

don't just fall together."

"But how-come Piet Retief got into it?"

"That's the lofty part of it, son. Retief in his day must have had feelings like ours. That's what heroic poetry knows: the deeper state of a man, not just the transient things."

"The only deeper states I know are in a bottle. Pass me a drink, lad."

"But when's our bloody car coming?"

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"There you are, me lad."

"Jeewheezus, the cops!"

"Ja, Martina, selling liquor again."

"Nay, baas, this is my birthday party. These are all my friends and relatives. As you can see they're all kaffirs drinking within the meaning of the Act."

"Sure, now, Martina. Let's just see their papers."

"Aw, they rall right."

"Hm. What beats me in this blasted job is that the kaffirs' faces in their books and on their heads never tell you anything. You know, Gert, these kaffirs could all exchange their books with one another and I still would not know."

"Ag, mahn, so long as they got the books. It's these cheeky ones that won't carry books that get me the hell in. Now, Martina, pour me a nice, large whisky, my goodly maid."

"How come you boys can afford whisky, hey? My God, I can't. I suppose, it's all stolen stuff that gets sold here in the townships at *back-door* prices, nê? Not that I care much of a damn. My job is to catch communists, not to spoil the fun of people who drink decently at home."

"Ahh! Enniwey, whod've thought I could drink whisky every day of my life? Soda from a siphon. Ice cubes. Bulb glasses. Ai, Martina, you are quite a girl. Now that the tsotsis drink in peace and there's crime even at night, working in the townships is not so bad after all."

"Well, we got to go. Martina, these friends and relatives

of yours are nice boys. Give them a whisky each and put it on our account, ha! ha! ha!"

"Ya, baas."

"Goodbyes, everybody, goodbyes."

"Liquor on their account. Fancy!"

"Martina, these nice friends and relatives of yours, give them a whisky each on our account."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Ya, baas!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"Goodbyes, everyone of you nice kaffirs, goodbyes."

"HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!"

"Sure, boys, you're getting your whisky on the account of the Department of Justice. But it's coming out of *your* stock."

"Jeewheezus, Aunt Martina, you're a spoil-sport."

"What I hated most was his saying that we all look alike. Fancy, my looking like Barnesy here. I thought I had individuality."

"Anyway, Martina, pour that precious whisky, and one for yourself, too. It's probably the last we shall get from such an august source, in such illustrious company."

"To the Department of Justice!"

"To Freedom!"

"To nice kaffirs scared shat in the pants!"

"To hell with it, to Aunt Martina!"

"TO AUNTIE MARTINA!"

"There's the car, folks. We better get out of hostile country."

"Goodbye, Aunt Martina."

"Goodbye Sis Martina."

"Goodbye, Martinatjie!"

"Jeewheezus, the dear, old shebeening gal's actually crying at the loss of our custom."

"You've got the good taste of a polecat, get into your Boy Scout uniforms, all of you!"

"What's Jane? A Girl Scout or a Boy Guide?"

"To hell with you!"

AFRICANA

● Senator A. P. Erlank (Nat.): Opposition members seemed to be concerned about the fate of 90-day detainees, but many people in the restless world of today would not mind being locked up for 90 days.

Look at what people like Hitler and Martin Luther achieved after being locked up for long periods.

For a man with a clear conscience there could be nothing bad in solitary confinement.

The psychological effect of solitary confinement was not aimed at the innocent, but at those whose consciences were not clear.—*Cape Times*.

● Most of us are glad to learn that the United States, after its monotonous criticism of us, also has its racial

difficulties.—Major Piet van der Byl, letter to the *Cape Times*.

● Non-White buses in Johannesburg may soon be operated by non-White crews, if the City Council approves a recommendation put forward today by the Transport Department.

The introduction of non-White crews would save ratepayers an estimated R80,000 a year.—*The Star*, Johannesburg. [H.L.]

● Of course, some "civilians" were caught up in the desert war. The Arabs. But I'm sure they loved it. They sold eggs to both sides and turned a pretty penny.—Lieut. General Sir John Cowley on "the North African show", *Rand Daily Mail*. [N.K.]

● Also present was Mr. Howard Odell (M.P., Maritzburg City), who recently resigned from the United Party and joined the Nationalists . . .

"Many English-speaking people in the past looked to England as a big brother, but now my call to these people is "look to big brother Afrikaner", Mr. Odell said.—*Cape Argus*

● Bloemfontein, Saturday.—A 16-year-old Bloemfontein schoolboy who tried to apply apartheid himself—he said he was told to do so by his principal—was found guilty of the theft of a blazer this week.

The boy, a high school pupil, said in the Bloemfontein Magistrate's Court that he took a school blazer from a Native child because "if people came from overseas and saw a Native wearing a school blazer they would think there is no apartheid and that schools are multi-racial."—*Sunday Times*, Johannesburg. [H.H.]