

JULY 17, 1966

# Ballad of biltong and bubble gum

MAN, do you know what  
those Americans have  
been doing?

Brainwashing our children,  
Our Koos, and John, and  
Freda,

Taking them into their  
homes in

Poughkeepsie,  
Los Angeles

And Boston,

Kennedy's Boston,

And other places too awful

To mention in

Polite company.

Changing their pure

South African accents,

Letting them see

Television,

(Ekskuus tog, Dr. Hertzog)

And showing them

American football

Instead of

Rugby . . .

Our pure,

Skop hulle dood,

Rugby.

*Could anything be meaner  
than that?*

★

MAN, can you believe it?

They've been

Indoctrinating

Our children,

Our Piet, Jan and Arthur,

Simple children

Of the veld

And of such places

As Pretoria,

Johannesburg

And Cape Town,

Cultural outposts

Of Western

Civilisation

Where we do not

Indoctrinate

Children,

But only teach them

To be White.

*Could anything be better  
than that?*

★

MAN, do you understand  
what's going on?

American children,

Kevin, Mark and Robert,

Jacqueline, too,

Coming to South Africa

With liberal ideas,

Sitting on our school ben-

ches,

Learning Afrikaans,

The ball

Plotting to  
Undermine us,  
Scheming to make

Our children

Little Yankees,

Taking the

Flower of

Our youth

And turning them into

Robert Kennedys.

*Heavens, could anything be  
worse than that?*

★

MAN, thank goodness for

The Studentebond,

Thank goodness there

Are students

With minds

That are empty

Enough not to be

Brainwashed.

Thank goodness, too,

For Dr. Hertzog,

Saving us from

Television,

And capitalism,

And communism,

And liberalism,

The American Field Service,

Steve Cochran,

Henry Fonda,

Carroll Baker,

Uncle Tom Sawyer

And all . . .

Uncle Tom Sawyer

And all.

*Could anything be better  
than that?*

★

MUMMY, why is the man  
so angry?

*Because he doesn't like  
Americans.*

Why doesn't he, mummy?

*Because he thinks all Ameri-  
cans are liberals.*

But are all Americans  
liberals?

No.

Then why . . . ?

*Look, why don't you keep  
quiet?*

★

MUMMY, why are they  
making such a fuss? If

we teach Americans to be

South Africans and South

Africans to be Americans,

won't that solve all our prob-

lems? We could take over

America and they could take

over South Africa. Then we

And Boston,  
Kennedy's Boston,  
And other places too awful  
To mention in  
Polite company.  
Changing their pure  
South African accents,  
Letting them see  
Television,  
(Ekskuus tog, Dr. Hertzog)  
And showing them  
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Instead of  
Rugby . . .  
Our pure,  
Skop hulle dood,  
Rugby.  
*Could anything be meaner  
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Simple children  
Of the veld  
And of such places  
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Johannesburg  
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Cultural outposts  
Of Western  
Civilisation  
Where we do not  
Indoctrinate  
Children,  
But only teach them  
To be White.  
*Could anything be better  
than that?*

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what's going on?  
American children,  
Kevin, Mark and Robert,  
Jacqueline, too,  
Coming to South Africa  
With liberal ideas,  
Sitting on our school ben-  
ches,  
Learning Afrikaans,  
The taal,  
Our taal,  
And how to be White,  
Eating our biltong  
And chewing  
Our bubble gum  
As if they belong here,  
When all we want  
Is to be left  
Alone,  
Free of such foreign  
Influences as  
Kevin, Mark, Robert  
And Jacqueline.  
*Could anything be nicer than  
that?*

★

MAN, I tell you,  
It's that American  
Field Service,

*Heavens, could anything be  
worse than that?*

★

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The Studentebond,  
Thank goodness there  
Are students  
With minds  
That are empty  
Enough not to be  
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South Africans and South  
Africans to be Americans,  
won't that solve all our prob-  
lems? We could take over  
America and they could take  
over South Africa. Then we  
could be equal.

*George, did you hear that?  
She's talking of being equal.  
That's a liberal word, George.  
She's been brainwashed, I tell  
you.*

The Government's right.  
We'll have to seal the country  
off from American films, and  
books, and jazz, and bop, and  
fashions, and the American  
Field Service and Robert  
Kennedy.

George . . .

*Really, George. It's time  
I did something about that child.*

*Did you hear me, George?  
Do you want your daughter to  
grow up to marry an Ameri-  
can?*