

LETTERS.

I READ the review on the book by Mr Ken Flower (The Sunday Star, September 20) with interest and dismay.

The allegations about the Rev Kanodereka, whom I knew personally for a number of years, seem to me an attempt to cover up rather than to speak the truth. What is written about Mr Kanodereka is in total contradiction to the man I knew. He was passionately involved in the fight to end injustice in Rhodesia.

In 1975 he found an answer to his all-consuming hatred and bitterness for the whites and as he later said:

"I belong to no man's camp, neither to the white camp nor to the black man's camp. I belong to God's camp. For me God comes first."

This freedom gave him the compassion to fight to free the white man of his fear and greed and the black man of his hate. On the many occasions that I

YOUR edition of September 20 reviews Ken Flower's book "Serving Secretly" and quotes a passage as saying that the Rev Arthur Kanodereka recruited young men for the nationalist guerilla armies, then poisoned their uniforms, causing them to die a slow death in the African bush.

Certainly when Mr Kanodereka was based in Mount Darwin he was bitterly anti-white and enlisted young men for the guerilla cause as his heart was wholly in their struggle. In fact he was detained three times.

But the suggestion that he put them into poisoned uniforms is totally implausible for three reasons.

was with him he seemed to be a man without fear, who spoke the truth, whether in his own church in the township of Harare or to young whites in the then Salisbury.

I well remember one evening in Salisbury when he met a group of about 15 white students, all of whom had been in the bush. He did not react once to their military arrogance and anger towards him, but he cared for them as human beings, making it abundantly clear that without justice, equality and dignity there could be no peace in Rhodesia/Zimbabwe.

At the end of the evening, the most vociferous of the students shook Mr Kanodereka's hand, saying: "I have never shaken the hand of a black man. I may not agree with your politics but I have to respect you." This is the Kanodereka that I knew.

Pretoria.

Pieter W Horn

First, "the boys in the bush" were as sons to him.

Second, the idea that when he enlisted young men to go across the border for training in Mozambique he sent them off in uniform is quite ridiculous as secrecy was the name of the game. If they ever got uniforms it was from the quartermaster in the guerilla training camp, not from the Methodist minister in Mount Darwin.

Third, it is totally contrary to the spirit of the man with whom I and many people in many countries worked closely from 1975 until his death in 1978.

Sandton.

Bremer Hofmeyr