

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WRITE TO: The Editor, PO Box 31 or 9 - 11 Church Street, Graaff-Reinet, 6280. **FAX TO:** 049 891-0108. **EMAIL TO:** tiser@telkomsa.net

Pseudonyms may be used, but all letters must be supported by a name, signature and address. The editor reserves the right to edit or reject letters. Preference will be given to letters which are not longer than 400 words and are clearly legible. The deadline for letters is strictly 12 noon on Tuesdays. Opinions expressed in published letters are the opinions of the writers, and do not represent the opinions of the Advertiser or of its publishers.

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EDITORIAL DEADLINE

Tuesdays, 12 noon

Shall we have a protest march?

■ *Christa Hahn, Graaff-Reinet:*

Apropos of the new municipal rates reflected on your front page (17 June) it is of utmost importance to be told by council why these hefty increases of an average of 25% overall are necessary...

Will it be to pay their fancy salaries and fancy perks?!

How must the poor ratepayer survive?! These increases are not inflation related and is going to bankrupt half the town.

Newcomers who have sold their properties for fancy prices in the cities may be able to survive, but my friends' and I are frantic as we do not know how to make ends meet.

Graaff-Reinet is becoming one of the most expensive towns to live in and the persons concerned should be ashamed of themselves. They see to it that they can live in the lap of luxury with monies that they fleece off us. Getting back to the Goose that lays the golden eggs: "The golden egg is nothing else, but the sun. In certain European cultures there was a goddess in the form of a goose and she would get up and lay the sun. This belief was strengthened

by the cold, long, dark winters during which time the people would see no sun. Hence a rule during the middle ages that no person were allowed to eat goose meat... as that would cause the sun to disappear forever and everyone would die of the cold!" Now my fellow Graaff-Reineters the cold is coming due to the powers that be that have no shame or conscience. 25%! Shame on you! Fellow Graaff-Reineters, shall we have a protest march?!

Nothing is being done about this problem

■ *Xolile Speelman, Chris Hani Village, Graaff-Reinet:*

I am writing this letter on behalf of my mother who resides at 587 AME Street.

Ever since the beginning of this year, my family and I have been reporting an unresolved issue (an issue which should be addressed by our local municipality) to the Camdeboo Municipality (who is coincidentally being praised as the "best municipality" but suppress-

ing and neglecting its inhabitants worse than before).

The issue is a sewerage drain that has pipes running down from the top of the hill and block just opposite my mother's kitchen.

As the result of a blockage, it deposits its contents right in front of my mother's kitchen door.

As I am writing this letter, the sewerage is flowing into my mother's yard creating a picnic spot for worms and green flies. Apart from

this, the smell is absolutely horrendous.

At the moment it feels like we are regarded by Graaff-Reinet's governance as a family or members of the community of no importance as nothing is being done about this municipal problem. I kindly request the necessary help as soon as possible as my mother is in a wheelchair and demands a safe and hygienic environment as mandated and ordered by the constitution.

Die mense wat so jaag het geen respek vir lewe nie

■ *Annemarie Fowler, Graaff-Reinet:*

Die mense wat so jaag, en geen ag slaan op stopstrate nie, het geen respek vir lewe nie - nie van die mense, dikwels skoolkinders. Hierdie tipe mens het uiteraard geen gevoel vir die hartseer wat die dood van 'n troeteldier veroorsaak nie.

En dan is die jaagduiwels dikwels mense by

wie dié tipe gedrag nie verwag word nie.

Van die personeel van die departement van (sg) onderwys, ouers en vervoerders van kinders.

Verskeie mense het al die verkeersdepartement gekontak - ek

ook. 'n Baie vriendelike dame het die oproep beantwoord, en mooi geluister.

Ongelukkig het dit net by vriendelikheid gebly.

En, dis duidelik dat die soort mens aan SPP ly. En dis gevaarlik.



Ledigheid is die duiwel se oorkussing

■ *Gelukkige student, Graaff-Reinet:*
Na talle onsuksesvolle werksaansoeke en uit pure vervelendheid het ek besluit om die ABET klasse by te woon.

My redenasie was as volg:

■ Ek het niks om te doen nie,
■ drie ure 'n dag is nie veel gevra nie,
■ ontvang 'n sertifikaat wat my CV meer aantreklik maak en;
■ die kursus is absoluut gratis.

Wie sal dan nou so 'n geleentheid laat verby gaan?

Verstommend vind ek die kursus interessant en kom dit baie handig te pas. Vandag kan ek 'n soom insit, 'n handsak maak en self borduur sonder enige probleme. Sonder twyfel het ek gedurende hierdie kursus emosioneel en geestelik gegroei. Ek sal uer julle met die projek. Ek is een van julle suksesse!

'n Groep vrouens wat onlangs 'n ABET kursus by die Luthando Opleidingsentrum voltooi het.

'n Luthando Opleidingsentrum sukses verhaal

■ *Carmen Tamana, Graaff-Reinet:*

Ek skryf hierdie brief om Luthando te bedank vir die geleentheid wat ek gebied is om MS Word kursus te voltooi.

Ek voel dit wat ek in ses maande geleer het sou ek nie op my eie kon doen nie. Baie dankie aan Juffrou Patricia vir haar geduld en opoffering.

Baie dankie aan die borgskap wat Luthando Opleidingsentrum borg sodat ons minder-

bevoorregtes ook goeie geleenthede gebied kan word.

Ek het niks van rekenaars verstaan nie, maar nou is ek rekenaarvaardig in MS Word. Met suksesvolle voltooiing van hierdie kursus het ek 'n werk gekry. Ek beoog nog om MS Excel te doen. Enige persoon van enige ouderdom kan by Luthando Opleidingsentrum kursusse bywoon. Jy sal nie spyt wees nie. Jy sal soveel baat daarby vind.

Bookseller's Blatherings

Of old cars and old men



Peter Shaw

As I get older, I find myself occasionally reflecting upon cars I have owned in the past, much, I suppose, as those still well endowed with testosterone fondly recall their past girl friends.

I remember well arriving home, at age 17, with an old Riley which was considerably older than me.

It was a black 1937 Riley Kestrel, a wonderful piece of Art Deco design, built in aluminium with an ash frame. The yellow leather bucket seats were low (one's legs were horizontal), the steering wheel huge with an ignition advance/retard switch on it (I never found out what it was for), and the bonnet seemingly endless, all of which added up to a blind region in front of the car extending for twenty yards or so. Since the brakes were not too good, of the rusted rod type, and the steering box had practically seized up, the combination of car and me was potentially lethal to all and sundry.

The end of a beautiful friendship came when, with my father in the passenger seat, I failed to negotiate a traffic roundabout, and we ended up with the car stalled and sitting in a rose bed in the middle of the island.

My father made me sell it to a scrap merchant for £5. Wish I still had it!

Another lovely old car fondly recalled from my childhood was a lovely old 1948 Jaguar belonging to my uncle. This also had yellow leather seats with that indefinable smell of long use, stale cigar smoke, and huge Lucas head lamps. Though enormous, I don't remember them illuminating the road particularly well! A year or two after I got my commission in the Army, I was posted to Catterick Camp in the north of England. Catterick was a bleak, red brick sea of gaunt military buildings situated on the edge of the moors, built to accommodate troops leaving for the Boer Wars in South Africa.

In order to escape this awful place from time to time, I acquired from my measly Army pay an old Morris 8. As I only paid £25 for it, I mustn't complain, despite the fact that I had to drive with the windscreen and all the windows wound open to get rid of the exhaust fumes which billowed around inside the car.

It had a 6 volt battery, which meant the head lamps were not quite as effective as glowworms in jam jars. I remember once driving along a narrow lane with tall hedges on either side one night, on my way to a pub high up on the moors, when I spotted a single, dazzling light coming towards me down the lane.

It was about 6 feet away when I realized it was a Centurion tank coming down the lane, fully occupying it. The barrel hung menacingly over the roof of my little Morris! I had to reverse about a mile.

Of course, I have possessed many cars since those days. Most of them came and went without leaving any special memory or affection. Usually, they were company cars of one sort or another, and I never felt the same about them, as they weren't "mine".

There was one car, though, which did give me that old feeling of intimate possession. It was a Daimler Double 6, with a huge engine and repair bills to match. Eventually she had to go, since she was costing me far more than any decent mistress should every month, but boy, she was a fast mover on the highway!

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