



APRIL 2023

CELEBRATING PALM SUNDAY APRIL 2ND



Palm Sunday commemorates the entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, when palm branches were placed in his path, before his arrest on Holy Thursday and his crucifixion on Good Friday. It thus marks the beginning of Holy Week, the final week of Lent.

Today, we remember Jesus' sacrifice and give thanks for what he brought to our world.

Wishing you a blessed and holy Easter!





Clubhouse

You may have noticed some activity at the Clubhouse, with contractors on site checking measurements, no doubt being asked to sharpen their pencils by Jason Panter, who EPI have put in charge of the project.

Richard met with Jason last week, to go over the plans and review resident's requirements.

So far there have been no blockages in the plan's progress through Council and we are assured that as soon as council approves them, EPI's team is ready to get moving.

Finance

The year end account have just been issued and Fincom will spend the next few days analysing them.

We are pleased to inform resident's that this year Bergvliet Village has ended the year with a surplus in excess of R650,000.

This surplus will be used for the benefit of resident's within the next two years.

Rescom and Fincom have also had sight of the budget for 2024 and are engaged with ELV management to finalise this budget.

Resident's with a 1 September levy review cycle in their Life Right Agreement are reminded that your levy will remain as is until the end of August. From September 1st it may change depending what is agreed for the 2024 budget.

Alan Baxter

Chair Bergvliet Rescom

A very warm welcome to Helena Mitchell who has moved into cottage 11

WHY DO WE CELEBRATE BIRTHDAYS

Annual celebrations and commemorations came about with the invention of the calendar. Not much is known about the first birthday celebrations in history, in part because they are very ancient. The earliest ones we know about were for nobles, in which the celebration played a performative social function that celebrated the noble as a leader. The use of the date of birth for such celebrations was somewhat arbitrary; other dates, such as the date of coronation or the annual festival of a patron deity, were common as well.

The tradition of celebrating everyone's birthday is fairly recent. It coincided with several socioeconomic trends in the 19th and 20th centuries that saw the rise of consumerism and increased investment in the upbringing of children—and, thus, the annual celebration of their lives through the giving of gifts.

Fact checked by Editors: Encyclopaedia Britannica

1st Lorraine Bryant
9th Sylvia Lategan
13th Alison McDonald
13th Amanda Pitt
13th Brenda Hill
19th Cedric Reid
26th Mike Smith



14th Annike and Ton Weber
29th Jacky and Brian Marquis

**MARDOUW OLIVE ESTATE IS HOLDING A PRESENTATION AT SONNENHOF
ON THURSDAY 13TH APRIL 17.00 - 18.30 - THIS WILL INCLUDE TASTINGS
OF THEIR AWARD WINNING OLIVE OIL AS WELL AS THEIR
OLIVES AND OLIVE PASTES/CHUTNEY
PLEASE BOOK AT RECEPTION BY THURSDAY 6TH APRIL**



JENNY AND JAMES BAND

**They will be performing a mixture of original folk music combined with
Celtic tunes on Friday 14th April at 19.00 - cost R80 pp**

Feel free to bring your own liquid refreshments

Book at reception by no later than Monday 11th April



MONTHLY MUSIC EVENING - TUESDAY 18TH APRIL

Max Bruch : Violin Concerto No.1

Elb Philharmonie

Conductor: Manfred Honeck

Soloist: Marika Duenas

Saint Saens: Symphony No.3 – “Organ”

Orches de la Suisse Romande

Conductor: Fabio Luisi

Soloist: Guy Bovei

PLEASE BOOK AT RECEPTION BY 11TH APRIL



WE WILL BE HOLDING OUR MONTHLY CANASTA EVENING

ON SATURDAY 22nd APRIL AT 7PM

BOOK AT RECEPTION BY NO LATER THAN FRIDAY 14TH APRIL

FEEL FREE TO BRING YOUR OWN LIQUID REFRESHMENTS



A PUB EVENING IS TO BE HELD ON

FRIDAY 28TH APRIL

Books of tickets at R100 each can be purchased from reception

Please book by no later than the Friday 21st April

for catering purposes

PLEASE NOTE STARTING TIME IS 18.00



My CRICKETING LIFE by Roger Prideaux

My father was the first influence of my cricketing career. We lived in Bombay (as it was then called) and he used to throw balls at me in the nets of the Bombay Gymkhana. I was only 6! He sent my brother and I back to boarding school in England when the war was over and my headmaster was a great cricket lover. Many a day was spent in the nets after school and he was instrumental in furthering my love for the game.



Tonbridge; a well known school (similar to Bishops) and famous for some very good cricketers, including Colin Cowdrey, was my next step, and from there to Cambridge University where I gained my “Blue” for three years. The height of the season was the Varsity match between ourselves (the light blues) against the dark blues of Oxford.

From there I progressed to county cricket (the equivalent of provincial cricket in this country) and came across the hardened professionals who made up the majority of the county teams. When I first started playing on the county circuit, my name on the scorecard had my initials in front, which denoted you came from an “amateur” background (i.e Public school and Oxcam Universities). When the amateur status was finally abolished in 1962, I had to join the ranks (like all other amateurs) of the professionals and got paid for playing as opposed to receiving expenses as an amateur!

I was lucky enough to have played for England in New Zealand, Canada, Ceylon (now Sri Lanka,) Pakistan, Singapore, and Kuala Lumpur. Regrettably I never toured South Africa although I had been picked to play there in 1968/9. However Prime Minister Vorster announced that Basil D’Oliveira would not be welcome in his country so MCC cancelled the tour. For that you can blame me! I withdrew through illness to play in the last Test against Australia (who were touring England at the time), and Basil was picked to replace me. He scored a century and took a wicket at a vital time. When the touring party was picked the day following the Test, Basil was left out and all hell broke loose. He was finally picked because of a withdrawal by one of our players (Tom Cartwright). If I hadn’t withdrawn the tour would have taken place.

So instead of South Africa we went to Ceylon and Pakistan, the latter country in the throes of political revolution. It was at the time East Pakistan broke away to form present day Bangladesh. We weren’t keen to travel to Dacca (in East Pakistan) to play a Test but the British High Commissioner made it quite clear that if we didn’t, the lives of all British Subjects in the country were in danger! Ironically Basil scored a century in the match.

I finally hung up my boots in 1975, but could look back on a career which gave me a lot of pleasure and wonderful friendships, some of which continue to this day.

I finished my career in Bloemfontein, coaching one of the schools (St Andrews) and the Free State provincial side, (before the days of Hansie Cronje and Allan Donald). At that time provincial cricket consisted of an A and a B section and the OFS were in the B section.

It was in Bloemfontein that I met my wife, Penny, and spent fifteen happy years there before coming to Cape Town in 1987.

I finally hung up my boots in 1975, but could look back on a career which gave me a lot of pleasure and wonderful friendships, some of which continue to this day.



ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL BRAAI WAS HELD DURING MARCH WITH THE WEATHER BEING ON ITS BEST BEHAVIOUR



Images: Mfundo Norawana

ELDA'S MUM TURNS 100 - CARMEN GARIZIO (nee Uglietti)

Carmen was born in the Province of Vercelli, Piedmont, Italy in 1923. Together with her Mother Gina, came to Johannesburg South Africa in 1935 to join her Father Ottavio. Ottavio had been in Johannesburg for some years running a construction company Uglietti & Bozzone. Carmen worked for her father looking after his office and then married Celestino Garizio. They had two daughters Liliana and Elda and now she is the proud Grandmother of three and even more proud Great-Grandmother of seven.

She came to Cape Town in 2004.

Congratulations of your 100th birthday on 3 March 2023.

Viva Mamma Carmen as you head on to your 101st birthday!



Operation Smile - Changing lives one smile at a time

Operation Smile is a global nonprofit specializing in expert cleft surgery and care. We provide medical expertise, research and care through our dedicated staff and medical and student volunteers around the world, working alongside local governments, nonprofits and health systems and supported by our generous donors. Since 1982, Operation Smile has been committed to providing patients with health that lasts through life-saving cleft surgeries and comprehensive care, helping them to better breathe, eat, speak and live lives of greater quality and confidence. Our training and education programs elevate safe surgical standards and strengthen a global network to reach more people earlier in their lives. Learn more at www.operationsmile.org.za or by following @opsmilesa on social media.

YOUR BOTTLE CAPS CAN BE HANDED IN AT THE OFFICE
SAVING YOUR PLASTIC CAPS IS SUCH AN EASY THING TO DO



SIMON'S TOWN - abridged history with particular reference to Just Nuisance

The town was named after Simon van der Stel (an early governor of the Cape Colony) and called Simon's Bay. Simon's Town was made the official winter anchorage for the Dutch East India Company's ships in 1741, and its harbour served as a refuge for merchant ships and whalers.

Simon's Town (Afrikaans: *Simonstad*), sometimes spelled Simonstown, is a town in the Western Cape, South Africa and is home to Naval Base Simon's Town, the South African Navy's largest base. It is located on the shores of False Bay, on the eastern side of the Cape Peninsula. For more than two centuries it has been a naval base and harbour (first for the British Royal Navy and now the South African Navy). The land rises steeply from near the water's edge and the town is boxed in along the shoreline by the heights above. The small harbour itself is protected from swells by a breakwater that was built with thousands of huge blocks of sandstone quarried out of the face of the mountain above.

Simon's Town is in effect a suburb of the City of Cape Town Metropolitan Municipality. The Simon's Town railway station is the terminus of the Southern Line, a railway line that runs south of the central business district of Cape Town. In places, the railway line runs along the steep eastern shore of False Bay, and in bad weather waves and foam from some heavy swells wet the trains.

In the last weeks of 1795 or the first weeks of 1796, the British built the Martello round tower on a site that today falls within the Naval Base. Britain had just annexed the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope and wanted to establish some defences to ward off possible Dutch or French attacks. The resulting tower was 8 metres (26 ft) high, had a base diameter of 13 m (42 ft), and walls 1.8 m (6 ft) thick, though there is no evidence that the British ever installed the guns the tower was designed to hold. In front of the tower, the British also constructed a battery that they did arm with cannons. The Martello tower was used as a navigational beacon for ships entering Simon's Bay and was consequently white-washed in about 1843. The tower was restored in 1972 by the Simon's Town Historical Society (in conjunction with the South African Navy), and proclaimed a provincial heritage site; today it houses a small museum.

South African Naval Museum is a maritime museum which contains collections and artefacts related to the history of South Africa and the S.A. Navy.

The Simon's Town Museum was established in 1977 by a group of enthusiastic volunteers, the MOTHS (War veterans of the Memorable Order of Tin Hats) of the "Snoekie Shellhole" and the Simon's Town Historical Society. At first, the museum was located in the old Headmaster's house, but its rapid expansion led the board of trustees to look for new premises. They bought and renovated The Residency, an historical building erected by Governor Joachim van Plettenberg in 1777, to serve as the winter residence of the Dutch East India Company Governor at the Cape of Good Hope, when on official business at Simon's Bay.

Although the exact date of Just Nuisance's birth is not known, it is usually stated that he was born on 1 April 1937 in Rondebosch, Cape Town. He quickly became popular with the ratings, who would feed him snacks and take him for walks. He began to follow them back to the naval base and dockyards, where he would lie on the decks of ships that were moored at the wharf. His preferred resting place was the top of the gangplank.

Since he was a large dog even for a Great Dane (he was almost 2 metres (6.6 ft) tall when standing on his hind legs), he presented a sizeable obstacle for those trying to board or disembark and he became affectionately known as Nuisance.

Nuisance was allowed to roam freely and, following the sailors, he began to take day trips by train as far afield as Cape Town, (35 km) away. Despite the seamen's attempts to conceal him, the conductors would put him off the trains as soon as he was discovered. This did not cause the dog any difficulty, as he would wait for the next train, or walk to another station, where he would board the next train that came along.

Amused travellers would occasionally offer to pay his fare but officials of the state-owned railway company (South African Railways and Harbours) eventually warned that Nuisance would have to be put down unless he was prevented from boarding the trains or had his fares paid.

The news that Nuisance was in danger of being put down spurred many of the sailors and locals to write to the Navy, pleading for something to be done. Although somebody offered to buy him a season ticket, naval command instead decided to enlist him by the book. As a member of the armed forces, he would be entitled to free rail travel, so the fare-dodging would no longer be a problem. It proved to be an excellent idea. For the next few years he would be a morale booster for the troops serving in World War II.

He was enlisted on 25 August 1939. His surname was entered as "Nuisance" and, rather than leaving the forename blank, he was given the moniker "Just". His trade was listed as "Bonecrusher" and his religious affiliation as "Scrounger", although this was later altered to the more charitable "Canine Divinity League (Anti-Vivisection)". To allow him to receive rations and because of his longstanding unofficial service, he was promoted from Ordinary seaman to Able seaman.

He never went to sea but fulfilled a number of roles ashore. He continued to accompany sailors on train journeys and escorted them back to base when the pubs closed. While many of his functions were of his own choosing, he also appeared at many promotional events, including his own 'wedding' to another Great Dane, Adinda. Adinda produced five pups as a result, two of which, named Victor and Wilhelmina, were auctioned off in Cape Town to raise funds for the war effort.

Nuisance's service record was not exemplary. Aside from the offences of travelling on the trains without his free pass, being absent without leave, losing his collar and refusing to leave the pub at closing time, his record shows that he was sentenced to having all bones removed for seven days for sleeping in an improper place – to wit, the bed of one of the petty officers! He also fought with the mascots of ships that put in at Simon's Town, resulting in the deaths of at least two of them.

Nuisance was at some point involved in a car accident. This caused thrombosis, which gradually paralysed him, so on 1 January 1944 he was discharged from the Navy. His condition continued to deteriorate, and on 1 April 1944 he was taken to Simon's Town Naval Hospital where, on the advice of the naval veterinary surgeon, he was put down. He was buried with full naval honours, including a gun salute and the playing of the "Last Post". A simple granite headstone marks his grave, which is on the top of the hill at Klawer, at the former SA Navy Signal School. A statue was erected in Jubilee Square in Simon's Town to commemorate his life.



https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Just_Nuisance

Leslie Mortimer 1931-2023

A true gentleman. We have lasting memories of him walking down the main road with his walker, tipping his hat and wishing folk a very good day.

Sincere condolences to Cherie and family



R I P

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 April 14th



A Swee Waxbill
'visiting' Jenni Uys' garden



Many thanks to Penny Marek who has very kindly offered to write a book review on a monthly basis

THE LITTLE WARTIME LIBRARY by KATE THOMPSON

The Little Wartime Library by Kate Thompson is based on a true story of a librarian who fought to save the Bethnal Green Library during the Second World War. On the 100th anniversary of the library the author set a target to interview 100 librarians to share their thoughts on reading. Each chapter of the book opens with a quote from the librarians she contacted. It is really worthwhile to read the author's note at the end of the book where she mentions how readers came "in search of knowledge, escape, safety, guidance, enrichment and magic" – much the same for us these days. I loved how she wove, very successfully, facts into this very credible tale of loss and hope, peopled with many diverse characters.

I particularly enjoyed the references throughout to all the books from my childhood, teen years and upwards – all of which influenced my love of books and reading. I highly recommend this heartwarming, if heartwrenching at times, story of Eastenders, London – the forward thinking Clara, the brassy Ruby, the underground urchins and displaced people who found solace in the converted underground space they created.

A different slant to the Second World War and highly recommended. I read it on my Kindle, but it might well be in a library or available through Exclusive Books.



NOT REALLY GROANERS!!!

Dad, are we pyromaniacs? Yes, we arson.

She was only a moonshiner's daughter, but I miss her still.

What do you call a pig with laryngitis? Disgruntled.

Why do bees stay in their hives during winter? Swarm.

Just so everyone is clear, I'm going to put on my glasses.

A commander walks into a bar and orders everyone a round.

I lost my job as a stage designer, but I left without making a scene.

Never buy flowers from a monk. Only you can prevent florist friars.

How much did the pirate pay to get his ears pierced? A buccaneer.

I once worked at a cheap pizza shop to get by. I kneaded the dough.

LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Wants pawn term, dare worsted ladle gull hoe lift wetter murder inner ladle cordage, honour itch offer lodge, dock florist. Disk ladle gull orphan worry putty ladle rat cluck wetter rat hut, an fur disk raisin pimple colder Ladle Rat Rotten Hut.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who lived with her mother in a little cottage on the edge of a large dark forest. This little girl often wore a pretty little red cloak with a red hat, and for this reason people called her Little Red Riding Hood.

Wan moaning, (One morning) Ladle Rat Rotten Hut's murder colder inset. "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, heresy ladle basking winsome burden barter an shirker cockles. Tick disk ladle basking tutor cordage offer groin-murder hoe lifts honour udder site offer florist. Shaker lake ! Dun stopper laundry wrote ! Dun stopper peck floors ! Dun daily doily inner florist, an yonder nor sorghum-stenches torque wet strainers !

"How-cake murder" resplendent Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, an tickle ladle basking an stuttered oft. Honour wrote tutor cordage offer groin-murder, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut mitten anomalous woof. "Wail, wail, wail !" set the wicket woof, "Evanescence Ladle Rat Rotten Hut ! Wares are putty ladle gull goring wizard ladle basking ?"

"Amour goring tumor groin-murder" reprisal ladle gull. "Grammers seeking bet. Amour ticking arson burden barter an shirker cockles."

"O hoe! Heifer gnats woke," setter wicket woof, butter taught tomb shelf, "Oil tickle shirt court tutor cordage offer groin-murder. Oil ketchup wetter letter, an den – O bore !"

Soda wicket woof tucker shirt court, an whinny retched a cordage offer groin-murder, picked inner winder an sore debter pore oil worming worse lion inner bet. Inner flesh dick abdominal woof lipped honour bet, paunched honour pore oil worming and garbled erupt. Den disk ratchet pot honour groin-murder's cup an gnat-gun any curdled ope inner bet.

Inner ladle wile Ladle Rat Rotten Hut a raft attar cordage an ranker dough ball. "Comb ink sweat hard," setter wicket woof disgracing is verse. Ladle Rat Rotten Hut entity bet rum and stud buyer groin-murder's bet.

"O Grammer !" crater ladle gull historically, "Water bag icer gut ! A nervous sausage bag ice !"

Battered lucky chew whiff, sweat hard, " setter bloat Thursday woof, witer wicket small honour phase.

"O Grammer, water bag mouser gut ! A nervous sore suture anomalous prognosis !"

"Batter two small your whiff doling," whiskered dole woff, ants mouse worse waddling.

"O Grammer, water bag mouse gut ! A nervous sore suture bag mouse!"

Daze worry on-forger-nut ladle gull's last warts. Oil offer sodden caking offer carvers and sprinkling otter bet, disk hoard-hoarded woof lipped own pore Ladle Rat Rotten Hut an garbled erupt.

Mural : Yonder nor sorghum stenches shut ladle gulls stopper torque wet strainers.

Brian Dalton

Jill Dower was the only resident to contact me as she had worked it out.

" It should be read with a very strong Southern State accent."

*The burning question:
How long should we live???????*

*The answer:
Live long enough to be a REAL concern to your family.*



Contributor: Rod Price

PARACHUTE CLUB

Yesterday my daughter e-mailed me again asking why I didn't do something useful with my time... like sitting around the pool drinking wine isn't a good thing.

(Talking about my "doing-something-useful" seems to be her favourite topic of conversation.)

She is "only thinking of me," she said, and suggested I go down to the Senior Centre and hang out with the fellas.

So, I did and when I got home, decided to play a prank on her.

I sent her an e-mail saying that I had joined the Senior Parachute Club.

She replied, "Are you nuts? You're 71-years-old and now you're going to start jumping out of airplanes?"

I told her that I even had a Membership Card and e-mailed a copy to her.

Immediately, she telephoned me and yelled, "Good grief, Dad, where are your glasses? This is a membership to a Prostitute Club, not a Parachute Club!!"

"Oh man, am I in trouble," I said, "I signed up for five jumps a week!"

The line went dead.

... Life as a Senior Citizen isn't getting any easier, but sometimes it can be fun.

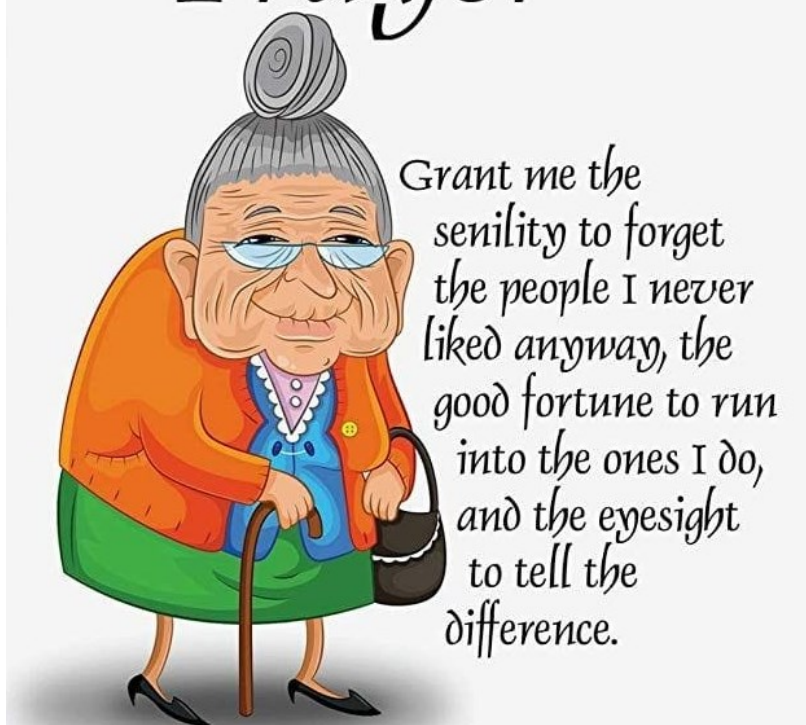
Contributed by Mike Smith



GOLF TRIVIA:

- Golf balls are like eggs - they're white, they're sold by the dozen, and a week later you have to buy more.
- It's amazing how a golfer who never helps with house or yard work will replace his divots, repair his ball marks, and rake his sand traps.
- Did you ever notice that it's a lot easier to get up at 6:00 a.m. to play golf than at 10:00 to go to church?
- It takes longer to become good at golf than it does brain surgery. On the other hand, you seldom get to ride around in a cart, drink beer and eat hot dogs while performing brain surgery.
- A good drive on the 18th hole has stopped many a golfer from giving up the game.
- A good golf partner is one who's slightly worse than you.

The Senility Prayer



Contributor: Karen Reid

Thank you to all for your contributions. Please keep them coming to

davidwal@iafrica.com

Cut off date for the May edition is Thursday 20th April

FW