

Tim enjoyed his food



It was off-season and I had Tim Kleinenberg travelling with me in the area. We had planned to get a few calls done in the morning and hoped to get to Ivor's place for lunch.

Unfortunately we were held up and were running a little late. Now it has always been my policy never to go onto a farm after 12:30 as I do not think it fair on the lady of the house. So when we approached Ivor's farm I glanced at my watch and saw it was already a quarter to one. I said to Tim: "Well, we had better find some shade because there is no way that we can go in now, it is too close to lunch."

Tim, being one who really loved his food, started complaining: "Surely we know the folk well and can go in, I'm bloody hungry." I told him we had no chance as it was my policy not to go in after 12:30 and what is more, as there were two of us we couldn't even consider it, so I pulled over and parked alongside the road. There we sat and chatted and listened to the news until about 1:45. Tim complained every now and then and said that I was mad not to have gone in and that he was so hungry he could eat a horse. I turned to Tim and said: "Well, we can go in now, because we could now say we had bought some take-aways in Tarkastad and that we had eaten along the way."

I drove into the yard and pulled up in front of the house, with Tim still moaning at me. We knocked and waited at the door for it to be opened. It didn't take long and there stood the wife who, on seeing us said: "Hello, its good to see you. You are just in time for lunch. We were just going through, so join us." "No thanks, we had lunch" I said. With that I felt a punch in the small of my back and on looking back I got a glare from Tim. "Really we have had lunch, we bought some pies in Tarkastad and ate them on the

way!!!" "Oh, that is a pity" she said. "We were waiting for some folk for lunch and they phoned to say they could not make it. So if you don't mind come through and chat to us while we have lunch."

We walked in and greeted Ivor who again asked us to join them. I had to be quick this time to get in before Tim, to refuse. Having taken our seats at the table, in walked the maid with one of the biggest roasts of beef I think I had ever seen. Then in came the veggies (stacks of them). Two plates of food were dished up and they started eating while we watched. I kept looking at Tim who by this time was shaking his head and if I was lip-reading correctly was calling me all sorts of names.

I only smiled at him and after looking at him again actually noticed that Tim was starting to drool at the mouth. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Was Tim actually so hungry or was it just the sight of that succulent roast that he was missing? We eventually left after lunch and for the next five minutes I had my fortune told for being so stupid and telling them that we had eaten. Tim ended by saying: "I told you these farmers always have enough food for a few extra!!!"

This incident never changed my view. I was caught a couple of times by farmers while waiting on the road for two o'clock to arrive, so that I could safely go in without disturbing their lunch. Most of the farmers who caught me also gave me hell for not coming in to share their lunch. To me it is the principle involved or perhaps I was lucky in that, although I also love my food, but never to the extent of being caught drooling at the mouth like my old mate Tim!

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