

"Good Morning Special"

Jumbo's in



Free regular size  
"Gourmet Blend"

coffee with the purchase of a  
cinnamon roll or muffin.

— Tuesday mornings before 10:30 a.m. —  
valid until March 31/88

WE'RE BACK!

With Two New Faces to Serve You  
Faster.



Express Cafe

Has Renovated to Create Two  
Lunchtime Service Areas to Serve You  
Better and Faster.  
We Invite You to Try Our New Self-  
Serve Salad Service (2 Salad Bars with a  
Selection of 12 Gourmet Salads Daily)

Deli

Sandwiches

(Montreal Smoked Meat, Turkey Breast,  
Corned Beef, Black Forest Ham, Egg,  
Tuna, Salmon Salad, Roast Beef, etc.)

Home Baking

(Croissants, Muffins, Cinnamon Buns,  
Nanaimo Bars, Tarts & Cakes)  
In Our Beautiful New Restaurant

Main Floor

S.U.B.

Enjoy Our Larger

Smoke Free  
Area

We Can't Wait to

See You Again  
Soon!!

The Gateway

# An uncensored

It is not a good idea to reach a border post at night. Bad enough my driver was American and hostile, worse that we were at Beitbridge, the notoriously difficult border crossing between Zimbabwe and South Africa. I had heard the guards didn't like budget travellers — especially ones that hitch-hiked — and treated them, in the least, with obvious distaste.

Cautioning the American on the possibility that the guards might be less hospitable at this hour did little to temper his belligerence. In fact, he seemed to relish a possible confrontation.

The immigration office was tiled and clean, clinical almost, with a single, heavy-faced official at the far wicket. Our documents were in order, but I was rather low on money and as such, became the target of the official's inexhaustible questioning: "Why are you here? How can you live on so little money? Where are you going to stay? Who are you?" After an hour I was still explaining and answering and assuring that I had no intention of working in South Africa, or that the German Shepherd now sniffing my pack for explosives would not find any. The American became more antagonistic on my behalf, making it increasingly harder to convince the guards we were harmless tourists. Finally, the official gave a last glance with his tiny eyes, painfully adjusted himself, and let his rubber stamp fall. Permission to enter South Africa.

Being a "harmless tourist" works very well when you must plead innocence, or even plain ignorance. Possessed by a wandering nature, but unable to afford the tour bus, I was especially qualified to be an overland traveller. On the whole, overland travellers

Africa, but you won't see them in the cities.

Blacks as well as the coloreds (people of mixed blood) are designated to live, according to the Group Areas Act, in townships and the Homelands. South Africa considers the homelands as separate, independent nations; the rest of the world does not. Gambling, at casinos such as Sun City in Bophuthatswana, is usually the only reason South Africans come to the homelands (as gambling in South Africa itself is illegal). The scenery changes dramatically from the extravagant beach houses and luxuriating palms south of coastal Durban to the more inland, unmarked border of Transkei — South Africa's largest homeland. The tarmac crumbles into dirt tracks, carving dry hills dotted with white washed, thatch-roofed rondavals huts. The brown-yellow landscape's only other human marks were oddly shaped farm plots of corn — some half green; the others, wilted and dead.

I had hitched a ride on a hazardous, rusting truck that was already spilling over with women, their babies, and various livestock. It was driven, and sometimes pushed, by an engaging black fellow named Steven. His incidental business of picking up passengers along his daily route earned him a badly needed second income and a charitable reputation for not accepting fare from the poorer of the poor. I found it hard to distinguish the most dispossessed people; however, Steven could instantly recognize the truly poor and those only posing as poverty stricken in order to gain a free ride.

Steven asked me what it was like to live in Canada. I asked him to imagine that, for half the year, all the hills in Transkei were covered in white. He said that he wouldn't like that even if it was just snow.

As we started to pick up more passengers, Steven began to tell me of Transkei with a grand gesture of ownership.

"Many are Xhosa [tribes] people in Transkei. The most famous people are Xhosa: Nelson Mandela, Oliver Tambo, Walter Sisulu. Do you know them?"

"I am Xhosa" he said, with an added touch of arrogance.  
"Here, there is no 'apartheid'. I am free to go where I want... but there is no work in Transkei." Steven continued, despairingly, explaining that there were only women and children here. The men must go to the mines or other labor works, often days away from their homes.

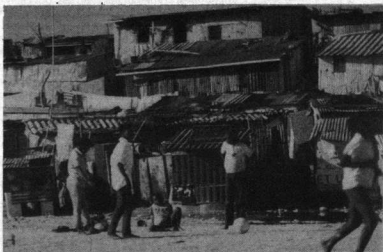
Steven asked if I was going to Capetown; I answered that I was, eventually, and knew some people there already.

"The whites are better there. No Africans." He further explained that the Africans, who speak a Dutch-based language and are heavily conservative, live mostly in the Transvaal and Orange Free State. The more liberal English descendants are predominantly in the Cape and Natal provinces.

June 10  
A day later, I reached Port St. Johns on the coast of Transkei. The town was supposed to have a peaceful beach and an excellent campsite that boasted such amenities as unlimited hot showers — a long forgotten pleasure.

I spent these days in Port St. Johns catching up on my long-neglected journal and exploring the rugged beaches. They are infamously known as the "Wild Coast" because of the hazardous currents and, as I was told after a morning swim, "full of all sorts of sharks."

Fishing off a rocky outcrop was the most strenuous exercise of the day. Only the children were really successful: I watched one boy deftly catch an octopus in a tidal pool with a single, swift hand. As the tri-



Scenes through Transkei.

enjoy a superior distinction from the packaged tourist: whereas the traveller may learn something intimate of a place by continual contact, the tourist can most often only provide insight on the better of two tennis clubs. And so there is some solace in rarely knowing what air conditioning, or the words "maid service" mean in a foreign country.

After a time, you do come to expect overlanders to have the best sort of advice — an indication as to how places really are. One of the things I heard most often from travellers when I was in more northern African countries, was how wonderfully hospitable the South Africans are and all those "incidents" on the Evening News were, at most, isolated and blown out of proportion. Their misconception is not such a hard thing to understand. In South Africa, you can listen to the News, or walk through the city streets and not even see many blacks; you would never know anything was amiss.

There are some 25 million blacks in South