

## 'STINKAFRIKANERS' AND SOCIAL STEREOTYPES: THE ANGLO BOER WAR REMINISCENCES OF L.J. GROENEWALD <sup>1</sup>

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This is the use of memory:  
 For liberation...  
 liberation from the future  
 as well as the past...  
 History may be servitude,  
 History may be freedom.  
 See, now they vanish,  
 The faces and places,  
 with the self which, as it could, loved them,  
 To become renewed, transfigured, in another pattern.  
 'Little Gidding' - T.S.Eliot <sup>2</sup>

Since the advent of white settlement in Southern Africa, the Afrikaner nation has shared an unenviably analogous position to the children of priests and church elders - those whose demeanor is expected to be beyond reproach, but whom so often lapse into rebellion, or otherwise fail their parents and community, thereby engendering considerable disappointment.

From the mid-seventeenth century onwards, Afrikaners were subject to the unremittingly censorious scrutiny of 'others'; beginning with the Dutch East India Company, through the vacillating ministrations of the various Imperial governments, to the conscious marginalization of Afrikanerdom in the new South Africa.

In this millennial year, Tom Dreyer has written a novel entitled *Stinkafrikaners* - 'African Marigolds'. The obvious ambiguity in the title is an attempt to focus attention on the burgeoning predilection for 'Afrikaner-bashing' in our Rainbow nation.<sup>3</sup>

So deep-seated and pervasive is the opprobrium against the Afrikaner that it has been referred to as the 'primordial belief' underpinning South African historiography:

Historians, no less than other people, have "primordial beliefs" - beliefs so deeply embedded in their own personalities as to preclude their being

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<sup>2</sup> 'Little Gidding' in the "Four Quartets" in T.S. Eliot, *Collected Poems 1909-1962* (1963), p. 219.

<sup>3</sup> Tom Dreyer, *Stinkafrikaners* (2000), and an article by Stephanie Nieuwoudt in *Beeld*, 20 September 2000 entitled, 'Dreyer flanker met "low art"'.

examined rationally or tintured by true empathy. One emotion runs so deep in the English-language literature on South African history that it can justly be labelled a primordial belief and in essence racist, namely that the Afrikaners are an irredeemably bad lot... No one seems to like them very much and a lot of historians dislike them a great deal.<sup>4</sup>

### **Stereotypical subterfuge: The creation of an Afrikaner daemonology**

We must pursue those arcane ciphers or primal keys, the acquisition of which can explain away the prevailing stereotype of a delinquent community. The association of Afrikanerdom with such politically incorrect ideologies as apartheid, conservatism, nationalism and Nazism provides a partial explanation for the global censure of this people in the later twentieth century.

But what of the colonial and imperial phases spanning some 150 years? Why should metropolitan-based conquest states be antithetical to their peripheral surrogates? Why were metropolitan powers continually moved to condemn vestigial and often loyal conquest states using the same techniques of repression, the same justifications and vindications?

The answer would appear to lie with the utility of stereotypes - those conceptual/perceptual prisons by means of which colonial policy was enunciated. There is little doubt that the treatment of native populations (including both black and white in Southern Africa) flagrantly violated the behavioural norms of metropolitan societies. Britain was no paragon of virtue, as can be seen in the appalling treatment of both the Irish and the industrial poor 'at home'. It is hardly strange then, that colonial populations were so often treated as superfluous beings impeding the designs of the colonizer or as additional 'capital' to be exploited along with the other resources of the territory.

Lebow points out that supporters of empire were loath to admit that some form of exploitation was the goal of colonial expansion.<sup>5</sup> The violent subjugation of peripheral powers created deep-seated anxieties because of the contradiction between the supposedly moral and religious imperatives of metropolitan society on the one hand, and the more inhuman aspects of colonial rule on the other. Colonial rule was therefore rationalized and defended as a noble cause - including the idea of being a 'White man's burden'.

Rene Guernon wrote 1941, that the Imperial period had been an extraordinary epoch: in which so many men can be made to believe that a people is being given happiness by being reduced to subjection, by being robbed of all that is most precious, to it, that is to say of its own civilization, by being

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<sup>4</sup> Donald H. Akenson, *God's Peoples, covenant and land in South Africa, Israel and Ulster* (1991), p. 51.

<sup>5</sup> Richard Ned Lebow, *White Britain and Black Ireland. The influence of stereotypes on colonial policy* (1976).

forced to adopt manners and institutions that were made for a different race, and by being constrained by the most distasteful kinds of work in order to make it acquire things for which it has not the slightest use for that is what is taking place.<sup>6</sup>

Joseph Conrad's oft-quoted appraisal of imperialism is equally relevant - "the conquest of the earth, which mostly means taking it away from those who have a different complexion or slightly flatter noses than ourselves, is not a pretty thing when you look at it too much."<sup>7</sup>

Colonial subjects (both black and white) were treated as backward children, thus differentiating them from metropolitan populations. The divergence in the moral, legal and political codes applied to colonial populations was increasingly justified by such forms of stereotypical subterfuge. Other compelling colonial stereotypes included: 1) Natives were incapable of self-government; 2) The corollary was the need for the strong parental authority of the colonial power; 3) Colonial rule was in the best interests of the native; 4) The natives knew this; 5) The masses in Africa didn't want power, it was only the agitators who stirred them up; 6) The proper goal of colonial policy was to provide peace and honest administration - thus little attention was paid to the political aspirations of dominated populations.

J.M. Coetzee has subjected the utility of stereotypes in South Africa to closer scrutiny. Coetzee argues that the prevailing dogma about *stinkafrikaners* has precluded any real empathy or intuitive understanding of the 'mind of apartheid' or 'lair of the heart' that were crucial in the growth of nationalist ideology and the social engineering underpinning apartheid.<sup>8</sup> According to Coetzee the belief that white settlers had betrayed their colonizing mission was central to the colonial convictions of both the Dutch and Imperial governments.

The degeneration of the white colonist in Africa was no peripheral matter because degeneracy threatened one of the major lynchpins of the Imperial edifice - the imaginary construct which argued that those who made the best use of the land deserved to inherit the earth. Thus, the right of cultivators who cleared and settled land (the colonialists/ settlers), always took precedence over the right of hunter-gatherers who merely hunted and moved over the land. The task of colonialists was therefore to prove that they were better stewards of the land than the natives.

The 'idleness' of Dutch settlers in adapting to their rudimentary and non-acquisitive environment was soon to provoke criticism. In 1663 - just over ten years after White settlement began, Governor Wagenaar, Van Riebeeck's successor, wrote to the Dutch East India Company chamber that a half dozen free farmers should be recalled to

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<sup>6</sup> Rene Gueron, *East and West* (1941), pp. 133-134.

<sup>7</sup> Quoted in preface by Edward W. Said, *Culture and Imperialism* (1994).

<sup>8</sup> J.M. Coetzee, *White writing. On the culture of letters in South Africa* (1988) and "The mind of apartheid: Geoffrey Cronjé (1907-)", *Social Dynamics*, 17, 1 (1991).

Holland because of their 'indolence' and 'debauched lives'. The company replied that 'our people, when abroad, are at all times with difficulty induced to work'. The suggestion was made that Wagenaar should make more use of slaves. Some thirty years later Grevenbroek complained that too much good fortune had bred sloth amongst the free farmers. Almost at the end of Dutch East India Company rule, Le Vaillant was still criticizing the profound inactivity of the settlers.<sup>9</sup>

### Imperial intolerance

The censure of settlers intensified with the arrival of the Imperial government. From the Second British Occupation of the Cape, the Boers were again judged and found wanting, which was hardly surprising given the inherent Victorian prejudices of their new conquerors, as Robinson and Gallagher pointed out:

Upon the ladder of progress, nations and races seemed to stand higher or lower according to the proven capacity of each for freedom and enterprise. The British at the top, followed a few rungs below by the Americans, and other 'striving, go-ahead Anglo-Saxons. The Latin peoples were thought to come next, though far behind. Much lower still stood the vast oriental communities of Asia and North Africa where progress appears unfortunately to have been crushed for centuries by military despotisms or smothered under passive religions. Lowest of all stood the 'aborigines' whom it was thought had never learned enough social discipline to pass from the family and tribe to the making of a state.<sup>10</sup>

Similarly, Coetzee writes:

The idea of cultural progress, the idea that cultures can be ranged along a scale of evolutionary ascent from "backward" to "advanced." Through this schema the European enabled himself to see in South Africa, layered synchronically one on top of the other as in an archeological site, hunters, pastoralists and even agriculturalists in the process of regressing to nomadic pastoralism, all of whom, belonging to "simpler" stages of evolution, could be understood as "simple" people thinking simple thoughts.<sup>11</sup>

Lord Durham of Canada was even more forthright in his assessment of the national and racial arrogance of his countrymen. "It is not anywhere a virtue of the English race to look with complacency on any manners or laws which appear strange to them;

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<sup>9</sup> Coetzee, *White writing*, p. 29.

<sup>10</sup> R. Robinson, J. Gallagher and A. Denny, *Africa and the Victorians. The official mind of Imperialism* (1981 -2nd edition), p. 2.

<sup>11</sup> Coetzee, *White writing*, p. 10.

accustomed to form a high estimate of their own superiority, they take no pains to conceal from others their contempt and intolerance of their usages".<sup>12</sup>

Fukuyama points out that "Liberal" England and France of the late nineteenth century could acquire extensive colonial empires in Africa and Asia, ruling by force rather than by popular consent, precisely because they rated the dignity of Indians, Algerians, Vietnamese (Boers) and so on, lower than their own.<sup>13</sup>

James Belich who has examined Victorian attitudes towards the 'aboriginal' population of New Zealand, concludes that the core of the Imperial *weltanschauung* was a belief in the inherent superiority of the European intellect:

The European monopoly of the higher mental faculties was the inner tabernacle of Victorian racial attitudes. To question it was to question a whole world view. When events did indeed cast doubt on it, as with evidence of Maori possession of higher military talents, Victorian commentators avoided, misinterpreted, or suppressed them.<sup>14</sup>

The true scandal of the nineteenth century, according to Imperial opinion, was not the idleness of the Hottentots (by now seen as inherent in the race) but rather the idleness of the frontier Boers for whom commentators reserved their harshest criticism. Thus, because of his sloth, his complacent ignorance, his heartlessness towards the natives and what was judged to be his general slide into barbarism, the Dutch Boer was perceived to be lacking in all colonial virtues.<sup>15</sup>

These Imperial commentators were blissfully unaware of the paradoxical nature of their criticisms - whereby they as defenders of a conquest state, were attacking the morals of a coterminous conquest state - for being inefficient conquerors. Thus, in his survey of the productive potential of the colony, Barrow wrote, "Luckily, perhaps, for them, the paucity of ideas prevents time from hanging heavy on their hands. [Their is a] cold phlegmatic temper and [an] inactive way of life..., indolence of body and a low grovelling mind." Seeing sloth as being implicit to the "nature" of the Boer, Barrow argued that the Colony would not become productive until either this "nature" was changed, or the Boers were replaced with more industrious settlers. Percival comments, "there is I believe in no part of the world an instance to be found of European adventurers so entirely destitute of enterprises, and so completely indifferent to the art of bettering their situation." The women on the frontier Percival found especially lazy, listless and inactive.<sup>16</sup>

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<sup>12</sup> David Welsh, "English-speaking whites and the racial problem" in A. De Villiers (ed.) *English-speaking South Africa today* (1976), p. 217.

<sup>13</sup> Francis Fukuyama, *The end of history and the last man* (1992), p. 699.

<sup>14</sup> James Belich, *The New Zealand wars and the Victorian interpretation of racial conflict* (1986), p. 326.

<sup>15</sup> Coetzee, *White writing*, p. 3.

<sup>16</sup> Coetzee, *White writing*, pp. 29-32.

So established was this stereotype of the Boers as a degenerate community that George McCall Theal was moved to write a corrective history, unsuccessfully attempting to dispel the conviction that the Boers were 'retrograded Dutchmen'.<sup>17</sup> From the formulation and application of such social stereotypes it was but a short step to their influence on the course of the Anglo-Boer War. Pakenham argues that the entire conduct of this war was seriously hampered by the refusal of the British to regard the Boers as serious adversaries. Many casualties, and the extended guerilla phase of the war, were products of this stereotypical delusion.<sup>18</sup>

### 'An empty Afrikaner cultural warehouse.'

When the Canadian historian Donald Akenson undertook a study of Afrikaner civil religion he found that much "cultural analysis of Afrikaners in the English language was simplistic and intellectually flabby."<sup>19</sup> There was a noticeable failure in existing research to study directly the values, beliefs and social consciousness of groups which make up the dominant class.<sup>20</sup> In fact, it was striking that all that existed of the history of the interior republics was "a vast and nearly empty Afrikaner cultural warehouse." The difficulty in learning the language and cultural heritage of this people discouraged historians from doing archival work. This, in turn, forced non-Afrikaners to rely on the archival work of a small number of English-speakers. Such research as existed, however, largely fell into "a long and clear tradition of badmouthing Afrikaners." The salient point is that "attempts to understand Afrikaner society in the twentieth century - including those efforts conducted by historians - have frequently fallen into updated versions of those nineteenth century prejudices.

It is not only within the discipline of history that so much confusion and stereotypical blindness exists about Afrikanerdom. In 1993 John Comaroff referred to the banality of current social theory regarding South Africa. Comaroff argued that it was all too easy to under-read the complexity of the political force fields, the physical conditions and the material relations "that inform contemporary constructions of ethnicity, nationalism and identity". He argued that researchers had failed miserably in their attempts to come to terms with South African society as a whole.<sup>21</sup>

The use and abuse of stereotypes indicates a lack of knowledge and lack of respect of the 'other'. When the new South Africa came into being in 1994 - it was the result of compromise and profoundly conciliatory actions - not the enforced capitulation of

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<sup>17</sup> F.A. van Jaarsveld, *The Afrikaner's interpretation of South African History* (1964), p. 78.

<sup>18</sup> Thomas Pakenham, *The Boer War* (1979), p. 77.

<sup>19</sup> Akenson, *God's Peoples*, pp. 55-60.

<sup>20</sup> N. Abercrombie, S. Hill and B. Turner, *The dominant ideology thesis* (1980), p. 130.

<sup>21</sup> John L. Comaroff, "Ethnicity, Nationalism and the politics of difference in an age of revolution". Paper presented to the Ethnicity, Identity and Nationalism in South Africa conference, Rhodes University (April 1993). Subsequently published in John L. Comaroff and Fritz C. Stern (eds), *Perspectives on Nationalism and War* (1995).

either side. Now that power has been achieved, however, this new construct is threatened by frequent recourse to polemic such as 'kill the farmer, kill the Boer' and other *stinkafrikaner* social stereotypes. Let us once more plead for an end to the hanging, as Charles II did during his restoration in 1661. If there is no concrete desire for peace, and the forces of violence and retribution are allowed to stalk the land - then the African Renaissance will be a mirage - and South Africa will become a decaying presence on the global periphery.

### **Warts and all: The diary of L.J. Groenewald** <sup>22</sup>

It is essential that historians put aside their partisan past and seek instead, to provide a balanced depiction of South Africa's history - warts and all. No purpose is served by creating visions of an innocent and pristine period of 'noble savagery' before the mineral revolution. Likewise, Afrikaner nationalism has damaged or destroyed much by its efforts to fabricate a reified republican past. Attempts at Imperial hagiography are similarly to blame for much in the new South Africa.

Boer society was no more disjunctive than black societies of that era, and no more predatory than a base Imperialism. Perhaps the final word on Boer daemonology should be left to Jan Smuts who wrote:

Our free choice was circumscribed by the necessity of our character, and for better or worse we could but choose as God had made our ancestors choose and as our choice was now being fashioned for us in that dark, mysterious, subconscious, labyrinthine background of our nature vulgarly called fate.<sup>23</sup>

### **Enkele van my ondervindings gedurende die driejarige oorlog.**

#### ***Some of my experiences during the three year war***

Ek het grootgeword op Soutfontein in die distrik van Vryburg. Ek het soos alle boerseuns my vader se skape opgepas tot op agtienjarige ouderdom toe die donker oorlog jare op ons losgebreek het.

*I grew up on the farm Soutfontein in the Vryburg district. In the tradition of farmers' sons, I looked after my father's sheep until, at the age of eighteen, the dark years of war descended on us.*

Die eerste skote het op Kraaipan naby Mafeking geklap. Vandaar het Genl. De la Rey na Vryburg en die Vierkleur by die poskantoor gehys. Ons het so pas 'n endjie padgegee toe een van die Engelse weer die Vierkleur afgehaal het. Hy is egter gevange geneem en die Vierkleur weer gehys. Op Vryburg is ons in twee groepe verdeel. Genl. De la Rey is na Kimberley en die Stellalandse kommando onder leiding

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<sup>22</sup> L.J. Groenewald was a member of the Stellaland Commando, under commandant J.J. van der Merwe.

van Komdt. Van der Merwe waaronder ek my bevind het is na Kuruman. Ons het die Engelse daar raakgeloop in forte. Die naaste wat ons aan hulle kon kom was ongeveer 1400 jrts, en daar het ons 'n paar klip forte gebou, naby 'n Sendingstasie. Die skietery het dag en nag oor en weer plaasgevind. Gelukkig was daar geen kanonne nie. Later het ons moeg geword daarvoor en die Engelse forte gedurende die nag begin aanval. Dan was dit 'n gegons van koeëls van die ander wereld soos hulle op ons lostrek. Een aand het ons weer gaan aanval, min wetende dat ons voorgelê word. Voordat ons nog kon stelling inneem is met alle geweld op ons losgebars. Daar het my broer Schalk 'n koeël deur die been gekry, maar gelukkig kon ons hom nog weer uitbring na veiligheid. Dr. Bartell, van Duitse afkoms, was ons kamp Dr., en ek was hom behulpsaam met die verwydering van die koeël uit sy been.

*The first shots were fired at Kraaipan near Mafeking. From there General de la Rey rode to Vryburg and hoisted the Vierkleur at the post office. We had withdrawn a little when one of the English took the flag down again. He was promptly captured and the Vierkleur hoisted once more. At Vryburg we were divided into two groups. General de la Rey set off for Kimberley, and the Stellaland commando, in which I found myself, under the leadership of Commandant van der Merwe, made its way to Kuruman. There we encountered the English in their fortifications. We could get within about 1 400 yards of them, and there, close to a mission station, we built some stone barricades. The gunfire between us continued day and night. Fortunately there were no cannons. At last we grew tired of the situation and began to attack the English forts by night. Then the bullets hummed around us as they let fly at us. One evening we attacked again, unaware that the English were lying in wait for us. Before we could even take up position they let loose on us with all their might. In the ensuing fight my brother Schalk was wounded in the leg, but luckily we were able to get him to safety. Dr Bartells, of Dutch origin, was our camp doctor and I helped him to remove the bullet from my brother's leg.*

Na omtrent 'n maand se vegtery het ons 'n ou kanon van Pres. Kruger ontvang. Die ou kanon het 'n groot blou rook nagelaat as hy afgevuur word. Na die derde skoot op die Engelse forte het die Witvlag aan hulle kant uitgekruip, en ons het die plek gaan inneem. Die Engelse is gevange geneem en na anderkant Pretoria gestuur waar die kamp was.

*After about a month of fighting we received a cannon from President Kruger. This old cannon emitted a huge cloud of blue smoke when it was fired. When we had fired three times at the English fortifications the white flag crept up and we occupied the place. The English were taken prisoner and sent to the (prisoner of war) camp on the other side of Pretoria.*

Ons het ook nou klaar gemaak om af te trek na Kimberley waar Genl. De la Rey nog steeds was. Ons het waens met mielies, voer ens. gelaai. Met die laaiery van die waens het ek met my een voet deur die buite reeling van die wa getrap en my been op drie plekke gebreek. Ek het drie dae so gelê voordat Dr. Bartell my been gespalk het. Nadat my been gespalk is het die Kommando vertrek en ek is na die hospitaal op Kuruman geneem. Ek was veertien dae in die hospitaal onder behandeling van 'n Engelse Dr. Daar het my vader my kom haal met 'n ligte waentjie en ses osse. Na veertien dae by die huis is ek weer weg na die Kommando. Op Veertienstrome het ons klompies boere gekry wat terug trek van Kimberley af op pad na Christiana. Nou en



dan was daar skermutseling tussens ons en die Rooies maar nie om van te praat nie. Ons het terug getrek tot naby Pretoria waar ons die eerste groot geveg gehad het te Sesmylspruit. Ons het 'n paar dae geveg maar die Engelse het ons begin omsingel en ons moes dus toe maar weer vlug onder die bek van die Engelse Ladiet. Ek moet die staaltjie vertel van die vrouens wat uit Pretoria gekom het om te kom kyk. Wat hulle bedoeling daarmee was weet ek nie. Die Engelse Ladiet het 'n raps oor ons fort getrek en naby hulle te lande gekom. Glo my dit was 'n aardigheid om die rokke so gou te sien verdwyn.

*We now began to make preparations to join General de la Rey, who was still waiting at Kimberley. We loaded wagons with muelies, fodder and so on. During the loading my foot slipped through the outside rails of one of the wagons and I broke my leg in three places. I lay like that for three days before Dr Bartells was able to put my leg in a splint. Once my leg had been splinted the Commando left and I was taken to the hospital at Kuruman where I spent fourteen days under the treatment of an English doctor. My father came to fetch me in a light cart drawn by six oxen. After fourteen days at home I rejoined the Commando. At Veertienstrome we met small bands of boers who were trekking back from Kimberley on their way to Christiana. Now and then there were skirmishes with the English (Rooies) but nothing very serious. We trekked back to Pretoria where the first serious battle took place at Sesmylspruit. We fought for several days but the English began to surround us and we had to flee right in the face of the English Lyddite. I must tel the story of the women who came from Pretoria to watch the battle. What their intentions were, I have no idea. The English Lyddite shot skimmed our fortifications and landed near them. Believe me when I say it was a treat to watch those dresses disappear so quickly!*

Ons het verder terug getrek na Wonderboom waar ons 'n bietjie asem geskep het. Daar het Lord Roberts die voorstel aan ons gedoen dat enige iemand wat wil oorgee vry en veilig na sy huis kon gaan. Daar het baie van die manne gaan wapens neerlê. Ons het hulle egter versoek om hulle goeie gewere aan ons te gee. (mausers) En hulle dan ons ou gewere aan die Engelse gee. Hulle wou egter niks daarvan hoor nie, en ons het van radeloosheid ons eie mense onder die lood gestee. Hulle het egter gedurende die nag weg loop. Vandaar is ons Stellalanders na Donkerhoek en ons het by Tvlse Genl. Dotwich aangesluit. Daar het ons weer agt dae hard geveg in die randjies. Ons Genl. het sewe van ons Stellalanders uitgestuur om te spioen. Ons merk toe 'n groot kapkar en vier perde op pad van Pretoria na die Engelse kamp. Dit was Engelse offisiere en die kar was gelaai met drank. Ons het die offisiere uitgeskud en laat loop en die kar met perde geneem. Genl. Dotwich was eers woedend omdat ons dit gedoen het en ons straf opgelê, maar nadat ons vir hom van die drank geneem het was hy baie besadig en ons moes die volgende dag maar weer gaan spioeneer. Daardie dag was ons amper in groot moeilikheid. Die gras het omtrent drie tot vier voet hoog teen die hang van die randjie gestaan. Ons was sewe saam op die spioenasie rit. Toe ons bo op die randjie kom was die Engelse laer onder die laagte omtrent 600 tree van ons af. Ons besluit toe om op hulle te vuur. Die eerste skote het skaars geklap die Engelse spring aan alle kante van ons op. Ek het 'n perd by my broer gekry aangesien my eie perd se rug seer was. Met die skietery word die blou perd toe so senuagtig dat ek nie naby 'n saal kon kom nie. Die ander maats het al uitgejaag en die Engelse was rondom my, maar het nou net op die ander wat wegjaag gevuur. Die

perd het my 'n klein kansie gegee en ek het raak gesprong. Voordat die Engelse mooi kan besef wat gebeur het was ek los onder hulle uit met nie 'n skrapie aan my nie.

*We retreated a little further to Wonderboom where we enjoyed a bit of breathing space. It was there that Lord Roberts made us the proposal that anyone who wanted to surrender would be allowed free and safe passage to his home. Many men laid down their arms. We begged them to give us their good weapons (Mausers) and to hand our old ones to the English instead but they would hear nothing of this and out of sheer desperation we were forced to fire at our own men. In the event they escaped during the night and fled. From here we Stellalanders moved on to Donkerhoek where we joined up with the Transvaler General Dotwich. There we had eight days of hard fighting in the low hills. Our general sent out seven of the Stellalanders to scout. We spied a large "kapkar" (hooded cart) and four horses en route from Pretoria to the English camp. The "kapkar was full of English officers and was loaded with liquor. We tipped the officers out and set them to walking and took the cart and horses. At first General Dotwich was furious at what we had done and punished us but after we had taken him some of the drink he became very reasonable and sent us out to spy again the next day. That day we nearly landed in serious trouble. There were seven of us on the spying expedition. The grass was three to four foot high on the slopes of the ridge. When we crested the ridge we found the English camp down in the valley, a mere 600 feet from us. We decided to fire at them. Hardly had the first shots rang out when the English sprang up all around us. I had borrowed a horse from my brother, as my own horse's back was sore. The roan horse was so unnerved by the gunfire that I could not get near the saddle. My comrades had already sped off and the English were all around me, but only firing at those who were racing away. The horse gave me a moment's respite and I sprang up, and before the English knew what was happening I had escaped without a scratch.*

Die Engelse het nou hulle gevangenis in die kamp probeer vrystel. Ons Long Tom het op 'n ---- trok gestaan met 'n lokomotief vooraan. Ons het 'n skoot op hulle gelos net voordat hulle by die kamp gekom het maar toe trek hulle die Ladiet op ons. Die afstand kan ek nie presies sê nie maar dit was 'n paar myl. Die eerste skoot was net skrams oor ou Long Tom. Toe die Ladiet vir die tweede keer blits het die lokomotief voorentoe beweeg met ou Long Tom, en presies op die plek waar hy gestaan het het die koeëls geval. Byna was ons ons enigste kanon kwyt.

*The English now tried to free their men who were being held prisoner in the camp. Our Long Tom was on a railway truck drawn by an engine. We fired a shot at them just before they reached the camp but they then turned the Lyddite on us. I cannot tell exactly what the distance was but it was at least a few miles. The first shot narrowly missed the Long Tom. As the Lyddite flashed for a second time, the locomotive drawing the Long Tom moved forward, and the shots fell precisely where the cannon had been standing! We had nearly lost our only cannon!*

Die Engelse het ons weer begin omsingel en ons moes trek. Ons paar Stellalanders, ek meen dit was veertien man, het afgetrek na Machadodorp waar ons Pres. Kruger ontmoet het. Daar het ons drie weke gebly. Sondae het Pres. Kruger vir ons kerkdienste gehou. Hy het altyd met 'n langsteelppyp in sy koets gery. Daar was ook sewe trokke. Pres. Kruger se wag het ons verseker dat dit alles goud bevat het, of dit so was kan ek nie sê nie. Pres. Kruger het ons Stellalanders baie goed behandel

en moet ingepraat. Na die drie weke se rus het ons deur die bosveld getrek in die rigting van Magaliesberg. Op reis het ons al ons perde behalwe een, my broer s'n, verloor aan perdesiekte. Ons moes toe te voet aansukkel. Ek ken nog 'n paar van die manne se name wat saam was, nl. My twee broers Schalk en Hendrik, Piet Bekker, Koos Bekker, ----- Silliers (?), Peet Wagenaar, Jan Rieckert en sy seun, nog 'n Rieckert en Piet Smit. Die ander drie se name het my net ontgaan. Enige van die persone kan vir die waarheid hiervan instaan. Ons was toe onder leiding van my broer Hendrik, later Kommandant.

*Again the English began to surround us and we had to move on. About fourteen of us Stellalanders trekked to Machadodorp where we met President Kruger. We stayed there three weeks and on Sundays President Kruger would hold a church service for us. He was never without his long stemmed pipe when he rode in his carriage. The train had seven trucks, each of which his guard assured us was laden with gold. I cannot say whether this was really true. President Kruger treated us Stellalanders very well and encouraged us to continue the fight. After three weeks' rest we trekked through the bushveld in the direction of Magaliesberg. We lost all our horses, except for my brother's, to horse sickness during the march and had to struggle on on foot. I can still remember a few of the names of the men who were with us, namely my two brothers Schalk and Hendrik, Piet Bekker, Koos Bekker, ----- Silliers (?), Peet Wagenaar, Jan Rieckert and his son, another Rieckert and Piet Smit. The names of the other three men have escaped me. At this time we were under the command of my brother Hendrik, who was later made Commandant. Any of the men who were with me can vouch for the truth of this account.*

Ons het deur die bosveld gesukkel en nog hier en daar Engelse teegekom. Soms moes ons vir twee dae en twee nagte sonder kos klaarkom. Ons skoene was al stukkend en klere was maar ook baie effens. Om nog 'n geweer en twee bande patrone in hierdie toestand te dra is nie speletjies nie. Na nog twee dae sonder kos het ons op 'n paar kafferhuise afgekom. Koos Bekker was toe nog maar elf jaar oud, hy vra toe vir my of ons nie by die aia iets kan gaan kry om te eet nie. Ek het ingewillig want honger is nie maklik nie. Alles was baie netjies en skoon by die struis. Koos het vir die ou aia iets gevra om te eet, al was dit net 'n bietjie suur pap. Sy het toe vir ons opgekookte kafferboontjies gegee om te eet.

*We came across groups of English here and there as we struggled through the bushveld. Sometimes we had to go without food for two days and two nights. Our shoes were worn through and our clothes torn to shreds. In this state it was no joke to have to carry a gun and two belts of ammunition. After another two days without food we happened upon two huts of black people. Koos Bekker, only eleven years old at the time, asked me whether we could ask the black woman for something to eat. I agreed because hunger is not easy to bear. The homestead was very neat and clean. Koos asked the old woman for something to eat, even if it was only a bit of "suur pap" (sour porridge). She gave us some cooked "kafferboontjies" (black-eyed beans).*

Dit was van die lekkerste maaltyd wat ek ooit gehad het. Saans maak ons groot vure maar het geen kos om gaar te maak nie. Eendag het oom Jan Rieckert klipspringer geskiet. Dit het egter ook nie lank gehou tussen viertien mans nie. Eendag het ons weer by 'n ou kaffer uitgekom. By hom het ons 'n paar mieliekoppe gekoop en 'n pot geleen. Die outa het eende ook by die spruit gehad. Taai Cilliers en Peet

Wagenaar het 'n paar pitte geneem en afgesit na die eende by die spruit. Hulle het die eende uit die water gelok en twee doodgeslaan. Toe het ons darem die ook gehad. Toe die ou kaffer sy pot kom haal sê ons vir hom daar is nog mielies oor. Ons het baie vet in die mielies gesit en hy kan die maar vat. Hy het ons baie bedank en ons vir hom en toe is ons daar weg.

*That was the best meal that I have ever had. In the evening we built huge fires although we had nothing to cook. One day Oom Jan Rieckert shot a klipspringer which didn't last long among fourteen men! On another occasion we came across an old black man and bought a few mielie cobs from him and also borrowed a pot to cook them in. He had some ducks down at his stream. Taai Cilliers and Peet Wagenaar took a few grains of mielies and set off for the stream. They lured two ducks out of the water and clubbed them to death and we ate them as well. When the old man came to fetch his pot we told him that there were mielies left over which he could take. We had also added a lot of duck fat (drippings) to the mielies and he was welcome to this too. We expressed our mutual thanks to each other and set off.*

Anderkant Magaliesberg het ons vir 'n tydjie by Kommandant Fouche se kommando aangesluit. Eendag moes ons (ver?) gaan verken. Sewe van ons het by 'n skool agtergebly om die perde bietjie voer te gee. Dit was nie lank nie of ons vind uit dat ons heeltemal omsingel was. Drie van ons manne het dadelik gaan oorgee, want hulle het gemeen daar is geen uitkomst kans nie. Ons oorblywende vier, onder leiding van Kommandant Fouche se seun, het besluit om te probeer uitkom. Tussen ons en die Engelse was daar 'n diep sloot. Ons het stadig langs mekaar na die Engelse gery wat nou reeds van hulle perde geklim het, menende dat ons moontlik kom oorgee. Toe ons naby die sloot kom het ons die perde die teuels gegee. Al vier het los oor die sloot gespring, en ons het deurgejaag met 'n gefluit van koeëls om ons ore. Daar het ons versprei geraak. Ek en 'n maat het saam gevlug met die Engelse kort op ons hakke. Dit was moeilik om weg te kom aangesien swarthaak bome aanmekaar gestaan het. Ek het my maat gesê om sy perd bietjie in te hou want ek het gesien hy sal dit nie meer ver maak nie. Nog in die bosse het ons weer op 'n klomp Engelse afgekom. My maat het hulle gou gevang en ek het net gesien hoe hulle hom van sy perd ruk toe moes ek vlug vir my lewe, nog steeds deur die swarthaak bome. Ek het 'n randjie in die oog gekry en daarheen koers gekies, en dit net met sonder bereik. Bo-op die randjie het ek stelling ingeneem en die paar Engelse wat my agtervolg het terug geskiet. Tot my ontugtering moes ek uitvind dat ek geen draad klere meer aan my liggaam het nie, behalwe my hemp se boortjie en my skoene. Dit was die swarthaak se werk. Ek het my perd 'n ruskansie gegee en probeer onthou waar die kamp was. Ek het maar verder gery en gehoop op die beste. Later het ek stemme gehoor en nader gesluip. Gelukkig was dit ons kommando se verkenners en hulle het my weer terug geneem na die kamp. Komdt. Fouche se seun het ook later daar ongedeerd aangekom. Ons ander maat was ook gevang. Nadat ons nog 'n rukkjie by die laer was het ons weer verder getrek in die rigting van Potchefstroom. Net voordat ons by Silkaatsnek kom het ons by 'n klein huisie verby gery. Twee meisies het ons tegemoet geloop en gevra om 'n koppie koffie te kom drink. Die ander het geweier want die Engelse was weer kort op ons hakke, maar ek het gegaan, dit was koringkoffie maar vir my was dit heerlik. Die tante het patats ook gekook en vir my 'n paar daarvan in 'n sakkie gesit om saam te neem. Die het ek onder die manne verdeel wat vir my in die nek gewag het.

*Just past Magaliesberg we joined up with Commandant Fouche's commando for a while. One day we were sent out to spy quite a distance away. Seven of us stayed behind at a school to feed the horses. It was not long before we realised that we were completely surrounded. Thinking that there was no escape, three of our men immediately handed themselves over. The remaining four of us, under the leadership of Commandant Fouche's son, decided to try to escape. There was a deep donga between us and the English. Together we rode slowly towards the English who, thinking that we were about to surrender, had already dismounted. As we reached the donga we gave the horses the reins. All four of us leapt over, storming through unscathed with the bullets whistling past our ears. We were split up and a friend and I fled with the English close on our heels. Close growing acacia trees made escape very difficult. I told my friend to rein his horse in a bit as I could see that the animal was not going to make it much further. Among the trees we encountered yet another band of English soldiers. They captured my friend almost immediately and I could only watch helplessly as they pulled him from his horse, before fleeing for my life through the acacias. I sighted a hill in the distance and set my course towards it, reaching it at sundown. I took up position at the top of the hill and the few English who had been following me fired back. To my disillusionment I realised that, thanks to the acacia thorns, I did not have a shred of clothing on me, other than my shirt collar and my shoes. I gave my horse a breather and tried to remember how to get back to the camp. I rode on a bit further, hoping for the best. After a while I heard voices and crept closer. Fortunately it was the scouts from our commando and they took me back to camp with them. Commandant Fouche's son arrived later that day, also unscathed. Our other friend had been captured. After spending a little while in the encampment we moved off again in the direction of Potchefstroom. Just before Silkaatsnek we passed a little house. There we were met by two girls who asked us in for a cup of coffee. The English were close on our heels and the others refused but I went in: it was koringkoffie (corn coffee) but to me it tasted delicious. Their mother (the old woman) had cooked sweet potatoes and she gave me some in a bag to take with me, and I shared these with the others who were waiting for me in the pass.*

Anderkant Potchefstroom het ons by Komdt. Muller se laer aangesluit vir 'n rukkie om ons perde te laat rus, en is toe daarvandaan weer verder na die Korkamieser naby Vryburg. Daar het ons 'n eie kommando op die been gebring. Die Genl. was Genl. Van Zyl end Komdt. was my broer Hendrik Groenewald.

*Beyond Potchefstroom we joined Commandant Muller's camp for a little while to allow our horses to rest, and then we moved on to the Korkamieser near Vryburg. Here we established our own commando with General van Zyl as the general and my brother Hendrik Groenewald as Commandant.*

Ons was toe reeds agtien maande van die huis af en sewe van ons het toe deurgegaan na ons plaas om te sien of ons ouers nog daar is en ook om bietjie te spioeneer. Ons het my ouers nog daar gekry, maar het hulle net vir 'n kort tydjie gesien, want 'n kaffer kommando was besig om ons te omsingel. Ons het egter ons weg oopgeskiet en weer by ons laer op Leliesfontein aangesluit.

*By this time we had been away from home for eighteen months, so seven of us rode through to our farm to find out whether our parents were still there and to do a bit of reconnaissance. We found my parents still there but could only stay a short while*

*as a black commando was moving in to surround us. We shot our way clear and joined our camp at Leliesfontein once again.*

Twee dae daarna het die hele kommando opgetrek na Soutfontein (ons plaas) en die kaffers op hulle baadjie gespeel. Die wat nie doodgeskiet was nie het Vryburg toe gevlug. Die volgende dag het die Engelse my vader en twee kleiner broers en my swaer by die huis kom vang, aangesien ons dan rebelle sou wees. Vir twaalf maande is hulle in die tronk op Vryburg opgesluit. Elke oggend moes hulle na die poskantoor stap en dan maar weer terug, sonder dat daar enige vrae aan hulle gevra word. Intussen het ons my moeder en broers se vrouens met 'n wa op die plaas gaan haal en na Perdefontein geneem. 'n Week later het Lord Methuen hulle daar kom vang en na Kimberley se kamp gestuur. Nadat my vader hulle 'n jaar in die tronk op Vryburg was is hulle ook na Kimberley se kamp gestuur.

*Two days later the whole commando moved up to Soutfontein (our farm) and gave the blacks a real hiding. Those who were not killed fled to Vryburg. The following day the English captured my father and two younger brothers and my brother-in-law on the farm, as we were now regarded as rebels. They were imprisoned at Vryburg for twelve months. Every morning they had to march up to the post office and back again, without ever being questioned. In the meantime we fetched my mother and my brothers' wives from the farm in a wagon and took them to Perdefontein. A week later they were captured there by Lord Methuen and sent to the [concentration] camp at Kimberley. When my father and brothers had been in prison at Vryburg for a year they were also sent to the camp at Kimberley.*

Ons kommando het maar meesal in die weste rondbeweeg en heelwat goed van die Engelse gebuit. Eenkeer het ons weer 'n klompie bees buitgemaak waaronder 'n blouwildebess was. Die het ons aan Genl. De la Rey as 'n geskenk gegee.

*Our commando moved around mostly in the west and did well out of plundering from the English. Once we captured some cattle, amongst which was a blue wildebeest, which we then gave to General de la Rey as a gift.*

Naby Setlagolo het 'n ou winkeltjie gestaan van mnr. Reynolds. Twee manne, Jansen en Rautenbach, moes mielies daar gaan haal vir die perde. Hulle was nog besig toe hulle toegesak word deur die Engelse. Ons kommando was nie bewus daarvan nie want ons was 'n endjie weg daarvandaan. Jansen en Rautenbach is na Vryburg geneem waar hulle opgehang is. Net daarna wou ons een aand weer 'n buit maak. Die broers Kuhn was vir 'n oomblik by hulle huis wat daar naby was. Ons was nie bewus van die Engelse wat in die omtrek was nie. By hulle huis is Veldkornet Mauce Kuhn an sy broer gevange geneem. Ons het terug geveg maar hulle was te groot oormag. Die twee broers is ook na Vryburg waar hulle ook opgehang is. Ons is toe verder af in Kuruman se rigting. Op Blikfontein moes ek en Bekker gaan spioeneer. Bo-op 'n plattak huis het die Engelse 'n fort gebou waarvan ons nie geweet het nie en naby was 'n winkeltjie. Ons mikpunt was die winkel. Gelukkig vir ons het die Engelse gevlug met waens vol eetware, 'n klomp beeste en skape. Ons het onself gehel aan 'n bietjie eetgoed in die winkel en die rapport is aan ons kommando gestuur. Omdat ons die winkel self ingeneem het moes ons toe die volgende dag wagstaan as straf. Ons het op 'n paar hartbeeste afgekome en Bekker het aangelê op hulle. Gelukkig vir ons, was dit mis. Die kommando wat die skoot gehoor het, het gemeen ons het weer

te doen met Engelse en 'n paar man gestuur om te gaan uitvind wat dit was. Ons moes 'n verskoning uitdink en het toe gesê dat dit 'n vreeslike groot slang was waarna ons geskiet het. Want ons was bang vir verdere straf. Ons het die Engelse waens met hulle buit agterna gesit en van hulle afgeneem met 'n hele trop beeste en skape. Daar was tussen twee en drie duisend skape en vyfhonderd beeste en tien waens. Hiermee was ons nou oppad terug na die Morakaanse rante. By Brussels moes ons toe oor die spoor gaan, en dit was in die nag. Ons het verkenner uitgestuur maar alles was doodstil. Al die tyd egter het 'n gepantserde trein naby die oorgang op die spoor gestaan, en die Engelse troepe al langs die treinspoor. Dit was net toe die eerste skape oor die spoor gaan toe dit gaan asof die hel op ons losbaars. Ons het teruggeveg maar dit was 'n hopelose taak. Gelukkig is daar nie een van ons raak geskiet nie, maar ons het omtrent net vyfhonderd skape en sowat 250 beeste deurgekry, die ander en die tien waens is toe weer deur die Engelse teruggeneem.

*Near Setlagole was an old shop owned by a Mr Reynolds. Two men, Jansen and Rautenbach, were sent there to fetch muelies for the horses. They were still busy when the English descended on them. As we were quite a distance away, our commando was unaware of what was going on. Jansen and Rautenbach were taken to Vryburg where they were hanged. One evening soon after this we planned a raid. Unaware of the English in the vicinity, the Kuhn brothers made a quick visit to their house which was close by. Field-Cornet Mauce Kuhn and his brother were taken prisoner at their house, and the two brothers were also taken to Vryburg and hanged. We moved on further in the direction of Kuruman. At Blikfontein Bekker and I were sent out to spy. Unbeknown to us, the English had built a fort on top of a flat roofed house, near the little shop which was our goal. Fortunately for us the English decamped with wagons full of provisions and several cattle and sheep. We helped ourselves to a bit of food from the shop and this was reported to our commando. Because we had taken the shop ourselves we had to stand guard the next day as punishment. We also came upon some hartebees and Bekker took aim at them. Luckily for us, he missed. The commando which heard the shots assumed that we had come up against the English again and sent a few men to see what was happening. Fearing further punishment, we had to think up an excuse quickly and told them we had been shooting at a huge snake. We set off after the English wagons with their loot and took it off them, together with a large number of cattle and sheep. Altogether there were between two and three thousand sheep, five hundred head of cattle and ten wagons. We made our way back with these to the Morokaan ridge. That night we had to cross the railway line at Brussels. We sent out scouts but everything seemed quiet. All the while, in fact, there was an armoured train standing on the tracks a little way from the crossing, and the English were in position all along the railway line. As the first sheep crossed the line all hell broke loose. We fought back but it was useless. Luckily none of us were shot, but we only managed to get about five hundred sheep and two hundred and fifty cattle through; the English took the remaining livestock and the ten wagons back again.*

Een nag net kort daarna moes ons weer 'n winkel gaan buit het op die Ghaapseberg. Ons was net 'n klompie man(s) en ons wou nie dat die Engelse agterkom dat ons nie volle sterkte was nie. Naby die winkel het ons op 'n paar kafferhutte afgekom. Daar het ons ons voorgedoen as Engelse en 'n paar skape by die kaffers gekry. Op naam van een of ander Engelse offisier het Genl. Van Zyl 'n bewys aan hulle gegee en hulle moes toe die geld op Vryburg by die Engelse gaan haal. Dus

kon ons toe ongehinderd die winkel stroop waarna ons nog dieselfde nag terug oor die spoor is na die Morakamiese rante.

*One night shortly after this incident we again had to go and raid a shop at the Ghaapseberg. There were just a few of us and we did not want the English to realise that we were not up to full strength. Near the shop were a few black huts and, pretending to be English, we got a couple of sheep from the blacks. General van Zyl gave them proof of purchase in the name of some English officer or another and told them that they could fetch the money for the sheep from the English at Vryburg. In this way we were able to strip the shop undisturbed and return across the railway line to the Morokamies hills that same night.*

Ons het weereens opgetrek na Setlagoli en die Engelse forte aldaar aangeval. Veldk. Blaauw het daar 'n skoot deur die hand gekry. Ons het teruggetrek en die Engelse'n kans gegee om ons te agtervolg. Ons het omgespring en hulle teruggeskiet tot weer binne in die forte. 'n Hele klompie van die khakies het die dag in die slag gebly. Genl. Van Zyl het teruggetrek na Morakani maar Komdt. Groenewald en twaalf man het in die rigting van die Molopo getrek om te spioen. Ons het op Engelse afgekom en moes maar buite bereik probeer bly aangesien ons te min was teen hulle. Hulle het ons egter knaend agtervolg. Ons perde het begin moeg word en op 'n randjie het ons afgespring en teruggeskiet. Hulle het later die aftog geblaas. Ons is toe weer terug na ons kommando.

*Again we trekked up to Setlagole and attacked the English fortifications there. Field Comet Blaauw got a bullet through the hand. We dropped back and allowed the English to pursue us, turning on them again and driving them back right into their forts. Quite a number of khakis died in the battle that day. General van Zyl withdrew to Morakani but Commandant Groenewald and twelve men went out to spy in the direction of the Molopo. We encountered some English but had to try to stay out of reach as we were too few to withstand them. They pursued us doggedly and our horses began to flag. On a ridge we dismounted and fired back and eventually they gave up the pursuit and we could return to our commando.*

Na 'n paar dae se rus het ons opgetrek na Vryburg. In 'n geveg is ons hoof kanonnier gedood. Ons is 'n paar dae later af na die Malopo. Ons het egter nie ver gevorder nie toe ons 'n berig kry dat Komdt. Vd Merwe se perde almal deur die Engelse geneem is. Ons is toe weer terug Vryburg toe en slaags geraak met die Engelse. Ons het weer 'n klompie van die perde terug gekry, maar die Engelse is met 'n hele paar weg. Dieselfde dag was daar 'n hele konsternasie met die jong seun Bekker. Hy het een van die kaffers wat onder wapen was gevang en wou hom doodskiet maar die kaffer spring agter sy perd in. Hy het die kaffer 'n paar skramskote geskiet toe iemand anders dit sien en die kaffer doodskiet. Onder die wyl het sy perd die loop geneem, reguit na die voerplek van die Engelse perde. Hy gryp toe sommer 'n ander perd en jaag in die Engelse laer in, gryp sy perd aan die teuels en bring hom veilig uit sonder om geraak te word.

*After resting for a few days we trekked up to Vryburg. Our chief gunner was killed in a battle. A few days after this we headed for the Malopo. We had not gone far when we received a report that the English had taken all Commandant van der Merwe's horses. We returned to Vryburg and came up against the English again. We managed to get a few horses back but the English escaped with a large number of them. That*



*same day there was some trouble with the young Bekker boy who had captured one of the armed blacks. He wanted to shoot him but the black hid behind his horse. Bekker had grazed him a few times when someone else saw what was going on and shot the black dead. While all this was happening, Bekker's horse wandered off, straight to the place where the English fed their horses. Unperturbed, he grabbed another horse, charged into the English camp, seized his horse by the reins and brought him out safely, quite unscathed.*

Lord Methuen het toe uitgetrek in die rigting van ons laer en die aand op die plaas Skoonheid kamp opgeslaan. Daar het ons hulle die nag verras, en a goeie klompie van hulle het nie weer geveg nie. Ons het 75 van hulle perde buit gemaak wat losgebreek het, die volgende oggend het hulle verder getrek. My komdt. Broer en ek het gaan spioen die oggend toe ons merk dat ons feitlik omsingel was. Daar was net een genade en dit was jaag en pad oopskiet. Ons was feitlik deur toe een Engelsman skuins by ons probeer verby jaag. Ek het net my perd effens dwars gedraai en aangelê in die ry. Die koeël het geklap en ek het geweet dit was raak. Daar was nie tyd om te kyk nie dit was nou net jaag vir ons lewe. Nadat die Engelse verby getrek het het ek gaan kyk want ek het goed onthou waar dit was. Die ambulans het hom reeds verwyder maar sy twee patroonbande het nog daar gelê. Daaraan kon ek sien dat die koeël uit is net waar die twee bande mekaar op die bors kruis, 'n paar van die patrone het ook nog ontplof.

*At this time Lord Methuen trekked out in the direction of our encampment and set up his own camp that evening on the farm Skoonheid. We surprised them there that night and a good number of them did not live to fight another day. We confiscated seventy-five of their horses, which broke free that evening and had wandered further off by morning. That morning my commandant brother and I were out on a scouting expedition when we realised that we were virtually surrounded. The only alternative was to charge and shoot our way clear. We had almost got through when an Englishman tried to chase past us at an angle. I turned my horse slightly and aimed as I was riding. I heard the report and knew that I had hit my target but there was no time to look - it was now a case of running for our lives. I remembered the spot exactly and when the English had gone I went back to look. The soldier had already been removed by the ambulance but his two bandoliers were still lying there. I could tell that the bullet had exited just where the two bandoliers cross on the chest, and a few of the bullets had exploded.*

Bekker en ek het weer gaan spioen, en toe ons weer wou teruggaan na die kommando sien ons dat dit nie meer ons kommando was wat daar staan nie maar wel die Engelse. Nou was hulle rondom ons. Ons het met die pad langs gery. 'n Groot aantal Engelse het aan albei kante van die pad stelling ingeneem. Ons het op 'n stap nader en nader gekom. Op 'n afstand van omtrent 200 tree het ons die perde die teuels gegee, dit was albei goeie perde en ons kon op hulle reken. Die koeëls het om ons gefluit, maar nie ons nog ons perde het 'n skrapie opgedoen nie. Nadat ons omtrent 600 tree gejaag het het 'n koeël die onderkant van my baadjie se mou geraak, dit was al.

*Bekker and I went out once more to spy, but on our return we realised that it was no longer our commando camped there, but rather the English! Now they were all around us. We made our way next to the road. A large number of English soldiers had*

*taken up position on either side of the road. At walking pace we crept closer and closer. We both had good horses that we could rely on and at a distance of about 200 feet we gave them their heads. The shots whistled round our ears but neither we nor our horses suffered a scratch. When we had galloped for a distance of about 600 feet a bullet shaved the underside of my jacket sleeve and that was all.*

Ons het klaargemaak om na Kuruman op te trek. Ons het die aand op Bosmanspoort geslaap. Dieselfde nag ontvang ons berig dat die Engelse kinders en vroue op Rouxkloof aangeval en vermoor het. Ons het dadelik afgetrek daarheen en die twee Roux kinders en een Roodt seun, aldrie tussen 10-12 jaar daar dood aangetref. Doodgesteek met bayonette, ook nie doodgesteek nie maar oopgesny. Tant Mina Britz het 'n skoot deur die been gekry. Ons bloed het gekook, dat sulke dade op kinders gepleeg moet word. Ons het die Engelse op Leliesfontein gekry. Die troepe het meesal bestaan uit basters. Dit was teveel vir ons. Ons het onverskrokke en met haat geveg. Hulle het later gevlug, maar soos te dikwels gebeur het, het ons ammunisie ook op hierdie tydstip opgeraak. Die Engelse wat gesneuwel het se patroonbande was ook feitlik almal leeg. Een keer het ek net gehoor die kanon bulder. Ek het voor my perd op my voete te staan gekom en my perd het op sy knieë gestaan. Waar die koeël verby is weet ek vandag nog nie. Dit was egter nog meer 'n aansporing. Veldk. Erasmus, 'n baie dapper man het 'n klompie Engelse by 'n paar kaffer hutte storm gejaag, vinger alleen. Hy het vyf laat sneuwel voordat die ander gevlug het.

*We prepared to trek up to Kuruman and that evening we slept at Bosmanspoort. That same evening we received the news that the English had attacked and murdered women and children at Rouxkloof. We immediately rode down there and found the two Roux children and a Roodt boy, all between the ages of ten and twelve, dead. They had been stabbed, in actual fact ripped open, with bayonets. Tant Mina Britz was shot through the leg. We were enraged and our blood boiled at the thought that such atrocities could be wrought on children. We found the English at Leliesfontein. Their troops comprised mostly "bastards". This was just too much for us and we fought fearlessly and with hatred in our hearts. At last they fled, but as so often happened, our ammunition ran out at this point. The bandoliers belonging to those English who had perished, were also almost empty. At some point I heard the roar of the cannon. I found myself on my feet in front of my horse, which was on its knees. To this day I do not know where that shot went! This had the effect of encouraging us even more. Field-Cornet Erasmus, a very brave man, attacked a group of English at some black huts all on his own, leaving five dead before the rest fled.*

Ons het weer met Lord Methuen op Uitvalskop slaags geraak. Ons was daar 'n paar boere kommandos bymekaar. Ons was sewe man wat eenkant gelê het onder Veldk. Van Vuuren. Ek sien toe sewe Engels aangery kom, regop ons af. Veldk. Van Vuuren het gesê dit is ons mense maar ek het hom op die neussakke wat hulle perde gedra het gewys. Een kerel, dit was 'n Koloniale met 'n groot snor het reg op my afgery met 'n groot bruin perd. Ek het gewag tot hey omtrent tien tree van my was toe ek hom "Hensop". Hy het my vas in die oë gekyk en gesê, "Hensop bedê". Daar was vir my geen ander genade nie, ek moes skiet. Die perd se kop was taamlik hoog en hy kry toe die koeël voor die kop en die Engelsman voor die bors. Perd en ruiters het langs my neergeslaan. Die ander het ook gesneuwel. Een van hulle se saalpakke het hom

so vasgehou dat hy by hulle laer eers afgeval het, met sewe skote deur hom. Ek het by Veldk. van Vuuren aangehou om die Engelsman hier by my se saal en bandolier te neem. "Nee" het hy gesê want hier kom nog Engelse aan. Ons het nog 'n rukkie stil gelê toe ek merk dat ons kommando opgehou het met skiet. Ek het dit aan Veldk. Van Vuuren gesê maar hy wou nog nie gehoor gee nie. Ek het nie daarvoor kans gesien nie en opgespring, die twee Bekker broers saam met my. Die ander het gevolg. Ons het na ons perde gehardloop. Ons was net buite toe die Engelse se twee punte agter ons sluit. Ek het toe niks van die mooi saal en bandolier patrone gehad nie, maar darem nog my lewe en die lus om vir my land te stry.

*We engaged with Lord Methuen again at Uitvalskop. A few boer commandos were encamped there together and seven of us, under Field-Cornet Van Vuuren, were camped to one side. I noticed seven Englishmen riding straight for us. Field-Cornet van Vuuren said they were our own people but I could tell from the nosebags their horses were wearing that they were English. One of them, a "Kolonialer" (from the Cape Province) with a large moustache, rode straight for me on a huge brown horse. I waited until he was about ten paces from me and then cried, "Hensop". He looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Hensop be damned." I had no alternative but to shoot. As the horse's head was quite high, he took the bullet in the forehead and the Englishman got it in the chest. Horse and rider slumped down next to me. All the others died as well. One was held so firmly by his saddlebags that he only fell off his horse right at their camp, with seven shots through him. I kept on at Field-Cornet van Vuuren to take the saddle and bandoliers of the Englishman near me, but he said no, adding that more Englishmen were approaching. We lay still for a while and I realised that our commando had ceased firing. I pointed this out to Field-Cornet van Vuuren but he took no notice of me. I did not see my way clear to leaving them there and sprang up, taking the two Bekker brothers with me. Others followed me and we ran to our horses. We had just got outside the camp when the English moved in to enclose us from behind. In the end I had nothing of the lovely saddle and bandoliers, but at least my life and my desire to fight for my country were still intact.*

Ons het toe opgetrek na Brakspruit. Daar het ons ons vasgeloop in 'n groot Engelse mag. Hulle het ons vir twee dae en nagte agtervolg. Sonder om ons die kans te gee om van ons perde af te klim. Dit was die tweede dag die middag dat ons effens kans gekry het. Oom Nicolaas van Rensburg die Siener soos ons hom genoem het, was ook by ons. Hy het sy kombers onder 'n groot katbos oopgegooi en daar gelê. Toe hy opstaan kon ek sien dat hy diep dink. Ek vra hom toe, "Oom Nicolaas, wat sien oom?" en hy sê, "ek sien ons trek deur in die rigting van Schweizer Reneke sonder on 'n skoot te skiet." Ek kon dit nie glo nie want in daardie rigting het dit gewemel van Engelse. Ons het egter soos gewoonlik sy raad gevolg en deur getrek sonder dat daar een skoot geskiet was.

*After this we moved on to Brakspruit where we encountered a large English force. They followed us for two days and two nights, never once giving us a chance to dismount. We had a brief respite only on the afternoon of the second day. Oom Nicolaas van Rensburg, or "the Seer" as we called him, was also with us. He flung his blanket down under a large "katbos" and lay down. When he got up again I could see that he was deep in thought. I asked him what he had seen and he replied "I see us trekking all the way to Schweizer Reneke without firing a single shot." I could not*

*believe this as the place was swarming with English soldiers in that direction. We nonetheless followed his advice and got through without a single shot being fired.*

Ons is toe weer terug na die Morakaniese rante. Ons het 'n paar dae daar vertoef om ons perde te laat rus. Tom en Bêrend Terblanche was die dag aangesê om te gaan spioen in die rigting van Pudimoe. Op Bormanspoort in die rante het hulle twee kaffers gevang wat onder wapen was. Net soos met alle ander kaffers wat onder wapen was, was daar vir hulle ook geen genade nie. Hulle is egter nie doodgeskiet nie maar keelafgesny soos 'n skaap. Hulle het niks daarvan gepraat nie. Die volgende dag is ons weer op verkenningwerk uitgestuur, met een van hulle weer by. Toe ons naby die plek kom het my perd wat maar vol grille was begin rondstaan. Ek kon hom nie verder kry nie. Terblanche het gelag en gesê ons moet kom kyk hoekom die perd nie wil loop nie. Toe ons daa(r) kom sien ons dat hulle die twee kaffers so regop laat sit en styf word het.

*After this we returned to the Morakan hills. We lingered there for a few days to give our horses a bit of a rest. Tom and Bêrend Terblanche were sent out to spy in the direction of Pudimoe one night. In the hills at Bormanspoort they caught two armed kaffers, and as was the case in all such captures, they showed them no mercy. They were in fact not shot but had their throats slit like sheep. The brothers did not say anything about this at the time. The next day we were again sent out to spy and one of the Terblanche brothers was with us. When we got close to the place (where they had killed the blacks) my horse, which was very skittish, began to dance around and I could not get him to go any further. Terblanche laughed and told us to come and see why the horse refused to go any closer. We saw that they had propped the two blacks in an upright position, and left them there.*

Vandaar is ons toe na Hartbeesfontein. Daar het ons 'n kolon Engelse ontmoet met wie ons twee dae geveg het. Komdt. Tollie de Beer en sy manne het ons daar bygestaan. Daar het ek gesien hoe 'n onverskrokke man hy was. Hy het gedurig gedurende die geveg tussen sy manne deurgeloop en met hulle gepraat. Die kanon koeëls bars om hom dat hy toe is onder die stof maar dit skrik hom nie af nie. 'n Paar van sy manne en een van ons is daar gewond. Ons moet toe maar weer die wyk neem. Terloops, daar was 'n bobbejaan aan 'n paal vas by die dorp nie ver daarvandaan nie. Met die tweede kanonskoot het hy morsdood langs die paal gelê, van skrik.

*From here we moved on to Hartbeesfontein where we encountered an English column and fought them for two days. We were reinforced by Commandant Tollie de Beer and his men. It was there that I realised what a fearless man he was. All through the battle he mingled with his men and encouraged them. He was white from the dust of the cannon shells exploding around him, but he was not deterred. A couple of his men and one of ours were wounded in the battle. Again we had to flee. As a matter of interest, in a town nearby a baboon had been kept, tied to a pole. With the report of the second shell he fell to the ground, stone dead from shock!*

Genl. Van Zyl en Komdt. Groenewald het toe opdrag gekry van ons hoof Genl. De la Rey om hom op La Rey'skraal te ontmoet. Vandaar het ons saam afgetrek na Taungs om weer ons beeste en skape wat die kaffers gesteel het terug te vat. Ons het die dag tussen ses en seweduisend skape en bokke en omtrent tweeduisend beeste daar gekry. Daar was nogal heelwat skietery want baie van die kaffers was gewapen.

Een man het by 'n struis ingeloer en 'n kaffer het hom in sy kuiltjie geskiet. Koos Uys was by hom, en het hom net terug geruk en toe die struis aan die brand gesteeek. Ta het besluit om maar liewer te braai as om uit te kom. Hy het onder die as bly lê. Genl. Van Zyl het bevel gegee om te storm. Hy het vyf seuns van elf jaar onder hom gehad wie se ouers gevange geneem is en wat toe geen herberg gehad het nie. Toe daar gestorm word was daar aan hulle geen keer nie. Hulle het voor die voet doodgeskiet, kaffer of meid. Die kaffers het in die randjies in gevlug. So by tienuur het die gepantserde trein van die Engelse daar regoor die randjie kom stilhou en die randjie begin bombardeer, menende natuurlik dat dit die boere is wat in die randjies is. Toe het die aangehou tot die aand donker toe. Ons is toe weer terug na de la Rey'skraal. Daar het ons die buit gedeel. Genl. De la Rey sy deel, Genl. Van Zyl sy deel en broer Hendrik sy deel. Hulle het dit weer onder die burgers verdeel.

*General van Zyl and Commandant Groenewald received orders from our leader, General de la Rey, to meet him at La Rey's Kraal. From there we marched down to Taungs to retrieve our cattle and sheep which had been stolen by the blacks. There we found between six and seven thousand sheep and goats and about two thousand head of cattle. There was quite a lot of shooting as many of the blacks were armed. One of our men peered into a hut and a black shot him in his cheek. Koos Uys was with him and pulled him back in time and then set the hut on fire. The black ("Ta") decided he would rather roast than come out; later we found his body under the ash. General van Zyl gave the order to charge. Amongst his men he had five boys of eleven years old whose parents had been taken prisoner and who had had no other refuge. There was no stopping them in the charge and they killed whoever got in their way, man or woman. The blacks fled into the hills. At about ten o'clock the English armoured train arrived and stopped right opposite the hills and began to bombard them, thinking of course that it was the Boers who were hiding there. This continued until after dark. We then returned to La Rey'skraal and divided the loot. General de la Rey, General van Zyl and brother Hendrik each took their share and divided it again amongst their burgers.*

Genl. De la Rey het die kommandos van Genl. Van Zyl, Genl. De Beer en Komdt. Groenewald kennis gegee om by Brakspruit bymekaar te kom. Die Siener het gesê hy sien 'n groot Afrikaner bul uit Vryburg kom, maar as hy by klein Hartsrivier kom dan hang sy een horing. Die offisiere het toe saam besluit om Methuen aan te val wat uit Vryburg gekom het. Genl. Kemp se kommando het toe ook by ons aangesluit. Lord Methuen het die aand oorkant die Hartsrivier kamp opslaan. Ek het die aand toe die offisiere saam raad gehou het luistervink gespeel. Die ander klomp het my gestuur om te gaan afluister wat besluit word. Ek het gehoor Genl. De la Rey gee opdrag dat Genl. Van Zyl, Komdt. De Beer en Komdt. Groenewald die Engelse van agter moes aanval sodra hulle begin trek en Genl. Kemp sal dan van vooraf aanval. Ons het die nag afgetrek tot in die spruit. Teen vier uur die oggend het die Engelse begin klaarmaak om te trek. Ek was toe adj. van Veldk. Erasmus, 'n baie dapper man. My bynaam wat ek gekry het was Rosie. Hy sê toe vir my, "Rosie vandag gaan hulle my doodskiet ek voel dit kom." Ek het hom teegegaan en maar probeer wegpraat. Maar hy het die voorgevoel gehad. Hy sê toe aan my dat ek sy handsambok moes neem, maar sy perd, saal en toom moet ek sorg dat sy vrou kry.

*General de la Rey notified the commandos of General van Zyl, General de Beer and Commandant Groenewald to gather at Brakspruit. The Seer prophesied that a*

*huge Afrikaner bull came from Vryburg but when it got to Klein HartsRiver one of its horns was drooping down. The officers saw this as a sign to attack Methuen as he came out of Vryburg. We were also joined by General Kemp's commando. Lord Methuen set up camp that night on the other side of the Harts River. I was sent by my comrades that evening to eavesdrop on the officers as they conferred. I heard General de la Rey giving orders to General van Zyl, Commandant de Beer and Commandant Groenewald to attack the English from the rear as soon as they began to move. General Kemp would then attack from the front. That evening we moved down into the stream. The English started making preparations to move out at four o'clock the next morning. At that time I was adjutant to Field-Cornet Erasmus, a very brave man. I had been given the nickname Rosie. He said to me, "Rosie, I feel it in my bones that I am going to be killed today." I of course contradicted this and tried to put it out of his mind but he had the premonition. He told me that in the event of his death I should take his sjambok but that I should see to it that his wife received his horse, saddle and bridle.*

Ons het begin optrek nader aan die Engelse laer. Toe ons die wal van die spruit uitklim was dit net lig en daar tref ons 'n Engelse wag aan. Ek spring dadelik van my perd af en gaan sit. Ek het net gesit toe die skoot klap en hy my perd deur die nek skiet. Die perd het bo-oor my gespring en neergeslaan. Die wag het bly lê nadat my vinger die sneller getrek het, maar sy perd het weggehardloop. Ek moes toe sommer 'n handperd van iemand anders annekseer.

*We began to move closer to the English camp. It was just growing light as we climbed the bank of the spruit, and there was an English guard! I jumped from my horse instantly and crouched down, and with that a shot rang out, the bullet piercing my horse's neck. The animal jumped over me and collapsed, dead. The guard lay dead too as my finger pulled the trigger, but his horse bolted. I had to appropriate a packhorse from someone.*

Ons het nou die laer gestorm. Ons was maar omtrent driehonderd burgers teenoor omtrent tussen twee en drieduisend Engelse en dit op 'n kaal vlakke met net hier en daar 'n miershoop. Die son was al uit en Genl. Kemp was nog nie daar om van voor af aan te val nie. Die kanonne het op ons geboer maar gelukkig was hulle geneig om bietjie oor ons te skiet. Die Artillerië van die Engelse wou eenvoudig nie ingee nie. Veldk. Erasmus, Piet Bekker en nog drie het deur die voetgangers gejaag en die kanoniers agter die kanonne gaan doodskiet. Toe eers het Genl. Kemp en sy kommandos opgedaag.

*Now we stormed the camp. There were only about three hundred burgers against between two and three thousand English, on a barren plain broken only here and there by an anthill. The sun was already up but General Kemp had still not arrived to lead the attack from the front. The cannons boomed all around us but fortunately they tended to fire a little over our heads. The English artillery just would not give in. Field-Cornet Erasmus, Piet Bekker and another three men charged through the foot soldiers and shot dead the gunners as they sat at their cannons. Only then did General Kemp and his commandos appear.*

Daar naby was 'n kleikraal en daarin was Engelse, Hensoppers, hotnots en perde. Genl. De la Rey het van sy manne agter die Engelse Pom-Pom gesit wat ons

afgeneem het. Die eerste skoot was net oor die kraal. Die tweede een was raak. Dit was nie lank nie of die witvlag word op getrek. Komdt. Groenewald en sy adj. Van Rensburg het nader gery. Toe hulle naby kom skreeu een van die Engelse offisiere, "skiet hom dood". Gelukkig het hulle dit gehoor en omgespring. Hulle skiet toe net sy perd deur die boud. Die adj. het 'n handperd gehad en gou was die saal op hom en hulle kon toe darem veilig deurkom. Toe was die duiwel los. Genl. De la Rey moes die kanoniers by die kanon gaan wegvat want hulle wou nie ophou skiet nie. Lord Methuen was toe al reeds gewond en Veldk. Erasmus reeds gesneuwel soos hy voorspel het. Piet Bekker is ook sleg gewond, nadat hulle sy sewende perd onder hom dodgeskiet het. Hy beweer dat hy gesien het dat dit 'n baster was wat hom geskiet het. Een van die Engelse het hom nog sy water bottel gegee om te drink. Met albei arms af en die koeël net onder die hart deur die bors. Daar was nog drie gewond maar nie een ernstig nie. Die een het sewe vleiswonde gehad. Vier Kolonialers wat presies eenders aangetrek was het 'n waterseiltjie bokant Lord Methuen gehou vir skadu. Sy been is net bokant die knie met 'n dêm-dêm koeël afgeskiet.

*Nearby was mud kraal, sheltering English, Hensoppers, hottentots and horses. General de la Rey and some of his men were sitting behind the captured English Pom-Pom gun. The first shot just missed the kraal: the second was a direct hit. Before long the white flag was raised. Commandant Groenewald and his adjutant Van Rensburg approached the kraal and when they had almost reached it one of the English officers screamed: "Shoot him!" Luckily they heard this and turned tail, the general's horse getting a shot in the hindquarters. The adjutant was leading a second horse and in no time Groenewald's saddle was on it and they could escape unharmed. But with this all hell broke loose and General de la Rey had to drag the gunners away from the cannon because they just would not stop firing. By this time Lord Methuen had been wounded, and Field-Cornet Erasmus had been killed, just as he had predicted. Piet Bekker was also seriously wounded, having had seven horses shot dead from under him. He claimed to have seen that it was a baster who shot him. One of the English even gave him a drink from his own water bottle; he had both his arms shot away and a bullet through his chest, just beneath the heart. Three others were slightly wounded, one with seven flesh wounds. Four Kolonialers (Colonials), dressed identically, made a canopy with a canvas tarpaulin for Lord Methuen, whose leg had been shattered just above the knee by a dum-dum bullet.*

Klein Bekker, elf jaar oud, het ook nie sy kinderstreke gedurende hierdie bloedige slag vergeet nie. Hy het 'n Engelsman "Halt" geroep en sy geweer geneem en gevra vir geld. Hy was een van die weiniges onder ons klompie wat 'n bietjie Engels kon praat. Die Engelsman het hom sy geld gegee, Bekker het die afgetel, die helfte geneem en die ander weer terug gegee. "Het julle jam?" vra hy toe. Die Engelsman gaan haal toe vir hom 'n blik van die wa af en Hendrik sit lekker en eet. Intussen gaan die geveg nog steeds om hulle voort. Meteens kom daar 'n Engelsman by hulle verby gejaag te perd. Hendrik het sy geweer opgetel en vir die Tommie by hom gesê, "nou sal ek jou wys hoe skiet 'n boerseun", aangelê na die jaende Engelsman en toe die skoot klap het die Tommie sy saal verlaat om nie weer op te staan nie. Die een by hom het net uitgeroep, "Oh God!"

*During this bloody battle young Bekker, eleven years old, got up to some pranks. He cried out "Halt" to an Englishman, took his gun and being one of the few among us who could speak a little English, asked him for money. The Englishman handed over*

*his money, Bekker counted it, took half and gave the rest back to the Englishman. "Have you got any jam?" he asked then and the Englishman fetched him a tin from the wagons. While the battle raged around them, young Hendrik sat and enjoyed the jam. Suddenly a mounted Englishman came galloping past them and Hendrik picked up his weapon and said to the Tommy with him, "Now I'll show you how a boerseun shoots", took aim and as the shot rang out the Tommy fell from the saddle and did not get up again. The Tommy with Hendrik just cried out "Oh God!"*

'n Klompie van die Tommies ens. het uit die kraal gesprings en weggejaag. Kapt. Horn, myself, Hendrik Jacobs en nog iemand het hulle agterna gesit, maar toe ons by die kraal verby gaan het die ander persoon (sy naam het my ontgaan) gesneuwel en Hendrik Jacobs het 'n koeël net agter die oë deur gekry. Hy het later weer herstel. Nou was dit net Kapt. Horn en ek. Ons het hulle gou ingehaal want hulle het die ou groot perde met die groot pote gery. Ons spring dan af en skiet en jaag hulle dan maar weer in. Hulle het toe in die rigting van Sannieshof gegaan. As ons gewere te warm word wat ons maar net ander van die gesneuweldes. Daar was nie een wat eers probeer het om terug te skiet op ons nie. Ons het so baie tyd tot ons beskikking gehad dat ons gekyk het, hoeveel ons met een skoot kan afskiet. Dit was maklik want hulle het almal op 'n bondel gery. Dit was net so maklik om vas te stel hoeveel daar val, want die Tommie wat val se ou perd draai net uit en begin wei. Ons het tot sewe perde getel wat met een skoot uitdraai. Later het ek moeg geword hiervoor en ek sien toe op die linkerkant ry 'n klomp Hensoppers en ek wou hulle bykom, maar hulle was skuins voor en ek moes toe half by die Engelse verby gaan. Kapt. Horn het nog teegestribbel, maar ek is weg. Die naaste wat ek aan hulle kan kom was 600 tree. Ek het afgespring en geskiet. 'n Groot bruin perd het in die lug geklim en op sy knieë afgekrom. Maar hy is weer op. Na die oorlog het die eienaar van die perd, ene Terblanche my vertel van die skoot wat sy perd deur die kop gekry het. Die perd het hom deurgedra tot op Kraaipan waar hy hom water gegee het en hy toe dood neergeslaan het. Ek het hom goed laat verstaan dat daardie koeël nie vir so goeie dier bedoel was nie.

*Some of the Tommies and others who had been hiding in the kraal scrambled out and fled. Captain Horn, Hendrik Jacobs, a third person whose name I cannot recall, and I set off after them but as we passed the kraal this third person was killed and Hendrik Jacobs got a bullet behind the eye (from which he later recovered). Now it was just Captain Horn and me. We quickly caught up with them as they were riding heavy draught horses. We would jump off and shoot and them mount again and catch them up again. They were heading in the direction of Sannieshof. When our guns got too hot we simply took the weapons of the English we had killed. Not one of them made any attempt to shoot back at us. We had so much time at our disposal that we tried to see how many we could shoot with one bullet. This was easy as they were riding close together in a group, and it was just as easy to see how many we had shot because no sooner had Tommy fallen from the saddle than his horse would simply stop and start grazing. We counted as many as seven turning off and starting to graze with one shot. At last I grew tired of this and spotted a group of Hensoppers riding to the left of us. I wanted to attack them but they were at an angle to us and I had to pass the English to get to them. Captain Horn was still arguing against this but I was off. I got within about 600 paces from them, jumped from my horse and fired. A big brown horse rose into the air and came to land on its knees, but was soon up again. Years later, after the war was over, the owner of this horse, a certain Terblanche, told me about the bullet his*



*horse had received to the head. The horse carried him through to Kraaipan where he dismounted and gave it some water, whereupon it fell down dead. I assured him that that bullet had not been intended for such a good animal!*

Later het Genl. Kemp en van sy Burgers en Genl. Van Zyl kom hand bysyt want nou het die Engelse weer begin veg. Een van die Hanskakies het oorgegee, maar Genl. Kemp gee toe opdrag om hom dood te skiet want dit is 'n Hensopper. Hulle wond hom toe net aan die been en toe Genl. Kemp verby kom skiet hy sy perd onder hom dood. Ons het die gesien en was bang hy sal Genl. Kemp doodskiet. Kapt. Horn het hom toe in die stof laat byt. Oom Daan van Vuuren het langs my gery. Ek het 'n baster agter 'n mierhoop sien lê wat op oom Daan aangelê het. Ek het oom Daan 'n waarskuwing gegee en in die ry het hy sy geweer aan die skouer gebring en geskiet, die baster was voor die kop getref. Ons het hulle nog 'n endjie agtervolg en toe teruggedraai. Ons het by 'n plaashuis gekom waar die tannie net 'n groot hoeveelhêd botter gekarring het. Daar het ons toe elk 'n lekker beker karringmelk gedrink voordat ons verder is. Sy vertel toe dat 'n baster die oggend daar was en hoe sy toe gepleit het dat hulle tog nie all haar beeste moes vat nit. Die baster het toe gesê, "Miesies daar is nie tyd vir beeste nie, die boere jaag ons dat ons bars."

*Some time later the English began to fight back again and General Kemp and some of his burgers, and General de la Rey, came to our assistance. One of the Hanskakies gave himself up, but because he was a Hensopper General Kemp gave orders to shoot him. In the event he was only wounded in the leg and as General Kemp rode past him, the Hensopper shot his horse dead from under him. We were watching and feared that he would kill General Kemp, but Captain Horn soon had him biting the dust. Oom Daan van Vuuren was riding next to me and I suddenly saw a baster hiding behind an anthheap, aiming for Oom Daan. I shouted a warning, and as he was riding past Oom Daan lifted his rifle to his shoulder, took aim and shot the baster right through the forehead. We followed them a little way further and then turned back. We passed a house where a woman had just churned a large quantity of butter and we all enjoyed a mug of buttermilk before continuing. She told us that a baster had arrived there that morning and when she pleaded with him not to take all her cattle he replied, "Miesies, there's no time for cattle: the boere are chasing us until we drop."*

Die terugtog was nie aangenaam nie. Oral lê doeries en gewondes wat om water roep, en ons het nie eers vir onself nie. Waar moes ons nog kry om vir hulle te gee. By die kraal waar die groot slag was het dit aardig gelyk. Die kraal was nie ver van die rivier (of lopies) af nie. Die bloed van die Engelse en Hotnots en perde het by die hek uitgeloop na die rivier dat die skuimbolle daarop gestaan het.

*The march back was not pleasant. All around us lay the dead and the wounded crying out for water, but we did not even have any for ourselves, let alone for them. The kraal looked terrible where the battle had taken place. Not far from the kraal was a river (or stream) and the blood from the English, Hottentots and horses trickled through the gate and into the river, forming a scum to form on the water.*

Die seun Bekker het by Lord Methuen gekom voordat Genl. De la Rey daar was. Hy het so 'n slap rand hoedjie gehad, hy gooi toe sy hoed vir Lord Methuen en sê, "ek sal jou ruil". Die wagte sê toe vir hom dit is Lord Methuen wat daar lê, hy kannie sy

hoed vat nie. "Ek is Hendrik Bekker" antwoord hy en stap weg. Later het Genl. De la Rey weer die hoed van hom terug gekry vir Lord Methuen.

*The Bekker boy reached Lord Methuen before General de la Rey arrived. He was wearing a hat with a floppy brim, and throwing it to Lord Methuen, he said "I'll swap you." Methuen's guards told him that it was Lord Methuen lying there and he certainly could not take his hat. Bekker replied, "I am Hendrik Bekker!" and turned on his heel. Later General de la Rey took the hat from him and returned it to Lord Methuen.*

Ons het die dag 75 basters en hotnots met wapens gevang. Soos voorheen gesê was daar vir hulle geen genade nie. Hulle moes eers self 'n lang sloot grawe en toe is hulle op 'n ry langs die sloot geplaas om dood geskiet te word. Toe die skote begin klap het party so vinnig geval dat ek vandag nog twyfel of almal wel koeëls gekry het.

*That day we captured seventy-five armed basters and Hottentots, and as I have already described, we showed them no mercy. First they had to dig a long trench and then they were lined up at its edge to be shot. When the firing began some fell so quickly that to this day I wonder whether they were all actually shot.*

Oorlede Veldk. Erasmus en Bekker wat swaar gewond was het saam in een van Lord Methuen se lang tent waens gelê. Ons het met die hele laer weer terug getrek na die plek waar ons die oggend begin het. Daar het ons Veldk. Erasmus en die ander begrawe. Daar het ons ook weer die buit verdeel. Genl. De la Rey het Lord Methuen met sy koets en muile terug gestuur na Klerksdorp. Die been is later afgesit. Daar was reeds meningsverskil tussen die Ds. en Genl. De la Rey. Die Ds. wou gehad het dat Lord Methuen dood geskiet moet word, want hy was die groot kop agter die instop van vroue en kinders in die konsentrasiekampe. Genl. De la Rey het egter besluit om hom terug te stuur. Waar Brakspruit en Hartsrivier in mekaar loop het ons die waens en osse verkoop. 'n Wa met trekgoed het ons toe 5 pond voor gekry, en groot uitgegroeide osse een pond. Maar dit was nog beter so want more neem die Engelse dit miskien weer af. Ek het daar ses osse gekoop wat ek darem behou het. Die het ek later weer geruil vir 'n perd.

*The dead Field-Cornet Erasmus and Bekker, who was seriously wounded, were lying together in one of Lord Methuen's long tented wagons. We trekked back with the entire camp to the place we had started from that morning, and there we buried Field-Cornet Erasmus and the other dead. Here we also divided the booty. General de la Rey sent Lord Methuen and his coach and mules back to Klerksdorp. His leg was later amputated. There had been a difference of opinion between Dominie and General de la Rey over the fate of Lord Methuen: Dominie wanted Lord Methuen shot because he was the mastermind behind the imprisonment of women and children in the concentration camps but General de la Rey decided to send him back to Klerksdorp. We sold the wagons and oxen at the place where the Brakspruit and the Harts River converge. We got five pounds for a team and wagon, and one pound for a full-grown ox, but it was better to sell them because tomorrow the English could take them off us again! I bought six oxen which I manged to keep and later I swapped them for a horse.*

'n Paar jaar gelede het ek die voorreg gehad om by die herbegraving van Veldk. Erasmus te wees te Sannieshof by die feeshuis. Ek het die voorreg gehad om die

kissie waarin sy oorskot was aan te gee na die graf. Daar is ook 'n vierkleur op sy kis neergeleë.

*A few years ago I had the privilege of attending the reinterment of Field-Cornet Erasmus at the "feeshuis" (festival building) at Sannieshof. I was also privileged to be one of the bearers of the little coffin, draped in a vierkleur, which contained his remains.*

Toe het die Engelse begin met hulle kettingtrek. Vanaf Mafeking tot by Taungs het die lyn gestrek. Naby Taungs het hulle 'n klein opening gelaat, en ons is daar deur. Ons het 'n hele klompie van die Engelse wat in die ketting was gevang.

*At this stage the English started their "kettingtrek" (chain pulling). This line stretched from Mafeking all the way to Taungs. They left a small opening near Taungs, and this is where we passed through. We also captured a number of English who were in the chain.*

Net anderkant Leliesfontein het ons weer slaags geraak met 'n Engelse kolon. Ons het hulle omsingel en twee dae en 'n nag met hulle geveg. Die nag moes Veldk. Du Plessis en 'n korporaal, broer Schalk en Gawie van Deventer gaan wagstaan. Die volgende oggend het ons ons perde los gemaak en wou gou so 'n bietjie slaap want die nag was lank. Ek het net die stang uit my perd se bek gehaal en hom by my laat wei. Dit was net toe ek begin wegraak dat ek so half deur die slaap hoor dat broer Schalk vir oom Gawie van Deventer sê dat dit mos Engelse is wat hier aankom, hulle het egter eers seker gemaak voordat hulle my wakker maak. Die Engelse was toe versterkings wat vanaf Vryburg gestuur is en hulle was toe al op ons. Hulle het onder ons perde begin skiet om hulle te laat weghardloop. Gelukkig my perd was baie mak en gehoorsaam op sy naam. As ek hom roep kom hy altyd aangedraf. Toe die perde begin hardloop het ek net op sy naam geroep. Die ander was toe reeds op hulle perde. Ek het nog my kombers opgevou, die ander het geskreeu gooi hom weg maar ek wou nie want ek weet hoe dit is om sonder 'n kombers te wees. Veldk. Du Plessis het die voorste Tommie platgeskiet en nog een gewond. Dit het ons 'n kans gegee om weg te kom. My perd het aangedraf gekom en net sy lyf skuins vir my gedraai om te spring. Daar was nie nog kans om 'n stang in sy bek te sit nie. Ons het reg op 'n diep sloot afgery en ons perde moes toe maar weer spring. Gelukkig het hulle dit gemaak. Dit was nou net broer Schalk, oom Gawie van Deventer en ek. Die ander het daar in die bosse weggekruip. Hulle het later weer by die kommando uitgekom. Veldk. du Plessis en die korporaal is daar gevang, Veldk. Du Plessis is in die arm gewond.

*Just beyond Leliesfontein we again engaged with an English column. We surrounded them and fought them for two days and a night. That night Field-Cornet Du Plessis and a corporal, my brother Schalk and Gawie van Deventer had to stand guard. The next morning we let our horses loose, planning to catch a few hours sleep as the night had been a long one. I had just taken the bit from my horse's mouth and allowed him to graze near me, and I was just nodding off when I heard my brother Schalk saying to Oom Gawie van Deventer that those were English approaching. At least they made quite sure about it before waking me! These English were in fact reinforcements sent from Vryburg and they were already upon us. They started shooting at our horses to drive them off. Fortunately my horse was very obedient and answered to his name, always coming when I called him. When the horses started to scatter I called him by name. The others were already mounted. I still took the time to fold my blanket, although the others were shouting at me to leave it, because I knew*

*what it was to be without a blanket! Field-Cornet du Plessis killed the foremost Tommy, and wounded another, and this gave us a chance to escape. My horse trotted up to me and turned his body side on to me so that I could leap on. There was no time for a bit in his mouth. We rode straight for a deep ditch and our horses had to jump for it – luckily they all made it. Now it was just my brother Schalk, oom Gawie van Deventer and me. The others hid in the bush and arrived at the commando later. Field-Cornet du Plessis and the corporal were captured there and Field-Cornet du Plessis was wounded in the arm.*

Ons is 'n paar dae daarna af na Danielskuil. Daar het ons die Engelse forte in die nag bekruipt. Naby was 'n sloot en daarin het ons stelling ingeneem. Ons moes die hele dag, en dit was kwaai warm, in die sloot bly, want as ons durf uitkom het die Engelse dit vir ons nog warmer gemaak. Ons moes wag tot die nag om weer uit te kom. Ons het darem 'n hele klompie vee buitgemaak en begin met die terugreis. Die volgende oggend toe ons nog slaap is ons egter verras deur die Engelse. Wat die wagte gemaak het weet ek nie maar 'n mens kan hulle ook nie kwalik neem nie want slaap kansies was daar maar min. Veldk. Van Vuuren is in die slag gewond in die been bokant die knie. Dit was die enigste ongeval wat ons in die slag gehad het. Ons het hom per kar saam deurgebring en sy been het gou weer aangegroeï. Ons het darem met ongeveer twee duisend skaap en vyfhonderd beeste deurgekom.

*A few days after this incident we moved down to Danielskuil where we crept up on the English fortifications in the dead of night. We took up position in a nearby donga. There we had to stay all day, and it was blisteringly hot, because had we attempted to get out, the English would have made it a lot warmer for us! We waited till nightfall before climbing out and at least we plundered quite a large number of livestock before making our way back. The next morning, before we were awake, the English surprised us again. I do not know what the guards were doing but one cannot really blame them as opportunities for sleep were few and far between. Field-Cornet Van Vuuren was wounded in the leg just above the knee in the battle that day, the only casualty we had. We took him with us in a cart and his leg soon knitted. We came through that day with about two thousand sheep and five hundred cattle.*

Op Kersfees aand het ons weer Vryburg gaan aanval. Dit was 'n helder maanligand en ons het gevorder tot naby die spoorlyn toe hulle ons gewaar. 'n Hele ruk het ons vasseby maar moes later die wyk neem, terug met die Amalia pad. Voordat ons die randjie oorgaan toe waai my hoed af, omdat ek nie kans gesien het om my hoed te laat lê nie het ek maar eers weer omgedraai en hom opgetel. Die stoffies het hier om my uitgeslaan soos hulle op my skiet, maar ek het die hoed gekry en laat spat. Agter die randjie het ons weer terug geveg vir ongeveer 'n half uur en toe terug getrek.

*We attacked Vryburg again on Christmas night. It was a bright moonlit night and we got as far as the railway line before being sighted by the English. We hung on for quite a time but eventually had to flee and took the Amalia road back. As we topped the ridge my hat blew off and, unwilling to leave it lying there, I turned back and picked it up. The bullets raised the dust all around me as they fired at me, but I retrieved the hat and sped away. We fought again from the shelter of the ridge for about half an hour and then returned to camp.*

Daar was 'n vroue kamp ook wat rondgevlug het. As daar dan so 'n kansie kom dan besoek ons hulle en speel volkspele om sodoende weer bietjie die swaar te vergeet. Daar was 'n Erasmus meisie, baie rats en ook baie aanvallig. Ek het net altyd probeer om haar in die oog te hou.

*There was also a group of women who were fleeing from place to place and whenever we got the chance we would visit them and play volkspele in an attempt to forget the hard times for a while. Among them was an Erasmus girl, very graceful and charming, and I tried always to keep an eye on her!*

Eendag het Genl. Van Zyl ons gestuur na 'n plek naby Vryburg waar die kaffers forte gehad het waaruit hulle dan spioen. Ons vyf het opdrag gekry om die forte te gaan vat. Ons was negeuur die oggend daar toe ons twee sien aankom, geklee in smart jaste en elkeen met 6 geweer en bandolier vol patrone. Hulle het gekom tot by ons toe een van ons opspring en hulle "Halt". Hulle het afgespring maar terselfdertyd het ons gewere gepraat. 'n Mens kon te duidelik die stoffies op die jas sien uitslaan wanneer die koeël hom tref. My geweer het daar geweier om te skiet. Eers toe die een omtrent 500 tree weg was kon ek die eerste skoot inkry. Die een het daar bly lê, maar die ander een kon nog op sy perd kom en wegjaag. Naby Vryburg op die Stellapad het hy afgeval. Daar het Eddie Pentz wat met 'n kar daar verby kom het hom opgelaai en hom hospitaal toe geneem. Hy het sewe koeëls deur hom gehad en is ook in die hospitaal dood.

*One day General Van Zyl sent us to a place near Vryburg where the kaffers had built fortifications from which they could spy. Five of us received orders to take these fortifications. We reached the place at about nine o' clock that morning and saw two blacks approaching us, neatly dressed in smart jackets and each carrying six guns with bandoliers full of bullets. They had almost reached us when one of us sprang up and cried out "Halt!" They jumped from their horses but at the same time we fired at them. One could clearly see the dust rising from the jackets where the bullets struck. At this point my gun suddenly misfired. Only when one black was about five hundred paces from me was I able to fire. One lay motionless but the other was able to mount his horse and gallop away. He fell off on the Stella road near Vryburg. Eddie Pentz, who was driving past in a cart, picked him up and took him to hospital. He had been shot seven times and died in hospital.*

Een staaltjie wat ek graag wil vertel is die volgende. Ons was naby Schweizer Reneke. Ons het op 'n plaas aangekom waar 'n paar vrouens gebly het, hulle nooi toe die offisiere uit vir 'n eetmaal. Ons Burgers het toe 'n endjie van die huis af onder bome gaan lê en rus. Die tannie het buite 'n endjie van die huis af gekook. Kort-kort het sy uitgekom om na die kos te kyk. Ons het begin planne maak om die kos in die hande te kry. Toe ons dan ook reken die kos is nou gaar, het ons net gewag tot die tannie in die huis ingaan, toe 'n paar van ons jonges opgespring en maak vir die potte. Daar was 'n paar hoenders in 'n groot pot wat nou net begin braai het. Ons het elkeen 'n hoender aan die been gegryp en laat spaander. Ons was ook net pas terug by die ander toe sien ons daar gaan die tannie nou uit met 'n skottel om die hoenders te gaan haal. Maar sy het net 'n leë pot gekry. Sy het eers 'n ruk gestaan en rondkyk en toe weer terug gastap huis toe. Teen hiedie tyd het ons reeds die hoenders verslind. Sy was ook nie lank in die huis nie of hier kom die offisiere. Ons het goed geweet wat hulle kom soek. Hulle het ons gedreig, mooigepraat en alles probeer maar nie een van ons het

iets van die hoenders geweet nie. Hulle moes maar weer onverrigtersake terug gaan huis toe na 'n maaltyd sonder vleis.

*There is one anecdote I would like to relate. Near Schweizer Reneke we came across a farm where two women were living. They invited the officers in for a meal. The burgers settled under some trees not far from the house to rest. One of the women was cooking just outside the house and every now and then she would come out to check on the food. We began to make plans to get hold of the food. When we reckoned that it was done we waited for the woman to go back indoors and then some of us youngsters made for the pots. There were a couple of chickens in a big pot just starting to brown. We each grabbed a chicken by the leg and got out of there fast. We had only just got back to the others when we saw the woman coming out again with a dish to fetch the chickens. All she found was an empty pot. She stood looking around for a moment and then went back inside. By this time we had already devoured the chickens. She hadn't been in the house long when out came the officers – we knew very well what they were looking for! They threatened and coaxed but none of us knew anything about the chickens. They just had to return to the house, empty handed, to a meatless meal!*

Ons het weer een nag in die rigting van Taungs opgetrek om daar oor die spoor te gaan. Op Bosmanspoort het ons die tyding gekry dat daar vrede gemaak is en ons na Schweizer Reneke moet gaan om wapen neer te lê. Ons het getrek tot by Heuningspruit. Daar het Genl. Van Zyl en Komdt. Van Zyl ons bymekaar geroep en gevra of daar van ons is wat nog sal voortgaan om te veg indien dit nodig is. Ons was 35 Burgers wat uitgestaan het en gesê het dat ons in die twee republieke sal veg tot ons dood toe of tot oorwinning. Op Schweizer het ons eers al ons patrone en kanon koeëls weggeskiet voordat ons ons wapens neergelê het. Ons het ook ons wapens voor ons eie offisiere neergelê en nie voor die Engelse nie. Vandaar is ons na die Hollandse kerk. Op die trappe van die kerk het een van die Engelse offisiere 'n toespraak gelewer. Hy het toe gevra vir drie "Hoera's" vir Genl. De Wet. Dit het ons soos uit een man opgegaan. Toe hy vra vir drie "Hoera's" vir die Engelse Genl. het ons jong klomp weggedraai en weggestap. Om vir 'n man wat ons vrouens en kinders in kampe gestop het, en daarop geroem het dat daar 2600 dood is, het ons nie kans gesien om "Hoera" te skree nie.

*We again moved up towards Taungs one night to cross the railway line there. At Bosmanspoort we got word that peace had been declared and we should go to Schweizer Reneke to lay down our arms. We trekked to Heuningspruit where General Van Zyl and Commandant. Van Zyl called us together and asked whether there were any among us who would go on fighting if it was necessary. There were thirty-five of us Burgers who stood up to say that we would fight for the two republics, till death or victory. We first shot away all our rounds and cannon shells at Schweizer before laying down our arms, and these we laid down in front of our own officers, not the English. Then we went to the Dutch church, from the steps of which one of the English officers delivered an address. He asked for three "Hoeras" for General de Wet, and these rose from us as from one man. But when he asked for three cheers for the English general, we youngsters turned on our heels and walked off. We certainly did not feel like cheering for a man who had incarcerated women and children in camps and who, on top of that, had bragged that 2600 had died.*

'n Endjie verder daarvandaan het 'n klompie vrouens en meisies gestaan. Tussen hulle het ons 'n Haasbroek gesien wat 'n Hensopper was. Tom Terblanche kon homself nie betuel nie en vir Haasbroek voor die vrouens 'n deftige drag gegee. Vir hulle soort was ons moeg en sat want as dit nie vir hulle was nie wat die wêreld hierlangs goed geken het en toe saam met die Engelse gestaan het nie sou ons kans baie meer rooskleurig gewees het. Die hele oorlog was vir my niks. Al die swaar het 'n nietigheid geblyk teenoor die oomblik toe ek my geweer moes neerlê. Alles het gebreek binne in my. Vir byna drie jaar het ons geveg vir ons vryheid wat ons nie kon kry nie.

*A little further on a group of women and girls was standing, among whom we noticed a Haasbroek, who was a Hensopper. Tom Terblanche just could not contain himself and gave Haasbroek a sound thrashing, right in front of the women. We had had enough of his type because if it had not been for the likes of them, who knew the area there well and who worked together with the English, our chances would have been far rosier. For me the whole war was suddenly meaningless and all the suffering seemed to have been futile at the moment that I had to put down my weapon. Something inside me broke – for three long years we had been fighting for a freedom that had remained elusive.*

Ons offisiere het ons toe almal afgedank en elkeen het sy eie koers gegaan. Ons Stellalanders in die distrik van Vryburg kon nie eers na ons huise terug keer nie. Ons mag vir vyf jaar nie oor die grens gaan nie. My broers en ek het toe maar 'n plaas in die Vrystaat gehuur en weer van vooraf begin boer met niks. Ons kon toe darem na drie jaar weer terug kom na Soutfontein ons plaas.

*We were then discharged by an officer and each went his separate way. Those of us who were Stellalanders from the district Vryburg could not even return to our homes as we were forbidden to cross the border for five years. In the event, my brothers and I rented a farm in the Free State and began to farm again, starting from scratch. In the end we were able return to our farm Soutfontein after three years.*

Van die persone wat ek ken en wat nog leef wat in ons kommando was is die volgende: Komdt. Groenewald Johannesburg, Naas Raubenheimer Vryburg, Jan Theron Vryburg (ook 'n Stellalander maar nie van ons kommando nie) Alec Vosloo Broedersput, Abraham Vosloo en Marthinus van Rensburg Stella, Tom Terblanche en Andries van Wyk die grapmaker.

*The people that I know of who were in our Commando and who are still alive are the following: Commandant Groenewald (Johannesburg), Naas Raubenheimer (Vryburg), Jan Theron (Vryburg and also a Stellalander but not from our commando), Alec Vosloo (Broedersput), Abraham Vosloo and Marthinus van Rensburg (Stella), Tom Terblanche and Andries van Wyk the clown.*

Daar het nou al meer as vyftig jaar in die tussentyd verloop en ek is bly om te sien dat ons weer op die regte pad is van 'n Republiek, en ek vertrou dat die Here my nog 'n tydjie op aarde sal toelaat om daardie dag te beleef.

*More than fifty years have elapsed since these events, and I am happy to see that we are on the right track towards a republic; I hope that I will be spared a few more years to see that day.*

Ek laat hierdie skryf want ek kan dit nie self doen nie en ek wil dit graag aan ons nageslag nalaat. Alles wat hierin staan is net gebeurtenisse wat my eie oë gesien het. Niks is bygelas of weggelaat sover ek kan onthou nie. Al die gebeurtenisse is nog helder voor my, net die datums kan ek nie meer presies onthou nie.

*I have had this written as I cannot do it myself and I would like to leave it for posterity. All these are just anecdotes and things I experienced and saw with my own eyes. Nothing has been added or left out, as far as I can remember. The events are all clear and fresh in my mind; it is just the exact dates that escape me.*