

PETER HAIN

don't play with apartheid

the background to the
Stop The Seventy
Tour Campaign



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also becoming clear that a broad spectrum of groups and individuals was interested in such action. So circumstances all pointed to the emergence of a new group.

Probably the most important of these was in fact the direct action aspect: in other words, the actual disruption of matches rather than the more traditional picketing or demonstrating outside. From being a tactic thrown up more in frustration at the stubborn intransigence of the cricket authorities than by any cold analysis of the situation, match disruption began to develop almost a life of its own. Direct action on apartheid sports matches was a new phenomenon. It was therefore newsworthy in its own right. It also gave more hope to those who wished to take positive action. Direct action became almost synonymous with STST and its nature and consequences are discussed later.

The threat of direct action also meant that the authorities were forced to over-react. Thus the Wilf Isaacs tour, as it neared its completion, was assuming farcical dimensions of busy security. All the tour venues were teeming with policemen and also with suspicious sports authorities out of their depth in facing this new development. This point could not have been better illustrated than by the muddled security which surrounded the last match of the tour at Roehampton, against an MCC schoolboys team. All potential spectators were literally asked to 'state your business' before being allowed entry by a policeman or a groundsman. One would-be spectator apparently did not state her business sufficiently convincingly and was turned away amidst angry scenes; she was pushing a baby in a pram and was apparently the mother of one of the schoolboys. Yet, ironically, a group of Young Liberals bluffed its way in and succeeded in disrupting the match for several minutes.

At the end of September, the scene had been set for the development of STST into a mass movement. The foundations had been laid on the fields of Basildon and Oxford, and on the tennis court of Bristol. STST had been set up and we were beginning to sort out the organization; white South Africans were beginning to grow apprehensive at this new development; British rugby and cricket authorities were beginning to realize the implications of the warnings that had been issued.

We were gathering our resources and making our plans. Yet,

at this stage, we had had no idea of what to expect: only a determination to succeed. If we had fully thought out the magnitude of the task ahead of us, perhaps we would never have started. If we had foreseen the mass movement that sprang up and which led to a major domestic and international political upheaval, perhaps we would have been daunted. If I had seen my sudden thrust into the position of 'leading' this movement and the consequent complete upheaval of my personal life and that of the other members of our family, perhaps I would quietly have forgotten about the whole business.

statement on 25 October, I said: 'The Oxford cancellation is a major victory for the campaign against apartheid sport. But I would emphasize that this is only the beginning of our fight - a fight which is rapidly snowballing into nationwide militancy.' At the same time, news came from Wales of action planned by various organizations and student groups at the matches at Cardiff and Swansea. And, in South Africa, Corrie Bornman, manager of the Springbok team, was reported to be making plans for his players to mix socially as much as possible with British rugby players and supporters 'to create a good image of South African rugby in Britain, and at the same time to get the British rugby public on the Springboks' side against the demonstrators'.

The next few days saw an intensifying of activity on our side, and, on the other side, frenzied work by the Rugby Football Union to find a new venue for the Oxford match before the arrival of the Springboks on 30 October.

At national level, we were, by this time, much more certain of the strength of the campaign throughout the country. Whereas before there were definite plans for only some of the matches, we were now able to announce that there would be demonstrations at every one of the twenty-five matches.

The day before their arrival at London airport, we sent a telegram to the Home Secretary, James Callaghan, asking him to refuse entry to the team on the grounds that a racially selected side would contravene Britain's Race Relations Act. That night, STST supporters painted slogans saying 'No To 'Boks' at prominent positions on the coach route from the airport to the team's hotel.

Early on the Thursday morning, the Reading group took the initiative when about thirty of them staged a protest at the team's arrival. They chanted slogans and paraded with banners as the players climbed into their coach. There were scuffles as a small group of South Africans who had come to *welcome* the team exchanged blows with an airport official. STST's Secretary Hugh Geach, who had organized the demonstration, afterwards made the statement which dogged the Springboks throughout the tour. He said: 'We are going to hound them everywhere they go.' This airport protest will also be remembered for the slogan used by the demonstrators, which caused so much

mirth amongst non-white South Africans: 'Don't Scrum with a Racist Bum!'

When, later in the day, the Springboks' manager Corrie Bornman was asked if the team would mix with coloured people in Britain, he replied, 'Certainly, provided they are rugby players.' We managed to slip an STST representative, into this press conference, but because of the inhibited nature of the proceedings he was unable to ask the questions we thought vital for the Springboks to answer. And, that night, in spite of incredible security, demonstrators managed to get access to the Twickenham stadium and painted several slogans on the stands and one on the pitch.

At their first training session early the following morning, the Springboks were again greeted by STST demonstrators. The demonstration had in fact been organized on the spur of the moment by my family when they heard that the practice session was to take place near our home. The session was briefly interrupted by a small local STST group, receiving massive press and television coverage. In the evening, jeering and picketing demonstrators greeted the team as it arrived for a reception at the South African Embassy in a protest organized by the Anti-Apartheid Movement. Both of these (relatively minor) protests received wide publicity, principally because of the unpredictable nature of our direct-action threats.

In the meantime, there was a great deal of speculation about the venue for the controversial Oxford match. The rugby authorities were obviously determined that the match should go ahead, and our contacts felt that the Rugby Football Union's own ground at Twickenham was the logical one. Yet, the RFU Secretary, Robin Prestcott, said in the *Guardian* on 1 November: 'If the match is played it will certainly not take place at Twickenham.' The RFU President, Dudley Kemp, a man with strong Hampshire connections, began to take over personal control of the affair which was already becoming farcical. And, because of Mr Kemp's Hampshire links, the United Services ground in Portsmouth became the hot tip for the venue. This was strengthened by the information that the Springboks were leaving for an hotel in Bournemouth before the match.

Then, on 4 November, the day before the match was scheduled to be played, the *Guardian* carried an exclusive report

The match went on uninterrupted, although in a bitter atmosphere and in a state of continual unrest. The Springboks lost this first International of the tour – a match which, morale-wise, they desperately needed to win.

The Springboks now went back to Wales for matches at Port Talbot and Cardiff. From the comic days of the first match, we had progressed through the mob violence at Swansea and the successful disruptions at Twickenham and Aberdeen. The strain of the protests was beginning to register visibly: a few days before the Cardiff match on 13 December, all pretence of an ordinary rugby match was abandoned as barbed wire was put up around the field. There was a small protest at Port Talbot and a 2,000-strong demonstration at Cardiff drawn from all sections of the community. Neither match was interrupted.

But the tense atmosphere was again increased when the Rugby Football Union announced that the venue for the match against Southern Counties, due to be played at Kings Park in Bournemouth on 28 January, was to be changed. This represented another triumph for the movement and the Bournemouth group, as the decision had been taken because the ground was extremely vulnerable to demonstrations.

For us the campaign was entering a difficult stage. The massive momentum of the first month had to be kept up over the Christmas holiday period which included tour centres where the strength of our support had not yet been gauged.

The next match was on 16 December, against Combined Services at Aldershot. STST had previously written to the Defence Secretary, Dennis Healey, asking him to cancel the match. In the letter, I wrote: 'A strong case can be made out for the Government's refusing to ban racist sports tours privately arranged . . . but when the Government, through the Armed Forces is seen to be actually welcoming the all-white South African team, then we believe that you have a clear duty to stand up and be counted on this issue.' However, the match took place. There were several minor disruptions and a small demonstration outside.

Throughout all this, under the nation-wide direction of STST, intense preparations were going ahead for the International match against England at Twickenham on 20 December. It

was to be an all-ticket match and we were aware of the special fences and security established at the ground. For this reason we realized that we would have to vary our tactics, to embrace attempts at disruption inside, coupled with a mass protest outside, and also protests at the team's hotel and their journey to the match.

Tickets were bought up at agencies – at one stage I had 400 hidden in my bedroom. Plans were also being finalized for a march past the ground, and a rally to be addressed by prominent public figures, including the Bishop of Woolwich. After the comparative quietness of the three preceding matches, we were determined to recapture the initiative and impact of the first month. But we were aware that the authorities were equally determined to see that this did not happen.

At planning meetings before the match, it was decided to stage a sit-down protest in front of the team's coach as it left for Twickenham, and a group was delegated to take responsibility for this. By this stage, we had established an 'inner group' working behind the scenes on one or two special activities. This group came up with a plan to have someone chain himself to the team's coach, to way-lay the coach in the London traffic, and to get a few demonstrators to handcuff themselves to the goalposts. This last was made possible when we suddenly acquired four special tickets, normally available only to rugby clubs, for the 'ring-side' seats in front of the surrounding fence and virtually on the touch-line.

Two people were booked into the team's Park Lane Hotel the day before the match, and they spent a busy night on activities designed to delay the team, which included gumming up the players' bedroom door locks with a solidifying agent!

The morning of the match was one of frenzied activity. Two members of the Putney Young Liberal Branch of which I was Chairman were chosen for the handcuffing project. They were Mike Findley and Peter Twyman, who spent a hilarious few hours in the garden behind our house repeatedly running up to a pole planted in the middle of the lawn and handcuffing themselves to it. These practice runs were absolutely essential because the security at the ground meant that the handcuffs would have to be kept hidden until they were actually up off their seats and running for the goalposts.

Press reports of the action at the team's hotel were very confused. In the middle of the morning, one of the group, Michael Deeney, emerged from the Park Lane Hotel, impeccably dressed in a suit. He walked across to the team's coach which was waiting at the kerbside and told the driver that there had been a change of plan and that he was wanted inside. The driver responded immediately and went into the Hotel, leaving the engine running. Michael promptly took his place and chained himself to the steering wheel as planned. At first, the coach occupants who included a number of the players, were just curious. Then they became a little restive. And this turned to positive fright when, apparently unable to resist the temptation, he drove the coach away. Michael's driving skills while chained to the wheel did not match his other skills, however, and the coach slewed into the back of a Post Office van parked about 100 yards up the road. By this time, the coach occupants had aggressively pounced on him. In the ensuing *mélée*, a Springbok player broke Michael's jaw and he later had to be taken to hospital. The policemen, who had quickly arrived on the scene, had a difficult time freeing him. The chain was made of hardened steel and they had to cut through the chain lock with cutters appropriated from a nearby roadworks gang. After this incident the coach was driven back to the Hotel. But even then, when it finally departed for the match, it was delayed for some time by sit-down protesters.

The 5,000-strong demonstration itself was one of the most impressive of the tour. It was led by a formidable gathering of peers, bishops, MPs and public figures, including the folk-singer Julie Felix who entertained the demonstrators afterwards.

Inside, the position was much more difficult. An extra fence had been erected behind the existing one, and policemen stood between the two, making it impossible for the main body of protesters to invade the pitch. But a constant barrage of chanting was kept up throughout.

Soon after the start, to cheering from the demonstrators and booing from the spectators, Mike Findley and Peter Twyman burst out of their ring-side seats and made for the nearest goal-post with several police constables hard on their heels. It was a breathless chase with a photo-finish. As Mike arrived at his post and snapped the handcuffs home, he was grabbed by a

diving constable. But Peter Twyman, who was second off his seat and a little way behind, was tackled by another policeman ten yards short of his goal!

The overall success of the day's demonstrations, added to the fact that the Springboks lost this second International, was important in maintaining the impetus of the campaign over the Christmas period. It also provoked the first outward sign that the Springboks were under tremendous pressure. Their manager, Corrie Bornman, said soon afterwards that he might have to take his team home if their safety could not be guaranteed. Dr Danie Craven, President of the South African Rugby Board, supported this.

These statements from the badly rattled Springbok camp were an open invitation to us to press ahead with direct-action protests outside the specific area of the games themselves. And, on 23 December, STST issued a statement in which I strongly repudiated allegations by Bornman and Craven that the physical safety of the team was in danger, and went on:

'With increasing security on the game itself, the Springboks can expect direct action protests to follow their every movement. Demonstrations will no longer be confined to the matches. We welcome the suggestion that the tour should be stopped and suggest to Dr Craven that he make every endeavour to have his boys home safe and sound by Christmas.'

A small but effective demonstration greeted the Springboks in their first match after the Christmas recess, at Exeter. A special group went down to this match and infiltrated the team's hotel which was swarming with police and plain-clothes detectives. The infiltrators daubed slogans 'White Rugby equals Racism' on the bedroom doors of some players.

The next match at Bristol, on New Year's Eve, was interrupted for nearly ten minutes after a demonstrator ran on to the pitch and scattered tacks. A demonstration of over 500 had marched to the ground and spectators were leafleted. In the early hours of that morning, demonstrators rigged up two crowd-scarers and a smoke flare in the corridor outside the team's bedrooms, with the idea of keeping the Springboks awake. Their plan was thwarted when the hotel manager discovered the device. But the hotel's fire alarm was set off.

match at Twickenham on 31 January went off with a bang. But, immediately before this, the match rearranged from Bournemouth took place at Gloucester. Here a well-planned and broadly-based demonstration protested outside the ground. There were also one or two attempts at interruption of the match, but no significant stoppage.

The Twickenham match was again all-ticket and so again hundreds were bought up beforehand. Ironically, a white South African visitor to Britain bought eighty tickets at one time for the demonstrators: her accent removed all suspicion. We again planned an intricate protest at the team's hotel but the 'Boks made their way to the ground unhindered – the authorities were too clever for us this time.

The speciality for this protest was some white powdered dye carried in polythene packets which, when it got damp, turned a mauve-black colour. This was distributed to some demonstrators, the idea being to throw the dye on to the field where the players would fall in it: the dye, once wet, is notoriously difficult to remove and the aim was to send a multi-racial South African team back home!

About 3,000 demonstrators marched to the Twickenham ground and another 500 went inside. This time, there was no second fence, but the authorities were taking no chances and we were faced across the barrier by hundreds of policemen – a seemingly endless stretch of blue.

Soon after the start the demonstrators began throwing the dye on to the pitch. Immediately, fighting broke out on the terraces as plain-clothes detectives, determined, no doubt, to uphold the tough reputation the police had established at the Twickenham matches, set upon the dye-throwers. For good measure, orange and grey smoke bombs were also tossed, billowing on to the field. And a constant barrage of chanting was kept up. We were determined to give the Springboks, as I had put it in a press interview, a 'rousing send-off'. But although there were one or two minor interruptions, the game went on.

On its own, the demonstration would have provided a spectacular finish to the tour. But there was still more in store for the Springboks before they finally and wearily left for home. Protesters shouted and chanted at the reception after the match. In the evening, STST held a party which was geared towards one

final project – an attempt to talk to the team members. One of our girl supporters had deliberately struck up a friendship with a Springbok player at the team's Bristol hotel a month before. After the groundwork had been prepared, the aim was to get him and some of his colleagues to our party with her. Everything went smoothly, and she arranged to fetch him later that night after the reception. But when she arrived at the hotel, her man was completely drunk; and so STST's 'Mata Hari' came back alone – thwarted by beer.

The team left London airport two days later and was seen off by as large a group of demonstrators as the one which had greeted their arrival. We had also fixed a loudspeaker on to the top of the old Bentley driven by Mike Craft, an STST Committee member. Our aim was to follow the team to the airport, and to talk them out – so that they left with our message of non-racialism ringing in their ears. However, as we pulled out behind the coach near the team's hotel, we were boxed in by several police cars and forced into the side of the road while the coach got away. After about 10 minutes, during which Mike was asked by the police to produce his driver's licence, we were allowed to go. We headed straight for the airport where we found some confusion as the coach had not yet arrived. So we drove around looking for it, with myself continuing to relay my talk to the airport terminal, the waiting press reporters and the police. In the meantime the coach arrived by a back entrance, fooling everyone, and the team slipped into a plane bound for 'sunny South Africa'.

For the Springboks, an ordeal unprecedented in the history of international sports relations was over. For the Rugby Football Union, a period of increasingly harrowing hospitality was over. But for us, only the 'trial run' was over: now we began work full time on the cricket tour looming over the horizon.

One tactical aspect of the campaign with which we never really came to terms, was what to do with the demonstrations outside, when the main attention was focused on internal disruption. Had we had more time, we may well have been able to put into practice some of the ideas STST had been voicing, for more imaginative external protests linked to teach-ins and street theatres, as was planned for the cricket tour.

Keeping up campaign momentum was made more difficult by the quiet periods in late December and between the Irish tour and the final match. By 'quiet', I do not mean that the demonstrations that came under this category were ineffective – in fact they often did more than anything else to strengthen local community support – but that they were not direct-action protests and therefore received little attention in the national press.

There were three 'crisis points' in the tour when it could have been called off. The first came in the week which followed the Swansea match and ended at the Twickenham game; if the abandonment of the Twickenham match had been achieved, as I earlier suggested was possible, then the tour could well have been stopped. The second crisis point arose after the Springboks' hotel incident on 20 December, coupled with their demoralizing defeat, when it is known that the players voted to go home. The final one came after the shattering experience of the Irish tour: many observers are convinced that if this had been two weeks earlier, they would have flown straight back to South Africa.

Then, in the last few weeks of the tour, the main emphasis switched from stopping the rugby tour to impressing upon the cricket authorities the implications of their decision to go ahead with the 1970 tour. This was why we maintained the pressure right up to the end; every demonstration, every incident was contributing to the stopping of the cricket tour.

The atmosphere in which the campaign developed is best captured by looking first at the matches themselves. In sheer sports terms alone, the tour was a colossal failure. Not even the most ardent rugby supporters could really enjoy the game; they may have had one eye on the play, but they must have had the other on the demonstration down on the terraces. The protests of the demonstrators were directed not solely at the Springbok

team, but at the match itself, and this undermined the whole spirit and atmosphere of the game.

When there were large demonstrations inside, the match was played against a background of aggressive chanting, blowing of whistles, and the constant threat of interruption. And the psychological value of this threat must have had just as much effect as the disruptions themselves. In addition, there was the constant scuffling and fighting on the terraces – sometimes between police and demonstrators, sometimes between rugby supporters and demonstrators. The bitterness directed at demonstrators inside the ground by sections of the spectators was often frightening in its venom: it exploded at Swansea, and in a different, more controlled way, at the last match when, sparked off by a known fascist group, spectators in the stands above us suddenly started throwing their seat cushions down on the demonstrators. In some ways this incident at Twickenham was more revealing than the vicious clashes which took place at other centres when spectators attacked demonstrators, for the latter usually involved rugby supporters who could, quite candidly, be described as 'thugs'. At the final match, however, we saw the anger of ordinary rugby supporters, who would probably not have gone in for personal skirmishing, but who were able to express their feelings in the more remote conflict of a cushion fight. In these circumstances, there seemed an endless chasm between the two sections.

Through all this, the games went on in their ridiculously 'stiff upper lip' fashion. The great sea of dark-blue figures surrounding the green field on which played, almost childlike in their forced innocence, the thirty white figures. The pointed, arm-up '*sieg-heil-ing*' of the demonstrators. The open antagonism at the fences where protester faced policeman. The sudden darts by police into the crowds to grab a demonstrator – and sometimes, by mistake, a spectator – pull him over the fence and drag him away. The constant suspicion on the terraces: was this bloke standing next to you really the rugby supporter he looked, or did he have a police officer's card under his civilian dress – or maybe even a South African police card?

In the first few matches, both sides were finding their feet, but, as the movement consolidated, police involvement and general security increased. Some of the bigger matches would

with success. Amongst the troupe of female fans that accompany any touring team, and are most evident at its hotels, we had infiltrated some STST girls. And, resulting from this, there was an attempt to 'pick up' a few Springboks at Christmas when they were going through a particularly miserable period. A demonstration was also organized with incredible planning to way-lay the team on its way back from Gloucester for the final match. Cars with walky-talky radios kept the waiting demonstrators informed; but it only just failed to come off when the car following the team coach was delayed, so missing the team's quiet switch to a train at Swindon!

To me one of the most amusing aspects of the campaign was to see exiled non-white South Africans, members of SAN-ROC, torn between their love of rugby (and their admiration for the men who play it so well), and their political principles. In the middle of a detailed discussion on tactics, they would suddenly break off to discuss the technicalities of the game which they were planning to disrupt, or to exclaim admiringly as they recalled a particularly striking piece of play.

During the Christmas period, the flag of the South African freedom movement, the African National Congress, flew over the Springboks' London hotel. While our STST man was running it up he felt a tap on the shoulder and heard a gruff 'Excuse me'. Expecting the worst, he turned guiltily.

'Got the time?' asked a workman repairing the roof. He had - then turned with relief to finish the job, leaving the flag to flutter unhindered for several hours.

It is not generally appreciated just what a focus for police involvement - uniformed and plain clothes - the campaign became. There is always a tendency on the part of demonstrators to put heavy blame on the police. Nevertheless, having noted this, the overall role of the police in the campaign was at best unsatisfactory and at worst totally objectionable.

An example is the Twickenham match on 22 November, about which I am able to give a first-hand account. Young girls were punched in the face by police as they confronted each other at the fence; a large proportion of those ejected from the ground were bleeding from the face; demonstrators were kicked in the groin and in the back; others were arbitrarily pulled from the crowd during or after the match. There were a few young

anti-apartheid supporters photographing clashes involving the police and one of them had his camera temporarily confiscated while his film was exposed by plain clothes detectives, after he had been pulled into a police van. If the police had nothing to worry about over their actions, why did they need to do this?

It ought to be said that when an atmosphere of conflict develops, as often happened down on the terraces, then some blame must justifiably be apportioned to the demonstrators. But this does not explain the wanton violence with which some policemen at times treated non-violent protesters.

Neither does it explain the methods used at the police station on some of those detained after the match. While I was waiting to get further information on those arrested, I heard a resounding crash and jerked around from talking to the desk sergeant to see one young demonstrator being rushed, head first through two pairs of swing doors. He was carried by a number of policemen who used him as a battering ram as they went through. As a result of this shocking police behaviour at Twickenham, STST issued a statement the next day which included a call on the Home Secretary 'to issue instructions to police chiefs to put their house in order. The police must be reminded that their function is to uphold the law and preserve the peace in an impartial manner, and not to take sides on controversial issues.'

Other instances which add to the picture of police involvement include the Murrayfield and Aldershot demonstrations. At Murrayfield, where there was a great deal of conflict between demonstrators and police, the police were particularly tough. Demonstrators arrested were not able to phone for legal advice at the number which they had been given by the protest organizers. And policemen who dealt with them during the match wore raincoats which obscured their numbers and made identification impossible. The Aldershot demonstration resulted in about ten demonstrators being detained at a temporary police station after they had briefly interrupted the match; these demonstrators were never arrested - yet they were photographed. Controversy developed when the Chief Constable of Hampshire defended the photographing. In a letter to an STST supporter who had laid a complaint, he said:

'The persons concerned had by their actions rendered them-

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selves liable for prosecution for a variety of offences . . . and were released on being cautioned that any similar behaviour in the future would undoubtedly result in their appearing before a court. In order that this warning should not be devoid of meaning it was necessary to photograph them for identification purposes.'

This photographing was a serious breach of civil liberties. It was quite clear that it was aimed at dissuading our supporters from demonstrating at future matches. However, the Chief Constable's ruling was later backed by the Home Office.

Police behaviour at the Swansea match, as described earlier, was obnoxious. And included in the dossier of demonstrators' complaints and testimonies were some well-supported allegations against senior police officers; but these were not taken further as the student witnesses feared intimidation. The role of the police was similarly biased during the cushion fight at the last match. At no time did the police attempt to apprehend the rugby supporters throwing their cushions, whereas demonstrators were detained, sometimes, simply for chanting.

As the tour progressed, and particularly after the hotel incident on 20 December, security on the team was intensified. Their hotels were swarming with plain-clothes detectives and uniformed police, who also accompanied the team on its outings and coach journeys. We were never able to discover the depth of South African Special Branch activity on the Springboks' tour, but we were aware of its existence. And Adrian Fox, the Young Liberal found guilty of planting the smoke-flare gadget in the team's Bristol hotel was caught with the help of a South African press reporter.

We were also reasonably sure that British security police had infiltrated the STST movement and we suspected that the telephones of our national co-ordinators were tapped. However, plain-clothes policemen were most evident at the matches themselves, working their way into the middle of groups of demonstrators and usually emerging with a protester who had been particularly active in trying to disrupt the match.

I was interviewed by Scotland Yard on two occasions during the rugby campaign, after we had applied to hold the demonstration at Twickenham on 20 December. The first meeting took

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place on 3 November – before the first match was played. Scotland Yard was very polite and very correct. I was interviewed by Chief Commander Lawlor and Commander Gerrard who had special responsibility for demonstrations. It was interesting to experience the stock tricks of police interviewing, as the officers tried to get me to talk about the campaign as a whole and particularly the matches in the immediate future. I made it quite plain, however, that I was there to discuss my application for the demonstration outside the ground and nothing else. The next meeting took place at Scotland Yard just before the match. Again, the officers, particularly Commander Gerrard, were carefully friendly – but lost no opportunity to inform me that they knew about every demonstration I had been to and what part I had played in activities.

My next and last encounter with the Commander during the campaign was when he spotted me going in with the crowd to the final match at Twickenham. We greeted each other like old friends. This was the match for which the dye-throwing project had been organized and I had a packet of powdered dye in my pocket. 'Now Mr Hain, you wouldn't be doing anything silly like taking a packet of dye in with you?' he said. 'Now Commander Gerrard, you know I wouldn't do a silly thing like that,' I replied as we walked up to the turnstiles; I was uncomfortably aware that the police were searching spectators as they went through and that I was next in line. However, the police constable doing the searching seemed satisfied that being chatted up by his superior meant that I was 'clean'! So I went through, feeling grateful for having friends in high places and, after the match had begun, bowled my packet to the centre of the field.

Throughout the campaign there was speculation about the effect of the demonstrations on the Springboks. All rugby reporters were united in their view that the team's miserable performances were, at least in part and at most directly, attributable to the demonstrations. The team had the worst record of any South African side, failing to win an International and losing an unprecedented number of matches. Their full record was: won 15; drew 4; lost 5.

The whole Springbok camp was under tremendous pressure, particularly as the tour went on. The vigorous denials in the

exercise calculated to cool the temperature of opposition to the tour in Britain, but without doing anything to remove the basis for this opposition.

Nevertheless, it did represent a significant move away from the previous position adopted by SACA, in admitting for the first time that past teams had not been selected on merit. As John Arlott wrote in the *Guardian* on 19 December: 'The demonstrators, by their action against the rugby tour, have in a few months achieved more than the cricket authorities have done by fifteen years of polite acquiescence.'

Soon after the TCCB meeting, STST began to consider the question of the Commonwealth Games, due to take place in July 1970 in Edinburgh, and how this might be used as a further lever against the cricket tour. I had a series of discussions with Dennis Brutus and Chris de Broglio of SAN-ROC. As experienced international campaigners, they recommended that we should begin to discuss the question privately with officials of the Supreme Council for Sport in Africa, but that we should not make any public calls for the withdrawal of African and Asian countries from the Games.

Also discussed at this stage was the forthcoming tour by an MCC side to East Africa and the Far East. There were already signs that the three African countries – Kenya, Uganda and Zambia – involved in the tour were growing angry at the MCC's refusal to cancel the white South African tour. On 30 December, SAN-ROC sent a telegram to the National Sports Council of the three countries urging the withdrawal of the invitation to the MCC team in protest against the 1970 tour. The cable added: 'Lack of concern for black South African sportsmen by MCC not compatible with development of friendship with African sportsmen.' Soon afterwards, Uganda and Zambia announced that they had cancelled their parts of the tour and a few days later Kenya followed suit, leaving the MCC with a badly depleted programme.

These decisions were very important, as the determination of African countries to ensure that there was no compromise with sports apartheid was clearly demonstrated, particularly since African cricket would have benefited much more than English cricket from the tour. And it was this determination which was to be a key factor in the ultimate success of the campaign.

Meanwhile, in his New Year's Eve speech to the country, Mr Vorster came out with a tough statement reaffirming his unequivocal commitment to apartheid in sport. He said that South Africa would not deviate from its sports policy, in spite of recent statements by some sportsmen to the contrary. This provoked an immediate STST statement renewing the call on the cricket authorities to cancel the tour:

'If the MCC ever needed a final prod in the back, then Mr Vorster's predictable pronouncement that apartheid would remain firmly within sport must surely have done so. The MCC cannot honestly go ahead with the tour if it really has the interests of all cricketers – black and white – at heart.'

Although our immediate preoccupation was still with the rugby tour, opposition to the cricket tour was beginning to flower. On 2 January, the Archbishop of Wales, Dr Glyn Simon, called on members of the Glamorgan Cricket Club, of which he was a member, to resign if the tour went ahead. In a typically petulant retort, the Glamorgan Secretary, Wilf Wooller, denounced the Archbishop's stand and described him as 'in the sporting sense, a completely useless member'. Around this time, the Professional Cricketers Association said that it was clear from the first returns on a poll they had conducted that the 'overwhelming' majority were in favour of the tour. Then, on 7 January, came the news that the cricket world must have been expecting in one form or another: demonstrators had applied weedkiller to the outfield of the Worcester ground 'as a warning of things to come'.

Shortly after this, it was announced that the TCCB sub-committee would not, after all, be reporting back to the 22 January Council meeting, but instead to a special meeting of the Cricket Council on 12 February. It was obvious that a lot of thought was being put into the practical aspect of the tour, and there was speculation on the sub-committee's recommendations.

Then, a bombshell dropped abruptly into the cricket tour arena. Late in the night on Monday 19 January, demonstrators simultaneously raided fourteen of the seventeen county club