

OUR END OF YEAR FUNCTION IS TO BE HELD
ON FRIDAY 10TH DECEMBER 2021 AT
6.30 PM FOR 7.00 PM WITH A SILVER THEME
PLEASE BRING A WRAPPED GIFT TO THE VALUE
OF R50 FOR A WOMAN OR MAN TO HAND OUT
AS A SECRET SANTA GIFT - this is optional

R180pp

KINDLY PROVIDE YOUR OWN
LIQUID REFRESHMENTS

DECEMBER 2021

BOOK AT RECEPTION BY NO LATER THAN THE
3RD DECEMBER

No shows or cancellations after this date
will have to be charged

Picture: *The Sphere* November 1951 by Pauline Baynes,
Image: collection of Ceccatelli-Gasch - back in the day, the
magazine cost three shillings and sixpence!



ABOUT CRAIG LEO - ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF PUPPETRY

Craig is a South African theatre designer, puppeteer and performing artist. He trained under Keith Anderson during the CAPAB years, but more so learned the craft from Adrian Kohler and Basil Jones. Leaving university he began working in theatre due to his drafting skills acquired when studying architecture at UCT. He trained in circus arts, performing with the Zip Zap Circus leading to roles in other Extravaganzas. His collaboration with the Handspring Puppet Company includes many shows and he has just completed one of the largest outdoor theatrical events called The Walk. It highlights the plight of unaccompanied refugee minors who have had to make the journey across Europe from countries like Syria. This is also a Handspring project in collaboration with Goodchance Theatre, a UK based company.

Together with the Baxter Theatre he is currently a puppeteer on The Life and Times of Michael K. This production is in collaboration with the Handspring Puppet Company.

Now back to War Horse following on from our November edition

The finished horse puppets weigh approximately 43 kilos for the body, including the puppeteer backpacks, and another 7.7 kilos for the head. They are made of cane, leather and tyvec, a material used in book binding (for the manes and tails). The torso is reinforced with aluminium and able to carry a rider on top. "If an actor accidentally drops a prop and there is a loud bang, the horse needs to react as a horse naturally would. It needs to rear up or kick. That ability to react immediately is what keeps the horse, and indeed the whole production alive.

With War Horse, the puppeteers are always visible, trusting the audience's imagination that they will suspend their disbelief and be carried by it all. When people buy tickets to the theatre, they want to be taken on a journey, they want to use their imaginations and, when they are in that world, they want to believe. They are seeing us without seeing."

Craig says that War Horse is without doubt the most complex puppetry he has had to work with. "Normally, when there are a team of three people working on a single puppet, you can see each other and communicate through looks or gestures. With War Horse, you have two people inside the puppet and one person outside and there is no physical or eye contact, so you have to learn another way to talk to each other without speaking. In the beginning none of the puppeteers knew what to do, how to let the others know we were about to move in a certain way, but over time, we realised we could communicate by our breathing. When we became really complicit and used to working together, our breath pattern would synch and if someone decided to make a move, the others would know and be ready to move too.

One of the great mysteries about this show, is that the puppeteers are entirely democratic. There are no leaders, no single puppeteer decides which way you are going to move. And, as you get in synch, there can be much improvisation around the blocked movement and there is a lot of freedom to behave as a horse would behave.

Being Joey's head is very physical, the puppets are heavy enough, and moving them for over two hours is exhausting. When we started out, there was just one team playing Joey and to do eight shows as a horse every week was physically destroying. Now we have several teams and they rotate.

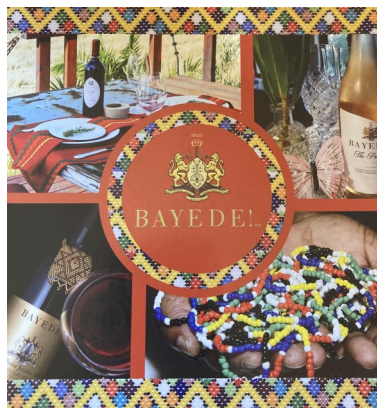
It is hard to be a horse."

<https://www.independent.ie>

<https://www.warhorseonstage.com>



We had a lovely afternoon sampling excellent wines



Roger, Wenche, Colin, David, Brian, Donald, Yolanda, Jean, Paddy, Henriette, Judith, Joan and Felicity

PART ONE OF A TWO PART ARTICLE - MARION THOMPSON**LIFE ON ASCENSION ISLAND IN THE 80's**

Ascension Island is a dormant volcanic mountain peak which rises 3 048m (10 000ft) from the ocean floor and exists as a result of an eruption many thousands of years ago. It is just below the bulge of Africa, a little dot in the Atlantic Ocean almost on the equator and halfway between Brazil and Angola. Governed as part of the British Overseas Territory of Saint Helena, Ascension and Tristan da Cunha, it is approximately 88 square kms (34 square miles) in area. It consists of 44 major craters and extensive lava flows - and is fondly referred to as 'the Rock'!



As a family of four, due to my husband's involvement with the undersea telecommunications cable company, we were destined for Ascension in the early 80's, near the end of the Falklands war. At that stage there were no commercial flights to the island so we duly boarded an American military plane (Lockheed C-141) in Johannesburg and then spent 9 hours inside the cavernous cargo and troop carrier. Before takeoff we were issued with earplugs as we were told the noise was unbearable, any conversation was impossible. We sat facing backwards to the cockpit in the few seats that had been installed for those destined to work and live on 'the Rock'; there were no windows; the temperature in the body of the plane was regularised as to the cargo being carried at the time.

Stepping out of the plane onto Wideawake Airfield, my first impressions were horrific. The terrain was barren and rugged and we were surrounded by a desolate waste, mounds of lava rock with not a tree, shrub or blade of grass anywhere to be seen. Had we landed on Mars I wondered? It was however only a few days later that we discovered Green Mountain (859m), the highest point on the island, the summit of which is lush, green and has a slightly cooler climate, but had been covered in cloud the day we landed.

Prior to the Falklands conflict, the 10 week war between Argentina and the United Kingdom over two British dependent territories in the South Atlantic, the population of Ascension was approximately 1,000 in number.. The inhabitants were entirely made up of expatriates consisting of Saint Helenians (fondly known as Saints), Britons, Americans and five South African families who were employed by the South Atlantic Cable Company. Overnight Ascension became the staging post between the UK and the Falklands and the population increased greatly due to the influx of British troops, as did the volume of air traffic making the tiny airfield one of the busiest in the world for a short period.



There were numerous inhabitants on the island who were unaccompanied and so enjoyed being with families, especially those with children. We would often come home to find a big black refuse bag on our doorstep and we knew one of our friends had been deep sea fishing and kindly dropped off a tuna, wahoo or barracuda which would then be braaied on our patio and a great evening always ensued.

There were two so-called towns on the island. 'Georgetown' the Administrative centre, which is on the north west coast, where we were based and 'Two Boats' which was situated higher up at the base of Green Mountain. Our prefab home overlooked the white sanded Deadman's beach, our sleeping area was thankfully air conditioned due to the excessive heat and our furniture and one vehicle per family had been shipped to us however the downside to this was we had to pack it all up and fill a container at the end of the contract which took weeks!



Georgetown - our home to the right



The rugged coastline

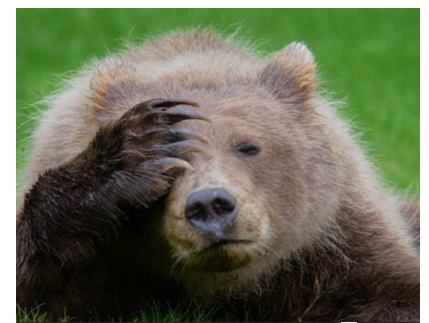
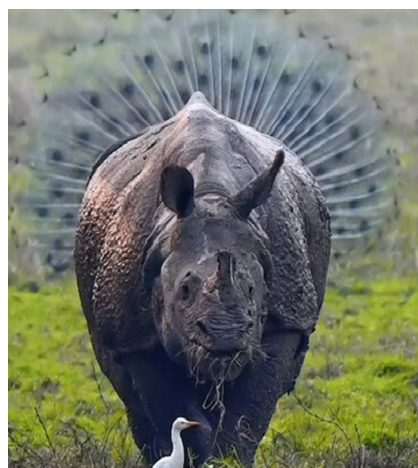
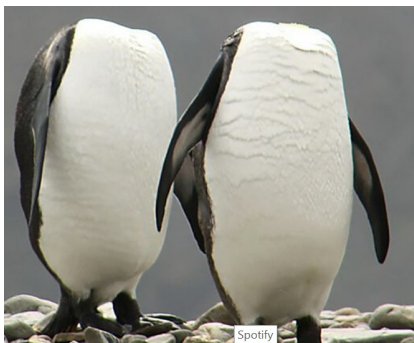
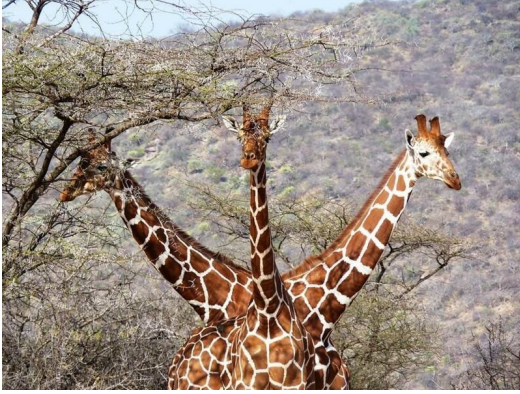
The main facilities available to islanders were a Post Office, a Hospital and Dental Surgery, an Anglican Church, a Historical Society and museum, two swimming pools and two NAAFI (Navy, Army and Air Force Institute) shops. 'Two Boats' housed yet more inhabitants and the British run nursery, junior and senior schools, where I worked for about three years as secretary in the mornings and teaching the seniors, only St Helenians, typing and office practice. Expat children were only allowed to stay at the school until the end of their junior year. A variety of clubs catered for social, sporting and cultural needs. A third village complete with an olympic sized swimming pool, 'Traveller's Hill', mushroomed during our stay which housed the British troops.

The US Air Force had a small base, closest to the Wideawake airfield. The Americans had originally arrived on the island for the tortuous building of the airfield in 1942 which was when the first aircraft landed. They brought in their own stores, vehicles and machinery in the huge troop and cargo carriers, similar to the ones we had travelled in and distilled their own water. Until 1990, NASA maintained a base on the south east of the island which was a tracking station used for monitoring spaceflights such as Apollo, as part of the NASA Deep Space Center. We were privileged enough to be given a tour of the station which was very interesting.

In the years we were on the island we had the pleasure of being allowed to use the small takeaway cafe on the US Base where we could buy, amongst other treats, fresh hamburgers, complete with lettuce and tomato - what a treat! When November came around there was an air of anticipation and hope that we might receive an invite to the Base to celebrate Thanksgiving which was a feast to behold. At times movies were shown in an open air cinema at the Base and also in a huge hall in Georgetown as there was no such thing as TV available on the island.

To be contd.

Looking at a picture of a cute animal can increase your productivity.
 Also I am sure you can bring into conversations the interesting facts that rabbits can't puke and the wood
 frog can refrain from urinating for up to 8 months !
 Here are some photos you may enjoy.



It has come to my attention that there are several men folk in the Village who enjoy cooking so I invited them to tell us a little bit about how their interest came about and their favourite recipe.

"I have enjoyed cooking since my bachelor days but restricted myself to straightforward fail proof dishes such as grills, roasts and braais. When the potjie kos fad started I learned the importance of developing flavour and gradually widened my range of dishes. After I retired I had more time to search for new recipes and try out new ideas. Trish says the best thing about her hip replacement 12 years ago was handing over all the cooking duties and she has never remembered to reclaim them!"

Among my quick recipes (anything that can be cooked after golf) is this one for Haddock and Bacon Pie."

- Par cook 4 potatoes.
- Cook finely chopped baby leeks and 125g bacon in butter for 5 min. Place in oven dish.
- Poach 750g haddock in 2 cups of milk for 7 min. Place in dish.
- Add small tin of corn Kernels and 250 ml fresh cheese sauce.
- Make a paste of 1T flour and 1T water. Add to the poaching milk and whisk. Add to haddock in dish.
- Slice potatoes and cover the haddock and sauce.
- Bake at 160 for 25min. Grill for final 5 min.
- Serves four.



ENJOY - Mike Smith



"After many years of braaing and making breakfasts, a decade or so ago I branched out into "real" cooking. At first, I followed recipes religiously, but these days I often make up dishes as I go along. Tip: Don't worry if you don't have all the ingredients – be adventurous and improvise. It very rarely backfires!

My favourite recipe is quick and easy baked risotto: "

- | | |
|--|---|
| 250 g bacon | ♦ Preheat oven to 180. |
| 30 ml butter | ♦ Fry bacon until cooked and crispy, remove. In the same pan melt oil and butter. Saute garlic and leeks. Add rice for a few minutes and stir well. |
| 45 ml olive oil | ♦ Transfer rice mixture to a deep overproof dish, stir in spinach. Pour over stock and season. Cover and bake for 30 minutes. |
| 2 garlic cloves, crushed | ♦ Stir in mushroom, parmesan and bacon. Continue to bake until liquid is almost absorbed +- 10 minutes. |
| 6 leeks, sliced | ♦ Mix cream and crème fraiche. Pour gently over risotto and stir to combine well. Bake for a further 5 minutes. |
| 250 ml Arborio rice | ♦ Add blanched fresh asparagus at the end. |
| 200 g fresh spinach, chopped | ♦ Serve hot with extra parmesan. |
| 500 ml chicken stock | ♦ Serves four. |
| Salt and pepper | |
| 1 packet portabellini mushrooms, sliced | |
| 100 g parmesan, grated & extra for serving | |
| 150 ml cream | |
| 45 ml crème fraiche | |
| Fresh green asparagus, blanched | |

BON APPETIT - Adrian Fuller

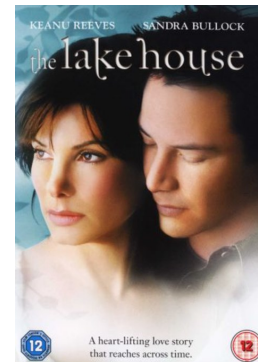
**MUSIC EVENING WITH
HERMAN POELMANN
WEDNESDAY 1st DECEMBER
7pm**

Book no later than 29th November
You are welcome to bring your own
liquid refreshments



MOVIE NIGHT

SATURDAY 4TH DECEMBER at 7pm is cancelled
It will be shown on the 8th January 2022



The film centres around an architect living in 2004 and a doctor living in 2006 who meet via letters left in the mailbox of a lake house where they both lived at separate points in time. They carry on a two year correspondence while remaining separated by the time difference.

You are welcome to bring your own refreshments.
Please contact Paddy Fordyce ext 3052 for further information

**SUMMER SUNSET SUNDOWNERS
aka SSS**

At the suggestion of Bronwyn Davis we are
going to hold a weekly SSS
commencing on Thursday 2nd December
at 6pm

Should it prove a success the day might be
changed to a Friday or Saturday.

Just bring along your liquid refreshments
and come down to Sonnenhof to socialise
and catch up with each other.

No booking is necessary.

DIARISE THE DATE



YOUR VOTE IS YOUR VOICE

I am sure that residents are pleased that Cape
Town has been retained by the DA.

Jill Newton sent this to me and I feel that I just
have to share -

Ambrose Bierce's definition of politics in his
Devil's Dictionary :

"Politics, n. A strife of interests masquerading as a
context of principles"



Exploring the Dylan Lewis Sculpture Garden



Located between two worlds, one wild and one tamed, the Dylan Lewis Sculpture Garden borders the manicured suburbs of Stellenbosch and a rugged mountain wilderness where leopards still roam.

Born in 1964, Dylan Lewis grew up in South Africa. His family was artistic. Dylan's father was a sculptor, his mother and grandmother painters, and his great-grandfathers, architect and cabinetmaker.

Dylan began his career by painting but later started sculpting. He is recognised as a leading sculptor of the animal form. Initially, he focused on large cats. However, more recently, he has used human figures to explore the wilderness inside us all.

His international career includes exhibitions in Paris, Sydney, Toronto, Houston and San Francisco, and numerous one-man exhibitions in London. Dylan Lewis is among the few living artists to have held solo auctions at Christie's London.

This beautiful and inspiring garden is well worth a visit.

AF

SAILING IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

“Meet you in Piraeus on the quay”

In 1985 when our son Tim was on leave during his National Service, he said to Chris, "Captain, when I get out of the army I want to go on a long sea trip. How about taking Sea Jay to Greece and we can go cruising in the Med?" (The kids had nicknamed Chris "Captain" when he changed from dinghies to a keelboat and "Captain" he remained to the end. Sea Jay was our 36 foot Endurance built with blood, sweat and tears at Thesens in Knysna.)

Chris thought for a moment and then said, "OK, meet you in Piraeus on the quay."

And that's what we did. But the cruise was so tantalisingly short that at the end of it we decided for the foreseeable future that the Med would be our holiday home and Sea Jay our Airbnb. We took her to Bodrum, an efficiently run port with an excellent boatyard, where we organised for her to be wintered. We didn't need to hire crews because Chris had got his Captain's certificate and radio licence in Cape Town many years before so was qualified to skipper anywhere and both Tim and Carolyn were experienced sailors.

When friends joined us, we often picked them up in Rhodes. It has a small harbour with a narrow entrance and it is easy to picture the Colossus standing proudly astride it, towering more than 30 metres above you. We would wander down the mediaeval Street of the Knights, visit the Palace of the Grand Masters and at night watch the re-enactment of Suleiman The Magnificent defeating the Knights of St Johns and driving them from the island. We had read "The Great Siege" by Erle Bradford so we then went down to Malta to see the site of that epic and final battle between the Ottomans and the Knights. Valetta, the capital, still has its fortified walls, limestone streets and the Grand Harbour and, with its wonderful artworks, the whole city is virtually an outdoor museum. During World War 11 Malta, which was then a British colony, was besieged by Italy and Germany, and the king rewarded the islanders enmasse with the George Cross for the great courage they had shown.

One of our favourite ports of call was a tiny Greek shop in a little harbour where the owner sold red wine by the gallon. He pumped it from huge tanks into our plastic gallon bottles, bought specially for the purpose, and we stowed it in the bilges. Some of our friends shuddered at this irreverence but even fussy fundis admitted that the wine was more than palatable and said it gave them a warm feeling. Of course, that warm feeling may have actually been due to sitting on the deck, gently rocked by Sea Jay, gazing at the cloudless sky and myriad shades of blue, turquoise, navy and emerald melting into each other, with islands dotting the horizon.

The weather was usually good, but there was a frightening occasion when we were en route to Palermo and got caught in the tail end of a hurricane. The media later reported that it had done fearful damage in Spain where it had started but there was no prediction of it whatsoever by the normally reliable radio weather forecasts. It brought home to me that "battening down the hatches" is not just a figure of speech - everything must be taken down, shut down, nailed down. The wind was a howling banshee, Sea Jay a bucking bronco in waves that looked to my scared eyes as high as double storeyed houses and the sailor's prayer sprang to mind, - "Dear God, your sea is so very big and my boat is so very small." Luckily Chris's mantra was "Forethought is the art of good seamanship." Despite the lack of warning, he had picked up signs of trouble and he steered us safely through it.

Also luckily, the friends who were sailing with us carried out his instructions immediately and without question. At sea, it can be very dangerous if people debate or argue with a skipper's orders. Instant obedience is rule number one, which is why sailing is such a good, if sneaky, way to teach discipline to teenagers!

The longer we spent there, the more we found that, though the towns and cities were interesting, we preferred the islands that were just minute dots on the map, inaccessible to planes or large vessels. We would anchor in little bays and row ashore in our dinghy to have supper in a taverna or shack on the beach. Often someone had a smattering of English or French but even without that we managed to communicate. On one of these islands, the niece of the taverna owner was getting married and he invited Chris, Tim and myself to the wedding. It was inland, and all the guests walked from the taverna in single file over the hills, everyone dressed up in their best - the women in brightly patterned skirts and white blouses with frills and flounces and the men in black trousers and colourfully embroidered jackets. They taught us Greek dancing, and the party went on far into the night, though no plates were smashed!

On another island we rowed ashore and discovered a Turkish band playing music we had never heard before, on instruments completely foreign to us. One of the members taught Carolyn to play a very complicated rhythm on his odd looking drum and at the end of the evening he presented it to her with a typical Turkish flourish. She still has the drum standing next to her piano. All this was before TV, the internet or cell phones were even thought of and these islanders, who hardly ever saw strangers, welcomed us as if we were long lost family.

And the best places of all? They were the tiny bays where there was nothing in sight but sea, sky, green bushes and wildflowers with Sea Jay serenely tied between a couple of rocks. We would dive off the deck, floating in that beautiful clear blue water and at night we would sit with just the moon and stars lighting our way while we ate our supper and sipped our wine. We could have been alone on the planet. I have a photo of Sea Jay in one of those idyllic places which I look at every now and then when I want to calm myself.

When Chris's eyesight started deteriorating too much, we sold Sea Jay to a retired engineer who took her round the world on a solo trip. It was sad to see her go but good to know she is in safe hands after giving our family such happy times.

Jill Newton





A little bit about me.

I believe my love for family, friends and people started from a very young age whilst growing up in a small community in the Namibian town Oranjemund. Sense of community is very important to me.

I never thought of Hospitality at first and went to study Business Computing. My brother introduced me to the Cape Point Restaurant Team at weekends to make some pocket money and that is where the passion for dealing with people really took off.

I was then transferred to Zevenwacht Wine Estate and held many various positions on the Estate for nine years. One of my favourites was the Banqueting Manager position as we hosted many great functions, concerts and weddings. The Moms were the easiest to deal with when planning the weddings.

I was then head hunted and spent ten years in the Recruitment Industry in Cape Town dealing with the top hotels in the CBD area. This was fast paced and where I learnt to deal with all levels of business, staff and guests alike.

After the ten years I had a yearning to get back to Hotels and joined the Steenberg Hotel team for four years. I realized that all I have ever wanted to do is work with people.

Wanting to slow things down a bit and not work Hotel hours, I joined Evergreen in April 2018 in the position of Noordhoek Administrator. I am thoroughly enjoying my varied role with Evergreen and believe that I am finally working in the best environment for my own growth and enjoyment. I hope to still share many more years with the Evergreen Team and who knows, may even become an Evergreen Resident in the years to come.

Bronwyn Davis



I started my working career in 2010 within the Hospitality industry at the Westin Hotel in the Housekeeping department. I really loved meeting and assisting people from all around the world and continued to work there till 2015 when I left and joined Evergreen Lifestyle Villages as a general worker.

I have been at Evergreen ever since then and I now form part of the Front of House team as receptionist where I continue to follow my passion & love.

Melvinita Safodien

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

3rd Ton Weber
 6th John Drake
 7th Paddy Oberhofer
 13th Jenny Fisher
 13th Mike Uys
 15th Michelle Samson
 15th Maretha Lubbe

16th Martin Bayliss
 19th Kate Woof
 20th Ronnie van Reenen
 21st Richard Eastwick
 21st Donald Campbell
 24th Alan Baxter
 28th Dave Philips



FOLK CELEBRATING WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

2nd Leticia and Geoff Hughes
 8th Jo and Geoff Nixon
 16th Christina and Laubi Walters
 18th Tersia and Charles Harrod
 21st Paddy and Jeff Hawthorne
 22nd Estelle and Edward Twiggs
 22nd Lorraine and Rodney Bryant



BOOK REVIEW

UNBROKEN by Laura Hillenbrand

An extraordinary true story of courage and survival

In 1943 a US bomber crashed into the Pacific ocean and disappeared, leaving only a spray of debris and a slick of oil, gasoline and blood. There was one survivor and his name was Louis Zamperini. He was the plane's Bombardier. He managed to climb onto a life raft where he would face sharks, thirst and starvation, enemy aircraft and beyond, a trial even greater.

This is an unforgettable story of one man's journey into extremity, a testament to the resilience of the human mind, body and spirit.

Truly an excellent read and it is in our library.



FW

In honour of stupid people

In case you needed further proof that the human race is doomed through stupidity

On Clicks Children's cough medicine "**Do not drive a car or operating machinery after taking this medication**" (we could do a lot to reduce the rate of construction accidents if we could just get those 5 year olds with head colds off those bulldozers).

On some Checkers frozen dinners - "**serving suggestion: defrost**" (please note that it's just a suggestion).

On Nytol Sleep Aid - "**warning: may cause drowsiness**" (...I'm taking this because???...)

On some brands of Christmas lights of Eastern origin: "**for indoor or outdoor use only**"
(as opposed to what?)

On a Japanese food processor - "**not to be used for the other use**" (now, somebody out there, please help me on this, I am a bit curious).

Instructions of a SA Airways packet of peanuts - "**open packet, eat nuts**".

On a German chainsaw - "**do not attempt to stop chain with your hands or genitals**" (was there a lot of this happening somewhere?).

On Woolworths Tiramisu dessert (printed on the bottom) - "**do not turn upside down**"
(well ... duh, a bit late, huh!).

Ah well ... at least they have complied with the packaging laws. One must then wonder if the manufacturers, or the public, or (now here is a radical thought) those framing the laws are the stupid ones.



REAL CHRISTMAS TREE VERSUS ARTIFICIAL TREE

The debate about the environmental impact of artificial trees is ongoing - natural tree growers contend that artificial trees are more environmentally harmful than their natural counterpart. On the other side of the debate, various organisations continue to refute that artificial trees are more harmful to the environment and maintain that the PVC used in Christmas trees has excellent recyclable properties, as they are made of recycled PVC sheets using tin stabiliser.

A professional study of both real and fake Christmas trees revealed that one must use an artificial tree for at least 20 years to leave an environmental footprint as small as the natural tree. Natural trees on the other hand are entirely bio-degradable and are generally disposed of in landfills. They can also be used as mulch or used to prevent erosion. Real trees are carbon-neutral, they emit no more carbon dioxide by being cut down and disposed of than they absorb while growing. Artificial trees will produce 48.3kg over their lifetime !

Some people use real Christmas trees for several seasons; real trees are typically grown as a crop, (if properly managed) and replanted in rotation after cutting, often providing suitable habitat for wildlife.

Source: Wikipedia

So I "branched" out and found that Ferndale Nursery in Brommersvlei Road, Constantia sell live trees growing in pots.

Jenny Fisher and Myrle Mawman are organising a Carols by Candlelight which will be held on the lawn on Thursday 16th December. A picnic will commence at 6pm followed by carols about an hour later. Residents need to provide their own food, cutlery, plates, napkins etc. plus chairs.

Picnic hampers can be ordered through WPC - a silver box costs R135 and a gold R199. Book with the Bistro by Friday 10th December. Details of picnic hamper contents as per email dd 10th November.

We need toilet roll inners which can be placed in a box which will be provided and will sit on top of the pigeon holes in the passage.

Any queries please contact Jenny ext 33001 or Myrle on ext 3053.



PLANT EXCHANGE



Jacky and Pat

On Saturday November 6th we held our first “Plant Exchange”. This was the idea of Pat Baylis (unit 17) . Residents were encouraged to bring and share whatever plants they could spare and take home whatever caught their fancy. Even those who had no plants to share were invited to join in and take some plants for their gardens.

A big thank you to those of you who donated plants, we had a lovely selection.

Sadly not many people came to the event but those who did enjoyed chatting and exchanging ideas about plants and gardens and took away some very nice specimens. Nothing was wasted as the staff on duty were really happy to take home the remaining plants.

Jacky Orton



DECEMBER IN THE GARDEN

Plant all its favourites like celosias, cleomes, bedding dahlias, impatiens, lobelias, marigolds and vincas. Also fill dull corners with long-lasting summer colour – use gauras, day lilies, shasta daisies, salvias, cannas and alstroemerias.



Meet the Lewis Chessmen



The Lewis chessmen are a group of distinctive 12th-century chess pieces carved from walrus ivory. Discovered in 1831 on the island of Lewis in the Outer Hebrides of Scotland, they may constitute some of the few complete, surviving medieval chess sets. The hoard contained 93 artefacts - 78 chess pieces, 14 tablemen and one belt buckle when found.

Today, 82 pieces are owned and exhibited by the British Museum in London. The remaining 11 are at the National Museum of Scotland in Edinburgh.

Additionally, a newly identified piece, a "warder", the equivalent of a castle or rook, was sold in July 2019. However, four other major pieces, and many pawns, remain missing from the chess sets.

The British Museum claims the chessmen were probably made in Trondheim, the medieval capital of Norway. During that period, the Outer Hebrides and other significant groups of Scottish islands were ruled by Norway. However, some scholars have suggested other Nordic countries.

Information and photo: Wikipedia

AF

JOAN MISPLON IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT

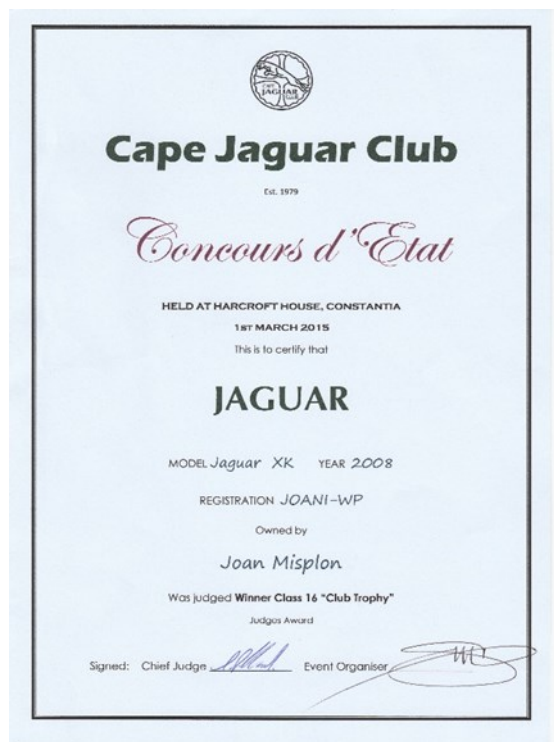


Inside, the customised trim in Caramel features rich burrs wood panelling with a matching steering wheel.



It's no small feat that, from 2008 to 2015, Joan won nine Cape Jaguar Club trophies for her splendid car.

From its strong, sleek lines and Winter Gold colour to its beautiful interior, Joan's 2008 Jaguar XK8 Coupe breathes style and sophistication.



As it starts, the Jag's throaty 4.2-litre engine purrs with intent. So it's no surprise that Joan loves to put her foot down on country roads. She's also passionate about rallying. Here, in 2012, she waits for starter's orders (with her cousin Maureen as navigator) on a fun run to Worcester.

BEST CHRISTMAS MARKETS IN CAPE TOWN

At the time of putting this article together, dates seem to fluctuate almost on a weekly basis, so I suggest you google and check that the intended market is actually open for business

December 4th - German Christmas market - 33, Section Street, Milnerton from 10am

December 4th - 8.30am - 13.00 - TEARS Christmas Market, Peak Academy, 72, Main Road, Fish Hoek

December 10-23rd - Pinelands Craft and Gift Fair, Kent Hall, Pinelands High School - 9am-7pm Mon-Fri., 9am-5pm Saturday and Sunday

December 13th - Fab Ideas Christmas Gift Fair, Kommetjie – fresh and funky products at this 4 day fair in the far south

December 14-30 Cape Town Summer Market (formerly Adderley Street Night Market). This market will be spread through the Company's Gardens from 12 noon-9pm

December 15th & 22 - Kirstenbosch Craft Market, Stone Cottages, c/r Kirstenbosch and Rhodes Drive, Newlands - this popular outdoor craft market has two dates to browse the numerous stalls

December 17th –23rd - Simply South Gift and Craft Fair, Westcott Primary School, 138-140 Boundary Road, Diep River

Open until Friday 24th December 10am-7pm - Edgemoor Christmas market, Edgemoor Community Centre, 100 Edgemoor Drive - it is very popular

Open until 30th March 2022 - Oranjezicht City Farm Market, Granger Bay, V & A Waterfront

Hermanus Country Market - every Saturday 9am-1pm - Hermanus Cricket Club, c/r Fairways Avenue and Jose Burman Drive

There are many other markets held in the Western Cape eg Stellenbosch, Franschhoek, Paarl, Somerset West and Hout Bay as well as the Elgin Railway Market open Saturdays and Sundays 9am - 4pm



Arts and Crafts Display

We had a very successful day on Friday 19th November with a lovely array of collections and hobbies on display from glass birds, beautiful necklaces, fossils, calligraphy, paperwork, stunning art and much more.

Many thanks to Jill Dower and Jean van Rhyn for helping to set up, to Myrle Mawman and Jenny Fisher for monitoring and to everyone else who helped take it all down at the end of the day.

Lets also not forget the kitchen staff who made endless cups of tea and coffee and a fresh supply of muffins.



First feet through the door -
Wenche, David and Amanda



On arrival in the foyer - Jacky
Orton's stunning floral display
"Christmas is coming softly "



Enjoying the displays - Rod, Paddy, Myrle, Sue,
Gavin, Rene and Lynne



Lynne Perry



Jenny Fisher - knitting and
painting on rocks and leather

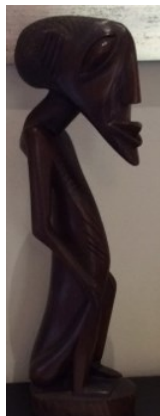


Toetie van Reenen's mosaic



Jill Dower's
fabulous
calligraphy and
paperwork

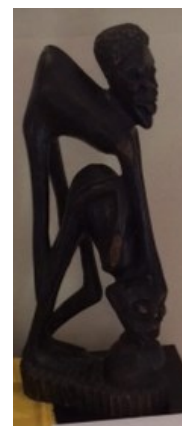




Barotse woodcarving



Edward Twiggs' fossils including a tiny crab from the Gulf of Carpentaria in Australia



Makonde woodcarving



Myrle Mawman's perfect poppies



Yolanda Bond-Smith's garden view towards the Constantiaberg



Wonderful knitting for charity - Rene Esson and Glenda Cooke



Good to see Maria Koen, an Evergreen Noordhoek resident with her beautiful cards



Part of Jill Newton's bird collection



Self portrait Paddy Ball and his two sisters



Ton Weber - old Cape Town



Jo Nixon's English countryside

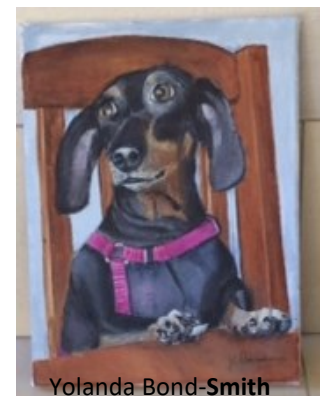


Don Campbell



Penny Marek - knitted blanket

Jenny Fisher - teddy bear



Yolanda Bond-Smith

"Jessica"

FIRST CHRISTMAS JOKE

Three men died on Christmas Eve and were met by Saint Peter at the Pearly Gates.

"In honour of this holy season" Saint Peter said, "You must each possess something that symbolises Christmas to get into heaven."

The Englishman fumbled through his pockets and pulled out a lighter. He flicked it on. "It's a candle," he said.

"You may pass through the Pearly Gates" Saint Peter said.

The Scotsman reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of keys. He shook them and said, "they're bells."

Saint Peter said "You may pass through the Pearly Gates."



NEW YEAR'S EVE

31ST DECEMBER FROM 8pm AT

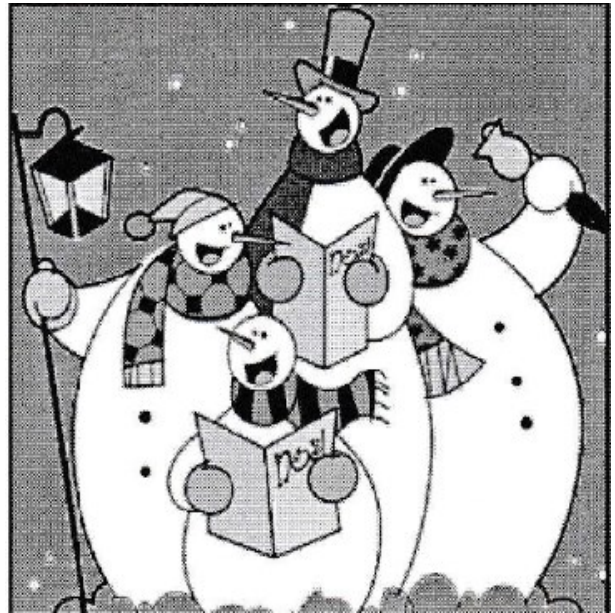
SONNENHOF

Come and enjoy music and good company to see in the New Year. Feel free to bring your own liquid refreshments and a plate of snacks.

The Irishman started searching desperately through his pockets and finally pulled out a pair of woman's panties.

Saint Peter looked at the man with a raised eyebrow and asked "And just what do those symbolise?" Then Paddy replied, "these are Carol's !"

AND SO THE CHRISTMAS SEASON BEGINS



Q: What is a New Year's Resolution

A: Something that goes in one year and out the other

An optimist stays up until midnight to see the New Year in. A pessimist stays up to make sure the old year leaves



A very big thank you to my Committee - Yolanda, Jacky, Jean and Paddy for ensuring that our Events functions have run smoothly since their resumption. Committee work is not always easy and there are often headaches. However, there has been a compensating measure of satisfaction in seeing our Village grow in number and with that a wonderful spirit of enthusiasm.

A big thank you too to Donald Campbell our intrepid photographer for his willingness to attend all functions with his camera.

How time flies. This is our seventh newsletter since its resuscitation and I know that many residents have enjoyed the monthly editions as much as I have enjoyed putting them together. A big shoutout to Adrian Fuller for editing my draft n/letter each month and to all those residents who have supplied me with articles and photographs: articles ranging from terrifying Namibian dunes; the history of Kalk Bay and the caves; polar bears; "getting to know you"; recipes; plant information; book reviews; whale season; leopard toads; War Horse; the Lewis Pugh Foundation on climate change and much much more.

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

Articles not published in this issue will be held over for January, the deadline being Monday 20th December.

ROLL ON SUMMER

Summer exercise programme:

Take one Weetbix. Take an Aero chocolate bar. Crumble the Aero over the Weetbix.

Voila! AEROBIX !



FW