

A SOUTH AFRICAN TRAGEDY

by Vortex

It was a time of destiny,
A time for patriotic fire:
The nation paused to watch what God
And their fellow-humans might require.

The scene was set in a brand-new place
In a brand-new country (specially made);
Thousands of pilgrims came to see
The foundation-stone of the future laid.

If all went well on this memorable day
The wrongs of the past would be proved right,
And all that had undermined the volk
Could be shown to be the result of spite.

The trial began, and at first looked good,
But gradually Fortune turned to Fate,
And then the catastrophe occurred:
Kallie Knoetze was numbed by Tate.

The nation mourned, with flags half-mast;
The Cabinet met to discuss the mess:
They slammed double standards in the West,
And blamed it all on the biased Press.

But the H.N.P. made a statement too:
The disaster showed they had been right —
In every sphere of South African life
A black should never challenge a white. □

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RATES (6 issues—published every two months)

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S.A. R2,00 p.a.	S.A. R 10,00 p.a.
U.K. £1,25 p.a.	U.K. £5,00 p.a.
U.S.A. \$3,00 p.a.	U.S.A. \$15,00 p.a.

Printed by L. Backhouse, Pietermaritzburg S 880