

I, Mahomed Haniff Manjoo State under Oath in English

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I am an adult male with RSA ID number [REDACTED] residing at house number [REDACTED]

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I was born in Durban, moved to Colenso, KZN where I grew up to attend school. During my early youth years (somewhere from 1959) my family moved to Stanger, Kwadukuza. This was the house in Lot 16 that was haunted and we had incredible experiences; it was in the Post newspapers and even SAPS failed to catch the ghost! I made friends with several people who wanted to know the story and others I met through participating in various sporting codes. One of my school friends was Yunus Mohamed whose father was EV Mohamed, a local bookkeeper. He lived not far from our flat in Dawnside, just past the cemetery; about 300m. During my visits at their house, I learned that Mr EV Mohamed was a personal friend of Chief Albert Luthuli and came to know him.

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One day, while I was visiting Yunus, Chief Luthuli was seated in the lounge and he gave me a book that was titled "Introduction to Philosophy" by CEM Joad. I read the book and it opened my mind to always look at the bigger picture and the world of metaphysics with such as Kant, Berkely and Hume, etc. I then participated at a school speech contest where my impromptu topic was "If I were a mayor", I came out second best and later I shared my speech with Chief Luthuli who was impressed and he also at a later stage wrote a speech titled "If I was a president". Chief would often spend considerable time with Mr EV Mahomed. On two or three occasions, I was asked to take Chief home to Groutville. Those days, we learnt to drive early (in rural areas, such as Colenso and Wasbank) and I used to drive my dad's VW after school.

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As time went by, news broke out that Nelson Mandela was arrested and on that evening, myself, Yunus and Mogambaran Padayachee (also school mate and neighbour of Yunus), took aerosol spray paint cans and sprayed graffiti on the swimming pool wall opposite our school as well as on the madressa wall in town, in Lindley street Stanger. The graffiti read: Hang Vorster- Free Mandela, Down with Apartheid. This as we were very angry with the white kids who used to stand on the wall of the municipal whites only swimming pool and shout 'Coolie! Coolie' at us (our school was opposite) when we came out! The police could not trace us and I and Yunus did inform Chief Luthuli and his dad who warned us to remain silent about it.

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Sometime in 1967, when I was about 24 years, I was employed as Outpatients' Clerk at Stanger hospital. There were four of us; Baba Dimba, Burke Mzoneli, Chetty and myself. We worked two shifts; from 6am to 8pm if correct. Two of us would be on each shift and rotate weekly for morning shift and afternoon shift.

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Our duties were to admit patients. Here, we would fill in application forms before patients could see the doctor. We had to speak in isi-Zulu or Xhosa and take full details of their residence, chiefs, indunas, nearest river, etc., and then open a file after they paid a fee which was about R0.80c at the time. When accident, severely assaulted, emergency maternity (were taken straight to ward) or unconscious patients came in, they were seen immediately by the doctor who was on duty. We would then get the details from the patient later, when admitted to ward or from accompanying relatives/friends.

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Additionally, we handled the manual switchboard (crank with cables and numerous holes for the respective extensions) for phone calls in and out; we had to record in a book but it was never ever checked! We would help out staff to make private calls and credit to the Transport or one of the white nurses/matrons!

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On the 21 July 1967, my colleague was on lunch, circa 12.30-1.00pm. I received a call which stated somewhat 'This is the Groutville Station master. Please send an ambulance for a native knocked down by a train'. I referred the call to our Transport Manager, Mr Durow Snr (father of the Hospital Secretary, Dave Durow). He despatched ambulance driver Zwane. When Zwane came with the patient from the side door, he had to pass my counter (which was oval) at Outpatients. He stopped the trolley in front of me so that I can open a file. And get the relevant information if accompanied by someone. Nobody was with. But, I noted, the patient was not conscious and was flailing both his arms turning his face from side to side. Then I recognised that this was Chief Albert Luthuli! Chief Luthuli has just received a Nobel Peace Prize which was celebrated by people of the world.

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As time went on (when I had re-located to Johannesburg), I learned that there was a book that was to be published. I visited Mr Goolam Hajee Suleman (author of the book 'In the Shadow of Luthuli') when I went down to Durban to visit my family there. Mr Hajee Suleman told me about it and I offered to edit it for him because of my own experience; he said I must stay behind in Stanger and edit it in his presence, cannot give it to me to take with! In the book, it is mentioned that Peter Papayya was the ambulance driver. That is incorrect; Mr. Peter Papayya was the then Transport Superintendent for ambulance drivers and on the day of the incident, he did not drive

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then ambulance but Mr. Zwane did, together with his assistant, whose name I have forgotten (usually, ambulance drivers would take the cleaner/general assistant Phiri with). The incorrect information was never corrected.

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There were no bruises or bleeding either from his face or head. Also, there was no blood on the trolley or his clothes that I would have noticed; his body was not covered. We had lots of exposure to accident and assault victims and on admitting, we had to check if the patient was bleeding or not or serious. If bleeding, then we would inform the floor nurse who would either attend by wrapping a bandage or tourniquet or, if severe and non-stop, take to the doctor.

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I immediately informed the black nursing staff and others who the patient was. I also phoned local ANC comrades (EV Mahomed, Goolam Hajee Suleman and Ismail Rawat) and the editor of the Sunday Tribune Herald (Shammi Harichander). Chief Luthuli was then taken straight into the examination room and Dr G Misra, the District Surgeon called in by the Hospital Head (I think Dr Gregerson), who also came to attend. About 4pm, Dr Misra came out to tell everyone waiting that Chief was no more!

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This is all that I can say

I know and understand the contents of this statement.

I have no objection to taking the prescribed oath.

I consider the prescribed oath binding on my conscience.

Place: Johannesburg

Date: 02/02/2023

Time: 09H25

I certify that the above statement was taken down by me, and that the deponent has acknowledged that he knows and understand the contents of this statement. This statement was sworn to before me and the deponent's signature was placed thereon in my presence at Johannesburg on 02/02/2023 at 09:26

MJ MOTHE
MAGIMETSA JOHANNES MOTHE
136 VICTORIA EMBANKMENT
SUNNAN
SAPS: COLONEL

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