

# No real problem

ELEANOR ANDERSON

Being something of a busy old body, I am in the habit of "happening" to have in my car a number of collection tins (syrup tins, with lids of course, are the best — and it is useful that my family is fond of syrup) with little admonishments attached to them.

GIVE TO THE BLIND, say they, for it strikes me that not being able to see is one of the harshest afflictions that can beset anyone. These tins I place on the kindly counters of bakery shops, chemists, and corner cafes, in the hope that people will indeed give to the blind. And they do. Bless them.

And one habit leading to another, I have long since been accustomed to offering lifts to pedestrians slogging along the roadside.

The other day one such liftee was a young African man. He, wearing a blue overall, accepted the offer of a ride and sat beside me in companionable silence, though he did vouchsafe the information that he worked for a fried-chicken joint and, being off that day, was on his way to visit a friend in Hyde Park.

Just before I let him off at his destination he remarked, "I see you work for the blind," and before I could stay his hand, he put 20 cents into one of the boxes. The African is not celebrated for having a large income and I thanked him heartfully.

He replied, "I am glad to offer something. Do you know that you are the first White woman ever to give me a lift?"

So, like all the people who mind about the blind, here was yet another person never to be forgotten and, as I drove away, I wished and wished that this rush of goodwill need not be quenched by the harsh laws of blind apartheid.

Love. That's the ticket.

And armed with this ticket, the world of South Africa could spin joyfully around and, apart from the problems arising from the fact that people WILL be people, there need be no other real problem at all.

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