

BRUSH UP
YOUR AFRIKAANS
—
KNAP U ENGELS OP



439.368242
TRO

EUWOUDT TROMP



THE "BRUSH UP" LANGUAGE BOOKS

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Algemene Redakteur : W. G. HARTOG, M.A. (LONDEN), LITT.D. (PARYS)

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BRUSH UP YOUR AFRIKAANS

Equality of English and Dutch Languages

South Africa Act, 1909.

SECTION 137. Both the English and Dutch languages shall be official languages of the Union, and shall be treated on a footing of equality, and possess and enjoy equal freedom, rights, and privileges. All records, journals, and proceedings of Parliament shall be kept in both languages, and all Bills, Acts, and notices of general public importance issued by the Government of the Union shall be in both languages.

Act 8 of 1925.

SECTION 1. The word "Dutch" in Section *one hundred and thirty-seven* of the South Africa Act, 1909, and wheresoever else that word occurs in the same Act, is hereby declared to include Afrikaans.

Gelijkheid van Engelse en Hollandse Talen

Zuid-Afrika Wet, 1909.

ARTIKEL 137. De engelse alsmede de hollandse talen zijn officiële talen van de Unie. Zij worden op een voet van gelijkheid behandeld en bezitten en genieten gelyken vrijheid, rechten en voorrechten. Alle akten, verslagen en verrichtingen van 't Parlement word in beide talen gehouden en alle wetsontwerpen, wetten en kennisgevingen van algemeen publiek gewicht of belang door de Regering van de Unie uitgegeven, zijn en geschieden in beide talen.

Wet 8 van 1925.

ARTIKEL 1. Het woord "hollandse" in artikel *honderd zeven en dertig* van de Zuid-Afrika Wet, 1909, en elders in die Wet waar dat woord voorkomt, wordt hierbij verklaard het Afrikaans in te sluiten.

BRUSH UP YOUR AFRIKAANS

[KNAP U AFRIKAANS OP]

KNAP U ENGELS OP

[BRUSH UP YOUR ENGLISH]

by [deur]

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WITH BLACK AND WHITE DRAWINGS BY

[MET PEN-TEKENINGS DEUR]

STEVEN SPURRIER



LONDON: J. M. DENT AND SONS LTD

LONDEN: J. M. DENT EN SEUNS BPK

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Made in Great Britain
at The Temple Press Letchworth
for
J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd
Aldine House Bedford St London
First Published 1941

PREFACE

THE story is told of an Englishman who went out to South Africa and who said on his return that the country abounded in golf links, all called "Hou." Something else he found strange was that dogs usually went by the name of "Voertsek," but made off when they were called. I hope the reader who knows just as little Afrikaans as that Englishman will find this little book useful. I have made the conversations as simple as possible, and have added notes on them in the appendix.

These notes will, I hope, help to clear up the Afrikaans conversations. I have also taken the opportunity afforded by the notes of giving you little doses of grammar, and of warning you against Anglicisms. There are, indeed, Anglicisms which have become part and parcel of Afrikaans, but there are many more which are beyond the pale. If you would speak unexceptionable Afrikaans you must avoid them as you would the plague. I have not indicated the Anglicisms in so many words because, if you do not know them, you will probably not commit them.

In the conversations themselves I have given some incidental information about South Africa. It will be clear from the outset that this book is sheer propaganda for the country. If the intending tourist thinks I have lauded the country too highly, I hope he will go and judge for himself as soon as possible. Let me say at once that all the incidental information I have provided has reference to peace time. I do not suggest, for example, that threepenny lagers are still to be had on the high seas. And there is one deliberate anachronism—the search for it may entertain you.

To return to the notes. In them you will find, amongst other things, the days of the week, the months of the year, the seasons, and a word on irregular verbs. But have no fear—the Afrikaans verb is not conjugated for person and number, and you can master the notorious "to be" and "to have" in one minute. And Afrikaans knows no grammatical genders and no case endings.

You may find the pronunciation difficult because some of our speech sounds have no equivalents in English, and cannot be rendered with English symbols. The guttural "g," for instance, is a stumbling-block. For that very reason the word "gogga" (insect) was used in the Anglo-Boer War as a password. The Afrikaans "g" is pronounced much like the "ch" in the Scottish word "loch"; but for pronunciation in general you must rely on a bi-lingual friend or listen in to Afrikaans broadcasts. Afrikaans spelling, as spellings go, is phonetic. In any case you will learn more easily and more pleasantly from a friend how to pronounce Afrikaans words than from any printed "guide." The excess of hyphens which you will find in the Afrikaans conversations will also help you with the pronunciation. This expedient I owe to that popular writer and master of Afrikaans, C. J. Langenhoven, who wrote *A First Guide to Afrikaans* in 1926 for his English-speaking colleagues in Parliament.

Afrikaans is the home language of about sixty per cent of the European population of South Africa, and became an official language of the Union in 1925. In origin and essence it is Dutch; a direct development from the language spoken nearly three centuries ago in the province of Holland. In those three centuries Afrikaans and Dutch have gone

their separate ways, and Afrikaans has become an independent language with an idiom of the ox-wagon as against that of the ship.

The present form of Afrikaans took root round about 1725. As a spoken language it is therefore at least two centuries old. In the course of its development it has taken over some words from other languages, but its vocabulary is and remains ninety-nine per cent Dutch. The Afrikaner is deeply conscious of his debt, and to this day we turn to Dutch when a new word has to be coined. But you must not think that we are inarticulate—Professor J. J. Smith has estimated that there are between eighty and a hundred thousand words in Afrikaans.

I sincerely hope that our English-speaking compatriots and our many British visitors will like the language. If you speak it on all possible occasions, no matter how falteringly, the Afrikaner will assuredly like you. Incidentally, the book can be used both ways, and I hope that there are Afrikaners who will find it useful for brushing up their English.

Dr W. G. Hartog suggested that I contribute this volume to the "Brush Up" series. To him and to Mr A. J. Hoppé, who has given me several useful hints, I express my sincere thanks. I have much pleasure, too, in thanking Mr Steven Spurrier for his delightful illustrations.

My wife has helped me throughout, and to her I should like to address a special word of thanks.

J. N. T.

VOORWOORD

DAAR word vertel van 'n Engelsman wat na Suid-Afrika gegaan het en wat, met sy terugkeer, gesê het dat die land vol gholfbane is, almal genaamd „Hou." Iets anders wat hom as vreemd opgeval het, was dat honde gewoonlik „Voertsek" heet, maar weghardloop as hulle geroep word. Ek hoop dat die leser wat net so min Afrikaans as daardie Engelsman ken, hierdie boekie nuttig sal vind. Ek het die gesprekke so eenvoudig moontlik gemaak, en het aantekeninge oor hulle in die aanhangsel bygevoeg.

Die aantekeninge moet dien om die Afrikaanse gesprekke te verduidelik. Ek het ook die geleentheid waargeneem om u bietjies-bietjies grammatika in te gee en om u teen 'n paar anglismes te waarsku. Daar is wel ingeburgerde anglismes in Afrikaans, maar daar is veel meer wat darem te skreiend is. As u Afrikaans onberispelik wil praat, moet u hulle soos die pes vermy. Ek het die anglismes natuurlik nie met soveel woorde aangedui nie want as u hulle nie ken nie, sal u hulle waarskynlik nie begaan nie.

In die gesprekke self het ek terloops inligting oor Suid-Afrika verskaf. Dit sal al somer uit die staan-spoor duidelik wees dat die boek loutere propaganda vir die land is. As die voorgenome toeris meen dat ek die land te veel aangeprys het, kan hy gerus so gou moontlik daarheen gaan en self oordeel. Laat my dadelik sê dat die inligting wat ek terloops verskaf het, op vredestryd betrekking het. Ek wil byvoorbeeld nie te kenne gee dat 'n trippens-lager nou nog op die oop see te verkry

is nie. En daar is een voorbedagte anachronisme—u mag die opspoor daarvan vermaaklik vind.

Om tot die aantekenings terug te keer. U sal onder andere daarin vind die dae van die week, die maande van die jaar, die jaargetye en 'n kort woordjie oor onreëlmatige werkwoorde. Maar moenie skrik nie—die Afrikaanse werkwoord word nie vir persoon of getal vervoeg nie, en u kan die berugte „om te wees” en „om te hê” in een minuut baasraak. Afrikaans ken ook geen grammatikale geslagte en geen naamvals-uitgange nie.

U mag die uitspraak moeilik vind omdat sommige van ons spraak-klanke geen ekwiwalente in Engels het nie, en nie met Engelse simbole weergegee kan word nie. Die velaarklank „g” is byvoorbeeld 'n struikelblok. Juis om daardie rede is die woord „gogga” in die Anglo-Boere-oorlog as 'n wagwoord gebruik. Die Afrikaanse „g” word baie soos die „ch” in die Skotse woord „loch” uitgespreek, maar vir uitspraak oor die algemeen moet u op 'n twee-talige vriend staatmaak of na Afrikaanse uitsendings inluister. In vergelyking met die spelling van ander tale is die Afrikaanse spelling foneties. In elk geval sal u makliker en aangenamer van 'n vriend leer hoe om Afrikaanse woorde uit te spreek as uit enige gedrukte „gids.” Die oormaat aan koppeltekens wat u in die Afrikaanse gesprekke sal aantref, sal u ook met die uitspraak help. Hierdie plan is ek verskuldig aan C. J. Langenhoven, daardie populêre skrywer en meester in Afrikaans, wat in 1926 *A First Guide to Afrikaans* vir sy Engels-sprekende kollegas in die Parlement geskryf het.

Afrikaans is die huis-taal van sowat sestig persent van die blanke bevolking van Suid-Afrika, en het in 1925 'n amptelike taal van die Unie geword. In oorsprong en wese is Afrikaans Hollands; 'n regstreekse ontwikkeling uit die taal wat byna drie eeue gelede in die provinsie Holland gepraat is. In daardie drie eeue het Hollands en Afrikaans elk 'n eie koers gevat en het Afrikaans 'n selfstandige taal geword met 'n idioom van die osse-wa teenoor die idioom van die skip.

Die huidige vorm van Afrikaans het omstreeks 1725 posgevat en dit is dus as spreektaal minstens twee eeue oud. In die gang van sy ontwikkeling het Afrikaans 'n aantal woorde uit ander tale ontleen, maar sy woordeskat is en bly, op een persent na, Hollands. Die Afrikaner is diep bewus van sy skuld, en vandag nog wend ons ons na Hollands as 'n nuwe woord gesmee moet word. Maar u moet nie dink dat ons stom is nie—professor J. J. Smith het bereken dat daar tussen tagtig- en honderd-duisend woorde in Afrikaans is.

Ek hoop van aller harte dat ons Engelssprekende landgenote en ons baie Britse besoekers van die taal sal hou. As u dit te alle moontlike tye praat, hoe hortend en stotend ook al, sal die Afrikaner gewis van u hou. Terloops, ek hoop daar is Afrikaners wat die boek nuttig sal vind om hul Engels mee op te knap, want dit kan ook daarvoor gebruik word.

Dr W. G. Hartog het voorgestel dat ek hierdie deel tot die „Opknap-Reeks” bydra. Aan hom en aan mnr A. J. Hoppé—wat my verskeie nuttige wenke gegee het—my hartlike dank! Graag bedank ek ook mnr Steven Spurrier vir sy fraai tekenings.

My vrou het my deurgaans met raad en daad gehelp, en aan haar wil ek graag 'n besondere dankwoord rig.

J. N. T.

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Die Reisigers, in die volgorde waarin hulle verskyn—

The Travellers, in the order of their appearance :

ALAN MURRAY. 'n Lang skraal Skot, dertig jaar oud, met 'n dik bos rooi hare, fynbesnede gelaatstrekke en helder blou oë. 'n Sake-man wat na Suid-Afrika gaan as die verteenwoordiger van 'n Britse motorfirma.

A tall and thin Scot, thirty years of age, with a thick crop of red hair, finely cut features, and clear blue eyes. A business man who is going to South Africa as the representative of a British motor firm.

PIET PIENAAR. 'n Frisgebooue Afrikaanssprekende Suid-Afrikaner, ses-en-twintig jaar oud, op weg terug na die ouerhuis in Natal. 'n Dokter wat pas sy opleiding as spesialiteit in die snykunde voltooi het.

A well-built Afrikaans-speaking South African, aged twenty-six, on his way back to his parents' home in Natal. A doctor who has just completed his training as a specialist in surgery.

MARIETJIE JANSEN. 'n Drie-en-twintigjarige Nederlandse dame uit Den Haag. 'n Slanke krulkop blondine met 'n aantreklike gesiggie, 'n fyn wipneusie en groot, onskuldige grys oë.

A twenty-three-year-old Dutch girl from The Hague. A slim curly-headed blonde with an attractive little face, a small *retroussé* nose, and big, innocent grey eyes.

LIONEL KINGSTON. 'n Middeljarige Engelssprekende Suid-Afrikaner, met gesette liggaamsbou, 'n ronde, goedige gesig en 'n hoë kleur. 'n Afgetrede myn-ingenieur. Hy keer nou terug na sy plaas in die Boland, nadat hy besoek afgelê het by familiebetrekkings in Engeland.

A middle-aged English-speaking South African of stout build, with a round, good-natured face and a ruddy complexion. A retired mining engineer. He is now returning to his farm in the Western Province, after paying a visit to relations in England.

THE VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA

First Conversation. Alan Murray Packs

SCENE. *Alan Murray's bedroom. He is busy packing. Clothes, books, and letters are lying about the floor. Alan is sitting on a chair with a book in his hand.*

Alan. [*reading aloud*] "Die man drink water uit 'n glas. Die pos sal môre kom. Die pot het gebreek." [*His mother knocks at the door.*] Come in, mother.

Mrs Murray. What's going on here?

Alan. I am learning Afrikaans. Listen! "Die hond sien 'n kat op die bed." Can you guess what it means?

Mrs Murray. Yes, I think I know. I see you are learning the rules by heart. I wonder whether there isn't a better plan.

Alan. I shall be very glad if you can find one, mother. I really don't feel like learning these words like a parrot. [*He picks the book up again.*] "Vuurhoutjies, matches; potlode, pencils; olifante, elephants . . . papier, pen en ink." Ah, the last few words are not too difficult.

Mrs Murray. On the boat you will probably meet Afrikaners. You must speak the language with them. They will help you.

Alan. I hope so. And now I need help with my packing.

Mrs Murray. No, that you must do yourself. I have put everything right for you. I want to go and iron this pair of trousers, and there is a pair of socks to be darned. Have you packed your warm vests?

Alan. You forget, mother, that I am going to a land of sunshine.

Second Conversation. On the Promenade Deck

SCENE. *On the promenade deck of the "Bloemfontein Castle," en route to South Africa. Time: About four o'clock in the afternoon. Pienaar and Murray are sitting next to each other in deck chairs. Murray has a brown travelling rug over his knees. He appears to be unwell.*

Pienaar. [*eyeing him with concern*] Excuse me, sir, but if the boat's motion is upsetting you, I should advise you to walk about rather than sit here. If you do that, you'll soon feel better.

DIE SEE-REIS NA SUID-AFRIKA

Eerste gesprek. Alan Murray Pak in

TONEEL. *Alan Murray se slaap-kamer. Hy is besig om in te pak. Klere, boeke en briewe lê op die vloer rond. Alan sit op 'n stoel met 'n boek in sy hand.*

Alan. [*lees hard-op*] „Die man drink water uit 'n glas. Die pos sal môre kom. Die pot het gebreek.” [*Sy moeder klop aan die deur.*] Kom binne, moeder.

Mevrou Murray. Wat is hier aan die gang?

Alan. Ek leer Afrikaans. Luister! „Die hond sien 'n kat op die bed.” Kan u raai wat dit beteken?

Mevrou Murray. Ja, ek dink ek weet. Ek sien jy leer die reëls uit jou kop uit. Ek wonder of daar nie 'n beter plan is nie.

Alan. Ek sal baie bly wees as u een kan vind, moeder. Ek het regtig nie lus om hierdie woorde soos 'n papegaai te leer nie. [*Hy tel die boek weer op.*] „Vuurhoutjies, matches; potlode, pencils; olifante, elephants . . . papier, pen en ink.” A, die laaste paar woorde is nie te moeilik nie.

Mevrou Murray. Op die boot sal jy waarskynlik Afrikaners ontmoet. Jy moet met hulle die taal praat. Hulle sal jou help.

Alan. Ek hoop so. En nou het ek hulp nodig met die in-pak.

Mevrou Murray. Nee, dit moet jy self doen. Ek het alles vir jou reg-gesit. Ek wil hierdie broek gaan stryk, en daar is 'n paar sokkies wat gestop moet word. Het jy jou warm onder-hemde ingepak?

Alan. U vergeet, moeder, dat ek na 'n land van sonskyn gaan.

Tweede gesprek. Op die Wandel-dek

TONEEL. *Op die wandel-dek van die “Bloemfontein Castle,” op weg na Suid-Afrika. Tyd: Omtrent vier-uur in die na-middag. Pienaar en Murray sit naas mekaar op dek-stoele. Murray het 'n bruin reisdeken oor sy knieë. Hy lyk siekerig.*

Pienaar. [*kyk hom besorgd aan*] Verskoon my, meneer, maar as die beweging van die boot u ontstel, sou ek u aanraai om rond te loop liewer as om hier te sit. As u dit doen, sal u gou-gou beter voel.

Murray. Thanks very much for the advice, sir. Are you an Afrikander?

Pienaar. [*laughing*] Oh, no. I'm an Afrikaner. An Afrikander is an ox. You'll see many of them pulling ox-wagons in country districts.

Murray. If I ever reach Cape Town. I'm feeling very seedy. But I should enjoy your company.

Pienaar. I'm glad to hear that you're going to Cape town. It is a beautiful city.

Murray. So I understand. I intend staying there for a considerable time.

Pienaar. May I ask why?

Murray. I am the representative of a London motor firm. My firm began building the Ajax a few months ago, and now I want to find out whether the car will make headway in South Africa.

Pienaar. Very interesting. Can you speak Afrikaans?

Murray. I have only a smattering. I fear my pronunciation will let me down.

Pienaar. Let's make some arrangement. I shall not answer if you do not speak to me in Afrikaans.

Murray. That would be particularly kind of you. Although South Africa is a bilingual country, a knowledge of Afrikaans would definitely be an asset.

Pienaar. We'll meet again to-morrow. What is the time now?

Murray. It is a quarter past four by my watch. I suggest that we meet again at the same time.

Pienaar. With pleasure. Au revoir!

Third Conversation. Murray meets Miss Jansen

Murray is introduced to Pienaar's friend, Miss Jansen. Marietjie Jansen decides to learn Afrikaans also.

Pienaar. Good day, Murray. I've brought my friend, Miss Jansen, along. [*To Marietjie.*] Miss Jansen, may I introduce Mr Murray to you?

Miss Jansen. How do you do, Mr Murray?

Murray. How do you do, Miss Jansen?

Pienaar. Miss Jansen comes from the Netherlands. She is going on holiday to South Africa to visit her relations in the Oudtshoorn district.

Miss Jansen. My uncle farms there. He used to be an ostrich farmer, but now he farms wheat and tobacco.

Murray. I am not so fortunate. I have no acquaintances in South

Murray. Baie dankie vir die raad, meneer. Is u 'n Afrikander?

Pienaar. [laggend] A nee a, ek is 'n Afrikaner. 'n Afrikander is 'n os. U sal hulle nog baie op die platte-land voor die osse-wa sien.

Murray. As ek ooit Kaapstad haal. Ek voel net na. Maar ek sou u geselskap geniet.

Pienaar. Ek is bly om te hoor dat u na Kaapstad gaan. Dit is 'n pragtige stad.

Murray. So verstaan ek. Ek meen om 'n geruime tyd daar te bly.

Pienaar. Mag ek vra waarom?

Murray. Ek is die verteenwoordiger van 'n Londense motor-firma. My firma het 'n paar jaar gelede die Ajax begin bou en nou wil ek uit-vind of die motor in Suid-Afrika op-gang sal maak.

Pienaar. Heel interessant. Kan u Afrikaans praat?

Murray. Ek ken net 'n mondjie-vol. Ek vrees my uitspraak sal my in die steek laat.

Pienaar. Nou kom ons maak 'n afspraak. Ek sal u nie antwoord as u nie Afrikaans met my praat nie.

Murray. Dit sou besonder vriendelik van u wees. Alhoewel Suid-Afrika 'n twee-talige land is, sal 'n kennis van Afrikaans bepaald 'n bate wees.

Pienaar. Ons sal mekaar môre weer ontmoet. Hoe laat is dit nou?

Murray. Op my oorlosie is dit kwart oor vier. Ek stel voor dat ons môre teen die-selfde tyd by-mekaar-kom.

Pienaar. Met plesier. Tot siens!

Derde gesprek. Murray ontmoet mej. Jansen

Murray word aan Pienaar se vriendin, mej. Jansen, voorgestel. Marietjie Jansen besluit om ook Afrikaans te leer.

Pienaar. Goeiendag, Murray. Ek het my vriendin, mej. Jansen, saam-gebring. [Aan Marietjie.] Mejuffrou Jansen, mag ek meneer Murray aan u voor-stel?

Mej. Jansen. Bly u te kenne, mnr Murray.

Murray. Aangenaam kennis te maak, mej. Jansen.

Pienaar. Mej. Jansen kom van Nederland. Sy gaan met vakansie na Suid-Afrika om familie-betrekkinge in die Oudtshoorn-distrik te besoek.

Mej. Jansen. My oom boer daar. Hy was eers 'n volstruis-boer, maar nou boer hy met koring en tabak.

Murray. Ek is nie so gelukkig nie. Ek het geen kennisse in Suid-

Africa. I'm on a business trip. That is why Mr Pienaar has undertaken to brush my Afrikaans up a bit.

Miss Jansen. That's fine. May I also attend the lessons?

Pienaar. The more the merrier.

Murray. We can begin at once. I have barely a fortnight in which to acquire a working knowledge of Afrikaans.

Pienaar. Your Scottish accent will stand you in good stead. I must warn you, though, that Miss Jansen will progress more easily than you will, as our Afrikaans vocabulary is ninety-nine per cent Dutch.

Murray. Really! I didn't know that. I've always thought Afrikaans was a mixture of the Dutch, English, and Bantu languages.

Pienaar. Certainly not. There are some foreign words in Afrikaans, but they are few, and you can stay in South Africa for a long time without ever using them.

Murray. But tell me, is the grammar difficult? I'm afraid of the genders.

Pienaar. In this respect Afrikaans is exactly like English.

Murray. What a relief!

Pienaar. I suggest that we three have our meals at the same table. We can arrange it with the chief steward. Here he is, just coming along. [*To the chief steward.*] Have you a moment? We three want to sit at the same table. Could you fix it up, please?

Chief Steward. Certainly, Dr Pienaar. Where would you like to sit?

Pienaar. We want to sit near a port-hole. Mr Murray is still looking rather green. He needs fresh air.

Miss Jansen. And I want to sit in a corner where I can see all the people.

Chief Steward. Leave that to me. I'll do my best.

Pienaar. Thank you very much.

Fourth Conversation. Pienaar, Murray, and Miss Jansen become acquainted with Kingston

SCENE. In the dining saloon. The chief steward leads our friends to their table. It is a table for four. Kingston is sitting at the table.

Pienaar. Here's our table. [*Kingston gets up.*]

Kingston. Good evening. My name is Kingston.

Pienaar. Good evening, sir. The lady is Miss Jansen, my friend is Mr Murray, and I am Pienaar.

Kingston. Are you all Afrikaners?

Pienaar. No. Miss Jansen is Dutch and Murray is a Scot.

Afrika nie. Ek is op 'n sake-reis. Daarom het dr Pienaar onderneem om my Afrikaans 'n bietjie op te knap.

Mej. Jansen. Dis gaaf. Mag ek ook die lesse by-woon?

Pienaar. Hoe meer siele hoe meer vreugde.

Murray. Ons kan op die daad begin. Ek het nouliks twee weke tyd om 'n gangbare kennis van Afrikaans in op te doen.

Pienaar. U Skotse aksent sal u goed te pas kom. Ek moet u egter waarsku dat mej. Jansen makliker as u sal vorder, aangesien ons Afrikaanse woorde-skat nege-en-negentig persent Hollands is.

Murray. Regtig! Ek het dit nie geweet nie. Ek het nog altyd gedink dat Afrikaans 'n mengsel van Hollands, Engels, en Kaffertale is.

Pienaar. Volstrek nie. Daar is wel 'n paar vreemde woorde, maar hulle is min, en u kan baie lank in Suid-Afrika bly sonder om hulle ooit te gebruik.

Murray. Maar sê my, is die grammatika moeilik? Ek is bang vir die geslagte.

Pienaar. In dié opsig is Afrikaans net soos Engels.

Murray. Wat 'n verligting!

Pienaar. Ek gee aan die hand dat ons al drie aan dieselfde tafel eet. Ons kan dit met die hoof-kelner reël. Hier kom hy nou net aan. [*Aan die hoof-kelner.*] Mag ek 'n oomblik met u spreek? Ons drie wil graag saam aan tafel sit. Kan u dit asseblief reël?

Die Hoof-kelner. Al te seker, dokter Pienaar. Waar wil u graag sit?

Pienaar. Ons wil naby 'n patrys-poort sit. Mnr Murray lyk nog 'n bietjie groen. Hy het vars lug nodig.

Mej. Jansen. En ek wil in 'n hoek sit waar ek al die mense kan sien.

Die Hoof-kelner. Laat dit aan my oor. Ek sal my bes doen.

Pienaar. Baie dankie.

Vierde gesprek. Pienaar, Murray en mej. Jansen maak met Kingston kennis

TONEEL. *In die eet-saal. Die hoof-kelner lei ons vriende na hulle tafel. Dit is 'n tafel vir vier mense. Kingston sit aan die tafel.*

Pienaar. Hier is ons tafel. [*Kingston staan op.*]

Kingston. Goeienaand. My naam is Kingston.

Pienaar. Goeienaand, meneer. Die dame is mejuffrou Jansen, my vriend heet Murray, en ek is Pienaar.

Kingston. Is u almal Afrikaners?

Pienaar. Nee. Mej. Jansen is Hollands en Murray is 'n Skot.

Kingston. At any rate the surnames are well known in South Africa.

I know Jansens and Murrays who are good Afrikaners.

Pienaar. Well, I hope our friends will be good Afrikaners, too, in a short while.

Murray. What is there on the menu?

[The steward hands him the menu.]

Steward. Will you have *hors-d'œuvre*? There is smoked salmon or canteloup.

Murray. I'll have canteloup.

Kingston. Wait until you are in South Africa. My mouth waters when I think of the delicious musk melons and water melons which I ate in the Western Province last year.

Miss Jansen. Soup, please.

Steward. Vegetable soup or chicken broth?

Pienaar. I'll have fried sole, please. And boiled potatoes.

Kingston. What about a bottle of Witzenberg? Do you like Witzenberg, Miss Jansen?

Miss Jansen. Unfortunately I don't know it. Is it a South African wine?

Kingston. Yes. It is one of our best table wines.

Miss Jansen. Good, in that case I should like some of it.

Kingston. [to the steward] Please ask the bar steward to put a bottle of Witzenberg in a pail of ice for us.

Murray. Can you recommend the fish, Pienaar? The canteloup was very nice. It has a flavour and an aroma which the canteloups at home lack.

Pienar. The fish is much to my liking.

Kingston. Here is the wine. Pour it out, steward. Good health! May South Africa please you—so much so that our visitors may ultimately become our countrymen.

Miss Jansen, Murray, and Pienaar. [together] Good health!

Pienaar. The main course is roast chicken with green peas and Indian corn.

Miss Jansen. It is a bit too warm for that. I would prefer cold ham and tomato salad.

Steward. What sweet can I bring you? The ice cream is nice to-day.

Kingston. I would rather have cheese and biscuits, please.

[After they have finished eating the party rise from the table to go and drink their coffee in the lounge.]

Murray. [at the stairs] May I take your arm, Miss Jansen?

Kingston. Die vanne is in elk geval in Suid-Afrika bekend. Ek ken Jansens en Murray's wat goeie Afrikaners is.

Pienaar. Wel, ek hoop ons vriende sal dit ook binne-kort wees.

Murray. Wat is daar op die spys-kaart?

[*Die kelner gee die spys-kaart aan hom.*]

Kelner. Neem u 'n voorgereg? Daar is geroekte salm of spanspek.

Murray. Ek sal spanspek neem.

Kingston. Wag totdat u in Suid-Afrika is. My mond water as ek dink aan die heerlike spanspekke en waat-lemoene wat ek verlede jaar in die Bo-land ge-eet het.

Mej. Jansen. Sop, asseblief.

Kelner. Groente-sop of hoender-sop?

Pienaar. Gebraaide tong-vis vir my, asseblief. En gekookte aart-appels.

Kingston. Hoe lyk dit met 'n bottel Witzenberg? Hou u van Witzenberg, mej. Jansen?

Mej. Jansen. Ongelukkig ken ek dit nie. Is dit 'n Suid-Afrikaanse wyn?

Kingston. Ja, dit is een van ons beste tafel-wyne.

Mej. Jansen. Nou goed, dan sal ek graag daarvan wil drink.

Kingston [*aan die kelner*] Sê asseblief aan die drank-bediende dat hy vir ons 'n bottel Witzenberg in 'n ys-bak moet sit.

Murray. Kan jy die vis aanbeveel, Pienaar? Die spanspek was baie lekker. Dit het 'n geur en 'n reuk wat die spanspekke by die huis nie het nie.

Pienaar. Die vis is net na my smaak.

Kingston. Hier is die wyn. Skink dit uit, kelner. 'Gesondheid! Mag Suid-Afrika u wel-geval—so wel, dat ons besoekers op die ou end ons land-genote word!

Mej. Jansen, Murray en Pienaar. [*saam*] Gesondheid!

Pienaar. Die hoof-gereg is gebraaide hoender met ertjies en groen mielies.

Mej. Jansen. Dit is 'n bietjie te warm. Ek verkies koue ham en tamatie-slaai.

Kelner. Wat kan ek u as na-gereg bring? Die room-ys is vandag lekker.

Kingston. Liewer kaas en beskuitjies vir my asseblief.

[*Na hulle klaar ge-eet het, staan die geselskap van die tafel af op om hulle koffie in die geselskap-saal te gaan nuttig.*]

Murray. [*by die trappies*] Mag ek u arm neem, mej. Jansen?

Fifth Conversation. A Sunbath

SCENE. *On the sun deck. Pienaar is lying in the sun on his stomach. He is wearing a bathing slip. With him he has a small bottle of olive oil, a pair of sun glasses, a packet of cigarettes, a box of matches, a camera, a few magazines, and a pair of binoculars. Miss Jansen, Murray, and Kingston are with him.*

Miss Jansen. Do you mind my borrowing your sun glasses, or do you need them yourself?

Pienaar. Not at all. But before you put them on, here are my binoculars. [*Points with his right hand.*] Look, there's a big ship. It is coming nearer and nearer to us. Can you read its name?

Miss Jansen. [*shaking her head*] No, but just see how the people are waving at us. There is the captain standing on the bridge. It is a smaller boat than ours, but seems to belong to the same company.

Kingston. This is an interesting magazine you have here, Pienaar. May I look through it?

Pienaar. Certainly. Will you smoke? After a good meal and a cup of coffee a cigarette is at its best.

Kingston. I'll smoke one of your cigarettes presently. I want to take a few snaps first. Is there a film in your camera? Miss Jansen, will you please come and stand between Pienaar and Murray?

Vyfde gesprek. 'n Sonbad

TONEEL. *Op die son-dek. Pienaar lê op sy maag in die son. Hy het 'n baai-broek aan. By hom het hy 'n botteltjie olyf-olie, 'n son-bril, 'n pakkie sigarette, 'n dosie vuur-houtjies, 'n kamera, 'n paar tyd-skrifte en 'n vër-kyker. Mej. Jansen, Murray en Kingston is by hom.*

Mej. Jansen. Gee u om as ek u son-bril leen, of het u dit self nodig?
Pienaar. Glad nie. Maar voor u dit opsit, hier is my vër-kyker.

[Wys met sy regter-hand.] Kyk, daar is 'n groot skip. Hy kom al nader na ons toe. Kan u sy naam lees?

Mej. Jansen. *[skud haar kop.]* Nee, maar kyk net hoe waai die mense vir ons. Daar staan die kaptein op die brug. Dit is 'n kleiner boot as ons s'n, maar dit behoort blykbaar aan die-selfde maatskappy.

Kingston. Dit is 'n interessante tyd-skrif wat jy hier het, Pienaar. Mag ek dit deur-blaai?

Pienaar. Sekerlik. Wil julle rook? Na 'n goeie ete en 'n koppie koffie smaak 'n sigaret op sy lekkerste.

Kingston. Ek sal netnou een van jou sigarette rook. Eers wil ek 'n paar kiekies neem. Is daar 'n film in jou toestel? *Mej. Jansen,* sal u asseblief hier tussen Pienaar en Murray kom staan?



Pienaar. [to *Miss Jansen*] Come and stand between us. If you don't, our picture will not appear in the newspapers.

Miss Jansen. That won't happen in any case. Be quick, Mr Kingston, the sun is scorching me. My nose is peeling already.

Kingston. Don't let that bother you. A tanned skin is fashionable.

Pienaar. That may be, but anybody who is not used to the sun should wear a hat. Otherwise one risks a headache.

Miss Jansen. I haven't brought a hat with me as I want to go for a swim.

Pienaar. You are much too energetic. I am lazy and want to have a nap. Please wake me at half-past three.

Kingston. Pleasant dreams!

Sixth Conversation. A Sundowner

SCENE. *In the lounge about an hour before the evening meal. Our friends have fallen in with some fellow travellers. All are in a sociable mood.*

Miss Jansen. Just look at that sunset!

Kingston. And the flying fishes . . .

Pienaar. Let's have a sundowner. What can I get you, ladies and gentlemen?

Miss Jansen. A little gin and vermouth for me, please.

Pienaar. And you, Mrs Burger?

Mrs Burger. A glass of sherry, please.

Mr Burger. A tot of brandy in milk, please.

Pienaar. [aan mej. Jansen] Kom staan tussens ons. As u dit nie doen nie, sal ons prentjie nie in die koerante verskyn nie!

Mej. Jansen. Dit sal in elk geval nie gebeur nie. Maak gou, mnr Kingston, die son brand my. My neus is alreeds vel-af.

Kingston. Ontstel u nie. 'n Bruin-gebrande vel is in die mode.

Pienaar. Dit mag wel wees, maar 'n mens wat nie aan die son gewoond is nie moet 'n hoed dra, anders kry jy dalk 'n hoof-pyn.

Mej. Jansen. Ek het nie 'n hoed saam-gebring nie, want ek wil gaan swem.

Pienaar. Julle is glad te energiek. Ek is lui en wil 'n bietjie dut. Maak my asseblief om half-vier wakker.

Kingston. Droom met lus!



Sesde gesprek. 'n Skemerdrankie

TONEEL. *In die geselskap-saal omtrent 'n uur voor die aand-ete. Ons vriende het maats gemaak met 'n paar mede-reisigers. Almal is in 'n gesellige luim.*

Mej. Jansen. Kyk net na daardie sons-ondergang!

Kingston. En die vlieënde visse . . .

Pienaar. Kom ons drink 'n skemer-drankie. Wat kan ek vir u bestel, dames en here?

Mej. Jansen. 'n Bietjie jenewer en vermoet vir my, asseblief.

Pienaar. En u, mevrou Burger?

Mev. Burger. 'n Glas sjerrie, asseblief.

Mnr Burger. 'n Dop brandewyn in melk, asseblief.

Kingston. The lager on this boat is excellent. A threepenny lager for me, please, steward.

Murray. *[with a smile]* I must support my own country's products. Scotch and soda, please.

Pienaar. I'll have half a pint of beer.

[The steward brings the drinks.]

Pienaar. Good health!

[They all drink one another's healths and chat and joke together.]

Kingston. Now it is my turn. Will you all have the same again?

Miss Jansen and Mrs Burger. Not for us, thanks. We must go and dress for dinner. You will excuse us, won't you? *Au revoir!*

[The men get up and bow.]

Murray. The next round is on me. Shall we have another drink before we go to our cabins?

Pienaar. All right, but that must be the last one. If we go on like this, I'll never be able to get my dress suit on. Even when I'm perfectly sober, I can never find my collar stud.

Kingston. I don't know even now where my patent leather shoes have been packed. The dress shirt custom should be abolished.

Pienaar. Hear! hear! Whenever I wear a starched collar I feel like a donkey peering over the wall of a kraal.

Seventh Conversation. The Party goes Dancing

SCENE. *The dance floor on the promenade deck. Murray, Kingston, and Pienaar are walking up and down past the rows of chairs. Murray walks forward quickly.*

Murray. Here comes Miss Jansen. May I dance with you, Miss Jansen?

Miss Jansen. With pleasure. I hope I haven't kept you waiting too long. Do you like waltzes, Mr Murray?

Murray. It is my favourite dance.

Miss Jansen. I also prefer it to a fox-trot.

[Meanwhile Pienaar and Kingston stand looking at the dancers.]

Pienaar. Do you see that girl in the blue dress over there? I met her in the reading room yesterday. I want to go and ask her to dance with me.

Kingston. Go ahead. After dinner I asked the major's wife to dance with me later on this evening. She is a nice woman. I haven't danced for so long that I'm slightly rusty—I'm afraid of treading on her toes.

Kingston. Die lager op hierdie boot is uitstekend. 'n Trippens-lager vir my, asseblief, kelner.

Murray. [met 'n glimlag.] Ek moet my eie land se produkte ondersteun. Whisky en soda, asseblief.

Pienaar. Ek sal 'n halwe pint bier drink.

[Die kelner bring die drankies.]

Pienaar. Gesondheid!

[Hulle drink almal mekaar se gesondheid en gesels en skerts saam.]

Kingston. Nou is dit my beurt. Sal u almal weer die-selfde drink?

Mej. Jansen en mev. Burger. Nie vir ons nie, dankie. Ons moet gaan aantrek vir die aand-ete. U sal ons verskoon, nè? Tot siens!

[Die mans staan op en maak buiginkies.]

Murray. Nou is ek aan die beurt. Sal ons nog 'n sopie wegslaan voor ons na ons kajuite gaan?

Pienaar. Nou goed, maar dit moet die laaste een wees. As dit so aangaan, sal ek nooit my aand-pak kan aankry nie. Selfs as ek dood-nugter is kan ek my boordjie-knoop nooit vind nie.

Kingston. Ek weet nou nog nie waar my blink-leer-skoene ingepak is nie. Die bors-hemp-gewoonte behoort afgeskaf te word.

Pienaar. Hoor! hoor! As ek 'n stywe boordjie aan het, voel ek net soos 'n donkie wat oor 'n kraal-muur loer.

Sewende gesprek. Die Geselskap gaan Dans

TONEEL. Die dans-vloer op die wandel-dek.. Murray, Kingston en Pienaar loop op en aflangs die rye stoele verby. Murray stap vinnig vorentoe.

Murray. Hier kom mej. Jansen aan. Mag ek met u dans, mej. Jansen?

Mej. Jansen. Graag. Ek hoop ek het u nie te lank laat wag nie. Hou u van 'n wals, mnr Murray?

Murray. Dit is my geliefkoosde dans.

Mej. Jansen. Ek hou ook meer daarvan as van 'n jakkals-draf. [Ondertussen staan Pienaar en Kingston na die dansers en kyk.]

Pienaar. Sien jy daardie nooi met die blou rok daar oorkant? Ek het haar gister in die lees-kamer ontmoet. Ek wil haar gaan vra om met my te dans.

Kingston. Gaan jy maar voort. Ek het net na ete die majoor se vrou gevra om later vanaand met my te dans. Sy is 'n gawe dame. Ek het so lank laas gedans dat ek 'n bietjie verroes is—ek is bang dat ek op haar tone sal trap.

Pienaar. Don't worry about that. The floor is so smooth and the band so good that you will soon manage.

[*After a few minutes the music stops. Miss Jansen and Murray go and sit down.*]

Murray. Thank you. That was exceptionally enjoyable. You dance as lightly as a feather.

Miss Jansen. That is only because you yourself are a good dancer.

Murray. The next dance will be a tango, and I'm far too stupid for that. The steps are too intricate.

Miss Jansen. I fear they are beyond me, too. I can sympathize with you.

Murray. [*enthusiastically*] Then we may as well go and have a cool drink.

Miss Jansen. I would like to do so, but I've promised Pienaar the next dance.

Pienaar. [*appears unexpectedly*] Have the two of you been gossiping about me?

Miss Jansen. No, but I must confess that I don't do the tango too well.

Pienaar. It isn't difficult at all.

Leave it to me. [*Playfully puffs his chest out.*] The secret of my success is that I listen to the music.

Miss Jansen. You don't know what you are in for! I warn you.

Eighth Conversation. Afternoon Tea in the Dining Saloon

SCENE. *The four friends are having tea in the dining saloon. Miss Jansen has just been playing a game of table tennis against Murray.*

Miss Jansen. Murray made me run about a good deal and I'm very tired and hot now. What shall I have? Orange juice or tea?

Pienaar. I should say tea.

Murray. Is tea a popular drink in South Africa?

Pienaar. Yes, especially at eleven o'clock in the morning. In the

Pienaar. Jy moet jou nie daaroor bekommer nie. Die vloer is so glad en die orkes so goed dat jy gou sal reg-kom.

[*Na 'n paar minute hou die musiek op. Mej. Jansen en Murray gaan sit.*]

Murray. Dankie, dit was besonder genot-vol. U dans so lig soos 'n veertjie.

Mej. Jansen. Dit is net omdat u self 'n goeie danser is.

Murray. Die volgende dans is 'n tango en daarvoor is ek veels te dom. Die passies is te ingewikkeld.

Mej. Jansen. Ek is bevrees hulle is ook bo-kant my vuur-maak-plek. Ek kan met u simpatiseer.

Murray. [*geesdriftig*] Dan kan ons gerus 'n koel-drankie gaan geniet.

Mej. Jansen. Ek sou dit graag wou doen, maar ek het die volgende dans aan Pienaar beloof.

Pienaar. [*verskyn onverwags*] Het julle twee van my geskinder?

Mej. Jansen. Nee, maar ek moet erken dat ek nie die tango te goed dans nie.

Pienaar. Dis glad nie moeilik nie. Laat dit aan my oor. [*Stoot spelerig sy bors uit.*] Die geheim van my sukses is dat ek na die musiek luister.

Mej. Jansen. U weet nie wat u voorlê nie! Ek waarsku u.

Agste gesprek. Namiddagtee in die Eet-saal

TONEEL. *Die vier vriende sit en tee drink in die eet-saal. Mej. Jansen het so pas 'n potjie tafel-tennis teen Murray gespeel.*

Mej. Jansen. Murray het my baie laat rond-hard-loop en nou is ek net moeg en warm. Wat sal ek drink?—Lemoen-sap of tee?

Pienaar. Drink liever tee.

Murray. Is tee 'n populêre drank in Suid-Afrika?

Pienaar. Ja, veral om elf-uur in die oggend. In die agter-middag

afternoon some take tea and some coffee. When I was in Scotland I noticed there that people have a light meal with their afternoon tea, but we take no more than a few sandwiches, cookies, or rusks with our cup of tea.

Kingston. Isn't there a song, *A nice cup of coffee and a thin slice of bread?*

Pienaar. By the way, we usually have coffee at seven in the morning. For the South African the arrival of the coffee heralds the new day.

Miss Jansen. Does everybody get up at that time?

Pienaar. Farmers usually get up much earlier, but in the cities and towns every one gets up when it suits him. When the sun rises the farmer is either on his lands, in his garden, or with his sheep.

Kingston. I've suddenly begun to long for my little farm in the Cape.

Murray. Are you a farmer, Mr Kingston?

Kingston. No, I'm a retired mining engineer. At the moment I have a smart young Afrikaner foreman. He keeps the place in order for me. In my old age I want to go and rest there beside the mountain stream. I cannot imagine any lovelier place on earth.

Murray. That is certainly something to look forward to, isn't it?

Ninth Conversation. In the Smoking Saloon

SCENE. *Pienaar is sitting before the piano. He has been playing one or two South African tunes. After our two visitors, Miss Jansen and Mr Murray, have learnt the words of "Sarie Marais" they begin talking about South Africa. Somebody asks Pienaar whether living in South Africa is expensive.*

Pienaar. Certainly not. Men's clothing, for example, is a little more expensive than in Britain, but not women's clothes, and shoes cost about the same. Foodstuffs, especially such things as meat, eggs, butter, fruit, and fresh vegetables, are much cheaper.

Miss Jansen. Do people wear the same sort of clothes out there?

Kingston. Yes, but there is one difference—our clothes are made of thinner materials. Men sometimes wear tweed suits in winter, however. Our women wear thinner and more colourful clothes.

Pienaar. You forgot to say that we wear linen and tussore suits in summer. You must remember that our climate is warmer than yours.

drink party mense tee en andere koffie. Toe ek in Skotland was, het ek gemerk dat die mense daar saam met hul na-middag-tee 'n ligte maal-tydjie geniet, maar ons eet slegs 'n paar toe-broodjies, koekies of beskuitjies saam met die koppie tee.

Kingston. Is daar nie 'n liedjie, 'n *Lekker koppie koffie en 'n dun snytjie brood* nie?

Pienaar. Terloops, ons drink om sewe-uur in die môre gewoonlik koffie. Vir die Suid-Afrikaner kondig die koms van die koffie die nuwe dag aan.

Mej. Jansen. Staan almal dan op?

Pienaar. Plaas-boere staan baie vroeër op, maar in die stede en op die dorpe staan elk-een op wanneer dit hom pas. As die son opkom is die boer op sy lande, in sy tuin of by sy skape.

Kingston. Ek verlang sommer skielik na my ou Bo-landse plasie.

Murray. Is u 'n boer, mnr Kingston?

Kingston. Nee, ek is 'n afgetrede myn-ingenieur. Op die oomblik het ek 'n fluks jong Afrikaner-voor-man. Hy hou die plek vir my agter-mekaar. Op my ou-dag wil ek daar langs die berg-stroom gaan rus. Ek verbeel my dat daar nie 'n liefliker plekkie op die aard-bol is nie.

Murray. Dit is nog-al iets om na uit te sien, nie waar nie?

Negende gesprek. In die Rook-salon

TONEEL. *Pienaar* sit voor die klavier. Hy het 'n paar Suid-Afrikaanse deuntjies gespeel. Nadat die twee besoekers, *mej. Jansen* en *mnr Murray*, die woorde van „*Sarie Marais*” geleer het, begin hulle oor Suid-Afrika te praat. Iemand vra vir *Pienaar* of die lewe in Suid-Afrika duur is.

Pienaar. Al te seker nie. Mans-klere, by-voorbeeld, is 'n bietjie duurder as in Brittanje, maar dames-klere nie, en skoene kos omtrent dieselfde. Eet-ware, veral sulke dinge soos vleis, eiers, botter, vrugte en vars groente, is veel goed-koper.

Mej. Jansen. Dra die mense daar dieselfde soort klere?

Kingston. Ja, maar daar is een verskil—die stowwe waarvan ons klere gemaak is, is dunner. Mans dra darem soms in die winter tweed-pakke. Vrouens trek by ons ligter en kleur-ryker rokke aan.

Pienaar. Jy het vergeet om te sê dat ons in die somer linne- en tussor-sy-pakke dra. Julle moet onthou dat ons klimaat warmer is as julle s'n.

Miss Jansen. Since your seasons do not correspond with those of Europe, I take it that your fashions are always a season behind.

Kingston. The eternal woman! Are you afraid that you'll have to wear last year's hats?

Miss Jansen. Luckily I've packed a good many hats.

Pienaar. That was unnecessary. In all the cities there are shops large enough to gladden the heart of any woman.

Miss Jansen. Will I be able to buy evening frocks, too?

Kingston. Everything you need.

Murray. And what about entertainments? Are there theatres and cinemas?

Pienaar. Naturally. You think we are very backward, don't you? Let me tell you this—I saw the talkie *Lost Horizon* in Cape Town on the day I left for Europe. About four months afterwards it was shown in Edinburgh for the first time.

Kingston. What struck me was that our cinemas are better equipped than yours. The chairs, for instance, are much more comfortable. We also have our own Afrikaans theatrical companies who produce plays, dramas as well as farces. Actors from overseas visit the country regularly.

Pienaar. When we arrive in Cape Town, I should like to take Miss Jansen to our fashion shops. She will be surprised.

Miss Jansen. I shall remind you of your promise!

Tenth Conversation. Table Mountain ahoy!

SCENE. *Pienaar and Kingston are leaning over the deck-rail on the prow. It is about six in the morning, just before sunrise. The boat is lying in Table Bay and is waiting to steam into the Cape Town docks.*

Pienaar. What a lovely morning! It is just about time for the sun to rise, and the two lie-abeds are not here yet.

Kingston. Murray was to wake Miss Jansen at half-past five, so that she could finish her packing before we enter the harbour.

[*Miss Jansen and Murray approach.*]

Pienaar. Here are the culprits! Good morning! Have you finished packing? We are almost at the end of our voyage. You are about to see the most wonderful natural phenomenon in the southern hemisphere—the sunrise over Table Mountain.

Miss Jansen. The old mountain really looks like a gigantic table. Look how beautiful the colours are on this side of the mountain.

Pienaar. Sometimes there is a fine white cloud covering, just like

Mej. Jansen. Aangesien julle jaar-getye nie met dié van Europa oor-een-slaan nie, neem ek aan dat julle modes altyd 'n seisoen agter is.

Kingston. Die ewige vrou! Is jy bang dat jy verlede jaar se hoede sal moet dra?

Mej. Jansen. Gelukkig het ek 'n klomp hoede ingepak.

Pienaar. Dit was onnodig. In al die stede is daar winkels—groot genoeg om enige vrou se hart te verbly.

Mej. Jansen. Regtig! Kan ek aand-rokke ook koop?

Kingston. Alles wat jy nodig het.

Murray. En wat van vermaaklikhede? Is daar teaters en bioskope?

Pienaar. Natuurlik. Julle dink ons is baie agter-af, nê? Laat my jou dit vertel—ek het die klank-rol-prent *Lost Horizon* in Kaapstad gesien die dag waarop ek na Europa vertrek het. So wat vier maande daarna is dit vir die eerste keer in Edinburgh vertoon.

Kingston. Wat my opgeval het, is dat ons bioskope beter uit-gerus is as julle s'n. Die stoele, by-voorbeeld, is veel gemakliker. Ons het ook ons eie Afrikaanse toneel-geselskappe wat toneel-stukke—dramas sowel as klug-spelle—opvoer. Buite-landse toneel-spelers besoek die land gereeld.

Pienaar. As ons in Kaapstad aanland, wil ek graag vir mej. Jansen na ons mode-winkels neem. Sy sal verras wees.

Mej. Jansen. Ek sal jou aan jou belofte her-inner!

Tiende gesprek. Saluut, Tafelberg!

TONEEL. *Pienaar en Kingston leun oor die dek-reiling op die voorstewe. Dit is ongeveer ses-uur in die oggend, net voor son-op. Die boot lê al in Tafel-baai en wag om die Kaapstadse dokke binne te stoom.*

Pienaar. Wat 'n heerlike oggend! Dit is haas tyd vir die son om op te kom, en die twee laat-slapers is nog nie hier nie.

Kingston. Murray sou vir mej. Jansen om half-ses wakker gemaak het, so-dat sy klaar kon inpak voordat ons die hawe binnevaar.

[*Mej. Jansen en Murray kom aangestap.*]

Pienaar. Hier is die sondaars! Goeie-môre! Het julle klaar ingepak? Ons is amper aan die einde van ons reis. Oor 'n paar oomblikke sal julle die wonderlikste natuur-verskynsel in die suidelike half-rond sien—die sons-opgang oor Tafelberg.

Mej. Jansen. Die ou berg lyk werklik soos 'n reus-agtige tafel. Kyk hoe pragtig die kleure aan hierdie kant van die berg is.

Pienaar. Party-keer is daar 'n fyn wit wolke-kleed, net soos 'n

a table-cloth, over the summit of the mountain. Then the Malays tell their children the story of the pirate and the devil, who held a smoking contest on the mountain. But that is a long story and we must go and have our breakfast.



Kingston. I should have liked to stay here a bit longer, but we have much to do. Remember, we must show our passports to the immigration officer.

Murray. It will be a miracle if Miss Jansen finishes in time. She has brought enough trunks for three households.

Miss Jansen. If I were you I'd keep quiet.

[It is now about three hours later. The boat is lying at anchor at the quayside. Everything is in a turmoil.

Excited groups of people are standing on the deck and in the passage-ways. Friends take leave of one another. Porters run to and fro. A woman searches in vain for her child; the purser rushes to her assistance. A few dock labourers and sailors swing the gangway into position.]

Pienaar. [signals to a porter with his hand] Please take our luggage. [He points to a pile of travelling trunks.] These three trunks, six suitcases, the hatbox, the typewriter, four raincoats, and that grey golf-bag belong to our party. Please count the things very carefully. We'll see you again at the customs barrier.

[The passengers crowd together in order to get off the boat, but our friends manage to be among the first to step ashore.]

Murray. It is strange to feel the ground under one's feet again.

Kingston. Here's the porter with our things. I do not think it will be necessary for us to unlock our trunks—we all have honest faces, haven't we? Murray had better say nothing. If the customs official should hear his accent he will start searching in his luggage for whisky straight away.

Customs Official. Anything to declare?

Kingston. I don't think so. I have a box of cigars, but it is opened and two are gone.

Customs Official. Anything else? Perfumes, alcoholics, jewels, new

tafel-doek, oor die kruin van die berg. Dan vertel die Slamaaiers aan hulle kinders die storie van die see-rower en die 'duiwel wat 'n rook-wedstryd op die berg gehou het. Maar dit is 'n lang storie en ons moet ons ontbyt gaan eet.

Kingston. Ek wou nog 'n bietjie langer hier gebly het, maar ons het baie om te doen. Onthou, ons moet ons pas-poorte aan die immigrasie-beampte wys.

Murray. Dit sal 'n wonder-werk wees as mej. Jansen betyds klaar-kry. Sy het trommels genoeg vir drie huis-gesinne saam-gebring.

Mej. Jansen. As ek jy was, sou ek stil-bly.

[*Dit is nou sowat drie uur later. Die boot lê voor anker aan die kaai. Alles is in rep en roer. Opgewonde klompies mense staan op die dek en in die loop-gange. Vriende neem van mekaar afskeid. Kruiers hard-loop heen en weer. 'n Vrou soek te-vergeefs na haar kind. Die skeeps-betaalmeester snel haar te hulp. 'n Paar dokwerkers en matrose skuif die loop-plank reg.*]

Pienaar. [*wink met sy hand na 'n kruier*] Neem asseblief ons bagasie. [*Hy wys na die stapel reis-koffers.*] Hierdie drie trommels, ses hand-tasse, die hoede-doos, die tik-masjien, vier reent-jasse en daardie grys sak gholf-stokke behoort aan ons geselskap. Tel die goed asseblief baie versigtig. Ons sien jou weer by die doeane-versperring.

[*Die passasiers drom saam om van die boot af te kom, maar ons vier vriende kry dit reg om onder die eerstes te wees wat aan wal stap.*]

Murray. Dis vreemd om weer die grond onder jou voete te voel.

Kingston. Hier is die kruier met ons goed. Ek glo nie dit sal nodig wees vir ons om ons koffers oop te sluit nie—ons het mos almal eerlike gesigte. Murray moet liewer niks sê nie. As die doeane-beampte sy aksent hoor, sal hy sommer begin rond-snuffel in sy bagasie vir whisky.

Doeane-beampte. Enig-iets om te verklaar?

Kingston. Ek glo nie. Ek het wel 'n doos sigare, maar twee makeer. **Doeane-beampte.** Enig - iets anders? Reuk - water, sterk drank,

clothes, and so forth? [*All four of them shake their heads.*] I notice a typewriter here. Is it a brand-new one?

Murray. No, I bought that typewriter a few years ago. The cover looks new, but inside you will find a certificate showing how old the machine is.

[*The official marks the luggage with white chalk and pushes it along the counter.*]

Customs Official. Everything is in order, gentlemen.

Pienaar. Porter, go and fetch us a taxi.

Porter. There is one here, sir. Get in, please. I'll fasten the trunks at the back.

Pienaar. [*tips him*] Thanks very much.

Taxi Driver. Where to, sir?

Pienaar. The Hotel Boland.

Taxi Driver. We'll be there in a jiffy.

Eleventh Conversation. Arrival at the Hotel

SCENE. *The taxi stops in front of the hotel. The driver sounds the horn and jumps out. An attendant comes out by the front door and begins to remove the luggage. The visitors get out of the car.*

Kingston. [*to the taxi driver*] How much do we owe you? Four shillings? Good, here it is.

Murray. Don't you give him a tip?

Kingston. In this country it is not customary to tip taximen.

[*The party go up the steps and are led to the reception office. The clerk comes towards them.*]

Pienaar. We should like four single rooms. If that is impossible, then at least two single rooms and one double room.

[*The clerk runs his finger down the page of the register.*]

Clerk. There are two vacant rooms on the first floor, both looking out on to the bay, and two on the fifth floor with windows on the northern side. Will they suit you?

Pienaar. Yes, perfectly. The lady and this gentleman [*He nods towards Murray.*] would probably like the rooms facing the sea. Tell me, are these rooms near bathrooms?

Clerk. The two I mentioned first have their own bathrooms. The others are both about five yards from a bathroom.

Kingston. What are your terms?

Clerk. It depends on the length of your stay. For a single day we charge 15/-, 12/6, or 10/-, according to the room. If you stay here for a week or a month the rate will naturally be less. Here

juwele, nuwe klere en-so-voorts? [*Al vier skud hul koppe.*] Ek merk hier 'n tik-masjien. Is dit 'n splinter-nuwe een?

Murray. Nee, ek het daardie tik-masjien 'n paar jaar gelede gekoop. Die deksel lyk wel nuut, maar binne-kant sal u 'n sertifikaat vind wat aantoon hoe oud die masjien is.

[*Die beampte merk die bagasie met wit kryt en stoot dit langs die toon-bank af.*]

Doeane-beampte. Alles is in orde, meneer.

Pienaar. Kruier, gaan haal vir ons 'n huur-motor.

Kruier. Hier is een, meneer. Klim maar in. Ek sal die trommels agter vas-maak.

Pienaar. [*stop hom 'n fooi in die hand*] Baie dankie.

Bestuurder. Waarheen, meneer?

Pienaar. Die Hotel Bo-land.

Bestuurder. In 'n kits is ons daar!

Elfde gesprek. Aankoms by die Hotel

TONEEL. *Die huurmotor hou voor die hotel stil. Die bestuurder druk op die toeter en spring af. 'n Hotel-bediende kom by die voor-deur uit en begin die bagasie af te haal. Die besoekers klim af.*

Kingston. [*aan die huurmotorbestuurder*] Hoeveel skuld ons u? Vier sjielings? Nou ja, hier is dit.

Murray. Gee jy hom dan nie 'n footjie nie?

Kingston. Hier in die land is die nie die gewoonte om aan huur-motorbestuurders 'n fooi te gee nie.

[*Die geselskap klim die trappies op en word na die ontvangs-kantoor gelei. Die ontvangs-klerk kom hulle tegemoet.*]

Pienaar. Ons wil graag vier enkel-kamers hê. As dit onmoontlik is, dan ten-minste twee enkelkamers en 'n dubbelkamer.

[*Die klerk se vinger gly langs die bladsy van die register af.*]

Klerk. Daar is twee leë kamers op die eerste verdieping, albei met 'n uitsig op die baai, en twee op die vyfde verdieping met vensters aan die noorde-kant. Sal dit u pas?

Pienaar. Ja, uitstekend. Die dame en hierdie heer [*Hy knik na Murray.*] sal seker van die kamers aan die see se kant hou. Sê vir my, is hierdie kamers naby badkamers?

Klerk. Die twee wat ek eerste genoem het, het hul eie badkamers. Die ander is altwee omtrent vyf tree van 'n badkamer af.

Kingston. Wat is u terme?

Klerk. Dit hang af hoe-lank u hier bly. Vir 'n enkele dag vra ons 15/-, 12/6 of 10/-, al na gelang van die kamer. As u 'n week of 'n

are your keys. I'll show you the rooms. The lift is just round the corner.

Kingston. This time we were lucky. Perhaps next time we shan't be. In future we should book our rooms in advance.

Pienaar. That is true. You must remember that we have arrived here in the middle of the tourist season. I think the dear old Cape is at its loveliest at this time of the year.

Clerk. So our guests tell me, sir. You will realize how many tourists and holiday-makers there are here if you stand in the passages on the ground floor at meal times. While I think of it, our terms include breakfast and the evening meal, as well as a cup of coffee early in the morning and tea at eleven. At what time in the morning would you like your coffee?

Murray. Half-past seven is quite early enough for me!

Miss Jansen. What a pretty room! I can see the whole bay.

Murray. Yes, it actually looks like a picture in a guide-book. The pictures in such books are generally much prettier than the country itself, don't you think? Is South Africa an exception?

Pienaar. This is not nearly all. Wait until you have seen the Garden Colony.

Murray. Don't you mean the Garden Route?

Pienaar. No, I'm speaking of Natal. You're thinking of the road from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth. When you've dispatched your business here, come and visit me and judge for yourself. Natal is the jewel of the provinces.

Kingston. Not so fast, boaster! I vote for the Western Province.

Twelfth Conversation. A Visit to the Bank and the Post Office.

SCENE. *Murray and Pienaar are standing on the veranda of the hotel.*

Pienaar. Let us jump on to this tram—it is going down towards the city. I must go to the bank and draw a few pounds. I have no ready money.

Murray. Neither have I. I have a bank draft which I want to deposit, and about ten English notes which I should like to exchange for South African money.

[*About twenty minutes later they arrive at the bank.*]

The Cashier. [*recognizes Pienaar*] Welcome home, Dr Pienaar. I'm very pleased to see you again. I hope you have had a pleasant voyage. What can I do for you to-day?

Pienaar. You are cleverer than I am. When somebody comes to you, you know immediately what is wrong. I am suffering from the old complaint—I have no more money. Here is my cheque for £25. Have I still that much left?

maand bly kos die kamers natuurlik minder. Hier is u sleutels. Ek sal u die kamers wys. Die hyser is net om die draai.

Kingston. Hierdie keer het ons dit gelukkig getref. Miskien gebeur dit nie weer nie. In die toekoms moet ons ons kamers voor-af bestel.

Pienaar. Dit is waar. Julle moet onthou dat ons in die middel van die toeriste-seisoen hier aangekom het. Die ou Bo-land is seker teen hierdie tyd van die jaar op sy mooiste.

Klerk. So vertel ons gaste my, meneer. U sal beseef hoe baie toeriste en vakansie-gangers hier is as u met etenstyd in die gange op die onderste verdieping staan. Terwyl ek daaraan dink, ons terme sluit ontbyt en aand-ete in, sowel as 'n koppie koffie vroeg smôrens en tee om elf-uur. Hoe laat smôrens wil u u koffie hê?

Murray. Half-agt is oor vroeg genoeg vir my!

Mej. Jansen. Wat 'n fraai kamer! Ek kan die hele baai sien.

Murray. Ja, dit lyk werklik na 'n prentjie in 'n gidsboek. Die prentjies in sulke boeke is mos gewoonlik veel mooier as die land self. Is Suid-Afrika 'n uitsondering?

Pienaar. Dit is nog glad nie al nie. Wag eers totdat jy die Tuinkolonie gesien het.

Murray. Bedoel jy nie die Tuinroete nie?

Pienaar. Nee, ek praat van Natal. Jy dink aan die pad van Kaapstad na Port Elizabeth. Wanneer jy jou sake hier afgehandel het, kom besoek my en oordeel self. Natal is die juweel van die provinsies.

Kingston. Stadig oor die klippe, groot-prater! Ek stem vir die Westelike Provinsie.

Twaalfde gesprek. 'n Besoek aan die Bank en die Pos-kantoor

TONEEL. Murray en Pienaar staan op die hotel se stoep.

Pienaar. Kom ons spring op hierdie trem—hy loop af stad-toe. Ek moet na die bank gaan om 'n paar pond te trek. Ek is plat-sak.

Murray. Ek ook. Ek het 'n bank-wissel wat ek wil deponeer en 'n stuk of tien Engelse note wat ek wil om-ruil vir Suid-Afrikaanse geld. [*Omtrent twintig minute later kom hulle by die bank aan.*]

Die Kassier. [*her-ken vir Pienaar*] Welkom tuis, dokter Pienaar. Ek is baie bly om u weer te sien. Ek hoop u het 'n aangename sees-reis gehad. Wat kan ek vandag vir u doen?

Pienaar. U is slimmer as ek. As 'n mens na u toe kom, weet u somar dadelik wat makeer. Ek ly aan die ou kwaal—my geld is op. Hier is my tjek vir £25. Het ek nog so-veel oor?

The Cashier. If you wish to know exactly what your credit balance is, I will soon look up your account with us. Just a moment, please. Yes, it is in order. [*He hands Pienaar a slip of paper.*] This is the amount which you have left. Would you like pound or five-pound notes, doctor?

Pienaar. Four five-pound notes, four pound notes, and the rest in silver, half-crowns or florins, please. My friend Mr Murray would like to open a bank account with you.

The Cashier. With pleasure. Our branch in London advised us of your coming, Mr Murray. Here is the letter of advice. Kindly sign your name on the dotted line so that I can compare the two signatures.

Murray. I also have a bank draft which I want you to cash for me.

Pienaar. Be quick, old chap, we must still go to the post office.

Murray. Is the post office far from here?

Pienaar. No, only a short distance. Have you finished? Then we can go.

[*Five minutes later they are standing at the counter in the post office.*]

Pienaar. Murray, please buy me some stamps while you are waiting—penny stamps for the ordinary post and three-ha'penny stamps for the air mail. I must send a telegram to my parents. At the same time get a dozen stamped letter cards.

Murray. Wait a moment, it occurs to me that I have not cabled to my family yet.

[*Pienaar writes out his telegram and hands it to the clerk.*]

The Clerk. I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot read your handwriting.

Pienaar. I was afraid of that. All right, I'll read it out to you: "Pienaar, Welgevonden, Utrecht, Natal. Landed safely yesterday. Love. Piet."

Murray. Remember to tell the clerk that it is a "Good News" telegram. Here is my cable.

Pienaar. Will you please send this cable by the express service?

The Clerk. Very well, sir. The cable will be in Edinburgh this afternoon.

Thirteenth Conversation. The Talkative Barber

SCENE. *In the barber's shop. While he sits awaiting his turn, Pienaar reads a report in „Die Burger” about a thunderstorm in Natal.*

Barber. There's a chair vacant now, sir. Haircut or shave?

Pienaar. Both. Please cut the hair on the back of my neck short. And at the sides as well.

Barber. You have a fine head of hair, sir. I'll apply some hair oil presently.

Die Kassier. As u presies wil weet wat u krediet-balans is, sal ek u rekening met ons gou na-slaan. Net 'n oomblikkie, asseblief. Ja, dit is in orde. [*Hy gee aan Pienaar 'n strokie papier.*] Dit is die bedrag wat u nog oor het. Wil u pond-note of vyf-pond-note hê, dokter?

Pienaar. Vier vyf-pond-note, vier pond-note en die res silwer—half-krone of floryne, asseblief. My vriend, mnr Murray, wil graag by u 'n bank-rekening open.

Die Kassier. Met plesier. Ons tak-besigheid in London het ons van u koms in kennis gestel, mnr Murray. Hier is die advies-brief. Teken asseblief u naam op die stippel-lyn, sodat ek die twee hand-tekenings kan vergelyk.

Murray. Ek het ook nog 'n bank-wissel wat u vir my moet uit-keer.

Pienaar. Maak gou, ou kêrel, ons moet nog na die pos-kantoor gaan.

Murray. Is die pos-kantoor ver hier-van-daan?

Pienaar. Nee, dis net 'n klein entjie. Is jy klaar? Dan kan ons loop.

[*Na 'n minuut of vyf staan hulle voor die toon-bank in die pos-kantoor.*]

Pienaar. Murray, koop asseblief vir my 'n paar seëls terwyl jy wag—pennie-seëls vir die gewone pos, en een-en-'n-half-pennie-seëls vir die lug-pos. Ek moet 'n telegram aan my ouers stuur. Koop ook sommer tegelykertyd 'n dosyn brief-kaarte wat klaar gefrankeerd is.

Murray. Wag 'n bietjie, dit val my nou by dat ek nog nie aan my familie gekabel het nie.

[*Pienaar skryf sy telegram uit en oor-handig dit aan die klerk.*]

Die Klerk. Dit spyt my, meneer, maar ek kan u handskrif nie lees nie.

Pienaar. Ek het dit gevrees. Toe maar, ek sal dit aan u voor-lees:

„Pienaar, Welgevonden, Utrecht, Natal. Gister veilig geland. Liefde-groete. Piet.”

Murray. Onthou om vir die klerk te sê dat dit 'n „goeie-nuus-telegram” is. Hier is my kabel.

Pienaar. Stuur hierdie kabel asseblief met die snel-diens.

Die Klerk. Goed, meneer. Die kabel sal van-middag in Edinburgh wees.

Dertiende gesprek. Die Spraaksame Kapper

TONEEL. *In die kapperswinkel. Terwyl hy op sy beurt sit en wag, lees Pienaar in „Die Burger” 'n berig oor 'n donder-storm in Natal.*

Kapper. Daar's nou 'n stoel oop, meneer. Kap of skeer?

Pienaar. Albei. Kap asseblief my nek-hare kort. En langs die kante ook.

Kapper. U het 'n mooi bos hare, meneer. Ek sal netnou 'n bietjie haar-olie aansmeer.

Pienaar. No, thanks. The smell does not appeal to me.

Barber. This isn't an ordinary hair oil, sir. The smell is not unpleasant. Besides, it is a good remedy for dandruff.

Pienaar. I don't suffer from dandruff, but you can wash my hair.

Barber. [after a while] I see in the paper that it has rained heavily in Natal. I envy the Natalians. I think the Karroo needs the rain more. It doesn't rain much in the Karroo, but when it does, the golden yellow Namaqualand daisies grow everywhere in the plains. . . . Is the parting right, sir?

Pienaar. Yes.

Barber. Just look in the mirror, sir. . . . I'll brush the hair off your clothes. But where do you come from?

Pienaar. I come from Natal.

Barber. Oh! My nephew works on a sugar plantation there. Once I went there on holiday. . . .

[While talking he sharpens the razor.] I never saw so many bananas in all my life. . . . Some face lotion or a hot towel? [*Pienaar nods.*] One day he—that's to say, my nephew—took me to Pine-town. We stopped at a fruit stall. And for a shilling the coolie nearly filled the entire dicky with pine-apples.

Pienaar. And you never went to see the Valley of the Thousand Hills?

Barber. Yes, I did, sir.

Pienaar. [after the barber has shaved him] Thanks very much. A dozen razor blades, please.

Barber. Right, sir. Good day!

Fourteenth Conversation. Strolling down Adderley Street

SCENE. Kingston and Miss Jansen are strolling down the Avenue in the direction of Adderley Street.

Kingston. The Houses of Parliament are on our right. Do you see that big, tall man walking in the garden of the Houses of

Pienaar. Nee dankie. Die reuk staan my nie aan nie.

Kapper. Dis nie 'n gewone haar-olie dié nie, meneer. Die reuk is nie on-aangenaam nie. Buitendien is dit 'n goeie middel teen skilfers.

Pienaar. Ek ly nie aan skilfers nie, maar u kan my hare was.

Kapper. [na 'n rukkie] Ek sien in die koerant dat dit in Natal swaar gereent het. Ek beny die Natallers. Ek reken dat die Karo die reent meer nodig het. Dit reent maar min in die Karo, maar as dit die slag reent, staan die goud-geel gousblomme net waar jy kyk in die vlaktes. . . . Is u paadjie reg, meneer?

Pienaar. Ja.

Kapper. Kyk 'n bietjie in die spieël, meneer. . . . Ek sal die hare van u klere af borsel. Maar waar kom u vandaan?

Pienaar. Ek kom uit Natal.

Kapper. O! My neef werk daar op 'n suiker-plantasie. Ek was een-keer met vakansie daarheen. . . . [Praat-praat slyp hy die skeer-mes.] Ek het in my hele lewe nog nooit so baie piesangs gesien nie. . . . 'n Bietjie gesigswater of 'n warm hand-doeek? [Pienaar knik.] Een-dag het hy—dit wil sê, my neef—my na Pinetown geneem. Ons het by 'n vrugte-stalletjie stilgehou. En vir 'n sjieling het die koelie amper die hele katte-bak vol pyn-appels gegooi.

Pienaar. En u het nooit eers na die Vallei van die Duisend Heuwels gaan kyk nie?

Kapper. Ja, ek het, meneer.

Pienaar. [Na-dat die kapper hom klaar geskeer het] Baie dankie. 'n Dosyn skeer-lemmetjies, asseblief.

Kapper. Goed, meneer. Goeiendag!

Veertiende gesprek. 'n Wandeling in Adderley-straat

TONEEL. *Kingston en mej. Jansen stap in Die Laan af, in die rigting van Adderley-straat.*

Kingston. Aan ons regter-hand is die Parlements-huis. Sien jy daar—die groot lang man wat daar in die tuin van die Parlements-huis

Parliament—that one with the small, grey, billy-goat beard? I imagine he is a senator——

Miss Jansen. [interrupting him] —who is preparing a speech. See how he is mumbling to himself. But I am more interested in the beautiful gardens on this side. May we go in?



Kingston. Those are the Botanical Gardens. We can have tea there later on. If you want to, we could also go to the South African Library at the bottom end of the gardens. And then there are also an art gallery and a museum on the other side.

Miss Jansen. It seems to me that we will have much to do.

Kingston. Here we are at the end of Adderley Street now. Turn round and look back awhile. These stately old oak-trees were planted here more than three hundred years ago. Let us walk on. [They walk down the street. Now and again Miss Jansen stops to look at the shop

windows. Near the lower end of the street they approach the flower market.] May I buy you a bunch of flowers?

Miss Jansen. Oh, thank you. It is truly difficult to choose.

Kingston. Which do you prefer, tritonias* (see opposite), gladioli, or violets? [To the flower seller.] Please give me a bunch of tritonias and one of violets.

The Flower Seller. Picked this morning. Quite fresh, sir. Wouldn't you like a bunch of Afrikanertjies as well? These are ninepence. The other bunches are only sixpence each.

[Kingston pays for the flowers and gives them to Miss Jansen, who thanks him heartily.]

Kingston. In the old days the coloured people used to pick heath and Cape wild flowers on the mountains and come and sell them here. Latterly the Government have taken drastic steps to

rond-stap—dié een met die grys bok-baardjie? Hy is seker 'n senator—

Mej. Jansen. [val hom in die rede] —wat 'n toespraak voorberei. Kyk hoe praat hy binnensmonds. Maar ek stel meer belang in die pragtige tuin aan hierdie kant. Mag ons ingaan?

Kingston. Dit is die Botaniese Tuine. Ons kan later daar gaan tee drink. As jy wil kan ons ook na die Suid-Afrikaanse Biblioteek aan die onder-ent van die tuine gaan. En daar is ook nog 'n kuns-gallery en 'n museum aan die ander-kant.

Mej. Jansen. Dit lyk vir my ons sal heel-wat te doen hê.

Kingston. Hier is ons nou aan die bo-ent van Adderley-straat. Draai nou om en kyk 'n bietjie terug. Hierdie waardige ou eike-borne is meer as drie-honderd jaar gelede hier geplant. Kom ons stap verder.

[*Hulle stap langs die straat af. Af en toe gaan staan mej. Jansen om die winkel-vensters te be-kyk. Naby die onder-ent van die straat kom hulle by die blomme-mark.*]

Kingston. Mag ek vir jou 'n ruikertjie koop, mej. Jansen?

Mej. Jansen. O! Dankie. Dit is waarlik moeilik om te kies.

Kingston. Wat hou jy meer van, kalkoentjies, swaard-lelies of viooltjies? [*Aan die blomme-verkoper.*] Gee asseblief vir my 'n bossie kalkoentjies en 'n bossie viooltjies.

Die Blomme-verkoper. Van-oggend gepluk. Heeltemaal vars, meneer. Wil u nie ook 'n bossie Afrikanertjies hê nie? Dié kos nege oulap. Die ander bossies kos maar net 'n sikspens elk.

[*Kingston betaal vir die blomme en gee hulle aan mej. Jansen. Sy bedank hom hartlik.*]

Kingston. In die ou dae het die kleurlinge heide en Kaapse wilde-blomme in die berge gepluk en dit hier kom verkoop. In die jongste tyd het die Regering drastiese stappe gedoen om die

* Commonly called montbretias in Britain. A bulbous plant of the iris family, with showy orange-red flowers, a native of South Africa.

protect wild-flower species. Now they chiefly sell flowers which they have cultivated in their own little gardens. [*He looks at his watch.*] Dear me, it's exactly half-past twelve. I feel like having something to eat.

Miss Jansen. The walk has given me an appetite, too.

Kingston. And now we shall have to take a bus to get to the Botanical Gardens. I asked Murray and Pienaar to wait there for us.

[*Kingston looks round and sees a bus coming. He waves his hand.*

They get in and sit down.]

The Conductor. Tickets, please!

Kingston. Two to the top end of Adderley Street.

[*Hands him a coin. The conductor punches the tickets and hands them to Kingston with the change.*]

Kingston. Here we are, but I don't see our friends anywhere. They are probably in the tea gardens.

Fifteenth Conversation. In the Tea Gardens

SCENE. *Murray is walking to and fro impatiently. Now and again he looks at his watch. Pienaar is sitting at a table near by. It is a quarter to one, and Miss Jansen and Kingston have not yet put in an appearance. Finally he puts a packet of mebos and a basket of strawberries down on the table and begins to walk towards the entrance.*

Pienaar. Wait a moment. Here they come.

Murray. If I had known that they would be so long I would have gone for them myself.

Kingston. How's life? Murray seems to be dead beat.

Pienaar. I can't complain, but poor Murray is very tired. He has been very busy shopping all morning.

Kingston. Don't tell me you're tired, Murray. I have arranged a hike for us this afternoon.

Pienaar. Where to?

Kingston. To Kirstenbosch. It's eight miles from Cape Town by the round-the-mountain road. At table I'll tell you in detail how to get there.

[*The four friends sit down and Pienaar orders the meal.*]

Kingston. We can take the bus to Kirstenbosch and walk from there to Hout Bay.

Pienaar. We could safely spend the entire afternoon at Kirstenbosch.

wilde blom-soorte te beskerm. Nou verkoop hulle hoof-saaklik blomme wat hulle in hul eie tuintjies gekweek het. [*Hy kyk op sy oorlosie.*] Alla-wêreld, dis op die kop half-een. Ek het lus vir iets om te eet.

Mej. Jansen. Die wandeling het my ook 'n aptyt gegee.

Kingston. En nou moet ons 'n bus neem om by die Botaniese Tuine te kom. Ek het vir Murray en Pienaar gevra om vir ons daar te wag.

[*Kingston kyk om en sien 'n bus aan die kom. Hy wink met die hand. Hulle klim in en neem plaas.*]

Die Kondukteur. Kaartjies, asseblief!

Kingston. Twee na die bo-ent van Adderley-straat.

[*Gee aan hom 'n geld-stuk. Die kondukteur knip die kaartjies en gee hulle saam met die klein-geld aan Kingston.*]

Kingston. Hier is ons, maar ek sien ons maats nêrens nie. Hulle is waarskynlik in die tee-tuin.

Vyftiende gesprek. In die Tee-tuin

TONEEL. *Murray stap ongeduldig heen en weer. Hy kyk af en toe op sy oorlosie. Pienaar sit by 'n tafel daar naby. Dis kwart voor een, en mej. Jansen en Kingston het nog nie opgedaag nie. Eindelik sit hy 'n pakkie mebos* en 'n mandjie aarbeie op die tafel neer en begin stap na die ingang.*

Pienaar. Wag 'n bietjie. Hier kom hulle.

Murray. As ek geweet het hulle sou so lank versuim, sou ek hulle self gaan haal het.

Kingston. Hoe staan die lewe? Dit lyk vir my Murray is stok-flou.

Pienaar. Ek kan nie kla nie, maar arme Murray is dood-moeg. Hy was heel môre druk besig met inkopies doen.

Kingston. Jy wil tog nie sê jy is moeg nie, Murray? Ek het vir ons 'n stap-toertjie vir vanmiddag gereël.

Pienaar. Waarheen?

Kingston. Na Kirstenbosch. Dis agt myl van Kaapstad af met die om-die-berg pad. Aan tafel sal ek julle haar-fyn vertel hoe om daar te kom. [*Die vier vriende gaan sit en Pienaar bestel die ete.*]

Kingston. Ons kan met die bus na Kirstenbosch ry en vandaar na Houtbaai stap.

Pienaar. Ons kan gerus die hele agtermiddag by Kirstenbosch

* Crystallized apricots.

In summer the temperature there is usually ten degrees lower than in Cape Town.

Kingston. Is that all you have to say about Kirstenbosch? What of all the innumerable indigenous plants and flower species to be seen there?

Pienaar. When I was a medical student I was there every other day.

Miss Jansen. Tell us something of this garden, Mr Kingston.

Kingston. All right. It was laid out in the seventeenth century. It was a vegetable garden at first. Dutch ships used always to break their voyages to the Dutch East Indies at the Cape. This garden provided many a sailor with fresh carrots.

Pienaar. Nowadays plants and trees from all parts of the world grow here.

Murray. I bought you some mebos this morning, Miss Jansen.

Pienaar. And I brought you a box of chocolates.

Miss Jansen. You overload me with presents.

Pienaar. [with a courteous bow] Your smile is our reward.

Kingston. If this were winter we could take you to a Rugby match at Stellenbosch. Do you feel like going to the cricket match at Newlands the day after to-morrow?

Miss Jansen and Murray. [together] Yes, thank you.

Pienaar. What shall we do to-morrow?

Kingston. Shall we ring up the travel section of the South African Railways? Excursion tickets are very cheap now. [He looks in his pocket-book.] The 'phone number is 2-8463.

Pienaar. [begins to laugh] I say, Kingston is on his mettle to-day. He's a mine of information.

Murray. He is the best publicity agent I have ever struck.



deur-bring. Die temperatuur in die somer is gewoonlik daar tien grade laer as in Kaapstad.

Kingston. Is dit al wat jy oor Kirstenbosch te sê het? Wat van al die ontelbare inheemse plante en blomsoorte wat daar te sien is?

Pienaar. Toe ek mediese student was, was ek al om die ander dag daar.

Mej. Jansen. Vertel ons 'n bietjie van hierdie tuin, mnr Kingston.

Kingston. Nou goed. Dit is in die sewentiende eeu aangelê. Dit was eers 'n groente-tuin. Nederlandse skepe het altyd hul reise na Nederlands-Oos-Indië by die Kaap onderbreek. Hierdie tuin het aan menige matroos vars geel-wortels verskaf.

Pienaar. Deesdae groei hier bome en plante uit alle dele van die wêreld.

Murray. Ek het van-oggend vir jou 'n bietjie mebos gekoop, mej. Jansen.

Pienaar. En ek het vir jou 'n doos sjokolade gebring.

Mej. Jansen. Julle oorlaai my met presente.

Pienaar. [met 'n hoflike buiging] U glimlag is ons beloning.

Kingston. As dit nou winter was, kon ons julle na 'n rugby-wedstryd op Stellenbosch neem. Het julle lus om oor-môre na die krieket-wedstryd op Nuwe-lande te gaan kyk?

Mej. Jansen en Murray. [saam] Ja, dankie.

Pienaar. Wat sal ons môre doen?

Kingston. Sal ons die Reis-afdeling van die Suid-Afrikaanse Spoorweë opbel? Ekskursie-kaartjies is nou besonder goed-koop. [Hy kyk in sy sak-boekie.] Die foon-nommer is 2-8463.

Pienaar. [raak aan die lag] Maar hoor, die Kingston is vandag op sy stukke. Hy 's 'n ware bron van inligting.

Murray. Hy is die beste publiseits-agent wat ek nog ooit teëgekom het.

Sixteenth Conversation. A Drive to Cape Point

SCENE. *It is about half-past one in the afternoon. Kingston has arranged a motor trip to Cape Point. He has hired a car, as Murray's car has not yet arrived in Cape Town. The three men are wearing blazers and white flannels, and Miss Jansen a white summer dress. The motor starts off in the direction of the city. Kingston is at the wheel, Miss Jansen sits in front beside him, and Murray and Pienaar are in the dicky.*

Pienaar. We must stop somewhere to buy sweets. There ought to be a shop hereabouts. [*To Murray.*] Try to attract Miss Jansen's attention so that she can ask Kingston to stop. Knock on the window.

Murray. I'll go and buy the eats. [*He enters the fruit shop and comes back with several paper bags.*] I've bought Miss Jansen a box of sweets. A few oranges for Kingston and apples for Pienaar. He is a doctor, isn't he?

Pienaar. Do you want to get rid of me? I wanted peaches and apricots, but it is unfortunately still too early in the summer for them. Don't drive so fast, Kingston. The entire distance which we must cover is only a hundred miles. We need not be home before nine o'clock this evening.

Miss Jansen. Have you ever seen the sea so blue?

Kingston. Do you believe me now when I tell you that this is a

Sestiende gesprek. Per Motor na Kaappunt

TONEEL. *Dis omtrent halftwee in die na-middag. Kingston het 'n motor-toertjie na Kaap-punt gereël. Hy het 'n motor gehuur want Murray se motor het nog nie in Kaapstad aangekom nie. Die drie kêrels het kleur-baadjies en witbroeke aan. Mej. Jansen is in 'n wit somer-rokkie gekleed. Die motor trek in die rigting van die stad weg. Kingston sit agter die wiel, mej. Jansen sit voor langs hom en Murray en Pienaar sit agter in die kasse-bak.*

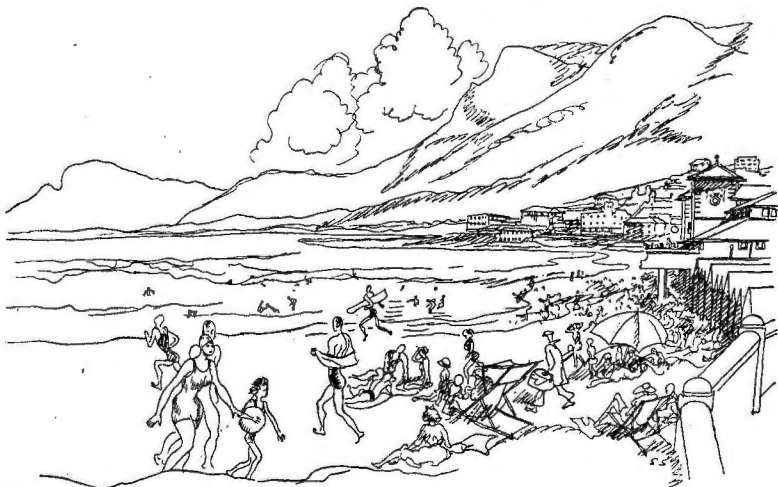
Pienaar. Ons moet êrens stilhou om lekkers te koop. Daar behoort 'n winkel hier rond te wees. *[Aan Murray.]* Probeer om mej. Jansen se aandag te trek sodat sy vir Kingston kan vra om stil te hou. Klop op die venstertjie.

Murray. Ek sal die eet-goed gaan koop. *[Hy loop by die vrugte-winkel in en kom met verskeie kardoese terug.]* Vir mej. Jansen het ek 'n doos lekkers gekoop. Vir Kingston 'n paar lemoene en appels vir Pienaar. Hy is mos 'n dokter.

Pienaar. Wil julle van my ontslae raak? Ek wou perskes en appelpose hê, maar dit is ongelukkig nog te vroeg in die somer daarvoor. Moenie so vinnig ry nie, Kingston. Die hele afstand wat ons moet aflê is maar net honderd myl. Ons hoef nie voor van-aand om negen-uur tuis te wees nie.

Mej. Jansen. Het jy al ooit die see so blou gesien?

Kingston. Glo jy my nou as ek sê dat dit 'n pragtige land is



beautiful country? We are now at Green Point. Three Anchor Bay is a little further.

Murray. [*after a little while*] This place must be a popular holiday resort. I can see a bathing pavilion in the distance. What is this place called?

Pienaar. This is Sea Point. It seems that the summer season has already begun. Usually a delightfully cool breeze blows here to temper the heat of the summer. It is particularly refreshing to bathe here.

Murray. Are you looking for a place where we can have the refreshments we brought along?

Pienaar. I have thought of that. When we reach the white sands at Muizenberg, I'll tell Kingston.

Miss Jansen. Isn't this a fine road!

Kingston. I have boasted sufficiently about the scenery of my own country, but before I stop doing so—some people think that this is the most beautiful mountain road in the world.

Miss Jansen. I can well believe that. What attracts me especially is the deep blue sea-water on the one side, and the green foliage of the rugged mountain on the other.

Murray. The beach here is formed just like a crescent; I wish I could bathe here.

Pienaar. There is nothing to stop you except that we haven't enough time. One day we could come here for that purpose. We are not even half-way to Cape Point yet.

Murray. The road stretches out before us like a ribbon—it is really inviting us to go further. Far below us I can hear the rumble of the sea. What lighthouse is that?

Pienaar. That is the Slangkop Lighthouse. The sea is dangerous for ships there.

Kingston. We are driving far too slowly. Would you mind if I speed up a bit?

Miss Jansen. No, but don't race. I don't get the chance of seeing something like this every day.

[*After twenty minutes Kingston applies the brakes. They all get out to stretch their legs.*]

Murray. It is really a pity that we did not bring half a dozen bottles of grape juice along. I suppose you are thirsty?

Kingston. It is Pienaar's fault that we must go thirsty. If you had relied on me, this would not have happened.

Pienaar. It does not really matter—there are little cafés everywhere along the road.

Kingston. [*to Pienaar*] Go and peep in the dicky. Just before we left, I put four bottles of orange juice in it.

Pienaar. I say, that is good of you. [*He fetches the bottles.*]

- hierdie? Ons is nou by Groenpunt. Drie-ankerbaai is 'n entjie verder.
- Murray.* [na 'n rukkie] Hierdie plek moet 'n populêre vakansieoord wees. Ek kan 'n baai-pawiljoen in die verte sien. Wat is die plek se naam?
- Pienaar.* Dis See-punt. Dit lyk asof die somer-seisoen al begin het. Daar waai gewoonlik hier 'n heerlike koel windjie wat die somerhitte matig. Dit is besonder verfrissend om hier te baai.
- Murray.* Soek jy na 'n plek waar ons die verversings wat ons saamgebring het, kan gaan eet?
- Pienaar.* Ek het alreeds daaraan gedink. As ons by Muizenberg se wit sand kom, sal ek vir Kingston sê.
- Mej. Jansen.* Is dit nie 'n fraai pad nie!
- Kingston.* Ek het nou al genoeg gespog oor die natuur-skoon van my eie land. Maar voor ek daarmee ophou—sommige mense dink dat hierdie pad die mooiste berg-pad in die wêreld is.
- Mej. Jansen.* Ek kan dit goed glo. Wat my veral aantrek is die diep blou see-water aan die een kant en die groen lower van die ruwe berg aan die ander.
- Murray.* Die strand hier is gevorm net soos 'n half-maantjie. Ek wens ek kon hier baai.
- Pienaar.* Daar is niks om jou te belet nie; net dit—ons het nie genoeg tyd daarvoor nie. Eendag kan ons spesiaal daarvoor hierheen kom. Ons is nog nie eers half-pad na Kaappunt nie.
- Murray.* Die pad strek soos 'n lintjie voor ons uit. Hy nooi ons eintlik uit om verder te gaan. Daar ver onder ons kan ek die dreuning van die see hoor. Watter lighuis is dit daardie?
- Pienaar.* Dis Slangkop se lig-huis. Die see is daar gevaarlik vir skepe.
- Kingston.* Ons ry glad te stadig. Sal jy omgee as ek 'n bietjie vinniger ry?
- Mej. Jansen.* Nee, maar moet net nie jaag nie. Ek kry nie al-dag die kans om so-iets te sien nie.
- [Na twintig minute slaan Kingston die remme aan. Almal klim af om hul bene te rek.]
- Murray.* Dis regtig jammer dat ons nie 'n half dosyn bottels druiwesap saambring het nie. Julle het seker dors, nê?
- Kingston.* Dis Pienaar se skuld dat ons dors moet ly. As julle nou op my staat-gemaak het, sou dit nie gebeur het nie.
- Pienaar.* Dit maak tog nie eintlik saak nie—daar is oral langs die pad kafeetjies.
- Kingston.* [aan Pienaar] Gaan loer in die katte-bak. Net voor ons weggetrek het, het ek vier bottels lemoen-sap daarin gesit.
- Pienaar.* Hoor, dis gaaf van jou. [Hy gaan haal die bottels.]

Kingston. [*calls after him*] You will find the glasses in the door pockets in front. [*To Miss Jansen.*] We have stopped at a good place. On my left the Indian Ocean, on my right the Atlantic. *Pienaar.* The very place at which to have our food!

Seventeenth Conversation. Pienaar leaves for the North

SCENE. *At the station in Cape Town, a quarter of an hour before the train is due to leave.*

Pienaar. I bought my ticket and reserved my seat early this afternoon. We must go to Platform No. 11. Where's my porter? Oh, here you are. The number of my compartment is 1236 D.

Kingston. Here's the conductor of your train. Ask him where your compartment is. Then we need not search any longer.

Pienaar. [*to the conductor*] My name is Piet Pienaar. I reserved a first-class coupé.

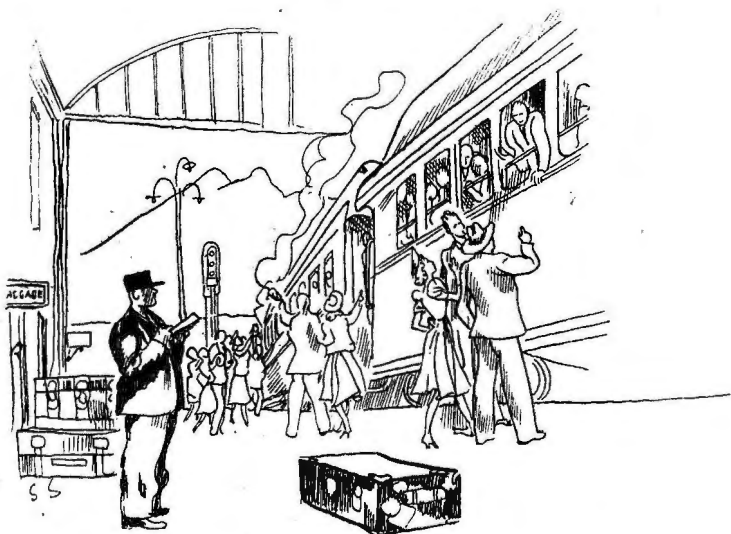
Conductor. [*refers to his list of names*] Yes, sir, here's your name. Compartment 1236 D is in the coach just behind the dining saloon.

Pienaar. My word, there are lots of people here.

[*A woman bumps into him.* "I beg your pardon," she says, "but these golf clubs were in my way." *Pienaar* lifts his hat. "I'm sorry. I'll remove them at once."]

Kingston. [roep hom agterna] In die deursakkies voor sal jy die glasies vind! [*Aan mej. Jansen.*] Ons het op 'n goeie plek stilgehou. Aan my linker-kant die Indiese Oseaan, aan my regterkant die Atlantiese Oseaan.

Pienaar. Net die plek om ons pad-kos te geniet!



Sewentiende gesprek. Pienaar vertrek na die Noorde

TONEEL. *Op die Kaapstadse stasie, 'n kwartier voordat die trein na die Noorde vertrek.*

Pienaar. Ek het vroeg vanmiddag my kaartjie gekoop en my plek bespreek. Ons moet op perron nommer elf wees. Waar is my kruier? O! Hier is jy. My kompartement se nommer is 1236 D. *Kingston.* Hier is jou trein se kondukteur. Vra hom waar jou kompartement is. Dan hoef ons nie langer te soek nie.

Pienaar. [*aan die kondukteur*] My naam is Piet Pienaar. Ek het 'n eerste-klas koepee bespreek.

Die Kondukteur. [*slaan sy name-lys na*] Ja, meneer, hier is u naam. Kompartement 1236 D is in die wa net agter die eet-salon.

Pienaar. Soe, maar hier is 'n klomp mense.

[*'n Vrou loop teen hom vas. „Verskoon my, meneer,” sê sy, „maar hierdie gholfstokke was in my pad.” Pienaar lig sy hoed: „Dit spyt my. Ek sal hulle dadelik wegneem.”*]

Kingston. You must be careful, old chap. You nearly had a patient then. We must hurry, there isn't much time left.

Miss Jansen. Here's your coach—and there's D. There is nobody else in it.

Pienaar. *[to the porter]* Put the things inside, will you?

Miss Jansen. Did you reserve sleeping accommodation?

Pienaar. No, that isn't necessary, as our compartments are so fitted that the bedding attendant can change the seat into a bed in a flash.

Murray. Then one need not buy an extra ticket for one's place in a sleeper?

Pienaar. No, our railway carriages are all sleepers because our trains do such long distances. But you must hire the bedding. It costs you 3/- for the whole journey, whether you spend one night in the train, or two. Or more, for that matter.

Murray. That is a sensible arrangement.

Pienaar. And if you want to save the 3/- you have only to bring along your own rugs, and it won't cost you a brass farthing.

Murray. I'll remember that.

[Suddenly the bell rings indicating that the train is about to depart.

Pienaar hastily says good-bye to his friends, walks down the passage, and puts his head out of the window.]

Kingston. Good-bye, Pienaar, we'll see you again soon.

Pienaar. Certainly. Everything of the best.

[The whistle blows and the train draws slowly out of the station. From all sides one hears last words of farewell. Those remaining on the platform wave their handkerchiefs and gloves. Some laugh and others wipe tears from their eyes.]

Eighteenth Conversation. Murray pays a Visit to his Agents in Cape Town

SCENE. *Murray hands his card to the clerk, saying that he has an appointment with the managing director at half-past ten. The clerk takes him to Mr Van der Spuy.*

Van der Spuy. Good day, Mr Murray. Please take a seat. *[He presses a bell and his private secretary enters.]* Pieterse, kindly bring me the Ajax Motor Company's file. *[To Murray.]* I hope you enjoyed the voyage . . . and how does the country suit you?

Murray. I expected that inevitable question. I like South Africa very much.

Kingston. Jong, jy moet op-pas. Jy het toe amper 'n pasiënt gehad.

Ons moet gou maak, daar is nie meer veel tyd oor nie.

Mej. Jansen. Hier is jou wa. En daar is D. Daar is niemand anders daarin nie.

Pienaar. [aan die kruier] Sit die goed maar binne-in.

Mej. Jansen. Het jy slaap-plek bespreek?

Pienaar. Nee, dit is nie nodig nie want ons kompartemente is so ingerig dat die bedde-jong in 'n omsientijestyd die bank in 'n bed kan verander.

Murray. Dan hoef 'n mens nie 'n ekstra kaartjie vir jou plek in die slaap-wa te koop nie?

Pienaar. Nee, ons spoorwaens is almal slaapwaens omdat ons treine sulke lang afstande aflê. Maar die bedde-goed moet jy huur. Dit kos jou 3/- vir die hele reis, of jy nou een nag in die trein deurbring, of twee. Of meer, as dit daarop aankom.

Murray. Dis 'n verstandige reëling.

Pienaar. En as jy die 3/- wil spaar moet jy net jou eie komberse saambring, dan kos dit jou nie 'n blou duit nie.

Murray. Ek sal dit onthou.

[*Skielik lui die klokke wat aandui dat die trein op vertrek staan.*

Pienaar groet sy vriende haastig, stap langs die gangetjie af en steek sy kop by die venster uit.]

Kingston. Weder-om, Pienaar, ons sien jou binnekort weer.

Pienaar. Al te seker. Alles van die beste.

[*Die fluitjie blaas en die trein trek stadig uit die stasie uit. Van alle kante hoor 'n mens nog laaste woorde van vaarwel. Die agterblywendes op die perron waai met hul sakdoeke en hand-skoene. Party lag en andere vee trane uit hul oë uit.*]

Agtiende gesprek. Murray lê 'n Besoek af by sy Agente in Kaapstad

TONEEL. *Murray gee sy kaartjie aan die klerk en sê dat hy om half-elf 'n bestelling met die besturende direkteur het. Die klerk neem hom na mnr Van der Spuy toe.*

Van der Spuy. Goeiendag, mnr Murray. Neem asseblief plaas.

[*Hy druk op 'n klokke en sy privaat-sekretaris kom binne.*] Pieterse, bring asseblief die lêer van die Ajax-motor-maatskappy hiernatoe.

[*Aan Murray.*] Ek hoop dat u die see-reis hierheen geniet het . . . en hoe geval die land u?

Murray. Ek het die onvermydelike vraag verwag. Ek hou net baie van Suid-Afrika.

Van der Spuy. Good. To talk business—your company is keen on putting the Ajax on the market here in South Africa, isn't that so?

Murray. Yes, and we have designed and built the car bearing conditions in South Africa in mind, but before we begin with mass production, I would like to put the car to the test on South African roads.

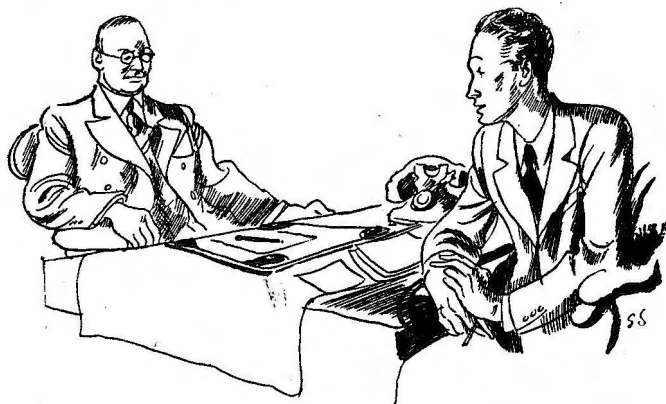
Van der Spuy. Have you brought some of the cars with you?

Murray. Fifteen, all told. We should be very pleased if you would let us know whether the car is suitable for this country.

Van der Spuy. With the greatest of pleasure. For some time now we have been looking for a car built specially for use in South Africa.

Murray. I suggest that we go for a trial run.

Van der Spuy. Excellent!



Nineteenth Conversation. The Test Run to Bainskloof

SCENE. *Murray, Van der Spuy, and one of his partners, Hendriks, are on their way to Bainskloof. The new motor hums past the Paarl vineyards. Murray is highly delighted—he feels that his car is doing well.*

Van der Spuy. We are now on a level stretch of tarred road. I don't think we'll have any complaints until we reach Wellington, but there we start going uphill.

Murray. Are the seats comfortable?

Van der Spuy. Yes, extraordinarily so. They are a great improvement—there's more than sufficient room for one's legs. The big

Van der Spuy. Mooi so. Om nou oor besigheid te praat—u maatskappy is begerig om die Ajax hier in Suid-Afrika op die mark te sit, nie waar nie?

Murray. Ja, en ons het die kar ontwerp en gebou met Suid-Afrikaanse toestande voor oë, maar voor ons met groot-skaalse vervaardiging begin, wil ek die kar op Suid-Afrikaanse paaie op die proef stel.

Van der Spuy. Het u 'n paar van die motors saamgebring?

Murray. Altesaam vyftien. Ons sal baie bly wees as u vir ons sal laat weet of die motor geskik is vir hierdie land.

Van der Spuy. Met die grootste plesier. Ons soek al lankal na 'n kar wat spesiaal vir gebruik in Suid-Afrika gebou is.

Murray. Ek gee aan die hand dat ons 'n proefrit onderneem.

Van der Spuy. Eersteklas!

Negentiende gesprek. Die Proefrit na Bainskloof

TONEEL. *Murray, Van der Spuy en een van sy vennote, Hendriks, is op pad na Bainskloof. Die nuwe motor gons by die Paarlse wingerde verby. Murray is hoog in sy skik—hy voel dat sy motor goed vertoon.*

Van der Spuy. Ons is nou op 'n gelyk ent teer-pad. Tot by Wellington glo ek nie ons sal klagte hê nie. Maar dan begin die opdraande.

Murray. Is die sitplekke gerieflik?

Van der Spuy. Ja, by uitstek. Hulle is 'n groot verbetering—daar is oor-genoeneg ruimte vir 'n mens se bene. Die groot fout was

mistake has always been that English cars are built exclusively for English roads.

Hendriks. I can understand that, because the market is so much smaller here. It wouldn't pay to build a car specially for South Africa.

Murray. It is, however, possible to manufacture a car which will suit both countries. That is what we have tried to do. Besides, you have excellent roads now.

Van der Spuy. You mean our new National Roads? They are excellent, but then there are still our hills and mountains.

Murray. I know what you are about to say—the ordinary English car's horse-power is too low.

Van der Spuy. Also, if one leaves the main roads and lands on farm roads, the English car has two annoying faults—the springs give trouble, and the chassis catches the ridge in the middle of the road.

Hendriks. My objection is this: the bodies of the English cars we imported up to a few years ago are too small. You must remember that the distances between our important cities are great. Cape Town is more or less a thousand miles from Pretoria. For that reason the body of a car must be roomy.

Murray. The Ajax's luggage compartment is more than usually big.

Van der Spuy. Another thing—the radiator must not boil over too soon.

Murray. Well, to-day is a fairly warm day. We shall see!

Van der Spuy. We'll be at Bainskloof shortly. Will you allow me to drive? It will give you the opportunity of looking at the fruit farms. The apricots and the preserves come from here.

Murray. The various buttons all have their names. It would be a good idea to put Afrikaans plates beside them to indicate their use.

[*Murray and Van der Spuy change seats. Van der Spuy switches the motor on and presses the starter button. The engine starts immediately. The driver lets the clutch in gradually.*]

Murray. The motor's taxable horse-power is twenty-five, and its brake horse-power a hundred and eight—at three thousand eight hundred revolutions per minute.

Van der Spuy. The car pulls exceptionally well on its top gear. I am very pleased with it. What do you think, Hendriks?

Hendriks. I am also very satisfied with the car. We must congratulate Mr Murray's company on its achievement.

nog altyd dat Engelse motors uitsluitlik vir Engelse paaie gebou is.

Hendriks. Ek kan dit verstaan want die afset-gebied hier is soveel kleiner. Dit sou nie betaal om spesiaal vir Suid-Afrika 'n motor te bou nie.

Murray. Dit is egter moontlik om 'n motor te bou wat in albei lande sal deug. Dit het ons probeer doen. En u het buitendien nou uitstekende paaie.

Van der Spuy. U bedoel ons nuwe Nasionale Paaie? Hulle is uitstekend. Maar dan bly daar nog ons heuwels en berge oor.

Murray. Ek weet wat u nou gaan sê—die gewone Engelse kar se perde-krag is te laag.

Van der Spuy. En as 'n mens die hoof-pad verlaat en op plaas-paaie te lande kom het die Engelse motor twee tergende gebreke; die vere lol en die onderstel haak teen die middel-mannetjie vas.

Hendriks. My beswaar is dit: die bakke van die Engelse motors wat ons tot 'n paar jare gelede hiernatoe ingevoer het, is te klein. U moet onthou dat die afstande tussen ons belangrike stede groot is. Kaapstad is min of meer 'n duisend myl van Pretoria af. Om daardie rede moet die bak van 'n motor ruim wees.

Murray. Die Ajax se bagasie-ruim is besonder groot.

Van der Spuy. Nog iets—die verkoeler moenie te gou oorkook nie.

Murray. Wel, dis vandag 'n taamlike warm dag. Ons sal sien!

Van der Spuy. Netnou is ons by Bainskloof. Sal u my toelaat om die motor te bestuur? Dit sal u die geleentheid gee om die vrugte-plase te bekyk. Dis hier waar die appeltreë en die konfyt vandaan kom.

Murray. Die verskeie knoppies het almal hul name. Dit sou 'n goeie plan wees om Afrikaanse plaatjies langs hulle aan te bring om aan te dui waarvoor hulle dien.

[Murray en Van der Spuy ruil hul sitplekke om. Van der Spuy skakel die motor in en druk op die aan-sit-knoppie. Die enjin vat dadelik. Die drywer lig stadig sy voet van die koppelaar af.]

Murray. Die motor se belasbare perdekrag is vyf-en-twintig en sy rem-perde-krag honderd-en-agt—teen drie-duisend agt-honderd rewolusies per minuut.

Van der Spuy. Die kar trek buitengewoon goed op sy hoogste versnelling. Ek is net ingenome daarmee. Wat dink jy, Hendriks?

Hendriks. Ek is ook hoogs tevrede met die motor. Ons moet mnr Murray se maatskappy gelukwens met hul prestasie.

Twentieth Conversation. Let 's go Bathing

SCENE. *Our old acquaintances are lying on the beach at Muizenberg. In the course of the morning they paid a visit to Groote Schuur, the official residence of the Prime Minister. In the afternoon they have been bathing. They have only just come out of the water.*

Murray. Most of these people are skilful swimmers. Not even the children are afraid of diving into the waves.

Miss Jansen. [*with a jolly laugh*] Do you see that fat woman with the red bathing cap? Every time a wave breaks over her, her head disappears under the water, and she swallows a big mouthful of salt water.

Kingston. Yes, one does see rather funny shapes.

Miss Jansen. And pretty figures, too . . .

Murray. It is strange that this wonderful bay should have such an ugly name. Why is that?

Kingston. Do you mean False Bay? Well, the bay seems peaceful and quiet to-day, but in the days gone by it claimed many sailing ships and lives into the bargain during the terrible storms which sometimes raged about the Cape. One comes across sad old wrecks along this coast. Nowadays they serve as resting-places for sea-gulls.

[*Miss Jansen is not listening to the conversation at all. She is staring into the distance.*]

Twintigste gesprek. Kom ons gaan Baai!

TONEEL. *Ons ou bekendes lê op Muizenberg se strand. In die loop van die môre het hulle 'n besoek aan Groote Schuur, die amptelike woning van die Eerste Minister, gebring. In die na-middag het hulle gebaai. Hulle het nou net uit die water uitgekóm.*

Murray. Die mense is amper almal knap swemmers. Selfs die kinders is nie bang om in die golwe te duik nie.

Mej. Jansen. *[met 'n vrolike laggie]* Sien jy daardie vet tannie met die rooi baai-mus? Elke keer as 'n brander oor haar breek, raak haar kop onder die water weg, en sluk sy 'n groot mondvol sout-water.

Kingston. Ja, 'n mens sien nogal snaakse fatsoene.

Mej. Jansen. En mooi figure ook . . .

Murray. Dit is vreemd dat hierdie wonderlike baai so 'n lelike naam het. Waarom sou dit wees?

Kingston. Bedoel jy Valsbaai? Wel, die baai lyk vandag vreedsaam en stil, maar in vergange dae het dit baie seil-skepe en lewes op die koop toe geëis gedurende die vreeslike storms wat somtyds om die Kaap gewoed het. Langs hierdie kus kom 'n mens treurige ou wrakke teë. Teenswoordig dien hulle as rusplekke vir see-meeue.

[Mej. Jansen luister glad nie na die gesprek nie. Sy staar in die verte.]



Murray. Miss Jansen, what are you thinking about so deeply?

Miss Jansen. [*answers absent-mindedly*] I was busy building myself a house—a white house with a tall gable above the front door, and a thatched roof. I find the old Cape architecture very attractive.

Murray. I suppose it reminds you of the Dutch architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Kingston. That is undoubtedly where the scrolled gables come from, but for the rest the houses are built to suit the Cape climate. The thatched roof and high walls keep such a house cool in the heat of the summer.

Miss Jansen. Speaking of the heat—I think we should go and dress now. Murray's back is as red as his hair!

Kingston. [*with fatherly concern*] Beware of sunstroke. You must take your sunbaths in little doses.

A Letter from Dr Pienaar

Welgevonden,
Utrecht,
Natal.

1st May 1938.

DEAR MURRAY,

Greetings!

We have told you so much about the Kruger Game Reserve that it would perhaps be a good idea to spend a short holiday there in July. You will never forget the experience. Just imagine—a game reserve eight thousand square miles in extent, the most important game reserve in the world. There you will see animals of all kinds, from elephants and lions to the smallest antelopes, in their natural state.

Good roads run right through the park and there are signposts everywhere, which render road guides and even maps superfluous. Furthermore, there are rest camps, little shops, and (believe it or not) the eternal petrol pumps! And the rondawels are comfortable, a little too comfortable for my liking. The rest camps have one advantage, though—we needn't worry about tents.

You will find the behaviour of the animals especially interesting. They are not at all afraid of motor cars, probably because they have not learned to associate the car with danger.

I'll have more to tell you next time. I want to know, first of all,

Murray. Mej. Jansen, waarom dink jy so diep?

Mej. Jansen. [antwoord ingedagte] Ek was besig om vir my 'n huis te bou—'n spier-wit huis met 'n hoë gewel bo die voordeur, en 'n gras-dak. Die ou Kaapse bou-styl is vir my so aantreklik!

Murray. Dit laat jou seker dink aan die Hollandse bou-styl van die sestiende en die sewentiende eeue.

Kingston. Dit is ongetwyfeld waar die gekrulde gewels vandaan kom, maar origens is die huise gebou vir die Kaapse klimaat. Die grasdak en hoë mure hou so 'n huis koel in die somer-hitte.

Mej. Jansen. Van hitte gepraat—ek dink regtig ons moet nou gaan aantrek. Murray se rug is net so rooi as sy hare.

Kingston. [met vaderlike besorgdheid] Pas-op vir son-steek. Jy moet jou sonbaaie bietjies-bietjies neem.

'n Brief van dr Pienaar

Welgevonden,
Utrecht,
Natal.

1 Mei 1938.

BESTE MURRAY,

Wees gegroet!

Ons het jou al so veel van die Kruger-wildtuin vertel dat dit miskien 'n goeie plan sou wees om in Julie 'n kort vakansie daar deur te bring. Jy sal die ondervinding nooit vergeet nie. Verbeel jou —'n wildtuin agtduisend vierkant myl groot, die belangrikste wild-reserwe in die wêreld. Diere van alle soorte, van olifante en leeus tot die kleinste wildsbokkies, sal jy daar in hul natuurlike staat sien.

Goeie paaie loop dwarsdeur die tuin, en daar is oral wegwysers, wat padgidse en selfs kaarte oorbodig maak. Verder is daar ruskampe, winkeltjies en (glo dit as jy wil) die ewige petrolpompe! En die rondawels is gerieflik, 'n bietjie te gerieflik na my sin. Die ruskampe het darem een voordeel—ons hoef ons nie oor tente te bekommer nie.

Wat jy veral interessant sal vind is die gedrag van die diere. Vir motors is hulle glad nie bang nie, seker omdat hulle nog nie geleer het om die motor met gevaar te ver-een-selwig nie.

whether you approve of this plan. If you do, I will send you further details.

How are Kingston and Miss Jansen? They must, of course, come with us, don't you agree? Kindly convey my regards to them.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

PIET.

Twenty-first Conversation. Murray and Kingston agree to open a Showroom in Port Elizabeth

Kingston. As you know, I am a retired mining engineer. But this inactivity bores me, and I have often felt like asking you whether I shouldn't open a showroom for the Ajax off my own bat.

Murray. I'm very sorry, old chap, that I didn't think of that myself. Have you a little capital?

Kingston. I have a few hundred mining shares which I could sell. Apart from these, I receive a regular pension. I also make a few pounds per year out of my little farm.

Murray. Where do you want to open the business?

Kingston. Port Elizabeth is the very place. It is an important industrial centre, a busy port and manufacturing town.

Murray. It is also centrally situated. South African

wool, mohair, leather, and hides are exported from there, are they not?

Kingston. Some of our biggest shoe factories are there. But the most important thing is—it is the centre of the motor industry. Everything from a needle to an anchor is manufactured in Port Elizabeth.

Murray. Have I told you that Miss Jansen's uncle has invited me to visit his farm? I intend going there in a few weeks' time.



Later meer. Ver-eers wil ek weet of jy die plan goedkeur. Indien wel, sal ek jou nadere besonderhede stuur.

Hoe gaan dit met Kingston en mej. Jansen? Hulle moet natuurlik saam met ons gaan, of hoe? Dra asseblief my groete aan hulle oor.

Met beste wense,

Jou toegeneë vriend,

PIET.

Een-en-twintigste gesprek. Murray en Kingston kom oor-een om 'n Uitstal-kamer in Port Elizabeth te open

Kingston. Soos jy weet, is ek 'n afgetrede myn-ingeneur. Maar die leeg-lopery verveel my en ek het al baie lus gehad om jou te vra of ek nie op eie houtjie 'n uitstalkamer vir die Ajax sal open nie.

Murray. Man, dit spyt my dat ek nie al self daaraan gedink het nie. Het jy 'n bietjie kapitaal?

Kingston. Ek het 'n paar honderd myn-aandele wat ek van die hand kan sit. Buitendien ontvang ek nog 'n gereëldde pensioen. Uit my plasie maak ek ook 'n paar pond per jaar.

Murray. En waar wil jy die besigheid open?

Kingston. Port Elizabeth is die aangewese plek. Dit is 'n belangrike nywerheid-sentrum, 'n besige hawe en fabriek-stad.

Murray. Dis ook sentraal geleë. Suid-Afrikaanse wol, bok-haar, leer en beesvelle word daarvandaan uitgevoer, nie waar nie?

Kingston. Party van ons grootste skoefabrieke is daar. Maar die belangrikste ding is dit—dis die sentrum van die motor-nywerheid. In Port Elizabeth word alles, van 'n naald tot 'n anker, vervaardig.

Murray. Het ek jou al vertel dat mej. Jansen se oom my uitgenooi het om op sy plaas te kom kuier? Ek is van plan om oor 'n paar

Port Elizabeth isn't far from there; we could arrange to meet in the city.

Kingston. We need more time than that. I have not even got into touch with your company.

Murray. We need not decide immediately. My head office's reply will be here by the time we get back from the Kruger Game Reserve. I 'll recommend you. Do you want to work on a commission basis?

Kingston. Rather not, if it can be done otherwise. I should prefer to buy the cars for cash.

Murray. You will make higher profits that way. Do you want to be altogether independent?

Kingston. To begin with, yes. Afterwards, if all goes well, you can join me. You could first see how things go.

Murray. It seems to me you are assuming that I am going to stay in the country.

Kingston. Why not? Before we leave the subject—will you do me a favour?

Murray. With pleasure, if it is feasible.

Kingston. Will you please sound your company about the matter?

Murray. Gladly.

Murray's Reply to Dr Pienaar

206 Simon Street,
Cape Town,
5th May 1938.

DEAR PIENAAR,

Thanks very much for your letter of the 1st. Your idea is excellent, but I 'll agree to it only on one condition. That is, you must allow me to take you to the game reserve in my car as my guest. The reason for this is obvious. I want to put the car to the test thoroughly, in order to find out whether it is built strongly enough.

Meanwhile, I 've asked Kingston, and he would very much like to go, but he insists that we pool the expenses. I was against this, but you know, don't you, how stubborn he is. In the end he had his way. His suggestion is that we three men share the expenses equally, and that we send Miss Jansen a joint invitation to accompany us.

weke daarheen te gaan. Port Elizabeth is nie ver daarvandaan nie. Ons kan afsprek om mekaar in die stad te ontmoet.

Kingston. Ons het meer tyd as dit nodig. Ek het nog nie eers met jou maatskappy in verbinding getree nie.

Murray. Ons hoef nie onmiddellik te besluit nie. Teen die tyd dat ons van die Kruger-wildtuin terug-gekeer het, sal my hoofkantoor se antwoord hier wees. Ek sal jou aanbeveel. Wil jy op 'n kommissie-basis werk?

Kingston. Liewer nie as dit anders kan nie. Ek sou verkies om die motors vir kontant te koop.

Murray. Op die manier sal jy hoër profyte maak. Wil jy heeltemaal self-standig wees?

Kingston. Om mee te begin, ja. Naderhand, as alles goed gaan, kan jy by my aansluit. Jy kan eers die kat uit die boom uit kyk.

Murray. Dit lyk vir my asof jy aan-neem dat ek in die land gaan bly.

Kingston. Waarom nie? Voor ons van die onderwerp afstap—sal jy my 'n diens bewys?

Murray. Met plesier, as dit doenlik is.

Kingston. Sal jy asseblief jou maatskappy in hierdie verband pols?

Murray. Graag!

Murray se Antwoord aan dr Pienaar

Simonstraat 206,
Kaapstad.
5 Mei 1938.

BESTE PIENAAR,

Hartlik dank vir jou brief van die 1ste. Jou plan is uitstekend, maar ek sal net op een voorwaarde daarmee instem. Jy moet my naamlik toelaat om jou as my gas in my motor na die Wildtuin te neem. Die rede hiervoor lê voor die hand. Ek wil die motor deeglik op die proef stel om uit te vind of dit sterk genoeg gebou is.

Ondertussen het ek vir Kingston gevra en hy wil graag saam gaan, maar hy hou aan ons moet die onkoste las. Ek wou nog teenpraat, maar jy weet mos hoe koppig hy is. Op die ou end het hy sy sin gekry. Sy voorstel is dat ons drie kêrels al die onkoste gelyk-op deel, en dat ons vir Mej. Jansen 'n gesamentlike uitnodiging stuur om ons te vergesel.

So I wrote to her last week. She hasn't replied yet. I hope nothing will intervene, because I am certain it will be a pleasant experience.

With regards,
Your friend,
ALAN.

Twenty-second Conversation. Murray visits Mr Jansen's Farm, Avondrust, in the Oudtshoorn District

SCENE. *The Jansen household (Mr and Mrs Jansen and their little daughter Anna) are sitting on the stoep. Marietjie (thus far very formally known as Miss Jansen) and Alan Murray are having their afternoon coffee with them.*

Mr Jansen. After we've had our coffee we can walk round the farm and go and look at the garden.

Murray. It seems you have a big farm, Mr Jansen. What do you farm?

Mr Jansen. Chiefly tobacco. Furthermore, as you can see from the stoep, I grow lucerne, wheat, barley, and mealies. Down by the river I have vegetable gardens, an orange grove, and a vineyard.

Murray. What is that red fruit in that long hedge over there?

Mr Jansen. Those are pomegranates. But have you seen the prickly pears on the rise behind the farm-house?

Verlede week het ek toe aan haar gekryf. Sy het nog nie geantwoord nie. Ek hoop daar sal niks in die weg kom nie, want ek is seker dat dit 'n aangename ondervinding sal wees.

Groetend,
Jou vriend,
ALAN.



Twee-en-twintigste gesprek. Murray kuier op mnr Jansen se Plaas, Avondsrust, in die Oudtshoorn-distrik

TONEEL. *Die Jansen huisgesin (mnr en mev. Jansen en hul dogterjie Anna) sit op die stoep. Marietjie (totdusver heel formeel bekend as mej. Jansen) en Alan Murray geniet saam met hulle hul na-middag koffie.*

Mnr Jansen. Na ons klaar koffie gedrink het, kan ons op diep laas rondstap en na die tuin gaan kyk.

Murray. Dit lyk asof u 'n groef boerdery het, mnr Jansen. Waarmee boer u?

Mnr Jansen. Hoofsaaklik met tabak. Verder, soos u van die stoep af kan sien, kweek ek lusern, koring, gort en mielies. Onder langs die rivier het ek groente-tuine, 'n lemoen-boord en 'n wingerd.

Murray. Wat is daardie rooi vrugte in daardie lang heining daar oorkant?

Mnr Jansen. Dis granate. Maar het u al die turksvye op die bult agter die plaashuis gesien?

Murray. [*smiles sadly*] Yes, to my sorrow I found out this morning that prickly pears have thorns. There are still a few in my tongue.

Mr Jansen. On my farm behind the Swartberg I have the thornless kind. We can go there on horseback to-morrow.

Murray. Just one more question before we go. Why have you furrows in between the beds?

Mr Jansen. In the dry months I must irrigate my gardens, orchards, and crops from the river.

Mrs Jansen. Fortunately, water is plentiful. And we have fountains and a coffer-dam to help us through the lean years.

Mr Jansen. We can't complain this year. The harvests are promising.

Mrs Jansen. It will soon be milking time.

Mr Jansen. Yes, we can go and look at my Friesland cows.

[They get up and walk round the house in the direction of the stables and kraals.]

Anna. I want to show Mr Murray my dear little ducklings. Come with me, Mr Murray. I have ten little ducklings which came out of their eggshells yesterday.

Murray. Are they all the poultry you possess?

Anna. Oh, no, I also have some chickens. Their down is just beginning to change into feathers, and they do look funny with their long legs.

[Murray suddenly hears a peculiar sound from the mountain ridges.]

Murray. What is that?

Anna. Oh, those are the baboons which live in the mountains. There's a whole colony. One old baboon with a collection of females and little ones.

Murray. Don't they do much harm in the gardens?

Anna. No. Our dogs, Wagter and Flenters, keep them out. Look, there's the pony I got on my birthday.

Murray. Can you ride a horse?

Anna. I ride to school every morning on my pony. I also have a black calf with a white star on its forehead, and a pet lamb.

Murray. [glimlag treurig] Ja, ek het van-oggend tot my verdriet uitgevind dat turksvye dorings het. Daar sit nog 'n paar in my tong.

Mnr Jansen. Op my plaas agter die Swartberg het ek die doringlose soort. Ons kan môre te perd daarheen gaan.

Murray. Nog net een vraag voor ons loop. Waarom het u vore tussen die akkers in?

Mnr Jansen. In die droë maande moet ek my tuinerye, vrugteboorde en gesaaides uit die rivier nat lei.

Mev. Jansen. Gelukkig is water vol-op. En ons het fonteine en 'n vangdam om ons deur die maer jare te help.

Mnr Jansen. Vanjaar kan ons nie kla nie. Die oeste is belowend.

Mev. Jansen. Dit sal netnou melk-tyd wees.

Mnr Jansen. Ja, ons kan na my vries-koeie gaan kyk.

[*Hulle staan op en stap om die huis in die rigting van die stalle en krale.*]

Anna. Ek wil vir mnr Murray my liewe ou eendjies gaan wys. Kom saam met my, mnr Murray. Ek het tien klein eendjies wat gister uit hul doppe gekom het.

Murray. Is hulle al pluim-vee wat jy besit?

Anna. A nee a. Ek het ook 'n paar kuikens. Hulle donsies begin nou net verander in vere, en hulle lyk tog te snaaks met hul lang bene.

[*Murray hoor skielik 'n eien-aardige geluid uit die bergkranse.*]

Murray. Wat is dit?

Anna. O! Dis die bobbejane wat in die berge woon. Daar is 'n hele kolonie. Een ou bobbejaan met 'n trop wyfies en kleintjies.

Murray. Doen hulle nie baie kwaad in die tuine nie?

Anna. Nee. Ons honde, Wagter en Flenters, hou hulle daar-uit. Kyk, daar is die ponie wat ek op my verjaarsdag gekry het.

Murray. Kan jy perd ry?

Anna. Ek ry elke môre op my ponie skool-toe. Ek het ook 'n swart kalfie met 'n wit ster op sy voor-kop en 'n hans-lam.

Twenty-third Conversation. On Horseback

SCENE. *At the stables on the stroke of six. Murray is wearing borrowed riding breeches and leggings. The breeches are slightly too big for him—they belong to Mr Jansen, who is thickset. The horses are standing ready saddled. They stamp impatiently on the ground with their hooves. Now and again one neighs and tosses his head.*

Mr Jansen. Good morning, Murray. I hope you have had a good night's rest. You city dwellers usually sleep a bit longer, don't you? We farmers have to get up at the crack of dawn.

Murray. Very well, thank you. It was early for me, but the nice cup of coffee soon restored my temper.

Mr Jansen. I am pleased. And my wife will be even more pleased to hear that you like her coffee. With us that is a hostess's best recommendation. Our nickname for coffee is Afrikaner's Consolation.

Miss Jansen. Good morning, Uncle Sarel.

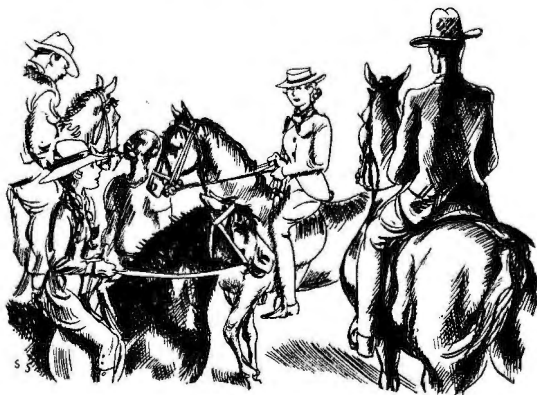
Mr Jansen. Good morning, Niece Marietjie. And you, did you sleep well?

Miss Jansen. Yes, thank you, uncle.

[*Mr Jansen lifts her into the saddle.*]

Mr Jansen. [to the coloured boy] Outa Galant, see whether the girth is taut. Marietjie, are your stirrup straps long enough? Don't pull too hard at the bit—keep the reins slack. It seems to me the horse's mouth is sore.

Miss Jansen. Are you sitting comfortably, Murray?



Drie-en-twintigste gesprek. Te Perd

TONEEL. Klokslag ses-uur by die stalle. Murray het 'n geleende rybroek en kamaste aan. Die broek is effens te groot vir hom—dit behoort aan mnr Jansen, wat 'n dikkerige man is. Die perde staan klaar opgesaal. Hulle kap ongeduldig met hul pote op die grond. Af en toe runnik een en speel met sy kop.

Mnr Jansen. Goeiemôre, mnr Murray. Ek hoop u het 'n goeie nag-rus gehad. Julle stedelinge slaap mos gewoonlik 'n bietjie later, of hoe? Ons plaasboere moet dou-voor-dag opstaan.

Murray. Heel aangenaam, dankie. Dit is wel vroeg vir my, maar die lekker koppie koffie het gou my humeur herstel.

Mnr Jansen. Ek is bly. En my vrou sal nog blyer wees om te hoor dat u van haar koffie hou. By ons is 'n lekker koppie koffie 'n gasvrou se beste aanbeveling. Ons by-naam vir koffie is afrikaner-troos.

Mej. Jansen. Goeiemôre, Oom Sarel.

Mnr Jansen. Goeiemôre, Nig Marietjie. En jy, het jy goed geslaap?

Mej. Jansen. Ja dankie, oom. [*Mnr Jansen lig haar in die saal in.*]

Mnr Jansen. [*aan die kleurling*] Outa Galant, kyk of die buikgorde styf is. Marietjie, is jou stiegrieme lank genoeg? Jy moenie te hard aan die stang trek nie. Hou die teuels lossies. Dit lyk vir my die perd se bek is seer.

Mej. Jansen. Sit jy gemaklik, Murray?

Murray. In an arm-chair!

Mr Jansen. Don't speak too soon. Outa Galant, you may go out to-day; but this evening when we get back you must be here to cool the horses and to give them water. Ask the mistress to give you a plug of tobacco.

[Mr Jansen's bay horse steps through the farm gate. Miss Jansen's and Murray's horses follow at a trot and Anna's pony canters behind. Well ahead a greyhound and a collie are running across the veld. They bark loudly.]

Mr Jansen. Be off with you, Flenters! Stop it, Wagter!

[A small dog is sitting on the stoep. After yelping to its heart's content, it wags its tail and trots towards the garden to search for a bone which it had buried under the pumpkin shoots a few days previously. The riders disappear behind the hillock.]



Twenty-fourth Conversation. Kitchen Talk

SCENE. *In the kitchen at Avondrust. Marietjie is helping Mrs Jansen to prepare a meal. The men are sitting in the living-room carrying on small talk.*

Mrs Jansen. What shall we cook this evening for the men to feast upon?

Marietjie. What have you in the pantry?

Mrs Jansen. This afternoon I asked Ayah Kandaas to kill a fowl. If you want to prepare it, I'll see to the other meat dish.

Marietjie. I am still a bit unhandy in the kitchen. I should like to try, though.

Murray. In 'n leuningstoel!

Mnr Jansen. Moenie te gou praat nie. Outa Galant, jy kan maar vandag gaan kuier. Maar vanaand as ons terugkom moet jy hier wees om die perde koud te lei en water te gee. Vra die nooi om vir jou 'n pruimpie tabak te gee.

[*Mnr Jansen se vosperd trippel by die plaashek uit. Mej. Jansen en Murray se perde volg op 'n draffie, en Anna se ponie galop agterna. Heel voor hardloop 'n windhond en 'n kollie oor die veld. Hulle blaf klip-hard.*]

Mnr Jansen. Voertsek, Flenters! Basta, Wagter!

[*Op die stoep sit 'n brakkie. Nadat hy na harte-lus gekef het, waai hy sy stert en draf tuin-toe om te gaan soek na die been wat hy 'n paar dae van te-vore onder die pampoens-ranke begrawe het. Die ruiters verdwyn agter die koppie.*]

Vier-en-twintigste gesprek. Kombuispraatjies

TONEEL. *In die kombuis op Avondsrust. Marietjie help vir mev. Jansen om 'n maaltyd voor te berei. Die mans sit in die woonkamer en gesels oor koeitjies en kalfies.*

Mev. Jansen. Wat sal ons vanaand kook vir die mans om aan te smul?

Marietjie. Wat het u alles in die spens?

Mev. Jansen. Ek het vanmiddag vir Aia Kandaas gevra om 'n hoender keel-af te sny. As jy die hoender wil gaar maak, sal ek vir die ander vleis-skottel sorg.

Marietjie. Ek is nog 'n bietjie onhandig in die kombuis. Ek wil darem graag probeer.

Mrs Jansen. Don't worry, everything will turn out all right. Kaaitjie, go and fetch Leipoldt's *Food for the Connoisseur* quickly. It is lying beside the sewing machine in the sewing-room.

Marietjie. I must pick a tasty recipe. Is your husband fond of dainty dishes, Aunt Sarie?

Ayah Kandaas. Here is the fowl, mistress. The long feathers have been plucked, the short ones singed off, the legs and wings tied up, the entrails taken out, and the neck chopped off short. I have put the heart, lungs, liver, and stomach aside.

Miss Jansen. [*reading from the cookery book*] "Put the offal inside the fowl, and then place the bird in the roasting tin with plenty of dripping; place little strips of bacon over it; put on the lid and bake; from time to time pour dripping over the fowl so that it remains moist; if it is necessary, add more bacon. Cook till nicely browned, and serve."

Mrs. Jansen. Is the oven hot, Ayah Kaaitjie?

Ayah Kaaitjie. [*at the stove*] Yes, mistress. And the green mealies are ready. Everything is in order.

Mrs Jansen. The gravy is ready. Taste it, Marietjie, and add a pinch of salt and pepper.

Twenty-fifth Conversation. In the Living-room

On the way home Mr Jansen's neighbours have outspanned on his farm. With his usual hospitality Mr Jansen has invited them to stay with him until the next morning. The guests are busily engaged in conversation with the stranger and house-guest, Murray.

Murray. Are the farming prospects in South Africa good?

Uncle Karel. Decidedly. Naturally, everything depends on the farmer himself. Farmers, like poets, are born, not made.

Mev. Jansen. Toemaar, alles sal regkom. Kaaitjie, gaan haal gou-gou Leipoldt se *Kos vir die Kenner*. Dit lê langs die naai-masjien in die naald-werk-kamer.

Marietjie. Ek sal 'n smaaklike resep moet uitsoek. Het u 'n lekkerbekkige man, Tant Sarie?

Aia Kandaas. Hier is die hoender, ou-nooi. Die lang vere is gepluk, die kortetjies afgeskroei, die pote en vlerke vasgebind, die binnegoed is uitgehaal en die nek is kort afgekap. Ek het die hart, longe, lewer en maag eenkant gesit.

Mej. Jansen. [*lees uit die kook-boek*] „Sit die afval in die hoender, en lê die hoender dan in die braai-pot met baie vet; lê repies varkspek bo-oor; sit die deksel op en braai; gooi van tyd tot tyd die vet oor die hoender so dat dit goed nat bly; as dit nodig is, sit nog meer spek by. Braai mooi bruin en dien op.”

Mev. Jansen. Is die oond warm, Aia Kaaitjie?

Aia Kaaitjie. [*by die stoof*] Ja, ou-nooi. En die groen-mielies is gaar. Alles is in die haak.

Mev. Jansen. Die sous is klaar. Proe daaraan, Marietjie, en sit 'n grypie sout en peper by.



Vyf-en-twintigste gesprek. In die Woonkamer

Op pad huistoe het mnr Jansen se bure op sy plaas uitgespan. Met sy gewone gasvryheid, het mnr Jansen hulle uitgenooi om tot die volgende môre by hom te vertoef. Die kuier-gaste voer 'n drukke gesprek met die vreemdeling en huis-gas, Murray.

Murray. Is die voor-uit-sigte vir die boerdery in Suid-Afrika goed?

Oom Karel. A ja a. Dit hang natuurlik alles van die boer self af. Boere, net soos digters, word gebore en nie gemaak nie.

Mr Jansen. A farmer must have plenty of grit . . .

Uncle Karel. And not a lazy hair on his head. And, before I forget, a little capital. He must choose carefully where and what he wants to farm.

Mr Jansen. And attend courses at one of our several schools of agriculture.

Uncle Karel. [*with mock seriousness*] Yes, my son Andries did that. And now he must consult a book in order to discover whether a farm animal is sick.

Aunt Sannie. [*indignantly*] Shame upon you, Karel, you know very well he is a progressive young man, a fine farmer.

Uncle Karel. I'm only teasing you, wifey! By the way, Mr Murray, allow me to congratulate you on your Afrikaans. You speak the language fluently.

Mr Jansen. [*to Murray*] I am delighted that you have taken the trouble to learn the language. You are progressing well.

Murray. [*modestly*] It is all due to my friends. They forced me to speak Afrikaans all the time.

Ayah Kaaitjie. 'Evening, Mistress Sannie. 'Evening, Master Karel. Master Sarel, dinner is served.

Mr Jansen. Good, Ayah Kaaitjie. Please tell the mistress that we are coming. We are just going to wash our hands quickly.

Twenty-sixth Conversation. At Table

After Ayah Kaaitjie has looked to see whether the spoons, knives, and forks are clean and in their right places, she dishes the food up and, when everything is on the table, goes to call the people in the sitting-room.

Mrs Jansen. [*after Mr Jansen has said grace*] We'll take you to the Cango Caves next Saturday, Mr Murray.

Murray. That will be very nice of you. Please tell me what the Cango Caves are.

Mr Jansen. The caves are a series of big subterranean halls about twenty miles from Oudtshoorn. I have often been there, but their grandeur still attracts me.

Mrs Jansen. When Anna was a little child she thought it was there that the fairies lived.

Mr Jansen. There is actually a hall which is called the "Fairy Chamber."

Mnr Jansen. 'n Boer moet hare op sy tande hê . . .

Oom Karel. En nie 'n lui haar op sy kop nie. En, voor ek vergeet, 'n bietjie kapitaal. Hy moet versigtig kies waar en waarmee hy wil boer.

Mnr Jansen. En kursusse by-woon by een van ons verskeie landbou-skole.

Oom Karel. [met gemaakte erns] Ja, dit het my seun Andries gedoen. En nou moet hy 'n boek raadpleeg om uit te vind of 'n plaasdier siek is!

Tant Sannie. [ver-ontwaardig] Skaam jou, Karel, jy weet goed hy is 'n vooruit-strewende jong man, 'n agter-mekaar boer.

Oom Karel. Vroutjie, ek terg jou maar net! Terloops, mnr Murray, laat my u gelukwens met u Afrikaans. U praat die taal vlot.

Mnr Jansen. [aan Murray] Ek verheug my daarin dat u u die moeite getroos het om die taal te leer. U vorder fluks.

Murray. [beskeie] Dit is aan my maats te danke. Hulle het my gedwing om deuren-tyd Afrikaans te praat.

Aia Kaaitjie. 'Naand, Nooi Sannie. 'Naand, Baas Karel. Baas Sarel, die kos is op tafel.

Mnr Jansen. Goed, Aia Kaaitjie. Sê asseblief vir die nooi ons kom. Ons gaan net gou ons hande was.

Ses-en-twintigste gesprek. Aan Tafel

Nadat Aia Kaaitjie gekyk het of al die lepels, messe en vurke skoon en op hul regte plekke is, skep sy die kos op en as alles op die tafel is, gaan roep sy die mense in die voorkamer.

Mev. Jansen. [nadat mnr Jansen gebed het] Aanstaande Saterdag sal ons u na die Kango-grotte neem, mnr Murray.

Murray. Dit sal baie gaaf van u wees. Maar vertel my asseblief wat die Kango-grotte is.

Mnr Jansen. Die grotte is 'n reeks groot onder-aardse sale omtrent twintig myl van Oudtshoorn af. Ek was al dikwels daar, maar die grootsheid daarvan trek my nog steeds aan.

Mev. Jansen. Toe Anna nog 'n klein kindjie was, het sy gedink dat dit daar was waar die feë woon.

Mnr Jansen. Daar is werklik 'n saal wat die „Feë-kamer” genoem word.

Anna. It is festooned with blue, green, and orange lights.

Murray. Is that the only hall there is?

Anna. Oh, no, Mr Murray. There are ever so many. One can walk miles and miles and yet not see everything.

Murray. Can you tell me who discovered the caves?

Anna. I don't know that; you must ask daddy.

Mr Jansen. A farmer by the name of Van Zyl discovered them about a hundred and fifty years ago.

Mrs Jansen. Your coffee must be cold by this time, Mr Murray. I don't suppose you like lukewarm coffee. Shall I ask Ayah Kaaitjie to pour you out a fresh cup?

Murray. Thank you, Mrs Jansen, but I have nearly drunk it all. May I trouble you for another cup?

Mrs Jansen. Certainly, and your plate is also empty. Some more chicken? This drumstick?

Murray. Yes, please. I haven't eaten so well for a long time.

Mr Jansen. Can't you postpone your departure, Mr Murray? In a few days my wife and I hope to celebrate the anniversary of our wedding day. We propose to go to the Wilderness.

Murray. Oh, I have heard of that place—a friend of mine spent his honeymoon there. It is a very popular holiday resort, isn't it?

Mr Jansen. Well, we are all going, so perhaps you would care to join us, as it is a beauty spot you shouldn't miss.

Miss Jansen. Do come!

Anna. Dit is met blou, rooskleurige en oranje liggies uitgetooi.

Murray. Is dit die enigste saal wat daar is, Anna?

Anna. A nee a, maar Murray. Daar's sommer baie sale. 'n Mens kan myle en myle loop en nog nie alles sien nie.

Murray. Kan jy my sê wie die grotte ontdek het?

Anna. Ek weet nie. Dit moet u vir pappie vra.

Mnr Jansen. 'n Boer met die naam Van Zyl het die grotte sowat honderd-en-vyftig jaar gelede ontdek.

Mev. Jansen. Teen hierdie tyd is u koffie al seker koud, mnr Murray. Ek glo nie u sal van lou koffie hou nie. Sal ek vir Aia Kaaitjie vra om vir u 'n ander koppie in te skink?

Murray. Dankie, mevrou, maar ek het dit al amper opgedrink. Sal u my asseblief nog 'n koppie gee?

Mev. Jansen. Sekerlik. En u bord is ook leeg. Nog 'n stukkie hoender? Hierdie boudjie?

Murray. Ja, dankie. Ek het lanklaas so lekker geëet.

Mnr Jansen. Kan u nie u vertrek uitstel nie, mnr Murray? Oor 'n paar dae hoop my vrou en ek om die herdenking van ons trou-dag te vier. Ons is van plan om na die Wildernis te gaan.

Murray. O! Ek het al van daardie plek gehoor—'n vriend van my het sy witte-broods-dae daar deurgebring. Dit is 'n baie gewilde vakansie-oord, nie waar nie?

Mnr Jansen. Wel, ons gaan almal, dus sal u miskien daarvan hou om saam met ons te gaan, aangesien dit 'n skoon-oord is wat u nie moet verby-gaan nie.

Mej. Jansen. Kom gerus!



Miss Jansen applies for a Post as Typist

c/o J. Jansen, Esq.,
Avondsrust,
Oudtshoorn.
20th June 1938.

The Manager,
Messrs Bester & Co.,
P.O. Box 1087,
Bloemfontein,
Orange Free State.

DEAR SIR,

With reference to your advertisement in *Die Volksblad* of the 15th instant, in which you invite applications for the vacant post of secretary/shorthand-typist in your Bloemfontein office, I hereby beg to apply for the said post.

I am Dutch by birth, 23 years of age, and came to South Africa approximately six months ago. I am busy learning Afrikaans at the moment, and hope soon to have mastered the language. I possess a thorough knowledge of English—one of the languages I learnt at school.

I herewith enclose copies of the following:

- (1) Health certificate.
- (2) Typing and shorthand diploma.
- (3) Two testimonials from my former employers in The Hague.

I hope that the information I have given will suffice, and await your reply with much interest.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) M. JANSEN.

Twenty-seventh Conversation. On Hunting

SCENE. *Somewhere in Natal.*

Pienaar. What have you heard from Miss Jansen, Murray?

Murray. About a fortnight ago she went to Bloemfontein for an interview with the manager of a wool broker's firm. The position has been offered her and she will begin working there about the middle of August.

Pienaar. Good. Then we can go to the Kruger Game Reserve in the meantime. As I promised you, I wrote to the Secretary of the Board of Curators, P.O. Box 787, Pretoria. He sent me a free brochure in which the Union's national parks are described.

Mej. Jansen doen Aansoek om 'n Betrekking as Tikster

P/a Mnr J. Jansen,
Avondsrust,
Oudtshoorn.
20 Junie 1938.

Die Bestuurder,
Die Here Bester en Kie.,
Posbus 1087,
Bloemfontein,
Oranje-vrystaat.

WAARDE HEER,

Met betrekking tot u advertensie in *Die Volksblad* van 15 deser, waarin u vra om aansoeke vir die vakante pos van sekretaresse/snelskrif-tikster in u Bloemfonteinse kantoor, wens ek hiermee aansoek te doen om gemelde pos.

Ek is Nederlands van geboorte, 23 jaar oud, en het ongeveer ses maande gelede na Suid-Afrika gekom. Op die oomblik is ek besig om Afrikaans te leer en ek hoop om binnekort die taal magtig te wees. Ek besit 'n grondige kennis van Engels—een van die tale wat ek op skool geleer het.

Hiermee sluit ek afskrifte in van die volgende sertifikate:

- (1) 'n Gesondheidsertifikaat.
- (2) 'n Tik- en snel-skrif-diploma.
- (3) Twee getuigskrifte van my vroeëre werkgewers in Den Haag.

Ek hoop die inligting wat ek verskaf het, is voldoende, en wag u antwoord met veel belangstelling af.

Die uwe,

(Mej.) M. JANSEN.

Sewe-en-twintigste gesprek. Oor die Jag

TONEEL. *Êrens in Natal.*

Pienaar. Wat hoor jy van mej. Jansen, Murray?

Murray. Omtrent veertien dae gelede het sy na Bloemfontein gegaan vir 'n onderhoud met die bestuurder van 'n wolmake-laarsfirma. Die betrekking is haar aangebied en sy sal teen die middel van Augustus daar begin werk.

Pienaar. Mooi so. Dan kan ons in die tussentyd na die Kruger-wildtuin gaan. Soos ek julle beloof het, het ek aan die Sekretaris van die Raad van Kuratore, Posbus 787, Pretoria, geskryf. Hy het my 'n brosjure waarin die Unie se nasionale parke beskryf word, gratis gestuur.

Kingston. And what about a guide-book to the park and a map?

I don't want to lose my way.

Pienaar. The brochure contains a guide to the Kruger National Park. We'll have to buy a map. The price is half a crown.

Kingston. By the way, I want to come and hunt here in your part of the world.

Pienaar. I am afraid we shall have to postpone that to a later occasion. We shan't manage it this time.

Kingston. What does a shooting licence run to in Natal?

Pienaar. Three or four pounds. Some years it is five pounds. You are allowed to shoot outside the reserves. There are good shooting areas behind the Ubombo Mountains near the Umkuzi Reserve and alongside the Black Umfolozi River.

Kingston. And guns?

Pienaar. 7.9 millimetre or .303 inch. The one is as good as the other. The .303 is, however, more deadly.

Murray. What varieties of game does one come across in Natal?

Pienaar. In the Umkuzi Game Reserve there are black rhinos, inyalas, impalas, kudus, waterbuck, wildebeeste, zebras, and the Livingstone antelope.

Murray. That's a long list . . .

Pienaar. I forgot to say that inyalas are royal game. In the St Lucia Game Reserve you will come across herds of hippopotami.

Murray. I'm not very keen on hunting.

Pienaar. What is your hobby?

Murray. I'm an angler.

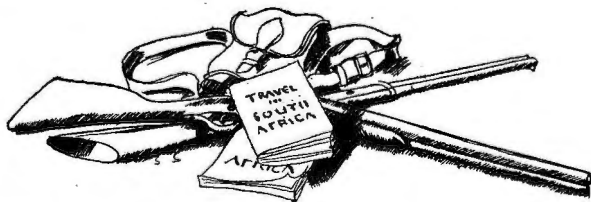
Kingston. It is a pity that our time is so limited. I wanted to take Murray to Nottingham Road. Have I told you that I caught a trout near Trout Bungalow—

Pienaar. Which weighed seven pounds!

Kingston. No, it wasn't as heavy as that. But, without joking, it is an angler's paradise. Once I caught nine trout with an average weight of three pounds in an hour's time.

Pienaar. Draw it mild!

Kingston. [somewhat piqued] It is true, all the same. The unadulterated truth and nothing more,



Kingston. En wat van 'n park-gids en 'n kaart? Ek wil nie verdwaal nie, hoor!

Pienaar. Die brosjure bevat 'n gids vir die Kruger Nasionale Park. 'n Kaart sal ons moet koop. Die prys is 'n half-kroon.

Kingston. Van die os op die esel, ek wil hier in jou deel van die wêreld kom jag.

Pienaar. Ek vrees ons sal dit moet uitstel tot 'n later geleentheid. Ons sal hierdie keer nie ons draai kry nie.

Kingston. Wat kos die lisensie om in Natal te skiet?

Pienaar. Drie of vier pond. Party jare is dit vyf pond. Jy word toegelaat om buite-kant die reserwes te skiet. Daar is goeie skiet-streke agter die Ubombo-berge naby die Umkuzi-reserwe, en langs die Swart Umfolozi-rivier.

Kingston. En gewere?

Pienaar. 7·9 millimeter of ·303 duim. Die een is so goed soos die ander. Die ·303 is egter meer dodelik.

Murray. Watter soorte wild tref 'n mens in Natal aan?

Pienaar. In die Umkuzi-wild-reserwe is daar swartrenosters, njalas, impalas, koedoes, waterbokke, wilde-beeste, sebras en die Livingstone-anteloop.

Murray. Dis 'n lang lys . . .

Pienaar. Ek het vergeet om te sê dat njalas koninklike wild is. In die St. Lucia-wildreserwe sal jy kuddes see-koeie aantref.

Murray. Ek is nie juis 'n liefhebber van jag nie.

Pienaar. Wat is jou stok-perdjie?

Murray. Ek is 'n hengelaar.

Kingston. Dis jammer dat ons tyd so beperk is. Ek wou Murray na Nottingham-weg neem. Het ek julle al vertel dat ek naby Trout Bungalow 'n forel gevang het——

Pienaar. Wat sewe pond geweeg het!

Kingston. Nee, so swaar was hy nou nie. Maar, sonder grappies, dis 'n hengelaarsparadys. Eenkeer het ek in 'n uur se tyd nege forelle met 'n gemiddelde gewig van drie pond gevang.

Pienaar. Sak, Sarel, sak!

Kingston. [ietwat gebelgd] Dis tog waar. Die reine waarheid, en niks meer nie.

Twenty-eighth Conversation. A Zulu Wedding

Murray, Kingston, and Pienaar are motoring to the Pienaars' farm on the Zululand border. Near "The Devil's Bellows" they come across a Zulu. Pienaar notices by his dress that he is on his way to a festivity. The Zulu greets them by raising his right hand high in the air.

Pienaar. [addresses him in Zulu] I suppose you are going to a wedding?

The Zulu. Yes, master, but I'm a bit late. The ceremony is already in progress.

Pienaar. The celebration of such a wedding lasts for days on end. It's a funny business. Shall we attend it?

Kingston. You will know whether it is worth while.

Murray. As far as I'm concerned, it will be something out of the ordinary in any case.

Pienaar. All right then, we'll go. I'll ask the Zulu to direct us.

The Zulu. Do you see those wattle-trees to the left of the road over the rise, master? The kraal isn't far from there—in the hollow to the right of the road.

The next day, at the wedding.

Murray. What an ear-splitting din!

Pienaar. Yes, we have arrived opportunely. In front of you you see the bride and her retinue. The bride is the one in the centre with the veil of leather thongs and the hide skirt.

Kingston. They have sung themselves hoarse.

Pienaar. Have you noticed, Murray, that the native girl next to the bride on the one side is dressed exactly the same as the girl on the other side?

Murray. Yes, and they are of the same size, too. The next native girls on each side are smaller, again of the same size, and dressed alike, but with narrower belts.

Pienaar. And so it goes on down the row until at the two ends there are little ones so small that they can hardly stand, and with belts no broader than a tape-measure.

Kingston. But don't think for a moment they'll remain quiet. They are out of tune, but they sing so loudly that one can hear them for miles around.

Murray. Those mats, baskets, wooden spoons, and bead ornaments are presents to the bridal couple, aren't they?

Pienaar. No, it's just the other way about. Those are presents which they must distribute amongst their relatives and friends.

Murray. It may be the wrong way about, but it is a custom which would lead to fewer irresponsible marriages if we Europeans were to adopt it.

Agt-en-twintigste gesprek. 'n Zoeloe-bruilof

Murray, Kingston en Pienaar is per motor op pad na die Pienaars se plaas op die Zoeloelandse grens. Naby „Die Duiwel se Blaasbalk” kom hulle 'n Zoeloe teë. Aan sy drag merk Pienaar dat hy op weg is na 'n feestelikeheid. Die Zoeloe groet hulle deur sy regter-hand hoog in die lug te steek.

Pienaar. [spreek hom in Zoeloe aan] Jy gaan seker na 'n bruilof toe? Die Zoeloe. Ja, baas, maar ek is 'n bietjie laat. Die plegtigheid is alreeds aan die gang.

Pienaar. Die viering van so 'n bruilof hou dae aanmekaar aan. Dis nogal 'n aardigheid. Sal ons dit bywoon?

Kingston. Jy sal wel weet of dit die moeite werd is.

Murray. Sover dit my aangaan, sal dit in elk geval iets buitengewoons wees.

Pienaar. Nou goed, dan gaan ons. Ek sal die Zoeloe vra om vir ons die pad te beduie.

Die Zoeloe. Sien baas daardie akasia-bome links van die pad oor die bultjie? Die kraal is nie ver daarvandaan nie—in die laagte regs van die pad.

Die volgende dag, by die bruilof.

Murray. Wat 'n oor-verdowende lawaai!

Pienaar. Ja, ons het op 'n geleë tyd hier aangekom. Voor jou sien jy die bruid en haar gevolg. Die bruid is die een in die middel met die riempie-sluier en die vel-rokkie.

Kingston. Hulle is al eintlik hees van die sing.

Pienaar. Het jy gemerk, Murray, dat die meid langs die bruid aan die een kant, eners aangetrek is as die meid aan die ander?

Murray. Ja, en hulle is ook ewe groot. Die volgende meide aan weerskante is kleiner, weer ewe groot en eners aangetrek, maar met nouer lyfbande.

Pienaar. En so gaan dit voort langs die ry af, totdat daar aan die twee ente meidjies is wat so klein is dat hulle skaars kan staan, en met lyfbande niks breër as 'n maatband nie.

Kingston. Maar moenie glo hulle 'bly stil nie. Hulle sing wel vals, maar so hard dat jy hulle wie-weet-waar kan hoor.

Murray. Daardie stapel matjies, mandjies, hout-lepels en kraalsierrade is seker geskenke aan die bruidspaar, nê?

Pienaar. Nee, dis net anders-om. Dis presente wat hulle onder hulle familie-lede en vriende moet uitdeel.

Murray. Dis miskien agterste-voor maar dis 'n gewoonte wat, as ons Europeane dit sou aanleer, gewis minder onverantwoordelike huwelike onder ons ten gevolge sou hê.

Kingston. I feel the earth trembling under me. Is it an earth tremor?

Pienaar. You will see the cause of it presently. Here the bridegroom's party comes marching along in file—it's literally and figuratively a commotion.

Kingston. And the braves who are sitting here? What are they doing?

Pienaar. In a moment two of them will jump up to show us how nimble the Zulus are with their sticks. Don't be frightened when they come to grips and carry on a bit wildly. It's only a game.

Kingston. Two of them are getting up now. This is where the fun starts!

Murray. Upon my word, they are skilful! They parry with the one stick, and hit with the other. They must practise from an early age.

[A Zulu woman brings the guests an earthenware pot full of Kaffir beer. Before handing the pot to Pienaar she drinks a mouthful from it.]

Pienaar. That is to show us that there is no poison in the brew. We must all drink some of it in turn. If we don't, they will look upon it as a gross insult. Come on, Kingston, take a sip.

Kingston. It hasn't at all a bad taste, only it's slightly sour. Does it make one tipsy?

Pienaar. Not unless one empties the whole pot at a draught. That will make one drunk.

Kingston. Ek voel die aarde onder my dril. Is dit 'n aard-trilling?

Pienaar. Jy sal aanstonds die oorsaak daarvan sien. Hier kom die bruidegom se party in gelid aangemarsjeer—dis letterlik en figuurlik 'n opskudding.

Kingston. En die dapperes wat hier sit? Wat maak hulle?

Pienaar. Netnou sal twee van hulle opspring om vir ons te wys hoe rats die Zoeloes met hulle kieries is. Moenie skrik as hulle slaags raak en 'n bietjie woes te kere gaan nie. Dis maar net speletjies.

Kingston. Daar staan twee nou op. Nou sal die poppe dans!

Murray. Alla-wêreld, maar hulle is behendig! Hulle skerm met die een kerie en slaan met die ander. Hulle oefen seker van kleins af.

['n Zoeloe-meid bring vir die gaste 'n erde-pot vol kaffer-bier. Voordat sy die pot aan Pienaar oorhandig, drink sy 'n mondjie-vol daaruit.]

Pienaar. Dit is om aan ons te toon dat daar geen gif in die brousel is nie. Ons moet almal om die beurt 'n bietjie daarvan drink. As ons dit nie doen nie, sal hulle dit as 'n growwe belediging beskou. Toe, Kingston, neem 'n slukkie.

Kingston. Dit smaak nogal nie sleg nie, net effentjies suur. Maak dit 'n mens hoender-kop?

Pienaar. Nee wat, jy moet net nie die hele pot in een teug leegdrink nie. Dan sal jy hoog in die takke wees.



Twenty-ninth Conversation. A Visit to a Mine in the City of Gold

SCENE. *Kingston is waiting for Miss Jansen, Murray, and Pienaar. Over his khaki shorts and singlet he is wearing a raincoat, on his head a steel helmet, and on his feet a pair of hob-nailed boots. He has a warm sheepskin jacket over his arm. There is an electric flashlamp in his raincoat pocket.*

Kingston. 'Day, folks. I see you have on your oldest clothes. And Pienaar has brought a pair of galoshes. That's right.

Miss Jansen. I could see these huge mounds of earth from afar. What do they consist of?

Kingston. There are two sorts of dump—rock dumps which contain little or no gold, and sand dumps which consist of crushed rock from which the gold has already been taken.

Pienaar. That mound is at least three hundred feet high . . .

Murray. . . . and three-quarters of a mile in diameter.

Kingston. Every so-called mine consists of a number of shafts—holes in the ground from which the gold ore is taken; reduction works where the gold is taken from the ore, and all the mechanical and electrical workshops, as well as the administrative offices.

Murray. I read somewhere in a text-book that there are half a dozen mining groups on the Witwatersrand, each of which possesses six or seven mines like these.

Pienaar. Must we not sign a form indemnifying the mine authorities in case of an accident?

Kingston. Yes, O melancholy doctor! We can go and do that now.

[After the forms have been duly signed, Kingston speaks again.]

The shaft which we are about to descend is vertical. There are others which are inclined.

Miss Jansen. I've noticed that there are three partitions in the shaft. What purpose do they serve?

Kingston. We go down one partition in the man-cage, and in the neighbouring partition another man-cage ascends. The descending and the ascending lifts are on runners and balance each other.

Miss Jansen. And the third partition?

Kingston. In that there's a ladder up which one can climb if the hoisting apparatus breaks down; there are also electric cables for power and light underground, and air pipes.

Murray. I suppose that is to provide the pneumatic drills with compressed air?

Kingston. Yes, and for ventilation. There are water pipes also—some for drinking-water and the others for pumping water out of the mine.

[They get into the steel cage, standing upright inside. The steel

Negen-en-twintigste gesprek. 'n Besoek aan 'n Myn in die
Goud-stad

TONEEL. *Kingston staan en wag vir mej. Jansen, Murray en Pienaar. Oor sy kort khaki-broekie en onderhemp dra hy 'n reentjas, op sy kop 'n staal-hoed en aan sy voete 'n paar swaar stewels wat met yster beslaan is. Oor sy arm het hy 'n warm skaapvel-baadjie. In sy reentjas se sak is daar 'n elektriese flits-lampjie.*

Kingston. 'Dag, mense. Ek sien julle het jul oudste klere aan. En Pienaar het 'n paar oor-skoene saamgebring. Dis reg.

Mej. Jansen. Ek kon hierdie groot grond-hope al van ver af sien. Waaruit bestaan hulle?

Kingston. Daar is twee soorte hope—rotshope wat geen of baie min goud bevat, en sandhope wat bestaan uit fyn-gemaakte rots waaruit die goud reeds gehaal is.

Pienaar. Daardie hoop is goed drie-honderd voet hoog . . .

Murray. . . . en drie-kwart myl in deursnee.

Kingston. Elke so-genaamde myn bestaan uit 'n aantal skagte—gate in die grond waaruit die goud-erts gehaal word; smelt-oonde waar die goud uit die erts gehaal word en al die meganiese en elektriese werkwinkels, sowel as die administratiewe kantore.

Murray. Ek het êrens in 'n hand-boek gelees dat daar op die Witwatersrand 'n half dosyn myn-groepe is wat elkeen ses of sewe sulke myne besit.

Pienaar. Moet ons nie 'n vorm teken wat die myn-owerheid kwytskeld ingeval van 'n ongeluk nie?

Kingston. Ja, droefgeestige dokter! Ons kan dit nou gaan doen. [*Nadat die vorms behoorlik geteken is, is Kingston weer aan die woord.*] Hierdie skag waarin ons nou gaan af-sak is vertikaal. Daar is ander wat skuins is.

Mej. Jansen. En het gemerk dat daar drie afskortings in die skag is. Waarvoor dien hulle?

Kingston. Ons sak in die een afskorting met die hys-bak af en in die naburige afskorting kom 'n ander hysbak op. Die dalende hysbak en die een wat styg loop op stuur-balke en balanseer mekaar.

Mej. Jansen. En die derde afskorting?

Kingston. Daar's 'n leer in waarmee 'n mens kan uitklim as die hystoestel breek; ook is daar elektriese kables in vir krag en lig ondergrond en lug-pype.

Murray. Seker om die lug-bore van saam-geperste lug te voorsien?

Kingston. Ja, en vir lug-toevoer. Daar is water-pype ook—party vir drinkwater en die ander om mynwater mee uit te pomp.

[*Hulle klim in die staalbak in en staan reg-op binne-in. Die*

doors are shut, an electric bell rings, and the lift descends into the depths.]

Miss Jansen. It is pitch dark. I can see nothing in front of my eyes.

Murray. That is as well. My stomach feels peculiar.

Kingston. We have now reached the maximum speed—two thousand feet per minute, that is to say, twenty-three miles per hour.

Murray. It feels as if you are far away, Kingston. I've suddenly become deaf.

Kingston. Don't worry, in two minutes we'll be at the lowest station in the shaft. [*The lift stops.*] Ah, now we are more than three thousand feet under the surface of the earth. We are now as low as the first lift goes, but not yet half-way to the deepest point in the mine. To get there we must descend by a second, third, and even a fourth shaft.

[*They get out into a big underground room, brightly lit by electric light, from which tunnels lead to other shafts, pumping stations, and workshops. The walls, exits, and roof are hewn out of solid rock. Here and there little streams of water from underground rivers trickle through.*]



staaldeure word gesluit, 'n elektriese klokkie lui en die hysbak sak die diepte in.]

Mej. Jansen. Dis pik-donker. Ek kan niks voor my oë sien nie.

Murray. Maar goed ook. Ek het 'n eien-aardige gevoel op my maag.

Kingston. Ons het nou die maksimum spoed bereik—twee-duisend voet per minuut, dit wil sê, drie-en-twintig myl per uur.

Murray. Dit voel asof jy ver weg is, Kingston. Ek het skielik doof geword.

Kingston. Toe maar, oor twee minute sal ons by die onderste stasie in die skag wees. [*Die hysbak hou stil.*] So, ons is nou so laag as wat die eerste hysbak sak, maar nog nie eers halfpad na die diepste punt in die myn nie. Om daar te kom moet ons langs 'n tweede, derde en selfs vierde skag afsak.

[*Hulle klim uit in 'n groot ondergrondse kamer, helder met elektriese lig verlig, waaruit tunnels lei na ander skagte, pompstasies en werkplekke. Die mure, uitgange en dak is uit soliede harde blou rots gekap. Hier en daar syfer stroompies water uit ondergrondse riviere deur.*]

Thirtieth Conversation. Miss Jansen at the Ladies' Outfitter's

Miss Jansen. I should like an outfit for a motor tour.

Shopgirl. Do you intend camping out?

Miss Jansen. Yes, it must be something very serviceable and strong which does not easily become soiled.

Shopgirl. We have an assortment of washable slacks in different colours which you simply cannot wear out, as well as khaki shorts.

With these you could wear shirts or woollen jerseys of any colour.

Or do you prefer a tweed skirt with a blouse to match?

Miss Jansen. May I try on one of the skirts?

Shopgirl. This one is just a bit too long. It fits well round the hips.

Miss Jansen. I don't care for this colour, though. It doesn't suit me very well. Have you a green skirt of the same material and size?

Shopgirl. Here is a pleated skirt with a zip fastener.

Miss Jansen. Just what I want. Now two tailored blouses, a green one and a brown. Also four pairs of brown ankle socks, six pairs of thickish silk stockings in a dark flesh colour, and a turban.

Shopgirl. Very well, thank you. We will send the clothes to your address.

Miss Jansen. Is there a men's outfitter near here? I should like to buy a leather lumber-jacket for a friend of mine.

Dertigste gesprek. Mej. Jansen by die Dames-Uitruster

Mej. Jansen. Ek wil graag 'n uitrusting hê vir 'n motortoer.

Winkelmeisie. Is u van plan om uit te kamp?

Mej. Jansen. Ja. Dit moet iets baie dienlik en sterk wees wat nie maklik vuil word nie.

Winkelmeisie. Ons het 'n verskeidenheid wasbare lang broeke in verskillende kleure wat u eenvoudig nie kan op-dra nie, en kort kakie-broekies ook. Hierby kan u hemde of wol-truie van enige kleur dra. Of verkies u 'n tweed-half-rok met 'n by-passende bloese?

Mej. Jansen. Mag ek een van die half-rokke aanpas?

Winkelmeisie. Hierdie een is net 'n bietjie te lank. Dit pas mooi om die heupe.

Mej. Jansen. Ek hou darem nie van die kleur nie. Dit pas my nie juis nie. Het u 'n groen halfrok van dieselfde stof en maat?

Winkelmeisie. Hier is 'n geplooië rok met 'n rits-sluiting.

Mej. Jansen. Net wat ek wil hê. Nou nog twee snyers-bloeses, 'n groene en 'n bruine. Ook vier paar bruin enkel-sokkies, ses paar dikkerige sy-kouse in 'n donker vlees-kleur en 'n kop-doek.

Winkelmeisie. Goed, dankie. Ons sal die klere na u adres stuur.

Mej. Jansen. Is daar 'n mans-uitruster hier naby? Ek wil graag 'n leer hout-hakkers-baadjie vir 'n vriend van my koop.



Thirty-first Conversation. Miss Jansen at the Shoe Shop

Miss Jansen. I should like a pair of dark brown walking shoes with low heels.

Shop Girl. With laces or with a strap, madam?

Miss Jansen. I prefer laced shoes. They always look neater.

Shop Girl. May I take your measurements? [*Takes off Miss Jansen's right shoe.*] A number four will fit you. [*She takes a number of shoe boxes down from the shelves.*] I have here a model in the latest fashion calf with a thick waterproof crêpe sole. It is a hard-wearing shoe. [*Miss Jansen tries them on.*]

Miss Jansen. No, they are really too heavy for walking. And the left shoe pinches me just here on my little toe.

Shop Girl. Perhaps this pair of veldshoes would be more to your liking. They are made of softer leather and are much lighter. If you want a smarter shoe which you could also wear in town . . .

Miss Jansen. No, thanks. These veldshoes fit me well. I'll have them.

Shop Girl. Don't you need afternoon or evening shoes? We received a consignment of the very latest fashions yesterday.

Miss Jansen. [*looks about her longingly*] Not really, but if you have a pair of smart patent leather court shoes with medium high heels, I'll try them on. Yes, this pair. I'll take them also. Please give me the necessary polish, shoe cream, and an extra pair of laces for the veldshoes. [*Just before Miss Jansen pays something strikes her.*] Do you also repair shoes?

Shop Girl. Yes, certainly, madam.

Miss Jansen. I have a pair of shoes with the heels worn.

Shop Girl. We'll have the shoes fetched and you will have them back the next day.

Thirty-second Conversation. Miss Jansen and Kingston at the Grocer's Shop

Kingston. We need not buy too many eatables.

Miss Jansen. Yes, I know. Already Murray is complaining that there isn't room for a mouse in his car. [*To the grocer.*] A box of corn flakes, three pounds of the finest white sugar, one dozen eggs, a pound of sliced bacon, a small packet of table salt, a pound of fresh butter, a jar of honey, two pounds of ground coffee, two tins . . .

Kingston. We haven't a lorry, you know!

Een-en-dertigste gesprek. Mej. Jansen by die Skoenwinkel

Mej. Jansen. Ek wil asseblief 'n paar donkerbruin loop-skoene met lae hakke hê.

Winkelmeisie. Met veters of met 'n band, mejuffrou?

Mej. Jansen. Ek hou meer van opryg-skoene. Hulle lyk altyd netter.

Winkelmeisie. Mag ek u maat neem? [*Trek mej. Jansen se regter-skoen uit.*] 'n Nommer vier sal u pas. [*Sy haal 'n klomp skoene-dose van die rakke af.*] Ek het hier 'n nieu-modiese model—kalfsleer met 'n dik waterdigte crepe-sool. Dit is 'n duursame skoene.

[*Mej. Jansen pas hulle aan.*]

Mej. Jansen. Nee, hulle is regtig te swaar om mee te stap. En die linkerskoen druk my net hier op my klein-toontjie.

Winkelmeisie. Miskien sal hierdie paar velskoene meer na u sin wees. Hulle is van sagter leer gemaak en is veel ligter. As u 'n fyner skoene wil hê wat u ook in die stad kan dra . . .

Mej. Jansen. Nee dankie. Hierdie velskoene pas my goed. Ek sal hulle neem.

Winkelmeisie. Het u nie agtermiddag-skoene of aandskoene nodig nie? Ons het gister 'n besending van die aller-nuutste modes ontvang.

Mej. Jansen. [*kyk verlangend om haar heen*] Nie juis nie, maar as u 'n paar fyn blink-leer-hof-skoene met middelmatig hoë hakke het, sal ek hulle aanpas. Ja, hierdie paar. Ek sal hierdie paar ook neem. Gee my asseblief die nodige politoer, skoene-room en 'n ekstra paar veters vir die velskoene daarby. [*Net voor mej. Jansen betaal, val iets haar by.*] Maak u ook skoene heel?

Winkelmeisie. Ja, sekerlik, mejuffrou.

Mej. Jansen. Ek het 'n paar skoene die hakke waarvan afgeloop is.

Winkelmeisie. Ons sal die skoene laat haal en u sal hulle die volgende dag terug hê.

Twee-en-dertigste gesprek. Mej. Jansen en Kingston by die Kruidenierswinkel

Kingston. Ons hoef nie te veel eet-goed te koop nie.

Mej. Jansen. Ja ek weet. Murray kla alreeds dat daar nie plek is vir 'n muis in sy motor nie. [*Aan die kruidenier.*] 'n Dosie koring-flokkies, drie pond van die fynste wit suiker, een dosyn eiers, 'n pond gesnyde spek, 'n klein pakkie tafel-sout, 'n pond vars botter, 'n flessie heuning, twee pond gemaalde koffie, twee blikkies . . .

Kingston. Ons het nie 'n vrag-motor nie, hoor!

Grocer. [jokingly] Something else? The shop isn't empty yet!

Miss Jansen. Two pounds of raisins mixed with walnuts and almonds, a tin of sardines, and one of those round red cheeses. That's all, thanks.

Kingston. I had begun to hold my breath. The bill, please.

Miss Jansen. Now we must still go to the butcher and the baker to buy two pounds of lamb cutlets and some bread.

Grocer. [after wrapping the things neatly in brown paper] I'll send you the parcel, sir.

Kingston. Thanks very much, but I can easily carry it myself.

Thirty-third Conversation. At the Chemist's

Miss Jansen and Murray have each drawn up a list of the things they will need on the journey.

Miss Jansen. A small bottle of hand cream, a lipstick, rouge, a tooth brush, a nail brush, a powder puff, and a nail file. Oh! and a box of face powder.

Chemist. Here's a colour chart of all the shades in which you can get this special kind of powder.

Miss Jansen. [points to one of the shades] A box of this, please.

Chemist. And what do you need, sir?

Murray. A small bottle of iodine, a roll of wadding and another of bandaging, fruit salts, eye drops, five spools of camera film, half a dozen cakes of soap, and a shaving brush. Can you recommend a good ointment?

Chemist. This is the very thing for veld sores. And I have here a shaving cream which will enable you to manage without a brush. I myself have been using it for years.

Murray. All right, I'll have it. It bears a well-known trade mark, anyway.

Chemist. From the list of things you have given me I gather that a first-aid outfit is what you require. This set contains most of the articles you mention and a good many other useful things besides.

Murray. May I look at it?

Chemist. [opens the show-case] Aspirins, stomach powders, disinfectants, tweezers, scissors, and even a thermometer! A book of instructions, too.

Miss Jansen. It is a very handy and neat little case. But at least the last item is unnecessary. We are taking our own doctor along.

Murray. Pienaar will laugh at us for our extravagance. He tells me the Highveld climate is very healthy.

Chemist. I think so, too, but one never knows what may happen.

Kruidenier. [grapperig] Nog iets? Die winkel is nog nie leeg nie.
Mej. Jansen. Twee pond rosyntjies gemeng met okkerneute en amandels, 'n blikkie sardiens en een van daardie ronde rooi kasies. Dis al, dankie.

Kingston. Ek het al begin asem ophou. Die rekening, asseblief.

Mej. Jansen. Nou moet ons nog na die slagter en die bakker gaan om twee pond lams-kottelette en brood te koop.

Kruidenier. [nadat hy die kruideniers-ware netjies in bruin-papier toe-gedraai het] Ek sal die pakkie vir u stuur, meneer.

Kingston. Baie dankie, maar ek kan dit maklik self dra.

Drie-en-dertigste gesprek. By die Apteker

Mej. Jansen en Murray het elk 'n lys opgetrek van die goed wat hulle op die reis nodig sal hê.

Mej. Jansen. 'n Botteltjie hande-room, 'n lippe-stiffie, rooisel, 'n tande-borsel, 'n nael-borsel, 'n poeier-kwas en 'n naelvyl. O ja, en 'n dosie gesigspoeier.

Apteker. Hier is 'n kleur-kaart van al die skakeringe waarin u hierdie spesiale soort poeier kan kry.

Mej. Jansen. [wys na een van die skakeringe] 'n Dosie hiervan, asseblief.

Apteker. En wat het u nodig, meneer?

Murray. 'n Botteltjie jood, 'n rol watte en 'n rol verband-linne, vrugte-sout, oog-druppels, vyf rolle kamera-film, 'n halfdosyn koekies seep en 'n skeer-kwas. Kan u 'n goeie salf aanbeveel?

Apteker. Dit is net die regte ding vir veldsere. En ek het hier 'n soort skeer-room wat u in staat sal stel om sonder 'n kwas klaar te kom. Ek gebruik dit self vir jare al.

Murray. Nou ja goed, ek sal dit neem. Dit het in elk geval 'n bekende handels-merk.

Apteker. Uit die lys van goed wat u my gegee het, lei ek af dat dit 'n eerste-hulp-stel is wat u nodig het. Hierdie stel bevat meeste van die artikels wat u noem en baie ander nuttige dinge boon-op.

Murray. Mag ek daarna kyk?

Apteker. [maak die uitstal-kas oop] Aspiriene, maagpoeiers, ont-smettings-middele, 'n haar-tang, 'n sker en selfs 'n koors-pennetjie. Daarby kom nog 'n boekie met aanwysings.

Mej. Jansen. Dit is 'n baie handige en net tassie. Maar die laaste item is tenminste onnodig. Ons neem ons eie dokter saam.

Murray. Pienaar sal vir ons lag oor ons spandabelheid. Hy vertel my dat die Hoëveldse klimaat baie gesond is.

Apteker. Ek dink ook so, maar 'n mens weet nooit wat kan gebeur nie.

Thirty-fourth Conversation. Murray's Car is Overhauled

SCENE. *Pienaar and Murray stop in front of a service station in Pretoria. A mechanic, who has been repairing a jack, puts his spanner down, wipes his hands on his oil-stained overalls, and approaches, whistling the while. He eyes the streamlines of Murray's car appreciatively, takes a note-book out of his trousers pocket and a pencil from behind his ear.*

Murray. I want you to overhaul this car thoroughly. Then fill the petrol tank to the brim and the radiator also. Clean the sparking plugs, and pump up the tyres.

Pienaar. You have forgotten about the battery, Murray.

Mechanic. I haven't, sir.

Murray. The car must be oiled and greased. Not a screw, nut, or bolt must be loose.

Pienaar. Seeing that your reputation is at stake, Murray, you had better put a piece of soap in the toolbox. A stone might pierce the petrol tank.

Murray. Thanks for the advice. But it won't happen to this car. I must show you the patent one day.

Pienaar. [*jokingly*] I suppose you have another patent which prevents punctures.

Murray. [*to the mechanic*] Please put a thinner needle in the carburettor. And, for safety's sake, see whether the brake linings are worn.

Pienaar. I want to make you a present of a tarpaulin, Murray. Do you see that shop behind the jacaranda tree? We must go and inquire there.

Thirty-fifth Conversation. To the Cinema

On the eve of their departure Pienaar and Kingston decide to take Miss Jansen and Murray to a cinema because they are all in need of a little relaxation after the rush of the last few days.

Pienaar. What's there to be seen this week? Look in the paper.

Kingston. [*turns to the advertisement columns*] "The year's jolliest comedy. You will never stop laughing." I have heard that before. And here's another: "One of the best pictures ever shown on the screen. Thousands have been to see this picture—it is cheerful, timely, and decidedly exciting. An excellent thriller and a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle." I dare say there will be murders in plenty.

Vier-en-dertigste gesprek. Murray se Motorkar word Opgeknop

TONEEL. *Pienaar en Murray hou voor 'n diensstasie in Pretoria stil. 'n Werktuigkundige wat 'n domkrag aan die heelmaak was, sit sy skroefhamer neer, vee sy hande aan sy olie-bevlekte oorbroek af, en kom fluit-fluit nader. Hy bekyk die vaartbelyning van Murray se motor waarderend, haal 'n aantekeningboekie uit sy broeksak uit en 'n potlood van sy oor af.*

Murray. Ek wil hê u moet hierdie motor deeglik opknop. Maak dan die petroltenk propvol en die verkoeler ook. Maak die vonkproppe skoon en pomp die bande op.

Pienaar. Jy het van die battery vergeet, Murray.

Werktuigkundige. Nie ek nie, meneer.

Murray. Die motor moet ge-olie en gesmeer word. Geen skroef, moertjie of boutjie moet los wees nie.

Pienaar. Aangesien jou reputasie op die spel is, Murray, kan jy gerus 'n stuk seep in die gereedskapkas sit. Dalk slaan 'n klip die petroltenk stukkend.

Murray. Dankie vir die raad. Maar dit sal nie met hierdie motor gebeur nie. Ek moet jou eendag die patent wys.

Pienaar. [skertsend] Jy het seker 'n ander patent wat lekkie voorkom.

Murray. [aan die werktuigkundige] Sit asseblief 'n dunner naald in die vergasser in. En kyk veiligheidshalwe of die remvoerings geslyt is.

Pienaar. Ek wil jou 'n bokseil present gee, Murray. Sien jy daardie winkel agter die jakaranda-boom? Ons moet daar gaan na-vraag doen.

Vyf-en-dertigste gesprek. Na die Skou-burg

Op die voor-aand val hul vertrek besluit Pienaar en Kingston om vir mej. Jansen en Murray na 'n bioskoop te neem omdat hulle almal na die gejaagdheid van die afgelope paar dae 'n bietjie ontspanning nodig het.

Pienaar. Wat is daar vandeeweek te sien? Kyk in die koerant.

Kingston. [blaai na die advertensie-kolomme] „Die jaar se vrolikste blyspel U sal nooit ophou lag nie.” Ek het dit al tevore gehoor. En hier is nog een: „Een van die beste prente wat nog ooit op die silwer-doek vertoon is. Duisende het na hierdie prent gaan kyk—dit is opgewek, tydig en beslis opwindend. 'n Riller van die eerste water en 'n onvergeetlike skou-spel.” Moorde sal daar seker vol-op wees.

Pienaar. And a bevy of beauties as well! Or would you two prefer a love story?

[He looks at Murray and Miss Jansen. Miss Jansen blushes.]
Kingston. I think the picture we would all like is *Night Train to Munich*. It is a spy story and a satire. That charming girl, Margaret Lockwood, plays one of the leading parts. It is a thrilling picture, but there is also comic relief. Those two casual buffoons, Radford and Wayne, see to that.

Pienaar. I'll book our seats on the 'phone. Where do you want to sit?

Miss Jansen. In the centre and not too far back, please.

Pienaar. [after having telephoned] Now we need not queue up.

Murray. Yes, but I suppose we'll have to be there by eight o'clock to collect our tickets.

Thirty-sixth Conversation. In the Kruger Game Reserve— on the Road to Pretoriuskop

Miss Jansen. Look, Pienaar! There's a lion. He's trotting through the bushes with his tail in the air.

Pienaar. You're making a mistake. That isn't a lion, it's a wart-hog.

Miss Jansen. [disappointed] I don't want to contradict you . . .

Pienaar. We are sure to see lions near Pretoriuskop. We must stay there in any case. I arranged for us to do so.

Kingston. Don't throw your matches out of the window. It may cause a veldfire.

Miss Jansen. [clutches Murray's arm anxiously] There's a lion now—a male with a large mane.



Pienaar. En 'n trop skoonhede ook! Of sal julle twee meer van 'n liefdes-verhaal hou?

[*Hy kyk na Murray en mej. Jansen. Mej. Jansen bloos.*]

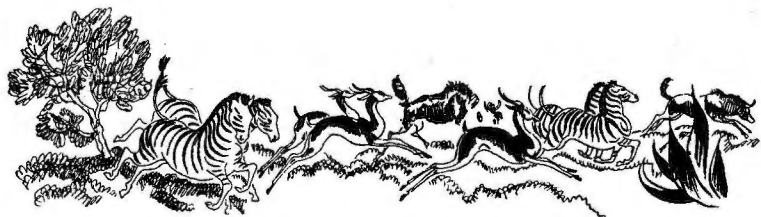
Kingston. Ek dink die prent wat in ons almal se smaak sal val is *Night Train to Munich*. Dis 'n spioen-storie en 'n satire. Daardie bekoorlike nôi, Margaret Lockwood, speel een van die hoof-rolle. Dit is 'n spannende prent, maar daar is ook komiese afwisseling. Daardie twee ongeërgde grapmakers, Radford en Wayne, sorg daarvoor.

Pienaar. Ek sal ons sit-plekke oor die foon bespreek. Waar wil julle sit?

Mej. Jansen. In die middel en nie te ver na agter nie, asseblief.

Pienaar. [*nadat hy getelefoneer het*] Nou hoef ons nie tou te staan nie.

Murray. Ja, maar ons sal darem seker om agt-uur daar moet wees om ons kaartjies af te haal.



Ses-en-dertigste gesprek. In die Kruger-wildtuin—op Pad na Pretoriuskop

Mej. Jansen. Kyk, Pienaar! Daar's 'n leeu. Hy draf met sy stert in die lug tussen die bossies deur.

Pienaar. Jy maak 'n fout. Dis nie 'n leeu nie, dis 'n vlak-vark.

Mej. Jansen. [*teleurgesteld*] Ek wil jou nie weer-sprek nie . . .

Pienaar. Naby Pretoriuskop sal ons gewis leeus sien. Ons moet tog daar vertoef. Ek het dit vir ons so gereël.

Kingston. Moenie jul vuurhoutjies by die venster uit-gooi nie. Dit mag 'n veld-brand veroorsaak.

Mej. Jansen. [*gryp angstig aan Murray se arm*] Daar's nou 'n leeu—'n mannetjie met 'n groot maanhaar.

Pienaar. Be calm. He's not taking any notice of you. He's keeping an eye on the motor. I don't think lions can stand the smell of petrol.

Miss Jansen. May I take a snap of him? Stop the car, Murray, you are near enough to him now.

Kingston. Don't make a noise. Sit perfectly still. If the lion knows that there are people in the car, he'll soon make off.

Miss Jansen. [after photographing the lion] That's a relief! Please adjust my camera for the next snap, Pienaar. I am too excited to be able to do it myself. Now I want to take one of a giraffe. We must have the spool developed as soon as possible.

Kingston. I hope you will be pleased with it!

Murray. I wish I had a cine-camera here. I should like to take a motion picture of jumping buck. They seem to hang in the air.

Miss Jansen. I have never seen anything so graceful.

Kingston. Were I a poet! By way of contrast, look at those apes jumping up and down on that rock over there. They must be quarrelling over a scorpion. The chatterboxes!

Thirty-seventh Conversation. "Miss Jansen, may I call you Marietjie?"

SCENE. *In the rest camp at Pretoriusskop.*

Alan. Shall we go for a short walk, Miss Jansen? It is a lovely moonlight night outside. We must not let it pass unseen.

Marietjie. That's an excellent suggestion. It's rather cool—I'll go and put on a jacket. [On her return.] We must not walk too far. I hear a lion roaring in the distance. Why do you look so ill at ease?

Alan. [clears his throat] Just before our departure from Pretoria I received a letter from my chief in London. He writes that the management has offered me an increase in status and salary. I have been appointed as the company's full-time representative in South Africa.

Marietjie. That is no reason for being so despondent. Congratulations!

Alan. Thank you. Thanks very much, Marietjie. Oh, I beg your pardon . . . forgive me, I mean Miss Jansen, of course. [Hesitantly.] Or may I call you Marietjie?

Marietjie. Certainly. I don't mind.

Alan. There's something else I want to ask you. [He sighs.]

Marietjie. [encouragingly] And that is?

Pienaar. Wees gerus. Hy steur hom nie eers aan jou nie. Hy hou die motor dop. Ek glo nie leeus kan die reuk van petrol verdra nie.

Mej. Jansen. Mag ek 'n kiekie van hom neem? Hou stil, Murray, jy is nou naby genoeg aan hom.

Kingston. Moenie 'n lawaai maak nie. Sit dood-stil. As die leeu weet dat daar mense in die motor is, sal hy gou-gou laat spat.

Mej. Jansen. [nadat sy die leeu gekiek het] So, dis 'n verligting! Stel asseblief my kamera reg vir die volgende kiekie, Pienaar. Ek is te opgewonde om dit self te kan doen. Nou wil ek nog 'n kameel-perd afneem. Ons moet die rol so gou moontlik laat ontwikkel.

Kingston. Ek hoop jy sal in jou skik daarmee wees!

Murray. Ek wens ek het 'n rol-prent-kamera hier gehad. Ek sou graag 'n rolprent van springende wildsbokke wou maak. Dit lyk asof hulle in die lug hang.

Mej. Jansen. Ek het nog nooit enig-iets so sierlik gesien nie.

Kingston. Was ek 'n digter! Beskou, bywyse van teen-stelling, die ape wat op daardie rots daar oorkant op en neer spring. Hulle maak seker rusie oor 'n skerpioen. Die kletter-kouse!

Sewe-en-dertigste gesprek. „Mej. Jansen, mag ek u Marietjie noem?”

TONEEL. In die ruskamp by Pretoriushoop

Alan. Sal ons 'n entjie gaan stap, mej. Jansen? Dit is 'n heerlike maanlig-aand buite. Ons moet dit nie ongesien laat verby-gaan nie.

Marietjie. Dis 'n eerste-klas voorstel. Dis koelerig—ek sal 'n baadjie gaan aantrek. [Met haar terugkoms.] Ons moenie te verloop nie. Ek hoor 'n leeu in die verte brul. Waarom lyk jy so ongemaklik?

Alan. [maak sy keel skoon] Net voor ons vertrek uit Pretoria het ek 'n brief van my hoof in Londen ontvang. Hy skryf dat die bestuur my 'n verhoging van status en salaris aangebied het. Ek is as die maatskappy se voltydse verteenwoordiger in Suid-Afrika aangestel.

Marietjie. Dis geen rede om so neerslagtig te wees nie. Veels geluk!

Alan. Dankie. Baie dankie, Marietjie. O! Ekskuus . . . vergeef my, ek bedoel natuurlik mej. Jansen. [Huiwerig.] Of mag ek jou maar Marietjie noem?

Marietjie. Sekerlik. Ek gee nie om nie.

Alan. Daar's nog iets wat ek jou wil vra.

Marietjie. [aanmoedigend] En wat is dit?

[Hy sug.]

Alan. I wanted to say . . . do you see that camel-thorn tree?

Marietjie. Is that all you wanted to say?

Alan. No, not at all. Can't we . . . *Marietjie*, do you think you like me sufficiently to marry me?

Marietjie. [*bursts out laughing*] Is that why you are so preoccupied?

Alan. If that's the way you feel about it, we may as well go back now.

Marietjie. [*notices that he is very embarrassed*] I did not intend to make fun of you, but I didn't expect a proposal.

Alan. [*suddenly takes courage*] Look, *Marietjie*, I'm in love with you. I love you. I want you as my wife. I adore you.

Marietjie. And I you.

Marietjie. [*finds her voice again*] Let's go and tell *Pienaar*.

Alan. He must be our best man. Ought we not to withhold the announcement till I've bought you an engagement ring? No, I must tell him. Only yesterday he felt my pulse and said I was feverish. If he sees me now he'll want to know why I'm bursting with health all of a sudden.

Marietjie. And what reason will you give?

Alan. That I'm the happiest man on earth!

Later that same evening, round the camp fire.

Kingston. I should like to propose a toast. My best wishes for a long and blessed married life!

Pienaar. May joy and prosperity be your portion. I hope this lanky Scot will look after you well, *Marietjie*.

Alan. Reassure me—are you a good cook, darling?

Alan. Ek wou sê . . . sien jy daardie kameel-doringboom?

Marietjie. Is dit al wat jy wou gesê het?

Alan. Nee, glad nie. Kan ons nie . . . Marietjie, dink jy jy hou genoeg van my om met my te trou?

Marietjie. [skater-lag] Is dit waarom jy so afgetrokke is?

Alan. As jy so daaroor voel, kan ons nou maar gerus terug gaan.

Marietjie. [merk dat hy erg verlee is] Ek het nie bedoel om met jou die gek te skeer nie. Maar 'n huweliks-aansoek het ek nie verwag nie.

Alan. [skep skielik moed] Kyk, Marietjie, ek is verlief op jou. Ek het jou lief. Ek wil jou tot vrou hê. Ek bemin jou.

Marietjie. En ek jou.

Marietjie. [vind weer haar stem] Kom ons gaan vertel vir Pienaar.

Alan. Hy moet ons strooi-jonker wees. Behoort ons nie met die bekend-making te wag totdat ek vir jou 'n verloof-ring gekoop het nie? Nee, ek moet hom vertel. Hy het gister nog my pols gevoel en gesê ek is koorsig. As hy my nou sien, sal hy wil weet waarom ek eens-klaps in sulke blakende gesondheid verkeer.

Marietjie. En watter rede sal jy aangee?

Alan. Dat ek die gelukkigste man op aarde is!

Later daardie selfde aand om die kampvuurtjie.

Kingston. Ek wil graag 'n heildronk instel. My beste wense vir 'n lang en geseënde huweliks-lewe!

Pienaar. Mag vreugde en voorspoed julle deel wees. Ek hoop hierdie riet-skraal Skot sal jou goed oppas, Marietjie.

Alan. Stel my gerus—is jy 'n goeie kok, hartjie?



Thirty-eighth Conversation. A knotty Problem

Alan. I must let my firm know as soon as possible where I intend to settle down. Our general secretary has asked me urgently to come to a decision. Where would you like to live?

Marietjie. Bloemfontein made a very good impression upon me. The people there are very sociable and it is not a bit provincial.

Alan. Is it a busy town?

Marietjie. Don't you know yet that it is the seat of the Appeal Court of South Africa? And if an important conference or congress is to be held, all the delegates flock to Bloemfontein.

Alan. Evidently you are determined to live in Bloemfontein.

Marietjie. Yes, especially when I think of the lovely houses in the suburbs.

Alan. Shall we rent a house or buy one?

Marietjie. I would rather build a house of our own, but to begin with we must rent a house for a year or so, so that we can discover what suits us best.

Alan. Are you afraid we'll disagree about the colour of the curtains, the site of the rock garden, or the pattern of the carpet?

Marietjie. No. I don't want us to rush headlong into building a house and change our minds later on.

Alan. If we have our own house built I shall have to apply to a building society for a loan. I'll deposit £500. Then we'll have £300 left for furniture. The building society will have to advance me the balance of the building costs.

Marietjie. How much can you pay off per month?

Alan. £10, or perhaps a little less, because I want to have my life insured, and we must take the monthly premium into account, otherwise our budget will not balance. I went to an attorney the day before yesterday to make my will.

Marietjie. Can't we talk about something pleasant?

Alan. All right. When will our wedding day be?



Agt-en-dertigste gesprek. 'n Netelige Vraagstuk

Alan. Ek moet my firma sodra moontlik laat weet waar ek voornemens is om my te vestig. Ons algemene sekretaris het my dringend versoek om tot 'n besluit te kom. Waar wil jy graag woon?

Marietjie. Bloemfontein het 'n baie goeie indruk op my gemaak. Die mense is net gesellig en daar is geen sweem van 'n klein-steedse atmosfeer nie.

Alan. Is dit 'n woelige stad?

Marietjie. Weet jy dan nog nie dat dit die setel van die Appél-hof van Suid-Afrika is nie? En as daar 'n gewigtige konferensie of kongres gehou moet word, stroom die afgevaardigdes na Bloemfontein.

Alan. Blykbaar is jy vas-berade om in Bloemfontein te woon.

Marietjie. Ja, veral as ek dink aan die pragtige wonings in die voorstede.

Alan. Sal ons 'n huis huur of koop?

Marietjie. Ek wil liever hê ons moet 'n huis self laat bou, maar ons moet eers vir 'n jaar of wat 'n huis huur sodat ons kan uitvind wat ons die beste pas.

Alan. Is jy bang dat ons oor die kleur van die gordyne, die ligging van die rots-tuintjie of die patroon van die tapyt sal stry?

Marietjie. Nee. Ek wil net nie hê ons moet hals-oor-kop 'n huis laat bou en dan later van plan verander nie.

Alan. As ons ons eie huis laat bou, sal ek by 'n bou-genootskap om 'n lening moet aanklop. Ek sal £500 stort. Dan het ons nog £300 vir meubels oor. Die balans van die bou-koste sal die bou-genootskap my moet voorskiet.

Marietjie. Hoe-veel sal jy per maand kan afbetaal?

Alan. £10, of miskien 'n bietjie minder, want ek wil my lewe laat verseker en ons moet die maandelikse premie by-reken, anders klop ons begroting nie. Ek was eer-gister by 'n prokureur om my testament te maak.

Marietjie. Kan ons nie oor iets aangenaams gesels nie?

Alan. Nou goed. Wanneer kom ons trou-dag?

NOTES ON THE CONVERSATIONS

The English translations of the Afrikaans text are not intended to be literal, though I have kept as closely as I could to the original. Apart from the loss in meaning which accompanies all translation, there are several reasons why literal translations are undesirable. There are a good many words in Afrikaans which have no exact equivalent in English and even more which do not easily permit of translation. Stock expressions are good examples of this. English plurals are sometimes rendered by the singular in Afrikaans and vice versa. Furthermore, Afrikaans, like English, has a number of "patch-words," which are usually lost in transit. The main objection is, however, that good Afrikaans, literally translated, may be bad English. Hence these notes. *Nota bene.* Purely literal translations are indicated in the notes by quotation marks.

AANTEKENINGS OOR DIE GESPREKKE

Die Engelse vertalings van die Afrikaanse gesprekke is nie bedoel om letterlik te wees nie, hoewel ek die oorspronlike so getrou moontlik gevolg het. Afsiesien van die verlies in betekenis wat alle vertaal-werk aankleef, is daar verskeie redes waarom letterlike vertalings ongewens is. Daar is heelparty woorde in Afrikaans wat nie in Engels presies weergegee kan word nie en selfs meer wat nie maklik te vertaal is nie. Ge-ykte uitdrukkings is goeie voorbeelde hiervan. Engelse meervoude word soms in Afrikaans deur die enkelvoud weergegee. Verder is daar in Afrikaans, soos in Engels, 'n aantal „lapwoorde" wat onderweg na Engels verlore gaan. Die groot beswaar is egter dat 'n letterlike vertaling van korrekte Afrikaans swak Engels mag wees. Vandaar hierdie aantekeninge.

Let wel. Suiwer letterlike vertalings word in die Aantekeninge met aanhalingstekens aangedui.

I

Huis, house, but also home. *Ek wil huis-toe gaan want die rol-prent verveel my*, I want to go home because the film bores me. *Is die dokter tuis?* Is the doctor in? *Maak u tuis, mnr Smit!* make yourself at home, Mr Smit.

Kom binne, come inside.

Aan die gang, "in progress." A common Afrikaans construction. *Dankie, my sigaret is aan die brand*, thanks, my cigarette is burning. *Die generaal is vas aan die slaap*, the general is fast asleep.

Uit jou kop uit, out of your head, that is, by heart. An alternative Afrikaans expression is *van buite*, from outside. *Hy ken byna al die name in die telefoon-adresboek van buite*, he knows nearly all the names in the telephone directory by heart.

You have noticed that the preposition *uit* is repeated. This is usual, but not strictly necessary.
'n *Paar sokkies*, a pair of socks, but also "a few socks."
onderhemde, undershirts.

II

Hy lyk siekerig, he looks unwell, indisposed. *Jy lyk naarl* You look terrible!

Verskoon my, excuse me. *Hy hef om verskoning gevra*, he asked to be excused. *Hy het my om verskoning gevra*, he begged my pardon; he apologized. For "I beg your pardon" say simply *Pardon!* or *Ekskuus!* *Aanraai*, to advise. *Raad*, advice. *Om te raadpleeg*, to consult. *My vriend moes 'n dokter raadpleeg oor sy hart*, my friend had to see a doctor about his heart.

Gou-gou. This is a duplication. You will meet many more of these duplications in Afrikaans. *Gou* by itself means quickly or soon, *gou-gou*, very quickly, very soon, in a trice. 'n *Gou-dief*, a pickpocket. Another word for pickpocket is *sakke-roller*.

Afrikaner. To avoid all confusion when referring to the ox, write *afrikaneros* (with a small "a" and without the hyphen), and *Afrikaner* when referring to the person. There's no reason why one shouldn't call both Afrikaans-speaking and English-speaking South Africans *Afrikaners*, but *Afrikaner* is generally applied to the Afrikaans-speaking section of the population, who are also *Boere* (and not "Boors," nor yet "Boars"), but with the "oe" pronounced much like the "ue" in "true." A *boer* is simply a farmer.

Platteland. Literally flat land or country. But, *die motor se bande is pap*, the car's tyres are flat. Idiomatically *plat* means coarse or vulgar. *Daardie man se grappe is glad nie snaaks nie, hulle is plat*, that man's jokes aren't funny, they are coarse. *Hy praat plat Afrikaans*, he speaks an uncultured Afrikaans.

Voor, before, in front of. Strictly, therefore, the English version should read "in front of" ox-wagons.

Om opgang te maak. *Die toneelstuk het opgang gemaak in Suid-Afrika*, the play was a hit in South Africa.

Heel, whole, here used in the sense of "very."

Ek ken net 'n mondjie-vol, I know only a mouthful.

Bymeekaarkom, to come together. *Mekaar*, each other; one another.

Tot siens, in full, *tot ons mekaar weer sien*, until we see each other again. Also *tot weersiens*.

III

Bly u te kenne, in full, *ek is bly om u te kenne*, I am glad to know you. And: *Dit is aangenaam om met u kennis te maak*, it is pleasant to make acquaintance with you; to make your acquaintance. Even more briefly: *aangename kennis*, pleasant acquaintance! *Sy agent het hom in kennis gestel dat sy lewenspolis verval het*, his agent informed (notified) him that his life policy had lapsed. *Sy is van plan om na 'n maand kennis te gee*, she intends giving notice after a month.

Hoe meer siele, hoe meer vreugde, "how more souls, how more joy." *Hoe gouer jy kom, hoe beter*, the sooner you come the better.

Met vakansie, on holiday. And: *met verlof*, on leave. *Die soldaat is met verlof* (*siekteverlof*), the soldier is on leave (sick leave). Please note this (*let asseblief hierop*), as it is a common mistake in Afrikaans, due to the influence of English. The converse holds for: *hy gooi my met 'n klip*, he throws a stone at me.

Op die daad, literally, on the deed, instantan. *Doen dit op die daad!* Do it at once! Translate "immediately" by *dadelik* or *onmiddellik*. Either of these words could have been used here.

Gangbare kennis, passable knowledge.

Om op te doen, to acquire, gain. *Die jagter het in Midde-Afrika heelwat ondervinding van wilde diere opgedoen*, the hunter acquired much experience of wild animals in Central Africa. *As jy in die trek staan, sal jy 'n verkoue opdoen*, if you stand in the draught you will catch a cold.

Egter, however. Note that *egter* is not hedged in by commas as "however" usually is.

NOTE. Pienaar's statement that "there are some foreign words in Afrikaans but they are few" is as true as sweeping statements generally are. The word *baie*, for instance, is derived from the Malay word *banjak*.

Om te spreek. *Die bestuurder het my in hierdie verband gespreek*, the manager spoke to me in this connection. *Om te spreek* means more than "to talk to," it means "to discuss." A discussion, 'n *bespreking*. *Die spesialiteit se spreek-ure is van negte tot twaalf voormiddag*, the specialist's consulting hours are from nine to twelve in the forenoon. *Dit is vanselfsprekend*, it speaks for itself.

IV

Van, surname. *Hoe voer u die van?* A typical and polite way of asking: What is your surname? *Voornaam*, Christian name.

Ken and *weet*. The incorrect use of these two words gives the English speaker of Afrikaans away at once, so I have invented the following conversation in an attempt to clear up the difficulty.

Ken jy my? Do you know me?

Nee, ek ken jou van geen kant af nie. No, you 're a complete stranger to me. (Lit.: I know you from no side at all.)

Weet jy niks van my (af) nie? Do you know nothing of me?

Nee, niks nie. No, nothing.

Wil jy nie weet wie ek is nie? Don't you want to know who I am?

Nee wat, al weet ek wie jy is, sou ek jou nog nie ken nie. No, even if I were to know who you are, I wouldn't know you.

Maar as jy my ontmoet het, moet jy my mos ken. But if you 've met me, you must know me.

Ek het nie geweet dat ons mekaar ontmoet het nie. I did not know that we had met.

Ken jy nie jou maniere nie? *Weet jy nie dis 'n sonde om te jok nie?*

Of weet jy nie van beter nie? Don't you know your manners?
Don't you know it is a sin to lie? Or don't you know any better?
Ek weet net dat ek jou nie ken nie. I only know that I don't know you.

Since this may only have made matters worse, here are a few rules:
Always use *ken* with a direct object and *weet* where you would use "know of" in English. But don't forget the *van*. *Ek weet van hom*, I know of him. *Weet* need not have an object. You may say: *Ek weet!* I know!

NOTE that *Hollands* refers only to the province of Holland, and not to the whole country. One speaks of *Hollands gin* and *cigars*. (*Hollandse jenewer en sigare*), but the Dutch Government, Army, Navy, and people are: *die Nederlandse regering, leër, vloot en volk*.
Hoendersop. 'n *Hoender* is "a fowl." In Afrikaans chicken soup which really is chicken soup is *kuikensop*.

Om te nuttig, to partake of.

Gesondheid in die rondheid, en al die mooi meisies in die blomtyd! Here's health to everybody and all the pretty girls in flower-time!

V

Sonbril, sun-glasses. A pair of spectacles, 'n *bril*, again in the singular. 'n *Paar bril* would mean "a few pairs of spectacles." I labour this point because it is a common mistake in Afrikaans.

Vërkyker, "far-looker."

Hy kom al nader. The ship is referred to in Afrikaans as *hy*, "he." Incidentally (*terloops*) a country is also *hy* and one's home country is one's *vaderland*, but "mother tongue" is *moedertaal*. *Al nader*, nearer and nearer. *Dit word al later*, it's getting later and later.

Deurblaai, "to page through."

Wil julle rook? Do you want to smoke? I shall smoke is *ek sal rook*, and I will smoke is also *ek sal rook*, but with more emphasis on the *sal*.

U and *jy* or *julle*. *U* (singular and plural) is the polite, formal, or respectful form of address. *Jy* and its plural *julle* are more familiar. Here are all the personal pronouns: *ek* (I), *u* or/of *jy* (you), *hy* (he), *sy* (she), *dit* (it), *ons* (we), *u* or/of *julle* (you), and *hulle* (they). Shorter and equivalent forms of *julle* and *hulle* are *jul* and *hul*. And while we are about it (*terwyl ons daarmee besig is*) here are the possessive pronouns:

Ek het my hoed, jy het jou wandelstok, sy het haar toe-broodjies, hy het sy rugsak, en die hond sy halsbandjie. *Ons moet ons musiek-instrumente en julle (jul) komberse saamneem.* *Dink julle (jul) nie ons het te veel goed nie?* *Ons moes vir Piet en Sannie uitgenooi het, dan kon ons met hulle (hul) motor na Helshoogte gery het.* *In elk geval, ek wens dit was myne of joune of hare, en nie hulle s'n nie, dan sou ons nou al in die tee-kamer bo-op Helshoogte gesit het.* *Of is dit nie Piet se motor wat ek daar voor sy deur gesien het nie?* *Maar wat van daardie bont perde?* *Is hulle julle s'n?*

I have my hat, you have your walking-stick, she has her sandwiches, he has his rucksack, and the dog its collar. We must take our musical instruments along and your blankets. Don't you think we have too many things? We should have invited Piet and Sannie, then we could have gone to Helshoogte in their car. In any case, I wish it were mine, or yours or hers, and not theirs, then we should have been in the tea-room on top of Helshoogte by now. Or isn't it Piet's car I saw at his door? But what of those piebald horses? Are they yours?

VI

Skemerdrankie (*skemerkelkie*), a drink at twilight, at sundown; a cocktail.

Om buiginkies te maak, to make little bows.

Wegslaan, lit. to strike, beat, or knock off (away), but in this context (*in hierdie verband*); to drink off, swallow, gulp down.

As dit so aangaan, if it goes on like this.

VII

Gaaf, fine, good. *'n Gawe kêrel*, a fine fellow. *'n Gawe plan*, an excellent plan.

Bokant my vuurmaakplek, lit. above the place where I make my fire. Idiomatically, beyond my abilities or comprehension.

Om te geniet, to enjoy. *Nota bene* (*let wel*) that we say in Afrikaans: *Ek het dit geniet*, I enjoyed it, or I enjoyed myself. *Besef jy watter voorregte jy geniet?* Do you realize what privileges you have? *Hulle geniet hulle tee op stoep*, they are having their tea on the stoep.

VIII

Liewer, rather, preferably. *Ek wil liewer 'n klein plasie hê as 'n groot huis in die stad*, I would rather have a small farm than a big house in the city.

Andere, others. *Anders* means otherwise. *Met ander(e) woorde*, *hy is uit sy pos ontslaan*, in other words, he was dismissed from his post. May I draw your attention to (*mag ek u aandag vestig op*) *is ontslaan*, was dismissed? *Was ontslaan* is "had been dismissed." *Toe Paul aangestel is*, was *Klaas reeds ontslaan*, when Paul was appointed, *Klaas* had already been dismissed.

Aankondig, to announce.

Opstaan, stand up, get up, rise from one's bed.

Agtermekaar, behind one another, each other (in a row); hence neat, in order, well looked after. *'n Agtermekaar tuinier*, a gardener who knows his job.

Op my ou-dag, "on my old-day," in my old age.

Uitsien na, to look forward to.

Aard-bol, globe. The earth, *die aarde*.

Nogal, quite, rather, fairly. *Nogal mooi*, rather pretty.

Nie waar nie? "Not true not?" Isn't that true? Note the double negative in Afrikaans. This does not mean that the statement becomes positive—the second *nie* serves to emphasize the negative, and is put at the end of the sentence, or (if that is clumsy) at the end of the entire negative expression.

IX

Goedkoop, cheap. *Goedkoper*, cheaper. *Goedkoopste*, cheapest. *Duur*, expensive. *Duurder*, more expensive. *Duurste*, most expensive. Note this peculiarity of Afrikaans: *Piet is die jongste* (superlative) *van sy twee seuns*, Piet is the younger of his two sons. But where both Piet and the other son, Hans, are mentioned (*maar waar beide Piet en die ander seun, Hans, genoem word*) the comparative is used, as in English. *Piet is jonger as Hans*, Piet is younger than Hans. Please note that "than" is translated by *as*. While two Afrikaans grammar books I have consulted give *dan* as an alternative, this is not common.

Dra, to carry, to wear.

Aangesien, seeing that, since, whereas, considering. If you will always translate "seeing that" by *aangesien* you will avoid a mistake made by many English-speaking people, *As u altyd „seeing that” vertaal met „aangesien,” sal u 'n fout wat deur baie Engelssprekendes gemaak word, vermy.*

Incidentally, "This is the first time that I have seen it" is *Dit is die eerste keer dat ek dit sien* in the present tense in Afrikaans.

X

Haas, nearly, almost, haste, a hare. *Inderhaas*, in haste, in a hurry.

Laatslapers, "late sleepers." *Hoe laat is dit?* What is the time?

Sondaars, sinners, culprits.

Reusagtig, "like a giant," giantlike.

Ons het mos . . . The word *mos* is frequently used in Afrikaans sentences which would have to be rendered by rhetorical questions in English.

Ek het wel 'n doos sigare. The word *wel* is not translated as it merely serves to emphasize Kingston's statement.

Twee makeer, "two are missing." *Wat makeer die man?* What is wrong with the man?

Fooi, fee, tip (for "tip" say also *fooitjie*).

XI

'n Leë kamer, an empty or vacant room. *'n Halwe eier is beter as 'n eë dop*, half an egg is better than an empty shell, that is, half a loaf is better than no bread.

Aan die see se kant, on the side of the sea. *Ek is kant en klaar*, I have completely finished. *Die vee-arts het die verminkte hond van kant gemaak*, the veterinary surgeon killed the maimed dog. *Maak asseblief my kamer aan die kant!* please tidy my room. *Aan die*

ander kant sal dit sy eie skuld wees as hy laat kom, on the other hand, it will be his own fault if he is late.

Ons vra 15/-, "we ask 15/-." Wat sal u my vra om my oorlosie heel te maak? What will you charge me to mend my watch? Die oorlosie makeer niks nie; dit het afgeloop, there's nothing wrong with the watch; it has run-down. Selfs die beste pols-oorlosie in die wêreld moet gereëld opgewen word, even the best wrist watch in the world must be wound regularly.

Miskien gebeur dit nie weer nie, perhaps it won't happen again.

Stadig oor die klippe, grootprater, "slowly over the stones, big-talker."

Die voetbalspeler praat groot, the football player boasts.

XII

Ek is platsak, "my pockets are flat"; I have no money.

Kleingeld, "small money"; change. Wag 'n bietjie, meneer, ek het nog nie u kleingeld uitgekeer nie, wait a moment, sir, I haven't given you your change. Idiomatically, die beroepsbokser het kleingeld van hom gemaak, the professional boxer made mincemeat of him.

'n Minuut of vyf, about five minutes. Daar was 'n stuk of tien mense, there were about ten people.

Liefde-groete, "greetings of love." Groete, regards.

Sneldiens, "fast service." Snelrein, express (train).

XIII

Hare, hair. 'n Haar, a hair. Hy het op 'n haar na geslaag, he very nearly succeeded.

Staan, to stand. To grow, om te groei. This verb is intransitive, so one would have to translate "I grow flowers in my garden" by Ek kweek blomme in my tuin.

Berig, news report. A reporter is 'n beriggewer or 'n verslaggewer. A message in this sense is 'n berig, but in the sense of "The business man sent me a message to meet him at the café at five minutes to one" it is boodskap: Die sake-man het my 'n boodskap gestuur om hom om vyf minute voor een by die kafé te ontmoet.

XIV

Die lang man, "the long man," the tall man. Die man is ses voet lank, the man is six feet tall.

Om in die rede te val, to interrupt. Rede, speech, reason, roadstead (of ships). Die redenaar het sy gehoor vanaf tien minute oor drie tot halfvyf toegesprek. Geen wonder dat 'n paar hekelaars ongeduldig geword het nie, the orator addressed his audience from ten minutes past three until half-past four. No wonder some hecklers became impatient. „U oorlosie was eers voor en nou is dit agter!" het hulle gejou, "your watch was fast at first and now it is slow!" they booed.

Binnensmonds, inside the mouth, said of persons who speak indistinctly, gesê van mense wat onduidelik praat.

Kalkoentjies, "little turkeys."

XV

Hoe staan die lewe? How stands life? *Hoe staan dit?* *Hoe staan sake?* How are things? But the most popular of all is: *Hoe gaan dit (met jou)?* How are you? And the usual answers are: *Goed, dankie*, fine, thanks. *Ek kan nie kla nie*, "I can't complain." *Leef nog!* Still alive! *Sleg!* Bad! *Arm, maar gesond*, poor, but healthy.

Arme vent! Poor fellow! *Arme* is used to express pity.

Stokflou. This is a super-superlative, as *flou* means "dead-tired."

Stok-oud, very old. *Stokdoof*, stone-deaf.

NOTE. *Flou tee*, weak tea; and *Die meisie het flou geword*, the girl fainted.

Haarfyn, "fine as a hair," used adverbially to mean: in detail, accurately.

Maar hoor. An interjection. *Hoor* is "hear."

'n Ware bron van inligting, a true source of information. *Uit betroubare bron*, from a reliable source.

XVI

Witbroek. There is a difference between *witbroek* and *wit broek*—the first is a pair of flannels or sports trousers and the second a pair of trousers which happens to be white in colour.

Kardoes, a paper bag, from the French *cartouche*. *Kardoesbroek*, plus-fours.

Kattebak, cat's dish, place where cats are put; dicky.

Ek wens ek kon, I wish I could.

Please remember, however, that the English "could" is not always translated by *kon*. *Kon* in Afrikaans denotes either the past tense or the subjunctive mood.

Could I help you? *Kan ek u help?*

May I help you? *Mag ek u help?*

Could I have helped you? *Kon ek u gehelp het?*

Ek kon die redakteur se telefoonnommer nie onthou nie. I could not remember the editor's telephone number.

Ongelukkig sal ek nie môre vir jou kan kom kuier nie. Unfortunately I shall not be able to visit you to-morrow.

Ek sou kan kom as ek betyds met my werk klaar is. I should be able to come if I finish my work in time.

XVII

Soe! Ugh! my word! *Alla!* *Allamapstieks!* *Allamaskas!* *Allamensig!* *Allawêreld!* All these words are harmless interjections, though they are euphemisms for (*verbloemings van*) *Almagtig*, Almighty.

'n Mens . . . jy. *'n Mens moet so min moonlik bagasie saamneem as jy op reis gaan*, one must take as little luggage as possible when going on a journey.

Blou duit, "blue farthing."

XVIII

Onvermydelik, inevitable, unavoidable. The phrase (*sinsnede*) "owing to unavoidable circumstances" may come in useful some time. Here it is: *Weens onvermydelike omstandighede*. Unforeseen circumstances, *onvoorsiene omstandighede*.

Grootkaalse vervaardiging, manufacture on a large scale. *Massaproduksie*, mass production.

Tergende, annoying, but *Ek terg jou maar net* simply means, I'm only teasing you. *Ek het my ver-erg vir sy onge-ergde houding*, his casual attitude annoyed me. Please note: *tergende* or *tergend* to mean "annoying" is only used adjectivally. Note, too, that *onge-ergde* would normally be written *ongeërgde*. I have not mentioned the diaeresis thus far, but there is nothing mysterious (*niks geheimsinnigs*) about it. In Afrikaans it is used simply to divide a word into syllables, so *ge-eet* is written *geëet*; *re-en* (the alternative form of *reent*, rain) is written *reën*, and so on.

XIX

Lol, to bother, trouble. *Lollerig*, troublesome. *Lollery*, nagging. But *lollig*, jolly or funny. *Lolpot*, a fellow who is a nuisance.

Pla, to trouble, tease, or annoy. Idiom: *Sy is met hoofpyne gepla*, she is afflicted with headaches.

Middelmannetjie. Name for ridge between the tracks on farm roads.

Min of meer, "less or more," that is, more or less.

Die enjin vat dadelik. Om te vat is "to take."

Lig sy voet af, lifts his foot off.

Buitengewone, "outside the usual," unusual. The predicative form of the Afrikaans adjective sometimes differs from the attributive form.

We say *die man is goed*, but *die goeie man*. And *die aap is lelik*, but *die lelike aap*. An adjective used as an adverb does not undergo alteration.

Ingenome, taken up with.

XX

Knap, able, clever, smart, brainy, and . . . close-fitting. *Die knap student het 'n uiltjie geknap in die klas, en daarteen het die professor geen beswaar nie*, the brainy student took a cat-nap in class, and to that the professor has no objection. *Waarom dra hy 'n knap baadjie?* Why does he wear a close-fitting jacket?

Spier-wit, very white, dazzling white. *Bloed-rooi*, red as blood. *Gras-groen*, green as grass. *Goud-geel*, yellow as gold. *Pit-swart*, pitch black.

Pas-op vir die trein by die oorweg en die hond by die tuinhok, beware of the train at the level crossing and the dog at the garden gate. But please note that *om op te pas* means "to look after." *Die verpleegster pas die kinders op*, the nurse looks after the children.

Beste Murray, Dear Murray. Liewe Alan, My dear Alan. Liefste Alan, Dearest Alan. But in business letters (*sake-briewe*) *Dear sir, Waarde heer. Dear sirs/Gentlemen, Waarde here.* It is not necessary to begin a letter in Afrikaans with *Wees gegroet*, Be greeted, but it is a hearty and informal way of beginning a friendly letter. Avoid, if possible, beginning with *ek*.

Verbeel jou! Imagine to yourself. This expression is also used when one, hearing a tall story (*ongelooflike verhaal*), wishes to imply doubt. *Glo dit as jy wil*, believe it if you want to.

Vereenselwig. Die politikus het hom nie met die plan vereenselwig nie, the politician did not "make-himself-one-with" the plan, that is, he did not identify himself with the plan. Please note the reflexive *hom*. If it is not clear to whom the *hom* refers, say *homself*. *Hy is die rampokker wat homself geskiet het*, he is the gangster who shot himself. Other reflexive pronouns are:

Ek was my, jy skeer jou, hy trek hom aan. Sy gedra haar goed. Ons behoort ons te skaam. Julle moet die werk self doen. Hulle moet self om verlof aansoek doen.

I wash myself, you shave yourself, he dresses himself. She behaves herself well. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves. You must do the work yourselves. They must apply for leave themselves.

There is another ambiguity to which I must draw your attention: The sentence *Hier is die man wat die vrou geslaan het* does not make it clear who hit whom. If the man hit the woman, you can make it clear by saying: *Hier is die man deur wie die vrou geslaan is*. And if the man was hit, *Hier is die man wat deur die vrou geslaan is*. You can also avoid the ambiguity by inserting *vir*: *Die man wat vir die vrou geslaan het*, the man who hit the woman. Normally, however, the context removes the ambiguity. And, in some cases, the nature of the action does so: *Die vrou wat appels eet* is perfectly clear, and *Die joernalis wat die hond gebyt het* reasonably so. About the word *vir*: One may say in Afrikaans: *Vra Piet of hy wil saamkom* or *Vra vir Piet of hy wil saamkom*. I have used the *vir-Piet* construction in the text, but if it bothers you, omit the *vir*.

Motor (motorkar, kar), car. A three-engined bomber, 'n *drie-motorige bomwerper*.

Indien wel. In full, *indien jy dit wel goedkeur*, in case you approve of it. *So nie . . .*, if you don't . . . *Laat my weet of jy daarvan hou of nie*, let me know whether you like it or not.

Toegeneë, affectionate. Other subscriptions are: *Jou vriend, jou opregte vriend, jou maat*, your friend, your upright (sincere) friend, your pal. *Met verlange, groete, liefde, beste wense*, with longing, regards, love, best wishes.

Om ooreen te kom, "to come over-one," hence, to agree. *Ooreenkoms*, agreement. *Ons het ooreengekom*, we have agreed.

Om leeg te loop, "to walk empty," hence, to idle, to do nothing.

Op eie houtjie, "on own bit of wood," independently.

Man. An idiom, "old chap." *Man* is (as you know, *soos jy weet*) man. But note that *mans* is husbands or men as distinct from women and *manne* men in general. Note, too, this use of the singular in Afrikaans for the plural in English: *Twintigduisend man* is *opgeroep*, twenty thousand men were called up. *Pietermaritzburg* is *tweehonderd myl van Vryheid af*, Pietermaritzburg is two hundred miles from Vryheid.

MURRAY'S REPLY TO PIENAAR

Murray could also have said: *Hartlik dank vir jou brief van 1 deser* (of the 1st instant) or *Baie dankie vir jou jongste brief*, thanks very much for your last letter. Please note the use of *jongste* (youngest) for last, meaning latest. *Die jongste berigte dui aan dat . . .*, the latest reports indicate that . . .

Ultimo, jongslede, laaslede. Of the 1st May, *van die 1ste Mei*. Here are the months of the year (*die maande van die jaar*): *Januarie* (January), *Februarie* (February), *Maart* (March), *April* (April), *Mei* (May), *Junie* (June), *Julie* (July), *Augustus* (August), *September* (September), *Oktober* (October), *November* (November), *Desember* (December). One may say either *Maart* or *Maartmaand*: *My ooms verjaar albei in Maartmaand*, both my uncles have their birthdays in March. And here are the days of the week (*die dae van die week*): *Sondag* (Sunday), *Maandag* (Monday), *Dinsdag* (Tuesday), *Woensdag* (Wednesday), *Donderdag* (Thursday), *Vrydag* (Friday), *Saterdag* (Saturday). The seasons (*jaargetye*) are: *Lente* (spring), *somer* (summer), *winter* (winter), and *en herfs* (autumn).

Om te las, to pool, to weld, to join (in the sense: *Die snyder het die twee stukke materiaal aanmekaar gelas*, the tailor sewed the two pieces of material together).

Teenpraat. *Moenie teenpraat (teëpraat) nie!* Don't contradict.

XXII

Nadat ons klaar koffie gedrink het. Note the construction. One could say: *Nadat ons ons koffie klaar gedrink het*.

Waarmee, with what. *Hiermee*, with this. *Daarmee*, with that. *Hiervan*, of this. *Hiervandaan*, from here. *Hoe ver is dit hiervandaan na Kaapstad?* How far is it from here to Cape Town?

Oorkant, in the distance, on the other side. *My skoon-ouers woon oorkant die rivier*, my parents-in-law live on the other side of the river.

Wagter en Flenters. These names mean "Guard" and "Tatters."

Dou-voor-dag, "dew-before-day." Very early in the morning.

Nig. Short for *Niggie*.

Outa, Form of addressing coloured servant. Fem., *Aia*.

Bek, mouth (of animals). Only used under provocation of human beings in the inelegant expression *Hou jou bek!* "Shut up!" More politely: *Hou jou mond!* *Bly still!* Incidentally, while *bliksem* and *donder* (lightning and thunder) are innocent enough in their proper context, do not apply them to persons. Many years ago a South African judge (just out from Cambridge) ruled that calling a man 'n *bliksemse smeerlap* (it was translated for his benefit as "a lightning dirty rag") was simply "common, meaningless abuse," and therefore not actionable. It actually means "out and out scoundrel," and is a violent form of abuse.

Om die perde koud te lei, "to lead the horses cold." Apart from its literal meaning *koudlei* is used in the sense "to hoodwink, lead astray." *Die winkelier het my omgepraat om 'n splinternuwe stofsuier teen 'n spotprys te koop.* *Ek kom nou agter dat hy my koudgelei het, want die toestel is stok-oud*, the shopkeeper persuaded me to buy a brand-new vacuum cleaner at a bargain price. I now discover that he hoodwinked me, because the machine is very old.

Kliphard, "as hard as a stone." (But *hard* means "loud" or "loudly" as well as "hard," so *kliphard* also means "very loud(ly).")

Voertsek. Exclamation used to chase a dog away. From the Dutch *Voort zeg ik*, forth say I.

Basta! Enough! Stop it! Via Dutch from the Italian *basta*, enough. *Tuin-toe*, garden-wards. If you want to insert the word *na*, say: *Na die tuin toe*. Note that in this case *toe* is not connected to the word it governs by a hyphen.

XXIV

Koëitjies en kalfies, "little cows and calves," but idiomatically, small talk.

Om keel-af te sny, "to cut throat-off." *Om dood te maak* is "to kill."

'n *Skaap word geslag*, a sheep is slaughtered.

Lekkerbek, epicure.

Kortetjies, little short ones.

Poot, foot, leg, paw (of animal); leg (of table, chair).

Groenmielies. In a previous conversation I translated *groenmielies* by "Indian corn." In South African English, however, *groenmielies* is "green mealies." "Maize" is *mielies* and "samp" *stampmielies*.

Ounooi, "old mistress." The word *nooi* as a noun may mean "mistress" (feminine of "master," *baas*), "girl," or "fiancée." *Kêrel*, "chap," "fellow," or "fiancé". *Oujongnooi*, old maid; *oujongkêrel*, old bachelor. A young bachelor is 'n *jongkêrel*. *My vrou was 'n nooi Smit* (or) *My vrou se nooiensvan is Smit*, my wife's maiden name was Smit. *Nooi* in the above senses may also be spelled *nôl*. *Nooi* as a verb means "invite," and is always spelled *nooi*.

XXV

Druk (as an adjective), busy. 'n *Drukke gesprek*, a lively conversation. *Gas*, guest, gas. *Gaste*, guests. *Gasse*, gases.

Moet hare op sy tande hê, "must have hair on his teeth."

Gemaakte erns, "made seriousness," that is, mock or pretended seriousness. 'n *Gemaakte laggie*, a forced, unnatural laugh. *Die wolf maak asof hy dood is*, the wolf pretends to be dead.

Die moeite getroos, to go to the trouble of. *Die argitek getroos hom baie moeite om sy kliënte tevrede te stel*, the architect takes great pains to please his clients. Note that *getroos* is the present tense. The past tense is *het getroos*: *Die argitek het hom baie moeite getroos*. There are about half a dozen verbs like this one in Afrikaans. Here are a few: *Die kind gehoorsaam sy vader*, the child obeys his father. *Die hof gelas die verweerder om skade-vergoeding te betaal*, the court orders the defendant to pay compensation. *Die slagskip gelei die handelskip (koopvaarder) deur vyandelike waters*, the battleship convoys the merchantman through enemy waters. *Die parlementêre verkiesing geskied al om die vyf jaar*, the parliamentary election takes place every five years. While we are on the subject of irregular verbs, here is a rule: Verbs beginning with the prefixes *be-*, *ge-*, *her-*, *ont-*, *ver-* do not take *het ge-* in the past tense, but simply *het*.

Op tafel, on the table. *Op straat*, in the street(s).

XXVI

Nadat mnr Jansen gebid het, after Mr Jansen has prayed. *Nadat mnr Jansen die seën gevra het*, after Mr Jansen has asked the blessing.

Nadat mnr Jansen gedank het, after Mr Jansen has returned thanks.

Saal, hall, saddle. *Sale*, halls. *Saals*, saddles.

Schoon-oord, "beauty-spot." A facial beauty-spot is 'n *moesie*.

NOTE. I have coined the word "skoon-oord," as one could hardly say *Knysna is 'n moesie*! *Schoon* means clean or beautiful; *natuurschoon*, scenery. The nearest word in Afrikaans to "beauty-spot" is *lus-oord*, a charming, delightful place.

MISS JANSEN'S APPLICATION

P/a (*per adres*), at the address of.

Other expressions for "with reference to" are *met verwysing na*; *met referte tot*. *Ten opsigte van*, with respect to. *Insaake*, in re, in the matter of.

XXVII

Êrens, somewhere. *Nêrens*, nowhere. *My handsak is nêrens te vind nie*, my handbag is nowhere to be found.

Veertien dae, fourteen days.

Kaart, map or card. If there's any risk of confusion, say *landkaart* for map.

Gratis, gratis. A very common word for "free" is *verniet* (lit. for nothing), but *verniet* may also mean "in vain." *Jy soebat verniet*, you are pleading in vain. *Toegang tot Kirstenbosch, waar al daardie pragtige blomme te sien is, is vry*, admission to Kirstenbosch, where all those beautiful flowers are to be seen, is free.

Van die os op die esel, "from the ox to the ass." I fear that "by the way" is the only way out in English, for the Afrikaans expression has none of the implications of the English "to change the subject."

Perhaps "that reminds me . . ." would be a better translation.

Ons sal nie ons draai kry nie, lit. "we shan't be able to turn," an ox-wagon metaphor. Hence "We shan't be able to do it, find time for it."

Liefhebber, lover, enthusiast, fan, devotee.

Sak, Sarel, sak! "Come down, Sarel, come down!"

XXVIII

Aardigheid, fun, joke, pleasantry. The adjective *aardig* may mean pleasant, agreeable, smart, funny, unpleasant, queer, strange!

Oor-verdowende, "ear-deafening." *Verdowingsmiddel*, anaesthetic, narcotic.

Geleë tyd, a convenient time. *Dit is nie vir die vee-arts geleë om vanmiddag te kom nie*, it is not convenient for the veterinary surgeon to come this afternoon. *Ter geleëner tyd*, in due course, in good season.

Te eniger tyd, at any time. *Tegelykertyd*, simultaneously. *Terselfdertyd*, at the same time. *Te alle tye*, at all times.

Meid, a native girl or woman. Used only of native women.

Wie-weet-waar, "who-knows-where."

Ente, ends. The word *ente* is the plural of both *end* and *ent*, which mean the same and are both pronounced *ent*. There is another word meaning "end," *einde*. To differentiate between *ent/ende* and *einde*, use *ent/ende* in the physical sense: '*n Stok het twee ente, maar 'n maand of 'n jaar, of pretmakery, of smart het 'n einde*, a stick has two ends, but a month or a year, or jollification, or grief has an end. Note, however, that "week-end" is *na-week*. *Die staatsman het oor die naweek planne vir 'n staatsgreep beraam*, the statesman made plans for a *coup d'état* during the week-end. *Ent* as a noun also means "distance." *Die oprukkende leër het 'n hele ent gevorder*, the advancing army made considerable progress.

Glo, believe, credit, trust, think. But note the idiomatic usage: *Klaas is glo 'n deskundige op hierdie gebied*, I understand Klaas is an expert on this subject.

Agerstevoor, "hindmost-in-front," the wrong way about.

Nou sal die poppe dans, "now the dolls will dance"; this is where things will begin to happen.

Toe. Here *toe* means "please do." *Toe maar, dit is nog nie te laat nie*, never mind, it isn't too late yet. *Toe net!* Just you try! As a conjunction, *toe* means "then" or "when," but note that it is only used

as such in the past tense. For "then" in the future use *dan*, and for "when" use *as* or *wanneer*.

Hoenderkop, fowl's head. Idiomatically, drunk, tipsy.

Hoog in die takke, "high in the branches," drunk.

XXIX

Skaapvelbaadjie, "sheepskin jacket," pneumonia jacket.

Goed, good, but in this idiom "fully." *Sy suster moes 'n goeie uur in die wagkamer sit, voordat hy opgedaag het*, his sister had to sit in the waiting room for fully an hour before he turned up.

Owerheid, government, authorities. Only use the plural *owerhede* when speaking of two different sets of authorities. An authority, 'n *gesaghebbende*, 'n *deskundige*.

Lugtoevoer, "supply of air," ventilation. *Lugreëling*, air conditioning.

XXX

'n *Groene*, a green one. *Die witte*, the white one. *Die swarte*, the black one. *Die gele*, the yellow one. *Die bloue*, the blue one.

Enkelsockkies, ankle socks. *Enkel sokkies*, single socks, unpaired socks.

Houthakkersbaadjie, "wood-cutter's jacket," lumber-jacket. Whenever you come across an unduly long word in Afrikaans, try to split it up to get at its meaning. Here are three more: *lewensversekeringsmaatskappy*, *handvuurwapenammunisie*, *belastingbetalersvereniging*, life assurance society, small-arms ammunition, rate- (tax-) payers' association.

XXXI

Uittrek, to undress, to take off. This verb is the correct one to use in regard to all articles of clothing except a hat, in which case use *afhaal*: 'n *Mens moet jou hoed altyd in 'n huis afhaal, maar nie noodwendig in 'n publieke gebou nie*, one must always take off one's hat in a house, but not necessarily in a public building.

Velskoen. May also be spelled *veldskoen*.

Hakke, heels. Do not confuse this word with *hake*, hooks. And please say *tussen hakies* for "in brackets" or "in parentheses." Another point, the toe of a shoe is in Afrikaans *die neus van 'n skoen*. "Boots, *stewels*. Sandals, *sandale*. Slippers, *pantoffels*.

XXXII

Spek, bacon, pork. Note the idiom *om spek te skiet*, "to shoot bacon," to tell lies, exaggerate.

Brood. "A loaf of bread" is 'n *brood*. 'n *Witbrood*, a white loaf. 'n *Bruinbrood*, a brown loaf. *Genade-brood*, charity.

XXXIII

Ek lei af, I infer, conclude. 'n *Afleiding*, a derivation, deduction, recreation. *Vir afleiding het ons 'n potjie brug gespeel*, for recreation we played a game of bridge.

Gebruiksaanwysings (*Gebruiksaanwysinge*), directions for use. *Kan gebeur*, "can happen." *Kan* is sometimes used to mean "may" or "might."

XXXIV

Fluit-fluit, "whistle-whistle," whistling the while. Alternatively, *al fluitende*. This duplication of the verb to denote continuous action is a common Afrikaans construction. Note the idiomatic usage of *fluit-fluit*: *Die skrande leerling het fluit-fluit deur sy eksamen gekom*, the intelligent scholar passed his examination with flying colours.

Lekke, leaks.

Voorkom. With the accent on the *kom* this verb means "to prevent" or "avert"; with the accent on the *voor* it means "appear, occur; appear before (court)." There are several verbs of this class. Here are a few: *onderhou*, to keep under, suppress; *onderhou*, to support, *ondergaan*, to go under, set (of the sun); *ondergaan*, to undergo; *voorspel*, to spell out; *voorspel*, to predict. *Die stoeier het sy teenstander ondergehou*, the wrestler held his opponent down. *My swaer het sy stiefmoeder onderhou*, my brother-in-law supported his step-mother. Note the corresponding difference in conjugation: *Die son gaan onder, maar ek ondergaan 'n operasie*, the sun sets, but I undergo an operation. If you find it difficult to remember which is which, try this rule: If the accent is on the first part of the compound, the meaning is literal and the verb separable; if the accent is on the "verb" part of the compound, the compounded verb is inseparable and its meaning metaphorical.

XXXV

Skou-burg, cinema, bioscope, theatre. *Klankrolprent*, sound picture, talkie.

Silwerdoek, "silver screen." *Doek*, cloth. *Handdoek*, towel. *Sakdoek*, handkerchief. *Vadoek*, dish-cloth. *Tafeldoek*, table-cloth.

Trop, flock, covey, gang, bevy, crowd, herd.

XXXVI

Ek wil jou nie weerspreek nie. Do you remember the other expression *teenpraat* (*teëpraat*)? The difference (*onderskeid*) between them is that *teenpraat* may be used with or without an object, while *weerspreek* must have an object—a person, a report, an opinion, 'n *persoon*, 'n *berig*, 'n *opinie* (*mening, sienswyse*).

Mannetjie, a little man, male (of animals).

Om dop te hou, to eye carefully. But note this usage: *As jy na werk soek, moet jy die nuusblaaie dophou*, if you're looking for work you must follow the newspapers.

XXXVII

Koelerig, "coolish."

Ongemaklik, uneasy.

Blakende, burning. This adjective is used in the sense, *die blakende son*, *blakende hitte*, *blakende gesondheid*. *Die son blaak op die dorre woestyn neer*, the sun burns down on the arid desert.

Rietskraal, "thin as a reed."

Hartjie, "little heart." Other terms of endearment (*troetel terme*): *liefie*, *skatjie*, *skallam*.

XXXVIII

Halsoorkop, "neck-over-head," head over heels. Necklace, *halssnoer*.

Stort, to spill. Used metaphorically, to deposit, to shed.

Iets aangenaams, something which is pleasant. *Iets moois*, something pretty. *Iets goeds*, something good.

VOCABULARY—WOORDELYS

MENUS—SPYSKAARTE

BREAKFAST—ONTBYT

Pawpaw, <i>papaja</i>	Grilled Cape herring, <i>geroosterde harder</i>
Stewed prunes, <i>gestoofde droë pruime</i>	Bacon and eggs with tomatoes, <i>spek en eiers met tamaties</i>
Stewed figs and pears, <i>gestoofde vye en pere</i>	Poached egg on toast, <i>gestole eier op roosterbrood</i>
Corn flakes, <i>koringflokkes</i>	Fried liver or kidneys and pork sausages, <i>gebraaide lewer of nier-tjies en varkworsies</i>
Oatmeal porridge, <i>hawermeelpap</i>	
Kaffir corn porridge, <i>kaffer-koring-pap</i>	
Fried Cape salmon, <i>gebraaide geelbek</i>	

LUNCH—MIDDAGETE

<i>Hors-d'œuvre variés</i> or raw oysters in shell with lemon and brown bread, <i>gemengde voorgereg of rou oesters op die skulp met suurlemoen en bruin brood</i>	<i>gebakte galjoen met pieterseliesous</i>
Cream of celery, <i>dik selderysop</i>	Roast leg of mutton, <i>gebraaide skaapboud</i>
Mock turtle soup, <i>nagemaakte skilpadsop</i>	Grilled chop with French beans and new potatoes in jacket, <i>geroosterde karmenaadjie met groen boontjies en jong aartappels in die skil gekook</i>
Steamed cod with butter sauce, <i>gestoomde kabeljou met bottersous</i>	Grilled curried chops, <i>geroosterde sosaties</i>
Baked galjoen with parsley sauce,	

Cold Buffet—Koue Geregte

Corned beef, <i>sout beesvleis</i>	Brawn, <i>sult</i>
Boiled ham, <i>gekookte ham</i>	

Salads—Slaaie

Tomato salad, <i>tamatieslaai</i>	Watercress, <i>bronkors</i>
Lettuce, <i>blaarslaai</i>	

Sweets—Nageregte

Pancakes with sugar and cinnamon, <i>pannekoek met suiker en kaneel</i>	Fruit salad with whipped cream, <i>vrugteslaai met geklopte room</i>
	Passion fruit ice, <i>grenadella-roomys</i>

DINNER—AANDETE

Avocado cocktail, <i>awokadopeer in vrugtesap</i>	Larded leg of venison with quince jelly, <i>gelardeerde wildsboud met kweperjellie</i>
Old Cape wine soup, <i>ou Kaapse wynsop</i>	Steamed ginger pudding with wine sauce, <i>gestoomde gemmerpoeding met wynsous</i>
Crayfish mayonnaise, <i>kreef mayonnaise</i>	Almond ice cream, <i>amandelroomys</i>
Pickled fish, <i>ingelegde vis</i>	Cheese and biscuits, <i>kaas en beskuitjies</i>
Asparagus with melted butter, <i>aspersie met gesmelte botter</i>	

AT THE GREENGROCER'S—BY DIE GROENTEWINKEL

Cauliflower, <i>blomkool</i>	Sweet potatoes, <i>patats</i>
French beans, <i>groenboontjies</i> , <i>sny-boontjies</i>	Pumpkin, <i>pampoen</i>
Cabbage, <i>kopkool</i>	Beetroot, <i>rooi-beet</i>
Potatoes, <i>aartappels</i>	Spinach, <i>spinassie</i>
	Mushrooms, <i>sampioene</i>

AT THE HABERDASHER'S—BY DIE KRAMERSWINKEL

A reel of cotton, 'n <i>tolletjie katoengare</i> (<i>katoengaring</i>)	Hooks and eyes, <i>hakies en ogies</i>
Machine silk, <i>masjiensy</i>	Press-studs, <i>drukknope</i>
Sewing needles of various sizes, <i>naalde van verskeie groottes</i>	Mother-of-pearl buttons, <i>perle moenknope</i> (<i>perlemoer-</i>)
A roll of tape, 'n <i>rol band</i>	Lace, <i>kant</i>
Tape measure, <i>maatband</i>	Lingerie ribbon, <i>onderklere lint</i>
Darning wool, <i>stopwol</i>	Three yards of elastic, <i>drie jaartrekband</i>
Knitting needles, <i>breinaalde</i>	Thimble, <i>vingerhoed</i>
Crochet hook, <i>hekelnaald</i>	

LAUNDRY LIST—WASGOEDLYS

Sheets, <i>lakens</i>	Night-gowns, <i>naghemde</i>
Pillow cases, <i>kussingslope</i>	Knickers, <i>kniebroek</i>
Bath towels, <i>badhanddoeke</i>	Petticoat, <i>onderrok</i>
Table napkins, <i>servette</i>	Washing frocks, <i>wasrokke</i>
Table cloth, <i>tafelkleedjie</i> , <i>tafellaken</i> , <i>tafeldoek</i>	Washing day, <i>wasdag</i>
Table mats, <i>tafelmatte</i>	Washable, <i>wasbaar</i>
Kitchen cloth, <i>kombuisdoek</i>	Fast dyed, <i>waseg</i> (<i>was-eg</i>)
Shirt (shirts), <i>hemp</i> (<i>hemde</i>)	Washing, laundry, <i>wasgoed</i>
A pair of drawers, <i>onderbroek</i>	Soiled linen basket, <i>wasgoedmandjie</i>
Vests, <i>frokies</i>	Laundry, <i>washuis</i> , <i>wasinrigting</i> , <i>wassery</i>
A pair of pyjamas, <i>slaappak</i>	

FURNITURE—MEUBELS

Couch, sofa, settee, divan, <i>rusbank</i>	Chest of drawers, <i>laaikas</i>
Arm-chair, <i>armstoel</i> , <i>leuningstoel</i>	Table lamp, <i>staanlamp</i>
Dining table, <i>eettafel</i>	Mirror, <i>spieël</i>
Side table, <i>sytafel</i>	Picture, <i>prent</i> (<i>prentjie</i>)
Bookcase, <i>boekrak</i>	Painting, <i>skildery</i>
Bed, single bed, double bed, <i>bed</i> , <i>enkelbed</i> , <i>dubbelbed</i>	Flower vase, <i>blompot</i>
Wardrobe, <i>klerekas</i> , <i>hangkas</i>	Blinds, <i>blindings</i>
Dressing table, <i>spieëltafel</i>	Shutters, <i>luik</i>
	Fireplace, <i>kaggel</i>

KITCHEN UTENSILS—KOMBUISGEREEDSKAP

Pots and pans, *potte en panne*
 Saucepan or casserole, *kastrol*
 Mincer, *vleismeul*
 Grater, *rasper*
 Cups and saucers, *koppies en pierings*
 Egg cup, *eierkelk*
 Soup plates, *sopborde*

Side plates, *klein bordjies*
 Dessert plates, *dessertborde*
 Bread board, *broodbord*
 Bread knife, *broodmes*
 Knives, spoons, and forks, *messe, lepels en vurke*
 Tin opener, *blikmes*
 Rolling pin, *rolstok (deegroller)*

ON THE TELEPHONE—OOR DIE TELEFOON

Where is the nearest telephone booth? *Waar is die naaste telefoonhokkie?*

Can you direct me to it? *Kan u my daarheen beduie?*

I want to ring up the Visitor's Bureau (Railway Enquiries Office, Shipping Agents, Police Station), *ek wil graag die Bezoekersburo (Spoorwegnavraekantoor, Skeepsagente, Polisiekantoor) opbel*

Have you a few pennies for me? *Het u 'n paar pennies vir my?*

Is that the Goods Office? *Is dit die Goederekantoor?*

I fear you have the wrong number, *ek vrees u het die verkeerde nommer*

Is that number double-two five-eight? *Is dit nommer dubbel-twee, vyf-agt?*

This is Van Aswegen speaking, *dit is Van Aswegen wat praat*

Poggenpoel, Papenfus and Co., here! *Poggenpoel, Papenfus en Kie., hier!*

With whom do you wish to speak? *Met wie wil u spreek?*

I am ringing you in connection with . . . *ek bel u in verband met . . .*

I'll put you through to the clerk dealing with the matter, *ek sal u deurskakel na die klerk wat die saak waarneem*

ON THE TRAIN—OP DIE TREIN

I want a seat in the corner with my back to the engine, *ek wil 'n sitplek in die hoek hê, met my rug na die enjin*

Is this seat vacant? *Is hierdie plek oop?*

No, it has been taken, *nee, dit is beset*

Does the draught bother you? *Hinder die trek u?*

May I smoke? Is this a smoker? *Mag ek rook? Is dit 'n rook-koepel?*

Must I put my luggage under the seat or on the rack? *Moet ek my bagasie onder die bank sit of bo-op die rak?*

Where are we now? *Waar is ons nou?*

Are we far from Durban? *Is dit nog ver na Durban?*

Is the train late (on time)? *Is die trein laat (betyds)?*

Shall I switch on the light for you? *Kan ek vir julle die lig aanslaan?*

Is the train crowded? *Is die trein vol?*

Does the train stop at Salt River? *Hou die trein op Soutrivier stil?*

That is the junction where I must change, *dit is die aansluiting waar ek moet oorstap*

Shall we order our meal here or go to the dining-saloon? *Sal ons ons maaltyd hier bestel of sal ons liever na die eetwa gaan?*

When do you serve dinner? *Hoe laat begin die aandete?*

MOTOR AND TRAFFIC TERMS—MOTOR-EN VERKEERS-TERME

Keep to the left! *Hou links!*
 Turn left (right), *draai links (regs)*
 No parking, *geen staanplek*
 Limited parking, *beperkte staanplek*
 Public parking, *publieke staanplek*
 One-way street, *een-richtingstraat*
 Traffic lights, *verkeersligte*
 Railway crossing, *spoor-oorgang*
 Cross roads, *kruispaaie*
 Steep hill, *steil hoogte*
 My car has broken down, *my motor-
 kar het gaan staan*
 Do you need help? *Het u hulp
 nodig?*
 No, thanks, there's nothing the
 matter with the car, but I've
 run out of petrol, *nee dankie, daar
 is niks verkeerd met die motorkar
 nie, maar my petrol het opgebraak*
 I'd be glad if you could sell me a
 few gallons of petrol, *ek sal bly*

*wees as u my 'n paar gellings
 petrol kan verkoop*
 Have you a piece of rubber tubing?
Het u 'n gomlastiekkypie?
 I have had an accident, *ek het 'n
 ongeluk gehad*
 The car skidded off the road and
 landed in a ditch, *die motorkar
 het van die pad afgegely en in 'n
 sloot te lande gekom*
 The mudguard is badly dented and
 very probably the steering gear
 has been damaged. But the
 engine is still running, *die mod-
 derskerm is lelik gedruk en heel-
 waarskynlik is die stuurtoestel ook
 beskadig. Die enjin loop darem
 nog*
 Has this hotel its own garage?
Het hierdie hotel sy eie motorhuis?
 Stop! *Hou stil!*

BUSINESS TERMS—BESIGHEIDSTERME

Offer, *aanbod*
 Supply and demand, *aanbod en
 vraag*
 Commission, *kommissie*
 Stock exchange, *effektebeurs*
 To note down, make a note of, re-
 cord, *aanteken*
 Discount, *afslag, diskonto*
 Sale, demand, *af trek*. (The shop is
 well patronized, *die winkel kry
 baie af trek*)
 In arrear, overdue, *agterstallig*
 Bill of exchange, *wissel*
 Overdraft, *oortrokke rekening*. (The
 manager would not allow me an
 overdraft, *die bestuurder wou my
 nie toelaat om my rekening te
 oortrek nie*)

Assets and liabilities, *bate en laste*
 Bank rate, *bankdiskonto*
 Cash, *kontant*
 Credit, *krediet*
 Letter of credit, *kredietbrief*
 Letter of introduction, *aanbevelings-
 brief*
 Carriage free, *vragvry*
 Cash on delivery, *kontant by aflewering*
 To go bankrupt, *om bankrot te speel*
 Insolvency, *insolventskap*
 Cede, *sedeer*
 Credit balance, *batige saldo*
 Deficit, *tekort*
 Practice, *praktyk*
 Debt, *skuld*
 Promissory note, *skuldbewys*

A FEW FACTS ABOUT SOUTH AFRICA

THE Union of South Africa, in which the four provinces (the old Cape Colony, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal) were united as a single political entity, was established on the 31st May 1910. The Union covers an area of nearly five hundred thousand square miles. Some ten million people, of whom slightly more than two million are Europeans, live in this vast territory.

The four provincial capitals are Cape Town, Bloemfontein, Pretoria, and Pietermaritzburg. Three other important cities are Johannesburg, Durban, and Port Elizabeth. These cities are fairly far apart and the visitor who has no car would naturally like to know whether South Africa has good railways. Fortunately that is the case, and, in addition, the fares are low.

A first-class ticket for a journey of two thousand miles costs £13 14s. 3d.—about three ha'pence a mile. A second-class ticket costs much less. Passengers may, within reasonable limits, take some luggage with them in the compartment, and may have trunks and suitcases up to a weight of a hundred pounds (first class) or seventy-five pounds (second class) put into the luggage van, free of charge. Cars are also transported by rail.

In the past one of the objections to travelling by train in South Africa was that the trains were slow, dusty, and uncomfortable, but in the past few years a considerable change for the better has been brought about in this respect. The journey from Cape Town to Johannesburg—a distance of nine hundred and fifty-six miles—nowadays takes twenty-seven hours, and in the opposite direction twenty-five and three-quarter hours. The coaches are specially equipped for long-distance travel. Apart from the more usual conveniences there are shower baths on the express which runs between Cape Town and Johannesburg.

If, however, you are an enthusiastic hiker, and have no use for cars and trains, you will be struck on your arrival in Cape Town by the variety of tours offered by the city's immediate vicinity. Further inland there's the Wilderness, in the east the surroundings of Durban, and northwards from there, the Natal National Park and the Drakensberge.

If you embark at the beginning of the European winter, you will arrive in South Africa in the early spring—the best time of the year for visitors. One may, however, go out at any time, for even if one arrives late in February the last of the summer's fruits are still to be had, and Hanepoot grapes still to be picked from the vine. Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State are at their best in winter, just when in the Cape, the Clanwilliam oranges begin to ripen.

The voyage from Southampton to Cape Town usually lasts about a fortnight, and is of itself a pleasant holiday. It naturally depends upon the tourist how much he wants to pay for his passage, but the tariff is so reasonable (especially in the tourist class) that even the shortest of stays in South Africa is well worth while.

The intending visitor should call at South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, where a wealth of gaily illustrated brochures awaits him, and advice is gladly given.

EEN EN ANDER OOR SUID-AFRIKA

DIE Unie van Suid-Afrika, waarin die vier provinsies (die ou Kaapkolonie, die Oranjevrystaat, die Transvaal en Natal) tot een staatkundige geheel verenig is, het op 31 Mei, 1910, tot stand gekom. Die Unie beslaan 'n oppervlakte van byna vyfhonderd-duisend vierkant myl, en in hierdie uitgestrekte gebied woon daar ongeveer tienmiljoen mense, van wie 'n bietjie meer as tweemiljoen blankes is.

Die vier provinsiale hoofstede is Kaapstad, Bloemfontein, Pretoria en Pietermaritzburg. Drie ander belangrike stede is Johannesburg, Durban en Port Elizabeth. Hierdie stede is taamlik ver van mekaar geleë, en as die besoeker nie 'n motorkar besit nie sal hy natuurlik wil weet of Suid-Afrika goeie spoorweë het. Gelukkig is dit wel die geval, en daarby is die tariewe laag.

'n Eersteklaskaartjie vir 'n reis van tweeduisend myl kos £13 14s. 3d.— omtrent 'n pennie en 'n half per myl. 'n Tweedeklaskaartjie kos heelwat minder. Passasiers mag, binne redelike perke, 'n hoeveelheid bagasie by hulle in die kompartement neem, en mag trommels en koffers tot op 'n gewig van honderd pond (eersteklas) of vyf-en-sewentig pond (tweedeklas) sonder ekstra betaling in die bagasiewa laat sit. Motorkarre word ook per spoor vervoer.

In die verlede was een van die besware teen treinreis in Suid-Afrika dat die treine stadig, stowwerig en ongerieflik was, maar in die afgelope paar jaar is hierin 'n groot verandering ten goede teweeggebring. Die reis vanaf Kaapstad na Johannesburg — 'n afstand van negehonderd ses-en-vyftig myl — neem teenswoordig sewe-en-twintig uur, en in die teenoorgestelde rigting vyf-en-twintig en drie-kwart uur. En die spoorwaens is spesiaal vir lang afstande uitgerus. Op die sneltrein wat tussen Kaapstad en Johannesburg loop is daar, onder andere van die meer gewone geriewe, ook stortbaaie.

As u egter 'n geesdriftige stapper is, en van treine en motorkarre niks wil hoor nie, sal u met u aankoms in Kaapstad getref word deur die verskeidenheid van toertjies wat die onmiddellike omgewing van die stad aanbied. Verder in die binneland in is daar Die Wildernis, in die ooste die omstreke van Durban, en noordwaarts daarvandaan die Natsale Nasionale Tuin en die Drakensberge.

As u aan die begin van die Europese Winter skeepgaan, sal u in die vroeë lente in Suid-Afrika aankom — die beste tyd van die jaar vir besoekers. 'n Mens kan egter dwarsdeur die jaar na Suid-Afrika gaan want selfs al kom jy laat in Februarie daar aan is die laaste somervrugte nog te verkry, en kan hanepootdruive van die stok af gepluk word. Natal, die Transvaal en die Oranjevrystaat is in die winter 'op hul beste, net wanneer Clanwilliam se lemoene in Kaapland ryp begin word.

Die seereis vanaf Southampton na Kaapstad duur gewoonlik ongeveer veertien dae en is op sigself 'n aangename vakansie. Dit hang natuurlik van die toeris self af hoeveel hy vir sy kaartjie wil betaal, maar die tariewe is so redelik (veral in die toeristeklas) dat die kortste verblyf in Suid-Afrika goed die moeite werd is.

Die voorgenome besoeker word aangeraai om 'n besoek af te lê by Suid-Afrika Huis, Trafalgarplein, Londen, W.C.2, waar 'n menigte kleurige geïllustreerde brosjures op hom wag, en raad graag verleen word.