

# "There's A Convoy In."

## A Tribute.

By J. BRITSTONE.

As the golden orb of the setting sun disappeared behind the rugged outline of the cloud-capped Table Mountain, the great ships of the convoy began to dock.

Very soon the cream and red of the houses clinging desperately to the verdure of the hills vanished, and the foamy green of the waters became transformed into an inky black.

Then here and there pin-points of light shone back to the boats—followed quickly by a symmetrical contour of dots and dashes—great roads visible by their rows of silent sentries—the searchlight from the shore—and the great floating leviathans moved into the harbour looking so vividly proud as though "showing off" for the weeks of blackness when light was taboo. All these now blended majestically into a super-symphony of light bidding welcome to our visitors.

Many months ago my friend and I had leaned over the starboard rail of our boat and had mused sentimentally about Fate and the Future. As we docked, the above scene unfolded an immemorial symbol of hope—a visible epic of our will to Victory and Freedom.

Since then tens of thousands of my comrades have passed in convoy and they in turn have seen the panorama of fading day and ascendant night. It seemed as though Cape Town was in slow motion shedding its brightly coloured afternoon frock, and donning gay evening attire to gladden the weary hearts of its countless guests.

My memory shall for ever recall the great waves of khaki, R.A.F. and navy blue, as these seas of men rushed headlong from Dock Road, along Adderley Street and Plein Street, and filled the centre of the city. Ambitious waves even crashed against the very sides of the mountain itself, attempting valiantly to probe its secrets, despite the panic of time. The outlying suburbs of Wynberg and even Muizenberg and Camps Bay were often inundated with the crashing breakers—and shops, bios and streets were pleasantly saturated with their cheery smiles and their kind though sometimes rough natures.

Great streams of cars rolled continuously along the main roads escorting these dazed and incredulous guests to the floral beauties of Kirstenbosch, the mountain splendours of the Kloof—through the vineyards of Constantia and past the broad beaches of Clifton and Camps Bay.

Intoxicated with the spirit of Nature's beauty, they were feted both royally in the palatial and even humble homes of their hosts, and gargantuanly in those havens of rest and tranquillity—the Clubs of the S.A.W.A.S. Often thereafter a strange but different intoxication overcame them—an over-stimulation with Constantia's wine and Stellenbosch brandy!

When evening fell the city took on a festive appearance, when myriads of souls sought to crush themselves into the upholstered comfort of a bioscope or into the "hurly-burly" of an hotel.

But many had still retained the latent aspirations of an artistic soul and for them was not the luxury of a bio or the good cheer of the bar. It was perhaps Sunday or Thurs-

day evening and the Municipal Orchestra under the baton of Dr. Pickerill returned them once again to the realms of harmony and to memories of the Hallé or the L.S.O. Beethoven's "Fifth" still hammered out its message of Fate, Tschaiowsky revelled again in the cloyey sentimentality of a Pathétique, and Grieg carried them off to the mountain fastnesses of Norway.

Yet others would not or could not indulge in these modes of relaxation and instead travelled to and fro past the great shop windows, marvelling incredulously at their well-stocked interiors, perhaps recalling those days at Home when shops and windows were also filled to overflowing with the good things of life.

How strange was this scene of bustling humanity, like some strange fancy dress ball—a "Mardi Gras"—in which the characters were the unconscious players and the stage the Half-way House to Victory, whilst the scenic set was a surrealist conception of kaleidoscopic patterns weaving to and fro into a staccato rhythm.

The hearts of these men were free and kind and despite the terrors of a war-crazy world they still smiled easily and proudly, happy that for a brief, perhaps momentary, interval they could enjoy the real things of life, knowing that soon perhaps they might be dying of thirst in a blistering desert, or seeking out the hated Jap in his Burmese lairs.

But soon the midnight hour approached—the film palaces released their compact hordes—the orchestral harmony was no more—the beerless bars have emptied—and the great waves rushed back from whence they came. . . . This day of days was at a close. To these men it has been the shortest day of their lives. We see the great limousines slowly returning their weary guests along Dock Road and men singing, whistling and "corkscrewing" their way back to the boats.

Soon, perhaps in a few hours, the panoramic miracle of Cape Town will unfold itself once again, but this time in reverse process, as though some unseen hand had reversed the reels of this natural cinema.

The lights will go out and only the searchlights remain, and then slowly the inky black of the water will turn to a foamy green, the cream and red of the houses against the green of the hills become visible—the golden orb of the rising sun will shed its beams—and the white napkinned cloud over the rugged outline of the Table Mountain appear.

How many times has this natural concert gladdened the hearts of men at war through the ages? And how long will it be before it gladdens for ever the hearts of men at peace?

To those who, like myself, were of the Jewish faith, the warmth of reception and kindness of heart shown to us by our co-religionists shall for all time be imprinted in our hearts and memories, whilst their unselfish labour for and tireless devotion to Zionism, to the men of the Services, to Refugees, and to Humanity are but the seeds they have planted which will bring forth a rich harvest of reciprocal goodwill, peace and co-operation in the years to come.

כנסת בית ישראל  
וויינבערג

WYNBERG HEBREW CONGREGATION.

## Allocation of Seats

High Festivals 5704 - 1943.

The Executive will be in attendance at the Synagogue Office, cor. Piers and Mortimer Roads on Sunday, September 26th, from 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Members, old and new, are earnestly requested to make their arrangements early.

Z. A. LISON, Secretary.

## MUIZENBERG-KALK BAY HEBREW CONGREGATION.

## Allocation of Seats

The Seating Committee will be in attendance at the Synagogue on Sunday, September 26th, from 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. for the purpose of allocating seats for the forthcoming High Festivals.

## The Woodstock and Salt River Hebrew Congregation.

## Re SEATS SHUL AND HALL.

The Committee will be in attendance re the letting of seats in Shul and Hall for the High Festivals on Sunday, September 26th, from 10.30 a.m. to 1 p.m.

M. KAPELUS, Secretary.

## High Festivals at Caledon.

Visitors to the Caledon Baths during the High Festivals desiring to attend the Services at the Caledon Synagogue can obtain seats if they apply to the Secretary,

M. VAN GELDEREN,  
NEW STREET, CALEDON.

## Cape Jewish Orphanage.

## Yomim Noroim Services 1943

The usual full Services for the children will be conducted in the Orphanage Shul during the coming Holy season.

The few seats available for Oranjezicht residents will be allotted only to those who are too old or too unwell to attend other Synagogues.

The Orphanage Committee are prepared to consider applications for such seats if they are made at once by Phone (2-6876) or letter to:—

THE SECRETARY,  
P.O. Box 1204, CAPE TOWN.

Phone 2-5164

P.O. Box 868

# Mercantile-Atlas

PRINTING CO. (PTY.) LIMITED

C/o SIR LOWRY ROAD  
and DORMEHL STREET  
CAPE TOWN

Printers, Lithographers and Carton Manufacturers