

Carroll Jacobs.

Inanda Seminary staff, 1972–1974, and 1981–1984.

Interviewed in Plumstead, Western Cape, 5 May 2009.

Note: Interviewee only consented to archiving written transcript, as modified on 14 June 2010. My project departs from the question of why Inanda has survived so long. Why do you think that was?

All of this happened many years ago and so much has changed since then, including my profession and my health, though, I'll give it a try. As far as my memory serves me, the land on which Inanda was placed, and the surrounding land, was vested in the name of the United Church Board for World Ministries, originally it was the American Board Mission, which with time, changed its name... I served at Inanda Seminary from 1972–1974, left and returned from 1981–1984. It was somewhere around early 1984 that the South African government wanted to expropriate land which was part of the Inanda glebe and also including land that was part of Inanda Seminary. The purpose for this was to build the township, which now exists there. The school tried to stall as long as possible and since the property was vested in the name of the United Church Board for World Ministries, essentially it stood on American property. As a result, it took a while to sort out the logistics.

In 1983, was any of the land actually sold to the government?

Sold? As in sold to the then government? It was a long time ago but no, not to my knowledge. I do not believe that either the United Congregational Church of Southern Africa, or the United Church Board for World Ministries would ever have done something so unscrupulous as willingly sell Inanda land to the government of the day.

Or taken?

Taken as in expropriated, yes. The government probably did that. I remember the architect who had been appointed to develop the township, at the time told Mrs. Koza and I that he was torn between his keen interest in preserving the unspoiled valley, through which the river ran quite close to the school, because of its natural beauty and exquisite bird life, but at the same time he claimed that by plowing up the valley, he was only doing his job.

You lived at Inanda the whole time you taught there, right?

Yes. One correction, please. While I taught Religions Instruction and for a short period, Afrikaans, my official position at the school was Administrative Secretary.

And in your time at Inanda, did all the teachers still live on the premises?

No, many of them did. Very few did not, and some lived on campus during the week and went home on weekends. When it came to weekend duty regardless of whether one lived in, or not, one was expected to fulfill one's responsibility. As for myself, I chose to live on campus, because I just loved it, the peace and tranquility of the area. I so hope that that has not been spoilt.

It still does, actually, it's amazing. People purposefully leave the doors open, and it's very friendly.

I must tell you, from a purely personal point of view, I felt so sad when I returned the second time in 1981 and saw that a fence had been erected around the perimeter

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of the immediate property. I just could not believe that for a hundred and twelve years, the school had not needed a fence as a deterrent. One was able to drive down the road, day or night. People walking along the road would wave in greeting. The residents of the area had been there for a few generations. Inanda Seminary was their school, even though most of their children did not attend school there because of the prohibitive school fees, it was still regarded as a place of pride by people in the area. On the point of school fees, even though the fees were in actual fact very lucrative, for the area and the intense poverty of the people who lived there, it was prohibitive. That changed in the '80s while I worked there. Mrs. Koza, the headmistress, who had been a student at Inanda Seminary during her high school years, felt very strongly about the fact that a school which gave excellent education to its learners was situated in an area surrounded by immense poverty and less than one percent of the student body came from the area. She thought that it was immoral that one could have a school in an area where the residents couldn't send their children. So we worked very hard to raise scholarships in order to provide places for the local daughters of the Inanda area.

Mandisa Zungu and Nonhlanhla Khumalo, whom I was talking with last night, said that they felt very isolated from the community, and Mandisa eventually married a guy who had grown up in KwaMashu and who had a very, you know, sort of, elitist, pretentious idea of Inanda girls, that they were very distant from the community.

Inanda Seminary was a boarding school for girls. Their parents sent them to the school and expected that they would be kept safe and that they would not be allowed at will, to wander round beyond the school perimeter. As far as I remember, there were times when groups of girls would be taken for walks by some of the teachers but as for visiting people in their homes, I don't think that any boarding school will permit learners to do that. Many people have the idea that the school, as part of its curriculum, teaches its learners to be self-sufficient. This is not so, but when one lives away from one's family, there is no option but to learn a measure of independence, which hopefully stands one in stead for the rest of one's life. That is what one learned at Inanda Seminary. Another thing being at Inanda taught one was to think independently. Again, while Inanda never taught subject matter in relation to logic, one learned to question, to reason, to think logically. Sometimes, men find that threatening when it comes from a woman. On a lighter note, I once had an acquaintance who was a minister of religion in Kwa Mashu. One day, after he had conducted the Sunday Worship Service at Inanda Seminary, we got chatting over tea about the school and its history, when apropos of nothing, he turned to me and said, 'You know, though, the problem with your Inanda girls is that they are *so* independent!' And that was the point, wasn't it? In an era when women had no status, no bearing in society; when few had any influence to speak of, there was Inanda Seminary where they learned what it meant to believe in themselves and reach for the stars, regardless of the law of the land. To get back to your question of how the school survived so long, I think that was one reason, that the school had a goal and that goal was to provide young women with a sense of self, a sense of dignity and a sense of belief in themselves, which stemmed from a belief in a Creator God who 'made me who I am and because He did not create me to be

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inferior, I am who I am in Him and I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.' That belief is what ensured that mothers would send their daughters, to a school which down through the aged, never wavered from the fact that Jesus Christ was Lord of all and that they independently and collectively could and would, 'Shine Where You Are.' Another reason could have been that, as I mentioned before, the property was vested in name of the United Church Board for World Ministries and as such could not be touched by the apartheid government, any more that the property of the US ambassador, or consul could have been. We lived in a strange world back then. Many people were indoctrinated through the belief system of the government then and thought that because one's skin color differs from theirs, one automatically was inferior. Few were independent thinkers. I remember a time, back in 1974 Mr. Dumi Zondi was the headmaster and one particular day he had gone to Durban on school business, when we received an unannounced visit from the local police. Now, the local police station had always had Afrikaner policemen serving there. They were familiar with our school. They knew who we were and by and large they were very helpful people if and when needed them. During that time there was a change of staff at the police station. We were not made aware of this until on the day in question, a police van drove up the avenue, through the school gates, around the circular drive and came to a stop outside Stanwood staff residence and meeting area. I had just returned to my office from having taught Department to the IBM Secretarial School students, when the Vice Principal, Ms. Faith Gcabashe, knocked at my door and entered with two policemen in tow. She then told me that they were looking for the school Principal and when she had informed them that he was not available. She asked whether she could be of help, since she was the vice-principal and as such was second in charge. They ignored her introduction and asked instead to speak to a European. That was when she brought them to me (and I do not fit that description). I looked at them in a sort of vague, thoughtful way and I said, 'Hmm, a European? I am so sorry, I cannot oblige you. On our staff we have Zulu-speaking South Africans, Xhosa-speaking South Africans, English-speaking white South Africans, English-speaking South Africans of color. We have Afrikaans-speaking South Africans, German-speaking South Africans, English-speaking Americans but regrettably, at the moment we do not have Europeans.' They then said that the Magistrate at Ndwedwe asked if they could borrow duplicating paper, to which I responded by saying ever so sweetly, 'but most certainly you may. Why did you not ask for it in the first place,' and I gave them a box containing five reams of paper. They stormed out of the office, seething with rage. Once in their vehicle, they took off like bats out of hell, dust flying everywhere. The problem was that they were ignorant. In their ignorance they had decided that they were a cut above anyone who was not White and that it was beneath them to ask a favor of a person of color, regardless of the person's position. About three days later, we received an official letter from the magistrate at Ndwedwe inquiring whether the whites, Indians and people of color who are apparently living at Inanda Seminary had permits to be there. How petty. No doubt they thought they had the upper hand, since surely we had to be breaking the law which forbade people of mix races to live together in community. At that time, we were normally not even allowed to travel on the

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same bus, eat in the same restaurant, socialize together or reside in the same area or suburb, let alone live together in one residence. Thank God for mercies great and small! Our response was in the form of an official missive to the Magistrate of Ndwedwe, from the school's legal representative who, if my memory serves me correctly, was also a member of the Inanda Seminary Governing Council. The letter written was to the effect that the teachers in question did not need permits, because the land upon which they lived and upon which Inanda Seminary had been build, was vested in the name of the United Church Board for World Ministries in New York, and as such was American property. Since the teachers were employed to work at the school and since the school was a boarding school, they had every right to be there and did not require a permit. I swear, if I had written that letter I would have asked them to replace the paper they borrowed!

Mrs. Koza would have been the principal then.

No, the principal at the time was Dumi Zondi. That was 1974 when Mr. Zondi was the principal.

So that solved the problem with the permits? Did they accept that as an answer?

We never heard from them again, so I must assume that, quite literally, they got the message! Like it, or not, there was nothing they could do about it. Of course, once we left the school perimeter, we were on public property, but everybody has the right to drive down a public road, so even then there was nothing they could do.

So let's back up a minute. I want to know how you came to teach at Inanda Seminary in the first place, and what your background was previous to coming to Inanda.

I was employed as the administrative officer, as I mentioned. My job entailed being the personal secretary to the headmaster, with two assistants who dealt with filing, telephony, etc. Then when the secretarial school was built, I was requested to assist with teaching department to the learners. When I went returned in 1981 out of the blue, a teacher left without giving notice. She taught accountancy and Afrikaans. While the school managed to cover the Accountancy subjects the Afrikaans teachers, inundated with their own schedules, were unable to cover for the person who had left. The headmistress then requested of me that since I spoke the language, would I consider helping out until a new teacher was appointed. She was right. While my instinct was to refuse because I did not feel competent to undertake so awesome a task, I realized that if I tried, the children had at least a chance of passing. Whereas if I did not at least try, they stood no chance at all. So, with much encouragement from my colleagues who helped me when I was unsure, I went ahead and did it. You could have knocked me down with a feather when at the end of the year, the learners passed their examinations!

And that was at the Secretarial School? Yes, as well as the Grade 9. Some of the former learners tell me I taught them Afrikaans in Grade 12 but I have no recollection of that. I know I taught them religious instructions but I do not think I taught them Afrikaans. I don't think my Afrikaans was that good!

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By the way, does the IMB Secretarial School still exist at Inanda?

No, there is no more Secretarial School. I think there is some sort of business coursework, but I don't think girls want to be secretaries anymore.

What did deportment involve?

It was about professionalism. How to conduct oneself in a professional manner, regardless of the circumstances. The learners would giggle, because as an example I would demonstrate for them when one tripped down stairs, how to do it gracefully... A family friend had returned from the United States where she had studied, to live in South Africa again. I met her when she visited Cape Town. She told me about Inanda Seminary, where she was working and persuaded me to move to Natal, as it was then called, in order to work at Inanda. She returned to Inanda and the next I knew I received a call one night from Mr. Roger Aylard, the headmaster of Inanda Seminary, offering me a job. A week later, I went for an interview, fell in love with the school and the rest, as they say, is history. My return to Inanda Seminary in 1981 came about when I met Mrs. Constance Koza at the UCCSA Assembly which was held in Cape Town in 1980. She broached the subject of my returning to Inanda and since I was ready for a change of environment, I accepted. You know, when one lives in a small community it is inevitable that all will not be plain sailing. Yes, the school had its ups and downs but essentially, at the heart of the matter, everyone in their own way wanted the best for the school. At least I think so. The interesting thing about Inanda Seminary was the fact that while it was placed in KwaZulu-Natal and many learners came from KwaZulu Natal, it was absolutely a school for the people. It gave top class education to its learners. It was the only private school for Black girls when such a consideration was unheard of in racist South Africa. It had pride of place in the hearts of so many people. At the time I was there, and certainly before, learners came from throughout South Africa and beyond. We had learners from Zimbabwe, Mozambique, Malawi, Uganda. Somebody said to me a while ago, 'Oh, Nkosazana, now Oprah's school is in competition with Inanda.' I said, 'Oh, no. Not at all.' And she said, 'Why do you say that?' My response was: 'Because Oprah may have the money, and Oprah may have the glamour, Oprah may have the wherewithal to build a very posh school, but our school has the history, we have an alumnae second to none, that goes back generations *and* we have Ma Edwards' ghost which is an institution in itself, if you remember.'

I could see that. She seems like the sort of woman who would have a ghost.

Inanda carries, and always will carry the spirit of Mary K. Edwards, the widow who braved the elements, the unknown and the hardship of having travelled to South Africa alone, where she started a school out of nothing and succeeded in building that school, which has weathered many storms but has survived them all to be what it is, what it will be for generations to come, a wonderful legacy for the future.

So in your time there, were there any students who were not African?

No, not in my time. I do remember that when the Federal Theological Seminary was housed in Pietermaritzburg during the 1980's, one of their lecturers really

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wanted his daughter to attend school at Inanda Seminary. He loved what the school stood for. He loved its achievements in spite of its struggles. Unfortunately, it was decided not to accept her. The feeling was that as a white child, she had the option of choosing any of a number of private schools to attend. Whereas, were she to be accepted at Inanda Seminary, it could mean that there would be a Black child deprived of that place: a child, who would not have the opportunity, or the funding to attend any other private school since then, the school fees charged by other private schools were astronomical by comparison to the fees charged by Inanda. I wonder if that has changed and if all children now have the option of attending Inanda Seminary, regardless of skin color? Were I to have had a granddaughter, I would wish that she might have been accepted as a learner at Inanda Seminary.

It still seems to be pretty exclusively African. But someone asked me why no Indian children ever went to Inanda, and I was curious to know why not.

You should remember that during the apartheid years, the races were categorized hierarchically. In order of status: First, the white people. Second were the so-called 'coloured' people. Third were the Indian people. Fourth were the Black people. Then Fifth were the Koi and San people. I believe that this type of categorization of people caused more hurt to people than almost anything else because one's whole life was categorized according to the color of one's skin. One's intelligence was categorized according to the color of one's skin. When buying a dress at particular stores one was categorized according to the color of one's skin, insofar as certain stores would not allow one to try on the dress in question because the 'fitting rooms were for whites only!' Imagine always having it thrown in one's face that one is second class, or third class, etc. I do not think that Inanda consciously decided that children who embraced different cultural beliefs or religious beliefs should not attend school there. We had learners who embraced the Muslim faith. They attended Inanda Seminary, which was a Christian school and all they were expected to do was to learn hard and abide by the school rules, were the expectations in respect of all the learners. On a personal level, I thank God for my parents who taught me to be color blind in respect of how I saw and valued, as well as how I saw and valued myself. My father would not tolerate any form of discrimination, whether it had to do with people who were otherwise challenged with disabling physical, or mental conditions, or whether it had to do with the color of one's skin. I am so grateful that I was taught to respect and honor every human being on the basis that she or he, like myself, was created in the image of God. I could no more despise another human being, than I could the image of God.

And in the time you were there, there were interschool socialising activities between Inanda and Indian and white schools.

Absolutely. Yes, absolutely. Sports events, social evenings, debating, etc.

Nonhlanhla said that boys from Hilton were coming to the dances...

Yes. Mrs. Constance Koza, the headmistress at Inanda during the much of the 1980s, decided that the Class of '82 were such special young women that she wanted to thank them appropriately by giving them a Matric Ball, or Prom as you call it, to

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reward them for their outstanding behavior and grades. This had not happened since the mid-1970s for various reasons. When it came to the question of with whom they would dance, she vehemently opposed the idea that they should invite their boyfriends for the evening. As a result, and since she was a member of the Headmasters and Head Mistresses of Private Schools Association, she decided that she would liaise with the headmasters of Hilton College, Kearsney College and Michaelhouse. She did and they agreed, so she invited their senior boys to attend the Matric Ball. They all accepted and all arrived. The girls looked stunning, the young men looked rather dashing in their school uniforms, trousers' seams pressed to a knife-edge. Their manners were faultless. The music was good and food was great. With the help of the Grade 11 learners, some of the staff, namely, the Hewers, the Hitchcocks, Ms. Roy and I, worked really hard to transform our mundane school hall into a work of art, fit for the occasion. It was a spectacular event, or in today's parlance, a classy affair. The irony was that at the height of apartheid in South Africa, Inanda Seminary gave a matric dance where 99% of the young men who partnered our girls were white! Did they change skin color because they danced with young black women? Of course not. Granted, upon arrival they were a bit uncertainly as to what to expect but I do recall, several of them approaching the teacher who chaperoned them, saying, 'Sir, do we have to leave now? We're really having such a good time.' Once assured that it was not yet time to leave they happily continued to enjoy themselves. As mentioned above, this was the first event of its kind for a long time. Some years before this event, in 1976, there was wide scale unrest among schoolchildren throughout the country. This occurred as a result of a government decision that all subject in schools would be taught through the medium of Afrikaans. Since Inanda was a private school that wrote the Joint Matriculation Board examinations, this ruling did not affect the school. Nevertheless, I was told that the student body felt that they, too, needed to protest in solidarity with their fellow students in government schools.

The students at Inanda Seminary?

Yes. It is not unusual in South African for people to strike, or protest in solidarity with others. As far as Inanda learners went, they had no axe to grind. It was purely in solidarity with the students on the outside that they suggested burning their school.

Do you remember which students were sort of leading that? Was it mostly—

I wasn't there at the time; Mr. Zondi related this to me when I visited the school in 1978. Personally, I don't think it was a matter of ringleaders. Probably, someone made a suggestion and everyone either thought that it was a good idea, or not.

Dumi didn't mention anything about that to me—I interviewed him as well.

From all accounts, he dealt with it most diplomatically. He apparently sat them down, and said something to the effect: 'You know, my children, you are absolutely right. We should show solidarity with the students outside the school.' Then he said, 'You are talking about burning down Phelps Hall, and Edwards Hall, and Stanwood. Quite honestly, I give you permission to do so, by all means, go

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ahead and do it. But you should remember one thing. Not one stick or stone in this school belongs to the government. These children who are protesting and burning their schools are from government schools and the government will pay to have those schools rebuilt. We don't have that luxury. These buildings are here because of your parents, your grandparents, and their grandparents before them paid so that these buildings could be erected. Some of them even came and physically helped to lay the bricks and chop the wood for floors. So if you burn the school just remember that nobody will rebuild it. Because you know that your parents cannot afford that. In fact, the government will rejoice because for the longest time Inanda Seminary has been a thorn in their flesh. So if you want to carry on with this idea, then go ahead and burn your school, by all means. You have my permission.' And he left them to discuss it.

I'm sure that was very persuasive.

Youth is an amazing age. They love to think that their ideas are original. The fact that he had practiced reverse psychology with them, never occurred to them. They thought about what he had said, realized that he spoke the truth and decided they maybe they could have sit-ins for a few days. They did just that and the school survived to educate a several thousands more young women.

What else do you remember about the time when Baba Zondi was there—in terms of the backgrounds of the students, as you mentioned, about their political interests, the staff life—if you could just describe the 1970s a bit. You were there before Soweto, and then after Soweto. So maybe I should say, what do you see as differences between students in the early 1970s and the early 1980s, if anything?

You are taking me back over thirty-six years. The one thing that happened that impacted the entire school was the death of Dr. Helmut Weigert, our mathematics teacher. He drowned while saving two learners who got into trouble in the sea one Beach Day. I don't remember the name of the child whom he saved. The child who drowned was Faith Busane. It was the most traumatic experience of my stay at Inanda Seminary. I was unable to accompany the school to the beach that day since I had recently undergone major surgery and was advised by the doctor who attended to me, not to travel on the bus. It was the saddest, most unbelievable experience. If you can imagine 400 plus, screaming, yelling learners as they grieved the loss of not only a fellow learner but a respected, much loved teacher. Dr. Weigert was from Germany. He could have taught at any university he liked but he chose to teach at Inanda Seminary. If my memory serves me well, he was about 45 years old when he died. What a loss to the school, both staff and learners. As a matter of fact he was buried in the Inanda Cemetery. His brother travelled from England to attend the funeral. Both funerals were held on the same day. Dr. Weigert in the morning from the Inanda Seminary chapel. His dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Beyers Naude, came from Johannesburg to do the Obituary. After Dr. Weigert's burial, the entire student body travelled to the home of Faith Busane to attend her funeral. It is said that for every loss there is a gain. The day of the drowning, one of our staff members, Mr. James Felix's wife Lloraine gave birth to a little boy. They named him Edan

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Weigert Felix. Sadly, he, too drowned just over a year later. They had moved from Inanda Seminary to Cape Town when the accident happened. What an incredible experience all round. I do not remember anything else specifically apart from that. What did I see that was different when I returned in 1981? Well, I was different, insofar as when I went to Inanda in 1972 I was twenty-three years old. It was so strange to be a staff member when I was closer in age to a fair number of the senior learners than to most of my colleagues. When I returned in 1981, I was several years older and a little wiser. What was different between the 1970s and the 1980s was the fact that the students in the 1970s were far more politicized. A number of students from the university medical school were frequent visitors to Inanda Seminary, like Steve Biko for example, who himself was a student at the time. These young men would arrive at school and demand that the girls from Inanda be allowed to join them at their meetings in Durban, or on protest marches, etc. When one is that young and ready to solve the world's problems, issues such as 'responsibility for the children's safety, or accountability to the parents for allowing their daughters to go off to public meetings without their permission,' don't matter, in light of the greater cause. Apparently, in 1980 there had been one incident that I heard of. This was before I returned and it seems that it was not politically motivated. It seemed to stem from disgruntlement among the learners about food or some such thing. The issue escalated and got out of hand. I do not remember the finer details, since I was not there in person...

A remarkable number of people across the generations said that their parents at one point sat them down and said, 'You'll go to Inanda, or Mariannhill, or maybe Dlangezwa,' and that was it.

I can imagine that occurring. All parents want the best education for their children and when there are only a few good schools, parents want to be sure that their children have a fighting chance of admittance, which is why they encourage their children to work hard at their studies. They don't expect children to play around and in so doing, perhaps lose the one chance for a good education.

There were very few institutions.

This is true, at least it was back then.

Yes, they do, and I interviewed Reverend Dlodla. He looks great—very energetic... In your opinion, what do you think of the all-girls environment?

You know, I always had a problem with that, but there was nothing I could do about it—because I went to a co-ed school, and I loved it, I really did, I really liked having the guys around; they sort of lend a balance. Having said that, I do appreciate why parents were so against Inanda being co-educational. For many parents, they needed to know that their girl children were safe; that they were getting a good education at a school whose reputation was second to none. What set the school apart was that for the longest time, learners did not write the local South African National Senior Certificate examination. Rather, Inanda Seminary learners wrote the Joint Matriculation Board examinations. At some point in the 1970's it was decided to register the school for NSC exams. What a disaster! The

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results were skewed. It was evident that something was not right. There was such blatant dishonesty in the external marking of the examination papers of learners from Inanda Seminary. Inanda learners do not fail English, as a rule. Yet at that time children were failing English! The school re-registered to write the Joint Matriculation Board exams and things reverted back to normal. English exams were passed with flying colors. Some years later I read that Inanda learners had entered a spelling bee in competition against learners of equal grading and age in England. Inanda won First Prize. Owing to their intense indoctrination, many Afrikaner people at that time thought that black people couldn't possibly be bright enough to pass English so well. Therefore, or so they thought, these children must have cheated on the exams. They then penalized the Inanda Seminary learners by reducing the marks of their examinations in particular subjects according to what they felt was correct, namely, failure. The headmaster Mr. Zondi was upset. He drove to the Regional Department of Education offices in Pietermaritzburg to query the results. He took along the June half-yearly examination results and the September trial examination results of the learners concerned. These were blatantly different from the externally marked December results. He was able to prove to the educational authorities, that the inconsistencies between the two internally marked exams and the externally marked exam. For example, June exam results of 87%; September exam result of 91% and the externally marked exams for December which were recorded as 35%. The authorities agreed to remark the December examination papers and the remark proved that the Inanda learners had passed, and had passed well.

What was—as far as you know—what was the relationship with the KwaZulu educational department like for Inanda? Because I know that Inanda was getting some funding—

As far as the relationship between the KwaZulu educational department and Inanda Seminary was concerned: On a departmental level, there was no real relationship as far as I can remember. On occasion the local circuit inspector's office would borrow stationery from us. When they received their supplies, they generally always replaced what they had borrowed. On a neighborly level, from time to time, the learners from the local high school would use the Inanda Seminary Biology lab, since their local school had no such facility and most of the learners had never seen a test tube, let alone a dissecting microscope, except as pictures in their text books. One of the teachers from the same local high school, assisted Inanda Seminary by teaching Afrikaans to our learners after hours because the Inanda Seminary teacher responsible for teaching Afrikaans to those grades, had resigned and the school was unable to recruit an appropriate teacher as a replacement because teachers were unwilling to take the drop in salary. At some point, I was recruited to assist with teaching Afrikaans as well. On a personal level, the acceptance of learners to Inanda Seminary did not depend on the political persuasion of their parents. Parents, past and present, served within the KwaZulu government, not least of whom was Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, Dr. Mordecai Gumede (who not only lived in Inanda and had been the local medical doctor to Inanda Seminary learners and staff, myself included, for many, many years) as was Dr. Frank Mdlalose, among others. All three of these gentlemen had daughters who attended Inanda Seminary during the period

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that I served there. As far as the school was concerned, they were parents of our learners. In terms of the Education Department, I do not remember if any of our school parents had been assigned to the Education Department, or Ministry of Education. What I do remember is that, in terms of relationships with the school, many of the men who served in the KwaZulu government had female family members, through several generations, who attended school at Inanda Seminary. Were there emotional attachments to the school on the part of these people? I would imagine so. Everyone held the school in high esteem because of its achievements scholastically, which is why they sent their daughters there. It was, after all, a prestigious school with faultless academic records. At that time, even the local people of Inanda, whose family members were not able to attend Inanda Seminary, held the school in high esteem. No one wanted to see the closure of Inanda Seminary. You mentioned funding received by Inanda Seminary from the KwaZulu Educational Department. I will tell you everything that I remember of that time. I remember it because at some point in time I was asked by the Secretary of the Africa Desk at the UCBWM for my account of what occurred. It appeared that while the majority decision to accept the officer of funds to subsidize teachers' salaries, was made, when questions were asked, the blame had been squarely placed on one person. That was not right and I hope I helped to set the record straight. Historically, for the longest time, Inanda Seminary was able to pay its teachers more than the government schools did. Sometime in the early 1980's the South African National Department of Education was allocated an injection of funding which enabled it to increase teachers salaries. This resulted in government teachers earning salaries that surpassed the point of parity with salaries paid by Inanda Seminary to its teachers. There was no way, at that point in time, that Inanda Seminary was able to match, or once again better the salaries paid by the government to teachers in public schools. For the past few years, the grant paid to Inanda by the UCBWM had been a fixed amount, which did not stretch beyond its limits, given the rising inflation rates and cost of living expenses. The thinking behind his decision by the UCBWM is understood but that did not help to put additional bread on the table, especially since we were living in a country where the government of the day resented the fact that there existed a private school for black girls which was situated on property which was vested in the name of the United Church Board for World Ministries, under the Auspice of the United Congregational Church of Southern Africa. Business companies in South Africa and abroad, were willing to erect buildings (monuments to themselves) as may be seen by the donations of buildings at that time, e.g. the Mobil Student centre, the IBM Secretarial School and later, the two student dormitories. By the same token, business companies were reluctant to donate funds for running costs, such as teachers' salaries, student scholarships, etc. Times were tough for the school and with teachers' applying for government posts, Inanda Seminary which, since the increment given to teachers from government schools, for the first time found itself threatened with closure. It was as bad as that. Sometime before all this occurred, in 1982 I think it was, the school was so short of funding that in desperation one day I wrote over 200 letters of appeal for scholarships to big and small businesses which I

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selected randomly from among those listed in the yellow pages. They were invited to Adopt-a-Student-and-Change-a-Life. In other words they were asked to commit to pay the school fees of a learner for five years, one year at a time in quarterly installments. Out of the more than 200 letters I wrote, only one company responded favorably. They upheld their commitment and paid the full amount of school fees for the duration of the learner's educational stay at Inanda Seminary. After deliberation, the faculty agreed and this scholarship was awarded to Sifanelwa Qangule, who was a bright learner and whose father had died suddenly a month, or two before. It had seemed likely that she would have been needed to leave the school unless she had financial assistance. I forwarded a photograph of the learner to the company concerned and for as long as I remained at Inanda Seminary, I ensured that they received updated progress reports of her work. If I remember correctly, the owner of the company actually attended one of the At Home speech days. Then in 1983 one of the parents, came to visit his daughter at school. I think he may have had a ministerial position in the KwaZulu government. It would seem that while he waited for his daughter, he evidently got talking to the headmistress and suggested that the Inanda Seminary Governing Council might wish to consider applying for a subsidy from the Department of Education towards teachers' salaries in order to bring about parity between the government teachers and Inanda Seminary teachers. He apparently said something to the effect that: No one wished to see the closure of Inanda Seminary, since many of the persons serving in the KwaZulu government (i.e., the men) either had had a mother, grandmother, sister, wife, or daughter who had attended, or who was still attending Inanda Seminary. As a result, Inanda was very close to the hearts of most people, since it was the only private school in South Africa for Black girls and so, if there was a way to save the school, the Inanda Seminary Governing Council should feel obligated to the people to consider it. The Governing Council had two options: Either to lose teachers, who would leave unless their salaries were increased to be on par with that of the government, or to surpass that of government, in which case parents will remove their children, who were not being taught and eventually, the school would close; or to raise the funds necessary to save the school, which up until that point, they had not been too successful in doing. Or they could raise school fees to an astronomical amount, which at the current rate, for that time, was already beyond the means of a fair number of parents. Or they could accept the subsidy from the government and retain its teachers. The KwaZulu government had no interest in taking over the school, or dictating how it should be run. They simply wished to save the school from the threat of closure. I think he put this proposal in writing but again, I cannot be certain of this. The headmistress submitted his proposal (whether verbal, or in writing I cannot remember) to the Governing Council. As far as I recall, not ever having attended the meetings of the Governing Council, only one member of the Governing Council opposed the KwaZulu government proposal to subsidise the teachers' salaries. Seemingly, everyone else felt that they needed to do this because it made sense, given the financial quagmire that the school found itself in at the time. According to what I was told, the argument was that if the Inanda Seminary teachers were working in public schools they would be earning what the public school teachers earned. Fundraising attempts up to that point resulted in the chapel roof

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being replaced. This, of course was a capital expense. Consequently, a plaque honouring the donors could be placed on a wall. Fundraising certainly brought in precious little in terms of running costs. The decision to accept the subsidy from the KwaZulu Department of Education, was carried and the member who objected was outvoted. The matter was referred for further action to the finance committee. The member who opposed the motion walked out of the meeting. The Headmistress was also the Secretary of the Inanda Seminary Governing Council's Finance Committee. For quite a while before this incident, she would take me along to the Finance and Executive Committee Meetings of the Governing Council, to record the minutes of the proceedings on her behalf. It was during such a meeting of the Finance Committee (following the Governing Council meeting referred to above) held in Beatrice Street, Durban in 1984 that the letter of application for funding was compiled, as dictated by members of the Finance Committee, on behalf of the Inanda Seminary Governing Council. The letter officially applied for the subsidy offered by the KwaZulu Education Department for the purpose of subsidizing teachers' salaries. The Governing Council member, who had opposed the motion and who was also a member of the Finance Committee, did not attend that meeting and was therefore, not party to this decision. The Headmistress was mandated by the meeting, to personally hand-deliver the letter of application to the Education Department in Ulundi. Back at Inanda, I typed the letter of application, as dictated by members of the Finance Committee, a copy of which I filed in the Finance Committee file. As was my custom, I also typed the minutes of the meeting that same day. After these minutes were ratified by the headmistress, she instructed the school driver to take the letter of application for funding, to the chairman of the Finance Committee, in Durban, for his signature and to leave a copy of the minutes with him. As per his routine, the driver also hand-delivered copies of the minutes to all members of the Finance Committee. At the next meeting of the Finance Committee the minutes of the previous meeting were adopted as a correct record and the original was signed by the chairman. Upon our return to school after the end of the meeting, I personally filed the signed original copy of the minutes in the Finance Committee minutes file and returned it to its place in the headmistress' office. A day or two later, the headmistress requested that I accompany her to Ulundi. The school driver drove us in the school kombi. We stayed overnight at the Holiday Inn. While at dinner, we saw a member of the Governing Council, who was also a member of its Finance Committee at the hotel. He came over to greet us and wished the Headmistress well for her meeting the next morning with the Education Department. He of course knew what the purpose of her trip to Ulundi was, since he had attended both the Governing Council Meeting and the Finance Committee meeting. When asked by the Headmistress how come he was in Ulundi, he said he had an appointment with a client. He was an attorney at law. As he walked away she mentioned to me that she thought it strange that during their telephonic conversation the previous afternoon, he had not mentioned that he was planning to drive to Ulundi the next morning. She said that had she known he would be in Ulundi, she would have

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suggested to him that he deliver the letter to the Education Department, since this would have saved the school the unnecessary expense of a long distance return trip to Ulundi. The next morning the headmistress attended the meeting at the Education Department, while the driver and I waited for her in the vehicle. When the meeting ended we immediately returned to Inanda, about six hours drive away. The letter of application for a subsidy for teachers' salaries from Inanda Seminary was accepted by the KwaZulu Education Department and the first payment was made. This resulted in an immediate increase in the salaries of the Inanda Seminary teachers, which were brought on par with those of teachers in government schools. Several months later, I left the employ of Inanda Seminary for personal reasons and returned to my home in Cape Town. Incidentally, when I left Inanda Seminary after my first stint there in the 1970s, I was recruited by the Rev. Joseph Wing and accepted the post as Administrative Secretary to him in his capacity as secretary of the Church Unity Commission in Johannesburg. He was also secretary of the United Congregational Church of Southern Africa. The UCCSA office was in De Korte Street and the CUC office was in Jorissen Street in Braamfontein. Mr. Wing was also a member of the Inanda Seminary Governing Council, as representative of the UCCSA. The Grant received from the UCBWM for Inanda Seminary was always channeled through the UCCSA. Several months later, Mr. Wing called me in Cape Town from his office in Johannesburg and asked me to recount exactly the process of how Inanda Seminary came to be subsidized by the KwaZulu Education Department. I knew he had missed a few meetings of the Governing Council but could not remember exactly which they were. So, I told him everything that I knew about the situation, indicating to him the parts that were hearsay, starting with the Headmistress' account of the conversation between herself and the parent who suggested that the Governing Council apply for a subsidy, up until the time the money was transferred from the KwaZulu Education Department.

I came across some angry letters from the office in New York, which found out that Inanda was getting money from the homeland government in 1988 or something—several years after they had been getting this. Someone wrote a very angry letter back to them, saying that they did this because New York wasn't sending enough money to pay the salaries.

Some years later, I became aware of the full extent of the chagrin experienced by the United Church Board for World Ministries and the United Congregational Church of Southern Africa about the subsidy from the KwaZulu Education Department to Inanda Seminary. It happened that in the late 1980s I went to study in the United States and stayed with a former colleague and friend, who had been a UCBWM missionary to Inanda Seminary. One day, in 1989 while discussing this matter of the subsidy, she suggested that we call New York and just chat about it. We called the UCBWM office in New York and asked to be transferred to the Africa Desk. I was delighted to learn that the Secretary of the Africa Desk was from South Africa and moreover, when he answered our call and I found that he was a UCCSA minister whom I knew from his visits to Inanda Seminary. In talking to the Secretary of the UCBWM Africa Desk about the situation of

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Inanda Seminary and the KwaZulu Education Department, I remember clearly that he said: 'But Carroll, the Principal sold the school to the KwaZulu government.' I felt bewildered by this statement. When I asked what he meant and where he had heard this, he said that the 'Governing Council said so.' While I worked at Inanda, my understanding was that the Governing Council was in favour of the subsidy. At no time was I under the impression that this was a unilateral decision made by the Headmistress. It was confusing to me. I relayed the facts of the matter, as far as I knew them to be so. What he then told me was even more amazing to me. He said that the copies of both the letter of application and the minutes of the Finance Committee meeting to which I had referred were nowhere to be found. My first response was that this was not possible. My second reaction was that someone must have removed them from the files. I then suggested that at least the members of the Finance Committee of the Inanda Seminary Governing Council, who had served at that time should each have a copy of the minutes. I was told that the blame was being laid at the door of the headmistress. No one appeared to know of such a letter, or of the existence minutes which contained the record of the discussion of this matter. In retrospect, I would imagine that in spite of the government having changed hands, somehow, somewhere there should be a copy of this letter in the archives of the KwaZulu Education Department. As for the minutes? If the Governing Council and its Finance Committee members, all of whom had received hand delivered copies of the minutes concerned, thereafter denied all knowledge thereof, then I had no words. I wonder if the then Chairman of the Governing Council was aware of all of this underhanded business. I must believe that as a Christian, he was a man of honor, who would not have sacrificed his integrity on the altar of lies and deception. Meghan, I recorded those minutes according to the proceedings of that Finance Committee meeting. I typed the minutes, which were hand delivered to each member of the committee including the Chairman. I filed the signed copy of those minutes in the appropriate file, following their adoption (at the following meeting) as a correct record of the proceedings of the previous meeting, as well as the photocopy of the signed letter of application for the subsidy but I cannot account for what happened to those documents after I left Inanda Seminary in mid-1984. When I visited the school in 1999, I requested permission from the current headmistress at that time, to look through her Finance Committee meeting archival files. She agreed and in her presence I found the relevant file in which I had filed those minutes. The UCBWM Africa Desk Secretary was right. They were not in the file.

Is there anything else that we haven't touched on, that we haven't emphasized?

No, not that I can think of at present.

Were you aware at all of the school revitalization efforts in the late 1990s?

I do know that Mr. Nelson Mandela was involved, because Edwards Hall had burned down, and he made it possible for it to be rebuilt through a donation of money from SAPPI, the large paper company.

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Do you feel that during your time there, relationships between staff—multiracial relationships—were good?

There was never a problem. If there were problems among the staff it was usual around issues of authority... I think that as the first male headmaster, following a long line of auspicious women, Mr. Roger Aylard experience some difficulties owing to divided loyalties by staff who felt that by showing support for him, they were being disloyal to Ms Scott. Several of the teachers had also been pupils at the school and their allegiance was to Miss Scott. While I got the impression that Dr. Lavinia Scott was supportive of Roger, this did not change the undying loyalty that teachers felt towards her.

Did you know her?

Yes! In fact when I was in the States, Darlene Woodburn and I drove down to visit her in Claremont where she lived, from San Jose to visit her. What an amazing woman.

I've seen that as a problem repeatedly in Inanda's history, that loyalty to particular leaders...

Yes. That appears to be a pattern.

I know too that the decision had been taken that Lavinia should leave the campus after retiring, because in the past there had been problems transferring authority...

I really cannot comment on this, since I arrived at Inanda Seminary long after Ms Scott had left. For me, what was important was the school, not individual personalities. It wasn't about individuals, or who would be taking over the principalship from whom. It was about the work and the children; about honesty, integrity and accountability. You see, my work ethic has always been motivated by the Bible verse in Colossians 3:23 which says: "Whatever your work is, put your heart into it, as if it were for the Lord." I do believe that I went to Inanda Seminary because for me it was a calling. So, regardless of who was headmaster, or headmistress, my job was clearly defined in my job description and I hope I did it well. I certainly did it to the best of my ability.

What do you do here now?

I manage the AIDS Training Information and Counselling Center, which is the Regional Training Centre of the Department of Health, Provincial Government of the Western Cape. We started in July 1989.

And at that time AIDS was not a very large problem here.

No, not to the extent that it is at present. Back then it had not even reached the epidemic stage, relatively speaking. Hopefully, with time we'll see the perfect bell curve as through adherence to the antiretroviral program together with the prevention initiatives, the infection will taper off. We hope for an HIV-free South Africa and work hard towards that goal.