



JULY 2021

its that time of year

**WHALES'
PEAK SEASON – JULY TO
DECEMBER**



Winter means whale season in South Africa as the humpback, Bryde's and southern right whales migrate to our waters to breed.

Can't get to Hermanus for whale season? Don't fret, there is good spotting to be done along the entire Cape Whale Route, from Strandfontein to Plettenberg Bay in the southern Cape as well as roads such as Boyes Drive, Clarence Drive, Chapman's Peak, Jager Walk, Baden Powell Drive and Cape Point. Every year southern right whales journey to our shores to mate and calve, giving us the awe-inspiring opportunity to get up close to them. Sometimes they arrive earlier and stay later, with the prime whale-watching season peaking between August and October.

Calving normally takes place in August and September but can happen as early as July.

Whale enthusiasts lucky enough to live in hotspots like Hermanus, Gansbaai and False Bay can head outdoors to sneak in some whale watching during daily exercise.

Though Hermanus is considered to be the Whale Capital of the world, the less well-trodden town of De Hoop is probably where you will be able to spot the largest numbers (without having to dodge the crowds). Sievers Punt off the Main Road in Hermanus and De Kelders going in the direction of Gansbaai also provide good viewing as well as Dyer Island whale watching cruises.

Brush up on your whale lingo, and watch several different types of whales showing off their breaching, fluking, lobtailing, logging, spouting and spyhopping from the comfort of our shores.

It's a whale baby boom around this time.

www.hermanus.co.za

ONE DOWN AND ONE TO GO



Nadia Jones



Alida Oldroyd



Sylvia Lategan

A very warm welcome to Judith Walsh who has moved into # 23

I got this idea from a magazine I found in the clubhouse called This England summer '19

THE GREAT LIMERICK CHALLENGE with a 'selfie' theme

I am sure we have a lot of creative residents living at the Village and ask that you submit your limerick by the 15th July, to davidwal@iafrica.com the prize being two social evening dinner tickets compliments of the Events Committee. All submissions will be put into a hat and drawn on Tuesday 27th July at the social evening.

Here's mine for what its worth !

A saucy lady from Evergreen

Wanted her selfie to be seen

So she paraded around

Sadly drowned

And all for what could have been



KALK BAY IN THE LIMELIGHT



“ One of the twelve coolest neighbourhoods in the world” *Forbes Magazine* 2018

“The fishing community is a polyglot crowd, a babel of tongues, white, brown and yellow people, rich, poor, young, old, a fascinating hotch-potch of humanity” *Natal Mercury*, 1880

Kalk Bay (in the Covid year of 2021) is enjoying yet another metamorphosis, as a fishing village, an artists' colony, a creative Bohemian enclave, a thriving tourist destination with a well- established hospitality industry, and home to many middle and working-class families. Situated on the beautiful False Bay Coast between Muizenberg and Fish Hoek, between the sea and the mountains, it retains its cosmopolitan identity and is very much “a place of character.”

What follows is a brief history of the heritage Kalk Bay has built up over 500 years, a list of interesting tourist venues to visit there, accompanied by a stimulating collage to whet your appetite.

“Kalkbaai”(Dutch, Afrikaans), translated as “Lime Bay” (English), was named after the vast quantities of mussel and other seafood shells found as deposits along the beaches by the Dutch and English settlers. These shells were evidence of the plentiful supply of seafood gathered there over centuries by groups of Khoisan, called “Strandlopers”, coastal relatives of the original hunting and cattle herding indigenous inhabitants of the Western Cape.

The 17th and 18th Century Dutch and English settlers saw these shell deposits as commercial opportunities, and the Dutch burghers built lime kilns at Kalk Bay to burn and crush the shells into lime, which was used for construction purposes. A wagon trail was constructed by Dutch burghers along the coast from Wynberg to Kalk Bay and ox-wagons carried the lime

and multitudes of fish, caught in the bay back to the burgers. Many slave owners in the colony depended on these supplies of fish to feed their slaves until slavery at the Cape was abolished in the 1830's.

It was the egotistical and shrewd governor, Simon van der Stel, a Mauritian by birth, who developed the potential of False Bay in the 18th Century. Renaming it Simon's Bay, he set about developing this calmer coastline. Table Bay harbour, with its howling winds and storms, was a dangerous mooring place for the DEIC fleet in the winter months, and Van der Stel proposed that Simon's Bay could provide a safer winter harbour. This suggestion was accepted by the Company in 1742 and the site of the future Simon's Town (Simonstown) was designated for the harbour.

The importance of Kalk Bay, where Van der Stel had opportunistically started a fishing company, increased. The wagon trail from Wynberg became a usable road, but having reached Kalk Bay, road construction became expensive and time-consuming as builders encountered the sandy flats of Fish Hoek (a present-day railway problem). The alternative was to build storehouses at Kalk Bay and improve the harbour so that overland goods could be unloaded there and reloaded onto sturdy coastal vessels, which sailed to Simonstown, where storehouses and a harbour were constructed and the fleet was anchored. A thriving trade started between Cape Town and Simonstown, with economic opportunities for many at Kalk Bay. When the coastal road was made safe to Simonstown, the importance of Kalk Bay and the sea route diminished, but by that time the Whaling Boom had brought further trade to Kalk Bay.

The Southern Right Whale (the right and most prized whale for whalers) had calved peacefully in False Bay for centuries. At the end of the 18th Century and in the first half of the 19th Century the demand for whale oil increased as a result of industrialisation, and the "right whales" in False Bay found themselves in the wrong place. From 1792 until 1855 hundreds of whale carcasses were brought ashore at Kalk Bay, cut up, and transported to Fish Hoek for boiling to render whale oil. The British discouraged foreign whalers within their shores and encouraged local entrepreneurs to build whaling stations and finance whaling fleets. For 70 years the whaling industry at Kalk Bay provided employment for skilled harpoonists, freed slaves, Malay workers and overseers, boat crews and fishermen and local tradesmen, as well as businesses and workers at the whaling stations.

The population of Kalk Bay increased, as did houses and hostelrys, churches, schools and other facilities. Once the "hard road" road from Wynberg to Simonstown was completed, many middle and working-class families realised that they could live in Kalk Bay (or other coastal villages), and commute by wagon, cart or carriage or even omnibus up the coast to Cape Town. Kalk Bay became a popular holiday resort, and hotels with canteens, guest houses, holiday leases etc were available to wealthy Cape citizens who wanted a coastal holiday.

The owner of the King's Hotel, Charles King, even misguidedly placed the following notorious, and short-lived advert in the *Wynberg Times*: "Bachelors desirous of mating and spending a sporting weekend could do no better than enjoy the comforts of the King's Hotel, Kalk Bay" !!!

By 1883 Kalk Bay was a picturesque coastal village, with a vibrant and multi-lingual fishing community, a busy harbour, a lighthouse, shops and houses nestled on the mountain slopes, churches, hotels and canteens, connected by a main coastal road from Wynberg to Simonstown. From 1860 a new phase in the fishing industry had begun, with the arrival of Filipino fishermen, who were known locally as "Manillas." From 1860 Filipino deserters had escaped from ships and found their way to Kalk Bay, where they joined the fishing community. Freed slaves, many of whom were Malays, also found employment there. After the revolt against Spanish rule in 1872 many Filipinos fled their homeland and came to the Cape, where they intermarried with the local people. In 1873 Felix Florez, whose father was Spanish and mother Filipino, deserted from a South Confederate ship, possibly the *Alabama*, moored in Table Bay, and became a leader in the growing Kalk Bay community. He opened a shop, became prosperous and supplied fellow Filipino refugees with fishing gear and living quarters. He married Maria Chapman, a local girl, and they attended the Catholic Church at St James, gifted by Sir George Grey. The fishermen of Kalk Bay had the reputation at the time of being among the best line- and rock- fishermen in the world. But despite the camaraderie, fishing remained a hazardous and poorly paid enterprise, threatened by large-scale commercial fishing. Kalk Bay was a unique home to a thriving middle and working-class community embracing multi-culturalism and multi-lingualism.

And then on 5 May 1883 came the railway! Crowds of working-class people flocked to the coastal resorts such as Kalk Bay, Muizenburg, Fish Hoek and Simonstown to enjoy the beaches and healthy salt-laden air. But the "cheap weekend specials" also encouraged "unkempt rowdies" who acted in a disorderly way, bringing drunkenness and criminal behaviour.

Casuals, without sea-experience joined the crews of fishing boats and became permanent residents. Slum development expanded, law and order in the form of a Kalk Bay constabulary, a police station and cells was introduced and class and racial barriers became more evident. A building boom ensued, and wealthier citizens (those who had not moved further along the railway line towards Simonstown) inhabited the better (elevated) areas and enjoyed better facilities, leading more privileged upper and middle-class lives.

Kalk Bay became a Municipality in 1895. The social, economic and racial divide foreshadowed the uncomfortable and tragic Apartheid years from 1948 to 1994, during which the Population Registration Act and Group Areas Act and other discriminatory laws wreaked havoc in the multiracial community. Many of the fishermen and other members of the working class were now classified as non-Europeans and suffered forced removals, dispossession of land and property, loss of economic opportunities, poverty and racial discrimination.

In the latter half of the 20th Century, Kalk Bay developed into an economically thriving coastal village, where civic harmony and economic progress were achievable despite being contained within a hierarchical social and political framework – very much as in many other parts of South Africa. It provided local opportunities and was a gateway to metropolitan, provincial and even international possibilities. It is generally fondly and nostalgically remembered by those who grew up there, who are proud of its 500-year heritage and of all the people who lived and worked there; ask Felicity Walker who is a loyal and proud supporter of Kalk Bay where she grew up!



With many thanks to Trula Human # 45 for outstanding text -
with acknowledgements to

“Kalk Bay - a place of character” Michael Walker (2002)

List of Kalk Bay tourist attractions - the Walkers

Photographs and collage - Lauren Hulett



This spectacular photograph was taken at Kalk Bay harbour by Stephen Cruickshank, an internationally acclaimed Cape Town photographer. He and his wife created a lockdown project using his images of Kalk Bay and compiled an eBook which can be downloaded and is free - go to <https://stephenc.co.za> and download Free Kalk Bay eBook. ENJOY

KALK BAY RESTAURANTS, GALLERIES AND SHOPS TO VISIT AND BROWSE

Surprisingly there is no Information Centre in Kalk Bay but Cape Town Tourism can be called on 021-487-6800 should you have any queries.

Also Google: Kalk Bay virtual tours online, or walking tour of Kalk Bay starting at the Lighthouse, advertised online.

Restaurants - Lekker; Harbour House; Live Bait; Kalky's; Brass Bell; Beira Mar (Portuguese); Cape to Cuba; Salt; Olympia Café; Bootleggers; the train at Sirocco; Satori - also fresh fish sellers.

Bob's Bagel Damn Fine Coffee Roaster; the Pantry (deli); The Ice Café (ice cream); Olympia Bakery.

Kalk Bay Modern (picture gallery); Artvark Art Gallery; Ink Box 1 & 2 (picture gallery); Global Beads; Miss Mrs & Friends (fabulous gift shop); Wetsuit Warehouse for surfers or divers.

Quagga Trading; The What Not China Town; Soul Design Studio (jewellery)

The Potters Shop; Kalk Bay Books; the Kalk Bay Theatre

Many shops selling ladies clothing which includes Catacombs for designer wear; Gypsy (Indian clothes and artefacts)

The Sweet Ol' Jester – Antiques/vintage and old fashioned sweets (bulls eyes; star aniseed, liquorice)

Kalk Bay Trading Post (the old P.O.)

Joy's Collectables- bric-a-brac, china

A Rastaman who sells traditional medicines (roots and the like)

Kalk Bay Vineyards, they stock Limited Edition Cab Franc

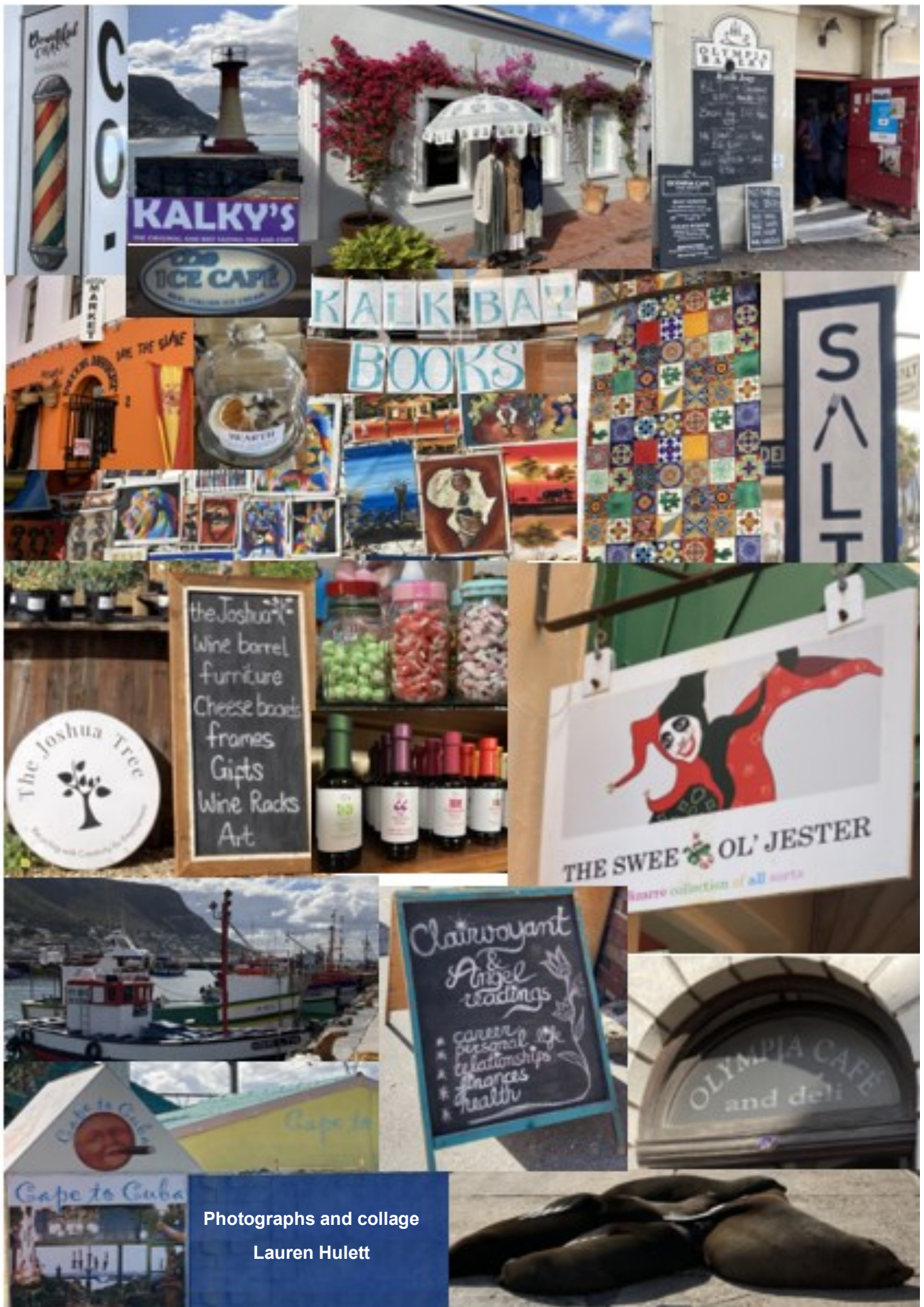
Tonga Shoes

The Joshua, sells wine barrel furniture, frames, Art and gifts

Beautiful CHAOS (Barbering)

For photographers or artists: visit Kalk Bay Arches; fishing boats; African Art; piles of seals sleeping on the quay; also people who have taken up temporary residence there.

Clairvoyant and Angel Readings; Indoor Market



Photographs and collage
Lauren Hulett

PLEASE REMEMBER THAT ALL LARGER SOCIAL
EVENTS HAVE BEEN POSTPONED UNTIL
FURTHER NOTICE
DAILY AND WEEKLY ACTIVITIES WILL CONTINUE

WEEKLY ACTIVITIES

MONDAYS	Canasta 2.30pm Dance/keep fit 5.30pm
TUESDAYS	Scrabble 2.00pm Art Class 2.30pm
WEDNESDAYS	Ageless Grace 11.00am
THURSDAYS	Art Class 2.30pm Stitch in time 2.30pm

Book Review



THE EVENING AND THE MORNING

by KEN FOLLETT

The Prequel to The Pillars of the Earth is both historically fascinating and a deadly can't put down once past the first chapter. It's escapism and a vivid absorbing novel - horrific at times but certainly gives amazing insight into life around 997 which was certainly not for the faint-hearted especially for the women of that era. There is a great deal of brutality shown involving the English, Welsh and the Vikings. It does take one out of their comfort zone whilst reading.

Not to everyone's liking but for me it was a thrilling discovery into a bygone era and Ken Follet is the best in story telling.

THIS BOOK IS IN OUR LIBRARY

Joan Misplon

IN OUR

KEEN PHOTOGRAPHERS

VILLAGE

DONALD CAMPBELL

HOW I BECAME INTERESTED IN PHOTOGRAPHY

Many years ago - in fact when I was eleven years of age, I became a Boy Scout with the 1st Kenilworth Scout Troop.

Although I naturally already knew about cameras, the wide range of subjects studied by scouts sharpened my interest in photography.

My Mother bought me a Kodak box camera and thereafter I was a lifelong photography enthusiast.

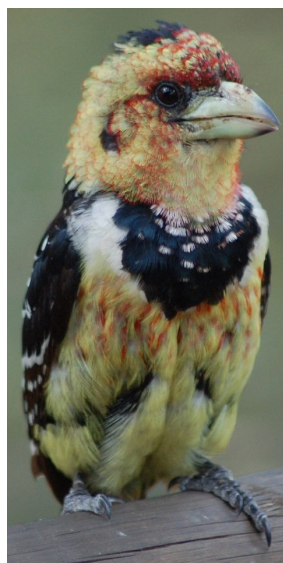
During the following years I have covered many photo-subjects, such as family, friends, rugby, sailing, surfing, animals, mountains, skies, birds and other interesting things.

In addition, because I had done occasional car-racing at Killarney, I was employed in the sixties as a part-time photo-journalist and produced many articles for magazines such as CAR in SA, Car & Driver in the US, Motor Sport and Autocar in the UK.

The joy of photography is that one can continue pursuing it into one's latter days because it is mainly a non-energetic hobby.

My current ambition is to take a photo of a huge swell crashing into the Kalk Bay harbour wall!





DC # 41

Photography burst into my life in the new millennium when my late husband, Roger, bought our first 4 x 4 vehicle and we ventured out on various off-road trips in and around the Cape. We were soon hooked into this new way of holidaying, visiting parts of South Africa, Lesoto, Namibia, Botswana, Zambia, Mozambique and Zimbabwe, that we had never seen before. We set up camp each night in a smallish ground tent be it summer or winter. At times we slept surrounded by snow and the tent frozen over! A few years later we invested in a rooftop tent which made life a lot more comfortable.

One evening early in 2007 Rog came home after work, sat me down with a glass of wine in my hand and quietly told me he would love to do a 6 day, +/- 600km 'excursion' into the world's oldest known desert! He had been told of a guided trip that would take us from Luderitz to Walvis Bay in Namibia across the mighty dunes along the skeleton coast, through the little known area of the Sperrgebiet National Park (meaning forbidden territory), which used to be the site of a huge diamond industry but which has been left more or less untouched for decades. It was closed to the public for almost a century leaving the habitat to rehabilitate into a largely pristine area which made this trip a unique wilderness experience.

Needless to say I was horrified to think of being in the sand and sun with no ablutions, no shops, just the huge Atlantic Ocean on one side and the desert on the other - I needed a few more glasses of wine to mull this lot over! Our first huge adventure was soon in the making and we set off into the unknown with a welcome few days stopover in the Kgalagadi Game Reserve on the way. Rog knew I loved wildlife, as he did, so I think this was to soften me up before the shock of what was to come. I was able to take some lovely pics of an abundance of game in the park and so the wildlife photography bug had bitten.



Namib Desert Dunes We left Luderitz early in the morning and soon found ourselves on an utterly unforgiving corrugated gravel road where we, our poor vehicle which was carrying 120 litres of fuel, large bags of wood, and large containers of fresh water to wash not only dishes but our bodies as well, were shaken to pieces. It didn't take us long before we were all on our hands and knees deflating the tyres to ease our path over the corrugations which before long turned into thick, soft sand. It was while we were standing on the hot desert sands that I felt something touch my barefoot only to be told it was a poisonous but small side-winder snake. Horrors. Was this an omen of what was to come?

As we set off into the dune wilderness once more to my utter amazement we experienced the most beautiful, forever changing sands, giving us vistas as never before; so privileged were we to witness this spectacle. Then with my eyes mostly closed and hanging on to the door for dear life Rog had to negotiate our way up giant dunes at speed and once at the top (approximately 60m high = to 20-25 storey buildings) we had to slip down the faces on the other side with the sands booming, emulating a jumbo jet at take off! I was convinced these were at a 90° angle which Rog tried unsuccessfully to convince me was only 45°. As we proceeded there were quite a few vehicle recoveries necessary but I was so proud of my tried and trusted driver and his beloved vehicle as they were never relegated to those needing assistance.

We passed various relics from the diamond prospecting days, the first of which was 'Old Susie' a WW2 disused vehicle fitted with Dakota aircraft tyres as well as various prospecting tools, a bulldozer, a pub of sorts with masses of green bottles lying in the sand, a couple of huts; all left behind by some lonely, dejected prospector wishing to return to some form of civilization not found in these unrelenting sands of the desert. Diamonds may be a girl's best friend but in the sun, heat, sand and more sand which creeps into one's hair, eyes, ears, toes and teeth they're certainly not!

Our first night camp was on a warm, balmy starlit evening with a full moon throwing an eerie glow over the dunes. The guides produced a delicious meal, which they continued to do throughout, the chef having worked at the Mount Nelson in the past. It wasn't long after a couple of drinks around a campfire before we all fell into a deep and blissful sleep.

Day 2 brought us the big dune driving, the biggest and first being 209m high. After a couple of false starts, our vehicle shuddered halfway up, Rog and I groaned and egged her on upwards, she found a second breath and slowly but surely dragged us up amidst cheers from all. The photographers were advised to scramble down the dune in order to photograph the row of vehicles all now on the summit and so I decided stupidity at that stage was probably the better side of valour and off I set. With cameras at the ready the countdown began and they all started the descent slipping and sliding down the booming sands.

The days ahead found us driving on a roller coaster ride after traversing dunes, descending into valleys of soft sand and trying to cope with the temperatures. We reached the coast where we soaked up the tranquility and calmness of the waters bringing lesser temperatures before heading inland once more to face more enormous dunes testing the driving ability and sheer courage of those at the wheel, as well as the passengers! Our breath was continually taken away by the truly indescribable beauty around us, only sand but the patterns, formations, textures and colours were incredibly striking and changing all the time.

As the day wore on we were to endure a drive on the beach. The radio suddenly crackled into life and a dire warning was issued - 'travel fast over the next 8kms, do not stop, the tide is against us'; to add to our troubles not only were we to navigate rocks, the never relenting ocean on one side of us and 45° slip face dunes on the other which were impossible to negotiate were in all our minds. As time went on a note of uncertainty crept into the voice of our guide but it was now or never with no room to turn back. Pictures of vehicles being swallowed by the sea spring to mind but surely? Is this really fun??

A fog descended and gave our surrounds an ethereal appearance. The tracks ahead of us were fast filling with water and we had to negotiate our way forward between the ebb and flow of the tide. Adrenalin was flowing freely, the waves were coming in faster and higher each time and some of the vehicles got an unwanted sea water wash. We flew past jackals and seal colonies on the beach and various types of seabirds to reach dry ground which thankfully we finally managed but not without some mishaps. The camber of the beach was at an uncomfortable angle and once more the elements were against us. It was heavy going, the sea was getting wilder and the vehicles were gulping fuel. Foremost in everyone's mind was the question of whether we had enough fuel to reach the winning post. After some drama with some of the vehicles and nearly losing one, we all breathed a sigh of relief as we finally reached the safety of higher ground. The wind was up and we experienced extreme temperatures between the coast 3° and inland up to the middle 30's.

We finally travelled over harder sands which gave very different views, comparable to what I imagined the moon's surface to be. The tell tale signs of mining were visible for all to see. Life must have been a tough existence for the miners; we passed evidence of a mass grave which had been uncovered by the unrelenting desert conditions leaving skeletons of all sizes in complete view. It was very eerie. As we slid down the last slip face for the day our campsite, situated in a huge canyon and surrounded by dunes of almost 100m, came into view. Tomorrow would at last bring a much needed and dreamt of hot shower and hair wash. No spa would ever feel quite the same again! After another exhausting day and sitting around a campfire with a few drinks, we all made our way, in dribs and drabs, to the desert homes we'd had for the last week.

As the sun rose the final day dawned and with adrenalin flowing once more we made the short trip over more hair raising dunes to the much wider beach leading us to Sandwich Bay and on to our destination Walvis Bay to complete the never to be forgotten +/- 600km desert trek. We had conquered the terrifying Namib dunes unscathed; experienced not only indescribable scenery but the beauty of nature in more ways than one.



MARION THOMPSON # 39

A DIFFERENT SLANT :
Photographers versus what you see
by HAYDN JONES

To be accused of being a photographer is somewhat flattering, I am merely a recorder of what I am privileged to see in the natural world. I came to photography as a result of a love of seeing animals in their own environment and a love of that environment the photo's simply record, within the limitations of the camera, of what I have seen without embellishment. By that I mean no photoshopping or trying to enhance the photo as that means it becomes a computer-generated image and moves away from nature.

Apart from the odd big cat, most of the 299-mammal species are generally on the move, hiding in bushes and trying to be as uncooperative as possible and they even have no regard for the picture taker's pet hate, the position of the sun. In addition to all of this, you are stuck on a road so you cannot try to improve your position. Although about half of animals are nocturnal the sun problem becomes one of not being able to see.

This brings me to why I use AUTO for pictures other than at night. I use an ISO[FILMS SENSITIVITY TO LIGHT] setting of up to 50000 at the risk of losing quality. You simply do not have time to adjust all the options manually while you pray the critter will not run or slither away day or night.

I thought it might be interesting to see some pictures which show the problems.

This very rare picture of an aardwolf, a termite eating hyena, was taken in the early afternoon in July. The aardwolf is nocturnal except they come out usually in the late afternoon for about 2 months in winter, hence the rarity. The sun was the problem which detracted from a great sighting, only seen 3 in the day in 25 years and never standing still. The sighting lasted a few seconds with the sun directly behind the Aardwolf.



Great fun being charged by a rare black rhino. I was parked on the road and she decided from about 50 metres she did not like me. The light was poor and the rhino runs surprisingly fast and I had to start the Bakkie and get out of the way, hence the poor quality of the shot.



Shows the difficulty of trying to focus past leaves and branches

The camera on AUTO as this brown hyena was on the move and could only focus on the thorn branches in addition the sun was not yet up



This shows clearly the problems of light, these two photos were taken of JACK the youngest male lion in the ADDO PARK, 14 months apart, the one was taken recently on a cloudy day while the other was taken at about 10.30 in the morning on a sunny day last year.



HJ # 47



3rd Marie Simpson

5th Trish Smith

5th Geoff Nixon

7th Dawn Osbourne

9th Yolanda Bond-Smith

10th Glenda Cooke

11th Anna Dell'Erba

13th Elaine Doyle

14th Judith Walsh

15th Wenche Hovstad

16th Sally Kinross

16th Jean van Rhyn

21st Edward Twiggs

30th Heather Honeysett

Birthdays

Here's to a healthy
year ahead for all

A bit of humour

Gatiep en Gammat are sitting on a bus in Cape Town when lady gets on with a face made up to kill: blood shot red lips, seven layers of base and such massive eyelashes that she can barely keep her eyes open.

There are no vacant seats so she stands. "Hei Gammat " says Gatiep, "why don't you offer the lady your seat?"

"Nei" says Gammat, "a painting moet mos hang"

LUCKY DRAW

Our monthly Lucky Draw is a way to raise funds by the Village Entertainment Committee to provide live music, décor and a variety of items for the benefit of residents' functions.

One ticket costs R20/three tickets R50.

The draw sheet is available at reception.

Buy your ticket for our next draw which will take place on Friday 30th July 2021.



NETFLIX SERIES/MOVIE EVERGREEN RATINGS

SEASPIRACY

A film which documents the harm that humans do to marine species and uncovers alarming global corruption



REBECCA

A young newlywed moves to her husband's imposing estate where she must contend with his sinister housekeeper and the haunting shadow of his late wife



V&A Waterfront Clock Tower



One of the main attractions of the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront is its octagonal Gothic-style Clock Tower. Constructed in 1882 to serve as the Port Captain's office, it is an icon of the old Cape Town harbour.

Imported from Edinburgh, the clock sits high on top while pointed Gothic windows surround the entire structure.

On the top floor, there is a decorative mirror room. In bygone days, this room allowed the Port Captain an all-round view of harbour activities.

On the ground floor is a tidal gauge mechanism that once allowed ships entering or leaving the docks to determine the ebb and flow of the harbour waters.

Photo: Adrian Fuller

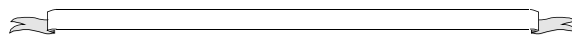
The Clock Tower has been a focal point in the V&A Waterfront's renewal. After several colour changes over the years, the walls are again the same red as they were in the 1800s. They have been matched carefully to scrapings of the original paint. At one stage, the Clock Tower began to lean to one side by about 50 mm. Fortunately, this movement has since been arrested.

In my view, the Clock Tower is well worth a visit. A clockmaker now occupies the building and is responsible for maintaining the clock. He allows up to four people at a time to climb up into the tower, at R50.00 per person.

AF



**PLEASE CLEAN UP
AFTER YOUR DOG**



**JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER ARE THE
BREEDING MONTHS OF THE ENDANGERED
WESTERN LEOPARD TOADS (WLTs) WHEN THEY
ARE ON THE MOVE AND MIGRATE FROM THEIR
GARDEN HOMES TO VARIOUS
WATER BODIES TO BREED**



The WLT uses camouflage to blend into its environment and hide from predators. The Western Cape is the only place in the world where they are found - they live amongst others in the wetlands of the Bergvliet and Constantia Valley suburbs. They are highly endangered and Die Oog, just around the corner from our Village is one of the main breeding sites.

Like all toads, WLTs devour many insects and are useful pest controllers. They mostly occur in sandy coastal lowlands but also venture into valleys and onto mountain slopes. They spend most of their time away from water, even venturing into suburban gardens (Joan Misplon has a regular visitor each year) but are seldom found more than a few kilometres from their breeding habitat.

The biggest dangers to the WLTs are :

Cats and dogs attacking them

Cars running them over

Swimming pool chemicals

Contrary to popular belief, the toads are not
poisonous to humans

Should you find toad(s) in your garden, do not move to a wetland or pond. They can navigate and know where they are going. If one is found in the middle of the road they can be encouraged to the side.

All toads have toxins which will be distasteful to dogs.

**Slow down when driving during breeding season, especially
on rainy nights**

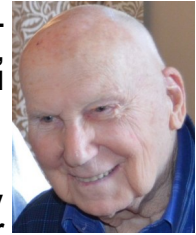


Cape Nature via Google

GETTING TO KNOW YOU



Characters are generally formed by a combination of parents, upbringing, environment, friends one surrounds oneself with and possibly the influence of a Zodiac sign, mine being the Scorpio. It is from this premise that I would like to define who I am and became.



I was born in a typical colonial household in Medan, the Dutch East Indies. A very strict Roman Catholic family at that. My father had his own business as a stockbroker (the first one in that town), as well as tobacco and rubber broker. He had just got it off the ground when the depression hit us and he had to work long hours, interrupted by the usual siesta, to build it up again. By 1935 it was "all systems go". My mother, 13 years younger than my father, was a very loving person, but also very social. Looking good and dressing well were important issues in her life, but evening hours were spent with me and my sister, and she always selected the most wonderful books to read to us before going to bed. Growing up I was given a piano teacher at the age of 5. I believe this decision was influenced twofold. My mother was musical, she played the piano in an untrained fashion. Secondly, it was fashionable and desirable for the education of a child to have a musical background. My music teacher turned out to be a typical strict Teutonic lady.

From the age of 6, when going to school for the first time, I was given a lot of liberties. After one hour a day for homework and two hours a day practising the piano, out on my bicycle visiting friends, swimming and horse riding. I also had some locals (Indonesians) as playmates. This came about when I saw some kiting on a nearby field. This was a pastime only practised by locals. White boys did not kite. Thus, I quickly became very proficient in the local language, more so than my parents who only communicated with the domestic staff in their language. On the whole, I had a wonderful, care-free youth. I breezed through school; I believe because of my mother's insistence that I read many books which she selected for me. I read Jules Verne and Dutch prose from the age of 7 and on mother's insistence also learned a bit of French. Good for the education!

In December 1941, just after turning 11, we were confronted with the possibility of a war against the Japanese. From January 1942 our town was subjected to light bombardments by Zero's (Japanese fighters) and bomb shelters appeared in every garden for us to duck into when the warning sirens sounded. I frequently peeped out of the shelter to look at the Zero's which often executed a loop before letting rip with the cannons fitted behind the propellers. In February 1942 father decided to send the family to Batavia (presently Jakarta), considered a safer haven against Japanese attacks. He was to follow after having settled business affairs but, alas, the plane he had booked could not take off as by then the airport had been obliterated and thus, from the age of 11, I became the head of the family as my mother had never had to take any decisions in her life. I went to the market to purchase items not too difficult to prepare and mother did her best to provide us with a meal with the help of a domestic whom we still found willing to work for us.

In March 1942 the Japanese occupied Jakarta and in April we were transported to the first concentration camp for civilians. In the beginning, we were still granted some liberties. I started working as a gardener for the wife of the former Governor-General (her husband was interned in a military camp), earned a meal and some pocket money and started a pigeon club, purchasing bedraggled looking

pigeons and training them. Towards the end of that year, matters became serious. We were transferred to another camp and all liberties were withdrawn and the currency was replaced by Japanese currency which made the little we had left useless. Late in 1943 all boys 11 years and older were removed from the “family” camps and so, after one more camp, I landed up in Cimahi in 1944, to be liberated in August 1945. The entire family was reunited. During all this time I was also exposed to a number of religious practices which in later years influenced my thinking on the subject.

Finishing high school in Holland between 1946 and 1951, I decided to emigrate and arrived in South Africa in April 1952, working for the Netherlands bank of South Africa. After 5 years in Cape Town and completing my banking studies, the transfers started. I had decided on a 5-year plan for progress throughout my career. So, we landed up in Gwelo in 1957 and in Salisbury (Rhodesia) in 1960. Then on to Windhoek in 1961, where the Manager turned out to be – unknown to Head Office at the time – an alcoholic so that I was obliged to take over many managerial duties as well as the position of Acting Honorary Dutch Consul for a period of one and a half years. Then on to East London, Durban and Johannesburg to finally end up as Area Manager of the Cape Southern Peninsula of the bank.

Willy and I got married in 1956 and our twin daughters were born in Gwelo in 1957. Our son Herman was born in Windhoek in 1963. During all the transfers, whilst I concentrated on my career, it was Willy who in every respect took over the management of the family. Shopping for housing – purchases were made in consultation but always ended up with her choice – organising suitable schooling and the appropriate uniforms, getting municipal services and telephone connected and getting back to a smoothly running household as quickly as possible. This was true management.

Most of my life I was involved in sport, starting with horse riding, athletics, soccer, hockey and tennis, continuing in South Africa with tennis and water polo and a little dabble at rugby and, from my days in Durban, golf. I ended up playing bowls in Cape Town from 1975 with the final position of skip before my retirement from that game in 2002.

What I learned from my years in the camps was that, in order to survive, irrespective of the circumstances, having friends is necessary as a survival mode. During the last two years of life in a concentration camp, I was part of a group of 5 friends. We rarely spent days together, being allocated various duties, but late in the afternoon we shared our findings of a small snake or some frogs, snails or anything edible, with which we supplemented our meagre diets. We had each other's backs. Friends enable one to develop and to look forward and remain strong. As approaching old age went hand in hand with losing friends during our 36 years in Newlands, we took the decision in 2000 [sic] to purchase a unit in Evergreen and we took occupation in December 2011. Soon we developed a friendship with the earliest residents and others later on and I had the privilege to be able to start a monthly music evening, commencing with a concert of Grieg's piano concerto on the 15th of October 2013. I have loved sharing this activity ever since. I also had the honour of serving on the Residents, and later Management Committee of the village for 6 years.

Having turned 90 I still maintain an intense interest in happenings in the village, anything technical relating to communication development and of course music. I consider my life in our village as an ongoing development with the help of lots of friendly and helpful people. The interactions with residents on a weekly basis are highlights for me and help to keep my various interests alive and the grey matter healthy for a long time.

RESIDENTS SHARE THEIR RECIPES

JANSSON'S TEMPTATION

This piquant recipe with the promising name of J's T is one of the most typical Swedish dishes. It is quick and easy and quite delicious

6 potatoes; 3 onions; 3T butter; 15 anchovy fillets; 400g (14oz) fresh cream; pepper; 2-3 sprigs dill; a few chunks of lemon

Peel the potatoes and slice thinly or grate. Finely slice the onions and saute in two-thirds of the butter until golden. Use the rest of the butter to grease a fireproof dish and layer it alternately with potatoes, onions and anchovy fillets, ending with a layer of potatoes. Season the cream with pepper, add the freshly chopped dill and pour it over the mixture.

The potatoes should be covered by the cream. Bake for about 50 minutes in a preheated oven at 180 degrees (350F, gas mark 4). Garnish with lemon chunks and serve in the dish.

Yolanda Bond-Smith



BUTTER CHICKEN

Ingredients: enough for 8 chicken breasts

- ♦ 1 pkt Ina Paarman butter chicken coat 'n cook sauce (200ml)
- ♦ 1 pkt Ina Paarman tomato pesto (125g)
- ♦ 1 tin coconut milk or cream
- ♦ 3 t grated fresh ginger

Method:

- ♦ Place chicken breasts in baking dish
- ♦ Mix ingredients together in a bowl
- ♦ Pour mixture over breasts
- ♦ Marinate in the fridge for a few hours
- ♦ Bake in the oven at 180°
 - 40 minutes covered
 - 10 minutes uncovered
- ♦ Serve with chopped fresh coriander

Adrian Fuller



Wedding anniversaries are a special chance to celebrate reaching another milestone in your marriage. Its about reflecting on a year of growing together and looking forward to the future

9th Gael and Charles Foster

14th Margaret and Alan Baxter

14th Alison and Ian McDonald

18th Carol and Brian Dalton

25th Claudia and Michael Burchell

28th Hannelen and Hans Hammel

SPEKBOOM PORTULACARIA AFRA

The Spekboom plant helps to remove carbon dioxide from the atmosphere by acting like a carbon sponge, improving the quality of the air we breathe.

REASONS TO GROW SPEKBOOM IN YOUR GARDEN

- ♦ **Helps to fight climate change and air pollution**
- ♦ **A proudly South African plant and easy to grow**
- ♦ **Waterwise and super resilient**
- ♦ **Suitable for all seasons and weather conditions**
- ♦ **Leaves are edible, high in basic nutrients and of medicinal value**
- ♦ **Beautiful when flowering**

Really versatile, suitable for hedges, bonsai, ground cover or large bushes

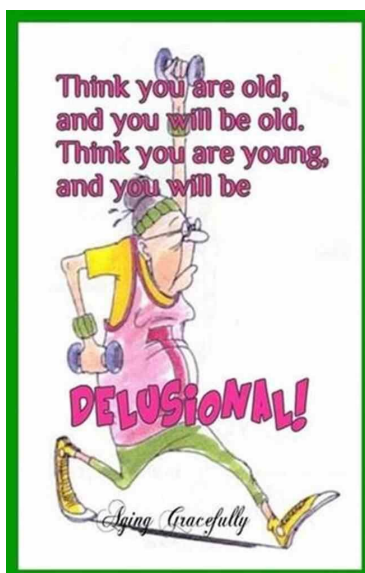
EXCESS CARBON IN THE AIR IS RESPONSIBLE FOR GLOBAL WARMING SO PLANTING SPEKBOOM HAS BECOME A SYMBOL OF CARBON EMISSION REDUCTION AND CLIMATE CHANGE AWARENESS

Courtesy VdV ELV





Beautiful sunset Lagoon Edge, Hermanus



Thank you to everyone for their contributions - keep them coming to
davidwal@iafrica.com

Articles not published in this newsletter will be used in the August edition

Cut off date for submissions is Thursday 15th July 2021