LANGUAGE
AND
RACE PROBLEMS
IN
SOUTH AFRICA

BY

ADRIAAN J. BARNOUW

PROFESSOR AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK,
CARNEGIE CORPORATION VISITOR TO SOUTH AFRICA, 1932

THE HAGUE
MARTINUS NIJHOFF
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FOREWORD

On recommendation of its Visitors Grants Committee in South Africa, the Carnegie Corporation of New York in 1931 requested Professor Adriaan J. Barnouw, who is serving as Queen Wilhelmina Professor of the History, Language and Literature of the Netherlands, at Columbia University, to visit South Africa for the purpose of making a comparative study of Afrikaans and of the Dutch language in South Africa. The account of his visit, and his resulting observations are found in the present volume.

My purpose in visiting South Africa was to hear Afrikaans spoken on the spot, and to meet the scholars who are devoting themselves to the study of Afrikaans and its literature. This name for the language which in the nineteenth century was more commonly called Cape Dutch is in itself a challenge and a programme. It proclaims to the world that South Africa is a white man's country, and that the white man's language which is essentially South African is the Dutch speech of the Boers. It is a challenge, therefore, not only to the native population, whose anterior rights to the land are held to be superseded by the rights of the pioneers who reclaimed it for civilization, it is a challenge also to the English, who would claim for their language first place in South Africa.

One must know the story of the movement for the recognition of Afrikaans to understand the faith and the loyalty that the language cult evokes. It began at Paarl, in the western Cape Province, in the early seventies of the past century. Eight men, all except one under thirty years of age, met at the house of the latter and decided upon a campaign for the rescue of their mother tongue from decay and extinction. Afrikaans in those days was an outcast, despised not only by the English but by the responsible leaders of the people who spoke it. More than two generations had passed since the British had taken possession of the Cape Colony, and during those sixty odd years the Government's educational policy had succeeded in reducing the Boers' love of their Taal to a shamefaced and apologetic attachment. They spoke it in their kitchens and parlors, but in the presence of Britons, Hollanders, and educated Afrikaners it was good form to speak English or Holland Dutch. Afrikaans was the poor relation who was expected to efface herself in the presence of her betters. Sixty years of suppression, derision, and browbeating had made the Dutch Afrikaner lose faith in his language and in himself. In 1822 the people of the Cape Colony were told by proclamation that it had been „deemed expedient, with a view to the prosperity of this settlement, that the Language of the Parent Country (meaning England, not Holland) should be more universally diffused"; that for the furtherance of this purpose "clergymen of the Established Church of Scotland, after having received instruction in the Dutch language in Holland, had been sent hither to be placed in the vacant churches" together with "competent and respectable Instructors" to be employed "at public expense at every principal place throughout the Colony, for the purpose of facilitating the acquirement of the English Language to all classes of society"; and that, since the way had thus been paved for the country's reformation into an English-speaking colony, the moment appeared favorable for the Governor's ordering and directing "that the English Language be exclusively used in all Judicial Acts and Proceedings, either in the supreme or inferior courts of this Colony, from the first Day of January, 1827, and that all official Acts and Documents of the several public Offices of this Government be drawn up and promulgated in the English Language from and after January 1, 1825".

In this way the Dutch people of the Cape Colony were to be assimilated with the small minority of English that had settled among them. They had to listen to Scottish preachers in their Dutch churches, and their children had to learn English grammar and English history from English teachers in Government schools. Most Dutch children never heard English except at school. To them education meant learning English. The Dutch had their own parochial and private schools, but competition with the public schools proved difficult because tuition in these was gratuitous. Besides, the best interests of the children impelled ambitious parents to send them to the English schools, for there was no chance of preferment, either socially or professionally, unless they were proficient in

English. In spite of these handicaps the Dutch schools lingered on, especially in the rural districts. From the Boers' point of view the chief aim of education was to train the child for membership in the Church. Knowledge of the catechism and the Bible was the accomplishment that they valued most. And only the Dutch schools could give their children the instruction they needed to read the Scriptures in the Dutch translation that was in use in their churches. So they supported their own schools and paid for tuition, rather than save the money by having their children taught the English way.

Sir George Napier realized that a concession to the Dutch had to be made in order to attract more pupils to the Government schools. In 1839 he ruled that Holland Dutch — Afrikaans as a subject of instruction was never considered — should be included in the curriculum. A better grounding in the grammar of the language that was nearest kin to their own might give them, incidentally, a firmer grasp of the difficulties of English. The innovation was a clever tactical move: it lured the Dutch children away from their own schools and at the same time made them better students of English. It did not imply an official admission that the Dutch people had a right to their own tongue. They were denied a right to it even in their own churches, if a church can be called the people's own when its ministers are appointees of the Government and dependent on that Government for their salaries. In that same year 1839 Sir George Napier informed the Church authorities that born South Africans would not necessarily be preferred in appointments to the Dutch Reformed Ministry; that a knowledge of English and a capacity to preach in that language were a prerequisite for appointment, and that the candidates must satisfy the Government that they had received part of their training in England.

Mr. W. H. Dawson, in his admirably impartial book "South Africa", tells of a British official's tussle with an obstinate Boer farmer. "The Dutchman had addressed him in the *Taal*, receiving the curt reply, 'Don't understand (which was not true); speak English.' Thereupon the Dutchman professed his own lingual limitations in turn, and that with great volubility. So the two faced and fired at each other for some time, and the business in hand made no progress. 'I was determined to make the beggar speak English,' said my informant, and in the end he gained his point, though whether the time and effort which it cost to win the victory were wisely employed is another question. For legally the Dutchman was altogether in the right and he knew it."

This little scene is a twentieth-century picture. It occurred after Union had been declared and Dutch had received equal rights with English. If British officials could treat the "beggars" that way in defiance of the law, they must have shown even less regard for the Dutchman's sensibilities in days when they had a legal right to ignore his language. No wonder the Boer, in the sixties of the past century, felt like an outcast in his own land.

The great Trek of the late thirties was the Boer's reaction to this policy of suppression. Additional causes, indeed, precipitated that movement, chief among them British leniency towards the Kaffirs on the eastern border and the cattle farmer's innate urge to move on to fresh pasture land and unreclaimed regions. Thousands followed their leader Piet Retief across the Drakensbergen into Natal and founded a new, independent Republic. Their exodus called forth an ordinance from the Governor at Capetown warning the Trekkers that they should not imagine themselves released from their obedience as British subjects to the laws obtaining in the Cape Colony. Great Britian's imperial policy in South Africa has been the consistent application of that principle. All political offshoots of the Cape Colony were ultimately to be merged with it into a united South Africa. The young Natal Republic was soon to learn that the warning was more than a mere threat. In 1843 the Volksraad was forced to surrender the territory to the British, and about 2000 Afrikaners under Andries Pretorius withdrew again from under the rooinek's yoke to found new Republics in

Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Those who remained petitioned the Government repeatedly for representative organs of administration. "Not yet," was the ingenuous reply in 1848, "the English element is still in the minority." Between 1848 and 1851 about 4500 British immigrants were planted in Natal, and their arrival made it safe for the English to grant the inhabitants representative government. But with the English in the majority, the same policy of suppression and anglicization that was followed in the Cape Colony became the guiding principle in Natal. The Boer who knew no English was a man without rights. No magistrate would listen to his complaints, no public ordinance or proclamation was meant for him, no teacher in the school that his children attended had any means of contact with him, he had no interest in politics, took no part in the nomination of candidates, and stayed away from the polls on election day. He felt that he was a mere cipher in public life, and, obsessed by the sense of his insignificance, he withdrew into himself and the intimacy of his home life.

Those eight young men who met in conclave at Paarl in 1875 proposed to arouse their people from this lethargy. A concern for their Afrikaans mother tongue brought them together, but it is significant of the general apathy that it was a Hollander's appeal by which their patriotism was aroused. Mr. Arnold Pannevis, a native of Ouwerkerk, Holland, had addressed a letter to the editor of De Zuid-Afrikaan, a Capetown journal in Holland Dutch, in which he advocated the translation of the Bible into the Taal of the Boers. South-African historians of the movement represent his plea as having been inspired by a love of the Afrikaans language and by his concern for the large mass of Dutch Afrikaners to whom the difficulties of Holland Dutch made the Scriptures in that language a closed book. The phrasing of Pannevis' letter precludes any such interpretation. He was thinking of the colored population of the Cape Colony. "Much is being done in our days," he wrote, "for the spiritual benefit of the colored people of this land, and in view of the laudable zeal that is shown by many in this good work, the public will doubtless be glad to hear of a means whereby it can be expanded on a much larger scale." Whereupon he proposed to give them the Bible in Afrikaans, the only white man's language that they understood. In order to stress his point, he quoted as an example that deserved to be followed the action of the Danish Government, which for the benefit of the inhabitants of Denmark's West Indian possessions had the New Testament published in that bastard form of Dutch that is being spoken in those islands. There is no reference to the plight of the Boers and no suggestion that such a translation would be helpful to them. But be that as it may, there seems to be no doubt that his plea stirred the eight men at Paarl into action. They were actuated by different motives. Pannevis was fired by missionary zeal, and his aim was to bring the Bible to a larger number of people; they thought of their Afrikaans language, which to Pannevis was only a means to an end, and saw their end in its recognition.

The most dynamic personality among these eight men was the Rev. S. J. du Toit. It was under his leadership that they founded the *Genootskap van Regte Afrikaners* (Society of True Afrikaners), the implication being that there were other kinds of Africans who were not true to their native land, because they gave their loyalty to English or to Holland Dutch. "Ver Moedertaal en Vaderland" was the device in the blazon that they adopted as the Society's coat of arms. The vindication of their mother tongue and the African fatherland was their immediate aim. But another slogan, *Verenigde Suid-Afrika,* surmounted those words as if to indicate that the transcending ideal of the founders was the ultimate consolidation of South Africa into one all-embracing Union. A cross, an anchor, a heart, and a Bible in the centre of the naive design testified to their determination that the battle should be fought on Christian principles, and no one was admitted to membership who refused to confess belief in the Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Society's means of attack would be the publication of a monthly, a dictionary, a grammar and schoolbooks in Afrikaans. *Die Afrikaans Patriot* was chosen as the name of the periodical, which appeared for the first time on January 15, 1876. "Most Afrikaners," it said editorially, "will not believe that they have a language of their own. The old ones cling to Holland Dutch and the young ones have taken a fancy to English, and to convince them that they are mistaken is just as difficult as to teach recalcitrant horses to run in harness." The editors soon found that there was no exaggeration in that statement. A flood of abuse, vituperation, and ridicule was poured out over the impertinent upstart. It did not come from the English side, where the new publication was at first ignored. Opposition came from the leaders of the Afrikaans people themselves, from scholars, jurists, teachers, church ministers, and editors of the Holland Dutch press. The founders of the *Genootskap* had foreseen this antagonism and had cautiously kept their membership anonymous. The Rev. S. J. du Toit, who wrote in *Die Afrikaans Patriot* under the pseudonym *Oom Lokomotief*, was told by one of his elders, "Dominie, if I knew that man who signs himself *Oom Lokomotief*, I would shoot him with my own hand." The very people for whom he wrote would have nothing of it. They would not believe that their own speech was fit for appearance in print, and felt self-conscious and embarrassed at the sight of that homely idiom presuming to parade in black and white, like English and Holland Dutch.

Still, the *Patriot* won its way into the homes of the people. It started its journalistic career with fifty subscribers, but by 1881 it had attained a circulation of three thousand. The journal made headway, in spite of all opposition to the language that it used, by the politics that it advocated. Great Britain's annexation of the Transvaal in 1877 was vigorously condemned in *Die Afrikaans Patriot*, and its outspokenness made it popular with the Boers in the annexed Republic. Its contents reconciled the readers with its language, and once accustomed to the spectacle of the Taal in print, they began to take pride in its literary attainments.

When the people had been won over to taking an interest in their own language as a vehicle of literature, the matter of the Bible in Afrikaans was again brought to the fore. In 1886 it came before the Cape Synod. The Rev. S. J. du Toit was the chief spokesman of its advocates. His plea met with a complete fiasco. When he addressed the meeting in his Patriot idiom, says a contemporary report, he caused a general scandal. One elder protested against "men of education defending such a despicable patois as one read in the Patriot." The Free State Synod did not even admit discussion of the matter, as it was feared that a feeling of bitterness would result from it.

The attack had been launched prematurely. The Bible was the last bulwark of Holland Dutch to surrender to the forces of Afrikaans patriotism. Even the late Senator C. J. Langenhoven, ardent Nationalist and one of the literary leaders of a younger generation of Afrikaners, confessed as late as 1911 that the idea of an Afrikaans Bible was abhorrent to him as a parody and a profanation. The indifferent quality of the *Patriot's* columns was in part to blame for this opposition. The editors' slogan "Write as you speak" had induced many readers of good intention but small talent to supply the printer with copy in prose and rhyme. Du Toit and his fellow editors were not exclusive. They accepted what was sent them to encourage the writers, trusting that repeated exertion would improve their literary output. They wanted the *Patriot* to be a training school for the inexperienced. But this hail-fellow-well-met hospitality did not raise the *Patriot* in the esteem of the discriminating, and one cannot blame them for protesting against the project for a Bible in Afrikaans with the *Patriot's* doggerel and pedestrian prose as sole earnest of its stylistic quality. There was a dignity and stateliness in the prose of the seventeenth-century Dutch translation that transcended the write-as-you-speak everydayness of the *Patriot* even as organ music transcends the barrel organ's jingle outside the church door. The Synod would not exchange the organist for the organ grinder. The Taal had first to strengthen its tissue in the struggle for expression and to ennoble itself by repeated wrestlings with thoughts that belonged to a higher sphere than the workaday world, where the call is "write better than you speak." It was again the Rev. S. J. du Toit who showed his people the way out of the commonness of the life that centred around the house and farm to a wider life encompassing the country and the nation. He raised them from a narrow interest in their own lowly affairs to a plane from where they could see beyond the familiar boundaries. He founded in 1879 a political party, the *Afrikaner Bond*, and made them take an active share in the politics and the administration of their country. In the battle and turmoil of the national life the Taal received the discipline that it needed to invigorate and refine its texture. And when the nation had passed through the ordeal of the Anglo-Boer war, it had won, in exchange for its lost freedom, an experience and an exaltation that found the language attuned to their high theme.

It is customary in South African books on the struggle of the Taal for recognition to divide its history into two distinct movements, the first covering the period from 1875 till the Anglo-Boer War, and the second from the Peace of Vereniging until the recognition of the Afrikaans language by the Cape Synod of 1919. This is, of course, an arbitrary division which obscures the fact of continuity. The spring that had taken rise at Paarl in 1875 had grown to a river which, in the national earthquake of the Boer War, had rushed like a mighty waterfall across the debris towards a widened bed, that drew fresh tributaries from all sides towards its depth. There was no break between two movements, but a catastrophic occurrence that gave the one movement a new impetus and greater expansion. It had eluded the control of the man who had struck the first water from the rock. Du Toit, in his later years, was won over to the policy of Cecil Rhodes, and when the Jameson Raid and the war that followed in its wake proved to his followers that he had bet on the wrong horse, his popularity and influence began to wane. The leadership passed into the hands of younger men who, less politically minded than Du Toit, threw all their talent and energy into the cause of the Taal and its literature. They were poets and thinkers, who wanted to cultivate literary expression into an art, whereas Du Toit had been an uplifter and reformer bent on arousing his people to self-esteem and a pride in their own tongue. The older leader had made the nation receptive to the gifts that the younger ones had to offer. The people's pride in their language was the sounding board that gave volume and strength to the voices of Celliers, Totius, Leipoldt, Langenhoven.

In the years that followed the Anglo-Boer war the chief fight for the rights of Afrikaans was waged not on the British but the Holland Dutch front. The victor's language was as yet too strongly entrenched as the medium of commerce and business and of a century-old Government in the Cape Colony. But Holland Dutch had lost its reason for existence in South Africa and deserved to be ousted from its privileged position. It had been recognized as an official language of the Cape Colony in 1882, and had always been in use as such in the two former Boer Republics. The time had come to deprive it of its favorite status. The Boers' Dutch was better fit to serve their needs, being the product of the veld, not an imported speech of an overseas civilization. Vain attempts had been made to bridge the gap between the Dutch parent language and its African offshoot. The Taalbond, organized by advocates of the former under the auspices of the Dutch Reformed Church, had tried to make Holland Dutch easier to learn by introducing a simplified spelling system that reflected more accurately the language of Holland as it was spoken. The Taalbond also proposed, by way of compromise, a free and unrestricted use of Afrikaans words and idioms expressive of the people's character and the nature of the country, provided they were dressed up in the grammatical forms of the parent language. Some such hybrid was actually in vogue in the churches, for the ministers, though claiming to preach in Holland Dutch, involuntarily let their native Afrikaans raise its voice above the solemn flow of the Dutch sermon. But the leaders of the Afrikaans movement would have none of it. "Our written language", wrote one of them, "differs so much from our speech that it seems a foreign language to the large majority of our people." The estrangement had gone too far to make a compromise possible. Mr. C. J. Langenhoven, in 1911, tersely expressed the situation in the following words, "Is Holland Dutch our language? Why then do we not speak it? Is Afrikaans our language? Why then do we not write it? Is the one too high to be spoken, and the other too low to be written?" He asked those questions in scorn and derision, for he himself was not in doubt as to the correct reply. But there actually were Afrikaners who confessed not to know what was their mother tongue. Dr. W. J. Viljoen, Professor of Dutch at Stellenbosch, gave in 1906 a lecture which he entitled "Which language must we call ours?" He did not pose the question in order to solve it in his discourse. He admitted that he did not know. If Afrikaans, he argued, had a monopoly within the home, it would be fruitless to oppose its adoption in writing, although the nation should lose thereby the beneficial influence of a language that was the vehicle of a rich civilization. But Afrikaans has no such monopoly, and when it comes to the elevation of Afrikaans to a written standard, many Africans whose patriotism was beyond question would prefer the alternative of writing English! Dr. Viljoen was not alone in taking this halfhearted attitude. It was shared by a great many educated Afrikaners. Their esteem for the language of Holland and the Church blinded them to the possibilities of their own mother tongue, and for that very reason it seemed necessary to Langenhoven that Holland Dutch, as an enemy of Afrikaans, should be defeated before the Taal could ever hope to assert itself as an official language and the equal of English in schoolroom, courtroom, and council chamber. The conservatism of the Taalbond had to be counteracted by a more forward-looking organization, which would write vindication of Afrikaans into its programme. Leaders of the Taal cult in the two former Boer Republics met at Pretoria in December 1905 and founded the *Afrikaanse Taalgenootskap* (African Taal Society), and a year later those in the Cape Province met in Capetown and constituted the *Afrikaanse Taalvereniging*. Their first point of attack was the school. The children that were to be the future leaders of the race should be trained in the use of their mother tongue both in speech and in writing. Langenhoven was the chief spokesman of the campaign, which was crowned with success in 1914, when the principle that the Afrikaans child must be taught through the medium of its own language was embodied in the law of the land. Afrikaans was admitted as the vehicle of instruction in elementary schools by decisions of the Provincial Councils in the Cape Province, the Orange Free State, and Transvaal. Not until 1917, however, did the Educational Departments take actual steps to introduce the Taal into the classrooms.

After the surrender of the School, Afrikaans was assured of its ultimate recognition in Church and State. The *Gereformeerde Kerk* (Reformed Church) was the first of the three Dutch Churches to admit Afrikaans, by the side of Dutch, as the official language of the pulpit. The Free State and Transvaal Synods of the *Nederduitsch Hervormde Kerk* (Dutch Reformed Church) followed suit and, having declared that the time had arrived for recognition of Afrikaans, referred the matter for final decision to the Council of Federated Churches, a body on which all Protestant Dutch churches are represented. The Council, with only one dissenting voice, put its seal on the admission of Afrikaans, being satisfied "that Holland Dutch would never become the spoken language of our people." The Council had no legislative power, but its opinion carried weight because it could claim on the strength of its constitution to voice the common feeling of the Church throughout South Africa. The Cape Synod's conservatism yielded at last to the popular demand of which the Council's vote was an unmistakable expression. It admitted Afrikaans by ruling that the term Dutch, by which the official language of the Church was designated, should in the future be taken to mean either Holland Dutch or Afrikaans. Each consistory would have to decide which of the two languages should be spoken from the pulpit in its church, taking good care, however, that the feelings of those who were opposed to Afrikaans, even though they were in the minority, should be spared with the utmost tact. It was well that such caution was imposed on the ministers. For even today, more than a decade after the synods had sanctioned the innovation, there are many church members who are not yet reconciled to the change. The seventeenth century Bible, by the very obscurity and archaism of its language, has something solemn and mysterious that adds beauty and dignity to the lesson and the sermon. At the farm in the western Cape Province where we spent a happy week late in March, the servants after supper used to come in from the kitchen and join the family in their evening devotions. We first listened to a chapter from the Bible; and when the book was closed all knelt down over the seats of their chairs, the head of the family leading in prayer. Both the lesson and the prayer were in Holland Dutch. The master of the house possessed so good a command of that language that, without resorting to outworn and stereotyped phrases, he could improvise in simple words that came straight from the heart. But the generation to which he belongs is dying out, and with it the use of Holland Dutch and the love and understanding of the old Holland Bible will vanish. The younger Nationalists want to be preached to and to pray in their own mother tongue, not in an archaic idiom that they have to learn out of books in school. The minister who should refuse that demand would, in their opinion, put a stigma upon the Afrikaans language. And so the predikants, whether they like it or not, have to give in. An Afrikaans translation of the Bible recently came from the press and will soon replace the Dutch one that has outlived the respect and affection it once inspired.

In the meanwhile the Taal had also politically come of age. Parliament decided in 1918 that in future Afrikaans might be used for official purposes except in Bills of Parliament, laws, and official documents of either House of Parliament, for which purposes Holland Dutch had still to be employed. But in May 1925 it was resolved at a joint sitting of both Houses to amend the language clause of the Act of Union in such a manner as to recognize Afrikaans unreservedly as one of the official languages of the Union. Holland Dutch is theoretically still on a par with English and Afrikaans, but it is a distinction that means nothing in practice. Afrikaans, the country's own brand of Dutch, has taken its place and has amply proved that its succession to the rights of the parent language was beneficial to the common weal.

Since then the spread of Afrikaans has made rapid progress. Educated Afrikaners have ceased to be ashamed of speaking it and English South Africans are doing their best to master the language which, a generation ago, was the object of their derision and contempt. They are, indeed, learning it against the grain, being compelled by self-interest to make the effort. For the present Nationalist Government is enforcing with uncompromising severity the bilingualism that has been sanctioned by the Union Constitution. I heard Natalians deny that this document, in declaring Afrikaans to be the official equal of English, made it obligatory for every State official to be versed in either language. The Hertzog Government does explain it that way, and Article 145 seems to justify this course, as it stipulates that the services of officers in the public service of any of the former Colonies shall not be dispensed with by reason of their want of either the English or the Dutch language. This reservation evidently provides for a transition period which is to lead on to a new era in which all State officers will be required to have command of both languages. Besides, under the Civil Service Act admission is allowed to uni-lingual applicants subject to their acquiring an adequate knowledge of the other language within five years. At the Customs office in

Pretoria I found an Englishman in charge who did not understand either Dutch or Afrikaans, but such leftovers of the Milner regime are becoming scarce and will soon be extinct. The youthful Capetown manager of the Union Railways Travel Bureau, whose native language was English, addressed me in Afrikaans and took pride in speaking it so well. "I have a personnel of sixty-eight, partly Afrikaans, partly English," he told me, "and I do not allow my Afrikaans assistants to talk to me in English; they must speak their own language to me." In Parliament I heard the Minister of Railways defend his budget in Afrikaans, and the English-speaking members of the Opposition showed no difficulty in following him. Inspectors and magistrates in the native reserves are under no obligation to speak the native language and receive no credit for having mastered it, but they must know Afrikaans, even where it is not spoken, as in the Transkei and in Zululand. That is an inconsistency which will not be remedied by the removal of the bilingual requirement but by the Government's insistence on additional efficiency in the native tongue of the district. Hence even in Natal with its predominantly English population English parents realize the wisdom of having their children taught the other official language of the Union. In 1929, 95.5 per cent. of the children of English-speaking parents in that Province were studying English in the schools. Afrikaans has even intruded into purely English institutions where only ten years ago the mere hint of such an eventuality would have elicited indignant denial. The Synod of the diocese Capetown of the Anglian Church decided early in 1932 that all applicants for holy orders should be able to speak Afrikaans and to preach in that language. The Union Castle Line has included Afrikaans books in the libraries of its ocean steamers. In the State hospitals, on the other hand, Afrikaans may not yet be used. But it will not be long before there as well the ban is lifted. In the diners on the trains of the South African Railways the menus are printed in both languages, but I never heard Afrikaans spoken by the train personnel. Last September the Minister of Railways sent a minute to the General Manager complaining of one-sided use of English on trains. Such stereotyped announcements as "All tickets, please!" "Breakfast ready!" "Any bedding required?" were invariably uttered in one language only, the minister wrote, little regard being shown by train officials to the needs and convenience of uni-lingual members of the traveling public. The Administration, thereupon, issued a circular in which station masters were requested to exercise vigilance and report any instances of failure to comply with the language instructions. The Minister's plea, as will be noticed, was not made in behalf of bilingualism, but for the benefit of unilingual travelers who did not understand English. But that, of course, was not the real reason. There are few Afrikaners who possess so little English that they would not recognize such simple words as bedding, breakfast, tickets. It was not their ignorance that had to be aided, it was their love of the Taal that had to be gratified. English South Africans cannot help feeling annoyed by such insistence, on the part of the Nationalists, on the recognition of their language. They do not realize that the very power of British civilization encompassing the globe by the magic of its literature and the expansive force of its language drives the Dutch Afrikaners to this policy of aggressiveness. If they were proudly conscious of a cultural heritage as rich and as firmly embattled by age-old tradition as the spiritual patrimony of the British, there would be less provocation to obstinate self-assertion. The disproportion between the two opposing forces being as great as it is, they must either stem the tide of anglicization by their utmost exertion or be swamped by its insistent rise. They are like their Dutch ancestors in Europe, who had to safeguard their lowlands against the insidious inroads of the ocean. It was an unequal struggle of a small, defenceless country — a mere pinprick on the map of the world — against a mighty enemy who was forever lying in wait on the threshold. The sea was beautiful, rich in silvery fish and the gold of sunsets, dotted with the mirrored grace of sails and winged birds. But they refused to surrender to either its power or its magic. They entrenched themselves behind the ramparts of their dykes and dunes, not grudging it their admiration, but denying it submission. Even so the Afrikaners are not blind to the greatness and the beauty of English civilization. But they fear it as an alien element that threatens their own with submersion. The Nationalist slogans and prejudices are the dykes and dunes that must protect the Afrikaners against the menace of British penetration.

The manner in which the British react to the aggressiveness of the Afrikaners tends to widen the rift between the two races. Seeing the strength of the Dutch grow in numbers, in political power, and, as a gain of experience, in statesmanship, they cling in self-defence to their Anglo-Saxon antecedents with an exaggerated show of loyalty. As the face of South Africa turns more and more Dutch, the Briton in South Africa turns more and more English. "Home", in South African usage, is, I take it, a mere synonym for England, that can be used without any implication of estrangement from the African fatherland; in fact, I have heard a South African of Norwegian extraction speak of England as "Home", though he had never visited the British isles. Its wide currency, however, is an irritant to the Dutch Afrikaners, who take it as proof of their contention that the Briton still looks upon South Africa as a colony which, like a Roman proconsul in the Province, he has come to govern but where he does not mean to strike root. This assumption does injustice to South Africans of English stock, but it cannot be denied that many, by out-Englishing the English in demonstrative love of the mother country, seem to justify the Boers' claim of the exclusive right to the name Afrikaners.

The South-African Englishman resembles the ancient Roman in discounting the effect of physical distance upon the mind of the expatriate. Said Horace

Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt

and the Englishman under the southern cross has remained an Englishman for four generations. The Dutch Boers feel no such loyalty. They never hankered back for the Low Countries and for reunion with the stock from which they sprang. As early as 1706 Hendrick Bibault of Stellenbosch declared himself to be an "Africaander". He and his like deliberately turned away from the coast and from the sight of ships that were the only links with their European past, and trekked up country, ever farther inland, preferring the wilderness to civilization. The first to come were tillers of the soil, but when by the end of the seventeenth century their labor produced more than the ships calling at the Cape could absorb, overproduction of crops made cattle breeding more attractive. In 1713 a cattle plague halved the colonists' live stock, and as the price of meat rose in consequence, the settlers began to seek pasture grounds farther afield, pushing the edge of the white man's area still deeper into the wilderness. From settlers they became trek Boers, nomad breeders of cattle, who felt no attachment to the soil. The son would leave his father's ranch to seek new grazing for his stock, and the father himself would move on whenever rumors reached him of better pasture beyond. Thus a new race grew up of hardy, self-reliant individualists, who proved ungovernable subjects to the authorities in distant Capetown. Their contact with that isolated outpost of European culture had been reduced to the rare occasions, occurring seldom more than once a year, when they took their wares, butter, lard, soap, candles, and hides, to the Capetown market. The capacity of their ox cart prescribed the limit of their scanty earnings. These intermittent visits stressed the differences that estranged them from that little world of Company officials, tradespeople, and craftsmen, to many of whom Holland remained the land of promise and European life the model of their own. The Trek Boer's home was the open veld, his land of promise the unexplored beyond, his mode of life the one that not tradition but Nature's hard lessons had taught him. He longed for no return to the old world, he was the pioneer of a new world to conquer. The sole heirloom of the past to which he clung was his Dutch Bible, and the chapters that had special significance for him must have been those in Genesis which tell the story of Abraham, lord of herds, in whom he recognized his Hebrew prototype.

It was unavoidable that under such conditions these people, cut off from all contact with their homeland, should change the characteristic traits of the Dutch stock at home. The Hollanders have been taught by their age-long struggle against the sea to organize for joint effort into small local units. Guilds and corporations have flourished among them since the late Middle Ages. The Dutchman, individualist though he be at heart, feels neither happy nor safe in isolation, and he knows that individual liberty can best be achieved by common obedience to custom and law. The Trek Boer's conception of liberty was freedom from all interference by law. His nomad life gave him the law-proof existence that he craved, a life utterly alien and repulsive to the Hollander, who loves the anchored security of his house and garden. Through the fusion with other nationalities the differences between Trek Boer and Hollander were intensified in successive generations. In the early nineteenth century, when Dutch rule ceased in South Africa, 53 per cent. of its white population was Dutch, 28 per cent. German, 15 per cent. French, and 4 per cent. of other nationalities. These non-Dutch immigrants were forced by the East India Company to give up their own language and adopt the speech of the Dutch majority, but no Government decrees could prevent the intangible effects of intermarriage upon the mentality of the new composite race. Even the Dutch language, imperfectly spoken by so many settlers of alien birth, could not maintain conformity to the standard of Holland. It rapidly changed its morphology, reducing its diversity of inflectional forms to the utmost simplicity, the common denominator of the various types of Dutch that Germans, Frenchmen, and other foreigners and the black slaves of the settlers could master. Thus the Afrikaners developed, before the end of the eighteenth century, a speech all their own, which has deviated so far from Holland Dutch that it may justly be called a new and independent language.

Afrikaners do not like to have it said that the modification of Dutch which they speak is a creole language, the result of a cross between the speech of the early settlers and the prattle of their black slaves. This theory of its origin has been propounded and upheld with great ingenuity and learning by Professor D. C. Hesseling of the University of Leyden. Early references to the manner of speech at the Cape lend it credibility. In 1685 a Dutch Commander at Capetown wrote about the language that was spoken there, "Our people, having taught the natives the Dutch language and hearing them speak it in a twisted and almost unintelligible manner, begin to imitate their broken speech, with the result that the children of our Hollanders adopt it too, thus laying the foundations for a sort of double Dutch of which it will be impossible to rid ourselves." The Hottentots were good linguists and learnt Dutch so readily that in the early eighteenth century, when P. Kolbe wrote his "Beschreibung des Afrikanischen Vorgebirges der Guten Hoffnung" (1719), "a stranger inland, far away from all Europeans, was addressed by the natives in Dutch, albeit a broken Dutch." The present speech of the Hottentots is a variety of Afrikaans, their own language having become extinct, except in a few inaccessible regions. But Dr. Hesseling's theory leaves Hottentot Dutch out of account. He believes that it was the speech of the slaves imported by the Hollanders from the East Indies that had a corroding influence upon the morphology of the Dutch language. These spoke a mixture of broken Portuguese and Malay. That mongrel speech was the lingua franca between the white man and the native upon the islands and along the coasts of the Indian Ocean. Abraham Alewyn, an official of the Dutch East India Company at Batavia, published in 1714 a Portuguese-Dutch Dictionary, in the dedication to which he describes the language that was used at Batavia in daily intercourse as "a broken Portuguese mixed with many picked up bastard terms from Malay and Dutch." Portuguese and Malay, he further states, were the two languages spoken throughout the immense extent of the Company's territory, Malay serving as a medium of intercourse with Orientals, Arabs, and Chinese, Portuguese in all dealings with the natives and domestic slaves. When the Hollanders in South Africa compelled their Oriental slaves to address them in Dutch, it must have been a Dutch full of idioms and phrases that were taken from this lingua franca, Dr. Hesseling believes, and the impact of this broken speech of the slaves upon the Dutch of the early settlers would account for the rapid simplification of its morphology. If one must believe Kolbe, who is not too credible an authority, the Hollanders at the Cape were not altogether successful in enforcing the exclusive use of their own language, for according to him a visitor at the Cape "could get along best with Portuguese and Malay, which languages, not only here but in nearly the entire East Indies, are spoken just as much as is French nowadays in Germany." Traces of this Malay-Portuguese survived in South Africa into the middle of the nineteenth century. The Afrikaans writer G. R. von Wielligh, who died in 1932, remembered hearing it spoken by his grandfather and an old slave girl when he was a little boy in the sixties of the past century.

Dr. Hesseling's theory is not popular in South Africa. It is felt to put a stigma on the race of the Voortrekkers and on their language, and Afrikaans scholars, foremost among whom are Professor D. B. Bosman, Professor J. J. Smith, and Dr. S. P. E. Boshoff, have done their best to refute it by tracing the peculiarities of the Taal back to certain peasant dialects of Holland. They claim that the rustic speech which the Dutch colonists brought to the Cape contained in germ all the tendencies towards simplification that developed Afrikaans from seventeenth-century Dutch. It is quite probable that the children of the settlers learnt to prattle Malay-Portuguese from their ayas, but they must have dropped that kind of speech when they grew up, feeling that it belonged to an inferior race. Only reflex sounds such as cries of pain were never shaken off. These alone are admitted by Dr. Bosman to be survivals of the speech of slaves. The bulk of Malay loanwords in Afrikaans, which amount to no more than one hundred and twenty, were, according to him, not brought in by East Indian slaves, but formed already part of the vocabulary of Holland's seafaring crews in the middle of the seventeenth century. They belong to the Holland Dutch heritage, and can not be adduced as evidence of Malayan influence on Afrikaans. There is much to be said for the line of reasoning that is followed by Dr. Bosman. The early settlers were, with a few exceptions, men of hardly any culture. Even among the rulers of the settlement at the Cape illiteracy was not uncommon. Of the twelve councillors in Van Riebeeck's time six drew a cross in place of a signature. Their dialect speech, which defied the niceties of standard Dutch from the start, had no anchorage in any writing. For the Dutch Bible that they had brought with them was phrased in a language that bore slight resemblance to the rustic idioms of the country districts from which they hailed. Without a fixed standard by which the settlers could measure deviations from established usage, they had no means of checking mistakes and thus solecisms easily developed into common practice. The instability of the language was increased by the manner in which it was faultily spoken by foreign settlers. French Huguenots, Germans, and Scandinavians, who all adopted Dutch as their speech under pressure from the Company authorities, reduced the difficulties of inflection and conjugation to a minimum, and the resultant that sprung from this intercourse between speakers of various tongues and dialectal varieties all trying to speak one common language was a form of Dutch stripped of nearly all morphological distinctives.

Holland Dutch has retained two grammatical genders, nouns taking either the definite article *het*, which marks them as neuter, or the non-neutre article *de*. Afrikaans has done away with this distinction, all nouns taking the article *die*. The origin of this simple pronoun is a matter of debate between the advocates of Malay-Portuguese influence and those who believe with Dr. Bosman in spontaneous development. Dr. Hesseling sees in *die* a creolism, due to imitation of the Malayan use of the demonstrative pronoun *itu* (that) as a mere definite article (the). But Bosman has convincingly shown that the demonstrative pronoun *die*, exclusively used in the sense of "that" in modern standard Dutch, was still in use as a definite article in seventeenth century Holland and even survives there in that function in rustic and lower-class idioms. The Afrikaans article is undoubtedly a generalization of *die* in a function that was quite common among Hollanders in the seventeenth century. The tendency to eliminate distinctions of gender is also affecting the suffixes which in Holland Dutch differentiate female from male agents, such as *-es*, *-in*, *-ster*, *-e*, which are no longer heard in spoken Afrikaans.

The most thorough change was accomplished in the verbal conjugation, which was reduced to one monosyllable serving for all persons regardless of number. The only variant is the form of the past participle, which consists of that same monosyllable with the prefix *ge-* added to it. The form of the preterite, which in Holland Dutch is marked either by vowel change in the verbal stem or by means of a suffix, does no longer exist in Afrikaans, past tense being expressed by means of auxiliaries, or, in vivid narration, by the historical present. Only the auxiliaries of mood and the verb "to be" have retained their preterites: *had*, *kon* (could), *mog* (might), *moes* (must), *sou* (should), *wou* (would), *was*. It follows that, apart from these few survivals, the distinction between strong and weak conjugations, which all Germanic languages have inherited from the parent language and retained to the present day, is extinct in Afrikaans. Forms of the strong past participle still survive, it is true, but only in the function of adjectives. The form of the present participle is also obsolete, except in adjectival function.

The adjective in Afrikaans occurs in two forms, one uninflected, the other ending in *-e* or *-te*. Each adjective belongs to one or the other class by virtue of its phonetic and rhythmic qualities. Those ending in *-l*, *-r*, *-s*, and *-u* vacillate. When, however, the endingless adjective is spoken with emphasis, it can take *-e*, hence adjectives that are often used emphatically show a tendency to develop a constant form in *-e*.

There is also much simplification in the pronominal forms. The personal pronouns have retained the distinction between the nominative and the oblique case, but in the plural the oblique form *ons* (us) has been leveled out in the nominative, where Holland Dutch uses *wij* (we), and *hulle* (they, them) serves for all cases and both sexes. *Julle*, for the second person plural in all cases, does not differ except in its ending from the Holland Dutch form *jullie*. The unaccented form *se* of the possessive pronoun *sij* (his) is used as an enclitic suffix for the formation of the possessive in both singular and plural, without any distinction of sex, e.g. *Ma se hoed* (literally "mother his hat"), *Jan en Piet se boeke* (lit. John and Peter his books), *outijse mense* (lit. old time his folks). Thus the inflection of nouns, which has dropped all case distinctions except the one that differentiates the plural from the singular, has developed a new form for the possessive case.

The relative pronoun, which in Holland Dutch employs the forms of the demonstrative and interrogative pronouns, has been reduced to one standard form *wat*, which serves all the purposes of *that* in English. However, the non-neutre *wie* is used when the pronoun is preceded by a preposition, and also for the possessive case, e.g. *Die ouers wie se kind dood is* (the parents whose child is dead).

Afrikaans syntax also shows many departures from the usage in standard Holland Dutch. Its most conspicuous feature is the repetition of the negation by means of *nie* (not), which concludes each negative sentence. It is indeed possible to find isolated instances of such a solecism in seventeenth-century Dutch literature and in the dialects of present-day Holland, but its generalization in Afrikaans can hardly be a spontaneous development. The recurrence of *nie* has a certain lilting charm, and the uneducated speakers of the Taal, Hollanders, foreigners, and slaves, being more sensitive to rhythm than to logic, must have tagged it on so often for the sake of its musical effect till it became a recognized feature of Afrikaans syntax. A parallel case, it seems, is the tendency to repeat a preposition at the end of a phrase, e. g. *hij loop uit die huis uit* (he goes out of the house out). This construction has its antecedents in Holland Dutch, but its wider use in Afrikaans is probably due to rhythmical requirements. The Taal makes also a very effective use of repetition to express a durative aspect of the verbal action, e.g. *Ek het staan-staan geëet* (literally: I have eaten stand-standing, i.e. while standing) or the repetition may indicate iteration when the action alternates with the action of the finite verb, e.g. *ek het rus-rus geloop* (literally: I walked rest-resting, i.e. I walked and rested alternately). Repetition of adverbs is resorted to in the same way for intensive or iterative purposes: *dit reent so bietjie-bietjie* (it rains a little bit every now and then).

An entirely un-Dutch practice is the use of the preposition *vir* (for) before the object of transitive verbs when this object is the name of a living being. In this one instance the influence of Malay-Portuguese, which uses *per* in the identical connection, can hardly be doubted and is admitted even by South-African scholars.

These are, in brief outline, the most striking features by which Afrikaans is distinct from Holland Dutch and on the strength of which it may claim recognition as an independent language. I was surprised to find it so uniformly spoken. Mountain ranges and rivers form natural barriers which divided the scattered population of settlers into isolated units before the invasion of railways, Fords, Chevrolets stimulated large-scale construction of roads and bridges. In spite of that long isolation of individual groups the Taal has not split up into local dialects. This homogeneity of Afrikaans stood it in good stead in its claim for recognition as the official equal of English. It is far superior, in this respect, to the Dutch speech of Belgium. The Flemings, whose language is cut up into a diversity of local idioms, are constantly told by their French-speaking fellow citizens that Flemish is not a language but a patchwork quilt of dialects. No such criticism applies to Afrikaans. It has a fixed standard, to which the speech of high and low conforms over the full extent of the South African Union.

This language is to the Nationalists the hall mark of their Afrikanerism. They claim it to be *the* language of South Africa, which it is, no doubt, if mere numerical strength of its speakers can invest it with that distinction. The veld has produced this offshoot of the speech of Holland, it is peculiarly adapted to the life of the veld, and he who seeks to portray that life in words and give literary expression to the inner life of the veld dwellers, has no better means of expressing it than Afrikaans. How true this is appears from the case of the brothers S. B. and G. C. Hobson, sons of an English father and both speakers of English in their own homes. They made their literary debut with a tale in Afrikaans called "Kees van die Kalahari", of which a baboon is the hero and the veld and rocky mountain scenery the background. Their English, they tell us, could not do justice to either the scene or the animal plot. Afrikaans has its picturesque name for every variety of the fauna and flora, its clipped, monosyllabic word form resembles the stunted vegetation of the Karoo, its metaphors are crops from the veld, its idioms the produce of the farm. Hence the Boer calls his *taal* Afrikaans, and he looks forward to a future in which it will be the ruling language of the country.

That being so, it follows that no student of South African affairs can afford to ignore the Afrikaans language and the part which it plays in society, politics, religion, and education. It will not do to dispose of it with a contemptuous sneer and a shrug of the shoulders. The fact must be faced that a majority of the white race in South Africa speaks Afrikaans, that this majority is growing in numbers, in political power, and in the knowledge of state affairs, and that consequently the proud claim implied in the name Afrikaans will gradually lose much of its presumption and may ultimately prove justified in effect. These considerations convinced me that the study of the *Taal* on the spot would be a worth-while undertaking, and I feel indebted to the Carnegie Corporation for supplying me with the means wherewith to carry out my plan.

I started my journey through South Africa from Capetown, where I landed on February 27. Capetown impresses the visitor as an English city. English, not Afrikaans, is the speech that one hears in the streets, the stores, and the restaurants. In the dining room of Parliament House the menus are printed on folders, the left page giving the bill of fare in one language, the right-hand page in the other. But this right half is printed upside down for the sake of impartiality. By this arrangement the language of your preference is always on the left of the card. The waiters seemed to assume that visitors wish to be dined in English. For although I was in the company of two Afrikaners I was handed the menu with the Afrikaans text upside down. They were Afrikaners, however, who belonged to the South-African Party, not supporters of General Hertzog, the leader of the Nationalists, and that may have been the reason why the waiter manipulated the menu card the way he did. He probably reserved the Afrikaans text for members of the Government majority, and considered the English bill of fare an opposition document. Afrikaans is also given its due in all municipal ordinances, but from the wording of these it is plain that the English text is the original and the Afrikaans one its translation. These renderings are often no better than clumsy paraphrases taking up double the space of the English. During our stay at Capetown the city Council was handed a protest against this municipal Afrikaans by a joint committee of all the Afrikaner organizations in the city. The derisive manner in which the English-speaking members of the Council reacted to the reading of this communication aroused the ire of the Afrikaans element. They claimed that their language had been insulted, and one Councillor, whose native speech is Afrikaans but who had always addressed the Council in English out of consideration for his British colleagues, declared that, after this incident, he would be less considerate and announced his intention of moving in the next Council meeting that the agenda and the minutes of each meeting should henceforth be in Afrikaans as well as in English. Similar incidents used to occur in the recent past in Council meetings of Belgian cities when Flemish-speaking members protested against the official renderings of municipal French. The street names in Capetown are not, as in Flanders, in two languages. The English, out of conservatism, or tolerance, or indifference, have spared the old Dutch names that were in use before the British occupied the Cape in the beginning of the nineteenth century. The change from *straat* into street, the common denominator, is the only concession that has been made to the King's English. It would have been a loss, indeed, if the Dutch names had vanished, for some of these were worth preserving for their quaintness, such as *Welgemeend* (Well meant) Street, *Keerom* (Turn back) Street, a blind alley, no doubt, in the olden days, *Roodehek* (Red fence) Street, *Krom Elboog* (Bent elbow) Lane. These bear the stamp of popular coinage and must have had currency before they were officially labeled with a name plate. They are in keeping with the type of house that has survived, in the oldest section of Capetown, from the days of the Dutch East India Company. Its front door is from three to four feet above the level of the street; in order to reach it one has to climb the steps of a broad stone stoop, which has no balustrade or railing along its edge. Little Dutch urchins toddling out of the front door must often have dropped off the stoop upon the cobbles of the street, and the prolific offspring of the colored people that now occupy these dwellings of a bygone age are daily exposed to the same danger.

By "colored people" the South-African means halfcastes. They form 48 per cent. of the population of Capetown, and their native language is Afrikaans. These half-breeds are the descendants of white men and Hottentot women, intercourse with whom was common in the early days of the settlement at the Cape. The Afrikaans that they speak is a corrupt form of the *Taal* of the Boers. They mix it up with English words and phrases, with which they think it smart to intersperse their speech. A colorful element is added to this half-breed population of the city by the Mohammedan Malayans, Slameiers or Slamsen, as they are called by the Dutch. These are the descendants of slaves brought over from the East Indies by the early Dutch settlers at the Cape. The Slameiers' Carnival, which they celebrate on January 2, has long remained the most picturesque survival of eighteenth century Capetown life. They paraded the streets at midnight beribboned in orange, and red, white and blue, and singing the Netherlands national anthem and other Dutch folksongs. This custom lingered on until the twentieth century. The present generation of Slameiers does not seem to care for the melodies that their parents used to sing. But though Wilhelmus van Nassouwe is no longer popular among them, they still speak the Afrikaans language that their ancestors learnt from their Dutch masters. They are not, however, supporters of the Nationalist Party. Both the colored people and the Slamsen show a strong leaning towards everything English. This is probably due to the abolition of slavery, which was proclaimed by the British Government in 1834. It is still used, in election campaigns, as an argument in favor of candidates of the South African Party, and the least intelligent among the colored and Slameiers are still haunted by a lurking fear that the Nationalists may bring slavery back into the land.

Pure-blooded natives are not allowed to live in Capetown. Those who suceed in finding employment there must live outside the city limits in so-called "locations", where they are given bed and board at a moderate rental. It is only in the Cape Province that distinction is made between natives and colored people, and that the latter are given a privileged position including the same political rights as are enjoyed by the white people. In the other Provinces all non-whites are counted among the natives.

Capetown is kept informed about current events by three daily papers, in the morning by the *Times* and *Die Burger*, in the evening by the *Argus*. *Die Burger* is an Afrikaans publication in no way inferior to its English rivals. The latter, of course, take in national politics the side of the South African Party, *Die Burger* is a Nationalist organ upholding the policy of General Hertzog's Government. The editorials of the two English journals are not faultless specimens of Oxford English. Afrikaans words and phrases crop up that must baffle an Englishman who has just arrived on a steamer of the Union Castle Line. A farmer up-country is called a platteland farmer, a store goes by the name of winkel, to inspan a team of horses is South-African for to harness, a Briton in a state of utter exhaustion will declare himself to be kapot. Roy Campbell, the Natal poet, once started a literary periodical which he called "Voorslag" (Whip). The most popular illustrated weekly in English is "The Outspan". Topographical nomenclature is full of words that are of Dutch origin. Dorp is used for village, drift for ford, fontein for spring, kloof for ravine, spruit for a small river, vlei for a hollow filled with water in the rainy season, veld for the open plain. At Capetown appears an illustrated Afrikaans weekly called *Die Huisgenoot*. Its editor, Mr. J. Viljoen, is a graduate of the School of Journalism of Columbia University. He has introduced American methods of editing and circulation management into South African journalism, and has succeeded in bringing the sale of his weekly up to forty thousand copies, no mean record in a country of less than two million white inhabitants.

From Capetown we proceeded at a leisurely pace to Stellenbosch, Worcester, Stettijn, Knysna, Oudtshoorn, Port Elisabeth, Grahamstown, Alice, Umtata, Libode, Queenstown, Aliwal North, Bloemfontein, Harrismith, Witzieshoek, Durban, Pietermaritzburg, Eshowe, Pretoria, Johannesburg, Potgietersrust, Swerwerskraal, Beitbridge, Fort Victoria, Zimbabwe, Morgenster, Salisbury, Beira. South Africans are an extremely hospitable people, and letters of introduction, with which I was well supplied by Dr. F. P. Keppel, Dr. T. C. Loram, and Dr. Philip R. Botha, secured me everywhere a cordial reception and ready assistance. I had ample opportunity to hear Afrikaans spoken and to study the vexed problem of bi-lingualism as it affects education, politics, and social intercourse. We were for a week the guests at Stettijn, the beautiful farm of Mr. and Mrs. Stofberg, halfway between Worcester and Villiersdorp. Both are Dutch Afrikaners, but they belong, as do many Dutch farmers in the Western Cape Province, to General Smuts's South African Party. We visited in the Orange Free State and Transvaal Dutch farmers who were ardent Nationalists, and spent a few days with English friends who owned a farm near Aliwal North. We had tea one Sunday morning with General Hertzog at Grooteschuur, the Prime Minister's official residence at Rondebosch while Parliament is in session at Capetown, and I met General Smuts, the leader of the Opposition, with his political friends Jan H. Hofmeyr and Patrick Duncan, at a luncheon in Parliament House. I addressed a gathering of prominent English residents of Capetown, who had been invited by the Netherlands Consul General to hear me speak on present-day Holland, and I spoke in Dutch about American Universities to the members of the University Club in that same city. I lectured at the University of Stellenbosch, a stronghold of Nationalism, and at Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, which is predominantly English. I visited South African Native College at Fort Hare, went on an inspection tour in Witzieshoek with Dr. H. Kuschke, Chief Inspector of Native Education in the Orange Free State, and painted portraits of native types in the Transkeian Native Territories and in Zululand. In short, I was enabled to become acquainted with various phases of life in South Africa and to hear opinions on domestic problems from the Dutch, the English, and the native side.

I had been dubious as to the kind of reception that would await me, as a born Hollander, in South Africa. It would be a mistake to assume that as a Dutchman I could be sure of a cordial welcome. There was a time, not so very long ago, when Hollanders were not too popular among Afrikaners. Distant relatives love each other best at a distance. Personal contact often leads to disappointment of exaggerated expectations. The dear cousins that one had pictured to be so much like oneself are on closer acquaintance not so easy to get on with. It was the fashion in Holland, in the days when Paul Kruger ruled the Transvaal, to idealize the Boers as venerable patriarchs who had preserved the noble simplicity of life and manners of the early seventeenth century. Ancient virtues that Holland had lost were supposed to survive in South Africa. The Boers were a kind of Pilgrim Fathers who, unlike the descendants of the Plymouth Brethren, had kept themselves unsullied by the blight of modernity and materialism. Paul Kruger reciprocated this cult of the noble Boer by putting a premium on the ingress of Hollanders into the Transvaal. He imported Dutch schoolmasters in large numbers and appointed a great many Hollanders in high positions in the administration of the Republic. There is one thing of which the Hollanders as a nation are inordinately proud, and that is their system of education. You cannot make the average Dutchman believe that foreign children are as well taught as his. He sets great store by quantity and diversity of accurate knowledge, and the Dutch schoolmaster, in his opinion, is unexcelled in supplying both. The Hollanders, therefore, considered that their noble, but somewhat benighted, cousins in South Africa were fortunate in obtaining a corps of experienced paedagogues, and the Boers, it seems, were as long as Paul Kruger lived duly grateful for the benefit. But after the peace of Vereniging a new spirit manifested itself among the Dutch Afrikaners.

They had lost their political independence, but something equally precious had been gained: a strong sense of their own worth, a pride in their Boer inheritance, a jealous love of their spiritual independence. Newcomers from Holland, the schoolmasters not excepted, all too often assumed an air of superiority over their Dutch cousins of the veld. Their ill-disguised contempt for the Boer language, which sounded to them as a vulgar variety of Holland Dutch, and their open assumption that the Boers were in need of their schooled intelligence and expert knowledge, were gall and wormwood to the new-born and highly sensitive nationalism of the Afrikaners. Self-help became their popular slogan. They would prove to the Hollanders that they could do without them and their bookish language.

The triumph of Afrikaans over Dutch, which has been recounted above, had, strange to say, a wholesome effect upon the strained relations between Hollander and Boer. Since the Dutch schoolmaster had lost his hold upon education and his Dutch grammars and exercise books had been thrown into the discard, Dutch culture was no longer feared as a menace to Afrikanerism, and the Hollanders ceased to be distrusted as importers of its insidious blessings. Suspicion and fear yielded to a recognition of the debt that Dutch South Africa owed to the mother country. I met with a telling instance of the good understanding that now prevails between Afrikaners and Hollanders when attending a meeting of the Orange Free State Teachers Association at Bloemfontein. The entire teaching profession of the Province, from the University professor down to the kindergarten teacher, is included in the membership of this organization, a striking proof that the Trek Boer's love of law-proof isolation is giving way, in his posterity, to a socially spirited tendency towards communal effort and mutual endeavor. The three racial groups, English, Afrikaans, and Dutch, work harmoniously together in the Orange Free State Teachers Association for the promotion of its aims. Dr. C. F. Visser, Principal of the Training College for Teachers, and Mrs.

Visser, both Afrikaners, acted as host and hostess on that occasion, the General Secretary of the Association, Mr. H. W. Kammeijer, a native of Holland, opened the meeting with a few introductory remarks in Afrikaans, and its chairman, Mr. Th. Blok, also a Hollander born, presided over the discussions. He too spoke in Afrikaans, and the only Holland Dutch that was heard that evening was spoken by the present writer, in whose honor the Association had arranged the symposium. Out of deference to their British colleagues two of the speakers, both Afrikaners, made use of the English language in discussing South Africa's universities and the system of native education, and the only Englishman on the evening's program explained how the Teachers' organization was functioning under the efficient guidance of its Holland-Dutch chairman and secretary. Mr. H. W. Kammeijer has held his secretaryship from the inception of the Association, and it is perhaps due in part to his untiring efforts that the English teachers, unlike their colleagues in Cape Province and the Transvaal, retain their membership without any desire for secession and the establishment of an exclusively British organization. Free from anti-British prejudices, the born Hollander can act as a liaison officer between the two races to the benefit of both.

Another evening at Bloemfontein the writer was the guest of the Netherlands Society and of the local branch of the *Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond* (General Netherlands League). The latter organization aims at maintaining and strengthening the cultural bond that unites the scattered groups of the Netherlands race, the Dutch in Holland and her overseas dependencies, the Dutch in Belgium, in South Africa, and North America. The chairman of the local branch at Bloemfontein is an Afrikaner, and its membership is made up of Dutch and Afrikaans residents. The Netherlands Society, on the other hand, is an organization exclusively of Hollanders. It has its headquarters in the original hall which, four score years ago, was used as assembly room of the *Volksraad* or Parliament of the Orange Free State. No one in Bloemfontein seems to have cared what happened to this historic place after it had been relinquished for an ampler and more pretentious building. It was the Netherlands Society that saved it from falling into ruin. It obtained from the Union Government permission to establish its headquarters under its roof, in return for which privilege the Society is keeping it in good repair. The old hall, with its hardened mud floor and its thatched roof, is a simple monument of a primitive period, of which but little else remains in the prosperous and highly modern city of Bloemfontein. Its rescue from destruction was an act of piety revealing the extent to which Hollanders residing in Bloemfontein have learnt to identify themselves with Afrikaners, honoring the country's past as if they were born to the soil.

There are, indeed, Hollanders, who, rather than consort with Afrikaners, seek the companionship of English residents. These feel themselves close to the English as inheritors of a civilization no less ancient than that of Great Britain. It is a matter of choice between cultural or racial affinity, and it is only natural that a Dutchman who cherishes the memories of the European environment that he has relinquished should feel at home among fellow Europeans to whom England remains Home. If the spread of education could make the Afrikaners more historically minded and could teach them a better understanding of Europeans in general and of the Hollanders in particular as their co-heirs of a cultural heritage, the last barrier dividing Hollander and Afrikaner would be demolished. But that day is still far off. The Afrikaners, being a young nation, live, like Americans, with their minds in the present and the future. They are hopeful of greatness to come and, eagerly scanning the future for signs of its approach, turn their backs upon their European origin.

A Dutch colleague of mine, Professor M. Bokhorst, of the University of Pretoria, is engaged in the difficult task of persuading South African students to vary this attitude and look backward, once in a while, into the past. His special subject is the cultural history of the Netherlands, a knowledge of which should be the background of all who want to make a serious study of South African history and the Afrikaans language. I attended one of his lectures. His subject that morning was a historical survey of Dutch architecture. Especially instructive for African students was his demonstration of the process by which the typical cornice of the colonial house at the Cape developed from the so-called *trapjesgevel* or crowstep gable of the early Netherlands townhouse. The imitation of it in modern South African architecture is a sad misconception of this ancient Dutch style. This peculiarly shaped cornice of the Colonial house at the Cape had its special function in covering a tapering attic space, but the builders of recent villas in Capetown, Bloemfontein, Pretoria and elsewhere, have turned it into a meaningless, and consequently ugly, ornament on the top of a flat-roofed house. It has, in other words, deteriorated into a screen with nothing behind it that needs screening or covering. This instance is significant of the danger confronting a young people when it flatters itself with the belief that it will be able to build up a new civilization out of its own funds of energy and talent. Here is a special style of building which is held to be typically South-African, and it is confidently believed that the country possesses a South-African architecture when its builders merely repeat the form which tradition has sanctioned without a true perception of its meaning. Inherited possessions have little more than dubious ornamental value. If you want them vitalized and made capable of new growth and development, you must begin by understanding them as products of the time that brought them forth, and add to that understanding a wide knowledge of experience that has been gained elsewhere. But that requires historical sense and an open mind prepared to appreciate and absorb what is good and valuable regardless of its origin. Neither quality has as yet been developed in the Afrikaner people as a whole. There are, of course, individual Afrikaners, especially in the University faculties, who are historically minded and appreciative of the best that may be learned from other nations. But the bulk of the people are not of that type. The Nationalist attitude towards what is foreign is one of suspicion and fear. Their politicians swear by the slogan "South Africa for the Afrikaners", and they take it to mean that the human stock which now makes up its white population must produce, from its own store of vitality and talent, the nation and the culture of the future.

The Afrikaans language is officially doomed to such spontaneous efflorescence. It has been severed for good and all from its mother tongue and is left to shift for itself. When Holland Dutch was banned from the schoolroom as the vehicle of instruction, it was at the same time thrown out as an eligible subject. It is no longer taught in the elementary schools, and since more than fifty per cent. of the Afrikaner people do not get beyond Standard VI, a book in Holland Dutch is incomprehensible to more than half the Afrikaans population. Even the children in the middle schools have slight opportunity of becoming familiar with the language of Holland. Here language study is not limited to English and Afrikaans. The pupils may add a third language to their list of subjects, and are given a choice from French, German, Latin, or from a list of native tongues such as Sesutu or Zulu. But Holland Dutch is not eligible. If the teacher feels so inclined, he may occasionally give his students a Dutch text to read in the Afrikaans class. But there is no systematic tuition in the language. At the universities HollandDutch is treated less summarily. The students who take Afrikaans must acquire a reading knowledge of the mother tongue, must make themselves acquainted with its literature, and study it as the linguistic source of their own language. But the number of those who are so trained is very small.

Responsible Afrikaners have begun to realize that their language cannot survive unless it draw nourishment from its mother tongue. The Taal is a rich and resourceful idiom as long as it deals with subjects that are close to the Boer, his home, his farm, the veld, and the Church. But there are other fields of interest to which the Boer, in past generations, never gave a thought or a name; his vocabulary gives out when it comes to discussing navigation, industry, commerce, finance, science, and art. He must either draw the means of expression from Holland Dutch, which can easily be adapted to Afrikaans word forms, or borrow them from English. And since school education, as it is at present organized, estranges the Afrikaner child from Holland Dutch and makes him familiar with English, it would seem unavoidable that English will be the mine from which coming generations will cut the ore that is to enrich their literary language. English books are popular among Afrikaners, in spite of all Nationalist slogans and anti-British prejudices. Mr. H. S. M. van Wickevoort Crommelin, writing in *De Gids* of September 1930, gave some instructive statistics from South-African libraries. In the State Library at Pretoria the number of Dutch and Afrikaans books that were borrowed in 1928 amounted to no more than three per cent. of the total borrowings. At Bloemfontein 77,107 English books were taken out in that same year as against 217 in Dutch and 275 in Afrikaans. At Kroonstad the library contained 7,650 English books, 88 in Dutch, and 230 in Afrikaans, and Mr. Crommelin adds that at the time of writing this library had ceased to buy books in Afrikaans because there was no demand for them. At Ermelo, in 1927, 90 per cent. of the books taken out were English, 2 per cent. Holland Dutch, and 8 per cent. Afrikaans, at Standerton 80 per cent. English and 11 per cent. Afrikaans. At Wakkerstroom the library numbered about 2500 books in 1928, of which 400 English books a year were borrowed on an average, but there was no demand for any Afrikaans volumes from the collection. The librarian at Carolina declared the same: the Afrikaans-speaking members preferred English to Afrikaans books. There has been an awakening of popular interest in Afrikaans literature during the last four years; the increased circulation of *Die Huisgenoot* brings Afrikaans reading matter every week into thousands of homes all through the Union, and stimulates a desire for less ephemeral literature, which the libraries supply. A fresh library survey would probably reveal different figures reflecting a rise of Afrikaans reading matter in popular estimate. But the literary output is slight both in quantity and quality when one compares it with the yield from Great Britain and the United States. No Afrikaans patriot can be blamed for reading ten English novels to one by Van Bruggen or Sangiro. The charm of English fiction is enhanced by its kaleidoscopic nature. Afrikaans literature is concerned solely with Africa; it tells the readers of their own life and of the animal life of veld and desert that they know intimately from their own observation. It gives the same kind of satisfaction that you feel when you see your own portrait painted on canvas by an artist, a sense of pride in finding oneself or one's own world brought into the magic circle of art. But the paramount function of literature is not to make you more conscious of self but to take you away from your self, and make you forget the humdrum life at your own door. There is a certain degree of gratification in the portrayal of the domestic and national life in which we take part, but it can not give us the thrill that the unusual, the foreign, can impart. It is otherness that the average reader looks for in fiction, and English books that take him away from Africa into different lands and among different people will therefore remain better sellers and lenders among Afrikaans-speaking readers than books in their own Taal. The educated are, consequently, continuously exposing their Dutch vocabulary to what the Afrikaans patriot might call the contagion of English, and when they are called upon to deal with subjects to which the Taal cannot do justice they will, whether consciously or mechanically, resort to English for the terms that must supply the shortage. American talkies are doing their share in the dissemination of English among the Afrikaner people. There is only one remedy against this process of anglicization, and that is a revival of the study of Holland Dutch.

The chances of such a revival, however, are slight. There is a tendency among High School pupils, which seems to be gaining in strength, to eliminate the third language from their study programmes. The revised Matriculation scheme opens the door for a large-scale adoption of this practice, and it is not in the schools with English but with Afrikaans medium that the aversion to third-language study is strongest. The school spirit, consequently, is not favorable to a reinstatement of Holland Dutch in the curriculum. And when the Afrikaans Bible translation shall have replaced the Dutch Bible still in use, the last vestiges of popular familiarity with Holland Dutch will be effaced.

The effect of this anglicising process is a strange anomaly, of which the Afrikaners themselves are apparently unaware. Their outlook on life, their conceptions of the world abroad, their methods of Government and business administration, their ideas of sportsmanship, even their manners and forms of social intercourse, bear the trademark Made In England. A foreign observer will notice this similarity more easily than an Afrikaner, who, intent on being and proving himself to be un-English, is more keenly aware of the little differences that mark his Afrikaans individuality. They set great store, as do the English, by good features and correct appearance, a trait in which they differ from the Dutch. In Holland it is not considered either charitable or good form to judge a person by such externals, character being held to be the only thing that counts. But in South Africa you will hear people ask about a newcomer, "What does he look like? Is he handsome?" and the reception accorded him, though cordial in any case, will warm to good looks. Care of one's person, which in Holland is not counted among the social virtues, is considered a recommendation among the Dutch in South Africa. The women dress exceedingly well. On their isolated farmsteads, miles away from the centres of fashion, they must of course rely upon their own skill in dressmaking. They subscribe to English and American fashion papers and manage to keep, not only informed about, but elegantly dressed according to the changing vogue. The tone of conversation is cultivated with equal care. An Afrikaner, if asked for his opinion, will tactfully circumvent the plain truth when he knows, or instinctively feels, that the plain truth will hurt. Dutch friends of mine who have lived in South Africa for several years told me that the blunt outspokenness of Hollanders who come to South Africa as visitors or immigrants is a trait in the character of the Dutch that Afrikaners find most offensive. "What do you think of South Africa?" is a question that every stranger from abroad is repeatedly called upon to answer. A Hollander will take it as a request for his candid opinion and will proceed to give it in perfect sincerity, adding criticism to his praise. To call a spade a spade is among Dutchmen a mere matter of honesty, but Afrikaners, on certain occasions, will call bluntness downright rudeness. There are things that one does not say, though the truth might be served by saying them. They agree with the English that there are words and phrases in the language that are too painfully expressive to be used without harm in polite intercourse. One of the Hottentots that were employed on the farm in the Western Cape Province where we were offered hospitality said to his master's son one day, "Boss, why do they call a horse a horse, and a cow a cow, and a sheep a sheep? Pig is different; anybody can see that a pig *is* a pig". That illustrates the danger in calling a spade a spade. You never can tell what subtle shade of meaning the sound of a word may convey to the other fellow. The Afrikaner, being aware of that danger, practices a polite reticence that is thoroughly English, but entirely alien to Dutch custom and tradition. As a social animal the Afrikaner belongs to the species called Briton.

It is perhaps a subconscious awareness of this assimilation that makes the Afrikaner so aggressively anti-British. If you feel yourself becoming what you do not want to be, you are apt to over-emphasize your otherness. And they who are consciously aware of the danger are the most active protestants of the intrinsic difference between Boer and Briton. That explains why racial animosity runs highest in South African centres of learning. The intellectuals feel themselves the guardians of the racial inheritance. The Taal cult is their trust, the leadership of the masses is their duty. Scholarship in South Africa thus becomes easily involved with politics, and the universities become arenas where racial rancors clash in battle. While we were in Pretoria the whole *dorp*, as the Afrikaners still call their capital, was agog with excitement over the lamentable outrage on Mr. Lamont. It was an incident within the University in which an internal crisis came to a head. The University of Pretoria holds a unique position in South Africa in that it is the only one that is placed on a bilingual basis. The Union has four self-administered universities, those of Capetown, Stellenbosch, Pretoria, and the Witwatersrand, and a Federal University embracing five Colleges, Rhodes at Grahamstown, Natal at Pietermaritzburg, Grey at Bloemfontein, Huguenot at Wellington, and Potschefstroom. Capetown and Witwatersrand are English-speaking institutions, Stellenbosch is a bulwark of Afrikanerism, but in Pretoria, where in October 1930 the old Transvaal University College was raised to the status of a university, a definite attempt was made to enlist higher education in the cause of racial reconciliation. It was the realization on a small scale of Cecil Rhodes's ideal, who had wanted to gather the young together from all parts of South Africa into one big University. "They will live together, play together, get to know each other, spread out over Africa and make it a united country". He spoke those words in 1891. Forty-one years later the only experiment of this kind ended in failure.

The experiment, it must be admitted, was not made with any such ideal purpose in view. It had been dictated by necessity. The Transvaal College, founded in 1908, had been staffed with predominantly English-speaking instructors, although the majority of the student body was Afrikaans. When the plans for a change of its status were being discussed, it was admitted from the English side that the new university could not be an English-speaking institution, since only forty miles away there was an English university at the Witwatersrand. The English, however, could not be persuaded to consent to an exclusively Afrikaans institution, which would have involved the dismissal of the larger half of the Faculty. Hence a compromise was struck in the establishment of a bilingual seat of learning on a fifty-fifty basis. So even a balance, however, was never attained. Owing to the preponderance of Englishmen on the Faculty whom the University took over from the College, the English language retained the lion's share, although nearly eighty per cent. of the students were Afrikaners. However, though the arrangement was due to a compromise imposed by necessity upon the parties, it created a rare opportunity for two opposing forces to work within the neutral field of science for harmony and conciliation. It demanded a greater effort from the English members of the partnership. Afrikaners are by training and native capacity bilingual, Englishmen find it harder to acquire a speaking knowledge of the other language. The fifty-fifty arrangement implied not merely a juxtaposition but a generous exchange of languages, whereby the willingness and ability of Afrikaans instructors to speak their colleagues' language would be reciprocated by the English members of the Faculty. But the latter failed them in this generous interchange. Their sense of British superiority and the traditional contempt for the upstart idiom of an erstwhile subject race got the better of the Englishman's innate love of fairplay. Maladjustment was apparent also in the difficulty of harmonizing English and Afrikaans methods of research. The Britons, selfconscious heirs of an age-old scientific tradition, practised a cautious and leisurely approach, their natural attitude towards scientific problems being one of conservatism and sceptical distrust. The Afrikaners, to whom science is a new-discovered world lying open for adventurous exploration, went to the attack with the gusto and fervor of converts won for a new faith. The very coolness with which their English colleagues responded to their enthusiasm was an irritant that spurred them on to still more nervous activity. There was, consequently, a disparity of tempo that corresponded to an incompatibility of temper, with the result that co-operation proved impossible. I was invited by the Rector, Mr. A. E. du Toit, to address the student body on the morning of Monday, May 30th. The lecture was attended by the Afrikaans professors, but since my subject, Netherlands influences in America, had been announced in the Dutch language, the English members of the faculty stayed away in a body. The University was practically divided into two hostile camps, that restricted contact to the barest necessity.

The Lamont case led to a definite break with bilingualism. In a war novel entitled "War, Wine, and Women", a feeble imitation of "Im Westen Nichts Neues", Mr. Lamont, a Scot, who was instructor in French at the University of Pretoria, had written slanderously about the Boers and the great Voortrekkers. The intention to insult was obvious, for the incriminating passage had been dragged into the story, its content adding nothing to the development of the plot. The insertion merely catered to the vulgar taste of a certain class of English readers, who were invited to grin at the expense of brave pioneers. It would, of course, have been more dignified to ignore both the book and the writer than to give it notoriety and a best seller circulation by an attack on his person. If it had been an isolated case of an irresponsible scribbler forgetting his manners, it might have been answered that way. But it was felt among Afrikaners that the vile passage was symptomatic of English contempt for their race. It was not individual bad taste that had inspired the offensive remarks, they were the expression of an attitude, widely prevalent among English-speaking South Africans, towards their fellow citizens of Dutch ancestry. When Mr. Lamont was tarred and feathered by four descendants of Voortrekkers, he was made to answer not only for what he had written but also for having written it as the spokesman of British arrogance. The perpetrators of the outrage did not try to conceal their identity. They were placed on trial and were fined fifty pounds each. The money was supplied by a nation-wide subscription, gifts pouring in from every part of the Union. The four culprits had become national heroes by their Ku Klux Klan act. Their excuse was that the offense which Mr. Lamont had committed was exempt from punishment by the laws of the land.

This incident made the racial crisis within the University of Pretoria acute. Both the Senate and the Council adopted resolutions canceling the two-year old agreement upon a bilingual basis and proclaimed the University to be an Afrikaans seat of learning. The decision, however, will remain for the present a pious profession of principle. The English staff cannot be summarily dismissed. Only by the appointment of Afrikaners to vacancies can the gradual transformation into a unilingual institution be accomplished. One immediate effect of the action of Senate and Council was the withdrawal by Mr. C. Maggs, a rich English planter, of his liberal financial support and his simultaneous resignation from the Council. Thus ended ignominiously the first and only attempt to bring about racial harmony within the sphere of higher education.

If bilingualism proves impracticable within the academic sphere, there seems to be small hope of its working for harmony in matters of state. The English in Natal are restive under the Nationalist regime. They resent the influx of ever larger numbers of Afrikaans officials and of the enforcement of bilingualism in a manner that operates unfairly against local men. They complain of the rising cost of education, which absorbs seventy per cent. of the Provincial revenue, and hate to see part of it go towards the defrayal of expenses for instruction in Afrikaans. They protest against the treaty with Germany, which constituted a breach in the principle of Imperial preference .They object to the new postal stamps which, instead of the face of King George, advertise South African scenery. They abominate the flag of the Union, and protested, in the summer of 1932, against retention of the gold standard as a Nationalist scheme for jockeying the Union out of the Empire through the back- door of economic secession. Their main grievance, however, is against the highly centralized form of Governement, which under a Nationalist administration places Natal, as they claim, at the mercy of the anti-British majority in the Union. At the time of our visit to this Province, the Devolution League was agitating for secession. Its chairman, Mr. Stuart Helps, did not advocate secession as the ultimate goal; he was in favor of federation, but argued that the best means of attaining that end was by first seceding from the Union. The *Natal Mercury* supported him through thick and thin, while the *Natal Advertiser*, though not averse to the idea of federation, condemned the propaganda of the secessionists. The latter addressed a questionnaire to the Natal members of Parliament, in the hope of obtaining from the people's representatives support for their so-called Devolution scheme. The reply from Mr. G. Heaton Nicholls, Natal's most distinguished Member of Parliament, was published in the press on May 17. It poured a cold douche over the ardours of the secessionists. "I can conceive," Mr. Nicholls wrote, "circumstances arising when Natal, with her back to the wall, would have to choose between complete surrender to Afrikander Nationalism or go out, whatever the sacrifice, in order to preserve her spiritual and cultural heritage... But I do not think that day has yet come. The cause which swayed Natal at the Union Referendum has not been hopelessly lost, and since there is now a growing recognition of the dangers of centralization, Federation will be more easily achieved by agreement within the Union than by disagreement without." He admitted the impossibility of preserving either the identity or the special interests of Natal under the present system of unification and suggested that the Federation of Canada might be taken as a model for the reform that was desired by an overwhelming majority of the people of Natal.

The questionnaire of the League was dated April 18, Mr. Nicholls's reply came just a month later. There was good reason for the delay. The Natal delegation to Parliament included several members who shared the views of the Devolutionists. There was great danger of a rift within the ranks of the South African Party if its Natalian members did not conform in a body to the Party's stand with regard to the question of secession. Its leader, General Smuts, would never consent to a solution such as was proposed by the Devolution League. He had in the past subdued more dangerous rebels to save the Union from disruption. At the beginning of the World War, when Dutch South Africa was called upon to fight on Great Britain's side, rebellion blazed up among the Boers of the two Republics, who had not forgotten their own war with England, nor the Peace of Vereniging under which they had been forced to sign away their independence. General Smuts, together with General Botha, took the field against his former comrades in arms and, true to his pledge of allegiance, preserved the Union at the price of his popularity. The man who, in defence of a united South Africa, dared to fight his own people and incur their hatred and enmity, would never yield to Natalians demanding secession. He had sacrificed too much for the Union to allow rebels within his own party to disrupt it. Federation within that Union, however, is a solution that General Smuts can subscribe to. In 1931, in a speech delivered at Capetown, he publicly declared faith in the devolution of powers from the Union to the Provincial Governments. So the rebels in the Natal South African Party had to be whipped into line and persuaded to show a united front against the dangerous doctrine of Secession before the leading M. P. from Natal found it advisable to speak his mind on the subject.

It is just as well for Natal that saner counsels have prevailed. Natal outside the Union would soon discover that her re-asserted Britishness was paid for at a heavy price. Her sugar, of which she produces an annual crop of nearly 250.000 tons, is securely protected in the Union by a tariff that practically excludes competition from abroad. Would the Nationalist Government be anxious to extend that protection to the produce of a Province which refused to assume the burdens along with the blessings of Union? And would that same Government continue to favor Durban as an export harbor if it can direct the flow of South-African products to Port Elisabeth, East London, or, from the Transvaal, to nearby Lorenzo Marques? Besides, Natal, after secession, would attract within her borders many English South-Africans who share the Natalians' aversion to living under Afrikaans domination. Such disgruntled Britons now seek escape from annoyance in Rhodesia, but the greater attractions of Natal would lend fresh impetus to this tide of emigration. The effect on the Union would be a considerable decrease of the English-speaking element and, as a corollary, consolidation of Nationalist rule. That accounts for the indifference with which the entire Afrikaans press responded to the agitation of the Devolution League. "If Natal wants to get out, let her go, we don't care", was the common opinion among Afrikaners. They would regret the loss of Union territory, but foresaw compensation in political ascendency over the English. It was to them a matter of six of one and half a dozen of the other.

The campaign for federation as sponsored by Mr. Nicholls will centre round the institution of the Provincial Councils. The authority of these Councils, which may be regarded as successors to the former Colonial Parliaments, is limited in that their enactments are subject to the veto of the Union Government. Their very existence is precarious since their powers may be curtailed and even abolished by a vote of the Union Parliament. The Devolutionists, who see in the Natal Council a bulwark of Provincial autonomy, are alarmed by evidences of the Government's intention to have Parliament absorb more and more of the functions that now belong to the Provincial Councils. They accuse the Hertzog Cabinet of conducting a regular campaign against the Provincial system in order to further the designs of Afrikaans Nationalism. Natal will do her uitmost to frustrate such a scheme, which would enmesh her still deeper in the spider's web of Nationalist bureaucracy that has its centre in Pretoria.

The agitation of the secessionists did not fail to have its repercussions in the other three Provinces of the Union. Though its object left the Afrikaans press indifferent, the expression of anti-Dutch sentiment which it evoked created bad blood among Afrikaners. Mrs. Smuts, speaking on June 14 at the annual meeting of the Women's South African Party, voiced a fear lest the Devolutionist campaign should have a detrimental effect upon the by-election at Colesberg, where on July 9 the popularity of the Nationalist Government was to be put to the test. A large number of independent voters, she said, were vacillating between the two parties, but resentment at the anti-Dutch campaign in Natal would probably sway their minds and make them cast their votes for the Nationalist candidate. Colesberg had been captured from the South African Party in the last elections, but its leader, General Smuts, had good hope of recovering it, trusting to the depression as an ally against the Hertzog Government. He prophesied that the Nationalists were in for a defeat and that the Colesberg vote would prove to them the writing on the wall. But while Depression aided the Saps, as the members of the South African Party are called, the Nats were aided by Secession, and the bitterness created by wounded racial pride proved stronger than the discontent bred by economic distress. Ninety per cent. of the voters went to the polls on July 9, and the majority cast their ballots for the Nationalist candidate.

What happened at Colesberg is happening all over the Union. The mass of indifferent voters who stand midways between the parties is driven asunder by the chemical forces of racialism and merged with the two chief parties. There is, indeed, a Centre Party in South Africa, but its accomplishments so far are negligible. Internal strife has retarded its growth, the founder, Dr. A. J. Bruwer, having resigned from his own creation because his leadership was hamstrung by the executive committee, which objected to his dictatorial methods. The atmosphere is inclement to moderation and non-partisan independence. Centrifugal forces drive the open-minded and the unbiassed into the vortex of racial strife. One has to be Afrikaans or British. The school system is based upon the cleavage of tongues. The home language decides whether a child shall go to a school with English or Afrikaans medium. Bilingual schools with parallel classes in the two mediums are an exception. And this scheme of racial segregation of youth is extended to outside activities. Young Afrikaners are being urged to join the Voortrekkers movement, which has been organized by Mr. J. de V. Hees of Bloemfontein as a Nationalist rival of the Boy Scouts. Thus the national cleavage is systematically widened and the Union, which South Africa constitutes politically, seems socially to be drifting towards disunion.

Still, the outlook does not seem hopeless. Before harmony can be achieved, there must be an even balance between the two rival races. Peaceful co-operation is possible only where the partners are peers. Recognition of equality on paper is not sufficient, it must be tested and demonstrated in the practice of national life. The constitutional solution of the language problem is still on probation, one party to the arrangement still trying to find out how much it can retain, the other how much more it can capture beyond what is granted. The scales are rocking while each weigher is disputing the other's full right to his load. But this rivalry cannot go on for ever. The English-speaking South Africans will in course of time become resigned to the unusual, and therefore still irksome, experience of having to share control instead of being the controlling race, and the Afrikaners, having gained greater confidence in the raison d'être of their Afrikaans culture, will no longer feel the need of asserting it aggressively and will come to accept the English and their language not as enemies but as assets to the national life of South Africa. Better understanding of each other will result from various tendencies that are at work at the present day. The Boers have ceased to be an exclusively agricultural race and will soon be competing with the

English in the fields of industry and commerce. The trek of the Dutch Afrikaners back from the veld to the cities and the sea coast is bound to come. It has, in act, already begun as a result of the present depression, which has driven thousands of impoverished Boers to Durban, East London, Port Elisabeth, and Capetown, in the hope of finding work in the mills and docks. In Port Elisabeth, at the time of our visit, the number of poor whites was estimated at 5000, the large majority of whom were Afrikaners. The mines on the Rand are employing Afrikaans labor in increasingly large numbers, and this invasion of Boer workers is reflected in the membership of the Socialist Labor Party, which in its origin was exclusively English. The universities are training Boer sons for various careers that will take them away from veld and farm and direct them to the urban centres. Hence more and more brains and energy will be available for employment in Government offices, in factories, in trade and commerce, and offer competition in these fields to the English, who have controlled them thus far. In this way the two races will be brought into closer contact and, working side by side in the same pursuits and at the same tasks, discover that the differences which stamp them Britons or Afrikaners are outweighed by the similarities by virtue of which they are all South Africans. When we crossed the border between Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa, we found ourselves among people who have little in common with their neighbors. Then I realized how little distinction there really is between Briton and Boer. At Beira you can tell at a glance whether a man is an Englishman or a Portuguese, but in the Union there is so much outward resemblance between Dutch and English South Africans as to force one to the conclusion that there must be a corresponding similarity of mind and mood. The very obstinacy with which the Afrikaners have maintained their language and their racial characteristics against the danger of anglicisation is closely akin to the bulldog nature of the British. An Englishman who cannot admire such tenacity in his Dutch fellow citizen would be untrue to the historical record of his own race [1].

This optimistic forecast is confirmed by the tendencies in Afrikaans literature. If the bitterness that inspires political oratory and partisan press editorials were the all-pervading mood of the Dutch race in South Africa, it would find its reflection in Afrikaans prose and poetry. But these are singularly free from anti-British sentiment and expressions of racial animosity. Hymns of hate do not disfigure the pages of Afrikaans anthologies. Memories of the Anglo-Boer War, instead of evoking dithyrambic outbursts of wrath and indignation, are voiced in tender lyrics whose leading motive is melancholy. The verse of C. L. Leipoldt, whom I hold to be the greatest among living poets of South Africa, is a case in point. He was born in 1880, fought in the Anglo-Boer War, and retains vivid recollections of the sufferings through which his people passed, men, women, and children alike, during the three tragic years that it lasted. One of his lyrics, which every schoolchild in South Africa must know by heart, is of a little soap box made in England that served as a coffin for little Johnnie who died in a concentration camp. The poem contains no mention of England except as the land from where the little soap box came, and no mention of the English who interned women and children in camps, where more than 23.000 died of hardship and disease. The gigantic Bloemfontein monument to the memory of those innocent victims perpetuates the Boer War and the hatred that it begot, but even its silent stone speaks of conciliation. In the centre at its foot a small tablet, which jars on one's aesthetic sense, bears an inscription that soothes the pain of recollection. Here rest the remains, it says, of Emily Hobhouse, the noble English woman who so valiantly protested against the concentration camps and aroused public opinion in England to a sense of England's duty towards her enemies. But the poets do not perpetuate hatreds. Even a tragic incident that at the time stirred up fierce indignation and protest is dramatized by Leipoldt in the objective manner of the mediaeval ballad singer. Salmon van As was one of three men whom the British Government excluded from the amnesty for which provision was made under the peace treaty of Vereniging. The English demanded his surrender because he was claimed to have criminally murdered an English officer carrying a white flag. Van As, conscious of his innocence, refused to flee and stayed at Heidelberg awaiting his arrest and execution. His body was subsequently disinterred and buried in the Heidelberg cemetery, but the empty grave in the kloof is still marked by a thornbush that was planted there by his field cornet. Leipoldt recounts the fatal incident as it actually happened in the succinct epic style of the early ballads, giving in rapid succession pensketches of an outpost in the moonlit night, of a horseman who under the protection of a white flag comes every evening from the enemy's camp to talk the Boers into surrender, of a shot in the dark, a riderless horse, and Kaffirs running back to camp to spread the news, of the peace negotiations at Vereniging, of the scene of execution, and of Salmon's death. There is no mention of the English, nor of miscarriage of justice beyond a passing reference to the peace negotiations at Vereniging "where brave patriotism must yield to wicked force." The occurrence is brought back to the poet by the sight of the lone thornbush that was planted thirteen years before over an empty grave, and it is this vision that starts him telling the story and draws him back to the thornbush when it is told. The mood of the ballad singer is elegiac, his theme is the lone thornbush and the dead hero of whom it is a memento, but the enemies that killed him and the war that made them enemies are ignored.

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[1] Since this was written, great changes have taken place in South Africa. In the fall of 1932, Mr. Tielman Roos, a prominent Transvaal Nationalist, came forward with a proposal for a coalition between the two leading parties. Smuts and Hertzog at first turned a deaf ear to his appeal. Mr. Roos took the stump and demonstrated by the enthusiastic response of his audiences that he had the ear of the nation. The two leaders then agreed to a political truce and the formation of a coalition Cabinet under General Hertzog. Each probably saw in Mr. Roos's rising popularity a menace to his own leadership and hoped to take the wind out of his swelling sails by putting his proposals into practice. Hertzog submitted his coalition programme to the electorate, and the returns gave an overwhelming majority to the coalition candidates. Mr. Roos, who opposed one of the latter in the Rustenburg district, was beaten and turned out into the cold. The movement he had started went on its way without him. General Hertzog now heads a Cabinet of Ministers recruited from among the leaders of both the Nationalist and South African Parties, General Smuts being in charge of the Department of Justice. Anti-Dutch and anti-British agitation is silenced, for the time being, and the popular slogans of the day are National Unity and Economic Recovery. Subsequently, the Provincial congresses of the Nationalist Party in Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Natal have expressed themselves in favor of fusion with the South African Party. The Nationalist congress in the Cape Province, on the other hand, has declared against it. Dr. D. F. Malan, formerly Minister of the Interior in General Hertzog's Cabinet, is the leader of the Cape Province section of the Party, and swayed by his warnings against fusion the congress voted disapproval of General Hertzog's latest policy. The English press is almost unanimous in favour of fusion; only a few papers controlled by Mr. Vere Stent, former editor of the Pretoria News, oppose it. These papers represent the extreme wing of British jingoism. In the event of fusion being actually accomplished, Dr. D. F. Malan will head the opposition party, which may attract those voters whose expectations are disappointed by the course that Fusion will steer in the near future. If this should lead to a political realignment effacing racial antagonisms and stressing the cleavage between conservatives and liberals, the political outlook would have brightened in South Africa.

In another poem entitled *Droom en Doen* (Dreaming and Doing) the poet takes a definite stand against those who hark back to the past and forget the living and their future for the recollection of the dead. "Scheepers lies buried in the sand of Graaff-Reinet" is the burden of the lament made by one of these hoarders of old grief, and the poet replies, "Are you dreaming still of yesternight? Rather pledge your love and zeal and all you have to the glorious future that awaits us. He is the greatest patriot who loves all mankind, who prizes forgiveness above revenge, who can suffer and live, pardon bloodshed and wrong, ever working for a new and better day."

It might be argued that the broadmindedness which these poems express is the fruit of Leipoldt's cosmopolitan training and foreign travel. He was born in 1880, fought in the Anglo-Boer War, was a journalist in Capetown, studied medicine in England, was a medical school inspector in London, came to America as ship's doctor on the private yacht of Mr. Pulitzer of the New York *World*, visited the East Indies, returned to South Africa, was for a time medical inspector of schools in the Transvaal, and is now editor of a medical journal and a specialist in children's diseases at Capetown. Have these foreign travels made of Leipoldt a different man from his fellow poets who stayed at home? I do not think so. The bulk of his lyrical verse is a poetic record of the soul's communication with the creatures and the flowers of the African veld, and few, if any, excel him in giving musical voice to the perception of the beauty that there is in the landscape of the Karoo, and to the love of country that South Africa evokes in her children. He is as true an Afrikaner as the most patriotic of his countrymen, and his fellow poets, far from disavowing his generous spirit of forgiveness, have given expression to it in their own verse. Leipoldt's older contemporaries Totius (C. D. du Toit) and Jan F. E. Celliers, who were the leading poets of the so-called Second Language Movement, both lived through the Anglo-Boer War, Celliers as a fighter, Totius as an army chaplain. Their verse is full of recollections of that period, but its prevailing note is the suffering endured, not hatred of the enemy that caused the suffering. The mental anguish of the prisoner of war at the thought of his dear ones in a concentration camp, the mother's sorrow at the bedside of her dying child, the procession of little coffins from the camp to the cemetery that marks a trampled track through the grass along the thornbush, scenes such as these are the visions that the poets recall. In 1911 Celliers revisited the cemetery of the concentration camp at Irene. He found all the graves covered with cosmos flowers. "O mothers," he wrote, "who weep far away for little flowers taken from you, come and look, a bright little flower has arisen out of each. It is as if God said, I give back what was given to me. Where flowers were sown, flowers shall grow." And Totius turns the thornbush that was rudely injured by an oxcart into an emblem of his nation. The wound of the thornbush was healed by the salve of its own resin. But it left a scar that grew with the tree. The pain inflicted may be forgiven, but it leaves its ineffaceable mark. It is easy to forgive what is not remembered. The Afrikaans poets, though not oblivious of past injury, are willing to forgive, and voice the people's forgiving mood in their verse.

The war, however, is a minor motive of Afrikaans poetry. The veld, with its fauna and its flora, its sweeping vistas, its rising and setting suns, and its farm life, supplies the poets with an endless variety of moods and impressions. The Afrikaans poets are landscape painters, and belong to the school that in Art is called Expressionist. A. D. Keet, D. F. Malberbe, F. van den Heever, T. Wassenaar, paint the South African scene as it reflects their own state of mind.

The prose writers, like the poets, find their motives exclusively in the African scene. They do not portray the people as members of a disunited nation where rankling hatreds feed on ancient wrongs. The racial cleavage does not suggest to the story tellers a background for their African plots. Langenhoven is the only author in whose writings anti-British feeling flares up at times. But he was primarily a journalist and an excentric one at that, too much of an individualist to be a representative of the common people, but sufficiently powerful as a wielder of words to sway the masses and shape public opinion. Racial hatred, however, was not a predominant mood with Langenhoven, but only one of many animosities to which his fiery nature enjoyed giving vent in eloquent prose. He hated professors of philology, whom he called grave-diggers of literary art, he hated doctors of medicine and took pleasure in ridiculing their profession, he hated Hollanders for the baneful influence of artificial Dutch prose upon racy Afrikaans literature, he hated book reviewers and begged them, on the title pages of his books, to spare him their notices. He loved hating, and when he hurled his biting sarcasms at the Britons of South Africa from the pages of his pamphlet "The Everlasting Annexation", he indulged in a pastime which, like a prism, had many facets. But he was as good a lover as a hater, and loved his land and his people with a passionate devotion. His literary art was not an end to itself, but a means to an end, the education and moral uplift of the

Afrikaans nation. He was a master of gnomic phrase, and many a terse aphorism of his coining has passed into common circulation. As a journalist he will be best remembered by his weekly column in *Die Burger*, which appeared under the title "Aan Stille Waters." The course of Langenhoven's thought was more like a turbulent mountain stream than a placid canal across the plain. Even when his mood was contemplative and the expression of his meditations resembled a still lake, he himself would disturb its mirror by flinging in his paradoxes and sarcastic sallies. It is difficult to connect the notion of stillness with the mobile alertness of Langenhoven's nature. His voice was silenced by death in July of this year. Much of what he wrote may prove to have been ephemeral. But by *Die Stem van Suid-Afrika* he will remain alive to later generations, for in this poem, which has become a national anthem, his voice has become the voice of his people.

Jochem van Bruggen and Sangiro, nom-de-plume of A. A. Pienaar, are more dispassionate observers of life. Van Bruggen is best known by his story of *Ampie*. Ampie is a problem child, the son of a poor white, who is reclaimed from his state of near-savagery and turned into a decent citizen. But in my opinion the author has given something better yet in *Booia*, the tale of a little Kaffir boy whose people, cut adrift from their tribe, become demoralized by the contact with the white man's civilization. The story covers the period of one year, in which Booia, under the influence of his attachment for an older Kaffir, recovers pride in his own race and in himself. But on the very day on which he sees himself admitted to the village school and launched upon the road to knowledge and success, his father, his sister, and his friend disgrace themselves in a drunken brawl, and Booia, with all his hopes shattered, is involved in their downfall and returns to his former aimless existence.

Booia is a new departure in Afrikaans literature. It is the first novel, to my knowledge, that is exclusively concerned with native life and has a native for its hero. The

African landscape is not complete without the Bantu. He is a part of it as is the *wacht 'n bietjie* tree, the ostrich, the rooibok, and all the other creatures of fauna and flora. But African literature, which has told epic tales of baboons on the warpath and of jackals awooing and ahunting, whose poetry is a mirror reflecting the beauty of flowers, plants and insects in endless variety, is strangely silent about the native. Nor do the pictures of the landscape painters, Pierneef, Wenning, Naudé, reveal the Bantu as an essential element of South-African scenery. In Sangiro's fascinating hunting story *On Safari* the natives figure incidentally as actors in the human drama, but the author is interested in them only in so far as his own and his fellows' safety depends on their loyalty and labor. The donkeys and the dogs are to Sangiro more fascinating objects of study and observation. Three pages of the chapter in which the personnel of the hunting party is introduced to the reader are devoted to a character sketch of Spokie, the white Maskat donkey, but from the caravan of thirty native carriers not one is singled out for individual characterization. In the gripping tale of the trek across the dry lake Sangiro tells us that it was painful to see how the eyes of the dogs thirsted for water, but what he read in the eyes of the Kaffirs that carried the luggage remains untold. There is nothing inhumane or heartless in this silence. When at the end of the story Seelbooi, the cook, whom they left for dead in the dry lake, turns up alive, there is genuine joy among the four hunters over his miraculous resuscitation. Afrikaners treat their native servants kindly, but with the kindness of a superior for an inferior race. It does not occur to them that in such creatures Art could discover beauty. In the days of the Voortrekkers the natives were part of hostile nature, which had to be conquered and subdued. They fought them and held them in check as they did lions and leopards. Now that the Bantus are disarmed and pacified, the Afrikaners regard them as purveyors of cheap labor. They have become detached from the natural scene and are a commodity for hire, as unessential to the landscape and the poetry of the veld as are the threshing machine and the tractor that are hired when the need for them comes round with the season. To think of the native in terms of poetry and art is a departure from the average Afrikaner's routine of life. The importance of Van Bruggen's *Booia* is in its challenge to his people to change their attitude towards the Bantus from condescending kindliness for an inferior race to appreciation of the common humanity of whites and blacks.

A desire to do portrait sketches of native types led me to out-of-the-way places where I could learn something more of Bantu life than is revealed to the average traveler. The introductions supplied to me by Dr. C. T. Loram were a great help in attaining my purpose. I am deeply indebted to Mr. W. T. Welsh, the Chief Magistrate of the Transkeian Territories at Umtata, to Mr. H. F. Bunn, Magistrate at Libode, to Victor Poto, Paramount Chief of Western Pondoland, to Dr. H. Kuschke, Chief Inspector of Native Education in the Orange Free State, to Mr. Rodseth, Chief Inspector of Native Reserves in Southern Zululand, and to Mr. H. Hulett, Native Trader at Bull's Run, Zululand, for their helpfulness in supplying me with models. Hardly ever did I meet with serious objection to posing. The old suspicion of magic by which the artist was thought to cast a spell upon the person portrayed was nowhere in evidence. The Bantus are apparently not so primitive as to believe in the identity of the portrait with its original. The Basutos of Monontsa at Witzieshoek were even eager to pose; mothers brought me their babies, and so many applicants came crowding round me that I had difficulty in getting away.

The Induna of the Kraal Ngkyangkya, some seven or eight miles outside of Eshowe, where I spent three days painting, did the honors of his place in true courtly fashion. He lorded it over a dozen wretched hovels surrounded by patches of skimpy corn. His only garment was a loincloth which, in my honor perhaps, he would change four or five times in the course of the day. A picture of extreme poverty was presented by the kraal and its people. But the induna had the feelings and the manners of a gentleman. He knew instinctively that it was not correct for him to stand behind my back and watch me painting, and when the boys and girls came and peeped over my shoulder he would at once order them away. When he saw that the sun began to interfere with my work, he struck two poles through the thatched roof of his house and hung a mat over it under which I could take shelter. He had a fine sense of humor. One of his three wives had posed for me; when the picture was finished and held up for his inspection, he shook his head in mock despair and said, "She will be so conceited now that she won't look at me any more." Another remark that struck me at the time as uncommonly clever and sophisticated was made by one of three Zulu women who posed for me in a row at that same kraal. One of them said something in Zulu that caused great hilarity among the trio. Mr. Rodseth had heard it and gave me this translation, "He stares at you and he stares at you until your naked body is no longer your own." These Zulus, in spite of their destitute condition, were a happy, carefree, and funloving people. It is always with pleasure that I recall my three days at Ngkyangkya and the Induna's courtly hospitality.

My chief recollection of the Transkei is one of treeless vistas, badly kept roads, and pasture land eaten up by soil erosion. In spots where the road was in bad repair the cart track turned off into the veld; the new ruts, in which no grass would grow again, became impassable in the rainy season, and were again avoided by the carts describing still wider semicircles across the grassland. In this way roads were constantly being widened at the expense of good grazing, and the soil thus laid bare was washed away by heavy rains, which left deep dongas in their wake. Similar shocking conditions obtained in Witzieshoek. The chevs and fords that are driven across such country are put to the severest test. South-African drivers have developed an uncanny dexterity in manipulating their machines; the cars themselves often seemed to be possessed of human intelligence, the way they surmounted obstacles and crawled through dongas that looked to us impassable.

I had the good fortune of Dr. Kuschke's company while visiting native schools in Witzieshoek. He was not the sort of guide that takes you to showplaces and leaves the worse kind unseen. Near the mission station of the Dutch Reformed Church, where the Rev. J. J. Ross has been in charge for over forty years, I saw the new school, not yet opened then, which is a model building with plenty of space, light, and fresh air. The Dutch Reformed Church, which had the courage and the enterprise to erect such a structure, deserves credit for setting an example that may stimulate others to do as well. But I also saw wretched little hovels used as schoolrooms, and the average was of the latter type. In one of these nearly a hundred children were huddled close together within a space not exceeding twelve by twenty feet. The low roof was full of holes, which at that time did good and welcome service as ventilators, for the air was foul in the crowded room, but in the rainy season the children must have been inundated by the leakage. There were only two windows, one in each of the long walls, and these were so small that the little ones in the four corners were spoiling their eyes trying to read in the dark. Coughing, sniffing, and sneezing ran through the class from one corner to the other. It seemed to us that these children would have been much better employed playing healthy games in the open air than listening to a teacher who was not competent to teach them, though I must admit that she was devoted to her task and, with her husband as an assistant, appeared to do her very best. The school was a breeding place of disease rather than of knowledge. Medical training imparted to one clever boy picked from that group of one hundred would do more good to his community than the three R's badly taught as they were to the rest of them. Native education had best begin at the top, not at the bottom. Train the ambitious and the intelligent and, having created an educated upper class, let education seep down to lower levels.

South African Native College and the school at Lovedale are institutions of great promise. Dr. Alexander Kerr, with a carefully chosen staff of University-trained teachers, has in the short period of fifteen years built up a fine educational centre at Fort Hare, where Bantus from all parts of the Union, and even from outside the Union, assemble to acquire the knowledge that will make them leaders of their people. The curriculum is based on the requirements of the University of South Africa. This is in accordance with the wishes of the Bantus themselves. They desire absolute equality of education for natives and whites, and reject with suspicion any programme of instruction that is adapted to their peculiar needs and environment. But it might well be asked whether it is conducive to the Bantu's benefit to humor his prejudices and suspicions. Among the subjects taught at Fort Hare I found Latin listed in the catalogue, and I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Jabavu, himself a Bantu, teaching Latin grammar to a class of nearly thirty students. The College Calendar for 1932 lists "Bantu studies and Latin" as if they formed one subject, the choice of Bantu implying that of Latin and vice versa. The Report of the Governing Council does not reveal how many students registered for the course in Latin and how many for the Bantu class, it simply gives the number of those who took Bantu Studies and Latin as being 82 in 1929 and 93 in 1930.

What is the value of Latin to the Bantu student? Will the limited knowledge of the dead language that his college course can give him impart to him a clearer conception of the structure of his own mother tongue, which is to him a living speech? Mr. Jabavu would resent my scepticism. He assured me that his students had no more difficulty in learning Latin than white students encounter. They simply drink it in, he told me. I have not the slightest doubt that they do. Seven years ago, on a journey through Sumatra, I visited several village schools in the company of a Dutch official. At one of these the native teacher said to one of the boys, apparently a prize pupil, "Tell me, Amat, is the earth round like a lemon or flat like a pancake?" "The earth is round like a lemon", came the ready reply. "Very good", said the teacher. "But how do we know that it is? Can you prove it?" Amat could, and proceeded to do so. The ship's mast emerging above the horizon before the keel is visible seemed to him convincing proof of a lemon-shaped earth. "Excellent," was the master's comment. "But suppose, Amat, you tell this to those ignorant people in the village who never had any education. Do you think that they would believe you?" "Well", said Amat after some hesitation, "when I am back among my own people in the village, I will not believe it either". Mechanical memorizing is evidently just as easy to the Bantu as it is to the Malayan student. The forms of Latin grammar are readily committed to the Bantu's memory, but will he be able, with all the grammar rules crammed into his head, to picture to himself the Rome of Cicero and its civilization? Just as little, I am afraid, as Amat could imagine a lemon-shaped earth, the proof for which he could recite so dutifully.

The majority of the students attending South African Native College become preachers or teachers. A pre-medical course is included among the offerings, but very few select it because it leads to nowhere. Since there is not a single institution within the whole range of the Union where natives are admitted to the study of medicine, a student graduating from Fort Hare would have to go overseas for the completion of his medical training. In 1930 the New Zealand Student Christian Movement offered a scholarship to a Fort Hare graduate with pre-medical training. As the amount was not sufficient to defray all his expenses, the College made application to the General Council of the United Transkeian Territories for a supplementary annual grant of £50. for a period of five years. The Union Government approved the grant in this exceptional case, but informed the Chief Magistrate of the Territories that the Government was not in favor of granting scholarships out of public funds for students to proceed oversea for medical or agricultural training. The effect of this policy upon the general health of the native population must be disastrous. Conditions are far from satisfactory. There is a great deal of tuberculosis. In 1925 the Chamber of Mines consulted the Director of the South African Institute for Medical Research at Johannesburg as to the truth of the rumor that the gold mining industry was to blame for the spread of the disease. At the Director's suggestion a Committee was formed which turned out a report in 1932. In the Committee's findings the absence of medical service was stressed as one of the factors that tended to propagate the plague. At the time of our visit to Southern Zululand a serious outbreak of malaria was ravaging the native kraals. Medical assistance was wholly inadequate to check its spread. In the light of what I have seen and heard of health conditions among the black population of South Africa it does not seem at all certain that the white man's civilization, as is frequently asserted, is in danger of being swamped by the rising black tide. No one knows the exact figures. The latest census, of 1931, did not include the native population, hence the only available figures are those of 1921. It is on these that the alarmists base their warnings of a black peril. If however a native census had been held in 1931, the results might not have borne out their dire predictions. It is a common rumor in South Africa that for this very reason the Nationalist Government decided not to have a census taken. Its far from liberal policy towards the natives can best be defended and made acceptable to the whites under the obsessing fear of a black menace. In the absence of medical care the witchdoctors and medicinemen are the authorities to whom the people must turn for advice and assistance, and these are the only ones who benefit by a Government policy which neither creates facilities for the training of native doctors at home nor renders financial support to the ambitious few who would seek it abroad. The educated natives are not blind to the evil influence that the witchdoctor wields over the ignorant masses. They are anxious to see it wrested from them, but there is no way of persuading the people to abandon their belief in witchcraft as a healing art except by properly trained doctors from amongst their own kind demonstrating the greater efficiency of the medical profession. The general health of the Bantus would vastly improve if the practice of the witchdoctors were superseded by the intelligent methods of native doctors. The Netherlands Government in Java started at Weltevreden a medical school for natives as long ago as 1851, long before it attempted to bring elementary education to the masses. At Kampala, in Uganda, I visited the native hospital, where European doctors are giving expert training to a limited number of native students. It seems to be much more important that a select few should be taught how to give medical care to their own people than that a great many chosen at random should learn how to read and write. It seems unbelievable that, at a time when medical science has demonstrated the world over how much it can do to alleviate suffering, that the black population of South Africa should be barred from the benefit of its blessings. It is to be hoped that the refusal of the Union Government to permit grants from public funds to students who seek medical training abroad is based on a determination in official quarters to create adequate facilities for such training in the Union itself. No time should be lost in making a beginning on the lines suggested by such model institutions as those at Kampala in Uganda, and at Weltevreden, Java.

The poverty of the native masses is not exclusively physical. They are also destitute of arts and crafts, by which they could express their inborn sense for color and rhythm. Nowhere have I seen any signs of creative industry, except among the Basutos, who make a primitive kind of pottery. The Bantus do not seem to know the art of weaving, the blankets they wear being bought at the traders' stores. They do not carve in wood, their rondavels being bare of all attempts at decoration. The only traces of native art that one encounters in South Africa are the paintings of hunting scenes on the walls and caves and under jutting rocks, but these are generally ascribed to the Bushmen, who are not related to the Bantus. Still I feel reluctant to infer from this absence of all artistic evidence that the Bantus are an artless race incapable of aesthetic feeling and expression .Their passion for the dance and their love of bright colors, which they know how to combine with unfailing taste, are evidences that lead one to a different conclusion. In the museum at Grahamstown I saw drawings done by a native boy which were remarkable specimens of primitive art. They were pictures of natives and Europeans, some on foot, some on bicycles or in motor cars, portrayed with a touch of caricature, but especially remarkable for the artist's skill in indicating attitude and motion by just a few lines. The figures were arranged in snake dance fashion winding in parallel lines from top to bottom without any attempt at perspective illusion, the figures at the top being of the same size as those below. The custodian, who was keenly interested in this native artist, had the good sense not to take him away from his native kraal and his own people. Artistic training in the European manner would almost surely spoil the freshness and natural ingenuity of his work. The evil effects of conventional art school training on native talent was demonstrated in the case of a Zulu boy who had attracted attention by excellent modelings in clay. I saw a fine specimen of his work at the house of Dr. D. Malcolm, Chief Inspector of Native Education at Pietermaritzburg. It was a group of animals, a buffalo attacked by a lion, if I remember correctly. Later on I met this Zulu sculptor personally at Ngkyangkya. News of my painting portraits there had reached him at his kraal some thirty miles away, and he had walked over to watch me at my work. He showed me photos of the things he had done since he had been trained in proper European fashion at an art school in Pietermaritzburg. They were biblical scenes, such as Christ arising from the tomb in the conventional style that he must have observed in some

Roman Catholic mission church. They lacked the vigor and simple charm of his earlier, untutored endeavors, and the sad part of it was that he himself was unaware of the loss and proudly thought that his dull imitations of conventional church art were signs of progress. Anyhow, these two individual cases revealed a capacity in the Bantu for artistic expression. The question is how to arouse the people's dormant sense of beauty to creative production and a richer enjoyment of the gifts of life.

When I was traveling in Java in 1925, I met a Dutch educator who had been remarkably successful in this line. Mr. R. Adolf started his tropical career as a schoolmaster in Siak, on the east coast of Sumatra. To teach the children of those natives the art of drawing from primers designed for Dutch elementary schools seemed to him an absurd undertaking. A little girl took infinite pains in copying a teapot from one of those classics of schoolmade "art," but she could not make anything of it. She had never seen such a thing and could not fit it into the little world of her observation. One day he gave her a wild flower to draw, and without any effort she designed a beautiful, conventionalized pattern, perfect both in line and color. He did not need to teach those children, he discovered; all he had to do was to draw their latent talent out. They were all more of less gifted; they had a native instinct for decorative design. This was the more astonishing as the homes of the Siak people showed no attempt whatever at decoration. They were a poor, artless race like the Bantus. But one day, in excavating the foundations of an old house, they found piles, deep in the ground, that were covered with exquisite carving. "Now you see," he said to his pupils, "that your ancestors knew how to decorate their houses. You should try to recover that lost art." And from that day on they did try their very best. They hunted up remnants and fragments of ancient craftsmanship, they did copies after those old designs, and derived fresh inspiration from them. Intelligent guidance along these lines might have similar effects in South Africa. A teacher on the staff of South African

College at Fort Hare, who is now studying history at Columbia University, showed me the other day a clipping from a Johannesburg paper containing a story that read like an exact analogue to Mr. Adolf's experience. It was the account of an English teacher's endeavors to encourage native children to model in clay. She had not set them to copy European models, but let them do as they felt inclined, and the results attained had been admirable. A systematic stimulation of manual arts in native schools would probably reveal the existence of much latent talent and release creative energy that now goes to waste for lack of an outlet.

The chief obstacle to the introduction of new ideas and methods in native education in South Africa is the conviction, widely prevalent among both the English and the Dutch, that the natives are incapable of progress. It is a tenacious belief, which they uphold the more obstinately as it supplies a convenient excuse for not doing more than is being done for the furtherance of native education. The average South African views with alarm the natives' entrance into competition with whites in the urban labor market. He would like to keep them on the land, either segregated in the native territories or employed on farms. But the flow of native migration from the land to the towns cannot be stemmed. The territories are overcrowded; the General or Poll Tax of twenty shillings, which is levied from all males of eighteen or over, is a burden that many do not know how to lift except by leaving home to earn the tax money by their labor elsewhere. Hence an exodus from the territories to the urban centres, where native labor is in demand in various industries, because the Union's industrial legislation does not protect native workers to the same extent as it does Europeans. They are excluded from the operation of the Industrial Conciliation Act, which provides for the registration as corporate bodies, with power to sue and to be sued in the Courts, of organizations of employers and employees. They cannot, consequently, combine to improve their position by organizing for their mutual protection, whereas Europeans, colored people, and Indians are free to do so under the Act. For this reason native workers are preferred by white employers as causing less trouble in industrial disputes, and their low wage level is an additional recommendation. One hears much talk in South Africa about segregation of the native but no one seems to have more than a hazy notion of what is implied by the term. In the Report of the Native Economic Commission 1930—1932 a form of partial economic segregation is advocated, which by the vagueness and prolixity of its phrasing makes one suspect that even the Commission found it difficult to exactly define its own conception. South Africans are reluctant to face the unpleasant truth that economic factors, far from favoring the concept of segregation, tend to stimulate the intrusion of the black man into the European community. A number of Trade Unions in Capetown have begun to admit native members, and native delegates may be seen attending Inter-Provincial Trade Union Conferences. The removal of the color bar is bound to affect the life of the white workman. Its consequences are already apparent in Capetown, where, according to Mr. F. A. W. Lucas, in his Addendum to the Native Economic Report, "the lowering effect of workers with a low standard of living on those with a higher standard of living has been most marked." This is the great danger that confronts South Africa's civilization. The lowering of the color bar threatens to lower the level of the white man's life. In the face of that danger all racial differences as between Briton and Afrikaner seem unimportant. The chief problem of South Africa is not how to bring about an adjustment between the English and the Dutch, but between the white and black races. When that problem becomes acute, the two white races will be forced to join ranks by the common need for self-preservation. They will not succeed in solving it by the methods now in use, which are dictated by scepticism and fear, scepticism as to the native's capacity for progress, and fear of what is called prolific barbarism. Scepticism withholds from the natives the means of reclaiming themselves from barbarism, thus nourishing the cause for fear, and fear, by denying them rights that every white man considers his due, alienates those natives who, in spite of all handicaps, have acquired education, thereby detracting from the good that education has wrought.

One day we were traveling on the box seat of a motor lorry. We passed groups of native men and women along the road. "What tribe do they belong to?" I asked the driver. He gave me the name and added with a contemptuous scowl, "Lazy brutes, all of them." Later on in the day we stopped at a farm, where a pile of grain sacks had to be loaded on to our truck. Five native boys heaved the bales, weighing two hundred pounds each, into the car, singing all the while to time the motions of their toil to the rhythm of the melodies. The driver stood watching them with a cigaret between his lips. "Lazy brutes, aren't they!" I said to him. He did not answer except by shrugging his shoulders, as if he meant to say, "What can you expect? I told you so." My irony escaped him. He did not see in those boys the hard workers they were, he saw in them only the lazy brutes that the white man's traditional prejudice had taught him to see in all natives. The uneducated white man's inherited bias is stronger than the testimony of his own eyes. Mr. Lucas, in his Addendum to the Native Economic Commission's Report, quotes the view of an educated native on the sad outlook for him and his like in a country averse to recognizing the black man as an intellectual asset. "Although we may ask for a much further advanced education than is mostly available for us now, I wonder what would be the value of it to us. To which country could we go to live and make use of our education? Supposing we were to get it and were to go to another country to use it, what could we do; how could we be employed? I am at a loss to understand how advanced education could be of much benefit to us here, although we realize that education as education is a valuable asset to any person." In the nineteenth century the Boers were treated by the English as second-rate whites, abused as beggars, denied the right to their own language, and became in consequence obsessed with the sense of their inferiority, which they did not shake off until a war with Great Britain aroused them to heroic action and a consciousness of their own worth. Now it is the black race that is made to feel its inferiority, and the harder the individual native strives to emulate the superior white man and his ways, the more bitterly will he resent the handicaps that thwart his rise. The pass laws which, outside the Eureopan areas of the Cape Province, limit the native's right freely to move from place to place are to him the worst symptoms of the white man's contempt for his race. Education of the natives will remain of small avail to them and will be fraught with danger to the whites, until the masses of white South Africa have been educated to a more generous appreciation of the black man's capacity for intellectual growth and have expressed their change of mind in a liberalized native policy.

Dec. 31, 1932.