

Bries Breeze

LENTE / SPRING 2005

ROOI-ELS BELASTINGBETALERSVERENIGING (REBV) POSBUS 89 BETTYSBAAI 7141
ROOI-ELS RATEPAYERS' ASSOCIATION (RERA) PO BOX 89 BETTY'S BAY 7141



REDAKSIONEEL 'N SEISOEN VAN HOOP

Dis weer lente op Rooiels. Daar's 'n jong arend-kuiken op die nes, 'n rooi- en klip-springers in die berg. Saans hang die Skerpioen al hoe laer in die hemel en kondig die koms van Orion en van warmer nagte aan. Die aanlug bring die geur van soet Satyriums wat blom in die voetpad seetoe.

Waar daar na die brand 'n bietjie meer as 'n jaar terug niks was nie, is daar nou oorfloed. Dis asof die nuwe welige groei van die plante en die opgewondenheid van die natuur ook 'n respons van my wil hê.. Dit vang my onkant. Dis die seisoen van hoop.

En waar daar hoop is, is daar lewe - so lyk dit altans nou vir my. Want dis hoop wat vir my die verskil maak tussen lewe of net bestaan. Dis hoop wat 'n plant laat blom en homself beskikbaar stel aan die wêreld daarbuite. Dis dieselfde hoop wat my dwing om te erken dat die lewe veel groter is as ekself, dat dit nie net aan my behoort nie en dat dit iets is om na waarde te ag.

Ek hoop dat hierdie lente-uitgawe van die Bries nuwe groei in ons gemeenskapslewe en ons droom om die natuurlike omgewing van Rooiels te bewaar, sigbaar sal maak. Ek hoop dat die Bries ook sal wys dat ons besef dat ons nie elkeen net vir onself lewe nie, maar dat alles wat ons doen 'n impak het op alle ander lewe en op die natuur. Dis my hoop dat die Bries altyd 'n hoopvolle verhaal sal vertel van 'n gemeenskap wat streef om verantwoordbaar te leef.

ESTELLE RAYMOND
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FROM THE CHAIR

LOOKING TOWARDS A MORE ORGANISED APPROACH IN COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT

For a small community of only 318 erven, Rooi Els has a remarkable number of organisations, both formally constituted and informal, with energetic, highly motivated and well qualified, experienced people working towards the common good of our community and the preservation of our unique natural heritage. RERA can boast of being the earliest of these organisations to have been established, the Rooi Els Conservancy of being the newest. Between the formation of these two organisations, there are to my knowledge at least seven other organisations operating in or out of Rooi Els, varying in membership from a handful to over 100.

Last year saw the first attempt at drawing representatives of many of these organisations together to participate in a community forum. This was, remember, the Roads, Walkways and Parking forum in July 2004. It represented a bold beginning to joint participation, choosing as it did one of the more difficult and contentious issues as the first to be tackled. Good work was done that will ultimately lead (some may justifiably wonder when "ultimately" is going to be!!) to a result the community believes in and owns.

Roads are only one of a multitude of issues that our community needs resolved. If it takes so long to sort out just one, will the others be addressed in our lifetimes? If each of the organisations in our little town work independently, according to their own agendas and timelines, the solutions will be slow in coming. The new boys on the block, the Rooi Els Conservancy, has motivated for a process to develop a Management Plan for Rooi Els that will address this. RERA must embrace this as an opportunity to get all organisations to combine their strengths to bring about the improvements we want to achieve in our community and its environs.

A conceptual outline of a management plan has been drafted (available from me electronically) and a workshop will be held to begin to develop the concept into a reality. All organisations within the community are invited to participate.

The development of a workable Management Plan for Rooi Els must be the number one priority for 2005 ... let's pull together and have some fun building our childrens' inheritance!

ROB FRYER
CHAIRMAN RERA

LIDMAATSKAP OF SKENKINGS

REBV

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ROB MAKING A POINT AT THE AGM



A CELEBRATION OF ROOI ELS

NEW BOOK LAUNCHED ON ROOI ELS HISTORY & STORIES

On the evening of 14 August 2005, Rooi Els witnessed its human habitants enjoy and celebrate the launch of Rita Blake's popular and latest edition of "Rooi Els - a History and Stories". This latest coffee table edition records a community of stories and contributions by various warm-hearted locals. It is unfair to name only a few of the contributors, but space is limited: Gerard Scholtz, Evette Weyers, Gerard Scholtz, Kay Leresche, Andre Wagener, and of course, Gerard Scholtz!

Shirley and Ian Richter hosted the event that included a slideshow and display of photos by Mike Leresche, Estelle Raymond and Paul Perton. The wine, generously donated by Basil Moss and Estelle Raymond, did not stay on display for long. Soon enough spirits were high, book sales brisk, and speeches applauded. Geoff sang praises, Louis interjected flirtations while Gerard shone quietly. The costs of publication were covered at the launch.

Pinned down at the book sale table, I did not have a moment to refill my frustratingly empty wine glass. Instead, I caught glimpses of faces enjoying themselves. What a diverse community! Environmentalists, activists, protectors, community workers, healers, artists, botanists. All creators, givers and tireless workers: Avril, Debby, Elizabeth, Hettie, Dine, Dennis, Rob, Diarmuid, Louis, Julia to (once again) unfairly name a few.

Later, walking to David's house with Leonora, bracing ourselves against the rain, I thought back on this celebration of Rooi Els and the respite it offered from the wave of crime and the ongoing challenges of our environmental involvement. I thought, perhaps the plants, rocks, animals and spirits of the Khoi Khoi and San people - still walking their beaten paths to the *viswywers* and dancing their sacred rituals in eternity - at that moment celebrated Rooi Els too.

ANDREAS CLAASSENS



THE SUMMER THAT WAS...

BOULE, JUKSKEI & PAELLA

The evening was perfect. That is, the night before the Wind & Water Rooiels Community get-together! On the actual evening, the wind blew - adding freshness and vitality to the breathtaking view over Rooiels beach from the Modingers lawn and patio.

Soon four sets of boule were in play and the Jukskei teams were settling into serious competition. Oom Hans Els and Anuta Scholtz were determined to unseat the experts, Ernst & Rina Thompson with the jukskeis.

Hettie Claasens with Werner in attendance had the paella pans warming while the Voigt boys; Piet Uys se seun en dogter, Oom Hans se dogter Jolene en man, Andre took on the veterans - Andre & Dine Wagener, Shirley & Ian Richter, Tony Abbott & Lynn and Herbert Voigt and partner Jan.



BOULE CHAMPS
SHIRLEY AND IAN RICHTER

The group around Hettie's wok grew as the aroma's drifted into all corners of Rooiels - luring Margaret, Jo and Chris from the shop and Mike Harrison from the furthest point of Rooiels. Winners of the boule competition were Shirley & Ian Richter, beating Andre and Jolene Serdyn by a wind's breath (+/- 3cm). Piet and Susara Uys neatly knocked out Anuta & Oom Hans Els in the final round of the Jukskei.

Everybody else, some 80 Rooielsers, were winners with a plate of scrumptious paella from Hettie's endless supply. Thanks to all who helped in fact, half of Rooiels - to make the evening a great success.

JULIA AALBERS

NEW DAWN

The gusty blow that heralded the New Year's first dawn was not enough to dissuade the intrepid crew that gathered to stumble sleepy-eyed and stiff-legged up the steep path to the crest of Klein Hangklip.

The sun was tardy in getting through the wind-driven cloud, but slightly late it beamed its new light on all of us.

We paused a while to contemplate the year before with its joys and sorrows

and to give thanks for what we have and know.

We climbed down in the growing light with companions, some new and some long-standing, with new hope for the year ahead.

DEBBY DE VRIES

SOMERPRET

DES 2004 / JAN 2005 VAKANSIEPROGRAM

Alles was die ene rep en roer tydens al die aktiwiteite wat tydens die Desember-Januarie vakansie aangebied is. Die feestelikheid is afgeskop met 'n Rooiels Wind en Water Gemeenskapsdag op Saterdag 18 Desember by Bonny Banks. Dit is baie goed bygewoon en Hettie moes later 'n streep trek en kon nie meer as 80 kaartjies verkoop nie - anders sou haar paella nie genoeg wees nie. Die professioneles het teen die amateurs Boule (Petanque) en Jukskei gespeel en heelwat boereverneukery het plaasgevind! Later is die braaivleisvure aangesteek en is heerlik gekuier.

Op Maandagoggend 20 Desember het Anuta Scholtz 'n groep van bykans 20 mense na die hart van die Kogelberg Biosfeer Reservaat geneem. Daar is gestap, gesels, blomme uitgeken en in die magiese poele van die Palmietrivier geswem.

Louise du Toit het 'n besondere kunsuitstalling by haar huis aangebied. Die tema was BRAND/FIRE! Daar was beeldhouwerk, fotografie, skilderwerk, blommekunswerk, weefwerk, kralewerk en juwele wat die vernietigende effek van brand op die natuur uitgebeeld het, maar ook die herlewing en nuwe groei daarna. Die bekende kunstenaar Louis van Heerden het die uitstalling geopen.

Elizabeth Moss het die Wit Olifant Verkoop gereël. Daar was omtrent winskopies! Mense is met tikmasjiene, skilderye, portretrame, eetserviese, kameras en wat nog meer daar weg. 'n Groot bedrag is ingesamel om plante vir ons ingang en sirkels te koop.



A CLEAN TEAM - GRAHAM AND MICHELLE BURNSIDE

Evette Weyers en Andreas Claassens was weer bedrywig met hulle gewilde See-Werkswinkels. Hulle het ook 'n suksesvolle Snorkel vir Beginners werkswinkel aangebied.

By die baie belangrike REBV/RERA AJV was die hoogtepunt die Opera in vyf bedrywe wat Marius Weyers & Vriend aangebied het! Dit was om Hettie te bedank vir al die jare se harde werk by die ingang.

Vir amper 20 avontuurlustiges was daar die ondervinding van 'n leeftyd toe hulle die eerste sonstrale van 2005 vanaf Klein-Hangklip kon sien. Geoff het die groep in die vroeë oggendure gelei en hulle het die wonder vanuit die hoogtes beleef.

IN 'N TIERENDE SUIDOOS HET 'N PAAR BRAWE FAMILIES SANDKUNSWERKE OP DIE STRAND GEBOU VIR DIE JAARLIKSTE WEDSTRYD. MAAR DIT HET GEENSINS AFBREUK AAN DIE KREATIWITEIT EN STANDAARD VAN DIE KUNS GEDOEN NIE.



Op Saterdag 8 Januarie het ons die vakansie program afgesluit met die tradisionele skoonmaak van ons strande en strate.



DORPSKOOONMAAK: RINA THOMPSEN, ANUTA SCHOLTZ, NICKLAUS BOLL, PIET UYS EN ERNST THOMPSON SPOG MET HUL 'BUI'

NEWS FROM THE BOAT CLUB

At the AGM of the Boat Club held over the Easter weekend, the question of security was discussed, and due to the theft of engines and safety equipment, all members were requested to have their engine numbers included in their survey certificate, and all safety equipment-life jackets, flares, capsizes bottles, clearly marked, preferably with DTC no. This we will keep on file with the skippers licences, etc.

Boat Survey will take place on Sat 24th September 2005 in Rooi Els. This is becoming a social event with outside members and other boat owners coming along. Safety equipment can be purchased, and fire extinguishers serviced. Braai fires and refreshments will be provided, so join us.

Any person owning property in Rooi Els may join the Boat Club, and we would like to see more canoe and kayak owners becoming members. There is no entrance fee, only your annual subscription, for which you will receive a boom key, enabling you to transport your craft through the boom to the slipway and out again, using the present Boat Club parking for your vehicle.

BASIL MOSS - CHAIRMAN: ROOI ELS BOAT CLUB



TALES FROM THE SEA

THE MYSTERY OF ROOI ELS' MOLA MOLA

It was about 11am, in bright sunshine, on a flat perfect day at sea, not a moment when one expects to get a cold shiver of fright. There, floating near the surface about 30m away, seemed to be something still, white and shapeless.

I was standing on the bridge at the wheel and the crew were doing their deckjob of trying to catch the biggest crayfish of their lives. I didn't say anything to the workers because their attention span is short at the best of times and they had a job to do, and the thought of what it might be was too awful to contemplate. I quietly mooched closer, very nervously. We skippers take our responsibilities seriously.

And then 'it' took on a sort of very large thick platter shape and was spotted by the workers. Chaos! But eventually your relieved scribe and skipper agreed with the panicked crew that we had indeed found a very odd fish, one we now know as one lightweight mola mola.

Lightweight is relative of course, so if our fish weighed say 20kg, would one call it a lightweight? Not unless its great granddaddy weighed in at the record for the species of 2 235kgs! And if one said it was 2.5mm in size at birth, an egg in truth, would we think a large serving platter-sized fish small? Not unless you knew its grandma grows to a width of 4.2m and a length of 3m!

If it was the size of a human baby at birth, would you believe it grows to the equivalent size of 6 Titanics, just to keep to the maritime theme? I'm afraid you'd better, because it does. "Enough!" I hear you cry, "a 2-ton-4metre-wide plate"? "What you been smoking man?"

"Any eyes and mouth or does it have handles?" you ask. One eye we saw and a mouth like Cutie Pie, the sweet little girl in the comics my children. Ask the crew, I swear - my boetie from London who nearly walked home immediately, my younger but bigger son who tried to take over the wheel and reverse and the only fisherman of note amongst us, one Terry Donnelly who thinks like a fish, who said "jeez" and kept quiet for the first time in his life, all aboard for the Chris Gilmour Crayfishing Day.

For 5 minutes "it" wanted to know what we were catching, was it edible and where did the net go to? A floating, languid slab of one-eyed fish with kissing lips that looked like it was dying, until with a slow wave of fins that looked as useful as oars in a storm, it flicked downwards back to ... Mama? Papa?

What kind of fish was this? A local chap?

Look for the answer on page 10

DAIRMUID BAIGRIE

CHRIS GILMOUR CRAYFISH COMPETITION

The competition, held on 29 December 2004, was again planned and organised by Andries and Madeleine Brink. We still don't know how he predicts the weather, months in advance, as it was again a perfect boating day.

Obtaining sponsors becomes more difficult each year but it seems that Andries never gives up when it comes to providing a service to the REBC members. 25 Skippers launched their boats (85 paying crew members) in search of the biggest crayfish of the day to become the Crayfish King for 2004.

Weighing-in took place at 12:30 on the lawn at Johannes Visser's residence where the families of the competitors gathered to enjoy the refreshments provided. Many stories were told about the big one that fell through the net and got away. New acquaintances were made and old ones enhanced while waiting for the official result. Although the crayfish were smaller this year it did not detract from the results.

First prize for the biggest crayfish went to Manie Niemandt. Stephanie Gilmour handed over the floating trophy when he was crowned the King for 2004. Just to rub it in Manie also had the biggest group of four crayfish as well as the biggest group of eight. Willie Rossouw received the prize for the biggest group of twelve. John Biesman-Simons for the biggest group of sixteen and Kevin Douglas for the biggest group of twenty.

Thank you to the members taking part. You being there made the difference.

PIETUYS



ROOI ELS CONSERVANCY AGM



GUEST SPEAKER: PUGS XABA

On January 8, 2005 it was time for the AGM of the Conservancy of Rooi Els. It was surprising how quickly the first year had gone by. In this time Rob Fryer drafted the Conservancy Management Plan, which was sent out via e-mail and with some response, but we would greatly appreciate more input from the whole community. The meeting agreed that a workshop would be held to finalize the final draft of the document which will then be presented to the community for ratification.

THE PICNIC AFTERWARDS

Robbie Thomas from Betty's Bay told the meeting about his protea planting plan for the whole area. He is looking for volunteers to form a group who will go to him for education on how to collect various fynbos seeds and propagation planning. He has been propagating the seeds successfully and distributing them to his friends for years.



JOINING YOUNG: FYNN, STORM & HOLLY LEWIS

The guest speaker was Pugs Xaba, who is Project Manager Overberg situated at Harold Porter Gardens. He stated that the way forward for conservation relied on five points:

- Sustainability - projects need to be planned properly and run professionally.
- The community needs to claim ownership and responsibility for the projects in their area.
- Community involvement is critical to make sure that we don't lose all our natural treasures.
- Economics - projects need to be run like businesses.
- Partnerships - there needs to be collaboration between the various organizations so that we all work towards the same goal.

The day was ended with sundowners and a picnic at the home of Werner and Joan Modinger.

ANNE JONES



HAVING FUN; RICHARD TRURAN & ALISON AYRE

'BOBBEJAAN-BERAAD'

MEETING ON HUMAN / BABOON INTERACTION

Forced to put their heads together by the actions of some bold and increasingly ingenious and destructive young male baboons, Rooi Elers met on 2 September to list possible management strategies. Evelyn Guysett, a university student specialising in Animal Behavioural Sciences, began the meeting with a brief insight into her findings on the feeding behaviour of the Rooi Els and Pringle Bay troops.

Many interesting findings emerged: Firstly, troop sizes are **not** growing. In 2003 the Rooi Els troop had been 42 strong, in 2004 it numbered 34, and in 2005, only 27. Despite the decline it is still the largest in the area (Hangklip mountain area: 24; Hermanus and Pringle Bay: 20; Kleinmond: 20-15; Betty's Bay: 13). Secondly, as troop size is limited by the carrying capacity of the environment, troops will probably stabilize at ± 20 . Baboons have always fed off the more nutrient-rich flowers, fruits, bulbs and seeds of the coastal plains, but houses and development have dramatically reduced the availability of this vegetation. Interestingly, the Rooi Els troop of 27 split into two troops (17 and 10) in June 2005. It seems to be a definite split as each has an alpha male and they fight when the two troops meet while foraging.

Evelyn's study of the time the Rooi Els and Pringle Bay troops spend on various activities also fascinated the audience. Both troops spend the majority of their waking time foraging in native vegetation, (29% for RE, 25% PB), and in locomotion, (17% RE, 21% PB). The Rooi Els troop plays more (10% vs. 4%) but grooms less (10% vs. 18%)! Two of the major differences between the troops is in the time spent foraging in gardens (17% for RE and just 4% for PB), and foraging for human food (in waste-bins, garbage bags, compost heaps, houses, (3% for RE and 7% for Pringle Bay).

It should be the goal of every person to reduce the amount of time baboons spend foraging human food. Every successful raid of a garbage trailer, garbage bag or home, only encourages the baboons to increase their efforts in this regard. The meeting felt strongly about the people who cause the problem in the first place by deliberately feeding baboons, (the stubborn 'you can't tell me what to do' residents as well as those 'lets throw some food out for the baboons so we can take pictures' holiday-makers!) They also voiced their discontent with the lack of progress in instituting baboon monitors, (the R3,5 million allocated by Poverty Relief has still not been activated!)

After discussion with Nature Conservation Officer, Dave Seymore, the following proposals were arrived at:

1. **Relocation of all Rooi Els baboons.** This had the support of only 2 of the participants. It was pointed out that even if possible, this would be a short term solution as another troop would soon move into the vacated territory.
2. **Baboon monitors.** This had overwhelming support, especially for monitors that did not chase the baboons out of the village but rather prevented them from 'breaking and entering'. The meeting was warned that baboon monitors are not 100% effective, but could reduce house-intrusions by up to 75%.
3. **Property owners to take responsibility for their own property, i.e. electric wires around windows, electric fences, a baboon chaser keeping restaurant guests safe when sitting outside, baboon-proof bins and better waste management, etc.** This was reluctantly accepted, as most people still want a magic wand to cure the problem!
4. **The relocation of one (or two) of the boldest trouble-makers.**
5. **Put pressure on the authorities to create better management tools: i.e. by-laws that will enforce fines for feeding baboons, signage warning people not to feed baboons, baboon-proof waste bins, etc.**

The actions planned as a result of the meeting are: to erect signage at the village entrances warning people not to feed baboons; Nature Conservation to reprimand those residents who are feeding baboons; the village to warn builders, weekenders and holiday makers about the dangers of feeding baboons; Nature Conservation to investigate the relocation of an identified trouble-maker; and BRAG to tackle the Municipality about by-laws to allow fines for feeding of baboons and for not having baboon-proof garbage bins.

"After all", as one person put it, " you can't hope to manage baboons, but you can manage people...and it's people's thoughtlessness that created the problem in the first place!" This sentiment drew warm applause.

THE BIOSPHERE RESERVE ACTION GROUP

MOLA MOLA

THE MYSTERY FISH

(CONTINUED)

Mola mola derives its name from the Latin word for "millstone". It is also known as the giant ocean sunfish. Molas earned the nickname "sunfish" from their habit of basking on their side on the surface of the ocean.

The Mola mola calls three-quarters of the globe its home. The world record for a mola weighed in at 4,928 pounds (2,235 kilograms). It is believed the mola's favourite prey is jellyfish, a food that is 96 percent water. Molas are well adapted to eat jellyfish. Their thick skin provides armour against jellies' stinging barbs. Molas are opportunistic feeders, quickly developing a preference for fish, prawns, and squid when they are in captivity.

Often molas are festooned with parasites, which is possibly why they congregate under "kelp patties." These floating clumps of seaweed are also gathering places for small fishes that nibble the molas' parasites. Juvenile molas are easy prey for killer whales, sharks, and sea lions. They also fall prey to drift nets.

Molas are a delicacy in Asia. In Taiwan a single mola can fetch U.S.\$600.

A juvenile mola in a million-gallon tank at the Monterey Aquarium in California grew from 60 pounds (27 kilograms) to 900 pounds (408 kilograms) in 15 months. It became so large that the aquarium arranged for it to be lifted by helicopter to deeper waters.



DIARMUID BAIGRIE

PLEKNAME OP ROOI ELS

Naamgee is so oud soos Adam. Die inwoners van 'n streek gee gou-gou name aan hulle klowe, berge en landskappe.

Op ons landkaart en dorpskaart is die straatname en een of twee ander name aangeteken, bv. "Roman Rock". Maar presies waar dit is en of die dorpsmense dit wel "Roman Rock" noem is onseker. Sekere name soos Bakkiesbaai of "Container Bay", (voor die Raymonds, Du Toits en Chris Burlock se huise) is wel wyer in omloop. Maar die Diederickse noem dieselfde baai "Skulpiesbaai", 'n naam gegee voor die tyd toe die groot houer of "container" daar uitgespoel het in 'n storm en dit Container Bay of Bakkiesbaai geword het.

Ons wil graag terugvoering hê oor watter name julle aan rotse, baaitjies, klowe en prominente plekke in en om Rooi Els gee. Ons wil 'n kaart optrek met die mees algemene name wat die dorpenaars gebruik. Stuur die name, met 'n beskrywing van waar dit geleë is (ver kieslik met verwysing tot die nabygeleë strate ook) aan my. Sluit gerus die rede of staaltjie waarom die plek die naam gegee is, in.

EVETTE WEYERS

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ONDER DIE GRENSDRAAD DEUR

Hier op Rooi Els leef ons in of naby ongerepte natuur en wildernis. Ons lewens vermeng met die van die diere en voëls. Die fisante kom pik aan ons vensters vir kos en die muishonde word hondmak. Die geseëndes swem saam met die dolfyne, sien die otters branders ry of kyk die luiperd in die oë. Sommige van ons het egter sonde met ons bure, die uitgeslape bobbejane.

Jenni Trethowan van Kommetjie het 6 jaar gelede begin om bobbejaan monitors op te lei om die bobbejane uit die dorpe daar te hou. Sy neem ook klein groepies mense bergop om saam met 2 troppe bobbejane te loop. Hulle het mense al gewoond geraak.

Verskeie Rooi-Elsers het saam met hulle gaan stap. Laat die middag het ons by een trop in die berg aangesluit. Toe ons tussen hulle gaan sit het hulle rustig verder in die fynbos geëet en die jonges het met mekaar gespeel. Party was nuuskierig oor mense, gefasineerd met ons skoenrieme of selfs party vroue se kaalgeskeerde bene. (Jenni maak seker dat niemand kos saamdra om hulle te tempteer nie.)

HULLE NUUSKIERIGHEID OOR ONS, EN HOE SAGKENS HULLE IN HULLE AANRAKING EN OMGANG MET MENSE IS, HET MY GETREF.

Die trop het al erg onder die mense deurgeloopt. Verskeie was al geskiet met windbukse en het dus hande, bene of arms verloor. Hulle kry dikwels pynlike gangreen of toxemia van winbuks koeëlwonde. Tog was hulle glad nie aggressief teenoor mense nie. Hulle is klaarblyklik meer vergewingsgesind as die menslike spesie.

'n Groot bobbejaanmanneling het langs my kom sit en aan my arm geraak. Dit het my opgeval hoe klein sy hande was. Hulle was oortrek met 'n fyn swart pels, asof hy handskoene aangehad het.



Daar het 'n woordelose gesprek tussen ons gevolg wat vir my magies was. Hy het op 'n keer gegaap en ek kon sy enorme slagande van naby sien. Tog was hy so rustig en sagmoedig. Hy het sy mond teen my arm gedruk, maar ek het geweet hy wou net my reuk kry. Die kraletjies aan my armband het hom gefassineer en hy het hulle telkens in die rondte gedraai.

Almal van ons wat die bobbejaanstap meegemaak het was diep geraak en tog sprakeloos om werklik te kon verwoord wat gebeur het.

Ek het gevoel ek het onderdeur 'n grensdraad tussen ons twee spesies geglip.

Nes die Dorstrandtrekker-kind in my geliefde kinderboek, "Op die klein Spoortjies", wat skielik die diere se taal kon begryp saam met sy Khoisanvriend, het ek gevoel ek kon plotslings die bobbejane se taal verstaan, en hoor wat hulle dink. Sedertdien voel ek myself steeds een van die geseëndes.

EVETTE WEYERS

COMMENT ON BABOON WALK

I left with the absolute sense that the older baboons could read each one of our feelings. It was not so much that they were reading our minds or body language, but rather that they were able to look into our inner being. And I felt they respected what they found there...be it wonder or fear, admiration or hesitation, peace or panic! I began to feel overwhelmingly guilty for every time I've rushed out to threaten a baboon with a catapult...but I also felt that the sage alpha male was completely empathic. 'We can be trying', he seemed to say...'so we understand! We haven't hurt you...you haven't hurt us...so all is well.'

CHRIS BURLOCK

BABOON MONITORS: SOME INSIGHTS

When the question of baboon monitors was raised at the last Rooiels Conservancy AGM, I was asked to respond. Having spent time with Jenni Trethowan of Baboon Matters, (who has run teams of baboon monitors in the Cape Peninsula for 6 years), and John Green of the Tokai resident's association, (who has an amazing success story to tell about the Tokai baboons,) I hope I can pass on some facts without hype.

FACT 1

The ideal situation is to employ monitors BEFORE a troop is habituated and entrenched in village raids. In Tokkai, a group of 100 college students was employed for a weekend to chase out a baboon troop that had just begun venturing into the suburb. Using dustbin lids and tin cans to make a noise, the wall of students chased the troop back into the forests. They then employed a few baboon chasers, and more recently only one! BUT...the reasons for their success were firstly the baboons were not 'seasoned criminals' and secondly the entire Tokai community agreed to eliminate the attraction to baboons by baboon proofing compost heaps, litter and garbage bins, cutting down all fruit trees, etc.

FACT 2

Baboon monitors are NOT the solution...they are a PART of the solution. A six year baboon monitor programme in Welcome Glen / Da Gama Park has helped keep 2 baboon troops out of those areas for 85% of days. But while people still leave garbage bags on the verge or have fruit-trees in their yards, or unbarred windows open, those baboons will still try to enter the suburbs in search of easy-to-access food. So having baboon monitors only reduces the risk of a raid...they cannot eliminate the risk!

FACT 3

Once they are experienced and know the troop well, it seems that only two people are required to monitor a troop.

FACT 4

To be effective, baboon monitors have to be on the job every minute of every day. If they take a half-hour break, the baboons will be in the village. This means that monitors have to be well monitored and managed! Unless there's someone to train, arrange rosters, check on the team's whereabouts, organize replacements when one of the team monitor is sick or on leave, etc. the system will not work.

FACT 5

Monitors are not inexpensive. They have to be paid, suitably equipped with weatherproof clothing, walkie-talkie radios, have access to transport, etc...and the manager has to be remunerated.



Photo : Debby de Vries

FACT 6

While houses are raided frequently, homeowners are happy to pay for monitors...but as soon as the monitors prove successful and raids are a seldom occurrence, suddenly no one wants to pay anymore! Baboon monitors are not a short-term fix, but a long-term commitment.

CHRIS BURLOCK

INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL RESEARCH

CAN YOU HELP?

THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXCERPT FROM A LETTER BY JOHN ROGERS

I have been interested in the geology of Strand to Kleinmond area since my days as a geology student at UCT in the 1960s, when I used to cycle to annual SCA camps at Betty's Bay in a cottage on the landward side of Malkopsvlei. This year, I have finally found a student to study this stretch of coastline as a fourth-year Honours Project. Her name is Paula Hutcheson.

We are following up on a 1968 Honours project by my colleague, Dr Gavin Birch - who studied wavecut platforms around the entire coastline of False Bay. He was following up the work of A.V. Krige of the University of Stellenbosch, who noted and mapped evidence of a MAJOR EMERGENCE and a younger MINOR EMERGENCE. In other words, both were monitoring evidence of previous higher sealevels, no older than 2 million years, the local rocks being as old as 560 million years (the Malmesbury Group rocks at Blousteen on the south side of Kogel Bay, for example).

THE FALSE BAY SEDIMENTS REVEAL EVIDENCE OF LOWERINGS OF SEA LEVEL DURING THE PAST 2 MILLION YEARS, THE LAST GLACIAL MAXIMUM BEING ONLY 20 000 YEARS AGO, WHEN SEA LEVEL FELL GLOBALLY BY 130 M.

FOR FALSE BAY, THIS BROUGHT THE COASTLINE TO THE MOUTH OF THE BAY AND A HUGE DUNEFIELD STRETCHED FROM THERE TO MITCHELLS PLAIN, IN THE LEE OF FOSSIL HAIRPIN DUNES, WHICH ARE LIGHTLY CEMENTED.

Diamonds are found off Namaqualand and Namibia in depths of 130 m, in drowned boulder beaches, additional proof of a major lowering of sea level. The present coastline has only been in place for about 6000 years and has only about 4000 years to go before it retreats again to the mouth of False Bay.

During periods of low sea level (lowstands), countries like Canada experienced an Ice Age and were covered with up to 4 000 m of ice, the water being derived from evaporated seawater, trapped as ice on land. We had no Ice Age as such, but Paula and I are working on a hypothesis that the rockfall deposits (talus slopes) below the cliffs of the Peninsula Formation sandstone, were mainly formed during cooler (hypothermal) periods, when frost was frequent in winter, widening joints as ice formed, the meltwater in spring lubricating the fall of boulders under the influence of gravity.

We find the roadcuttings of Clarence Drive a huge help and have discovered some stratification, which may be due to different hypothermals. We also see that the upper surfaces of the talus slopes are strewn with boulders generally larger than those within the talus slopes (as revealed in the roadcuttings). Our working hypothesis is that they could have tumbled down after a particularly big earthquake (compare that of 1969 in Ceres and 1809 in Cape Town).

We have decided to study the modern rivers, estuaries and beaches of this coastline as well, but we are aware that the estuaries are highly dynamic and that most Western Cape estuaries are closed estuaries in the dry season (summer for us) and only open with a functioning tidal inlet at the height of our wet season (winter). It would be a great help to us to have knowledgeable residents alert us when the transition took place between the dry-season closed estuary and the wet-season open estuary at Rooi Els. By the way, are you aware of the CSIR report on Rooi Els Estuary, that can be obtained from their Enviromentek in Stellenbosch via Mr Pat Morant, who has an archive of aerial colour photographs of the country's estuaries, with repeat photographs over the years?

We are also studying an interesting exposure on the right bank of the Rooi Els estuary, on the mountain slope beside the road on the Kogel Bay side of the road bridge. It is the only place along this coast where the reddish-brown talus deposits, with clasts (pebbles, cobbles and boulders) of sandstone are overlain by younger light gray dune sand (which we have sampled). This key exposure means that the talus stopped forming, probably as the coastline came near enough for coastal dunes to overwhelm the talus as the hypothermal (favourable for talus formation) changed to a hyperthermal (interglacial) like that of the present historical period, the Holocene, of the past 10 000 years, bringing the coastal dunes close to the talus slope again.

A family member in Betty's Bay, told me recently that she and a friend were nearly killed by a falling boulder, that sounded like an earthquake as it bounced downhill, in Betty's Bay (Disa Kloof). Any reports you might glean of boulders falling at Rooi Els, would be of great value to us. We are bemused by people in Betty's Bay building houses UPHILL of boulders bigger than their houses!

JOHN ROGERS
jrogers@geology.uct.ac.za

FLEUR DU CAP TOEKENNING AAN ROOI-ELSER

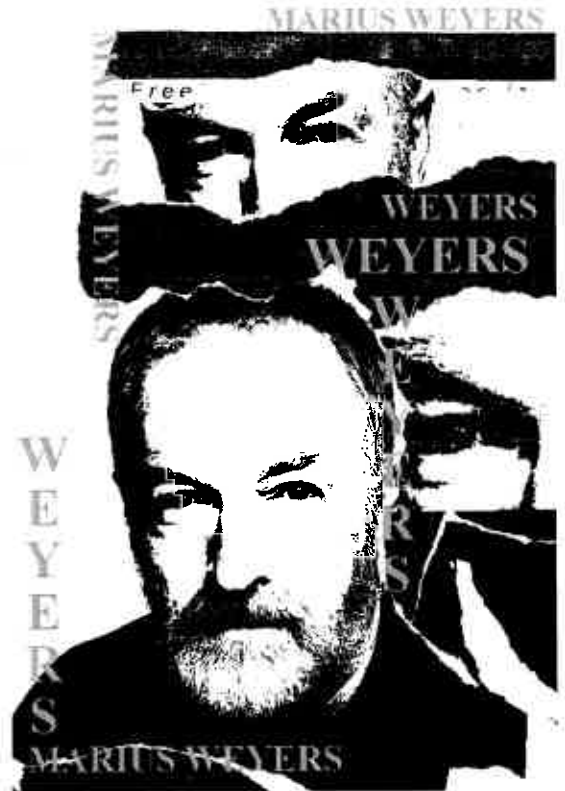
MARIUS WEYERS HET DIE FLEUR DU CAP TOEKENNING VIR "BESTE AKTEUR VAN 2004"
GEKRY VIR SY VERTOLKING VAN OOM WANJA IN TSJECHOW SE TONEELSTUK OOM WANJA.
MARIUS HET DIT IN AFRIKAANS EN ENGELS GEDOEN IN 2004.

Sy oorspronklike droom was om filmregisseur te word. Hy het van onder begin en as assistent verhoogbestuurder by TRUK gewerk (na een jaar diensplig). Toe hy later self begin speel het, het toneelspeel egter onder sy vel ingeklim - hierdie wêreld waar jy sulke uiteenlopende karakters verken en peil. Om sekere karakters te vertolk moes hy onder andere leer boks (en met gebreke betaal) leer viool (amper) speel, saam met die boemelaars van Joubertpark bedel en kuier, aalwyne leer uitken en leer hoe om soos 'n sjimpansee te beweeg en dink.

Hy moes leer hoe tydsberekening en ritme, komedie kan laat slaag of kelder. Leer om in 4 weke repetisie tydperk groot emosionele landskappe te verken en uit te beeld. As jongeling het hy dikwels romantiese helde gespeel en later by die karakter rolle uitgekom met Ampie en Jakes. As akteur het hy die donker onderstrome van die siel moes peil as bedrieër, moordenaar, inkwisiër, terroris en kranksinnige.

"Om te speel kon ek nie dinge aanplak nie. Ek het begin om myself af te breek. Alles wat "beskaafd" was, moes ek van my afstroop...selfs my kennis van goed en kwaad.."

Sy toekennings oor die jare sluit onder andere in dertien Beste Akteur toekennings vir teater, die Beste komedie akteur toekenning by die Charles Chaplin Film Fees in Switserland vir "The Gods Must be Crazy" en die Beste Akteur in Afrika vir die film "Paljas" (in die eerste Pan-Afrika toekennings) Suid Afrikaanse Oscar vir Beste Akteur in "The Guest". Hy ontvang 'n erepenning van die SA Akademie vir Kunste en Wetenskap vir sy bydrae tot die teater



MARIUS WEYERS WON THE FLEUR DU CAP AWARD FOR "BEST ACTOR OF 2004", FOR HIS PORTAYAL OF UNCLE VANYA IN "UNCLE VANYA" BY ANTON CHEKOV.

THE WEDDING PICNIC

Somewhere between Sydney and Brisbane in a place called Armidale, above a beautiful waterfall, Jane Henderson and Michael Cunningham, their parents, family and friends, celebrated their wedding with a picnic. This wedding feast was particularly apt way for this nature-loving couple to seal their wedding vows.

According to, Alastair, father of the bride, it was a wonderful day. But for him the most wonderful part was yet to come, when both sets of parents were treated to an exclusive tour of the rain forests and some National Parks, that was conducted by the groom himself. Michael, whose vast knowledge about the places they visited, made it a special, magical wedding trip for all.

We congratulate Jane and Michael on their marriage and wish them a long life of happiness and joy.



KATE AND MICHAEL WAITING FOR DAWN, ON THE SUMMIT OF MT KINABALU, BORNEO

COMMUNITY SPIRIT ALIVE AND WELL IN ROOI-ELSEERS

In keeping with the Rooiels Vision and our desire to be a caring community, many Rooielsers have lent a hand in getting the KAWS Community Veterinary Clinic in Proteadorp off its foundations!

The Womens Club Christmas dinner resulted in some much needed funding, and unsold 'White Elephants' from the traditional Christmas Garage Sale also found their way to KAWS for their soon to be opened Charity shop. The McNeil's donated light fittings and the Richter's a fridge and two bicycles. Vinnie and Tracy donated their garage as storage, and Uri Gouws (remodelling the De Beer's home), gave KAWS the removed windows.

In February the hands-on work began; Koos Smit, Geoff Harris and Rob Fryer joined the 'barn-raising', hammering away at old timber panels, (and thumbs!) Rob, Basil Moss and Paul Perton also served as 'transport managers' for beds, bikes, doors and large donated items. Ken and Lynn Tuck not only gave KAWS their garage door, but ventured onto site to make a generous cash contribution.

Chris Burlock, KAWS Vice-Chair, has spent day after day, week after week on site as volunteer project manager, bricklayer, plumber and carpenter. And although the 200 square metre building is not yet finished, it is already proving all the back-breaking effort is worth it.

"People from the squatter camp and disadvantaged areas are arriving at the site looking for help with their animals. Before, they had to try and catch me or Yvonne as we drove through the township streets," says Estelle le Roux, one of the two KAWS volunteer fieldworkers. "Once someone stopped Yvonne and gave her a blood encrusted cat with a completely severed back leg. When Dr Peter Dave examined the cat's stump he said the wound was at least 3 days old! At last there is somewhere they can go to for help.

BEFORE THE ROOF WAS EVEN ON, PEOPLE HAD COME TO THE SITE ASKING FOR HELP WITH A BITCH IN LABOUR THAT WAS PRODUCING STILLBORN PUPPIES, A DOG WITH EARLY SIGNS OF DISTEMPER, TWO DOGS IN SEVERE PAIN, AN ABANDONED PUPPY AND AN UNWANTED KITTEN - BOTH OF WHICH HAVE GONE TO WONDERFUL NEW HOMES.

So thanks, Rooielsers! Come along and visit this community project that you've helped make a reality!"



ROOIELSERS CHRIS, ROB, GEOFF, KOOS
WITH THE REST OF THE 'BARN-RAISING'
TEAM

The KAWS Community Veterinary Clinic and Charity shop is situated behind the Clinic on the corner of Main Road and Protea Street, Proteadorp, Kleinmond. All funding has been raised privately; the only Municipal contribution being the leased ground.

SHOULD YOU WANT TO SUPPORT THIS WORTHY CAUSE, KAWS BANK DETAILS ARE ABSA, BRANCH CODE 334812, ACCOUNT NO. 911 962 7962, (MAKE REFERENCE TO "BUILDING FUND"). OR, IF YOU HAVE ANY JUMBLE OR OLD CLOTHES FOR THE KAWS CHARITY SHOP, PLEASE CALL ESTELLE LE ROUX ON 2738278.



"IF YOU CAN'T FEED A HUNDRED PEOPLE, THEN FEED JUST ONE."
- MOTHER THERESA

SWITCH OFF THOSE BRIGHT LIGHTS AND
CATCH A FALLING STAR...

Shooting stars or meteoroids are constantly flashing through the night sky. Some are mere faint streaks in the sky but larger ones sometimes put up a breathtaking show. 'Shooting stars' are, of course not stars that shoot, but asteroids and small bits of matter burning out through friction when entering the earth's atmosphere. These meteors are seldom bigger than a grain of rice. As the size of the meteor increases, it grows brighter. Any meteor that is equal to or brighter than the planet Venus is called a 'fireball'. A fireball that is seen to explode is termed a 'bolide'. Fireballs are typically the size of a small pebble. Occasionally larger meteors make it to the ground and are then referred to as meteorites. There are some meteorites on display outside the Planetarium in Cape Town.

THESE BRIGHT SHOOTING STARS AND FIREBALLS WERE IMPORTANT TO THE BUSHMEN AND THEIR ROCK ART OFTEN DEPICTS IMAGES OF THEM. THE ANCIENT ABORIGINALS OF AUSTRALIA TOO BELIEVED THAT METEORS WERE SIGNIFICANT - THEY SAW THEM AS CELESTIAL CANOES, CARRYING AWAY THE SOULS OF THE DEAD.

Meteors are the equivalent of celestial driftwood and can arise from various sources. They can be the remnants of comets. There is also a belt between Mars and Jupiter consisting of a multitude of asteroid bodies. It is not clear whether a planet once existed in that orbit, which has subsequently broken up or whether the vast number of asteroids have been there since the formation of our solar system. Collisions might be the reason why some of these asteroids lose orbital speed and are being drawn in closer to the Sun. Inevitably, they tend to collide with one of the inner planets and especially with the Earth.

Hundreds of tons of meteoroids bombard the Earth daily, which, fortunately for us, are mostly incinerated in our outer atmosphere. There are two categories of meteors: sporadic meteors, which are particles travelling through space in isolation and appear at random; and shower meteors which travel together through space. Shower meteors are the debris stream left behind by a comet as it passes around the Sun. They continue to orbit the Sun in an orbit similar to that of the parent comet and when that orbit intersects that of the Earth, a vast stream of particles is often visible as a meteor shower.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR COSMIC ADDRESS?

FRANK & ESTELLE RAYMOND
ERF 282
OCEAN VIEW ROAD
ROOIELS
WESTERN CAPE
SOUTH AFRICA
AFRICA
EARTH
SOLAR SYSTEM
ORION ARM
MILKY WAY GALAXY
LOCAL GROUP
VIRGO SUPERCLUSTER
CENTAURUS WALL
THE COSMOS

Depending on light pollution and the brightness of the Moon, the week around the following dates may be good for watching for meteor showers: 21 October (look near Orion), 17 November (Leo) and 13 December (Gemini). Unfortunately if the Moon is near full, its light will wash out all but the brightest meteors.

Nevertheless, if you look upwards on any clear dark night at Rooiels, you will definitely see at least five or six meteors per hour. Just remember to switch off those bright lights and ask your neighbours to do so too. There is magic out there!

SOURCES:

STARGAZING FOR THE NOVICE, ISBN 0-620-15932-4
STARS OF THE SOUTHERN SKIES ISBN 0-86814-351-1
STARWATCHING, A SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE GUIDE
TO THE GALAXY ISBN 1-86872-738-6

"EVERY ONE OF US IS, IN THE COSMIC PERSPECTIVE, PRECIOUS. IF A HUMAN DISAGREES WITH YOU, LET HIM LIVE. IN A HUNDRED BILLION GALAXIES YOU WILL NOT FIND ANOTHER."

CARL SAGAN

BIRD CHAT

Guano, I've been dropped in it again! Alison Ayre has gone AWOL and guess who gets left to do something but yours truly! Last time I had to lose a tail feather (granted it was about to be moulted) to put quill to paper and save the day. Pardon my poor manners, let me introduce myself properly: my full name is *Cercomela Familiaris*, which I admit is a bit of a beakful. I was given this name because I'm an inquisitive sort of chap and happy to be around you naked apes. My English name is Familiar Chat (Afrikaans: *Gewone Spekvreter*). I'm just plain Cedric to my friends in the Fynbos. I'm the guy who has a nervous twitch whenever I land and flick my wings, but so do all my copious family. People think of me as an LBJ ("little brown job") but I have some lovely colouring and get quite cross about the derisory term.

We birds learn quite a bit about your species by watching you closely, but we don't need those peculiar hand held black objects that you hold to your eyes to look at us just as well it would make flying very awkward! Sorry I digress. I must say that we were all fascinated by some ritual over the March equinox. This seems to be practised by the small ones, but not exclusively. It involved eating an oval shaped food and getting all brown doing so; the smaller the human the worse the browning effect. Then the adult males along with some females seem to have also become obsessed with another oval shaped object that appears to be thrown around a field. Amazingly it never seems to get broken or squashed when jumped on by a whole bunch of people must have a VERY strong shell is all I can say! Even more confusingly this activity only occurs on Fridays and Saturdays. They must be a rare species as their plumage is varied and changes so quickly it takes weeks if not months for my avian friends to do that! This ritual is accompanied by lots of chirping and alarm calling and the consumption of an amber coloured liquid that occurs simultaneously. Curiously these humans never seem so chirpy the next day...

There's been a revolution in the bird world - some chap called Robert's VII has decided that we birds are confusing Humans and need new names. The Afrikaans names have mercifully stayed the same I mean poor old Frankie, such a mild mannered sort of guy, is still Fisant BUT is now a Spurfowl in English and as for Derek Dikkop he's gone from being a fat-head to a thick-knee, and as for that yellow-rumped widow well "she's" become a Bishop again - still in the "frocks", I guess! Ricardo the Rock Pigeon has obviously caught measles as he is now a Speckled Pigeon and so it goes on - all something to do with DNA.

Me and my mates meet up at that local watering-hole 'The Bird Bath' at sundown. What a great place for a wash and brush-up to get the dust and fleas out of your feathers, a drink and a natter prior to going home to the roost. One of our constant gripes about your colonisation of Rooi Els is the dogs roaming all over. I mean poor old Sandy Sandplover and his missus have lost at least 3 sets of eggs because of it - so unnecessary.

Oystercatchers are regularly chased on a beach where the sign clearly say ON A LEAD and the piles of poo everywhere doesn't happen in England or America there humans are fined substantially for dropped loads. Enough of that or I'll wind up in the cat!

CEDRIC



P.S. BIRD FLUSH:

Since Cedric wrote the above, I thought fellow Rooi-Elsers might like to know the following that in mid-May a Spotted Eagle Owl was seen and photographed by Andre Wagner close to the high-tide line in the Nature Reserve. It remained here for several days sheltering in the rocks and protected from the then strong South-Easter by the long grasses there. *Always* watch the antics of other birds - we found the roost because of the agitated behaviour of other birds in the immediate vicinity. It's very unusual behaviour for this species in spite of its omnivorous diet.

A real plus has been the return of the Sentinel Rock-thrush after an absence of some ten years. We first saw it again near Mike Harrison's house but have subsequently seen a family of them close to the same area as the owl was spotted (sorry about the pun!). Debby and Roland de Vries may have inadvertently disturbed a Cape Eagle Owl off it's kill with the discovery of a dead mongoose in early autumn - as Debby discovered they are not birds to flounder on in the dark!

Andre was again at the forefront of Rooi Els birding with the discovery of a dead Fiery-necked nightjar close to Scorpion's Kraal. We have heard them here before but as they are not often seen this was a real plus for him and us too. *Please* remember we are seriously interested in your sightings and observations.

Happy birding!

ALISON AYRE

ROOIELS RESIDENT WEATHERMAN KEITH MOIR ON THE COASTAL LOW

Have you noticed how quickly the weather in Rooi Els can change?

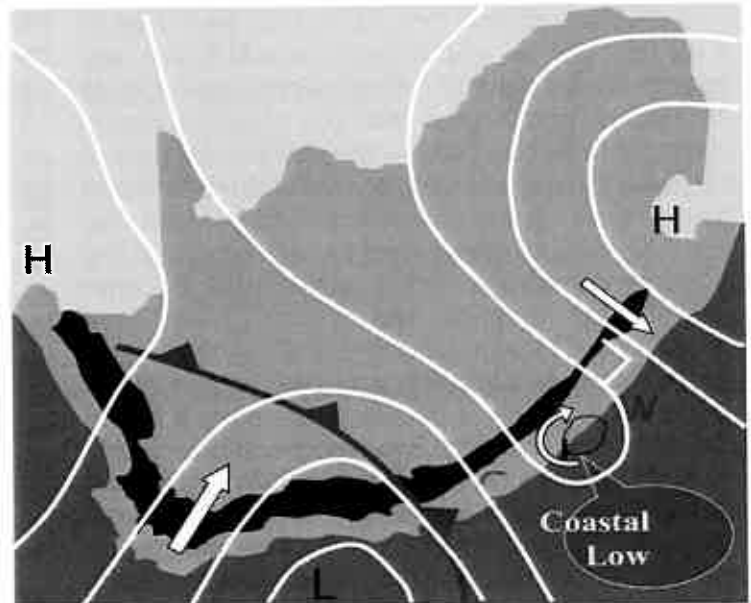
Perhaps you've been out and about in the village on one of those rare hot and windless days in autumn that almost leaves you gasping for breathe, the sea is quiet and the air pollution levels so high that the Peninsula mountains disappear in shimmering brown haze. Suddenly the weather changes, an onshore wind freshens, the temperature falls rapidly and cloudy or foggy conditions develop. You're left wondering why you didn't take a jacket along.

The weather system responsible for dramatic changes such as these along our coast is invariably the passing of a relatively small-scale system known to meteorologists as a Coastal Low.

In an ideally ordered meteorological world one would expect a predictable sequence High and Low pressure systems passing the Cape - The High Pressure system generating a Southeaster wind and the Low, a Northwester. Although not so obvious, wind flow will also be encountered from all other points of the compass as our weather systems generally force the circulation direction to "back" i.e. change in an anticlockwise motion.

During the passage of a High past our part of Africa there will inevitably be a period when circulation will be normal to the coastal escarpment i.e. directly off-shore. Coast-dwelling South Africans recognise such a day as a "berg wind" day.

Air movement from our elevated interior plateau to sea level entails movement from an area of low pressure to an area of higher pressure at the coast - pressure decreases with height above sea level. Moving a parcel of air from Low to High involves compression of the parcel and results in "adiabatic" warming at a rate of one degree centigrade per 300 meter drop.



In its movement from the escarpment the parcel of air is not only warmed and dried, but is also given a nudge in a clockwise direction. This clockwise deflection is the birth of a Coastal Low.

High and Low-pressure areas move from west to east past our country and in the process the area of direct offshore flow progresses along our coast from the Orange River to Richards Bay. In sympathy, the Coastal Low shows the same progress from west to east.

The intensity of the Coastal Low depends on strength of the offshore flow, which, in turn depends on the intensity of an oncoming frontal zone. Compared to the massive extent of most weather systems influencing our area, the Coastal Low only has a seawards extent of approximately 40km.

A well developed Coastal Low is recognised along our east coast regions in the colloquial name "Buster" which is the southwesterly wind in the lee of the low which is typified by the sudden onset of strong wind which has led to many a disaster along our coast.

So next time that you are caught unawares by the capricious Rooi Els weather, recognise a possible Coastal Low and remember that if you're lucky, there'll be some frontal rain due in a day's time.

KEITH MOIR

DIE GROEN FLITS / GREEN FLASH

Baie Rooielsers dink dat die Groen Flits die verbeeldingryke skepping van 'n jeugboekskrywer is wat oor kosmiese helde skryf. Hulle weier eng en rigied om die bestaan van die Groen Flits te aanvaar. Dan kry jy die geharde, verbete, bekeerde aanhangers van die Groen Flits. So ontstaan die hoogste vorm van politiekery op Rooiels. Behoort jy aan die Groen Flits Politieke Party (aka GFPP) word jy as 'n gifappel, liberaal en 'n ketter uitgekryt/of jy glo nie en daar word op jou neergesien as 'n minderbevoorregte, polities agterlik en somer bysiende ook.

Ons hou gereeld Groenflits partytjies op ons stoep. Maar die toestande moet reg wees: 'n windlose aand, helder lug en 'n wolklose gesigseinder. Dan begin die spanning tussen die twee partye opbou as die son oor die horison beginne sak: die wat die Groen Flits kan/gaan sien met 'n glas wyn in die hand, en die bitterdroogbekke wat dit nie wil/kan sien nie.

Groen Flits is nie geheimsinnig of misterieus nie. Hy skuil nie agter die rook van 'n braaivleisvuur of die trans van te veel Tassies nie. Hy is nie so ontwykend soos die Vliegende Hollander nie. Hy is onbeskaamd en kordaat soos 'n wafferse groot knal wat jou van jou voete ruk as hy flits. Daar is soveel teorieë as stories, soveel feite as fiksie, oor die Groen Flits. Gaan soek jy op die internet kom jy tot jou verbasing agter dat daar klubs/organisasies/verenigings is wat agter Groen Flitse aanjaag na die einders van woestyne, vlaktes, eilande en oseane. Daar is foto's, verduidelikings, advies, feite, leesstof en skakels. En almal is dit eens dat die Groen Flits nie fiksie is nie, maar dat hy werklik bestaan. Onder sekere gunstige omstandighede doen hy hom ook egter voor as 'n eksklusiewe Blou Flits. Raar, maar werklik.



ONS WAG HOOPVOL OP DIE ONTWYKENDE GROEN FLITS
MET SONSONDERGANG

Eers het mense gespekuleer dat die Groen Flits 'n na-beeld is wat veroorsaak word die versadiging van die rooi kegels in die retina, of dat dit 'n vertraagde gloeiing in die atmosfeer is nadat die son gesak het. Maar omdat die Groen Flits ook gedurende sonsopkoms gesien kan word, maak dit beide hierdie teorieë ongeldig. Die Groen Flits is ook in die romantiese Victoriaanse letterkunde verewig. Jules Verne het in 1882 in sy roman *Le Rayon Vert* (Die Groen Ligstraal) die volgende geskryf: "*If there is a green in Paradise, it cannot be but of this shade, which most surely is the true green of Hope.*" Vernes se karakters het gereis na plekke waar die Groen Flits waargeneem kon word, en altyd het iets gebeur wat hulle verhinder het om dit te kon sien. Net soos Non-Groenflitsers van Rooiels.

Wanneer daar deur die leek verklarings gesoek word vir "die groen flits" word daar verskillende en soms teenstellende argumente opgespoor. Nodeloos om te sê kon die skrywer net die wat 'n bietjie elementêre natuurwetenskapskennis vereis, verstaan! Miskien kan ons natuurwetenskaplikes op Rooiels in die volgende Bries hierop verbeter...

VERVOLG OP BLADSY 20

DIE GROEN FLITS (VERVOLG)

Die verklaring is gebaseer op ligbreking. Ligbreking is die verskynsel wat ontstaan weens die tendens dat sigbare lig (wat 'n versameling van verskillende golflengtes/frekwensies in die elektromagnetiese spektrum is) se snelheid in mediums met verskillende optiese digtheid verskil. Wanneer wit lig ('n versameling van 7 verskillende frekwensies/kleure) 'n nuwe medium tref, beweeg die verskillende frekwensies teen verskillende snelhede in die bepaalde medium. Indien die strale die medium sou skuins tref, sou die rigting waarin die verskillende strale deur die nuwe medium voortplant, vir elk van die frekwensies/kleure, verskillend verander. Dus skei die kleure en 'n spektrum word gevorm.

Wanneer lig vanuit die vakuum van die heelal die atmosfeer tref, verminder die snelheid en die rigting van die strale breek effens afwaarts. Blou lig se snelheid neem meer af as bv rooi lig se snelheid en dus verander/breek blou lig meer van rigting as rooi lig. Groen lig se frekwensie is tussen rooi en blou geleë. Met sonsondergang sal die "rooi" beeld van die son dus al onder die horison verdwyn het wanneer die "groen" beeld (wat die gebroke groen strale verteenwoordig) die groen flits gee en wanneer uitsonderlike kondisies teenwoordig is, sal daarna moontlik 'n "blou flits" waargeneem word? (Die blou lig word egter makliker verstrooi en daarom is 'n blou flits uiters raar)

Sekere kondisies is egter belangrik om hierdie verskynsel met die blote oog te kan waarneem. Die horison moet deur die see of 'n baie uitgestrekte stuk plat aarde verskaf word. Die lug moet wolkloos en uiters helder wees vir 'n honderd of meer kilometers vir 'n tydperk voor en tydens die sonsondergang. As jy weer op 'n windstil, wolklose, helder aand uitroep van jubulasie van ons stoep hoor weet dit is die gejuig van die ondersteuners van Groen Flits Politieke Party (aka GFPP) wat hom in 'n vervlietende oomblik op die westelike horison gesien het - die Groen van Ware Hoop.

GERARD SCHOLTZ

BRON: M.M. DWORETSKY, DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS AND ASTRONOMY, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON



'N NUWELING OP DIE NES!

IN DIE MIDDEL VAN JULIE HET ONS WITKRUISARENDPAAR WEER 'N KUIKEN UITGEBROEI OP HULLE NES AAN DIE ONBEBOUDE KANT VAN KLEIN-HANGKLIP. AS JY IN DIE RIGTING VAN DIE KLEINHOEWES STAP HOOR MENS PARTYKEER DIE GEPIEP VAN DIE HONGER JONGELING SODRA SY OUERS IN DIE LUGRUIM VERSKYN.

WITKRUISARENDE IS BAIE GOEIE OUERS EN SAL DIE KLEINTJIE LEER Vlieg EN JAG IN DIE VOLGENDE PAAR MAANDE. HULLE KRY HOOGSTENS EEN KUIKEN PER JAAR. DIT DUUR ONGEVEER VIER JAAR VIR DIE JONGELING OM VOLWASSENHEID TE BEREIK EN 'N MAAT TE VIND. WITKRUISARENDE IS MONOGAAM EN HOU EEN MAAT LEWENSLANK. HULLE KAN 60-70 JAAR OUD WORD (AMPER SO OUD SOOS 'N MENS) MAAR DIS DEESDAE NIE MEER SO MAKLIK NIE MET GIFSTOWWE, KRAGDRADE, MOTORS EN 'N IMMER KRIMPENDE HABITAT.

THE REAL GREEN FLASH

NOTWITHSTANDING ANYTHING CLAIMED ELSEWHERE IN THIS JOURNAL ABOUT THE 'GREEN FLASH', WHAT IS ABOUT TO BE REVEALED BELOW IS THE REAL STORY, AS IT HAPPENED, WHEN IT HAPPENED:

It was one of those late Rooiels evenings, shortly after the usual time for Gerard's 'Green Flash' observations / hallucinations. However, at least TWO things were VERY different on this occasion: he was stone-cold sober and the sun had set! Lynn and I were on the balcony of #206 when we observed Gerda Smit on #187 across the road, 'vroetelling' around in the fynbos, looking for someone called 'Roberto'. She quickly dispelled of any stray thought that this might be some Italian lover, explaining that her green parrot of that name had escaped.

Lynn immediately phoned my *handlanger* and fellow crime-buster, Gerard, to alert him to the situation. To our amazement he claimed to have observed a 'green flash' seconds before from his office window. As the sun had already disappeared, you will understand how it was that 'hallucination' had to be amongst our immediate considerations. However, good sleuth that he is, he proceeded to follow his hunch and observed the green flash collide with the Truran's garage wall. Followed by Anuta, and picking Gerda up on the way - not literally at this point - he hot-footed it along Study Rd, only to discover that Roberto had recovered sufficiently to climb up Richard's creeper, well out of reach. There being no ladders available, Gerard's chivalrous and practical nature prompted him to offer Gerda a perch on his shoulders. Anuta, observing the bird's irate and mean eye, quite understandably feared for her fingers!

Gerard later reported that he detected a slight hesitation from Gerda but put this down to a fear of heights. However, she soon enough succumbed when considering the alternative of Isak's likely reaction of murder. Gerda therefore quickly ascended her personal Everest and rescued Roberto from the greenery. During a de-briefing with Gerda, she confirmed Gerard's report of her slight hesitation but blamed this on her fear that, not having had an opportunity recently to de-foliate her legs, this might add to the already ticklish situation at hand.

GEOFF HARRIS

FOOTNOTES:

- Readers might be interested to know that when Gerda and Isak acquired the bird, they were unable to determine his/her sexual orientation and felt that 'Roberto' could safely become 'Roberta' (without too much family confusion) if an inclination to produce eggs became apparent.
- The participants, including the observers, who suffered from sore ribs (!), have all recovered from their ordeal.



GEOFF HARRIS & GERARD SCHOLTZ



THE REAL GREEN FLASH:
ROBERTO

AN AFRICAN GREY STORY

Roger, our African Grey, was perched in his usual spot on a stand in the corner of the lounge. He was contentedly watching the preparation of the evening meal on a hot, windy Rooi Els Christmas eve. With more family about to arrive and the likelihood that external doors would be left open, it was time to clip Roger's wings for his own good! As I approached his perch, he flew towards me, as he often did, to settle on my shoulder ... but instead veered toward Lynne, only to be startled by someone entering room. He swerved away toward the front door, which was open just a crack. Finding the small opening, he spread his wings in the wind. Soaring high on the current of air, he headed east towards the Rooi Els River valley and vanished from sight.

IN A FEW SPLIT SECONDS, OUR TALKATIVE FRIEND WAS GONE. SILENCE, SOMETIMES WISHED FOR, WAS NOW A SAD REALITY.

Many people in Rooi Els kindly kept a lookout for him. We left Roger's cage out in the garden in the hope that he might find his way back and leapt excitedly up to go and look the following morning when the bell in his cage rang loudly, only to see Charlie the baboon sitting in the cage eating the remains of his seed.

We walked the town day after day whistling for him and scanning the area. Roger was gone. We advertised in the hope that someone may have found him, but Roger was gone. We returned to Somerset West at the end of the holidays, hope lost that we would ever see Roger again.

Three months passed and we were helping Lynne's parents to move into a retirement village. Smaller dining room furniture being needed, Lynne bought the Cape Ads in the hope of finding suitable second hand chairs. We had never bought this paper before. Our son, Brendan, browsed curiously through the other sections in the paper and noticed a "parrot found" advertisement. What's to lose ... let's phone?

After describing Roger to the kind Mrs Body who'd placed the advertisement, Lynne was told that it might be Roger and was advised to go and see the bird she had caught. The address: in vineyards on the outskirts of Durbanville!

That late March day, I had gone to work in Bellville in the open-top Triumph Spitfire sports car. A phone call from Lynne asking me to go out to the winelands to look at a parrot that might be Roger was met with more than a little scepticism. But, could it be? Impossible as it seemed, I couldn't dismiss the possibility ... had to go and see.



At lunch time, I drove out and found the farm. Mrs Body said that the bird was quite wild and wouldn't allow anyone to approach his temporary cage without screeching loudly. And yet, when I approached he was perfectly quiet. Encouraged to open the cage, I held my hand out to the bird and he happily stepped onto my hand and walked up onto my shoulder where he sat quietly. More convinced that it must be Roger than I was, Mrs Body, herself an African Grey breeder, placed him into a cardboard apple box and sent me off in the open top car with the parrot on the seat next to me, now and then peaking his head out through the air holes to see where we were going.

Could this really be Roger we wondered? "Hello Rob" was my greeting the day after this probable impostor was placed dubiously into Roger's cage at home in Somerset West ...

It was indeed Roger, returned from three months of wanderings between Rooi Els and the vineyards of Durbanville! God works in mysterious ways!

ROB FRYER

CAMINO DE SANTIAGO

NOG 'N ROOI-ELSER STAP DIE CAMINO

ELZABE DE BEER IS DIE VIERDE PERSOON VAN ROOIELS WAT DIE CAMINO DE SANTIAGO 'N MIDDEL-EEEUSE PELGRIMSROETE STAP.
SY VERTEL:

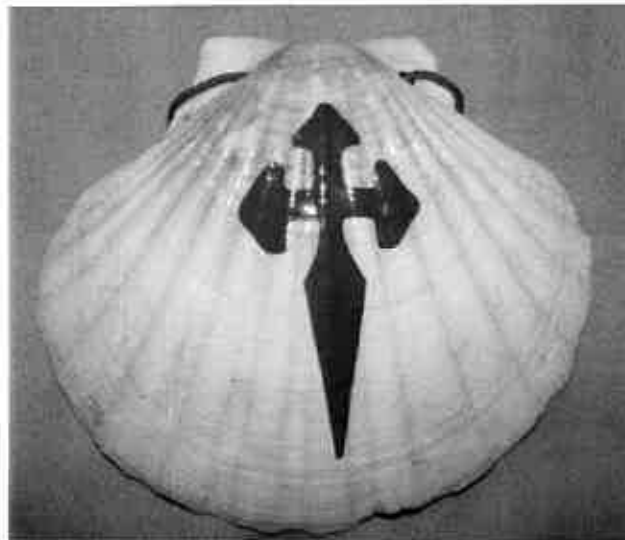
"Camino de Santiago": tussen die drie woorde lê 35 dae en 'n pelgrimstog van 800 kilometers te voet, wat strek van St. Jean in die suidweste van Frankryk, oor die Pirinië en deur die noorde van Spanje van oos na wes tot by Santiago de Compostella. Dit was 'n reis deur seisoene van koring op die lande, gebaal en weggery tot weer omgeploegte lande met gesaaides; van wingerde met druive wat nog uitswel tot hele families wat pluk en wegry na die kelders; van olyfboorde en vrugteboorde, en okkerneute en herfsblare wat knars onder jou stewels. 'n Reis deur die land, maar ook 'n reis deur jouself. 'n Belewenis wat moeilik verwoord kan word, maar vir elkeen op sy eie unieke manier, 'n spirituele ervaring.

Ons was net vier in die groep: 'n Pa, 'n Ma, hulle dogter en 'n vriendin. Elkeen het op sy eie 'n maand voor die tyd begin om hom geestelik en liggaamlik voor te berei, want niemand kon regtig vir jou sê wat om te verwag nie. Net dat jou rugsak nie ligter word nie en jy ook nie juis fikser nie! Daar word aanbeveel dat jou bagasie nie meer as 10 % van jou liggaamsgewig moet wees nie en dit verg baie inpak en uitpak en weeg en oor-en oor-en oor beplan.....

Na 'n lang vlug en vele wedervaringe het ons vier by die Franse kusedorpie St. Jean aangekom, 'n dorpie omring deur stadsmure, nou keisteenstrate en knus ingebed teen die voetheuwels van die Piriniëbergreeks wat Frankryk van Spanje skei.

Vroeg die volgende more het ons by die Refugio (herberg vir pelgrims) ons "pasboek" gekry, asook 'n Caminoskulp wat ons agter aan ons rugsakke as uitkenningsteken gehang het. Die "pasboek" sou vir die volgende 35 dae by elke oornagrefugio en /of katedraal gestempel word om ons vordering te monitor en aan die einde van ons tog getoon moes word om ons sertifikaat te ontvang as bewys dat ons die Camino gestap het.

Die hele roete word met geel pyle aangedui - teen mure van geboue, of klipkrale, of op klippe langs die pad, of deur 'n caminoskulp op 'n sementpaaltjie langs die voetpad. Ons het deur nie minder nie as sewe provinsies gestap, en elkeen se plantegroei verskil.



Bo op die Pirinëe was daar beeste en 'n soort skaap wat net daar voorkom; rondom Pamplona het ons deur wingerde gestap, in koringlande in die skadu van bale gerus en tee op ons gasstofie gemaak. Ons het deur olyfboorde gestap en ryp brame van heinings gepluk. Die lekkerste was as jy op 'n ryp vy afgekom het! Die roete loop oor berge en deur bosse, tussen plase en eeue oue dorpies, In die Provinsie Léon is daar elke tien meter boompies langs die Camino geplant wat welkome skadu in later jare vir die pelgrims sal bied want die wêreld is daar plat en bome skaars! Tussen Burgos en Léon is die dorpies ver uitmekaar en water is skaars. Die sonneblom- en beetsuikerlande word ook natgelei uit kanale en jy kry die gevoel dat jy deur 'n vorige eeu stap...

Hoe nader ons aan Santiago gekom het, hoe groener en mooier. 'n Mens stap deur bloekomplantasies en akkerwoude, en 'n oudwereldse stilte omvou jou.. Jy is altyd intens bewus dat daar eeue oue geskiedenis lê tussen die hoogtes en die laagtes. Veral die ou vervalle kliphuise met stalle vertel 'n storie wat nog nie geskryf is nie ... En sal ons ooit die reuk van nat beesmis vergeet toe ons vir dae in gietende reën tussen beeskrale op klip beespaadjies die pad van die pelgrims na die katedraal in Santiago moes volg!

VERVOLG OP BL 24

"WE ARE ALL WANDERERS ON THIS EARTH. OUR HEARTS ARE FULL OF WONDER AND OUR SOULS ARE DEEP WITH DREAMS" - GYPSY SAYING

ELSABÉ VERTEL OOR DIE CAMINO (VERVOLG)

Ons het in kerke, kloosters, sale, skure, katedrale en spesiaal ingerigte herberge vir pelgrims geslaap. 'n Pelgrimstog sonder kerke en katedrale bestaan nie. Opvallend was die baie kerke, die meeste op die platteland, waarvan net ruines van die torings met die groot klokke nog behoue gebly het, soms net vyf kilometers uitmekaar uit! In die groter dorpe en stede was die pragtige katedrale en kerke meesal gerestoureer. Elke aand is daar nagmaal gehou wat ons kon bywoon. Al sou 'n pelgrim se motivering alleenlik wees om die kerke en katedrale te besoek, maak dit van die Camino de Santiago ook 'n intellektuele onvergeetlike ervaring.

Dit was 'n lang pad oor baie dae. Sonder 'n noodlyn kon ons natuurlik nie so 'n pelgrimstog aanpak nie. Ons redding was dat daar vir elke dag 'n lied was uit die Liedboek (nuwe omdigtings van die ou Psalms en Gesange) , oorgetik en opgesny om in 'n banksakkie te pas en soos die behoefte ontstaan het, dan maar van die een na die ander aangegee is.....net om die moreel weer reg te kry.

In retrospek: 'n Ondervinding wat ek vir geen geld in die wêreld sou wou misloop nie.

ELSABÉ DE BEER



PIERRE EN LOUISE DU TOIT HET IN MEI VANJAAR MET ROOIKRANS STOKKE IN DIE HAND 750 KM TE VOET AFGEÏ OP DIE FRANSE DEEL VAN DIE CAMINO. HULLE HET VANAF LE PUY TOT BY ST JEAN PIED A PORT GESTAP. IN 2003 HET HULLE DIE ROETE VAN ST JEAN NA SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA GESTAP

SPANJE: DIE STORIE OOR MY HAKKE

My storie van die 800 kilometerstap, die Camino de Santiago sal nie volledig wees as ek nie die storie van my hakke ook vertel nie!

Augustus 2003: Johan, my man, is my afrigter en laat my elke dag stap met 'n swaar rugsak en waterdigte leerstewels (ses maande oud) vanaf Mount Pleasant, op met die Rotarypad tot by die bergpaadjie wat afdaal na Fernkloof. Vir twee weke gaan dit goed en toe tref die ongeluk my. Blase op my hakke, rou en seer.... ek plak pleisters en dokter vir al wat ek werd is. Ek koop nuwe, beter kouse, binnesole en hakwiggies - die skoene skaaf nou oral. Ek koop R800 se pleisters en medisyne by die hospitaal. Almal gee raad - van vaselien en sponse tot nog beter kouse. Ek probeer alles. My hakke bly stukkend en rou.

Ten einde laaste vra ek ons Bybelstudie groep om vir my hakke te bid en op 2 September 2003 vertrek ek met heel hakke na Spanje. Vir 35 dae het hulle en almal wat van my hakke geweet het, gebid VIR MY HAKKE. Wie sê gebede word nie beantwoord en wonderwerke vind nie meer plaas nie? Vir die 40 dae en 40 nagte wat ek weg was, was daar nie 'n stukkende plekkie of 'n blasie aan my hakke nie - hulle het heel en fluweelsag gebly.

'n Week nadat ek teruggekeer het van Spanje, stap ek met ons stapgroepie met dieselfde skoene en kouse Rotsberg uit en na 'n halfuur moes ek stop en pleisters op my hakke plak! Blase so groot soos 'n 50-sent stuk op elke hak... Ek het nog nie weer daardie stewels op 'n staptog gewaag nie, want almal het nou opgehou om vir my hakke te bid!

ELSABÉ DE BEER

HOW WE GOT TO ROOI ELS

TWO FAMILIES' SHARE THEIR STORIES OF A SENSE OF DESTINY

FULL CIRCLE

For many years, students and others, have come to the bay at Rooiels to dive. Preferring the outdoor life to the malls, clubs and streets of the city they come in their beaten cars to explore the rocky shores and the magic world that lie hidden beneath the waves. These divers have no easy time of it - putting the food of the wealthy on their own humble tables.

Two such people have returned, 25 years after leaving university, to Rooiels. With the intention of giving their children the opportunity to enjoy the natural richness this small coastal town has to offer, they bought a property here.



GREG, MIKE, MEGAN, TORY & JENNY. AS STUDENTS JENNY AND MIKE USED TO DIVE AT ROOI ELS AND HAVE A PHOTOGRAPH OF THEM WITH THE HOUSE THAT LATER WAS TO BECOME THEIRS IN THE BACKGROUND.

Mike and Jenny Miller have a photograph of the two of them taken on the rocks in Container Bay when they were students and divers in 1978 coincidentally very near to where they were to set up their weekend home many years later.

Beginning with paddling in the "little river" they have given their children the chance to experience a vast range of activities. Tory, Greg and Megan have snorkelled, kayaked, body boarded and surfed. Kite Surfing, cave dwelling, fishing and crayfishing have all been part of their life at Rooiels. Rock climbing, shell collecting and photography are a few other activities to add to their list of hobbies. Throughout all of this they have learned always to give back to the environment as much as they take out of it.

Setting a further example to his children Mike has been actively involved in the establishment of the Kogelberg Biosphere and in the prevention of profiteering in the area at the expense of the environment.

And so, for Mike and Jenny, life has come full circle. Their eldest is now a student too. Leaving the city at weekends to spend time at the place that has played such an important role in her life.

Will she continue to return with her family in years to come?

What will it be like?

Will there still be crayfish to put on her table?

Will there still be baboons?

Will the black eagles still soar?

Will the fynbos have won its battle against the aliens?

It will be tough. But if parents guide and teach their children, the way Mike and Jenny have done, then odds are the answer is YES to all of the above.

HARRIET JOAO

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

PICTURE PERFECT

RUTH AND KEITH MATTISON'S STORY ABOUT BUYING A PAINTING OF ROOIELS IN CANADA.

My husband Keith and I were married in 1965 in Toronto, Canada. One of our wedding gifts was \$50.00 towards a painting of our choice. In those days this was a princely sum and we spent several weekends looking for something we both liked that was in our price range. Needless to say this proved to be a harder task than we had first imagined. Even forty years ago great art didn't have a \$50.00 price tag but the gap in our personal preferences was even greater. This was the swinging sixties after all and we were looking for something to go with our cool Swedish lounge suite. Keith's eyes lingered over the art nouveau nudes while I looked longingly at what, in retrospect, were rather poor imitations of the impressionists. We started out in the up market galleries of Yorkville but soon realised that our \$50.00 barely got us in the front door. Chic wasn't cheap. We had fun though. We wandered through the back streets and explored places we didn't know existed. There was always a coffee bar or pub to restore fading hopes of finding the perfect picture.

We gave up looking. We'd settled into our new apartment and winter had arrived with snow and slushy sidewalks. The walls stayed empty while we found new amusements. Then, one day, there it was - a picture we both liked, hanging on the wall of little place just around the corner. Price \$50.00! No arguing this time. Out came the cheque book (the real \$50.00 spent long ago) and off we marched with the painting wrapped in brown paper to protect it from the latest blizzard. It looked great hanging over our stereo and both friends and family admired it.

A few years later we packed up in preparation for a trip through Africa. The painting was wrapped in an old sheet and sent with other belongings to my parent's basement. Eventually it found its way to Cape Town where it hung over the fireplace in our first house. Over the years it followed us around - a reminder of our Canadian past.

We bought our house in Rooi Els and wanted to put a few things on the wall. Out came the painting to its latest home. Very suitable - a lovely seascape with the moonlight highlighting a rocky shore. There it hangs just opposite the front door like an old friend who greets us whenever we enter. You can see it too. Just walk down to the boat ramp in Rooi Els at full moon and there it is in perfect detail!

RUTH MATTISON



THE MOMENT

THE MOMENT WHEN, AFTER MANY YEARS
OF HARD WORK AND A LONG VOYAGE
YOU STAND IN THE CENTRE OF YOUR ROOM,
HOUSE, HALF-ACRE, SQUARE MILE, ISLAND,
COUNTRY,
KNOWING AT LAST HOW YOU GOT THERE,
AND SAY, I OWN THIS,

IS THE SAME MOMENT WHEN THE TREES
UNLOOSE
THEIR SOFT ARMS FROM AROUND YOU,
THE BIRDS TAKE BACK THEIR LANGUAGE,
THE CLIFFS FISSURE AND COLLAPSE,
THE AIR MOVES BACK FROM YOU LIKE A
WAVE
AND YOU CAN'T BREATHE.

NO, THEY WHISPER. YOU OWN NOTHING.
YOU WERE A VISITOR, TIME AFTER TIME
CLIMBING THE HILL, PLANTING THE FLAG,
PROCLAIMING.
WE NEVER BELONGED TO YOU.
YOU NEVER FOUND US.
IT WAS ALWAYS THE OTHER WAY ROUND.

MARGARET ATWOOD

ROOIELS KIEKIES



GERARD SCHOLTZ EN MARIUS WEYERS BESING HETTIE CLAASSENS SE LOF BY DIE ALGEMENE JAARVERGADERING IN OPERAVORM. DIT WAS OM DANKIE TE SÊ VIR HETTIE SE HARDE WERK IN DIE FYNBOSTUIN BY DIE INGANG VAN ROOIELS.



ELSABE DE BEER, HANS ELS EN PETER VAN RIET IN GESELLIGE LUIM BY DIE BELASTINGBETALERSVERENIGING SE ALGEMENE JAARVERGADERING



AT THE EASTER TEA: BRUCE RELLY AND MARY COMRIE HAVE REASON TO SMILE, HAVING RECENTLY MOVED TO ROOI-ELS ON A PERMANENT BASIS.



NEW ROOI-ELSER, SANDRA YEO, IS FROM THE UK. SHE IS A TALENTED PHOTOGRAPHER AND IS ALSO THE OWNER OF THE ESPRESSO LEOPARD IN BETTY'S BAY

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ENDSONG

HOE SAL MY EINDE KOM?
SAL DIE WILDEGANSE SAAMDROM
BOBBEJANE DIE KRANS AFKOM

OF SAL DIE NATUUR ONGESTEUR
MY 21 GRAM UITKEER
AAN DIE ATMOSFEER

DALK 'N SNIKHETE DAG
OF DIEP DONKERNAG
'N MISMIK OOR DIE STRAAT
GRUSAAMDAAD?

SAL OUDHEID MY HARE VAT
DIT DOOP IN SILWERVAT...
OF LEWENSdraAD
'N KNOOP OPMAAK...

WAT MAAK DIT SAAK?

SONNEVLAM
FYNBOSTUIN
MY FORTUIN!

- ENETH KRUGER VANUIT MELBOURNE



UNITED BY OUR PASSION FOR THE NATURAL SPLENDOR OF ROOF-ELS,
WE PLEDGE THAT HERE
NATURE WILL BE NURTURED,
FLORA, FAUNA AND MARINE LIFE PROTECTED,
OUR EVERY IMPACT ON THE AREA LIMITED
OUR CUSTODIANSHIP OF THE ENVIRONMENT RESPECTED
OUR COMMUNITY SPIRIT STRENGTHENED
SO THAT OUR LIVES... AND THOSE OF GENERATIONS TO COME...
WILL CONTINUE TO BE ENRICHED BY OUR CARE