

Bries Breeze

APRIL 2003

ROOIELS BELASTINGBETALERSVERENIGING (REBV) POSBUS 89 BETTYSBAAI 7140
ROOIELS RATEPAYERS' ASSOCIATION (RERA) PO BOX 89 BETTY'S BAY 7140

FROM THE CHAIR...

The Breeze reflects something of the spirit of Rooiels. It shows what makes Rooiels so special and unique and why we are passionate about it. In sharing our stories and our photographs, we share our humanity and our lives with one another. And what a wonderful gift this is: the gift of letting another see through your eyes; sharing the joys, sorrows and miracles on our doorstep..

The formation of the Rooiels Ratepayers Association 31 years ago, was a first tentative step towards a sense of community and a shared sense of what is precious to us about Rooiels. It was the start of an ethos based on respect for a place we love passionately. We are prepared to look after it, we have a sense of custodianship.

Custodianship, because we know that ultimately Rooiels does not belong to any of us. There will be generations that follow, there were others who were here before us and there was the Rooiels that existed before modern human habitation.

Here we become part of greater rhythms, part of something far greater than ourselves. It is in Rooiels that we sometimes sense that somehow there is more to life than mere materialism and our individual aspirations.

It's here where our senses are overwhelmed by the abundance of nature, its wildness. It is here where we experience the joy of feeling truly alive. This is where we belong...

ESTELLE RAYMOND
CHAIRPERSON RERA



HAEMANTHUS COCCINEUS ('APRIL'S FOOL')

“...TO THE EYES OF THE MAN OF IMAGINATION, NATURE IS IMAGINATION ITSELF. AS MAN IS, SO HE SEES.”

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

HIP-HUMP-HOORAY!!!!

"THOU SHALT NOT SPEED ANYMORE..."

The speed bumps are in at last! But not all of them - 2 more formal brick-paved humps will soon be built at the beginning of Porter Drive and Harveya Road by a private contractor.

The soil speed humps are a first for Rooiels and as we are still in a learning curve, a close watch will be kept on their effectiveness - especially during the winter rains.

It has been a marathon team effort spanning many years. Thanks to earlier committees of RERA who did the necessary spadework, Ed Mc Neil who tenaciously paved the way, REIA for their co-operation and Gerard Scholtz who followed through on the project.

Our grateful thanks to Councillor Marilyn van Rensburg for motivating the necessary funds, Mr Manual, the Traffic Chief, for his expertise and the Municipality's Engineering Team under Mr Harding for helping to get the job done well before Easter.



THESE TWO LARGE SIGNS WERE ERECTED AT THE ENTRANCES IN AN EFFORT TO LIMIT THE UNSIGHTLY PROLIFERATION OF SIGNAGE IN ROOIELS; WHILE STILL ADHERING TO THE LEGAL WARNING REQUIREMENTS.

ROOIELS "CBD" CLEANER AND GREENER

The Rooiels "CBD", our village centre, now has full wash-down facilities at the waste transfer site with clear signage on where to put what.

Thank you for helping us keep this area clean by putting your bags in the trailer and relocking it. The igloos are being used appropriately.

Hettie Claassens is tackling the greening of the areas on the far side of the circle and putting in some milkwoods that will not hinder traffic visibility, but provide depth to our CBD landscaping. Some plants are being replaced, so do watch out for Spring splendour!

CALLING ALL PHOTOGRAPHERS!

The Harold Porter Garden will be holding an exhibition of photos taken in the Kogelberg Biosphere Reserve to celebrate Heritage Day on the 24th September.

START TAKING PHOTOS NOW!

We also hope to run a photographic workshop during the September School Holidays. Watch this space for further details, or phone Jane at the Garden on 028 272-9311.

QUADBIKES ARE DANGEROUS

In a recent report in the Argus after the death of a young girl in a quad bike tumble on the West Coast, the Motoring Editor of the Argus commented that because quadbikes have a steering delay, they are extremely dangerous. This is even more so when driven by young people without considerable driving experience.

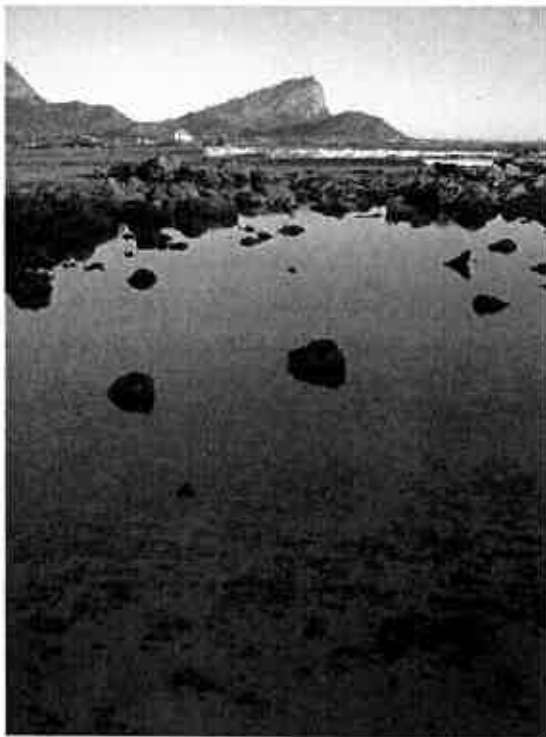


CONSERVANCY ROOIELS!

At last we have arrived at the point where the first meeting regarding the formation of a Conservancy, right here in Rooiels, is announced.

After much consultation with various role players and interested parties, we have reached the point where the community needs to make an input as to the manner in which such a conservancy should be managed. We have studied the constitution that WCNC proposes as a guideline; spoken to parties who have successfully achieved this position and we are hoping to incorporate the smallholders in the area too.

The WCNC's guideline constitution will be available at the meeting for all to read and make comments. It is envisaged that the current and future Rooiels Vision should be used as the underpinning ethos for the establishment of the conservancy.



WHAT IS A CONSERVANCY?

It is a voluntary agreement between landowners in a particular area to co-operatively manage their properties on a good conservation footing in order that the area be maintained in a pristine condition. In order to formalise it and obtain recognition for its existence and its aims, it is registered with WCNC. (This body will soon become a national body)

WHY DO WE NEED A CONSERVANCY?

Rooiels and its environs has such an abundance of flora and fauna, dependent on the maintenance of the correct balance between appropriate development, human behaviour and nature that we need to encourage the protection and nurturing of these biomes. This is especially important because Rooiels is so readily accessible to urbanite visitors *and* developers. Its overt beauty, unfortunately, also attracts people who have no concept of how precious and unique this piece of the Biosphere is. These people also, have little or no idea as to how their indiscriminate behaviour and exploitation of the resources impacts on the fine balance required to sustain these biomes. Rooielsers need to establish a benchmark of behaviour that can be upheld as the manner in which we expect all comers to treat our village and the environment. Rooielsers are on the ground, so to speak, just where we need to create this awareness.

Rooielsers are constantly being complimented and praised for the work being done at all levels from all sectors of the community to conserve, tidy, restore, remove potentially dangerous elements and promote the area. Having come thus far, we should not rest on our laurels, **BUT** get on with declaring our position and leading the way. In this way we can ensure that our great-great-grandchildren and those beyond them, will be endowed with the same loveliness that we enjoy today.

DEBBY DE VRIES

WHERE AND WHEN:

THE FIRST PILOT MEETING TO ESTABLISH A ROOIELS VILLAGE CONSERVANCY WILL BE HELD ON SATURDAY, 5 APRIL 2003 AT 11H00 (DIRECTLY AFTER THE HACK) AT THE HOME OF SHIRLEY AND IAN RICHTER, 122 ROCKLANDS RD. ROOIELS. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PHONE DEBBY 028 2738 037

ON THE AGENDA OF THE FEDERATION OF RATEPAYERS ASSOCIATIONS

LAND FOR CONSERVATION

American, Dr. Gregory Thomas, is going ahead with his plans to purchase portions 170 and 171 (the old Somchem site) with the aim of providing an environmental and educational centre under the management of the WCNC. KOBIO and the Federation support his plans.

PROPOSED WARD COMMITTEES

Clr. Barry reported that the formation of ward committees has been approved, but that nothing further has been done. Concern was expressed over the possible political nature of the committees and that members should be elected and not be appointed. If these committees do not perform satisfactorily, we must have access to the Town Manager to voice any grievances.

IDP AND BUDGET

Six million rand has been budgeted for a new civic centre. The architectural plans for the centre have been approved.

PORTION 95/559 PRINGLE BAY

The Federation is concerned about the possible abuse of procedures (in obtaining approval) for this abalone farm.

ERF 324 ROOIELS

The Federation and KOBIO support RERA's opposition to the granting of any additional development rights (apart from the right to build one house) to this ecologically sensitive smallholding.

ARABELLA PROJECT

The planning of the second phase of this project with the development of the second golf course and 400 new houses, is under way.

SHIRLEY RICHTER



R44/N2 TOLL ROAD FRUSTRATIONS

Anyone who has had to deal with government bureaucracy will understand the frustrations RERA and others are experiencing in their efforts to protect the future of our beautiful Clarence Drive; our access to the 'outer world'.

We look at the present weekend traffic congestion and, with growing horror, picturing a future clogged with re-routed traffic using this as an 'alternative route' to escape the N2 Tolls - articulated 'heavies' belching diesel fumes and crawling along with endless strings of vehicles 'in tow' behind them. No doubt 'road rage' will become a feature of driver frustrations, adding to the inevitable accidents and deaths that will occur on what is without doubt, one of the most scenic marine drives in the world; but certainly not designed for the volumes and type of traffic it may now be forced to carry.

Other than the proponents having noted the "strong public opposition", it would seem that the EIA process is merely being used as a 'rubber stamping' device. Efforts by the Mayor's office to arrange a meeting between the Overstrand municipality, local representatives, and the Minister of Transport have seemingly been ignored since November 2002. One sometimes wonders whether public servants are still servants of the public?

If you feel strongly about the future of the Hangklip area, why not add your voice to the objectors by writing to the Minister of Transport.

GEOFF HARRIS

AN EXCITING OPPORTUNITY!

THE HAROLD PORTER GARDEN WILL TRAIN YOU TO BE A VOLUNTEER GUIDE FOR THE GARDEN. YOU DO NOT NEED BOTANICAL KNOWLEDGE. ALL YOU NEED IS ENTHUSIASM FOR OUR ENVIRONMENT AND RICH FLORA.

PHONE JANE AT THE GARDEN ON 028 272-9311

A DEATH DIMINISHING US ALL...

Rooiels, Friday 14 March 2003:

The baboons came down from their nesting site on Klein Hangklip early in the morning. We heard their calls and the red alert flag at the Village Shop was hoisted. As always, they began to check the houses.

A sub-adult female thought it her lucky day when she discovered an open door, AND a chocolate cake standing on the kitchen table. The occupants - visitors to Rooiels - saw her as she tried to enter, and chased her off. They closed the bottom half of the stable door, leaving the top section open. As she sauntered by for the second time, she could see the chocolate cake still on the table. She jumped through the opening, onto the floor and up onto the table. Grabbing the cake she made her exit and settled down behind an outside wall for a feast.

She had, however, made one fatal mistake. As she jumped onto the table, she had put her hand on the head of someone who was sitting on the floor, cleaning out a cupboard. This had given her extra impetus onto the table, but to the human mind, constituted an attack. The man of the house felt justified in shooting her. He was protecting his family, he said.

When we saw her, she was lying in a pool of blood surrounded by chocolate cake - a piece still clutched in her hand. She had a bullet wound to the head.

The saddest part of all of this is that the killing achieved nothing, except perhaps the dissipation of one person's anger. Indiscriminate killing is not the way to resolve problems that we all experience with baboon "hits". There was the suggestion that the baboons needed to be taught a lesson.

Only one lesson has been learned - that we as a community need to take a stand against this type of behaviour, especially in a biosphere reserve. The 'culprit' is dead so the lesson is lost on her. Her troop-mates remained in the village for the rest of the day and were not scared off by the incident. They were back in the village early the next morning. The lesson is lost on them.

The man who shot her is convinced he was right. The lesson is lost on him.

Craig Spencer was called to investigate. In his opinion it is highly unlikely that this small, sub-adult female attacked anyone. The evidence clearly indicates that her only objective was to get the cake. He took a full statement and promised to report the matter to the police. However, he did point out that the Kleinmond police are under-staffed and have many (more pressing) issues that they have to deal with.

A second baboon was found dead the following day (Saturday 15 March 2003). Darelle Snyman investigated and has established that the cause of death was due to internal bleeding from a bullet wound. This particular animal endured a great deal of suffering and was heard "yahoo-ing" for 48 hours in the vicinity of Rooiels Koppie before he finally found a quiet place in the Rooiels Nature Reserve to die.

If you feel that these matters should be pursued by the authorities, please e-mail your request to Craig Spencer at: cspencer@overstrand.gov.za Send a copy of your e-mail to BAG at: wonderlings@iafrica.com so that we can record the number of responses.

JENNY STARK

THE DAY WE DIE A SOFT BREEZE WILL WIPE OUT OUR FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.
WHO WILL TELL THE TIMELESSNESS THAT ONCE WE WALKED THIS WAY IN THE DAWN OF TIME?

POETRY MATTERS! AN EVENING WITH DORIAN

Dorian Haarhof, former professor of English Literature, poet, and writer, gave a talk on poetry as part of the 2002 holiday program at Hettie Claassens' home.

Dorian is a storyteller par excellence and led us into the wondrous world of metaphor and word images. He took us on a journey through the crafting of a poem, revealing how, out of personal experiences, emotions get distilled and poetic concepts emerge.

Ian Richer surprised us all with his beautiful reading of one of Dorian's poems.

Dorian's poems are based on experiences ranging from the tragic, adventurous, romantic to the banal everyday events, such as making breakfast. These images celebrate life and awareness, often coalescing with mythical, religious and intellectual images (or information) thus raising the poems into a wider more universal sphere.

Poetry is the distilled essence of feelings and emotions. It can charm us, touch our hearts, plumbing the depths of our common humanity and raising our spirits. It sets our imaginations ablaze and lifts our lives out of the pragmatic functional (consumer driven) plane into the realm of ideals, heightened awareness and perception, and a celebration of our spiritual kinship with one another.

EVETTE WEYERS

WOORDE IN DIE WIND

"Woorde in die Wind", die byeenkoms van mense met 'n passie vir die woord, het aarselend begin, maar 'n gegewe geword. Almal wat dit reeds gewoone het, getuig van geestesverryking.

Vroeër vanjaar, op 4 Januarie het ons prof. Frans-Johan Pretorius van Tukkie's gehad. Ons was verstom oor sy kennis en entoesiasme oor die feite rondom die Anglo Boereoorlog.

Saterdag, 22 Maart, was vir Rooiels 'n besondere geleentheid toe ons eie Dine van Zyl, haar veel bekroonde boek, "Slagoffers" bespreek het. Ek glo die agtergrond vir hierdie boek het ons aangespoor om weer te gaan lees. Boonop was dit 'n eerste proeseltjie van die komende winter. Die atmosfeer was reg en ons kon darem hoor die muse bly bedrywing. Dankie, Dine. Rooielsers is trots op jou.

WILLIE PIENAAR



"OORVLOED" - BEELD DEUR EVETTE WEYERS

KUNSUITSTALLING LOK INTERESSANTE BESOEKERS

Gedurende die Desembervakansie het die tweede uitstalling deur biosfeer-kunstenaars aan huis van Louise du Toit plaasgevind. Bywoning was 22% meer as verlede jaar - onder andere ook 'n bobbejaan, wat sommer die volgende dag weer kom kyk het!

Die tema (gekies deur Chis Burlock) was "Bewaring; Hoekom?" Die uitbeeldings het gewissel van mitologies (beeldhou), die noodsaak van bewaring (blommekuns), die vreugde aan natuur se oorvloed (beeldhoufigure met voëls en skulpe, die otter in pastel, die veer, suurvy en luiperd en keramiek). Verskeie bedreigde spesies soos die perlemoen, pikkewyn, swartobie (olieverf), naaldekokker, brunia en die swerfvalk (juwele) het prominent gefigureer.

Sover ons weet, is die skaars swerfvalk nog nooit aan hierdie kant van Rooiels waargeneem nie. Op die dag van die uitstallingvoorbereiding het 'n swerfvalkie bo die uitstallokaal gehang! Dis uitgeken deur Jaap en Clarissa Venter en hul nuwe teleskoop.

Die brose skoonheid van Klein Hangklip en die noodsaak van die bewaring van die kleinhoewes is in fotografie uitgebeeld. Ons besonderse lewenskwaliteit het gesprek uit 'n masjienborduurwerk wat die spore wat op 'n enkele erf in Rooiels voorkom, uitgebeeld het. Die deelnemers was Evette Weyers, Clarissa Venter, Chris Burlock, Debby de Vries, Regine Kröger, Manda du Preez-Malan, Estelle Raymond en Louise du Toit.

In ligter trant is besoekers begroet met die "Vali Moosa" sak-uitstalling. Daar was 3 afdelings: Ongewenste supermark en kafeeplastieksakkies, dikker winkelsakke en gewenste herbruikbare lapsakke en papiersakke onder die opskrifte "SIES; STERKER, SAKSESVOL" en in Engels: "BAH, BETTER, BAGNIFICENT"

HEALTH & HACKIT CLUB

"ONS KAPPIT YT!"

The first hack of the year was convened in February on erf 338 - the owner had requested that the Hack group assist him to remove the aliens on his property, one of the few remaining vacant coastal erven along Hotel Crescent. The Hack group was happy to do this as the well-established aliens on this property were contributing to the infestation of the public open space. A donation to the Health & Hackit Club's work was a further welcome inducement to getting the job done!

The March hack, held on a fine, hot first day of March saw 2 groups working - the first tackling the removal of the Manitozas on the seaside of the CBD circle so that Milkwoods can be planted in their stead. This group went on to fell a larger cluster of gum trees on erf 185. The second group focused on the remainder of the Rooikrans, which was removed from erf 338.

The PROTEA Team removed the last vestiges of the Rooikrans in front of erf 338 in the public open space (320) fronting our little beach and a large number of Rooikrans near the slipway.

Our hacks are not only about removal, but also about providing space and opportunity for the fynbos to flower. A recent article in the Cape Times exclaimed at the beauty of the Silvermine Nature Reserve now free of pines. Evelyn Holtzhausen was dazzled at the fynbos quivering with new life. "Here, the sticky rich red flowers of erica, there shimmering in the breeze a clutch of earthy-green restias, the dark brown khaki of their fullness in seed, bowing their heads to the ground. Flowers bloom, birds swoop on thermals, delighted to glide down through fresh, clean air to rich pickings of nectar at whim".

Please join us on the first Saturday of the month. We are enthusiastic all-rounders - some very fit others only able to remove the smaller aliens. If you want to receive news of the hacks, call Ian or Shirley on 028 273 8027 or e-mail irichter@mweb.co.za



FAMILY MEMBERSHIP: THE HENDERSONS

KREEFKOMPETISIE

Die jaarlikse Rooiels Bootklub Kreefkompetisie was weereens 'n hoogtepunt op die vakansiekalender.

Spanne het deur die loop van die oggend met groot entoesiasme deelgeneem. Die prysuitdeling is op die grasperk van die sameroeper, Andries Brink gehou. Hy het ook as seremoniemeester opgetree.

Daar was 'n vrolike gees onder die deelnemers en hul gesinne, wat gesellig in die son bymekaar gekom het. Gelukkig het die borge gesorg vir oorgenoeg lafenis wat agterop Andries se bakkie in ys gelê het. Volgende seisoen maak ons weer so!

ANDRE WAGENER
VOORSITTER ROOIELS BOOTKLUB



DIE WENNER, HESTER DE VILLIERS, ONTVANG DIE CHRIS GILMOUR TROFEE VAN STEPHANIE GILMOUR NAMENS HAAR SPAN.



DAVE SWANSON AND HIS TEAM

A FABULOUS FEAST OF PHOTOGRAPHS: RERA 30 YEARS YOUNG

"NOW I KNOW WHY ROOIELSERS ARE SO POSSESSIVE ABOUT THEIR VILLAGE!"

This comment encapsulated the wonderful sense of sharing something that is so special. The passion for a little village that holds so many wonders for so many people, was the underlying theme that the 'Memories and Magic Moments' photographic exhibition brought to the fore.

Until two weeks before the exhibition, that was held for 4 days over the Christmas holidays, we had received 200-odd photos. I thought that was a good effort on the part of the contributors for a small community such as Rooiels. However, the photographs kept rolling in. Hours of placing photographs on backings that could be easily removed, took place. The hardest work was still ahead with the hanging of the photographs on what turned out to be extraordinarily hard boards.

There were so many photographs of such diverse topics and formats that 19 categories were necessary to order and group the different subjects they covered. There were whole collections from the Hensens, the De Beers and Diedericks. We eventually exhibited an astounding 649 photographs (audited by Roland)!

There was an amazing turn-out for the opening function on Boxing Day, in spite of a raging South-Easter. Nick and Hannah's home was an ideal setting and their marvellous warmth and hospitality set the tone for a lovely evening and the entire exhibition. They regarded this event as a wonderful blessing on their new home.

One of the items that caught many people's attention was the album of plants and flowers that the Wilkens have put together over a four-year period. It comprises only those plants found on their property. Currently over 150 species have been identified and many more await identification! If ever there is a reason for new home builders to investigate what grows on their property before they clear the site to build on it, this is it.

ANOTHER COMMENT MADE WAS THAT THE EXHIBITION AS A WHOLE, WAS A WONDERFUL CONSERVATION TOOL THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

Photographs came from around the country. Jan Louw from George sent photographs of Rooiels and the countryside between Gordons Bay and Palmiet River dating back to circa 1940. The oldest photographs of the river mouth and kloof dated back to 1935. Ernst Thompson also contributed a colour photograph from a calendar from 1952 that shows the "new road to Cape Hangklip" which was taken from the mountain near Rooiels looking back towards Kogelbaai. These old photographs showed us what there once was and that which is now left. It should spur us to keep striving to conserve what we have.



DEBBY DE VRIES WITH CHRIS DE BEER, THE GRANDSON OF OOM SKAKEL KRIEK, FIRST CHAIRMAN OF RERA

Rooielsers really did us proud by sharing their special moments and their own Rooiels traditions with the rest of us. We received poems, maps and artefacts to exhibit alongside the photographs. We also discovered some outstanding photographic talent amongst the contributors, Jenny Stark and June van Reenen amongst others.

To each and every person who participated, in whatever role, we would like to say thank you. Give yourselves a big pat on the back. You deserve it. We intended to celebrate Rooiels and you did it with an air of panache.

A visitor to Rooiels and the exhibition wrote in the Visitor's Register: "Maak my skoon jaloers op die Rooielsers!" (This makes me so envious of Rooielsers!)

Yes, we just about have it all in Rooiels: now let's keep on looking after it!

DEBBY DE VRIES

LOOKING BACK, LOOKING FORWARD... 30 YEARS OF CARING FOR ROOIELS

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION, WE ASKED THE FOLLOWING ROOIELSERS WHAT THEIR WISHES FOR ROOIELS WERE:

"Fragile as a Faberge egg, its worth is beyond estimate. Yet, we can't lock it behind glass, forcing people to view it with their hands behind their backs. Instead, it lies vulnerable and exposed. People visit it, live in it, treasure it, love it, exploit it, use it and abuse it as they see fit.

If caring for our environment ever was a natural instinct, it is one we have lost. Now we have to learn how to care all over again, and we have a responsibility to teach others to care. If we want to preserve this treasure for future generations, every one of us must accept the responsibility of educating ourselves and others about how vulnerable our biosphere really is, about how we can preserve what is left, about sharing our space with other creatures. If it is to survive, we must all accept ownership and become caring custodians of the environment. We must learn to be gentle with nature. We must become willing to adapt, to be sensitive, tolerant and flexible. We must explore and implement successful ways of living in harmony with the flora and fauna in our midst. This photographic exhibition is important for the simple reason that it reminds us, through the eyes of others, of the beauty that surrounds us - of what we have, and what we risk losing."



JENNY STARK



DINE EN ANDRE WAGENER

In die tydperk wat ek hier op Rooiels woon, het ek agtergekom dat baie van ons vriende hier aan ekostres ly. Hulle lê nagte wakker en bekommer hulle mordsdood oor die oorlewingmoontlikheid van ons otters, die vernietiging van ons kusfynbos en die stroop van ons rotse en seelewe. Dit is so erg dat hulle dit moeilik vind om die bevoorregte bestaan wat hulle hier voer, te geniet.

Ek het raad vir hulle. Jare gelede het ek en Dine Hangklip uitgeklim. Dit was een van daardie ongelooflike helder, stil dae. Ons kon die kusgebied vanaf Hermanus tot by Koeberg sien. Ek sug toe en sê dat ek wens ek hierdie gebied kon sien voordat Jan van Riebeeck hier geland het. En toe kom die groot wysheid van Dine se kant af: *Wees bly dat jy dit nou sien, en nie oor 'n honderd jaar nie. Geniet dit!*



"My wens vir Rooiels is dat dit net so moet bly soos dit is... Dit moet nooit soos 'n stad word nie"

JEAN-PIERRE DIEDERICKS (14 JAAR)

(JEAN-PIERRE IS DIE AGTER-KLEINSEUN VAN OOM SKAKEL KRIEK, WAT EEN VAN DIE STIGTERS VAN DIE REBV WAS IN 1972)

BRIES KOMITEE: ESTELLE RAYMOND, DEBBY DE VRIES, KATE HENDERSON, GEOFF HARRIS EN EVETTE WEYERS

STARGAZING FOR BEGINNERS

"THERE'S NO ROAD HAS NOT A STAR ABOVE IT".

Apart from the Southern Cross, Orion is without a doubt the most recognizable constellation in the night sky. Orion is visible from all over the world and is possibly the best known of all the constellations. Even the prophet Job mentioned Orion in the Old Testament. (Job 38:31).

There is one drawback if one wants to look at Orion. Contrary to human practice, Orion does not hunt in winter! At least not at night. Between June and August Orion travels with the sun and is invisible to us.

During the autumn months, one has to look for Orion in the west, during the first hours of darkness after sunset.

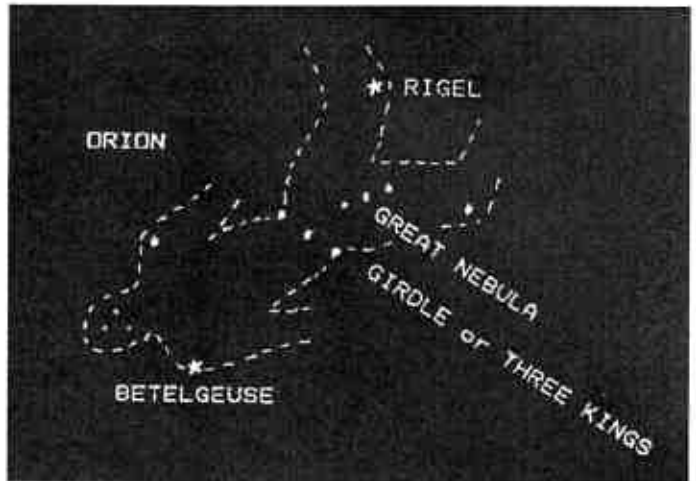
The first star making its appearance in this constellation is Rigel. Rigel is a beautiful blue-white star, 57 000 times as bright and roughly three times as hot as our sun. If it had to swap places with our sun, all life on Earth would disappear in a cloud of smoke. It is just as well that Rigel is 540 light years distant. In spite of this immense distance, Rigel still shines as the seventh brightest star in our heaven.

Star by star the rest of Orion appears above the horizon. His other "knee" is called Saiph, another Arabic name.

Then the Three Kings appear. The Three Kings, or the "girdle" of the Hunter, is important to navigators because they are situated on the celestial equator, or equator of the sky, right above the earth's surface equator. When Orion appears in the east, the Three Kings indicate true east. And when Orion sets in the west, they indicate true west.

Three little stars, diagonally "above" the "girdle", represent the "sword" of the Hunter. But something is not quite kosher about the little centre star in the hunter's sword. It appears to be cloudy and lustreless. This faint little "star" is in fact not a star, but the only gas cloud that can be seen with the naked eye.

Take your binoculars or telescope and have a close look at it. You will immediately notice that it is no star, but a "small" cloud, studded with many bright stars. This is the Great Nebula of Orion, a cloud of gas so vast and so distant that it defies human imagination.



Astronomers state that the Nebula is hundreds of light years across and at least 2000 light years from Earth. In other words, the light we now see, representing the Cloud, must have left the Great Nebula before Christ was born...

What we see, according to astronomers, is mainly hydrogen, but also other gases and dust; the building blocks for new moons, planets and stars.

One star, representing Orion's "shoulder", is almost as bright as Rigel. It was called Betelgeuse by the old Arabs, meaning "the armpit of the giant".

Whereas Rigel is blue-white because of its high temperature, Betelgeuse is colder than our sun. Because of this, Betelgeuse shows up as a red star, whereas our sun is classified a yellow star. Betelgeuse may not be as hot as our sun but it is millions of times larger. As a matter of fact, it is so vast, Betelgeuse would not fit into the sphere of the entire orbit of all planets orbiting our sun!

Although Betelgeuse is 520 light years from us, it is so vast that it shines as the 12th brightest star in our night sky. Betelgeuse is one of the red super giant stars known to astronomers.

EXTRACT FROM "STARGAZING FOR THE NOVICE" BY FRANZ CONRADIE, ISBN 0-620-15932-4, KRANSBERG PUBLICATIONS. REPRODUCED WITH THE KIND PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.

LET'S KNOCK LIGHT POLLUTION LIGHTS OUT!



UIT DIE VREEMDE...

Hsinchu,
Taiwan

Liewe Vriende

Jong, al wat Rooiels en Hsinchu in gemeen het is WIND. *En kan die klomp hier oor die wind kla!* Dan loop ons heimlik en verlang en weet. Weet dat hulle nie weet hoedat 'n wind kan waai. Soos hy glo nou daar waai. Hulle weet nie dat ons op Rooiels die eerste mense is wat daardie vars Sedoos inasem wat so skuins van die Suidpool af kom nie.

Intussen loop jy oral op hierdie eiland rond en kaats Rooiels teen alles wat dalk iets bekends kan terugsein. Maar ons soeke is verniet. Alles is so vreemd en eksoties-tropies. En so onverwags mooi en oorvloedig. (Ja, 'n mango is regtig so groot soos 'n paw-paw!)

Sal ek ooit vergeet die eerste keer toe ons die scooters vat en die see gaan soek! Volgens die padkaart moes ons al op die strand gewees het. Maar dis een modderig-slymende vlakke. 'n Foto het daardie oomblik vasgevang met Anuta wat in ongeloof die Sjinees op die kaart probeer lees met: 'Maar die see moet dan hier wees!' Dan gryp die onthou van die blou en groen en wit van Rooiels se branders jou aan die keel. En ons voel teer vir die foamalite see wat 'n fabriek geword het.

Ons het al vergeet hoe lyk *Die Blou* as dit op 'n wintersdag agter Klein-Hangklip geverf word. In ons soeke, gaan ons die ander dag na Taipei om na 'n uitstalling van Matisse te gaan kyk. Sy Mediterense blou sal dalk troos. Eers moes ons tou om in te kom, en binne is daar so 'n gemaal en geraas en moet jy jou beurt afwag voor elke kunswerk. Totdat die massas jou verder dryf.

Verlede week was dit die Lantern Fees op die eerste volmaan na die Sjinese Nuwejaar. Op Rooiels wag ons mos die volmaan eerbiedig in stilte in en gaan kyk jy kort-kort of hy al agter die voue van die berge opgekom het. En staan jy respekvol na die wonder en kyk.

Hier beland ons as *foreigners* voor in 'n lange optog tussen dansende drake, vreemde orkeste, tromslaners en beuelblasers, vuurpyle wat soos vlermuise rondvlieg of soos kartetse ontplof. En die geraas toe die volmaan kom. 'n Hele volk raak freneties. Die eiland word 'n belewenis van ontploffings en kleur en geraas en wierook en swael. Spielberg kon dit nie beter gedoen het nie. Dis wat vir ons die swaartse is hier. Vir die Orientals beteken stilte mos dood, en geraas is energie en lewe.



Die aangrypenste was die reuse rooi mitologiese lanterns wat soos warmbalonne gelanseer word. Die nag het iets onbekends geword met die honderde rooi-brandende lanterns wat om die volmaan hang en wegdryf...

Met die Sjinese Nuwejaar is ons na 'n eiland in die Stille Oseaan om van die koue te ontsnap. Gelees daar is een van drie warmbronne in die wêreld wat in die see uitborrel. Maar daar gekom, wonderskoon mooi, toe is dit glo 'n hoe see van een of ander aard en die see haal bietjies swaar asem. Toe word die baddens gesluit. *Too dangerous.* Verbeel jou! As die mense maar net weet wat 'n brander is en hoe ons hulle bloots ry.

Soms is dit opwindend om so tussen die geraas en die mense en die drukte te wees. Ander kere nie. Veral as daar 'n totale aanslag op al jou sintuie gemaak word. Die bure sal sonder waarskuwing in die middel van die nag ritse klappers voor hulle huis laat skiet om die bouse geeste weg te hou. Of die reuke van vreemde kosse maak jou naar, hierdie week weer was daar hoenderkoppe in die sop by die werk.

Ons geniet die eiland. Die tropiese atmosfeer en plantegroei, die vreemde rituele, die rykheid van die eeu-oue kultuur, en die vryheid om met jou scooter die berge en woude in te vaar en vergete tempels en eenvoudige inboorlinge te ontmoet. Of om so op die rand van die *ex-pat* kultuur te beweeg, veral om deel te wees van die diaspora van Suid-Afrikaners. In die kompleks waar ons huis hier in die berge is, woon daar meer as 20 Suid-Afrikaners en speel hulle Saterdaggaande Anneli van Rooyen se "Ek leewe....."

En dan lag ons en ons lag. En *weet* ons lewe, en dat Rooiels iewers op ons wag....

Tot ons weer in die stofstrate van Rooiels gesels.

GERARD & ANUTA



NOSTALGIE UIT NEDERLAND

Die afgelope Februarie het ek weer 'n draai in die Kaap gemaak nadat ek en my man vir twee jaar in die buiteland was. Ag, en was dit lekker om weer vir Rooi-Els te sien!

Ek ry altyd in afwagting die pad vanaf Kleinmond na Rooi-Els en raak heeltemal oorstelp van vreugde as ek weer die ou getroue "skildery" van Rooi-Els se strand en die pragtige huise sien soos 'n mens oor die nek van die berg aangery kom.

Hierdie vakansie was anders as al die ander kere wat ek op Rooi-Els was. My tuiskoms was gevul met nostalgie en ek het al die ou bekende plekke op Rooi-Els opgesoek waar ek as kind geloop en gespeel het.

"Ouma se poeletjie" is die poel langs ons huis op Rooi-Els. Hier het Ouma leer swem en hier het ek die afgelope vakansie heerlijk saam met Ma in die water baljaar.

OM IN DIE GRONDPAADJIES VAN ROOI-ELS TE LOOP IS NOG NET SO LEKKER SOOS JARE GELEDE. DIE GENOEGDOENING OM DIE ROOI STOF OP 'N MENS SE TONE TE SIEN PLAK IS ONBESKRYFLIK!

Dis natuurlik heerlijk om weer lekker vleis te braai op Rooi-Els, maar met die uitsig op Kleinhangklip aan die agterkant van die huis, of die uitsig op die see aan die voorkant van die huis, is dit soms 'n bietjie moeilik om te besluit waar ons gaan braai! Met die geknetter van die vuur en die geruis van die see in die agtergrond kon ek my oë sluit en my verbeel ons hele familie is weer bymekaar soos jare gelede toe ek nog kind was op Rooi-Els...

Kersfees op Rooi-Els sal ek altyd onthou. Toe was ons nog almal bymekaar boeties en niggies en nefies, ooms en tantes, Oupa en Ouma Kriek.... Nou is ons versprei oor die aardbol. Kersfees was 'n besige tyd met baie mense, baie kos en baie verskillende menings, en soms is daar op hōe vlak deur die grootmense gesels, maar dit was altyd 'n baie geseënde okkasie met my Oupa wat die kersverhaal gelees het en dan het ons almal saam gesing.

Op al my reise in die buiteland het ek nog steeds nie 'n mooier plek ontdek as Rooi-Els nie. Rooi-Els bly steeds ons oase en vir my en my man is dit heerlijk om net weer hier te kom afpak en nuwe energie te kry vir die besige jaar wat voorlê.

Die totsiens was hierdie keer maar moeilik en ek het met 'n knop in my keel die deur van ons huis op Rooi-Els agter my toegetrek. Voordat ek in die kar geklim het, het ek 'n laaste kyk gegee na my klein paradys en ek het gewens dat as ons weer kom dat alles net so sal wees: stofstrate, min mense, nagte vol helder sterre en vrede op aarde.

Dit is ook hoe ek hoop ons kinders Rooi-Els eendag sal leer liefkry, ongekompliseerd en vredig.

Rooi-Els is en bly enig.

Groete uit Nederland,

**NONNA GERICKE
ZWOLLE**

NONNA GERICKE IS ONE OF A THIRD GENERATION OF ROOIELSERS AND THE DAUGHTER OF , JOHAN AND ELSABE DE BEER. NONNA AND HER HUSBAND CURRENTLY LIVE IN THE NETHERLANDS.



WE HAVE NOT INHERITED THE EARTH, WE HAVE BORROWED IT FROM OUR CHILDREN

BIRD CHAT

The year is now well under way and the Christmas festivities a distant memory. Our brooding South-easter has by and large been quietened and the evening skies are dressed in the hues of autumn. However, I want to share with you a special moment on Christmas Eve, to be precise 9.30am, as Christmas arrived early at Erf 127.

ST BOKMAKIERIE

No, St. Nick didn't arrive with a bunch of short-tempered reindeer inappropriately dressed in a scarlet suit, but rather sporting a dapper dark green tail coat, a bright lemon yellow tuxedo edged with a black breast band singing that unmistakable tune that has earned him the nickname of the telephone bird. My beloved dodo was alive and well and making my day! To hear a bokmakierie in the garden was a perfect carol for me. I have often lamented the 'loss' of this brightly coloured bird from Rooi Els.

There have been many theories: they like to nest undisturbed and close to the ground, this I personally believe is why they have met a demise here. Facts must be faced, more fynbos and pristine areas have been cleared for increased building no matter how carefully this has been done and thus preferred nesting sites often cleared too. Flight wise, the bokmakierie wouldn't win the bird sprint race and would be a reasonably easy target for a hunter. There have always been natural predators, mongoose, genet, snakes, but it is the dramatic rise in uncontrolled domestic pets that is likely to be the biggest single factor. This drove the bokmakieries up into the more montane areas of Rooi Els. But enough of theories! The Bokmakieries are more than welcome back - perhaps the tide has turned!

SEAGULLS!

In Rooi Els we have two varieties of this scavenging shore and sea bird, Hartlaubs (Roberts No. 316) elegantly dressed in red legs and red bill and the more robust, larger newly named Cape Gull (Roberts No. 312), previously known as the Kelp or Southern Black Back Gull. Surprisingly both these birds are potentially problematic for Rooi Elers! You may have noticed an increase in seagull cries. This is because there are more of them and their calls are territory markers. Both gulls are on the look out for free meals and are just as happy at the local rubbish tip as they are at the water's edge. In coastal towns in the U.K. the same precautions one needs to take with baboons are necessary - they play havoc with black bags on rubbish collection days and litter bins in general! We must be just as vigilant as we are with baboons to ensure they do not see us as an easy option for food, these are definitely not birds to be fed. Their droppings are highly corrosive to paint and damage clothes be warned!

SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SWIFTS, SWALLOWS AND MARTINS?

This is the time of year that young swallows, swifts and martins are learning the twists and turns of flying look out for them zipping in and out of buildings and practising manoeuvres that one day will be essential for nesting.

Quiz time: What's the difference between swifts, swallows and martins?

We have all three in Rooi Els and the main differences are that swifts can't perch, (they have very weak legs spending almost their whole lives on the wing), but their streamlined wings allow even greater movements in the air they're not called swifts for nothing! All three perform a wonderful service and rid us of countless aerial arthropods. They are for me the quintessential of summer birds. (Though of course to prove the rule, Rock Martins (Roberts No. 529) and Pearlbreasted Swallows (Roberts No.523) are residents!)

It never fails to astonish me that birds in their thousands of varieties have a common root in the dinosaurs!

Happy birding, Happy Easter!

ALISON AYRE

KIKUYU

Dit is vir my vreemd om op te let hoeveel inwoners in ons omgewing nog steeds van kikuyu (*Pennisetum clandestinum*) gebruik maak. Hiermee wil ek graag inligting oor bogenoemde bekend maak met die hoop dat dit minder gebruik sal word.

Kikuyu kom oorspronklik van die hooglande van Kenia, Uganda, Tanzania, Demokratiese Republiek van die Kongo, Ethiopië, Rwanda en Burundi. Omdat dit so 'n vinnige aggresiewe groeier en goeie weidingsgras is, het dit vinnig oor die hele wêreld versprei. Met kunsmatige voeding, groei dit baie aggresief en herstel vinnig na dit afgewei is, wat dit nog meer ideaal maak.

Die groot nadeel van Kikuyu is dat dit 'n indringer is, veral op klammer plekke. Dit versmoor letterlik ons fynbos soos in baie areas gesien kan word. Dit is tans op die lys van voorgestelde indringers en sal binnekort so verklaar word, wat sal meebring dat dit slegs op sekere plekke in sekere omstandighede toegelaat sal word. Op alle ander areas sal dit beheer moet word en dit mag 'n koste effek op eienaars hê.

In Rooiels kom ons natuurlike buffelgras (*Stenotaphrum secundatum*) voor wat liefs in ons sensitiewe ekologiese area gebruik moet word. Onder volg 'n tabel van die voor en nadele:

KIKUYU

VOORDELE

Vinnig

NADELE

Nie-droogtebestand
Siektes
Indringer
Baie peste
Groei nie in skadu
Onderhoud duur
Sny gereeld nodig

BUFFELSGRAS

VOORDELE

Droogtebestand
Inheems (fynbos)
Groei in semi-skadu
Siektebestand
Pesbestand
Lae onderhoud
Sny nie dikwels nodig

NADELE

Duur
Stadig

ERNST THOMPSON

ONTMOETING

Laat-skemer loop ek deur die natuurresewaat. Die fynbos groei hoog en dig. Ek kom om 'n draai en daar lê 'n groot bobbejaan mannetjie oor die paadjie met sy kop gestut teen die fynbos en sy arms uitgestrek tussen sy bene. Sy mond is effens oop en hy hyg van die pyn deur die groot slagtande.

Ons kyk mekaar reguit in die oë en siel .

Hy het geen energie oor om te beweeg, homself te verdedig of selfs bang te wees nie. Hy is uitgelewer aan my. Hoe kaal en intiem is pyn.

Ek retireer om hom die privaatheid van sterwe toe te laat. Maar ek het hom in sy kern gesien en hy vir my.

Dagbreek is ek en Marius by hom. Nou is hy stokstyf met dooie oop oë. Hoe klein lyk sy menslike handjies...

Hy was geskiet met 'n klein koeël wat nie deur sy lyf kon dring nie en het stadig en pynlik doodgegaan oor die laaste week. Drieka het hom 'n daglank gesien kerm van die pyn op die rotse naby hulle. Jenny het hom op 'n ander dag gesien waar hy net met moeite kon beweeg.

Geskiet deur iemand in die dorp wie se naam net bekend is aan die donker kant van sy eie gewete. Ek wonder of al die pyn die persoon wie hom geskiet het se woede geblus het? Sal hy dalk bly wees oor die lyding van hierdie dier? Is dit vir hom geregverdig dat die dier so moes betaal vir 'n piesang, sjokeladekoek of 'n stuk brood wat hy wou steel of die ongerief wat hy die persoon aangedoen het?

Hoekom gryp ons mense (*Homo sapiens*) so gereedelik na geweld as ons uitoorlê, gefrustreer of kwaad gemaak word? Die stemloses is nog meer uitgelewer aan ons woede en geweld; die kinders, vrouens, babas en die diere...

Kan ons nie liever ons Godegewe rede gebruik om probleme op te los nie pleks van deur geweld en doodmaak - ongeag watter eufemismes ons daarvoor gebruik?

EVETTE WEYERS

NEED HORTICULTURAL ADVICE?
ERNST THOMPSON (HORTICULTURALIST) HAS
OFFERED TO PROVIDE FREE ADVICE TO
ROOIELSERS OVER WEEKENDS,
PHONE 082 333 1543

THANKS ERNST!

GOING FROGGING IN THE RESERVE: PART 2

The small wetland in the Rooiels nature reserve boasts all of six frog species. In the previous edition of the Breeze we wrote about the Clicking Stream Frog with its simple single 'toc' call - which, with hundreds performing in combination, sounds somewhat like a bamboo forest in an uncertain breeze. We also wrote about the Cape Mountain Rain Frog, with its disgruntled expression, bearing quite a resemblance to Winston Churchill! In this edition of the Breeze we would like to introduce the remaining four members of the reserve frog chorus.

The squawkers in the chorus are the Banded Stream Frogs, *Strongylopus bonaespei*. These are sparsely distributed and call intermittently, usually during the day. The call is either a single squawk or a stuttered series of two to five squelches. Unfortunately Banded Stream Frogs tend to shun frog-searchers, too, and stop calling altogether when these try to creep up on them. This species is another montane fynbos specialist that is particularly susceptible to development. Their breeding season seems more contracted than the Clicking Stream Frog's as their calls are heard chiefly between May and September, but they deposit their eggs similarly, in shallow pools and on damp sand near potential puddles. Tadpoles of both species are sometimes found stranded in rapidly drying pools. Adults are around 35 - 45 mm in length and would resemble Clicking Stream Frogs very closely but for the boldly banded pants they wear, their stripy rather than spotty backs and their more pointy appearance: rocket shaped snout, longer toes and slender body. Most have a thin pale silver to orange vertebral stripe bordered by darker stripes but some have a broad tan vertebral band, edged with black. All possess a pale stripe on each side. These frogs have extremely long toes which they use for "swimming" through restios often more than 50cm above the ground. What they lose in aural harmony they gain in speedy getaways. Froggers end up spread-eagled in the vegetation, clutching handfuls of restios, and emitting less melodic squawks even than old stripy-pants who has merged with the fynbos metres away.

Very occasionally, over the winter months, you may be fortunate enough to hear the insect-like cheeps of Villiers' Chirping Frog, *Arthroleptella villiersi*, near the koppie at the reserve. This species is also very susceptible to development and is thus peripheral to residential areas. Small choruses, however, have been recorded on the Pringle Bay side of Rooiels, beyond the developed area on erf 324 and on Mike Harrison's place. This Boland Mountains fynbos endemic is seldom seen - or even registered - as it's a tiny 20 - 22 mm frog which rarely ventures from sheltering moss or restios in seepages, and its call may easily be mistaken for a cricket's. Villiers' Chirping frogs are dark brown and petite with glossy jet-black bellies and teardrop lines behind their eyes. They have tiny arms and legs with longer, more slender fingers and toes than the Cacos. These discrete wee frogs lay their large eggs (about 4 mm - so proportionally large!) in damp vegetation. The tadpoles that emerge squirm about in the mud / vegetation but do not seem to feed; they metamorphose rapidly into minute froglets. This is a very special species to have on our reserve.

The final reserve inhabitant, the Cape River Frog, *Afrana fuscigula*, is another species with the "typical" froggy shape. It is easy to distinguish from the stream frogs, however, as it has webbed feet, shorter toes and is generally chunkier in appearance. It is frequently encountered at the river at any time of year and the loud "plops" and the many lesser "plops" heard as you approach a freshwater pool are sure to be adult and juvenile Cape River Frogs leaping to a safe haven. This species needs reasonably permanent water and although a few individuals share the Caco ponds near Long Pool, it does not occur at a high density in the reserve. The calls, which sound like rocks rolling in a river, are their tympanic addition to the reserve music. Cape River Frogs are the only predominant summer breeder in the reserve but there is overlap with the predominantly winter chorus in September / October and May. The timpanist season probably stretches from August to May, but sometimes occasional special effects may be heard at other times of year. The large, pale and rather floppy tadpoles seen in the bigger pools are Cape River Frogs, as are most of the little brown frogs (juveniles) hiding around the edges. The adults can be from 40 - 80 mm long. They have bulgy eyes and a wide grin. In colour they are, as many frog species, very variable. Most of the frogs at Rooiels are a variation of brown with darker blotches on the back and wear spotted or stripy pyjama pants. Most, too, have a thin pale vertebral stripe. Some may have greenish backs, but will still display dark blotches and a pale central line. Their bellies are smooth and white, but sometimes show dark marbled mottling which concentrates on their throats. When River Frogs leap out of vegetation in front of unsuspecting walkers, get entangled and flip over on their backs, they resemble nothing more than a pale-undersided snaky beast, and may cause said walkers to add an additional squeak to their choral work.

Those are the Rooiels Reserve frogs: a symphony of tocs, dropped marbles, whistles, squawks, chirps and rumbles.

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM & KATE HENDERSON

Kate holds an MSc and is finishing an MPhil in Environmental Management. Michael has a PhD on Australian Rainforest frogs and works on a WWF-SA Table Mountain Fund project on Conservation and Genetic Diversity of Cape Fold Mountain frogs and lizards. They have been "frog-atlassing" in the area for some years. Both are keen hackers in the war against water-guzzling, soil-altering aliens. Members of the Rooiels hack group know by now that when Kate and Michael stand mesmerised, Rooikrans in hand, they are probably only listening to a particular frog call, rather than just lost in the beauty of the surroundings!

ROOIELS EARLY MEMORIES

David and I have just been watching a video newly made up from a conversion of a whole boxful of old family films. We were not great photographers and the films are fragmented, often hazy, often hilarious or, indeed, sometimes, poignant with quick flashes of parents or friends long gone.

In the middle we were delighted to come across a sequence of early (1967) Rooiels and the building of the first small, brick, part of our house on Rocklands Rd, which we built and shared for many years with Clive and Verity van Ryneveld. There were only 14 other houses there then and we had panned the camera across largely uncleared bush nothing at all on the sea -front to the right of our house (if you're facing Simonstown), as far as the Point, and just one or two to the left.

"THE WIND SEEMED MUCH STRONGER THEN!"

This set us trying to remember what Rooiels felt like then, what's different now. The rock view in front of us is, thank goodness exactly the same. One thing, though -- perhaps because we were fairly isolated - the wind seemed much stronger then, even than it sometimes tries it's worst to be now. Our builders came to dig the foundations and construct a makeshift builders'shed, then, because they could build for us only at weekends, left it all for a week. When they came back the foundations were filled with sand again, and their shed had blown out to sea. That convinced us all that the roof would have to be doubly secured.

The owners of the empty plot on our left sometimes left their caravan there. One morning we awoke after a stormy night and discovered that the caravan had disappeared - smashed on the rocks in front.

There was no electricity, and we had gas and candles which we liked very much at the time. There were few lights anywhere at night and the stars seemed even brighter. But I must admit that eventually, once we succumbed to first solar power and then Eskom power too, we have been thankful for the extra conveniences - we got soft, no question about it!

I think the baboons have been raiding houses for only about the last ten years, once they learnt where to find the food. In the early days they came sometimes, but in small numbers. We were surprised to look out of a window one morning and come face to face with about five baboons peering inquisitively in; but that was unusual. We saw them go on to scoop out klippies from the pools below, but we don't see them doing that any more. Does anyone?

Overlooking the big beach were the Scotts (Geoff and Filly introduced us to Rooiels) and the Mackenzies (Mac was the estate agent and unofficial helper to everyone) and the Prices. Ron Price was something high-up in Ronden's fireworks and every Old Year's Night he would have a big party at his Rooiels house and provide spectacular fireworks and rockets to be let off from the beach.

Our younger daughter Kate, then around 8, has her birthday on New Year's Day; at midnight amidst the general jollification we would make a fuss of her too and we later discovered that she for years thought all the fireworks were especially for her. How beautiful the dark night was, walking home after the party.

Although it is a substantial village now, Rooiels remains for us, as for many others, a life-saver, a harbour where we draw breath and, in safety, and often with friends, watch the sea in all its moods. It is also full of memories of family happenings, of our children growing up; and now *their* children delightedly claim it as theirs too, and discovering all the wonders one by one.

MARIE PHILIP



ROOIELS IN THE 1930'S BEFORE THE ROAD OR BRIDGE WAS BUILT (PHOTO ROELF ATWELL)

CHARLIE'S CORNER....

KERSFEES 2002: 'N WARE STORIE

Dis Kerstyd. Ek ruik dit in die lug. Die mense se huise kreun van die lekkernye. Oral waar ek by vensters inloer is pragtig versierde Kersbome met hope geskenke in feespapier toegedraai. Sou iemand in Rooiels dalk ook 'n ietsie vir my toegedraai het? Ek hoop tog van harte so..

Kersoggend sluip ek berg-af en loer by al wat venster in. Die geskenke is weg en die pragtige papier lê in bondels om weggegooi te word. Ek kyk oral of iemand my tog onthou het. Toe sien ek dit. Iemand van Klein-Rooiels het die pragtigste draad kersboompie versier met sjokolade-balletjies. Dis sowaar spesiaal vir my daardie!

Ek is so opgewonde; ek gryp sommer die boompie en al. Hierdie lekkerte eet ek tydsaam op die grasperk by C4EVER. Ek het 'n mooi uitsig oor die hele Rooiels en 'n dammetjie vars water is byderhand vir die groot na-dors.

'n Groot dankie aan die Klein-Rooieler wat my Kersdag so spesiaal gemaak het. Die boompie het ek by C4EVER gelos en vra dat jy dit asseblief voor volgende Kersfees kry en dit weer so lekker vir my sal versier.

CHARLIE

HET JOU KERSTBOOM SPOORLOOS VERDWYN?
KONTAK DRIKA WILKENS



LOST & FOUND

ARE YOU MISSING A
CHRISTMAS TREE?

**Contract Drika Wilkens
at 273-5848**

MAATJIE

My oupa was 'n man van die see en hy was baie, baie lief vir Rooiels. Hy en Ouma (en ek praat nou van voor my geboorte, en ek is al amper 60) het gereeld hier kom kamp in die natuur en baie vis gevang. Sommer so vir 10 dae lank. Oupa en Ouma het met 'n gehuurde bootjie vanaf die Strand hierheen gekom met 'n seiltjie en kos en visvang gereedskap en hul kinders het van die Strand af hierheen gestap. Hy het my, wat toe nog 'n japsnoet was, my eerste alikreukel gevoer en ek was in ekstase daarvoor.

Oupa se bloed vloei dik deur my are en ek het baie jare later gekies om hier te kom woon. Dis iets wat my familie as 'n bestiering beskou. Die ondersteuning hier vir my na my man se dood was fenominaal deur beide mens en bobbejaan.

Met my man se eerste verjaardag na hy oorlede is, het ek en 'n vriendin hier buite op die rotse gesit en gesels. Eintlik het sy gesels en ek het gehuil. Toe kom 'n jongerige bobbejaan en sit styf langs my en streef my arm...

Moet ons nie almal hande vat en met liefde en respek vir mekaar, en mekaar se eiendom, (mens en dier) lekker saamwoon nie? Dis maklik. Ek dans die see, ek dans die wind, en die bloukoppoggelmanders en die suikerbekkies wat kom stort wanneer ek die stof van die fynbos afspoel. Ek dans die hasie wat gereeld kom kuier en speel-speel weghop as ek te naby hom kom. Ek dans baie danse hier en wil aanhou dans.

HESTER DE VILLIERS

"IT IS NOT ENOUGH FOR MAN TO LOVE HIS NEIGHBOUR; HE MUST ALSO LEARN TO LOVE HIS WORLD. WE MUST NOW CONCLUDE AN ETHICAL AND POLITICAL CONTRACT WITH NATURE, WITH THIS EARTH TO WHICH WE OWE OUR VERY EXISTENCE AND WHICH GIVES US LIFE"

BOUTROS BOUTROS-GHALI (FORMER UN SECRETARY GENERAL)

INSIG IN IAN

'N VERKORTE WEERGAWE VAN DIE ARTIKEL OOR ONS EIE IAN RICHTER DEUR DINE VAN ZYL WAT IN DIE JANUARIE/FEBRUARIE-UITGAWE VAN INSIG VERSKYN HET:

'Ek was in Saddam Hoesein se tronk.' Almal was skielik stil. Ian het geglimlag, sy oë effe verleë, en hy het selfbewus buitentoe gekyk waar Klein-Hangklip in die laaste lig bewe. Ons het in afwagting reggeskuif..

Ian Richter praat nie graag oor homself nie. Hy verwys eerder na Shirley wat ses jaar lank verbete baklei het om hom uit die tronk te kry:

In 1982 is Ian van Engeland na Irak gestuur. Hier sou hy die grootste watersuiweringaanleg ter wêreld bou. Hy sou 'n plaaslike kantoor oprig en plaaslike mense in diens neem. Hy was nog nie veertig nie, en die kinders was tussen nege en twaalf jaar oud.

Twee weke vóór hulle Irak finaal sou verlaat, moes Ian op 'n roetinevlug vertrek. Hy het na die tunnel gestap om aan boord te gaan, toe hulle hom voorkeer en sê daar is fout met sy visum. Hulle neem hom na die aanloopbaan. Daar het 'n Mercedes gestaan met ses mense in siviele klere, elkeen met 'n rewolwer in die hand. "Klim in," het hulle gesê en hom by die voertuig ingeboender.

Hulle dwing hom plat op die vloer en druk 'n rewolwer teen sy kop. Skielik is hy nie meer bang nie. 'n Ongelooflike salige gevoel spoel oor hom. Dit is dit, het hy gedink. Hulle gaan my skiet.

Hulle neem hom na die tronk van die gevreesde Mugabarat, die geheime polisie. 'n Plek met 'n skrikwekkende reputasie. Hulle het hom geboei en geblinddoek, hom vorentoe gestamp, en hom teen 'n muur laat staan. Vir teregstelling? Wou hulle hom net bangmaak? Hulle het onder mekaar gesels; hy verstaan nie Arabies nie.

Hulle het hom deursoek. Sy bagasie was op die vlug na Londen. Hy het net sy pak aangehad, en sy vliegkaartjie, paspoort en geld. Hy is na 'n donker plek geneem. Hy was in 'n sel met ongepleisterde baksteenmure, sementvloer en sementplafon. Daar was geen venster nie. Hy moes sy klere uittrek en is nagklere gegee en 'n paar rubberplakkies. Dit was sy klere vir die volgende vyftien maande; dit was sy blyplek, drie meter lank, twee meter breed.

Hier was hy in alleenaanhouding. Hy het 'n kombes gehad, 'n kraan, en 'n gat in die grond vir 'n toilet. Die enigste lig wat hy gesien het, was wanneer hulle vir hom kos deur 'n opening in die deur gestoot het. Dan was dit weer donker. Vyftien maande lank. Maar jou oë raak gewoon daaraan, sê hy.

Die volgende vier weke was 'n tyd van intense ondervraging. Die wagte het 'n blinddoek ingegooi; hy moes dit self aansit. In die ondervragingskamer het hy verby die blinddoek probeer loer. Daar was bloed van vorige ondervragings.

Hy is deur 'n tolk ondervra, 'n verfynde mens. Jy vorm 'n vreemde band met so 'n tolk, sê Ian. Dis die enigste persoon wat 'n taal praat wat jy verstaan, die enigste kontak met 'n wêreld wat moontlik sin maak. Hulle sou eers mooi met hom praat. Dan raak hulle ál driftiger, skreeu op hom...

Hulle het hom van bedrog beskuldig omdat hy die kontrak vir die wateraanleg gekry het. Hy het dit ontken en hul na die maatskappy se boeke verwys.

Hulle vir hom die martelkamer gewys. "Dit was om my aan te moedig om te praat." Ian is nie gemartel nie, maar ander wel. En baie het verdwyn.

Toe sê hulle hy is 'n spioen. 'n Tennisspelende spioen. Ian het gedink hy sou vrygelaat word, hulle sou sien hy was onskuldig. Maar hy bly in aanhouding en ná sestig dae tref die wanhoop hom.

Eers ontken Irak dat hulle hom aanhou en sê hy het per vliegtuig vertrek. Ná ongeveer twee maande maak hulle bekend dat hul wel vir Ian Richter aanhou.

"Daar was 'n familielid van Saddam in 'n Britse tronk. Hy het 'n Irakse oudminister in Engeland vermoor. Irak het toe 'n Engelsman gevange gehou vir ses jaar, hom vrygelaat en vir my aangehou."

Aanvanklik kon Shirley nie terug Engeland toe nie, maar ná drie maande word dit toegelaat. Sy kon hom darem een keer sien. Teen hierdie tyd was Ian so maer dat sy klere van hom afgeval het. Die Britse ambassade waarsku Shirley om stil te bly oor sy Suid-Afrikaanse herkoms. Maar hulle kry hom ook nie uit nie... Shirley gaan terug Engeland toe om van daar te probeer.

Ian bly in eensame aanhouding in 'n nagdonker sel. "Drie dinge het my aan die gang gehou," sê hy. "My gebedslewe, my *mind games*, en my fiksheid."

Aanvanklik het hy gebed: "God, kry my hier uit!"

Aan die einde van sy aanhouding het hy gebed, "As ek hier moet bly en daar is 'n doel hiermee, dan is dit goed."

In sy gedagtes stig Ian denkbeeldige firmas en beplan hoe om hulle te bestuur. As chemiese ingenieur met 'n M.Sc. van Kaapstad Universiteit, was daar 'n klomp breinselle om te stimuleer.

Dan was daar die fiksheid. Hy het 'n oefenroetine uitgewerk. Hy het ook tred gehou wanneer dit oggend of aand was en met determinasie bedags wakker gebly.

VERVOLG: IN SADDAM SE TRONK, IAN RICHTER VERTEL...

Ná 'n jaar kom haal hulle hom in sy pajamas en neem hom na 'n militêre hof. Hy wag vier uur lank maar niks gebeur nie. Volgende keer kry hy 'n staatsaangestelde prokureur wat ál veertig mense in die hof verteenwoordig. Elkeen verskyn ongeveer een minuut en word gevonniss. Tien kry die doodsvonniss, drie lewenslank, verskeie kry 25 jaar en een word vrygespreek - net om te wys hoe regverdig hulle is. Ian Richter kry lewenslank.

Aanvanklik het hy koors gekry, maar later immuun geword teen die goggabyte. Sy sel het nie 'n kraan gehad of 'n gat in die grond nie. Hy mog net twee keer per dag toilet toe gaan, en die gevangenes het deur die dag die luggate gebruik. "n Mens moes maar hoog mik."

Maande later is hy oorgeplaas na 'n saal van sestig mense - sakkerollers, verkragters en moordenaars. Ian het 'n kans gewaag. "Niemand spoeg naby my nie, niemand kom naby my nie! My plek is Britse gebied." Dit het gewerk. Hulle het hom uitgelos en hy het vir 'n paar van hulle Engelse lesse gegee.

Ian het besluit hy sal aanpas. Hy sal sy woede verloor. Hy het begin onderhandel. Ná ses maande kry hy toestemming om om die sokkerveld te hardloop. Eers het hy 'n uur gehardloop, later langer. Teen die einde van sy aanhouding kon hy 'n marathon hardloop. "Hierdie houding was my redding."

Toe word 130 van Saddam se lugmagoffisiere op die tronkperseel tereggestel. Hy smokkel 'n brief via Turkye uit na Shirley waarin hy sê: Probeer alles om my uit te kry. *Go public!*

Toe Irak Koeweit binneval, bring 'n amptenaar van die Britse ambassade vir Ian 'n klomp blikkieskos en knipoog. Toe weet hy die Britte onttrek; Irak gaan binnegeval word. Hy bereken as hy een blik kos per dag eet, sal dit vir drie maande hou. Toe die eerste bomme val, was dit naby die tronk. Daar was oral skrapnel. Die gevangenes het honger gely, hulle het gras en blare geëet. Ian se blikkieskos het gehou.

Ná die Golf-oorlog het sy gemoedstoestand verander. Nou was hulle bang vir hom. Hy is op radio en televisie in Brittanje en Irak genoem.

Hoekom sit hy nog? Sy ma spreek vir Perez de Cuellar en Pik Botha. 'n Senior Irakiër in besoek Ian en vra waar sy klere is. Dít was gewoonlik 'n teken dat jy vrygelaat gaan word. Maar toe vang die Britte weer iets aan om vir Saddam die duiwel in te maak en hy sit nóg twee jaar.

Later word Ian toegelaat om te studeer. Hy sou die eksamen in Bagdad aflê. Alles was gereël: maar die oggend van die eksamen het niemand hom kom haal nie. Die veiligheidspolisie het geweier.

Intussen onderhandel Shirley, die Rooikruis en koning Hoesein van Jordanië met Saddam. Daar sou £100 miljoen se kos en medisyne aan Irak gegee word, in ruil vir Ian se vryheid.

Maar Ian sit.

Ian hardloop om en om die sokkerveld. Kom natgesweet terug. Stort met 'n skeplepel uit 'n emmer, trek sy tronkklere aan. Toe kom sê die Mugabarat hy is vry. Hulle het hom 'n broek en hemp laat aantrek en hy is na 'n hotel geneem. Vlae het gewapper. Kon dit wees? Vryheid? Eindelijk? Daar was die pers, daar was die span van die VN, daar was Shirley.

In Engeland heet duisende mense hom met geel vlae welkom. Hy was verwonderd oor hoe goed verander het. Telekse het verdwyn. Fakse, selfone was in. Al die motors het soos bobbel gelyk! Die volgende week het hy die nagraadse eksamen suksesvol afgelê en die Post Graduate Diploma in Accounts and Finance is deur die Association of Certified and Chartered Accountants aan hom toegeken. Binne 'n jaar was hy weer aan die hoof van 'n maatskappy. En hy was 'n marathonatleet.

In 1998 kom hy terug na Suid-Afrika. "Ek dink dit het my werklik respek gegee vir die normale dinge in die lewe. Die bome, die voëls. Kos om te eet. 'n Bad. Dit het my onverdraagsaam gemaak teenoor mense wat oor onbenullighede kerm."

Ian Richter werk in Johannesburg. Naweke vlieg hy af Rooiels toe en stap in die fynbos met 'n verkyker op soek na die berglyster, of hy plant steenbokboegoe of kap rooikrans uit om die fynbos te bewaar.

As hy verbystap met sy swaaistert-hond al snuiwend op die otterspore, kyk hy verwonderd rond asof hy die skepping in wording ervaar. En die honde kan vir hom blaf en die spreeus kan teen sy mure blerts en die groot reën kan sy garage oorstroom, hy gaan sit kalm op sy stoep en kyk hoe die branders aan die grootsee se kant breek en die witkruisarend bo Dassiepunt rondraai.



IAN AFTER A GOOD WORKOUT WITH THE ROOIELS HEALTH & HACKIT

ERF 324 MEETING

The first meeting of the controversial Erf 324 EIA, following finalisation of the Scoping Report, raised more questions than answers. The meeting barely qualified to reach any of the objectives set by the facilitator.

The objectives were:

1. That the EIA Team present their findings and provisional conclusions (on the Scoping Report presumably).
2. That the team obtain feedback from the community on their proposals, noting that this is not the last opportunity for comment.
3. To clarify the steps moving forward.

The team was introduced as Brett Lawson (of the Environmental Partnership), Etienne Bruwer (of Greenhouse Architects) and Tommy Brummer (of TB Town & Regional Planners). After numerous questions of clarity, the following facts emerged:

1. The single-residential option is the only existing property right.
2. The Department of Environmental Affairs after the Scoping Report decreed that limited development could only occur on disturbed areas.
3. Various issues would need to be addressed by the EIA e.g. potable water supply.

Brett Lawson agreed that the process of an EIA seeks to address the common good in juxtaposition to the individual rights of the property owner.

The proposal of development was as indicated, 'a work in progress'. The main elements proposed were development of either 1, 5, 8, 11 or 13 homes (each only 120-160m²) within the disturbed area of Porter Drive i.e. within the present road and one house on the present ruin and a second next to erf 282. *(These are, however, not all on disturbed areas as decreed by the Dept of Environmental Affairs!).*

Etienne Bruwer presented his concept of strict guidelines for the design of environmentally-friendly homes built of stone against the Porter Drive scar, roofs angled to the slope and vegetation built-up on the sea-side of Porter Drive to minimise visual impact. Concern was expressed as to how these Guidelines could be effectively enforced.

Members of the public (50 in total) were scathing as to the lack of thought and research done to reach these possibilities. This opinion of the community was reinforced when it became evident that the consultants were unaware of the major water pipe, which runs within the mountain edge of Porter Drive (on which land the houses would be mainly built with some cutting into the mountainside for each home); the architect was unaware that Porter Drive was a publicly owned road; lack of understanding of the impact that closure of Porter Drive would have on Ocean View Drive (and of course on the first part of Porter Drive before the fork and on Harveya Road) with regard to this proposal and the possible precedent for future development of the small holdings between Rooiels and Pringle Bay (all traffic going through Rooiels).

Questions concerning the type of ownership (share block, own title, sectional title) remained questions. Addressing the Biosphere principles remained unclear. Brief comments were read concerning the possibility of boreholes and minimising any impact of these on the wetlands.

Firm proposals will now need to be formulated by the EIA team for public comment. Adequate consideration must also be given to the very real environmental issues, not only that of aesthetics.

In the meantime, if you did not attend the meeting and want to express concerns / suggestions to the developers or to RERA, please do so as we will keep copies of all correspondence received for the next round of Public Consultation.

JULIA AALBERS

LIDMAATSKAP OF SKENKINGS

REBV BANKREKENINGNOMMER:
ABS A 29-0016-6152
TAKKODE 334-712

STUUR LIDMAATBESONDERHEDE AAN: DIE SEKRETARIS, REBV, POSBUS 89,
BETTY'SBAAI, 7141.

IN MEMORIAM

PEGGY BOWEN

Strong minded and independent, Peggy Bowen, one of the oldest and earliest inhabitants of Rooiels died on Monday 28 October 2002 at age 87. She still went to church the day before her death, where everyone remarked on how well she looked. Peggy was so looking forward to spending the month over Christmas at Rooiels. But that same evening she suffered a stroke and passed away the next morning. Rooiels was where Peggy wanted to be. She loved the sea, the open space, fresh air and especially swimming in "her" rock pool near the slipway. She went swimming every day, come summer or winter. She had lived well and died with dignity. Condolences to her son Bob, his wife Diane and her 3 grandsons.

PADDY MAINE

Vivian Grace Main (born 1919 in Kimberley); affectionately known as Paddy, died on 1 March 2003. She loved the open spaces, having lived in the then Northern and Southern Rhodesia and then on a farm in Molteno before coming to the Cape. 'Omega - the end', her home was built in 1967 and consisted then of 3 Rondavels. Paddy lived alone and in private with the elements in Rooiels. Our condolences go to her daughter Denise and the family. Thank you to members of the community who cared for her during her last illness.



THOUGH THEY SINK THROUGH THE SEA, THEY SHALL RISE AGAIN;
THOUGH LOVERS BE LOST, LOVE SHALL NOT
AND DEATH SHALL HAVE NO DOMINION

-DYLAN THOMAS

OH, THE UN-BEAR-ABLE POOH!

I have a Festive Season tale to tell that is not covered in the Rooi Els Vision, nor in any Christmas story - as far as I can ascertain! A woman in a large 4x4 was encouraging SEVEN assorted dogs of equally assorted sizes, to run totally uncontrolled along the beach and around the 'hotel site'. This didn't happen once, but on several occasions that I observed. The dogs actively hunted the rocky area around Erf 116 and along the sea edge side of Rocklands Rd. They were flushing birds, including francolins, their chicks and even dassies.

The as-yet-undeveloped "hotel site" (officially Erf 115), is a prime nesting area for several bird species, including our delightful, if not over-bright, White-fronted Sandplover (Roberts No.246). This area is also an otter 'run' - spoor being regularly seen here. True, any form of life that chosers to nest in a main throughfare is asking for trouble - a bit like opening a creche on the central reservation of the N2!!

Eventually I plucked up the courage to speak to the woman. Her response (and I quote) was "I was told (by whom?) it was OK to do this at Rooi Els!" Well hello, I don't recall it in any Rooi Els Vision - or did I miss a later edition ???!

It is precisely this sort of behaviour and irresponsibility that will ultimately cause problems in our infant Biosphere. Add to this the very real obstacle of excrement. Piles of dog poo are not only smelly and offensive, they are a real health hazard. Fynbos pooping is one thing, as I suppose one could argue it helps to fertilise the soil, but beach piles are quite another matter. Back to the seven dogs - why should anyone have to negotiate their beach landmines?! Why can't people use "poop scoops"? In Europe and the USA such deposits are regarded as a criminal offence. (Put very simply: "Doggy-Doo" equals "Hole in Wallet"; and this is strictly enforced in any public area.)

Let me assure you that I am most definitely not a "dog-hater"; but I do strongly object to inconsiderate people who have no regard for clearly-known "good-housekeeping" rules. Perhaps it is people who should be kept on leashes? After all, a dog is only a reflection of its owner's behaviour and training!!

ALISON AYRE

STONE AGE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITES

The numerous shell middens that dot our coastline from the mouth of the Rooiels river to that of the Bot river are Stone Age National Heritage sites and as such are protected by the National Monuments Act and the National Heritage Act.

Other than shells, these middens may contain animal bones, artefacts and human burials, and may possibly date back as far as 10,000 years. Many of our midden deposits have already been destroyed by the coastal developments. Other than their obvious archaeological value, these sites hold an excellent educational and tourist value.

It is an offence to develop, damage, destroy, damage, alter or excavate sites without a permit from the National Monuments Council. The National Heritage Act makes it mandatory for developers to ensure that an archaeological impact assessment is made of any property containing these sites, before major development takes place.

ANDRE WAGENER



DIE MARINE RESERVAAT

'n Paar jaar gelede het ons met Dr Colin Attwood van Seevisserye saamgewerk om die beplande marinereservaat se grense te bepaal, deur publieke deelname. Dr Atwood wou egter nie die reservate laat materialiseer voordat daar ordentlike polisiëring kon wees nie. Nou onlangs het SEEWAG 'n media veldtog gevoer om die publiek bewus te maak van die grootskaalse perlemonen stroping. Die nasionale en provinsiale regering het gereageer en geld vir meer wetstoepassers gaan beskikbaar word om die stropers hok te slaan.

Tans is die reservaat self egter nog steeds net 'n droom. Die planne vir die reservaat worstel, teen slakkepas, deur die burokratiese doolhof van offisiële goedkeuring en implimentering. Ongelukkig stroop die gulsiges steeds teen 'n galloperende pas! Help asseblief deur waaksaam te wees en strops te rapporteer aan SEEWAG, 083 212 2252/3

EVETTE WEYERS

BOBBEJAAN OP DIE SIRKEL?

Miskien moet ons weer 'n bobbejaanbeeld op Rooi-Els hê, soos in die ou dae voor George Ryke se kafee. Dit het soveel aandag getrek, mense laat glimlag, en praatjies aan die gang gesit van Charles en sy trawante.

Hier in die Kogelberg Biosfeer leef ons tussen allerhande goeters wat skree en roep en koggel en tjirp en kwaak en kwetter. En dis maklik om met hulle oor die weg te kom, want dassies, arende, konyne, paddas, otters en walvisse weet hoe om hulle te gedra. Hulle lyk oulik en bly uit jou pad uit. Baie mense is nie eens bewus van hulle nie, want daarvoor het jy oë nodig om te sien, en ore nodig om te hoor.

Maar dis waar die bobbejaan anders is. Die bobbejaan máák dat jy hom sien. Hy dring hom op aan jou.

Hy máák dat jy van hom kennis neem. Die bobbejaan sal nie net die plante in jou tuin opvreet nie, maar ook in jou huis inkom en jou paasbolletjies, Camembertkaas, en Italiaanse pasta verorber.

Mense maak ook so. Vriende, en veral familie maak so. Maar hulle mors nie op jou tafel en jou toonbank en breek jou televisie en swaai aan jou gordyne nie. Dis waar die bobbejaan anders is. Vriende en familie kan jy altyd aanspreek, dan kom hulle nie weer kuier nie. Maar die bobbejaan jy kan hom slegsê ses geslagte vorentoe en terug, jy kan hom gooi met klippe, jy kan hom skiet met 'n kettie, dit traak hom niks. Hy kom weer.

En hy onterf jou nie.

Die mens het jare gelede in die bobbejaan se gebied kom bly, en hy het hom daarby aangepas. Evolusie het voor ons oë gebeur; die bobbejaan raak 'n dorpenaar. Hy moet nog steeds sy kos soek, en hy doen dit. Op dieselfde plek waar sy oumagrootjie en oupagrootjie, en hulle oumagrootjies en oupagrootjies voor hulle dit gedoen het. Brood en kaas lê in nuutgeverfde grotte, vrugte alles in 'n sak. Daarom reken baie mense die bobbejaan is hastig en lastig; eintlik is hy maar net besig om bobbejaan te wees.



PUNT IN DIE WIND

Miskien is dit weer tyd vir 'n bobbejaanbeeld. Een op die groot verkeerseiland sal padaanwysings eenvoudiger maak. (*Draai regs, in rigting van bobbejaan se neus.*)

En reëlins sal makliker getref word. (*Ons ontmoet by die bobbejaan.*) Verder kan ons elke jaar as deel van die vakansieprogram 'n bobbejaanpartytjie hou. (*Bring eie dop en stert.*) Dan kan daar vinnig vir die oningeligtes verduidelik word hoe om met bobbejane saam te leef en hoe om hulle te geniet.

Daar is reeds op ander dorpe 'n monument vir die donkie, die perd, en die hond opgerig. Maar waar in die wêreld is 'n monument vir die bobbejaan?

Dis 'n besondere gemeenskap wat die bobbejaan sy plek gun tussen die berg en die branders, die seeghwarrie en die stroomseledery.

Dis 'n besondere gemeenskap wat besef dat om in harmonie met die natuur te leef, nie net beteken om te hou by gepubliseerde reëls en regulasies nie.

En 'n monument vir die bobbejaan sal ook 'n monument vir hierdie besondere gemeenskap wees.

DINE VAN ZYL

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF DINE'S IDEA OF A BABOON ON THE BIG CIRCLE?

WE'D LOVE TO HEAR FROM YOU!

RERA COMMITTEE 2003

Chairperson & Public Relations:

Estelle Raymond
tel: h: (021) 976 7116 w: (021) 807 3151
Rooiels: (028) 273 8661 Cell: 083 230 9658
e-mail: eraymond@mweb.co.za

Treasurer & Federation of Ratepayers

Hacks:
Shirley Richter
Tel: (028) 2738027
e-mail: irichter@mweb.co.za

Secretary

Website Development & Maintenance:

Julia Aalbers
tel: (021) 976 4378
e-mail: jaalbers@icon.co.za

CBD & Liason:

Hettie Claassens
tel: (028) 273 8472
e-mail: comzone@global.co.za

Conservation:

Debby de Vries
tel: (028) 273 8037
E-mail: rooiels@isat.co.za

Conservation:

Kate Henderson
Cell: 072 447 4485

Small Holdings

Postbox & Council Watch:

Mike Harrison (Co-opted)
tel: (028) 273 8569

Roads & Security:

Rob Fryer
Cell: 082 801 5280
E-mail: fryerr@sans.co.za

Although not co-opted, Geoff Harris (028 273 8164) keeps an eye on the **Grootpad/Clarence Drive & Tollroad** and former chairman Basil Moss acts in an advisory capacity.

VISIT/BESOEK: WWW.ROOIELS.ORG.ZA

..BY ROOIELS
STAAN KLEIN-HANGKLIP SKUINSVERLATE
DIE EENKANT GENOOT
VAN HOOP EN BAKEN
EEUE DEUR, 'N MUUR VAN KLIP
WAT SELFS DIE GERINGSTE MENS
EN BLOM
BESKUT
WANT HIER, UITGELEWER AAN WIND
UITGELEWER AAN DIE TIER VAN REËN
EN SLIERT: HIER, TUSSEN BOS EN KLIP
DIE KLEIN BEDAGTE BAAI VAN BEHOUD
DIE INHAMME VAN SAMESYN..

LOUIS ESTERHUIZEN (UIT: ROOIELS)



UNITED BY OUR PASSION FOR THE NATURAL SPLENDOUR OF ROOIELS,
WE PLEDGE THAT HERE..
NATURE WILL BE NURTURED,
FLORA, FAUNA AND MARINE LIFE PROTECTED,
OUR EVERY IMPACT ON THE ENVIRONMENT LIMITED
SO THAT OUR LIVES.. AND THOSE OF GENERATIONS TO COME..
WILL CONTINUE TO BE ENRICHED BY CARE