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"She preferred living in a cave with Harry the snake-catcher": towards an oral history of popular leisure and class expression in District Six, Cape Town, c. 192Os-195Os'

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The area of Cape Town known as District Six officially came into existence in the nineteenth century. It was adjacent to the central business district of the city and a mere nose away from local factory production. The sweat and skills of its mostly poor inhabitants sustained the infrastructure of the Cape Town economy - retailing, services and small-scale secondary manufactures. By the twentieth century District Six was an almost exclusively working class residential locality with relations of propinquity and community which bound petty bourgeois inhabitants to the proletariat around them. Its demographic and social context was that of a still lingering cosmopolitanism; despite the strengthening pulse of urban racial segregation, some immigrant Jews, Britons and Italians still lived cheek-by-jowl with the majority population of Coloured Capetonians and a trickle of Africans.

Up to the time of the apartheid forced removal of the District Six population and the final rubbling of their homes in the 1970s, the area had an identity and an imagery rooted in a sense of separateness and social and cultural localism. Its shoestring terraced streets reproduced a richly varied and introverted way of life, marked by interests, traditions and values which powerfully shaped its distinctive popular sociability, culture and politics. In particular, the largely autonomous development of a throbbing popular recreational and cultural life was one of the most striking characteristics of the District Six community. The persistence and adaptations of its customs and practices through the first half of the twentieth

century gave legitimacy and expression to local creativity and local impulse. Using oral evidence to illuminate levels of popular experience not accessible in documentary sources, this study hopes to provide, if not a window, at least a peephole into how some fragments of leisure experience moved in the lives and consciousness of people in District Six.

Clearly, in the marketing of leisure as capitalist enterprise, it is virtually impossible to think of the District Six street or neighbourhood without considering the distribution of cinema as a popular institution. Cinema-going was unquestionably the most popular form of paid entertainment in the interwar years, continuing to grow in attraction through the 1940s and 1950s. The local 'bioscope' occupied a very special niche in the recreational life of the community, a place to which both adults and children went in order to be cocooned in the dream world of the flickering screen. Attendance was regular and habitual, as films continually widened their audience appeal and imaginative power to transport people out of themselves and the humdrum confines of their work and domestic lives at least once a week. It is important to emphasise that 'bioscope' tended to be firmly local. Thus, the neighbourhood National, Star or City, or even the more distant West End off Somerset Road (a favourite Saturday matinee haunt for District Six children, which had a rococo downstairs milkbar to lure them during intervals), assumed a location in community life not unlike that of the English pub. The local character of cinemas extended to some establishments outside of District Six; inhabitants lived

within easy strolling distance of 'a lot of bioscopes in town. It was only after the War that the bioscopes became for Europeans only one side and the Coloured people the other side, and you couldn't enter in the wrong side.'[1] Pre-apartheid Cape Town had a wider range of open venues which even working class cinema-goers could customarily regard as their own. Thus, while 'mostly we had our own bioscopes ... the Colosseum and the Alhambra was close for us too.'[2]

One or two cinemas in the general area - like the City on Sir Lowry Road or Wolfram's Bioscope in nearby Woodstock - were converted shops or warehouses owned by emigre Jewish entrepreneurs who ran them as an adjunct to their trading activities. But the beloved locals like the Star, the British Bioscope, the National, the Union, and later, the Avalon, were purpose-built, independent cinemas or picture theatres. While they tended to be fairly small and unpretentious in appearance, their names - the Star, the West End, the Empire, the British Bioscope - dripped with the promise of glamour or old Imperial splendour. The Avalon alone had an imposing structure with clean sweeping lines, decor, and accoutrements to match the glitter of its name.

There was clearly more to 'going to the bioscope' than the building itself, however spartan or comfortable. On the pavement outside there were often buskers who sang and danced in front of patrons or other inventive street entertainers with performing animals. And in the commercially competitive 1930s and 1940s in particular, cinema attendance was surrounded by a great paraphernalia of

promotion and advertising. Managers who 'were all sharp and shrewd ... these people who opened bioscopes'[3] used a rich variety of methods to promote current and future showings; adept use was made of the foyer, the environs of the cinema, its staff, and even of children casually plucked from the pavement. For Alexander Korda's The Drum (with Sabu, 1938), a famous Kiplingesque potboiler, the imaginative manager of the Star kitted out the doorman in a pith-helmet, had a model wooden fort complete with Union Jack erected at the entrance, and paid several children 2d each 'to wear hats like you see on the proper Indians you get in India ... turbans was what they were called, I think ... they were made up from nice pink crinkle paper. They had to walk up and down in Hanover Street, to give out bioscope advertisements to the people walking there.'[4] The Jewish family which owned and ran the Union had a unique attraction in the shape of 'the first shetland pony they had here ... in the district ... this pony was a star turn, ... really it was.' It pulled a trap 'which had a small board at the back ..., covered in white, and on this was written in bold print the name of the film that was being advertised.' The Union's manager 'used to drive right up to Buckingham House, Buckingham Palace, right down Zonnebloem, down Hanover Street, up Cannon Street, down William Street where the other bioscope was, give them a shot in the eye, down into Caledon Street where there was another bioscope ... and down the side street back into Hanover Street.'[5] To promote The Mark of Zorro (with Tyrone Power, 1940) one cinema had a large cut-out of a horse fixed to a wall of a neighbouring shop and fitted its ushers with black eyemasks and fake

silver spurs. Such novel entertainments inside and outside the auditorium provided a further rich seam of amusement and diversion for gawping patrons.

But no end of advertising wizardry could draw and hold an intensely alert and critical working class audience if a film was thought or found not to be to its taste. Ultimately, 'the first Saturday matinee was the important show. If the show wasn't any good, man, you would get very few people there afterwards at the night show. The children would come back and say if it was rubbish when everyone was having supper. Well, if the bioscope wasn't any good, Monday night it would be empty. Man, word used to go round so quick. It was word of mouth, that time.'[6] A united and self-conscious audience, reflecting a stable and cohesive neighbourhood identity, possessed the power to affect the kind of entertainment put on the local screen; it could enforce its own celluloid preferences by voting with its collective backside or by barracking. In the 1940s and 1950s for example, dire Afrikaans 'snot en trane' weepies (the Huisgenoot equivalent of British and American 'B' movies) met with derisory hooting. Such Afrikaner cultural forms never enjoyed popularity. Nervous, loan-financed cinema owners could not afford a long run of flops, and had to be quick off the mark to change dud screenings. For instance, 'there at the West End it would be off with one show and they would try something else the next day. Just like that, so quick.'[7]

The bulk of cinema-goers chose a film for its star or its story or both, and many developed a preference for the products of particular companies - Warners, MGM, Twentieth-Century Fox or RKO. Cinemas tended to be contracted to market the films of specific studios; this gave each of them a distinctive character and identity in the eyes of fans, so that 'at the Star it was always Warner Brothers and at the Avalon you knew it was Twentiety-Century Fox. To see George Raft, or James Cagney or Errol Flynn, we would always, always, go to the Star.'[8] The working class audiences of District Six overwhelmingly chose American over more mannered British films, much as did their class counterparts in Birmingham, Cardiff, or Glasgow. For the American products were slick and technically polished. They had fast dialogue, strong acting, and plenty of narrative and visual movement; such features made them hugely popular with a mass audience which went to be entertained and not 'improved' or educated. Films with tempo and action were big draws, such as Depression gangster pieces like Little Caesar (1930), Public Enemy (1931), and Scarface (1932). So were Westerns, with cowboy actors like Gene Autry and Tom Mix, and later, John Wayne and Gary Cooper. When a massively popular genre contained a massively popular star, auditoriums bulged for days. Films like They Died with their Boots On (with Errol Flynn, 1940), Vera Cruz (with Gary Cooper, 1954), and The Fastest Gun Alive (with Glenn Ford, 1956) would 'have them pushing and pushing to get in, sometimes the doors almost broke. It was really something to see ... the people would say 'yup' or 'pardner' when they were talking in the queues.' When the Star screened an Errol Flynn western,

'Man, the people would really go wild then. Ooo ... it was such a big event. There wasn't really proper queues then, just everybody was pushing ... it used to go right across the road so the buses and even the cars they just couldn't pass through. And the people wouldn't move. Not even for the bus - the driver had to go up some other street to get past.'[9] The pervading influence of westerns in the district had a marked impact on the dress styles and demeanour of the New Year carnival, with troupes like the 'Red Indians' whooping and thumping through the streets with buffalo head trappings, feathers and the Stars and Stripes.

Epics were also of marked appeal, notably the rash of stagey Italian costume sagas of the 1950s (such as Queen of Babylon, Demetrius and the Gladiators, and Goliath and the Barbarians) which made local box office stars of Victor Mature and Edmund Purdom, and predictably produced a new crop of infants named Victor or Edmund from the Peninsula Maternity Home. As part of their regular programme, cinemas would also screen weekly serials (with arresting titles like The Iron Claw), newsreels, or animated shorts. In the 1930s for instance, 'The British was famous for serials. The Lone Ranger was always good, but Gordon of Ghost City was now really the best. As children, we never missed it. Never.'[10]

While the principal attraction was the screen, it is essential to remember that this was only part of the total recreational experience which the phrase 'going to bioscope' encapsulated. Often running through performances was the sound of live singing, which helped to invigorate celluloid

diversions into a live musical event, with demonstrative mass audience participation. In the British Bioscope, as elsewhere, 'you would have cartoons, like a Tom and Jerry and newsreel. They were English. And what was really popular everywhere were songs. You know, the music would appear on the screen with the words, and there would be a choir singing the song and then the audience would join in the singing of the song ..."Just a Song of Twilight" was one of those songs.'[11]

The Union and the Empire were known for staging elaborate and bizarre live variety acts. A celebrated high spot of the Union was the appearance of a dog troupe trained to perform a canine fantasy of British class society. As one informant recalled:

> '... when my mother first had the Union Bioscope there was a stage in the old bioscope, and she had heard of a couple who had come out from England who had about forty dogs. They were all of the miniature type and there were a couple of larger dogs who were poodles. Now all of these dogs were put on an act. There was the soldier, the sailor, the tinker, the tailor, the lovers, the nursemaid, the couple who would walk behind the nursemaid pushing a pram with a little dog inside the pram, dressed up with a bonnet and everything to look like the baby and the nurse would push the pram, she in her black uniform with a white apron, and a cap on her head also. And the father and mother would walk behind, he with his long pants and a cap on his head and the mother with a dress, long dress in those days and a boater hat, and she would walk behind. And then there would be the dancer who would come along, and she would be wearing something different to the others. They had all types of dress for these dogs, and these dogs all knew their parts. It was absolutely fantastic. They walked on their hind legs, and their top paws were always hanging down out of their sleeves, and the nurse would hold the pram and push it, it was absolutely remarkable how she would push this pram along the stage, and the pram would cut across another pram where a couple who could not afford a nursemaid to push the pram, where they themselves would push the pram. And there you had the different types of life amongst the dogs.'[12]

This informant also remembered that at the Empire:

> ' ... when my father acquired his bioscope he wanted a stage there and he introduced all types of entertainment. He had the dancers with very wide dresses and in the operating box he had a light going with all variegated colours and as this person would intertwine her very wide skirts, it was like a fairy, red, pink, mauve, green, yellow, ... a heliotrope and it would go on all these colours, and the audience would go mad ... And then they had a review of singing and dancing, and then he had the strong man picking up weights, different kinds of weights and dumb bells and so on, then he had a boxing match on the stage, so they could watch the boxing. This would be a special, special night ... Ooh, we had such full houses when they had the boxing on.'[13]

In a community in which outside recreation was mostly defined in male terms (street gambling, sports clubs, street bands and choirs) the social influence of the cinema was considerable; men and women regularly attended performances together, breaking through the strict gender separation characteristic of so many other leisure activities. At the Star in the 1940s, there was one noted couple of unusually indiscriminate taste, vividly recalled by an usher: 'For many years, I don't remember how many, Row K Seats 27 and 28 were reserved on every Saturday afternoon for Mr and Mrs Lewis. It didn't matter what film there was showing. They always came. Those seats were always kept empty for them. That was their place.'[14]

The respectable culture of the skilled and settled working class saw cinema as a venue where adolescents could mix reasonably safely, preserving standards of moral behaviour and social decorum. The matinee certainly posed fewer problems of control for anxious parents than the intimacy of

dances. For girls from strict homes wanting an acceptable and cosy environment for flirtations, there was 'only the bioscope, my dear. We wasn't allowed dances ... We was too young to go to places like that ... when you sixteen ... only seventeen ... we wasn't allowed to stay with a boy alone, or so. But in the bioscope it was a whole crowd. So the crowd would see you home safe, and your boyfriend too.'[15] In leisure relations, as in other dimensions of everyday life, customary codes of courtship and a complex set of expectations and obligations socialised adolescents into conforming to the standards and self-image of respectability. Very few, it seems, attended films with outsiders. For 'in those days a boy didn't court a girl in Salt River or took a girl from Woodstock, just from our own area ... We were all in the same community.'[16] Invariably, 'you couldn't have friends on the other side of town.'[17]

No less essential than a public show of standards was obedience. A girl 'wasn't allowed night shows, only matinees, and then we had to come straight home ... my auntie always used to find out if it was that time.'[18] It was crucial for women's standing in a community of other women that they be seen to be rearing daughters or nieces in a chaste, respectable way; wayward behaviour thus invited swift and sharp retribution. If cinema by day was healthy, cinema at night threatened to subvert adult efforts to control leisure time and space. In the case of one informant, 'once I went at night to bioscope, and Lord! I was punished for a whole month. I couldn't go out, man. Me and Mabel ... we planned it. There was a western, man, a

marvellous western by the Star bioscope ... Ooo, the people was pushing so to get in there ... Oh heena, we had a good time. But the next day! My auntie, she slapped me so hard, and Mabel got it too, on the other side. She forbid me to go to bioscope again, until after a whole month, man. We had to tell the boys that we girls couldn't come out, and they must just leave us alone. If this one can't come out, man, there's others. It was a sad month for me and Mabel.'[19]

If cinema attendance crossed gender boundaries, it was acutely sensitive to social differentiation. While the practice of going to bioscope was wholeheartedly embraced by both working class and middle class patrons, there was both a hierarchy of cinemas and internal class differentiation within auditoriums. Cinemas were ranked by admission prices, hard or soft seating, programme content (Stewart Grainger at the Avalon, George Raft at the Star), and the degree of precariously imposed order and structured experience during screenings. At some cinemas, classes jostled together at the gates but did not mingle in the aisles, as better-off patrons sauntered upstairs for plush if faded seats. Elsewhere, in the 1940s-1950s, it became commonplace for nieghbourhood gangs like the Globe, the Reds, and the Black Cats to monopolise certain rows, roughly bundling out anyone foolhardy enough to risk occupying a seat which had been appropriated as customary territory. Or food would be the element separating the rough from the respectable, the mannerly from the unmannerly. For instance, 'you could take in anything to the Star you know, they had just wooden seats downstairs, so it was alright for fish and chips or other

hot food. But not at the Avalon, no, never at the Avalon. They had ushers there to check you and make you stand outside to eat food. The Avalon, you see, was a more respectably kind of bioscope. It was mostly a better class of person who went there, although it was not much more to go in there than the Star.'[20]

Roy Rosenzweig, in his recent absorbing study of working class culture in Worcester, Massachusetts, has argued that in the 1920s and 1930s, cinema attendance became increasingly 'a more controlled ... and anonymous experience ... recreation became a more formal and less collective experience ... the movie theater lacked the sort of ominous working class autonomy.'[21] Did the District Six proletariat experience a similar reduction in their class and cultural autonomy? In its heyday, the medium of popular cinema in District Six undoubtedly reflected a distinct and probably widening class and cultural gap between patrons. The context of this process was, naturally, differentials of wealth within the area and the process of class formation itself. We see its human expression in how the working classes of the district defined themselves against the visible and irritating respectability and snobbishness of neighbouring, more well-to-do Walmer Estate. Gritting their teeth outside the Avalon, the aspirant patricians of that suburb did battle with the pushing plebs who referred to them sneeringly as coming from 'up there', or as being 'Walmer English' or 'Black Sea Point'.[22]

But the rowdy culture of Hanover Street prevailed over the prim and the genteel. The style of the Star or of the British Bioscope did not represent the domestication or reform of working class leisure by the cultural idiom of a dominant elite. Far from the role of the bioscope audience becoming more passive during this period, the overall trend was the other way. Inside an auditorium smelling sharply of disinfectant, orange peel, chips, and samoosas, a high-spirited audience brought the jostle and open mix of the city street indoors. Patrons sought to move at will between seats, under the variously indulgent or resentful gaze of fellow-viewers. And there was high-spirited interplay between crowds and the screen. Far from turning recreation into a private and anonymous consumption activity, bioscope transmitted a boisterous and communal style of working class relaxation which was 'such a rumpus, man, people didn't restrain themselves. They loved it, being there, waiting for it to go black.' There is no reason to doubt the rough veracity of the writer Richard Rive's autobiographical reflection in his new novel, Buckingham Palace, District Six, about the notorious usher at the Star Bioscope who apparently 'took to riding up and down the aisle on a bicycle, lashing out with his belt at any unfortunate urchin who provoked his displeasure.'[23] Inside the auditorium of a cinema like the Star, leisure behaviour clearly became a raucous contest between order and freedom which both sets of participants - managers and ushers and patrons - were eager to wage.

Bioscope also did not represent the intrusion of an impersonal market institution into the locality. For its basic format was that of a small family business, with the owner well known and personally involved in operations. It was penny capitalism with a chubby face. Impresarios had an engaging personal presence, like 'Mr Goldberg ... he always wore a brown suit and he smoked a cigarette, and the ash always used to fall on his waiscoat, and when he used to sit down the buttons on his waistcoat used to always come together because he was so fat.' Ruben of the City 'had a cast in one eye', while a competitor, Hertzberg, is remembered by 'heavy tweed suits ... and a trilby hat'. Another characteristically conspicuous figure was the owner of the Empire who 'was getting bald, they called my father Bailey Bless Bioscope, and when they saw him they used to say, "Good morning Bailey Bless", or "Good afternoon Bailey Bless", they never called him anything else.'[24] The local cinema owner, like the small shopkeeper, 'took his class identity from his customers rather than from his relationship with capital and property.'[25]

Families who owned and controlled cinemas were distinguished not by any grand manner but by a common touch. Relations were often marked by an easy-going sociability and shrewd cultural identification with audiences. Sometimes proprietors indulged in a coarse, barnstorming style as they waded through their crowded auditoriums. The impresario of the Union 'would walk along the aisle to see if everything was in order, and as she passed she would smell the dagga and she would say in Afrikaans, "Wie rooked da?", and she

would go and call this manager of hers and she walked along with a stick ... they were dead scared of her.' As a full house meant a full till, the Union's hardboiled owner 'would say "Stay op, stay op", and she would get another two or three people on to the benches, the benches she could do it with ... with the benches she could move them up, that was where she got some advantage if it was a packed house.'[26]

Undoubtedly audiences went to bioscope to be entertained and distracted. But bioscope in District Six was more than just the people's picture palace. It appealed because it was both escapist yet strongly rooted in the everyday realities of working class life. In a community riven by the division of labour, the cinema was marked by a division of distribution. Its importance went beyond the commercial marketing of mass entertainment. Some owners hired out their venues for school concerts. Others granted the use of their cinemas for workers' meetings during strikes and political protest rallies. During World War II, 'when almost everyone was living from hand to mouth, there was rationing you see, and then suddenly there was no rice. Just mealie rice. There was terrible anger then, and people would go to the British Bioscope for a protest meeting, sometimes in the darkness, when Cape Town was blacked out.'[27] Proprietors with professed ideals of public service gave benefit performances for the poor and unemployed during the interwar depression years. Particularly striking was the use of the Empire and the Union 'during the weekends for meetings and for council meetings as well, and amongst the councillors was Dr Abdurahman and Isaac Persel. Well, Dr Abdurahman always wore

a black fez with a tassle hanging down ... he always looked spic and span and immaculate.' For converts of revivalist religious denominations, the bioscope stage was sometimes the improbable spot to celebrate rites of passage. On one remembered occasion, 'it was a church meeting or something, they had one of the African children anointed and he was called Empire after the bioscope.'[28]

The largest area of recreational space was the street. Living, working, shopping, learning and leisure all interacted with the collective traditions and way of life of the street. If the separate, amorphous, and mushrooming popular culture of District Six was open to all, it was most open and most energetic on the streets in which so much of it was constructed and reproduced. Derived from old and distinctly local oral and cultural traditions, the street theatre of District Six settled into a form of 'folkloric' and customary adaptation to a life of general poverty and hardship.

Almost every day would see some excitement taking place in the street, for it was home to constantly absorbing sights and entertaining spectacle. Its vibrant communal life drew people like a magnet, for 'outside, you could feel the life, man. We were an outdoor people, then.'[29] The sounds of its high spirits and horseplay bubbled across pavements, alleyways, and yards. The social historian Jerry White, in his study of the street culture of the Campbell Bunk community in North London, has called it, 'a theatre which never closed; its audience and actors were never all asleep

at once.'[30] In District Six, as in lumpenproletarian Islington, the rough culture of the street ran through life like a brightly coloured thread. There were unstaged entertainments which onlookers could stand back and enjoy, like noisy squabbles between neighbours over shared street washing lines, pavement fights, swaying and toppling drunks, or the sorry sight of a hawker's fruit-and-vegetable barrow upending, scattering and mashing its contents. 'And then, you know, everyone would run over. It's like a lot of locusts swarming down and just absorbing whatever there is.'[31]

The hubbub of shebeens also spilled over into the street, drawing curious onlookers to peep and speculate; their lure was particularly strong if they were linked to strangers or foreigners: 'There was a house in Java Street where there used to live whatchacallits ... Swahilis. They just used to make merry, man. You know how those Swahilis are ... during the weekend it used to be a bit rowdy, especially on a Saturday night when they used to give a Bop. It was a shebeen too. We used to come out and see what's going on. They used to say "You'd pay your shilling, your bob, by the door, to go into the bob Bop, then you find it's a shebeen, so you got to hop!" That's what they used to call it.'[32] There would be catcalling after well-known 'stock' street characters, like rag-and-bone men, beady-eyed gamblers, fah-fee runners, or individuals who bore abnormalities like hare lips or hunched backs. The style, identification, and image of widely recognised 'characters' was frequently fixed by street nicknames which unerringly singled out an

individual's defect, aberration or mannerism and magnified it to a satirical, mocking, or endearing label of distinction. Thus, typical of conspicuous street figures in the 1930s was a pimply debt collector labelled 'Knopies' Campbell and a deaf Afrikaner rag-and-bone man known cruelly as 'Ore' du Toit.

In the predominantly Jewish area around Harrington, Albertus, and Buitenkant streets, there was 'Jood Brood', who ran a small corner bakery for many years, opening up at six every morning to sell hot bread rolls. A man with 'a white apron which always looked black', a 'high hat' and an eyepatch, he also produced toffee apples: 'We used to come over from Constitution street and then he came out when he saw us and he waved and he shouted "apples!". Then we always ran to him and we made a ring and danced. They said he buried his eye in one of the apples. So we always used to shout "sell us your eye today, Jood".'[33] Hanover Street contained 'a fat Jew, a man with reddish hair ... Ou Rooikop Jood'. His 'very cheap watermelon konfyt' and 'such polony' captured the pockets and palates of children and his Russian-Jewish origin their popular imagination: 'Ou Rooikop couldn't talk proper English and when sailors would come up from the docks, they were Russians, like him, he would sit outside with them and they would talk, talk, talk. It was all in their own language and people would stand there to listen. They were just so excited. Sometimes, they would dance, and everybody would go congregate around them ... Ou Rooikop was nice, man! He would get a big brown paper bag and throw out black liquorice.'[34]

The evolution of galleries of popularly nicknamed characters formed an integral part of the popular culture of the street and represented one of its most enduring continuities. In the early 1920s, there was 'Oogies Chingy', a one-eyed Chinaman who illegally peddled 6d fah-fee tickets from a waterlogged basement pumphouse at the upper end of Hanover Street. His presence always attracted an inquisitive, bantering crowd. Three decades later, around Springfield Street, there was much gaping and hooting at 'Motjie Tetlip', an Indian woman who ran a corner cafe and whose 'hare lip was a woman's tit, that's how it looked ... that was an old joke there for many years.'[35] Such open public fascination with human curiosities reflects something of the uniquely freakish quality of immediate, felt, community life. It testifies to the diversity of the district and to the burly and boisterous character of relations in streets and open spaces. The content and expression of popular amusement made no allowance for the sensitive. But for nicknamed individuals involved in shopkeeping, hawking, betting or other exchange activities, the crowd attraction of physical abnormality could have a positive side. Being an object of popular ridicule may have been hurtful and humiliating, but it often aided earnings; the visibility of red hair or an eyepatch was invaluable in building up and keeping a neighbourhood network of 'regulars', helping to transmute onlookers into customers.

Rituals of name-calling also reflected social animosities and tensions. Direct encounters across the double barriers

of class and respectability produced mocking laughter, sometimes light-hearted but often curling into derision. For instance, the sobriety, discipline and reforming zeal of some petty bourgeois professionals who worked in District Six but lived elsewheres, did not necessarily earn them the respect and deference of poorer children. In the 1930s-1940s, the headmaster of Albertus Street Methodist Primary School, 'it was a school for the poor ... we called it "die stywe skooltjie"; was a Mr Joshua, a man who affected a patronising and authoritarian manner. In the locality 'he was not popular .. he was not of our kind. He was full of himself because he lived in Walmer Estate. "Black Sea Point" as we used to call it. Mr Joshua used to say, "Ek is die Hoof van die Albertus Street Primere Skool", but people used to say that if he was in charge of "die stye skooltjie" he must just be a ou "stye" principal! He had very long ears, and children used to run behind him and shout "donkie, donkie".'[36]

The streets of District Six provided a range of stamping grounds for a variety of bizarre and bewildering street entertainers. Whether settled or often nomadic, like Raphael Samuel's showmen 'comers and goers' of Victorian London,[37] eccentric and odd individuals were readily accepted into the rough-and-tumble libertarian mode of life of the district and made part of the community. People would gather to stare at the antics of professional fit-throwers and bogus epileptics who tried to scrape a living off the sympathy and charity of visiting outside professionals like midwives and public health visitors. The more inventive of these casual

drifters would fake elaborate injuries or gory wounds, their capacity for variation a constant source of awe for wide-eyed children. In the early 1920s, for example, there was 'Pox Hendrik' who (some said) came from the Knysna forests and whose afflictions 'were made just like a magician with always some new thing'. Later, there was 'Stokkies' Jacobs who tapped the streets for many years as an amputee victim of a score of grisly industrial accidents and both world wars: 'Now he was a real stalwart ... now it would be a arm then it would be a leg. We would tell him if there was a real status person coming. Especially if they were in a real status symbol car, like a Daimler, that time. Then afterwards we would shout, "luck today, Stokkies?"'[38]

Conspicuous beggars, chance performers and those involved in the perambulating circuits of organ-grinding and kerbstone draughts, domino and gaming displays kept a casual foothold in the social economy and cultural world of District Six. Finding a place in the underlife of the area, they lived in the precarious gulf between the settled working class of District Six and propertied and professional Cape Town. Such street entertainers were accepted with glee by a lively and sharp-eyed community which offered not only a sanctuary to the displaced but an arena for their cunning and talents. And while local residents were not themselves duped by the street guile of performing wanderers, they clearly relished the spectacle of quick wits and even faster hands being turned upon the purses of middle class visitors and other strangers.

Self-generated entertainment and excitement was another integral dimension of popular street life. The more bold and energetic would squirt water over passing cart drivers, hitch rides on the backs of wagons, collect fish scales from the Hanover Street fishmarket and scatter them over hapless wedding processions and pinch 'spec' fruit from barrows. There were also quite spectacular acts of adolescent bravado: 'During summer we used to wait for the ice cart to come up Hanover Street on Saturday mornings. When it came close, we jumped on the back and climbed underneath. We used to hang on there, as water would run off the ice and drip down on us. It was cold and delicious. I remember on one time I had a knife and I chipped off big pieces of ice which people picked up and rubbed on their faces.'[39] Eccentric households could make a conscious contribution to street spectacle, as in the example of one which had 'a bantam, we called it "Coocooks" - it had black and white feathers. We trained him so nice ... a knock at the door and he'd run, run from the yard, like a dog. You'd open the door and there was children, waiting for him. And man, he'd fly out and he would chase the whole lot right down the street ... children had fun with that little cock.'[40]

Strange lifestyles or outlandish behaviour were clearly among the most celebrated and joyous features of working class neighbourhood experience. The activities of some 'entertainers' magnified the positive, communal, features of working class life; one vivid example can be drawn from Bligh Street in the 1930s in the shape of 'Mrs Perrins ... a spiritualist.' A 'white woman' whose 'hair was dyed flaming

rad', Mrs Perrins was a widow whose income was derived from 'one or two houses which she let.' She provided a clairvoyancy service for 'if anybody in the area wanted to know anything they would go to her.' Rumour attributed her visionary powers to reported sightings that 'she had a skeleton there in the cupboard.' As 'most of the people in the area grew up with her', there was friendship and a sense of common identity and interest between Mrs Perrins and her clients: she kept an open house and was known never to charge for her services. Her clairvoyance, in which 'she used to sort of go into a trance', attracted so many goggling and shoving neighbours that 'it was like going into a scrum to get into there.' Typically, the staple needs met by Mrs Perrins revolved around the troubles, misfortunes and grief of families. Thus, 'when my uncle was missing and my auntie went to her - and she said they will find his body on the rocks because he drowned hisself. Which was quite true. They found his body on the rocks. And when my mother's washing went missing she went to her first, and she told my mother too, you'll find your things.'[41]

As the historian Keith Thomas has noted, laughter at improvised public amusement is at its most forceful when it springs from a common sense of paradox and from contexts and meanings which involve anomalies or conflicts of values and ideas.[42] It may thereby reflect popular perceptions of strange and surprising incongruities in social structure and the organisation of class relations. Popular cultural expression of inversions of the 'natural' order reveals something of the grainy social fabric and brash class

incoherence which existed in parts of District Six society. Between the wars, amongst the mostly destitute cave-dwelling 'bergies' of the Woodstock caves on the lower slopes of Table Mountain could be found a scattering of freethinking and flamboyant men and women. Their entry into District Six life was through its popular street culture which provided them with a flash identity: 'Some looked very nice, I remember one - she had a white man and he used to catch snakes with a snake stick. His name was Harry. And if this woman walked down that road - you would never say she comes out of a cave. She used to work and she used to come out all dressed up. She was very well dressed ... with gloves and a hat and everything on. She was a Standard Eight teacher. A better class person ... I don't know what made her stay like that. But she preferred living in a cave with Harry the snake catcher. He used to come down, past our road, with all those snakes on his back - in a bag. We used to touch the things you know, and they can wriggle.'[43]

Music in District Six occupied an important place in popular social life. The area enjoyed particularly well-developed band, dancing and choral traditions which had their own distinct province of expression and meaning. Music was not a minority leisure experience, and the relationship between popular music and popular culture was striking. For the area had, at virtually every level, an extremely vigorous popular musical culture which represented a compound of custom and modernity.

It was, for example, commonplace for people to group together to make music in their own homes; this was often not an inward, exclusive activity, but one which was neighbourly and shared, helping to foster street loyalties and solidarities. One family 'had a little old piano - we could sing ourselves, and bring other children in. We couldn't play so well but we'd go ting tong ting and just make our own music ... My uncle could play piano so my auntie could sing, and I would sing and the next door neighbours - we were like one big family ... They had a lot of children. There were lots of them there and ma and oupa, they would all come around.'[44] In another, 'granny had an organ - she couldn't play but my mother could play some hymns and so on. We would put it on the stoep on Sundays and our neighbours would come. At that time it was all mixed, you know, whites and coloureds all lived in the same street, sort of neighbours, and going into one another's houses. It was my mother they came out to appreciate. My mother had a beautiful voice - she sang in the choir in St Augustine's Church and I also sang in that choir.'[45] There were instances when the arrival of a brass tramping band or choir would spur a local singing bird into giving an impromptu performance. One popular family brass band was comprised of 'German people and very fat. We would follow them down Muir Street. People would bring out chairs to sit on the pavement and listen. Sometimes my uncle, he was in a choir, he would stand at his gate and sing out to this band. He had such a wonderful voice.'[46]

Those who worked in cinema in the earlier silent movie period enjoyed an opportunity to extend their capabilities and repertoire. Working children and adults from very different class and ethnic backgrounds had the chance of making pleasurable new music or even of enjoying the thrill of being lionised by local audiences as popular performers in their own right. One gifted, self-taught instrumentalist was a taxi driver called Tommy Thomas, who 'was the pianist in the Empire Bioscope ... he was Coloured and he played by ear, didn't have any music, just had an ear for music, and he saw the film, it was a classic or sad, or something stupid with Laurel and Hardy, he had to play sort of ragtime music.' A contrasting experience is provided by the performances of two educated Jewish children, one of whom recalls that 'when soldiers came along you played a march, quick turn to the march, then my sister would turn it to a march, then we came to a cowboy film, turn to a cowboy film, we had it all marked ... its amazing that we put that music together because we were never taught to put that music together, we only learnt classics ... Suddenly we had to do all this. But we did it, it was absolutely amazing ... from our classics, our Haydn and our Schubert and the different musicians, reading their music we learnt to put this together ... we were only about eleven or twelve.[47]

Evenings and afternoons were also whiled away at commercial venues in Cape Town which staged orchestras, bands and singers. Cabaret at the Tivoli and Palm Court bands at Delmonico's provided intimacy of atmosphere for courting couples. Attendance at opera and at classical music concerts

in the City Hall was one of the small pleasures of 'respectable' working class life. The provision of low seat prices, and their stability across the interwar decades, did much to extend audience potential: 'On my father's old gramophone I remember the spring used to break and a new one cost 7/6d. And you should know how hard it is to collect up 7/6d. It takes weeks. But there was always money for him to go to the opera, it was cheap.'[48]

What is striking is that in households in which there was a continuous tradition of attendance at live music venues, the taste for 'high' musical culture coexisted with more popular strains. Here entertainment was not seen as being class-bound or class-specific: 'My father and my mother and my granny were fond of music, they would go to listen to the bands at Delmonico's, in Riebeeck Street. They were very fond of the Tivoli, I can remember that. And the Opera was just on the opposite side. Every weekend they would go, sometimes it would be a jazz band at the Tivoli on a Saturday afternoon, and then the night they would go to sit in the Opera. I used to go to the Opera myself every Saturday afternoon for many years.'[49] As a child, an additional attraction was the chance to pursue Sunday afternoon games by encroaching upon the recreational space of the rich 'there on the lawns at the Mount Nelson Hotel', before strolling through the Gardens area of Cape Town to 'De Waal's Park to listen to the band during the summer. Mostly military bands.'[50]

Street choral music and the Xmas and New Year band movement naturally had a close and often direct association with organised religion, and perhaps best epitomised the theme of what the social history of leisure defines as 'rational' or 'improving' popular recreation. Under the rubric of social control, a popular musical culture related to church, chapel or mosque can be seen as aiding the formation of a religious, respectful and dutiful working class population. If the industrial wage labour of local factories, small workshops and sweatshops provided its own disciplines and controls, here was a complementary form of male leisure for harmonising men and boys: beneficent, healthy, well-structured, and in a different moral league from the popular revelry and fiesta disorderliness of the coon carnival. The crisply-flannelled artisanry of Cape Malay Choirs such as the Sweetheart Maids, the Red Roses and the Royal Coronations could generate enormous levels of commitment and enthusiasm. The clothing needs of their leisure activities brought seasonal prosperity for tailors and gave groups such as the Malay Tailors' Association a special role in the making of recreational life in the community. By the 1940s-1950s these choirs had also come to enjoy the patronage of Stellenbosch University Afrikaner academics with cloudy and obsessive pseudo-anthropological interests in singing Asiatics; some of them adjudicated choir competitions and helped to mould the folk song repertoire.[51]

It could therefore be argued that street choir and band institutions, subject to the purposeful interpenetration of religion and patronage, can be seen as an expression of some

form of social control. Yet there is also a sense in which they were undeniably independent working-class institutions, worker-organised and worker-led; their strength and depth of popularity lay in the mass support they received from the District Six community: 'I tell you, when we were little we would follow them to wherever they went ... we would try to get near to them and walk with them. They sang close up to us, when we were on the pavement there ... I wanted to touch those smart red blazers and their white tackies. They was something really beautiful. They wasn't faraway on the radio. They was here, they was our choirs, singing for us.'[52] What this suggests is that instead of viewing organised popular street music as either an expression of social control or as class expression, the reality is that it was perhaps both.

Seaside recreation was naturally firmly rooted in custom and day-tripper outings were a staple leisure activity. For much of this period, general civic tolerance of noisier and more flamboyant bathers enabled shrieking excursionists to lark about resort streets, piers and promenades free of bullying bye-laws. Cheap and easy access by tram put Camps Bay and Sea Point within reach, while days could also be idled away at more distant resorts like Muizenberg. And Woodstock Beach put the water mark only minutes away: 'We would walk down to Woodstock Beach, straight down from Eckard Street, and the children used to turn somersaults all the way down. We'd go with buckets and spades and everything, early in the morning, and stay there the whole day.'[53] For the poorest families, seaside leisure was often bound up with scavenging

for food. For instance, 'on a Sunday you'd go down to Woodstock Beach, behind the market there, to go play down on the beach there ... they used to trek a lot of fish down there ... as little boys we used to help the fishermen with trek nets, help them pulling the nets in. And we used to get a lot of fish from these guys. My mother used to lay that in brine.'[54] Hours would also be spent on the old Adderley Street pier, fishing from the jetty or scrounging for crayfish pieces discarded from boat catches: 'A lot of us used to go down together, when we were about seven or eight years old. There were lots of shell pieces piled up. We'd tie them together with string and carry them home, so they could be boiled.'[55]

On the other side of communal leisure practice there were the men who worked a fifty-five hour week on the docks or in factories and then found release from workplace regimentation in loving companionship with pets kept in tiny, postage-stamp backyards. Rabbits, pigeons, canaries and budgerigars enveloped their lives, as in the case of the stevedore who maintained birds 'in such big cages, like a hok and every night when he came from work, he would go straight to them. He had made it so big, like it was a room and he would climb into it and sit there and talk to them ... he was so fond of those birds ... they would all fly down and come and sit there, on him. On the head, on the shoulders, everywhere they could, just like they knew him. They loved him.'[56]

If the popular cultural forms and idioms of District Six life had a central conduit for their production, preservation and transmission into consciousness, it was without doubt the annual Coon Carnival. Demonstrating the resilience and continuity of custom, it formed the ritual climax of the popular recreational year. It was also a particularly clear example of leisure as a productive practice: the sale of clothing material and associated adornments boomed, tailors worked flat out, and in expenditure on food and drink people celebrated to the limit of their means, and beyond that if they could. For carnival time 'we always saved a little every month. But we saved it to spend it, and the shops in Hanover Street were open for us, man, many of them for twenty-four hours.'[57]

Carnival was a potent affirmation and celebration of local community identity, in which the working class population expressed itself through uninhibited pleasure-seeking and indulgence. It brought not only colourful costumed procession and an opportunity for the display of dancing, musical skills and high jinks in the street, but a concentrated expression of family and neighbourhood identity through conviviality and hospitality. Neighbours who stood aloof from the spontaneity and demonstrative behaviour of the New Year carnival atmosphere were sneeringly dubbed 'Kenilworth Coloureds' or accused of 'being white' or 'mense wat hulle wit hou'.[58] Clearly, in embodying the image of a common local humanity and a common culture, carnival also tested the limits of class harmony and intermingling.

District Six had a deserved long-standing reputation as a place of rough, independent and robust character, free of irksome petty restrictions on boisterous public enjoyment and open-air amusements. The traditional annual spree of the coon carnival, whose many and complex ingredients can only be hinted at here, demonstrated that identity most emphatically. Its ebullient festivity remains most vigorously alive in the collective memory of those who celebrated it in its peak years. On the first of January, 'die eerste Nuwejaar', with a massive local audience swelled with visiting crowds, 'you'd find a hub of people in Hanover Street. You couldn't even find a place to walk, you know, the way people were milling around.' Pavements along the procession circuit were in a state of perpetual bustle, and along 'daai hele route' spectators camping and sleeping out to secure a favourable viewing spot were 'gepak soos sardiens'.

Costumes changed every year, 'die colours change elke jaar. Elke jaar different outfits.' And the choice of plumage was cloaked in secrecy until carnival day, for 'die een troep mag nie weet wat die ander troep gaan dra nie ... dit was 'n baie groot secret'. Participation in troupes was open to men of widely varying backgrounds. Thus, Coon membership drew both 'die meer respectable mense' as well as notorious criminals like the Globe Gang, 'die Globe Gang, hulle het ook 'n Coons gehad. Hulle was die Pennsylvanian Darkies. Die Pennsylvanian Darkies het elke jaar clean sweep gemaak met die trophies.' Their most celebrated drum-major, Tommy

Julies, sported ' 'n tamaai groot Globe op sy kop, gemaak soos 'n globe'.[59]

One remarkably immediate and imaginative recreation of festivity at this time draws on a full range of experiences, ideas and relationships which structured the meaning of carnival in popular consciousness. What counted was immersion in the spontaneity of street life and its porous folk enthusiasms, free of killjoys and external interference:

> 'We had a lot of pleasure, man. Now tonight, it's Old Year's Eve, then my auntie would make all ready, food and everything, then she would send me down, me and Mabel my friend. She would say we must go down and keep our places. Then we would sit on the shop steps. All the shops in Hanover Street were right next to one another. Then when my auntie got everything finish, they would come down, with baskets and blankets so that we could stay the whole night there. We didn't sleep hey, because the place is alive. The whole Hanover Street is alive. The people would laugh and make jokes and so it went on. But in the early hours of the morning then we children fell asleep, because we can't keep our eyes open any more, that's why they bring blankets and things for us. And food was brought, and we would buy drinks by the cafes, so they would make good money. They stayed open the whole night. Things was different then, man, I'm speaking about over forty years ago when the United Party was still in. Now it comes to midnight. And the midnight teams come out. The Malay Choirs they were the first to come down. They showed off their grey clothes and the music was beautiful. And we would clap each team - there was a lot of teams. And then, later in the day, the Coons come up. They <u>must</u> come up by Hanover Street ... And - oooh! - when they come up Hanover Street! I thought it was too small that street for the people ... The Coons come marching through - some on stilts, and some were Redskins, they were dancing and prancing. And they also rode horses, just like the old days. Some of them were bareback also. And painted so that they were like <u>real</u> Indians - they had feathers in. And they run with tomahawks, and they did their dances. And the Coons come each with their own name. And each was differently dressed, and the <u>MUSIC</u> and the people would dance on the streets. Just like a Mardi Gras, like they have overseas, just like that ... There was not a policeman in sight - and the people would be happy. That was the grandest time of our lives - the New Year. All year we looked forward to that day.'[60]

The experience of schooling did little to reform working class recreational behaviour. Organised games or informal play could not be held inside most schoolgrounds through lack of adequate space and facilities: the result, during breaks, was that pupils swarmed out to reclaim their common tarmac or snatch of turf, creating their own unstructured play space for games and fun. Many 'just used the roads as a playground, soccer, rugby, cricket, whatever we wanted to play.'[61] At one primary school in the early years of this century, 'at 11 o'clock we used to break and we used to go to the park, Trafalgar Park. We used to play in the park until the bell would ring. Then, one day, we wore aprons to school, not gyms ... And we went to the park and it was also spring, it was lovely with dew. And we'd take our aprons off for when the wind blows, and sail down the hill.'[62]

But there were also supervised activities which were hugely popular. Pupil concerts provided fantasy and pleasure. The showpiece of junior schools, they were staged once or twice annually for parents and church congregations. Overcrowded and ill-endowed schools lacked halls in which to host these pageants, and concerts were held at hired venues: 'We once had it in the Williams Street Bioscope, in that hall, And we had it in Fosters Hall in Woodstock. 'Even these would be filled to capacity for a two-night run. Entertainments were very special events, keenly anticipated, and prepared and budgeted for for many weeks. At the Lutheran General School in Searle Street, in the years immediately preceding the

First World War, 'they were lovely ... they used to have the crinkle paper and our dresses were made of that. I was in May Pole, I was a Chinese girl. And I was a dairymaid girl, with a little cap. Then we had the milkmaid girls - they had to have a little round bench, a little chair, and your bucket. You must try and milk a cow - that was very nice. If you were a fairy you had a crinkle paper frock and bare feet and little wings.'

Great care was lavished on children for these colourful and memorable occasions. Financial sacrifice was taken for granted by labouring households which often had to stump up special clothes and half-a-crown or more which the headmaster, a German named Mansky, levied on parents towards concert costs. Families who projected themselves through the appearance of their children would willingly purchase 'special occasion' clothing items on credit if they lacked the means to pay cash. It was important not to stint and 'they never mind what it cost - if we had to get white pants, red sashes, whatever. They never grumbled, they always said, "if there's a concert you must take part in it."'[63]

Already at this early life-cycle stage it becomes possible to see the inhabitants of District Six inheriting and reproducing a customary kind of popular leisure of their own making. It also becomes possible to glimpse the material roots of that cultural experience, grounded in an identifiable locale and inadequate housing. For it was overcrowding which drove play into the street, 'we didn't

have games in the house, we made our own games.' Territorial pressure meant 'that we were too occupied in the houses, there was nowhere to hide. To enjoy ourselfs we would go to the street.'[64]

Like adults, children sought to preserve their own realms. The few accessible local parks were regarded as their own. And their sense of leisure 'freedom' contained an ever-active and ever-conscious awareness of living under the reality of external white concession or white enclosure. The relationship between leisure and class was also a relationship between leisure and race: 'We had a nice park we could play in. The name was Greenhaven. It's up there by Roeland Street. We named it ourselves, and that was our park. We'd go to that park and we'd play in that park - no European people ever chased us away.' The newly prohibitory brutalities of Nationalist apartheid after 1948 sent children scuttling back to the streets of District Six, shocked and bemused at being hounded out of outside recreational areas they had traditionally appropriated as their own: 'they even marked the benches! There was me and another girl and we just flopped down on the bench and ooo ...God, those people. It was all boere. GET UP, bladdy Hotnots, look you where you sit, STAAN OP, STAAN OP! I just ran. It wasn't far from our home ... I just ran up Darling Street and I go home. Apartheid - we just got to know that. "Hey - weet jy, watch waarom jy speel!"'[65]

For the District Six population, an awareness of living a culturally defined way of life outside and below dominant

and elite society was a matter of distancing and security. There is special historical force in the reflection of one of the fictional characters in Rive's Buckingham Palace, that 'it's only in the District that I feel safe'.[66] For it was within the shell of the District that people felt able to snuggle into a broadly 'corporate' class culture which, for the bulk of the community, had some internal coherence. The construction of that popular leisure, on their terms, was a crucial element in a defensive local world. That world, with its creative and 'free' popular cultural nexus, was one very largely impervious to bland rational recreation and the reform of manners.

The life of District Six workers was oppressive and hard, with poor housing, low pay, cyclical and seasonal unemployment and chronic instability. But that community also imbued its popular life and practices with the indigenous resources of the locality. It did so in a manner which at once reaffirmed its peculiarly cosmopolitan heritage and identity, and invested it with a rolling tolerance and libertarianism to be found nowhere else in South Africa, with the possible singular exception of the black Johannesburg suburb of Sophiatown, until that area's Group Areas obliteration in the 1950s.[67] In this sense popular cultural life in District Six may be regarded as the maintenance of a separate identity, an urban subculture as a response to an overwhelmingly subordinate social position. And of particular importance to it was the penetration and diffusion of the bonds and ties of 'community' as expressed through the recreational hub of cinema or street carnival.

With self-awareness of community went the reality of traditions whereby groups and classes in District Six lived and let live. In relationships and differences within their community they knew that there were boundaries which could not be crossed: 'Our neighbours opposite were the Carelses', nice people. They had a Rover car. When my father was out of work once, he washed it for them for ten months and my mother took in Mrs Carelse's washing. They could give us a hand ... We all used to go to the Circus and to the Coons together, but we always walked down and met them there. I think they didn't want our barefeet in their nice car.'[68]

While the District Six community held together, while it could fuse creativity and hard-headed ideals of independence, morality and a shared way of life, there was relatively little to challenge what Gareth Stedman Jones has termed in another context a chosen 'culture of consolation' in the teeth of subordination.[69] That culture of consolation was rooted in the material realities of economic life. Unemployment, low and irregular earnings and casual employment bred a local labour process with a recreational life which was by habit and instinct a mercurial grabbing of experience or opportunity, with a style which was often bewilderingly picaresque. Against it, capital from the municipality of Cape Town did not come flooding in to endow the over thirty thousand inhabitants of this run-down neighbourhood with their own recreational grounds, libraries, sportsfields or swimming baths. Yet, plainly put, one cannot but be left to wonder how any civic merchants of

leisure could have competed with the lure of the realm of Harry the snake catcher.

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Oral evidence presented here is drawn from the collection of District Six life histories currently being collected by the Western Cape Oral History Project in the Department of History at the University of Cape Town. The recordings and transcripts are to be preserved as an archive. Most of the respondents quoted in the text were born before 1920, and the oldest in 1901. In order to preserve oral history conventions of confidentiality, informants must remain anonymous. Names have been altered here and there, but the quotations are otherwise literal transcriptions, except for the elimination of some hesitations and repetitions.

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3 Mrs Z.A., b.1906. Daughter of cinema owner.
4 Mr S.E., b.1919. Mechanic.
5 Mrs Z.A.
6 Mrs E.W. b.1918. Washerwoman.
7 Mr B.S., b.1919. Market stallholder.
8 Ibid.
9 Ibid.
10 Mrs E.W.
11 Mr S.C., b.1930. Teacher.
12 Mrs Z.A.
13 Ibid.
14 Mr S.C.
15 Mrs V.A., b.1917. Factory worker.
16 Mrs B.K.
17 Mrs E.W.
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48 Mrs G.A.
49 Mrs H.S., b.1903. Factory box maker.
50 Mrs N.O.
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54 Mr C.W., b.1915. Print worker.
55 Mr S.A.
56 Mrs V.B.
57 Mr S.A.
58 Mrs R.D.; Mr I.W.
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