

Putting down roots in **Cean Viev**

IT IS Friday afternoon and I have a free hour or two from the household chores. Armed with my copies of GRASSROOTS I decided to tramp the bleak roads of Ocean

View, I feel strangely elated, thinking in this manner the people of the isolated township. this artificially created island, with its teachers, dockyard workers and naval personnel, should

read about the struggle of our people to live and exist in decency and dignity.

At the first street corner I meet an old fisherman and his wife. I tell them about the paper, that it is about our people and their struggle. Without hesitation she takes twenty cents from her knotted handkerchief and then readily buys two copies. One for their friends

living in the bush they tell me! They also enquire if I can let them have the following issues and I reassure them that I will keep copies for them. Feeling encouraged, I am on my way up Saturn Way.

I knock at the door of the nearest house, A little boy runs in to call his mother. After a while the mother

appears. "Good afternoon, lady. Would you like a copy of Grassroots? There is something about the Electricity Due Dates fight in this issue." You're just the one I want to talk to!"

Taken aback, "Oh?"

"I don't want that paper in my house again! Someone told me not to buy it, cause it's a boycott paper. I

don't want trouble". I feel the colour rising in my face but I pretend not to be ruf-

fled. "No, this paper is about our people and

their problems.

Everything in this paper is the truth!"

CRASSROOTS EM ABVI

"I look to God for the truth. I don't need your paper."

"God doesn't believe in justice. Look how we are treated, it cannot be his will!" All this time she was

looking among some books and papers in a cupboard.

"I don't know what I did with last month's paper. I hid it somewhere."

Townships.

"Hid it? They sell thousands of this paper in the other townships. Alright I'll go".

Once again rejected and let down, why is it so difficult to organise anything here?

Determined to spread the word, I hesitantly approach a group of mothers chatting and laughing with babies on their arms and in tattered prams on their way to the clinic.

They have never heard about Grassroots.

"Are they the creche people?"

"No. Its the people's newspaper. Read about the advice for babies, cooking in a box and many other useful hints to stretch the budget."

Friends

Soon we are talking like 'old friends about bread and food prices and the hardships of life in Ocean View.

They are interested in the newspaper, and after borrowing money from each other, they all rush off armed with Grassroots and promises that they will read it.

Filled with excitement, I set off hopefully knocking on the next door, more determined now to spread the word.

There is the knowledge that:

We still have people who are afraid.

We still have people, so cowed blinded by the truth.



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