

Ans.  
29. 10. 94

12, Castlewood Road

Sheffield, S10 6FG.

ENGLAND.

19<sup>th</sup> September.

Dear Sheila,

We are so sorry to hear of Bill's death. Although he wasn't 100% when we saw you in Brahamstown last year we had idea he was in such poor health, and it was consequently an (even greater) shock. Was he, in fact, ill for some time, or was it sudden; however much 'warning' there is one can't be 'prepared' for the end.

I am sure you know my - and Polly's - respect and affection for Bill. He has been a significant figure in my life though almost all of it, both as friend and as what I may call a source, or exemplifier of moral integrity, peace, moral authority (for me, at least) as a person, rather than in terms of his specific roles or beliefs. One aspect of this (as you probably know) was that as far as I was ever able to analyse it - and, surprisingly I have always found it difficult to answer the question: why did you become a social worker? - it was Bill, in a talk in the garden at Kilmabury, who was responsible for that choice, and so, indirectly, for my university career, as a social work/social policy lecturer, which, in turn, greatly facilitated my ability to migrate, with the family, to Britain, in 1971. That original choice still seems to me a good <sup>and v. rewarding</sup> one, so the influence he exerted on me was, I believe, very worthwhile.

We are very glad that we were able to link up, both in Northern Ireland - incidentally I will never forget Bill strolling through our very 'Protestant' village in his gown and great pectoral cross - and in Brahamstown last year. I gather that the autobiography of which Bill spoke so interestingly than has been published as: 'The Rock that is Greater than I' and hope to lay my hands on it soon: it is (to my mind with a knowledge of book-writing and -publishing) <sup>surprising</sup> that it was completed so quickly, since a great deal had to be done when we saw you in February 1993.

We continue to keep quite busy in retirement - though not with book, autobiographical or otherwise - after some effort, my S.A. press book failed to leave the runway. Polly is doing audits for Oxfam, involving a good deal of travelling in the Yorkshire region - in November she is also going to Ireland for this purpose - and has recently become involved, with me, in the United Nations Association: she has become part of the group organising the next national conference (Easter, 1995), which is in Sheffield. I'm doing my old social work education skills (they are pretty rusty!) as a temporary



part-time tutor in the social work department at Nottingham University: I arrange and visit placements, mark essays, etc. I find it very stimulating being back (from last April) in academia, though there have been considerable changes - for good and ill - since I <sup>last</sup> did this sort of work several years ago: for one thing everything is more highly organised (do I say bureaucratic?), though in some ways this puts the objectives of social work on a firmer, more thought-out basis.

As far as we can - which is not very far - we keep up with events in South Africa; the very real problems which were waiting in the wings at the commencement of the new government are now coming towards centre stage - the <sup>Times</sup> Higher Education Supplement I brought to-day has some rather disquieting things to say about higher education in S.A. - nonetheless, I think (perhaps naively) that there is a great, widely diffused and continuing charge of energy which will enable South Africa to move forward, even if at times with fits and starts.

No more now.

With much love from us both,

Yours,

redly and Fred