

WHEN I WAS ON the run from the law, I went to stay by the coloured people in Fordsburg.

They were the only ones to whom I could turn. The other people did not want anything to do with me, so I had no alternative but do as I had done.

You see, there was this one woman who I knew because a friend of mine, who was in jail at the time I was there, told me about her. Well, I went to her house and told her of my troubles. She was very kind and told me that I could come and live with them if I wanted to. I moved in as quickly as I could and nearly became as one of them.

The first day that I spent with them they did everything to please me. Now I must first tell you that some of them are more considerate than some of the whites whom I have known. Well, this particular woman, whom I shall call Rannie, wasn't very well off and

me about an hour and a half. Putting the goods in the ceiling, I first went and checked if the coast was clear. Then I jolled down into the yard, and put the goods down in a corner where no-one would see them if they happened to look in there. I took a stroll around the block and then took the stuff over to Rannie's house.

When she saw what I had done, she was very scared that the boere would find out that it was me who had skulled the joint out. I tuned her not to worry, only to stoor the goods so that if the law raided the next day they would not find any proof that it had been me.

She put all the goods away, and then I gave her £10. She was so glad to have the money that she couldn't thank me enough. I told her to cock it a D. She said okay, but I must try to get some sleep. I went into the room that I had taken over, and got into bed. In about fifteen minutes' time, I was fast asleep.

## That Time I Jolled in Fordsburg VIC SWANEPOEL

couldn't give me as wonderful a time as I would get at home, but she did everything she could for me. Right from the beginning I knew that I would have a nice time if the boere left me alone long enough. She took me to all her relatives and told them that I was in trouble with the law. They also told me that if I ever needed help or if the boere got too warmgehol at Rannie's place, I could come and cabin with them any time I smaaked to. No matter if I came there three bells in the gypsy's, they wouldn't turn me away.

Well, that night I kipped at Rannie's place and the next morning when I woke up I made up my bed and started sweeping out the cabin. Rannie got out of bed and gave me a mad speech about that. She said I must not graft at all but be on the look-out for the menere. I done exactly as she told me and put the broom down. Then I caught a lemon squash and went for a ball and chalk round Fordsie to see if I couldn't find a start to buy a graze for all of us at the cabin. Though she didn't want to tune me about it, I knew that Rannie was battling to keep going. Anyway, while I was jolling around I checked so another little joint where they sold groceries. Going in there with the excuse of buying a box of matches I weighed the joint up. When I went home, I told Rannie about this joint. She tuned me to be careful about what I do and say, 'cause there were a lot of narks all around.

That night I sat in the kitchen till about 12.20 a.m. Then I took a stroll to see if there were any boere around. I never saw any, so I betrekke this pozzie and got onto the roof. Then I ripped a few of the sinks loose. They were very old so it wasn't very hard to get them loose. After I had ripped so two sinks loose and pushed them out of my way, I got into the ceiling. There I sat a while and waited, to see if anybody had heard me. When everything was all quiet, I made a hole in the ceiling through which I could climb into the shop. After looking through this hole to check if everything was okay, I jumped down into the joint.

Now here I first started looking if I could find any start. Well, I found £18, which I put into my pocket. Then I started packing some groceries in a few carrier bags which I found beneath one counter. This all took

When I woke up in the gypsy's, Rannie asked me to go with her. I went with her, and after she had paid the rent, which amounted to about £6/10/-, she asked me if she could buy a dress for herself. I tuned her that I had given her the money, and that she could do with it as she pleased. She picked a very cheap but good one, and told me that she had picked the cheap one so that she had some money left to help her sister with. It was there that I saw how they helped each other. If the one got something, he or she would always share it with the other one. Well, we went to her sister's cabin and gave her £3. I still had £8 on me, so I gave her another £2. She was so grateful that she told me to come and have supper with them that night.

I went over at about 6.30 p.m. and sat and spoke to a friend of theirs until supper was ready. It was very nice. I enjoyed it very much. I suppose you know that Malays are very fond of curry. Well, if you want to eat the real curry graze, then you must joll to some of them sometimes and catch a chow with them. I'm tuning you, you come to me maybe some day and tune me, "You said it, friend' and then you'll tell me how much you smaaked that chow that you got from them.

WELL, ANYWAY, I WASN'T jolling there long before I met a few coloured outjies of about my own age. There's another thing that I must tune you, a coloured jonkie is very staunch. Once they made brigades of you, you can maar know, they'll never let you down.

Well, one of these jonkies I smaaked to joll with the most, and his name was Austin. He was only seventeen years old but he had guts. That's what I smaaked of him. He never sugg'd to do anything you wanted to do. This outjie was so staunch that he was willing to take the rap for me when the boere lumbered me.

Rannie told me that she did not like calling us by our real names 'cause the law would know if they mentioned our names. So she tuned me that she'd call me Pancho Villa and Austin she'd call Don Diego. So then we got new names. We got one more outjie to joll with us, and Rannie called him Pancho Fiero.

Anyway, we were three-out now, so we had so a little gang of our own. We used to sit in the yard in the

day-time and skyf ourselves to a standstill. At night we'd go on our dulatings and skuil as much as we could to keep the cabin on the go. I mean, we used to make enough start to live a lekker life. We used to go tekere ike mad. So every Friday night we'd have a little party for all our other brigades and the mense's family.

Don Diego's toppie's name was Bobbie. I called him Boeta Boeps. He was a lekker toppie to talk to. He was very clever, too. In the day-time we'd joll around in his voom and weigh the joints up, and at night we'd betrek them. One night Pancho Fiero and me went on a skuil alone. We jolled to a butcher shop and broke the locks off the door with a jimmy which we had gotten by Boeta Boeps. We couldn't find no start, so we took three gallons of paint which they were using to paint the butcher with. We also took two butcher's choppers and a few knives. We took them down to Rannie's

Since writing this story, VIC SWANE-  
POEL has been sentenced to three months  
imprisonment and four lashes for house-  
breaking and theft.



place, and dug a hole in the yard and put the choppers and the knives in the hole after we had wrapped them in a piece of oilcloth. The paint we took two gallons of and put them off to a fence who'll buy anything from us without questions as to where we got it from. He gave us £1/7/6 for the paint. The other gallon we used on the front room and one bedroom. Then we lied low for about two weeks, just skyfing and potting.

One Friday afternoon, we were sitting at Rannie's cabin playing a bak and singing. We had been potting and skyfing weed the whole day. We were terribly goofed up and I was just sitting there, scheming if I must be sick or what, when I heard Rannie shout, "O God, Baas Vermeulen!" I jumped up to run, but it was too late. Baas Vermeulen, or shall I rather say, Detective-Sergeant Vermeulen, came in by the back door and another law-bow who I don't know was coming in by the front door. The only place left for me to go was the window.

I made a jump for it, but the liquor had slowed down my movements. The dick grabbed hold of me, and pulled me down on to the deck. Then he tuned me: "Goeie middag, Mnr. Swanepoel." I kept myself stupid and asked him if he was speaking to me. He said yes, and that he had been hunting me for a long time. I told him I was sorry to disappoint him, but I didn't know anyone by the name of Swanepoel. He then told me if I'm not Swanepoel, then who am I?

Here Rannie came to the rescue. She tuned him: "Nee, Baas Vermeulen, die jonkie-kind se naam is Louis Karelse." The dick then asked me if that was right, so I told him yes, it was. He was very disappointed, but he searched my pockets. In my dickie's pocket he found a skip. He then said: "Okay, dan arresteer ek jou vir dagga."

In my drunken state I had clean forgotten about the boom in my pocket. He put a pair of bangles on my arms and marched me out to the voom that they came with. Rannie told him that she was going with, 'cause she wanted to find out what the fine was for admission of guilt of being in possession of dagga. He said okay so she got in the back of the garrie with me.

The law-bow then asked me where I cabined so I

tuned him. I knew my Tannie will jaf him my name is Louis Karelse if he asked her. But that just wasn't my lucky day. My eldest skin and blister was by my Tannie's coeste and he asked her if my name was Louis Karelse.

She's so blind that she tunes him no, it isn't. He then asked her what my name was so she tells him it's Victor Swanepoel. Heil, I felt like getting out of that voom and smacking her right in the pan for being so blind as to tune him my real name. He then turned to me and said: "O so, Louis Karelse, alias Victor Swanepoel, ek dog jy ken nie jousef self nie."

Here I had to laugh. The way he tuned it was too funny. He told me I must laugh while I still can, 'cause he was going to make sure I don't get off so easy on a charge of H.B. & T. I told him I didn't know what he was speaking about. He told me not to act so innocent, that he knew I skuiled a butcher-shop out.

I told him I did not skuil nothing from nobody. He told me that the magistrate would decide that. When we came to the cop-shop he asked me if I wanted to make a statement, so I told him the magistrate would decide that. So he caught a siug to me and told me to shut up. Then he took my finger-prints. After that he took me to Fordsburg Cells and had me locked up there till the next morning so that I could go to court.

The next day at court the maggie remanded me for two moon and told me that I'll be sent to the Fort for that time. I asked him for bail and he refused, so I had to go to the Fort. Over there I met a few of my old brigades, so I wasn't so bad off. They gave me some snout and a few wagons. Then all I had to do was sit and wait.

At last the time came for me to appear in court. I put on a bag and had my bonny-fair cut to a slight trim. The court I had to go to was Regional M. The P.P. was okay but the maggie wasn't so bright. The P.P. questioned me and then he produced a chopper. I recognised it as one we took from the butcher's. Anyway, when he asked me if I could identify it, I tuned him no, I couldn't. He then brought in a witness who saw me bring the chopper into Rannie's cabin. Imagine what a spook I caught to check Pancho Fiero step into the witness box. I had never trusted him, but I never expected him to be a nark. The bloody pimp, how I hate his guts. But all the same, I caught him out under cross-questioning. Then I asked the maggie how he could take the witness's evidence seeing as it was all mixed up.

Well, the maggie was very considerate. He gave me the benefit of the doubt. I got off on that charge, but for the boom I caught £3 or 8 days' imprisonment.

I paid the fine and pulled out of that court with a speed. I went straight to look for that pimp. My idea was to kick his bloody head off. But I scheme he pulled out, 'cause I couldn't find him at Rannie's place or anywhere else.

And the first I've heard of him since is what Rannie told me the other day. She said he got gripped for skuiling a jersey and that he was settled to twelve moon imprisonment. So you see, that old saying of "Every dog has his day," also comes true if you give it time. You know what I mean? ●