



NEW YEAR WISHES

May your good health be confirmed by your dentist, gastro-endocrinologist, urologist, psychologist, cardiologist and optician.

May your physiotherapist, chiropractor, therapist, Ntate Tshukudu (your traditional healer) and your slimming clinic tell you that you do not have to come anymore.

May your pension, the contents of your house and all your shares increase in value, and may your blood pressure, weight, tax and cholesterol all decrease.

May your friends remember you and may the taxman forget you exist.

May hijackers, thieves and majimbos/tsotsis overlook you and may your loved ones always cherish you.

May your walls be too high for the neighbourhood's thieves but low enough for you to hop over when you have forgotten your keys.

May you have an honest Government and a dishonest beauty therapist.

May you have an intelligent President and a fool for a TV licence inspector.

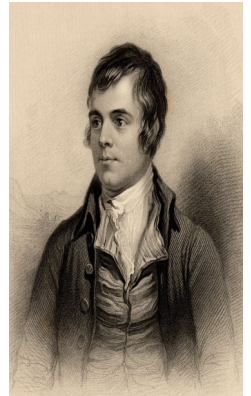


CELEBRATING ROBERT BURNS

25th January 1759 - 21st July 1796

I am very happy to be asked to write a few words about Robert Burns for this, his birthday month, as I was born and bred in what is affectionately known as "Burns Country." I can think of no other individual whose birthday is celebrated each year in all corners of the globe by his fellow countrymen, and many more besides. For some it is seen as a good excuse for a party!

We all know of Burns' humble beginnings, being born in 1759 the eldest son of a small time crofter. He had a very elementary schooling and was working on the land from a very young age but he always strived to learn more and was encouraged in this by his father who was a fairly learned man in spite of a simple lifestyle. Robert picked up rudimentary French and even an inkling of Latin. The term "Ploughman Poet" can be misleading. He was a ploughman but he was also a thinker and a scholar. This is underlined in the lines from "Tam o' Shanter"



"But pleasures are like poppies spread
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed
And like the snow falls in the river
A moment white then melts forever"

Burns love for poetry and great ability soon became apparent and he caught the eye of various members of the aristocracy who encouraged him and supported him financially, and as a result he spent some time in the drawing rooms of Edinburgh and came to the notice of no lesser mortal than Sir Walter Scott himself. Burns' first set of poems "The Kilmarnock Edition" was sold in 1898 for 548 Guineas.

Robert Burns wrote poetry on very diverse subjects - ladies, of course, but many more, a lot reflecting his every day life as in "To a Mouse" when he saw a tiny field mouse scuttling away from the ploughshare. Burns' life was one of two halves - very direct and straight forward yet also philosophical as in "o wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us."

His time was divided between writing poetry and struggling as a tenant farmer to support his growing family. He is saddled with the reputation of being too fond of his "drink" but Jean Armour his wife is quoted as saying that it was never a problem. He was, however, a member of various clubs, was a Free Mason and very convivial company. All this time his personal life was fairly active! We know that he was a great ladies' man and many of his poems are dedicated to members of the fair sex. He eventually married Jean Armour - much against her father's wishes - and they had 9 children. He had 12 in total!

He had moved from the family home and was a tenant on various farms, the final one being Ellisland where he wrote his most famous work, Tam o' Shanter - and which farm I passed every day on my way to school. This was a poor unproductive farm and Burns was unable to make sufficient money to support his growing family, so he took a job as an Excise Man in Dumfries. Sadly his days were numbered. He had never been particularly strong and he died from rheumatic fever in 1796.

250 years later Robert Burns is still one of Scotland's most loved and admired sons and will always be remembered wherever Scots meet together.

PaddyFordyce

Continuation from December newsletter

The RMS St Helena called at the island about every six weeks, traversing between Cape Town and Southampton and stopping at St Helena and occasionally Tristan da Cunha. The sight of the ship anchored out in the ocean was always most welcome as it came bearing letters and parcels from family at home, which contained lots of lovely goodies and more than likely videotapes of cartoons for the children. The ship also brought us fairly fresh produce and items that the shop had run out of - the queues outside the shop had to be seen to be believed on these days as our main problem was the scarcity of fresh fruit and vegetables - although we tried to grow veg and salad ingredients the heat was so great it just scorched and/or burned them. Normally our only supplies were non perishable items, frozen meat and the NAAFI mail order catalogue which was our only avenue to purchasing the likes of toys, clothes, toiletries, household items etc. As there were no restaurants as such on the island this lifestyle certainly became interesting when trying to host a dinner party providing something different.

In our early days I can distinctly remember the joy of seeing avocado pears in the shop with which I very proudly made a lovely looking avo mousse in a mould as one of my salads for our guests. To my horror, between the time I had placed it on the table and our guests coming inside from the patio the whole thing had deteriorated into a mushy mess and was drizzling all over my beautiful tablecloth and the table - the heat had won and I never tried that again!

Once the ship had anchored at bay all supplies had to be transferred onto a flat pontoon with outsize outboard motors before it came alongside the pierhead where a crane hauled the precious cargo onto the island. Any passengers were brought to shore in small rubber boats and on reaching the pierhead had to catch hold of a rope and heave themselves from the boat onto the steps making sure they made it before one of the enormous Atlantic rollers crashed ashore. Prince Andrew, when visiting the troops, certainly had a problem and it was a case of one foot wet and the other dry!

Being so close to the equator the weather was tropical and in the five odd years we spent on the island we never needed to wear a jersey or use a blanket! Water on the island was a very precious commodity; household supplies were piped from two desalinating plants near the BBC relay station and effluent water (disgustingly foul smelling) was delivered in tankers twice a week and pumped into storage tanks in the grounds which we then used to keep what garden we could establish alive. Before we could even think of planting a bougainvillea, which grew exceptionally well, we had to use a pick to break through volcanic rock before shoveling out a hole big enough to contain a 10 gallon drum, forcing the poor roots to grow downwards below the rock. This task often brought blood, sweat and tears.

Game fishing was popular for those with small fishing vessels, whilst for the line fisherman the island was paradise. We could however only fish between dusk and dawn when the common 'Blackfish' sank to deeper levels to sleep! They are scavengers, voracious, inedible and poor bait although they did keep the waters around the island clean. There are many golden sand beaches and rocky outcrops from which to fish, but swimming is extremely dangerous around most of the island due to there being no continental shelf and a strong backwash. On an evening we would pack a picnic and the children into our landrover and set off to one of the beaches to catch our fresh supper of either Grouper (similar to our Hake) or Soldiers and on some occasions crayfish which we caught from the rocky outcrops. Life was idyllic. We had bought our trusty old land rover on the island as it was a necessity to get to many places on the coast and there were only two main roads that were tarred, the rest were dirt tracks or molten lava.

On occasion we would have house visits from huge yellowy orange or purple land crabs who live in burrows on the mountain and would come down to the coast to lay their eggs. Other animals, again having been imported years ago, who also occasionally visited us were feral donkeys and given half a chance would thoroughly enjoy eating our plants in the garden if the gate had unfortunately been left open.

Birdlife was prolific and the breeding ground for millions of sea-birds at one time but sadly feral cats had been introduced to deal with rat infestation and they soon found the birds were easier prey and ran wild amidst the breeding colonies. The most common being Wideawake Terns; Frigates, white and brown Boobys, and the black Noddy. The Terns nested on the coastal plains near the airfield and came in their thousands each year. The noise had to be heard to be believed before they departed after about 10 months when the chicks were flying strongly and the plains became silent once more.

I think the most fascinating sight we experienced in the first few months each year was the arrival of the Green Turtles who swam approximately 2 000kms from the coast of Brazil to Ascension where, after mating offshore, laid their eggs on the beaches. The male remained in the water while the poor female dragged her enormous bulk up the beach until well above high water level. With tears streaming from her eyes she dug a deep conical pit into which she laid approximately 100 eggs, the size of a table tennis ball, before covering and disguising the hole. She then returned to the sea and after mating three or four times and repeating the laying routine, they both swam back to Brazil.



The heat from the sun incubates the eggs and between 7 - 10 weeks later the baby turtles burst their shells with a special tooth which later falls out. The adult turtles are deaf and toothless and cannot retract their heads or flippers into their shells. Hatching mostly takes place at night as this is the safest time for the little ones, the black fish and the birds being asleep. Once they've "erupted" to the surface in their numbers they instinctively hurry towards the sea to set out swimming and drifting with the current on their long journey. They are 5cm long and amazingly strong but sadly only 1% make it safely to Brazil.



I could tell you about the Queen's birthday celebrations, the carnival on America's Day of Independence, Thanksgiving or the sports day, or my trip out to the ship ss Centaur to have my hair cut (no qualified hairdressers available), but although the tempo on the island was simple and slow there was no lack of variety and more than anything no crime. When our yearly home leave came around we always gleefully looked forward to the big cities with their bright lights, supermarkets, shops, hairdressers, theatres, fresh produce, meat and of course our families but we were always happy to return to our island refuge!

Many thanks Marion, made for a very interesting article

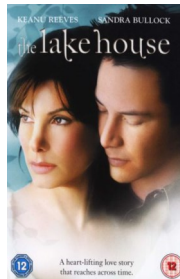
Celebrating birthdays

1st Jeff Hawthorne
2nd Dave Orton
11th Jenjen Mockford
13th Adrian Fuller
19th Jenni Uys
21st Carol Dalton

23rd Marion Thompson
24th Brian Mawman
27th Haydn Jones
28th Penny Prideaux
28th Jacky Orton
28th Pat Bayliss

*Celebrating anniversaries*

9th Kate and Tony Woof
9th Amanda and John Bester
13th Liddy and Roger Cummins

MOVIE NIGHT - SATURDAY 8TH JANUARY 2022**7.00PM**

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 Jean van Rhyn ext 3049 for further information

A successful pub evening enjoyed by all



Image credits: Don Campbell

A HEARTWARMING STORY - Many residents would have read this story in the Constantiaberg Bulletin - I only got to hear of the incident recently

Lime Tree Café -

“ Our pizza maker, Samuel, came to me and told me that Zoe, the eternally kind and friendly tall skinny Congolese car guard (who had bought himself a motor scooter that was driven into by an Uber driver...and which after 2 months is still being repaired) had collapsed around the corner in front of the Fitness Studio. We rushed around and found him crumpled on the steps whereupon he told us he hadn't taken his heart medication because he had only eaten a banana the day before nothing today ... and can't take the medication on an empty stomach.

We loaded him into the car, gave him some food and drink and took him home where he was able to take the medication. A couple of hours later he let me know that he is OK and on the mend.

The whole episode caused me to think how much cold and hunger and fear is on our doorstep yet we get so involved in our own battles that we forget the plight of others. How the tendrils of the effects of lockdown seem to affect so many people. Our car guards are seeing a fraction of traffic in the parking area and therefore are earning a fraction of their tips.

The plight of Zoe touched the hearts of many people....so much so that a number of them deposited cash into my account to give to Zoe (quite trusting in this day and age), and others volunteered to help him fix his motorbike which had been damaged.

Today Zoe sent me this picture of his new motorbike. Once transferred into his name Zoe can climb aboard his trusty steed and once again do deliveries. Life is back on track.”

Jeremy - Lime Tree owner

FB post



MEETING KING GEORGE VI

The Oscar-winning movie, *The King's Speech*, a British historical drama in which Colin Firth plays King George VI, is a nostalgic reminder of the royal visit to South Africa in 1947.

John Bester has kindly lent me archival material on when his father Jan Bosman "Jack" Bester met the King. He was a remarkable man. He held the ranks of Brigadier (South African Army); Chief Superintendent (South African Railway Police and Honorary Colonel (South African Army-Witwatersrand Rifles). He was awarded The Distinguished Service Order (DSO) and a bar as a second award for valour, and various campaign medals for service during the Second World War.

He was Chief Superintendent of the railway police at the time of the royal visit and was responsible for security on the tour. The royal visit lasted three months and he kept a well documented account of the visit including invitations to events, luncheon and dinner menus and regular letters to his family postmarked with the royal stamp.



Royal Tour Itinerary	
FEBRUARY.	
17-20 CAPE TOWN.	13 HARRISMITH AND LADY-SMITH.
20 PAARL AND STELLENBOSCH.	14-17 NATAL NATIONAL PARK.
21 CAPE TOWN—Opening of Parliament.	17 ESTCOURT.
22 WORCESTER.	18 PIETERMARITZBURG.
23 No Engagements.	19 GINGINHLOVU AND ESHOWE.
24 GEORGE AND OUDTSHOORN.	20-22 DURBAN.
25 GRAAFF-REINET.	23 No Engagements.
26, 27 PORT ELIZABETH.	24 VRYHEID.
28 ALICEDALE AND GRAHAMSTOWN.	25 SWAZILAND.
	26 ERMELO AND STANDERTON.
MARCH.	27 KRUGER NATIONAL PARK.
1 ALICE AND EAST LONDON.	28 NELSPRUIT.
2 No Engagements.	29 PRETORIA.
3 EAST LONDON.	30 No Engagements.
4 EAST LONDON AND KINGWILLIAMSTOWN.	31 PRETORIA.
5 UMTATA.	APRIL.
6 QUEENSTOWN AND ALIWAL NORTH.	1 JOHANNESBURG.
7 BLOEMFONTEIN.	2 BENONI, JOHANNESBURG AND KRUGERSDORP.
8 ORANGE FREE STATE GAME RESERVE.	3 PIETERSBURG.
9 No Engagements.	4-7 No Engagements.
10 KROONSTAD AND BETHLEHEM.	8-16 RHODESIA AND BECHUANALAND.
11 LADYBRAND.	17 MAFERING.
12 BASUTOLAND.	18 KIMBERLEY.
	19 BEAUFORT WEST.
	20-24 CAPE TOWN.



Brigadier J.B. Bester being awarded the D.S.O. by the King



He kept a journal with many signatures, including that of Princess Margaret and Peter Townsend.

Below is an extract from a letter written by Brigadier Bester to his wife Helen on 16th April 1947 whilst visiting Victoria Falls.

“On our walk through the rain forest, we went through the forest in partial rain - all spray from the falls, wearing our ridiculous looking outfits, looking like ghosts in the mist. As we rounded a corner the three of us just about collided with the King ! It is doubtful whether he got the bigger fright seeing three spook-like figures suddenly appearing right in front of him or whether we did! He just stood and stared for a few seconds and when he recognised us, burst out laughing. All he was dressed in was a khaki shirt and shorts and dripping wet, and there we stood toggled up in waterproofs. The old boy was thoroughly enjoying it and pulled our legs no end for being dressed as we were.

Princess Margaret and Lady Margaret Egerton were with him. Princess Margaret was wearing a morning frock and Lady Egerton wore a very snappy shirt and shorts made of a kind of plastic material, just the job for walking about in the rain. She looked at me, then suddenly recognised me saying, “ Good heavens, it’s Brig. Bester”. We must have looked hideous. Just a little way back came the Queen and Princess Elizabeth; of course they also had to have a good laugh at us. I spoke to Princess Elizabeth for a little while and told her how terribly wet she would get a little farther along, so she laughed and said that did not matter as she was wearing her bathing costume underneath her frock! The Queen was the only one who wore a rain coat and hood. They looked really wonderful in the forest with a few rain drops glistening on their lovely complexions.

Meeting them as we did and chatting to them quite informally, all of us dripping wet, was the most Interesting moment of the tour!”



Victoriafallsguide.net

Trooping the Colour by Alan & Margaret Baxter unit 14

Trooping the Colour is the Queen's birthday parade, an impressive display of pageantry which takes place annually on a Saturday in June. Carried out by her personal troops, the Household Division, on Horse Guards Parade, London, with Her Majesty the Queen herself attending and taking the salute.

Make no mistake these may look like toy soldiers but they are real fighting men and women.

Over 1400 officers and men are on parade, together with two hundred horses; over four hundred musicians from ten bands and corps of drums march and play as one. Some 113 words of command are given by the Officer in Command of the Parade. The parade route extends from Buckingham Palace along The Mall to Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall and back again. In years gone by Her Majesty rode on horseback, but now arrives in an open carriage.



During the ceremony, The Queen is greeted by a Royal salute and carries out an inspection of the troops. After the massed bands have performed a musical 'troop', the escorted Regimental Colour is carried down the ranks. The Foot Guards and the Household Cavalry then march past Her Majesty, and The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, rank past.





The Queen rides in a carriage back to Buckingham Palace at the head of her Guards, before taking the salute at the Palace from a dais. The troops then return to barracks. Her Majesty then joins other members of the Royal Family on the palace balcony for a fly-past by the Royal Air Force.



There are two full dress rehearsals, the first reviewed by The Major General two weeks before the actual Birthday Parade. The second and final rehearsal is reviewed by The Colonel of the Regiment one week before the actual Birthday Parade.

Applications for the main event which are allocated by ballot, are made in January and February and demand is high from all over the world, getting a ticket is a matter of luck and perseverance. Margaret and I have been lucky to get tickets for the main event and several rehearsals.



Visit <https://www.householddivision.org.uk/trooping-the-colour> for more info on the upcoming Trooping. Also visit <https://theguardsmuseum.com/>

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY





WPC outdid themselves with the
table décor - outstanding



Santa's letter :
" Ho ho ho "



NETFLIX SERIES and MOVIES - EVERGREEN RATINGS

THE UNFORGIVEABLE 1hr 52m

Latest Netflix movie starring Sandra Bullock



30 DAY 'DRY JANUARY CHALLENGE'

As 2022 dawns, plenty of people are resolving to give up drinking - for a month (or forever).

"Dry January, a no-alcohol challenge" has gained steam in recent years, with adherents swearing off all alcoholic beverages for the month. Some people participate as a detox from excessive drinking that happens over the holidays, some use the beginning of the New Year to kick-start healthy habits and routines.

I thought the challenge would be a fun one to suggest. Research on the benefits of Dry January and its lasting effects reports that participants are still drinking less in August. Nine in ten people save money, seven sleep better, and three in five lose weight from just taking a month off.

In addition, there are benefits even for participants who don't manage to stay alcohol-free for the whole month, showing there are benefits just for trying to complete Dry January. Being alcohol-free for 31 days shows one that you don't need alcohol to relax, have fun, or socialize. The results speak for themselves.

The University of Sussex research showed that:

- 93% of participants had a sense of achievement
- 88% saved money
- 82% think more deeply about their relationship with drink
- 80% feel more in control of their drinking
- 76% learned more about when and why they drink
- 71% realized they don't need a drink to enjoy themselves
- 70% had generally improved health
- 71% slept better
- 67% had more energy
- 58% lost weight
- 57% had better concentration
- 54% had better skin

www.corporatewellnessmagazine.com



Collateral DAMAGE

“Google alerts’ are a great way to keep abreast of virtually any subject in which you might have an interest. Basically depending on how you set it up, the alert can notify you of any requested sentence or word that has been used within Google during the course of the day or week. It arrives in your inbox with the sentence containing your chosen word and you can then click on the link to read the article. It is important to be very specific when setting up your request. If you are too vague you tend to be alerted to articles and information that are often not exactly what you are after. “



Image credit - Jonathan Haw

Wildlife near cities faces many dangers. Some are easy to detect, such as when new developments destroy natural habitat. Others are less obvious.

For example, rat poisons are a useful tool for controlling a common household problem. But many who use them don't realise that they have dangerous side effects for wildlife.

Rat poisons are designed to work slowly in their target species, rats, so that they ingest lethal doses of the poisons. The rats then become sick and increasingly toxic over a period of days or weeks. Poisoned rats then become easy, highly toxic prey for predators.

The side effects of exposure to these poison compounds are especially worrying for local wildlife in Cape Town. The city is situated within a global biodiversity hotspot that includes the world-renowned Table Mountain National Park. Here, with thousands of plant species already threatened by habitat loss and modification, the poisoning of numerous predatory wildlife species that help retain ecosystem stability could disrupt the delicate ecological balance.

Caracals that feed on poisoned rodents in Cape Town pass the toxins onto their young through contaminated milk.

It's amazing how often 'Rat Poison' alert brings up yet another poison horror story. Somewhere globally there is a case of an accidentally poisoned child or animal. Despite the fact that for years we have been trying to eradicate rats through poisoning, and at such expense, both financial and collateral, there is another explosion of the rodents.

PERHAPS NOW IT IS TIME TO TRY AN ALTERNATIVE SOLUTION.

With permission - part text Jonathan Haw - Africa Geographic 2009/www.birdlife.org.za



“oh rats” - baby barn owl on the run
Image credit: Hannie Heere/PetaPixel

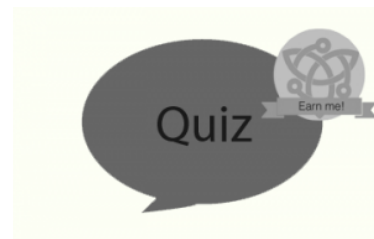
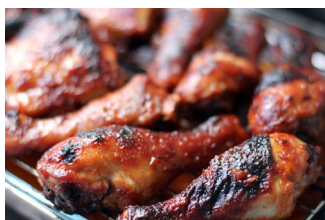
RESIDENTS' BRAAI - R80 pp

Weather permitting we will be holding a residents braai on Sunday 9th January at 3pm.

Bring your own meat and liquid refreshments.

The menfolk will do the braaing and the Events Committee will provide salads, garlic bread and magnums.

Kindly book at reception by Monday 3rd January



We will be holding a quiz evening on Thursday 13th January 6.30pm

A light supper will be served followed on by the quiz at 7pm.

Cost is R70 pp

Book at reception by no later than 6th January.

**MUSIC EVENING WITH
HERMAN POELMANN
CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE**



**JOIN US FOR A ROBBIE BURNS
THEME EVENING 28TH JANUARY
6.30 FOR 7.00PM**

You are welcome to bring your own refreshments

Book at reception by no later than the 21st January

Dressing up is not obligatory



STAFF PROFILES

My passion for engaging and assisting people started when my mother was diagnosed with ovarian cancer, making sure that she got the right nutrients after her treatment. I volunteered at the Constantia Hospital in 1999 at the Sunflower Ward, to assist feeding children undergoing Chemotherapy.

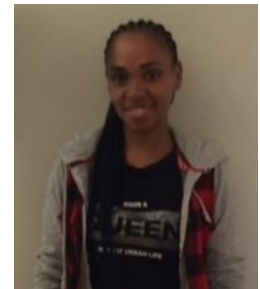
I made the decision to explore hospitality and this led me to the Royal Food Caterers where I worked for 3 years and then took time out to start my family.

I started working for Western Province Caterers in 2003 and studied inhouse for my Diploma in Hospitality.

I have worked 16 years in psychiatric units such as Crescent Clinic and Kenilworth Clinic where special diets were required for people that were chemically imbalanced.

Evergreen is a new start for me with amazing people and I hope to have many more Evergreen moments.

Christina Willemse
Unit Manager - WPC

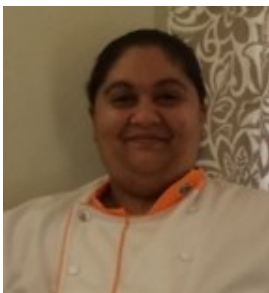


I started my studies in 2005 at City and Guilds International with my inhouse training being at Blues Restaurant and my first position at 12 Apostles Hotel.

My passion was always front of house/hotel management but ended up falling in love with the catering side of things. After qualifying I moved to Plettenberg Bay in 2007 and worked for Hunter Hotels.

Mostly presiding at Tsala Tree Top Lodge we did private dining and different dinner menus every evening and my passion for food grew more as it had to be fine dining, artistic and creative. I ended up coming back 2 years later and having my daughter. In 2014 I went to work for the Mount Nelson Hotel and that was just a different kind of pace and a way of working and I loved it. The different people and cultures I got in contact with, served and did functions for was amazing. While I was there I studied further and grew myself within the kitchen department. I was the only Chef de Partie running a team and sections under my Sous Chef that gave me the full confidence to make my own decisions for the team and department.

Due to Covid we lost our jobs in 2021 and I started working for Western Province Caterers at Evergreen.



Chantelle Walters
Chef - WPC

DINNER IS COVERED

"In the late seventies been a recently divorced bachelor I decided it was a good idea before I set out on the nightly debauchery to put something reasonable in my stomach. When I settled down with Nadia I carried on cooking over the weekends until my retirement in 2003. Nadia has never liked cooking so after a rough supper of boiled cabbage and overdone steak there was a revolution by our sons and a vote was taken that Nadia be relieved of her cooking duties. It carried 4-0 so that is how I came to be the cook.

A SIMPLE PASTA RECIPE - any pasta will do

The basic ingredients are prosciutto, fresh basil, one clove of garlic and mushrooms, mixed in proportions to suit your taste and then minced up.

To the mince add salt, pepper and chilli.

Fry the mince in oil, I use peanut, and butter."



ENJOY - Haydn Jones

LEMON PUDDLE PUDDING

50g butter
200g caster sugar
1 lemon zested
100ml lemon juice (bottled or 75ml if using fresh)
3 eggs separated
50g plain flour, sifted
250ml milk
1 tsp vanilla extract
Icing sugar for dusting
Cream/crème fraiche/double plain yoghurt for serving

Heat oven to 180C.

Cream butter, sugar, lemon zest until light and fluffy.

Add lemon juice, yolks, milk and flour one at a time and mix until you have a smooth batter.

Whisk egg whites until firm but not stiff and fold mixture together.

Pour into a buttered baking dish, put in a deep oven pan half filled with hot water and bake for 45-50 minutes until browned and set.

Dust with icing sugar and serve with cream/crème fraiche/yoghurt.

I call this my quarantine swop recipe sent to me during our first lockdown.

FW

GETTING TO KNOW YOU



I was born at the old Kingsbury Nursing Home in Kenilworth in September 1948. My Father Frank Brady, worked for SAR & H, and my Mother Elizabeth, worked for the United Tobacco Company – sadly, she died of cancer in 1969 at the young age of 46! The Railways transferred Dad to Northern Rhodesia (Zambia) in 1954, and then Southern Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) two years later. I was their only child, and went to David Livingstone Junior School, and whilst I didn't exactly excel in academics, I was good at sport, especially swimming and sprinting. I later went to Franklin D Roosevelt Girls High (it was directly opposite Churchill Boys High, and a real plus for me and my ditzzy teenage friends!). I was part of the swimming team and played hockey.

Mum and Dad were divorced when I was eight, and Mum married my stepfather, Peter Wright, who worked for Stuttards Van Lines. When I was 16, Peter was transferred to Cape Town, and the three of us relocated here in 1964. I finished my schooling at Wynberg Girls High, and this was followed by Secretarial College the following year (I really wanted to be an Air Hostess, but was persuaded against this with the "glorified servant" lecture from my Mum – thank goodness, for once I actually listened to her!)

After College, I went to work for Cape & Transvaal Printers in their Typing Pool, until an opportunity arose at the South African Turf Club at Kenilworth Race Course, and where I became Secretary to the Accountant, and then to the General Manager. This was where I met my late ex-husband. Weston and I were married in 1969, and we had two daughters, Leanne and Lauren. They are both married and between them have five children, ages ranging from 12 to 27, and I have a seven-year old Great Grandchild, who lives in the UK.

Dancing has always been a part of my life, firstly ballet as a young girl, then Ballroom Dancing in my late teens, and this was followed by Modern Jazz and Latin American dancing. To this day any music from Big Band, to 60's and 70's Rock, will get my feet tapping!

Weston and I divorced after only seven years, and I busied myself with raising my daughters and furthering my career as Secretary at various companies. I joined Rennie's Ships Agency, as Personal Assistant to several Regional and General Managers over the next 28 years, and I retired in 2010.

When I was 45, I was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma and although undergoing chemotherapy, and going into remission, the disease kept recurring and treatment disrupted my life over the next 3 years. Finally, under the care of a Prof Peter Jacobs at Southern Cross Hospital, I had a bone-marrow transplant, and with the support of my family and friends helping me through some very difficult times, I'm still here to tell the tale, for which I am eternally grateful. I like to think I have a good sense of humour, and this was a time in my life when it was really tested, especially after losing my hair several times – bald women were not trendy in those days, and all I could do was laugh at myself!

My partner, Rod Price and I have known each other for 47 years, initially only meeting socially from time to time, and then after his partner of 20 years, Corien, passed away, we got together. Over the last 11 years, we've shared many interests, travelled a fair amount, and are happy and content with our lives, enjoying our "Golden Years" living at Evergreen alongside many new friends.

Lynne Perry

GETTING TO KNOW YOU



I was born on the 3rd February 1942 in Johannesburg. In 1948, with an opportunity of establishing a Pyrotechnic Factory on the Cape Flats, my family moved to Cape Town when I was seven. It was an exciting day-to-day life for a young boy residing in a farmhouse on the factory premises. I remember going for long walks over the sand dunes and through the Port Jackson and Rooikrans forest to Swartklip for a swim, and the long trek back again on a regular basis.

I matriculated from Rondebosch Boys High in December 1959, where my preferred sport was rugby, and at which I was fairly successful. In my late teens and early 20's swam for the Gordons Swimming team at the Long Street Swimming Baths, and played squash at Kelvin for a number of years after I became a member of the Club.

I joined the family business immediately after leaving school, and in January of 1960 I was employed as a Foreman in the factory. I loved Pyrotechnics, and the manufacture of fireworks flowed through my veins. I soon joined the Ronden's Sales Team and in 1969 was made Sales Manager of the Company, which position I held until Armscor took over in 1971.

During the years 1968 to 1974, I was actively involved in Clay Pigeon Shooting, which opened many doors and gave me the opportunity to represent South Africa against countries such as Great Britain, Angola, Rhodesia and Mozambique.

I was married in 1965 and built our first home in Links Estate in Somerset West. My daughter Tracey, was born in 1967 and my son Kevin, in 1968. Round Table played an important role in my life until I turned 40, which is the exit age for all Round-Tablers.

My wife and I parted ways in 1989 and then in February 1990, a close friend of the family, Corien, moved in with me as my partner, and we remained in Somerset West until October 1994. We travelled overseas a great deal, including the Far East, and enjoyed the hospitality of our Chinese business associates in the Pyrotechnic field. We attended business conferences and exhibitions in England and Europe, and the freedom of travelling the world after opportunities opened up for South Africans. Corien was instrumental in the planning and decorating of the new home we built in Boshof Estate in Newlands. It was a sad loss when she died in October 2009.

It goes without saying that friendship breeds friendship, as Lynne Perry was a close friend of Corien's from the early 70's. My friendship with Lynne extended into the months after Corien's death, and it was in early 2011 that she moved in with me. The years Lynne has spent with me as a wonderful partner and friend have seen much travel to New Zealand, Australia, Europe, the Mediterranean and many other interesting destinations.

I am now 15 years into retirement from the family business, which my son continues to manage as an ongoing concern, but not without its difficulties. Covid and the lockdown experienced over the past two years, has made the importation of our product range extremely difficult. I continue to remain Chairman of the Ronden Group of Companies as has been my position since the early 1990's.

We have only been in Evergreen for a short period of time, but we are happy, as the friendship amongst those living in the Estate has made the move worthwhile.

Rod Price

TAIWAN'S UNDERWATER THERMALS by Dinah Gardner

"The smell hit me first. The acrid punch of rotten eggs was olfactory evidence that below our boat was a forest of undersea vents tirelessly ejecting sulphurous volcanic gases, like supercharged marine hot springs. The stench was all the more surprising considering how idyllic our setting was: a forest-covered volcanic island lay in the near distance, while between us and the jagged coastline, a gorgeous spill of turquoise water contrasted sharply with the moody blue of the rest of the ocean.

I was about 12km off Taiwan's north-eastern coast, circumnavigating Turtle Island, one of Taiwan's only two active volcanos that is about 7,000 years old. That's pretty young in island years. It is a popular tourist attraction, famed for its turtle-shaped silhouette, photogenic cliffs, military tunnels and offshore dolphin watching.

But it's this patch of paler water on the island's eastern side, where the turtle's head tilts upwards out of the sea, that has got both scientists and Instagrammers equally excited. Nicknamed the Milky Sea, it is both a beauty and a beast. The alluring hue attracts photographers, but under the surface the water is hot and acidic, its pH value one of the lowest naturally occurring in the world's oceans – something not yet fully understood by scientists. Dozens of hydrothermal vents, like small chimneys, called fumaroles, litter the ocean floor, pumping out toxic gases and heavy metals. Turtle Island's vents are like a natural laboratory because not only are they close to shore, they are also shallow, many lying less than 14m below the surface, making them accessible sites for study by marine scientists."

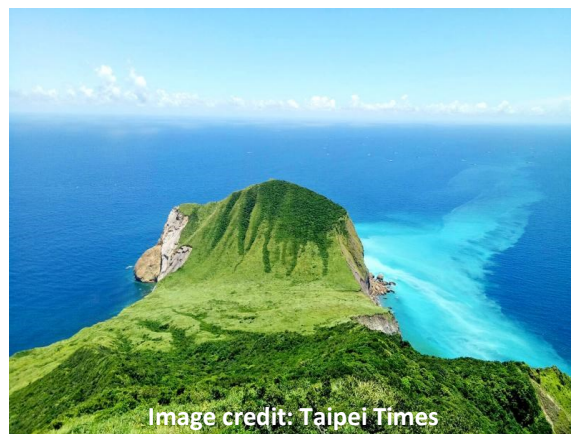


Image credit: Taipei Times

The island's patch of paler water is where hydrothermal vents pump out toxic gases and heavy metals.

"The underwater landscape looks like it's from another world," explained Dr Mario Lebrato, who made dozens of dives here as part of a 10-year time series study (2009 to 2018) led by the Institute of Geo-sciences at the University of Kiel in Germany in collaboration with Taiwanese and Chinese researchers. "There are heavy metals, it is acidic, and you mostly see a lot of bubbles mixed with a lot of noise... and there are continuous temperature changes." Water comes out of the vents at about 100C but cools quickly when it mixes with the surrounding seawater. "It's quite stressful, particularly because the noise from the fumaroles can be deafening," he added. "You feel in danger most of the time."

So, what lives down here? Directly next to the vents, not much. Only a very specialised crab called *Xenograpsus testudinatus* (a particular type of vent crab) is able to survive, no other metazoan [multi-cellular animal] life can be found in the immediate vicinity of the [active] vents due to the toxicity of the sulphur fluid plumes." These crabs have evolved to survive by feeding off animals such as zooplankton and fish that are unfortunate enough to drift close to the vents and perish, as well as detritus and layers of micro-organisms that coat the seabed.

Away from the vents though, it's a different matter entirely. Sea anemones, snails, molluscs and a rainbow of corals flourish in the vicinity, and outside the Milky Sea zone, the waters around Turtle Island are some of Taiwan's richest fishing grounds, teeming with marine life carried by the warm Kuroshio Current that flows northwards to Japan. Testament to this bounty is the prevalence of top predators – schools of spinner dolphins. They are the main attraction of trips to the island.

There's another more pressing reason to study the animals that live around Turtle Island's hydrothermal vents: they can give us clues as to how marine ecosystems may cope with drastic changes, the kinds predicted to occur from climate change such as ocean acidification, or from major pollution events such as the dumping of mine tailings (crushed rocks and other waste products from mining that can be very toxic). Turtle Island allows us to study how marine life survives in extreme environments, which is very relevant to understanding the ocean's future.

Most tourists who come here never hear about the fascinating struggle for life going on under the sea. Instead, they delight in the dolphins and take pictures of the surprising blue of the Milky Sea or the caramel-and-grey striped cliffs. Taiwan closed off the island in the 1970s for 23 years during martial law, building tunnels, watch towers and lookout points that remain to this day, and day-trippers (overnight stays are forbidden to protect the island's delicate ecosystem) come to scramble around the military installations, tour the abandoned fishing village and enjoy the forest walks.

Geographical Marvels is a BBC Travel series that uncovers the fascinating stories behind natural phenomena and reveals their broader importance to our planet.

Dinah Gardner / BBC / Facebook

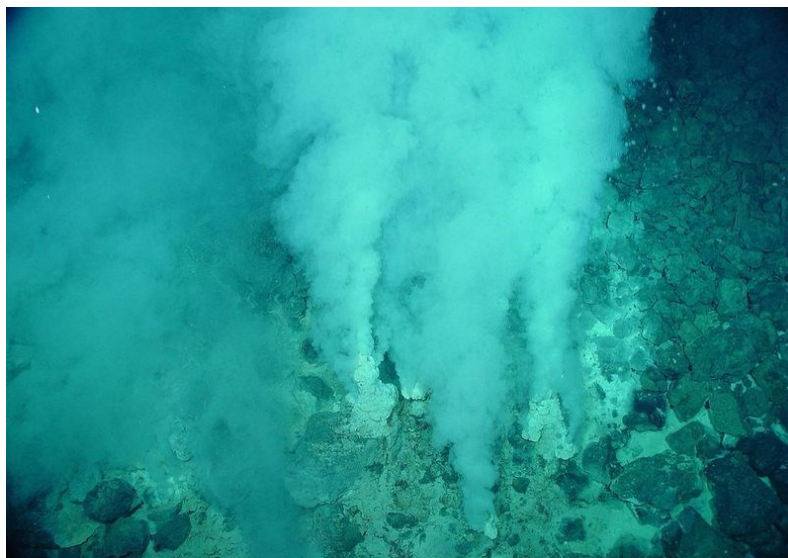


Image credit: The Scientist Magazine



Image credit: Penny Prideaux



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 February, the deadline being Friday 14th January.

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