



## A VERY WARM WELCOME TO RIAAN GOUWS

“ I completed my schooling and tertiary education in Bloemfontein. After waitering and later bartending for extra pocket money, from a young age I decided to pursue a career in Hospitality, and completed my diploma in Hospitality Management at the Central University of Technology in 2005. I moved to the Western Cape and settled in Cape Town where the hospitality industry was slightly more exciting than in my hometown. With a passion for the food and events industry I spent the next 15 years climbing my way up the Food and Beverage ladder in 5-star hotels in and around Cape Town.

In 2020, mere days after Covid and our national shut-down began, I joined Evergreen Lifestyle Villages as Village Manager at Noordhoek where I spent just over 3 years. I was privileged to work with an incredible team, 3 ResCom's who helped me better understand our business, and a growing number of residents who supported us throughout the development of the village.

I now find myself on a new path with a new challenge and I am looking forward to an equally exciting time at Evergreen Bergvliet not only with my new team, but also the ResCom and the residents who contribute to the success and enjoyment of 'our' village. I am hoping that my motivation, efficiency, and eye for detail will, with your input, help us achieve great things within the Village. And while I now find myself in a vastly different sector of the hospitality industry, I am still able to feed many of my passions through engaging with people from all walks of life. There are great stories to be told and heard and doing it over a good meal and a glass of wine with loads of laughter will always be top of my list!

When not at work, I am a family-man at heart. This includes three of my biggest blessings who arrived in quick succession; Joanne (13), Megan (11) and Katelyn (8). I spend most of my free time with my partner Mandy, who shares equally in my passion for all things food and beverage related, be it in our own kitchen or when we spoil ourselves at some of the great restaurants in and around Cape Town. I also enjoy activities where I can work with my hands, so anything from painting and other artistic endeavors to woodwork but, I am just as comfortable spending an entire weekend watching sport - rugby in particular so I'm looking forward to many chats with the enthusiasts throughout on the Rugby World Cup!”

**Remembering David Lyall 1947-2023**

Dave was a man of varied interests and was an avid fisherman

Sincere condolences to the family

**FISH HOEK - THE EARLY INHABITANTS**

Although the first plots in Fish Hoek were only sold in 1918 there have been people in the Fish Hoek Valley for many thousands of years, but it was only in the 1920's that the early history of the valley was uncovered.

In 1920 when Victor and Bertie Peers uncovered a midden of over one metre thick and several thousand years old, at what was later to be known as Peers Cave, they did much to help us understand the life of the early inhabitants of Fish Hoek. The remains of four adults and four children were found, but it was the lone skull of a male, aged thirty and reliably dated at near to twelve thousand years that brought the world's attention to their work. Known as the Fish Hoek Man the skull at that time, 1929, was described as 'the largest-brained type of man so far discovered.'

Peers Cave is in fact a rock shelter, the only one of its kind in the valley. It is south facing and is protected from the prevailing north-west and south-east winds. The floor consists of black powdery soil built up of decayed vegetables and animal matter such as sea shells, wood ash, bones and rock fragments. Materials were always brought into the shelter but little was removed. This accounted for the great depths of the deposits. Besides the human remains, ostrich eggshell beads, shell pendants, remains of skinbags, pieces of mother-of-pearl and stone tools were found. A separate section of the cave was used for the making of tools and spearheads.

The inhabitants were early Khoisan hunters as against herders. They exploited the marine resources of the coast and included in their diet were shell fish as well as fish caught in fish traps. They were tribal and unlike the nomadic herders were more settled in their existence. The majority of these folk were under five foot in height and had small tufts of hair on their scalps.

The men were astute hunters, very agile and skilled with spears and poisoned arrows. They hunted in groups of five to ten and carried skinbags slung over their shoulders.

The bags contained tools for skinning and foraging. Water in the Fish Hoek Valley was plentiful, not only in the Silvermine River but also in the many lagoons where birdlife abounded. The burial of the bodies in the cave was in the sheltered area near to where the Khoisan slept, and it seemed to have been in their culture to bury the dead near the sleeping area where they could maintain custody over the departed.

The presence of various artefacts when unearthing the skeletons revealed an interesting insight into Khoisan culture - ostrich eggshell and wooden beads were in abundance as well as flaked stone knives and other articles too numerous to note. One of the skeletons was undoubtedly of a young woman born a cripple. What does this tell us of these people? They were superstitious, caring (they did not kill the young woman as a child), had family values and were a closely knit unit. Life expectancy was between forty to fifty years and this was further reduced when European diseases such as tuberculosis and smallpox decimated their numbers.

Their culture excluded the concept of 'yours' and 'mine' and everything belonged to everyone. This led to stealing and constant clashes with the new European settlers and resulted in their virtual extermination except for those who fled to the inhospitable terrain of the Northern Cape.

Peers Cave give us an in-depth look at the life of the early inhabitants of Fish Hoek, but the sad fact is that it never received the accolades it deserved for it was in fact excavated too early by those with little experience. Had it remained uncovered until archaeology was more advanced and well established in South Africa, it would have probably been a world renowned site.

<https://www.gosouth.co.za>



<https://ypte.org.uk/factsheets/hunter-gatherers/print>

## OBSERVATIONS OF A SENIOR MIND

When one door closes and another door opens, you are probably in prison.

To me, "drink responsibly" means don't spill it.

Age 60 might be the new 40, but 9:00 pm is the new midnight.

It's the start of a brand new day, and I'm off like a herd of turtles.

The older I get, the earlier it gets late.

When I say, "The other day," I could be referring to any time between yesterday and 15 years ago.

I remember being able to get up without making sound effects.

I had my patience tested. I'm negative.

Remember, if you lose a sock in the dryer, it comes back as a Tupperware lid that doesn't fit any of your containers.

If you're sitting in public and a stranger takes the seat next to you, just stare straight ahead and say, "Did you bring the money?"

When you ask me what I am doing today, and I say "nothing," it does not mean I am free. It means I am doing nothing.

I finally got eight hours of sleep. It took me three days, but whatever.

I run like the winded.

I hate when a couple argues in public, and I missed the beginning and don't know whose side I'm on.

When someone asks what I did over the weekend, I squint and ask, "Why, what did you hear?"

When you do squats, are your knees supposed to sound like a goat chewing on an aluminium can stuffed with celery?

I don't mean to interrupt people. I just randomly remember things and get really excited.

When I ask for directions, please don't use words like "east."

Don't bother walking a mile in my shoes. That would be boring. Spend 30 seconds in my head. That'll freak you right out.

Sometimes, someone unexpected comes into your life out of nowhere, makes your heart race, and changes you forever. We call those people cops.

My luck is like a bald guy who just won a comb and brush set !



Stilbaai - Jenni Uys in cold mode



**REMEMBERING MARY DRAKE 1943-2023****A gentle lady who will be sadly missed****Sincere condolences to John and family****3rd Marie Sampson****5th Trish Smith****7th Lorna Collender****7th Dawn Osborne****9th Yolanda Bond-Smith****10th Glenda Cooke****11th Anna Dell'Erba****13th Elaine Doyle****14th Judith Walsh***Happy Birthday***15th Wenche Hovstad****16th Jean van Rhyn****16th Sally Kinross****21st Ursula Athiros****21st Edward Twiggs****25th Kevin Hojem****25th Gordon Collender****30th Heather Honeysett****31st Roger Prideaux****Residents celebrating their anniversaries****4th Myrle and Brian Mawman****5th Lorna and Gordon Collender****10th Julie and Dave Phillips**

## The Cape Point Lighthouse

### The signpost of the sea

Perched at 816ft above the sea, on a spectacular promontory, the Cape Point lighthouse of 1860 was the most impressive light on the African coast. Sir Johleel Brenton, Royal Navy Superintendent at Simon's Town, mooted the establishment of a light at the southern most extremity of the Cape of Good Hope and Roman Rock as early as 1816. Eventually in September 1853 Lt-Governor Charles Darling received a petition from ship owners and master mariners stressing the necessity for a light at this treacherous part of the world. The recommendation was that a revolving light should be employed to distinguish it from the fixed light situated at Agulhas. George Pilkington, civil engineer submitted the final plans late in 1853. Meanwhile Governor Sir George Grey appointed a Board to decide the exact location of this maritime beacon. In 1856 the Board decided that the light should be erected on Da Gama Peak. Part of the peak would have to be removed so that the light could be seen along the treacherous coast to Slangkop.

Cast iron segments of the Cape Point and Roman Rock lighthouses left England for Simon's Bay in 1857. The designer had never been to the site and did not appreciate the difficulties of crossing the terrain of the Southern Peninsula. A small craft was purchased to ship the materials to Buffels Bay from where a road had to be constructed to Da Gama Peak. This beacon at the uttermost part of the peninsula was set in action in 1860. James Coe, master light keeper of the Roman Rock lightship was engaged as the first light keeper at Cape Point. Cruel mists and clouds frequently obscured the light on Da Gama Peak, diminishing its effectiveness for shipping: not enough data had been collected regarding the cloud cover at 816ft. The lighthouse commission of 1906 recognized the importance of a light in the area and recommended that another light be constructed at a lower altitude. After much debate it was decided to build the new lighthouse on the almost inaccessible headland of Dias Point. At an altitude of 260ft the first order white light would have a range of 24 miles.

A disaster at night on 24 April 1911 spurred the government to take action. The Portuguese passenger liner Lusitania with 774 people on board struck Bellows Rock in the waters at the point. The crew successfully launched the lifeboats to get all to safety. The light keeper ran down to Maclear beach waving a lantern to warn the boats away from the beach where they would capsize in the surf. Two boats attempted the landing and capsized in the wild surf resulting in some loss of life. Work commenced on the new structure in 1913.

The mountain is very precipitous and the new light was built on two supporting buttresses. In order to transport the material down the steep mountainside, a tram track 3/4 of a mile long was constructed. The average gradient was about one in four, however, in some places it was as steep as one in two! At the end of the track the material was lowered over a 140ft vertical face by crane. A large quantity of material such as chains, ropes and timber was ferried out by boat and then dragged up the cliff face. The cement and other building materials, the optical apparatus and lantern were conveyed by ox wagon from Simon's Town.

Into operation: the difficulties were numerous. Various makeshift arrangements were made to supply stone, mortar and water. An elaborate brake system using rope tackles and pulleys was employed. Placing the metal lantern and optical apparatus was a major rigging nightmare. The Cape Point lighthouse took two years to complete, but could not be brought into operation until after the inauguration of Slangkop. Neither of these two lights was brought into operation until after the end of the First World War. In April 1914, Sir Thomas Price unveiled the stone suitably inscribed with dates and names of the builders. The light was lit at sunset on 11th March 1919.

*With permission: Cape Odyssey magazine*

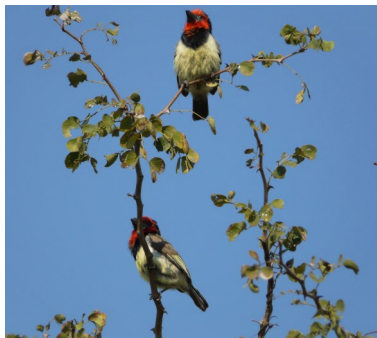
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THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN RECENTLY BY MARION THOMPSON OUR 'ACE' PHOTOGRAPHER  
ON HOLIDAYS TO KARIEGA AND THE KRUGER







Marion - stunning photography -  
thanks for sharing



I love re-reading this one, maybe you do too.

## An Ode of English Plurals -

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,  
But the plural of ox becomes oxen, not oxes.  
One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese,  
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.  
You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice,  
Yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men,  
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?  
If I speak of my foot and show you my feet,  
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?  
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,  
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three would be those,  
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,  
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.  
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,  
But though we say mother, we never say methren.  
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,  
But imagine the feminine: she, shis and shim!

Let's face it, English is a crazy language.  
There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger;  
Neither apple nor pine in pineapple.  
English muffins weren't invented in England.  
We take English for granted, but if we explore its paradoxes,  
We find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square,  
And a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing,  
Grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?  
Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend.  
If you have a bunch of odds and ends and  
Get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?  
If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the folks who grew up speaking English  
Should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane.

In what other language do people recite at a play and play at a recital?  
We ship by truck but send cargo by ship.  
We have noses that run and feet that smell.  
We park in a driveway and drive in a parkway.  
And how can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same,  
While a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language  
In which your house can burn up as it burns down,  
In which you fill in a form by filling it out, and  
In which an alarm goes off by going on.

And in closing, if Father is Pop, how come Mother's not Mop?  
[US eggplant is aubergine in UK. Hamburger took it's name from Hamburg]



## Tailpiece for the Older Ones: Don't leave it 'til later!

We grew up in the 40s-50s-60s.  
 We studied in the 50s-60s-70s.  
 We dated in the 50s-60s-70s.  
 We got married and discovered the world in the 60s-70s-80s.  
 We ventured into the 70s-80s.  
 We stabilized in the 90s.  
 We got wiser in the 2000s.  
 And went firmly through the 2010s.  
 Turns out we've lived through NINE different decades...  
 TWO different centuries...  
 TWO different millennia...  
 We have gone from the telephone with an operator for long-distance calls to video calls to anywhere in the world, we have gone from slides to YouTube, from vinyl records to online music, from handwritten letters to email and WhatsApp...  
 From live matches on the radio, to black and white TV, and then to HDTV...  
 We went to Blockbusters and now we watch Netflix...  
 We got to know the first computers, punch cards, diskettes and now we have gigabytes and megabytes in hand on our cell phones or iPads...  
 We wore shorts throughout our childhood and then long pants, Oxfords, Bermuda shorts, etc.  
 We dodged infantile paralysis, meningitis, H1N1 flu and now COVID-19...  
 We rode skates, tricycles, invented cars, bicycles, mopeds, petrol or diesel cars and now we ride hybrids or 100% electric...  
 Yes, we've been through a lot but what a great life we've had!  
 They could describe us as "exennials" people who were born in that world of the fifties, who had an analog childhood and a digital adulthood.  
 We're kind of Ya-seen-it-all.  
 Our generation has literally lived through and witnessed more than any other in every dimension of life.  
 It is our generation that has literally adapted to "CHANGE".  
 A big round of applause to all the members of a very special generation, which are UNIQUE.

Here's a precious and very true message that I received from a friend: **TIME DOES NOT STOP**

Life is a task that we do ourselves every day.  
 When you look... it's already six in the afternoon; when you look... it's already Friday; when one looks... the month is over;  
 when one looks... the year is over; when one looks... 50, 60, 70 and 80 years have passed!  
 When you look... you no longer know where your friends are.  
 When you look... you have lost the love of your life and now, it's too late to go back.

Do not stop doing something you like due to lack of time. Do not stop having someone by your side, because your children will soon not be yours, and you will have to do something with that remaining time, where the only thing that we are going to miss will be the space that can only be enjoyed with the usual friends. This time that, unfortunately, never returns...

**THE DAY IS TODAY!**

**WE ARE NO LONGER AT AN AGE TO POSTPONE ANYTHING.**

**Contributor: Brian Dalton**





James Chalmers arrived in Dundee from Arbroath in 1809. His early training had been as a weaver, but he quickly established himself as a bookseller, printer and publisher of "The Caledonian" newspaper as early as 1822. He also had a passion for the creation of a more effective postal service managing to introduce changes to the service between London and Edinburgh which had a time saving of nearly a day on both directions.

In December 1837 he sent a letter outlining his proposals - he did not favour the use of an envelope for a letter, as each additional sheet incurred an additional charge. Instead, he proposed that a "slip" or postage stamp could seal a letter.

A forward thinking inventor though not of much use today due to the advent of email.



[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James\\_Chalmers](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_Chalmers)

## GETTING TO KNOW NADEEM FREDERICKS



"I started my working career at a young age at Pick 'n Pay as a casual supervisor in the bakery. I was a baker/confectioner. After 8 years I moved to Mountain Road Primary in Woodstock as a general worker, also including maintenance, so I was dealing with different projects in making the school better.

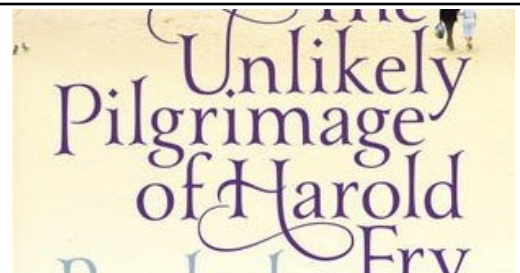
In June 2015 I started at Evergreen as a general worker with the refurb team and worked in all the villages. After 6 months I was moved to Muizenberg and another 6 months later I was promoted to maintenance technician. This is when I fell in love with my job and started training myself to become better. November 2020 I was given the opportunity to take a position at Noordhoek, very nervous because with this job came new responsibilities.

Two and a half years at Noordhoek was amazing, I learnt so much: I then applied for a position in Bergvliet and 3 months later I am currently the Assistant Maintenance manager at Bergvliet.

In my spare time I am heavily involved in our community with our local football club Greenwood Athletic AFC. The love for helping our less fortunate and underprivileged kids to make something positive of their lives other than joining gangs and becoming gangsters is very rewarding."



## BOOK REVIEW



**THE UNLIKELY PILGRIMAGE OF HAROLD FRY**

The sequel – **THE LOVE SONG OF MISS QUEENIE HENNESSY**

**MISS BENSON'S BEETLE** all by **RACHEL JOYCE**

I went to the Franschhoek Literary Festival this past weekend and was lucky enough to attend one of the interviews with Rachel Joyce, the author of the above books. The film of *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry* is currently on circuit with Jim Broadbent as Harold and Penelope Wilton as his wife Maureen. The story of Harold who has led a fairly sedentary life and decides on the spur of the moment to walk the length of England to meet up with Queenie is very uplifting with a lot of emotional depth. I loved both the slow pace of the book and film.

*Penny Marek*

## DID YOU KNOW THAT THE 7TH JULY IS NATIONAL MACARONI DAY

### ENJOY THE RECIPES

#### MAC AND CHEESE

300G dried macaroni	40g butter	40g plain flour
500ml milk	1/2 t freshly grated nutmeg	90g pancetta chopped
100g mozzarella chopped	fresh breadcrumbs	25g Parmesan
150g grated cheddar	100g blue cheese, mild gorgonzola grated or finely diced	
100g Caerphilly grated (optional)	Large handful fresh basil leaves, roughly chopped	

- Cook macaroni in salted boiling water adding a little oil to prevent sticking. Put the oven on to 180C. Whilst macaroni is cooking -
- Heat butter until melted, then whisk in the flour until smooth and cook for 1-2 minutes. Whisk in the milk a little at a time. After all the milk has been added you should have a smooth sauce with consistency of double cream.
- Add all of the blue cheese, 100g of the cheddar and all of the Caerphilly and heat gently stirring all the time until it has melted. Season to taste with salt and freshly ground black pepper and nutmeg.
- Drain the pasta and combine with the cheese sauce. Stir well to coat the pasta. Set aside.
- Dry fry the pancetta over a high heat until golden brown and crisp. Stir into macaroni cheese.
- Transfer to a large ovenproof dish and top with mozzarella, cheddar, breadcrumbs, Parmesan and basil leaves. Bake in a 200C oven for 30-40 minutes.

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For a different take on the above recipe, add 4-5 drained, quartered artichoke hearts available in jars plus 1 t. wholegrain mustard when you have completed point 5.

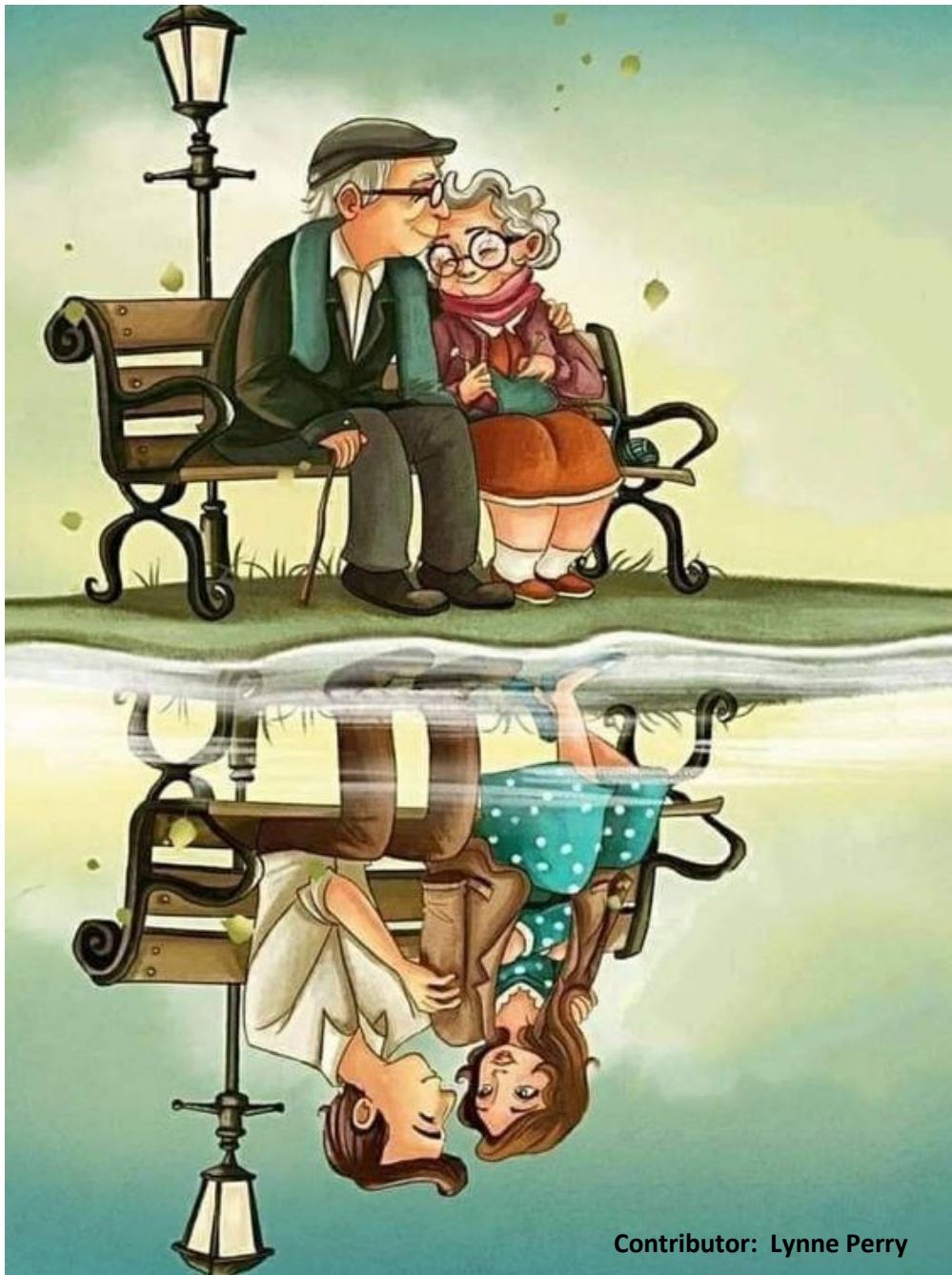
For a different topping, add thinly sliced tomatoes over the mac cheese and top with cheddar, breadcrumbs, Parmesan and basil leaves. Feeds 4-5

### BON APPÉTIT





## REFLECTIONS



Contributor: Lynne Perry

Thanks to all for your contributions. Keep them coming to [flickiwal@gmail.com](mailto:flickiwal@gmail.com)

Submission date for the August n/letter is Friday 14th July

FW