

2
RDM, Friday, October 29, 1971

His father: " As a boy he was a perfect son. Right up to his death he was that.

" Obedient always, kindly, courteous, he was a great comfort to me and to his mother and other members of the family.

" He was a good cricketer and very proud of having played for Southern Transvaal Indians and for the Witwatersrand."

Did his father ever judge him to be unstable or over-emotional?

" No. Quite the reverse. He was a strong character in a quiet way. Calm, never aggressive and he was always helping poor people in some way. Money meant nothing to him."

Mr. Nassim Pahad, 27, of Johannesburg, was one of Ahmed Timol's closest friends.

He said: " Ahmed was a man who never quarreled. He had more real friends than any other person I know.

"An odd thing. Ironical really. Ahmed was the man who in any discussion on politics would say-"politics is for politicians. It is our job to be humane in our dealings with others."

"You see, it's strange that a man who was forever repeating these sentiments should die in police custody. I'm stunned that it should have been Ahmed, of all people...

"He was the teacher who gave up his free time to coach pupils who needed it."

Yesterday as you walked through Johannesburg's lower Market Street area, there was no shortage of praise for the man Roodepoort Indians call The Quiet Man.

Said a middle-aged man Indian shopkeeper: "Ahmed was liked by young and old. I remember in 1963 or thereabouts, how he used to devote hours helping to run the soup-kitchen for the poor in Lenasia."

Roodepoort Indians told me they knew Ahmed Timol as a bright student, an understanding teacher and a man who spent his time helping other people.

They liked his honesty. His generous manner. And they respected his teaching knowledge skill and his experience of life.

Yesterday, there were tears in class 9.C at Roodepoort Indian School. Stunned teachers sobbed, as a teacher explained why their "Sir" would not teach them again.

YUSUF AHMED TIMOL?

States:-

I am an adult Indian Commercial Traveller, residing at Flat No.2, 76 Mare Street, Roodepoort.

I am 65 years old and the father of the late Ahmed Timol. He was born at Breyten on 3.11.1941. He was still single and a school teacher at the Indian High school in Roodepoort.

The deceased went to Mecca in December 1966, and was away until February 1970. From Mecca he went to England staying in London attending classes, I cannot say what he studied, whilst he also taught at a school.

From the time of his return in February 1970 he has been teaching at the Indian High School in Roodepoort.

The last time I saw my late son alive was on Friday 22.10.1971 at about 6.45.p.m. when I returned from the Mosque. The deceased was just leaving our house as I came in, Deceased told me he will be back soon, but did not say where he was going.

At 3.am. three white men arrived at my house saying that they are from the Special Branch, John Vorster Square or they could have said Security Branch.

I am not sure. They asked where my son is. I told them he must be sleeping in his room. They said they wanted to search the room. We went to deceased's room, and I found that deceased was not there. They searched the room and removed the typewriter and certain documents for which they gave me a listed receipt. I was not told by these men that my son (the deceased) was under arrest at John Vorster Square. They never said anything to me about my son.

After the search I was told to accompany them to John Vorster Square which I did. As a result thereof I missed my 4.15 am. prayer at the Mosque.

At about 12 md on 23.10.71, I was taken home with my 19 year old son Haroon whom I found had also been at John Vorster Square.

The men from the Security Police visited my home about another 5 times I however cannot remember on what days or at what times. On each occasion they searched deceased's room alone. They never brought him with.

My wife asked the men: " When do I see my son again". One of the men replied: "You won't see your son". My wife and this man spoke in Afrikaans. I understand Afrikaans. This took place on Tuesday 26.10.1971. This man also said: " Jou seun moet pak kry". My wife asked why are you going to give my son a hiding and the man replied: " Because you did not give him a hiding that is why we will give him a hiding".

My wife then said: " I never hit my children why will you hit my children". All this was still in Afrikaans.

I cannot remember if the Security Branch men came again after this they came several times and they could have come again after Tuesday 26.10.1971.

On Wednesday 27.10.71. at about 7pm. I was called at the Mosque to the house where my wife told me that our son was dead. She told me the police had told her.

On Friday 29.10.71 in the morning I identified the body of my son Ahmed at the Government Mortuary at Hillbrow.

The body was released for burial shortly after 12.m. 29.10.71. The body was placed in a hearse driven by Mr.Khan.

I followed in a car to our Mosque in Newtown. After the usual Friday prayer the body was taken into the place provided for washing.

As soon as my son's face was bared I became upset and left. I did not view the body again until it was closed.

JOHANNESBURG.
2.11.1971 - 1.PM.

Y. E. Timol

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Above statement taken by me.

C. Buys Mag. Gen S.A.F

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Car by
Brig. Pattle

I M.S.H. Cachalia B.A. L.L.B. assisted in the taking of the above statement from Gujerati and vice-versa.

I declare this to be a true and correct statement as given by Yusuf Ahmed Timol.

M.S.H.

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HAWA TIMOL,

Verklaar:--(In Afrikaans).

Ek is 'n Indier volwasse vrou woonagtig te Woonstel 2, 76 Mare Straat, Roodepoort. Die oorledene Ahmed Timol was my seun.

MS Ek het hom laas lewend gesien op Vrydag 22.10.71. Hy het die huis verlaat in die ~~ogend~~ ^{AND}. Hy het nie gesê waarheen jy gaan nie.

Vroeg ongeveer 3.vm op Saterdag 23.10.71 het lede van die Veiligheids Polisie by my huis gekom. Hulle het oorledene se kamer deursoek. Toe hulle loop het een gesê: "Ons het jou seun." Dieselfde middag ongeveer 6.15.nm. het hulle weer die kamer kom visenteer.

Hulle het weer op Dinsdag 26.10.71 gekom ongeveer 12.30.nm. en weer, 1.45.nm. Hulle was 3 lede. Toe hulle die tweede kom het hulle gevra vir die groot boek van die skool. Ons kon die boek nie kry nie. Ek vra toe "wie het julle gestuur vir die boek". Die een sê: "jou seun het ons gestuur." Ek vra toe: "waar is my seun, wys tog asb my seun." Die een sê toe: "Jy kan nie meer jou seun sien nie. Ek vra toe: "Hoekom Meneer jy sê so, my hart is so seer, ons fas nou." Die lid sê toe: "Hy moet pak kry". Ek vra toe: "Hoekom Meneer jy geez my kind pak, Ek het nie my kind pak gegee nie." Hy antwoord toe: "Jy het hom nie pak gegee nie daarom ons gee hom pak." Ek het toe gesê: "Julle sê julle gee vir my seun pak. jy moet mooi hoor meneer, soos een gee vir jou seun pak, sy ma se hart is seer. Julle moenie my seun pak gee nie. Hulle is toe weg.

Ek was by die lid wat ek mee gepraat het. Ek praat en verstaan Afrikaans goed.

Ek handig nou in 6 Kkks kaarte waarop oorledene aan albei kante notas gemaak het in sy eie handskrif.

Op woensdag 27.10.71 om ongeveer 7.nm het die Polisie my meegedeel dat Ahmed oorlede is.

Op Vrydag 29.10.71 ongeveer 2.nm was oorledene se lyk na my huis gebring ek het sy gesig gesien. Die lyk is 3.30.nm weg-geneem na die begrafplaas.

ROODEPOORT.

4.11.1971 - 12.15.nm.

Bostaande verklaring deur my geneem.

SUID-AFRIKAANSE POLISIE	
DISTRICT OFFISIER	
4 -11- 1971	
DISTRICT OFFISIER	
JOHANNESBURG	
SOUTH AFRICAN POLICE	

Ek sertifiseer dat: Die verklaarder erken dat hy/sy op hoogte is met die inhoud van hierdie verklaring en dit bevestig. Hierdie verklaring was bevestig / bevestigig voor my en verklaarder se handtekening / duimafdruk / merk is in my teenwoordigheid daarop aangebring.	I certify that: The deponent has acknowledged that he/she knows and understands the contents of this affidavit which was sworn/affirmed before me and the deponent's signature / thumb print / mark was placed thereon in my presence.
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Vreemde / Commissioner of Oaths
Kommissaris van Eed / Commissioner of Oaths

Datum
Date