

GENERAL SMUTS - A TRIBUTE

The farmer's son, who lived to lead a people and give counsel to the great, is dead. On his own farm he died. Always he came back to the veldt he loved. It was there he met us in war and outfought us, and it was there he came to know us. In victory we were generous. We gave away what we had won, and we won instead more than we gave: the friendship and trust of Jan Christiaan Smuts and South Africa. And in time of need neither failed us.

His passing is a personal loss to Their Majesties. With him they stayed as guests. They called him friend. And in the kraals others mourn the man they called "the Old Master" ... the man who mixed with the great and kept his greatness.