

WHITHER AFRICA.

During his five-week, 15-thousand-mile African tour the Premier will begin by visiting Ghana and Nigeria. Accra, capital of Ghana, went wild with joy when Doctor Nkrumah was released from political imprisonment in 1951. His enthusiastic followers had elected him to power. The independence of the former Gold Coast colony was thereby assured.

A born leader, Doctor Nkrumah dreams of a United Africa with himself its chief ruler.

Nigeria, home of 36 million people (producing tin, coal and other minerals), will present the Prime Minister with very different scenes. Mainly however, the Federation of Nigeria is agricultural. Ground Nuts are one of its biggest crops. In this country it's a highly profitable crop. So, too, is the production of Palm Oil, with Palm Kernels, cocoa and maize helping to form the well balanced economy of this vast land.

Going on to the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyassaland Mr. Macmillan will encounter a quite different political climate. His airliner may disturb wild animals in the natural reserves. Rhodesia is under white government. The world famous Victoria Falls still awe the tourist, who recalls (amidst that spectacle) that only 104 years ago they were first beheld by a white man, the explorer-missionary, Doctor Livingstone.

But it is upon the capital, Salisbury, that the outside world turns critical attention today. For in the Federation coloured people outnumber Europeans thirty-to-one. Yet, when the Governor General Lord Llewellyn opened the first Federal Parliament in 1954, it was essentially a Westminster-type ceremony. And in the Copper Mines of Northern Rhodesia (third largest producer in the world), the rule is, White administration, coloured labour. The same combination constructed the far-famed Kariba Dam. Federation Premier Sir Roy Welensky is in no hurry to change the existing balance between white and coloured races, claiming that in Rhodesia it is a good, workable arrangement.

The Protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland will be visited when Mr. Macmillan goes to South Africa. Tribal chiefs have been admitted to local governmental authority in Basutoland, and documents of appointment were given to each in a brief case. Each one felt half way to being a civil servant.

Links with the not distant past, when the coloured man owned Africa, are still treasured outside towns. And the Union of South Africa never forgets that black men outnumber whites, four to one.

Fear that the coloured man may one day overwhelm the white is at the back of the South African government's segregation policy.

Johannesburg, with a population of more than a million, is a magnificent city. Goldmine workings, visible on the outskirts, remind oldtimers that the discovery of the precious metal, only 74 years ago, was the foundation of Jo'Burg's wealth. But even here the existence of the Black Sash movement, protesting against government policy, shows that many white South Africans, agree with Anglican Father Huddleston in fighting segregation. Huddleston was brought back to England by his Order; his work goes marching on.

So, in 1960, Table Mountain looks down upon an unhappy situation. The Union is in the British Commonwealth; in outlook it is often Poles apart. No one nowadays can call at the home of General Smuts. The wisdom of that great man went with him to the grave. Nor can Macmillan, in a brief visit, provide a substitute. But he is an unusual man, and the African millions, increasingly aware of this day and age, may come to bless Macmillan's name. So in that Continent may all the great peoples that owe allegiance to the Crown.....