus transport, requiring fares and travel-time, to reach the places of their youth.

In 1962, Loram Secondary School was closed down and Sibonela High School in KwaMashu was opened. Agnes Molife remembers participating in the ribbon cutting ceremony in 1961:

> It shut down the next year, 1962 but [by 1961] we were told by the teachers that it was going to be closed … Because we went there at Sibonelo High School, we opened Sibonelo High School. Before it opened, we went there singing…and the Ministers come, you know, when the things were opened. But the next year, the other year in 62, [Sibonelo] opened [for classes]—I wasn't there…We opened the school but I didn't go there. [We had] a big party to open it, Sibonelo.

While celebrating, Molife says she remembers the occasion also as a sad one.

> We're happy that the [new] school is open but we're sad to be leaving our own school. Now when we students, small children, when they say they are moving, we knew it wasn't nice to us and we were not happy, we were not happy. Why can't we [stay?]…because the law says we must move...

Teachers, who had inspired the children in morning assemblies with the injunction to 'figure out what you want to do so you can join the world; the world is yours now' were the ones who now had to explain the new situation to their pupils. Molife remembers

> [T]hey told us the government says we must move to the township because this area is for the whites only. We are not allowed to be staying in our area now so they build KwaMashu township for the blacks, for us, and Chesterville, Lamontville, too. And every black one must go....

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