

than the former South African-appointed Ministers ever did during their stay in power.

N V KUFHAMBA
P O BOX 567
OSHAKATI

To the Generals

DURING the years of illegal occupation by South Africa, I, as a resident of Suiderhof, had problems with the armed forces living next door to me. The officer commanding the base lived across the road from my home, and every time a black person entered my premises, he would give me a 'show of force' and spit in the street to show his resentment.

Every Friday morning one would hear sergeant majors shouting at 'sleg troepe' refusing to polish their boots or behaving in a disorderly fashion in public. Later a certain so-called coloured battalion moved in and the abuse continued. Being a keen gardener in those days at six in the morning I received a whole run-down on army events for free.

Later still, we have 10-tonne trucks hurtling down our road (Palm Street) after someone blew up the SAWI supermarket situated inside the base. The main gate of the base was closed and the side entrance which leads

into suburbia became the main highway for the army.

Then they began to use a siren for waking up the troops.

My constant calls to virtually everyone in the army led to me becoming very unpopular with the Windhoek-based military. But the siren system was eventually abandoned.

On independence I stood in my garden and spat in the street as the commander moved out to South Africa!

But my illusions of peace were shattered when the UN moved in, and among others, the Kenyans insisted on being physically fit and taking the battalion for a run down Palm Street every morning. Every white-owned dog in the area went bananas, as the troops ran past in heavy boots.

But my story has not ended...

Two weeks ago, after a heavy Friday night, I fell into bed, and at 05h00 my nightmare began. Out of the base came the deep wail of a bombing siren. I leapt from my bed and jumped for my pants, images of Kassinga and Ngiva pounding in my head. I stumbled onto the lawn expecting chaos, but it was only the troops being woken up.

Nothing has changed. The base is still there, slap-bang in the middle of

suburbia. In the early mornings, the air-raid siren goes off.

Could I make a suggestion: that whoever goes on duty at the base knocks on bungalow doors to wake up troops, or gets the troops to wake themselves up! Please, this is not war-torn Angola but good old Suid-erhof suburbia. As a homeowner near the base, I ask those in charge to show consideration for residents.

In the past we canvassed against military bases in residential areas, and while the former rulers were not sympathetic, we would have thought that our new Government would be more considerate.

J LIEBENBERG
SUIDERHOF

Unmarked subjects

THIS is an appeal to the head of the Department of National Education: to date we have not received our marks for Business Economics, written in 1988. We request you to announce them soon, because we are tired of writing subjects that remain unmarked.

If there is no one to mark the papers, who were the question papers drawn up by? Think about the money we have paid.

We want our marks before July 30