

30 November 2016

Well fellow Evergreen Broadacres Residents, hello again for the last time in 2016



Well, well, well the festive season is upon us. A few days ago, (Sat 26th Nov to be precise) I got an e-mail from a friend saying "in a month it will be Boxing Day"! A wakeup call for sure. I wonder where you will be on Boxing Day, in fact where will you be celebrating Christmas & New Year. I do hope you will share your fun times with us in the January 2017 Chatter.

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

A number of folk have asked why we have installed barriers and chicanes on some roads. Simply because despite on-going pleas to keep to the speed limit there are those among us who just can't. And there are those who come on to the property who just won't. So unfortunately, the many have to suffer for the few.

On the subject of driving, in my youth I once picked Aileen up from work and we went up a narrow road from the Esplanade in Durban to Smith St. The STOP sign was painted a little back so visibility of on-coming traffic was impaired (my story). Anyhow, a cop stepped up to my window (we left them open in those days for air-conditioning) and said in a strong voice "where did you go to school?" Innocently I said Penzance Road and Glenwood. He responded "well you never listened in class because STOP spells STOP NOT HESITATE". And continued to tell me that the sign painted on the road was for my and others safety not to make the tar to look pretty! A lesson we all need to remember especially in the village.

Graham, the following poem was composed by my brother who lives in Howick.
I thought I would pass it on as we have the same problem. Lynn
Sung to Galway Bay

Speeder's Lament

*One day we'll live in peace in Amber Valley
That's if the speeding cars have gone away.
I don't know why they're in such a hurry
They rush around as if it's their last day*

*On Saturday they whiz round to the market
On Sunday they're in a rush to pray.
They're shooting here and there all so careless
To hell with anything that's in their way*

*I'd like to take them back to dear old Ireland
And they could stay for ever and a day
And if they're still in such a hurry
Could drive straight off right into Galway Bay*

SOCIAL MATTERS

100's Plus Club Winners

Congratulations to the winners of the 14th 100 Plus Club draw on 23rd November 2016.

R100 x 10 (in order of numbers drawn out of the box):

Rosalin Messerschmidt; Tom Hammond; Maureen Tomkins; Sue Jackson; Cyril Rabinowitz; Janet Thom; Aileen Langmead; Cynthia O'Connor; Dick Townsend; Andre Oosthuizen.

- 11th and 12th numbers drawn – R200 – Clive and Mary Pitt; Pat Bailey
- 13th and 14th numbers drawn – R300 – Dick Sheppard; Eddie Zauner
- 15th and 16th numbers drawn – R500 – Jacques Messerschmidt; Carole Saayman
- 17th number drawn – R1000 – Pamela Dean

From the 14 draws a total of R45,000 was donated to ResCom to be used for the benefit of all residents and R45000 was handed to Residents in prize money.

We will have the 15th draw end February 2017. Date of the draw will be advised as soon as it has been approved. Ivar has the list ready so you can book your number of choice now. R50 per number to be paid in advance of the draw.

Good luck and thank you for your valued participation. Pat and Ivar.

And from all of us a BIG HUGE thank you to Pat & Ivar for running this club for us.

A couple of Thank you messages...

I want to thank the Social Committee, ResCom and the resident community for the beautiful flower pot of Lilies, which have now all opened giving a wonderful display and aroma in our lounge. I also want to express my thanks for all the support and concern for not only me but also Kiloran as well as the encouragement and prayers offered by so many of our residents, including Arthur & Derek.

*Evergreen is a very special place to live with residents who are concerned, understanding and have a sincere empathy and willingness to give support to anyone who has an affliction of any sort. I feel privileged to be a resident of Evergreen and I know the positive attitudes and vibe will continue to improve our lifestyle as Evergreen continues to develop as the Village of our dreams.
Thank you all and best wishes for the future, DickT*

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**Dear Evergreen Residents, On behalf of myself, Sr. Linda and team, we would like to wish you all a wonderful Christmas and healthy New Year.**

**I will be available over the December period as I am not taking leave so will be available for any queries.**

**Regards, Sr. Linda**

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Dear Graham,

I had started this letter just after the last ResCom Chatter edition came out but my life subsequently went on a wayward trajectory so here goes again:

*"All your Chatters thus far have been delightful and entertaining. We enjoy the variety and length of the bits and pieces that you incorporate which are easy to read and entertaining and I know a lot of people here rely on it for information about what is going on. I am acutely aware of how much time you spend putting it together even if it is just the cut and paste it takes a whack of effort and Dick and I really appreciate and thank you for your efforts and hope you will continue with this noble cause." Kiloran*

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**ENVIROMENT**

Hello Graham, My contribution this month follows....

I started my chat last month by commenting on the wonderful effects of just 34 mm of rain in October. Well, things got better and better in November with 165 mm measured, and just look at the results! It is difficult to believe that the verdantly green parkland we have now is the same as that we had at the end of September – just 2 short months ago! And the predictions are that the good rains will continue through to March. But what a month it's been for excitement and developments!

A Yellow billed duck and her 10 ducklings provided the excitement and associated mysteries. Last Tuesday morning the early morning walkers sighted of a duck and 10 ducklings on the top pond. They were identified as Yellow billed ducks and much admired and photographed that day. Ominously, Heather Much reported that she saw the large Nile monitor chasing them. And then Wednesday they disappeared and the concern was: did the monitor eat them all?



Where did they come from? Before attempting to answer that question, let me tell you what happened to them. Mid-morning Wednesday, Dave Nesbitt noticed the mother trying to find a way out of the enclosure around the pond. She found a way out and later Ivar spotted them waddling through the parkland and Heather Morgan's photograph was taken next to Unit 71. So, they were not eaten by the monitor! Speculation is that mother duck decided that our pond was far too dangerous and decided to take them elsewhere – probably to safer

waters in Dainfern.

But where did they come from? The first and most obvious thought was that they had hatched in the bulrushes somewhere around the pond. But the nest must have been very well hidden because I haven't had a single report of a nest or of the constant presence of the brooding pair. And if the monitor was after them the day they appeared, surely it would have found the nest and eaten the eggs long before they were hatched. So, I speculate that in the same way as they were seen waddling away, so they waddled in, but un-seen. What a pity!

There were three other significant developments this month. More than a year ago, Lyn Turner suggested that placing large rocks on top of and below the gabion above Crab crossing bridge would soften its look. There were many delays, but finally we got Tass Engineering's (my son-in-law's business) crane truck on site and moved the rocks to the apron above the bridge. Dropping them onto the apron with the crane was the easy part – moving them into position was a different story. Under the direction of Isabella, Elske and Marion (and with further advice from passers-by) the Four Seasons' gardeners man-handled the rocks into position. Some of those rocks weighed as much as 500 kg, and the ladies were very specific about where they had to be placed. Without a single complaint, and with much heaving and shoving, the gardeners moved them into position. What a magnificent effort that was – the gardeners deserve a great thank you for their efforts!

The second development was the grassing of the area above Loerie Road, leading up to the top pond. Cobus accepted the quote from Four Seasons and over a 3 day period the ground was prepared and the grass laid and I'm sure you'll all agree that it's a great improvement! Two types of grass have been laid: on the steep slope down to the pond, and pinned down, is Cynodon Dactylon (Couch grass in English, 'Kweek gras' in Afrikaans) and Kikuyu over the rest. The Kikuyu will be manicured while the Cynodon will be allowed to grow to its full height of about 300 mm in seed.

Much more work will be done in this area. Still this year, Agapanthus and Bulbine will be planted in the flower bed that has been prepared next to the Kikuyu. All of the rest of the work will be done next year, including the placing of a swathe of dump rock in the 'pathway' between the 2 grasses.

And the final development was the erection of the bat boxes. This started as Dick Sheppard's initiative. He invited the bat experts to the village, described the type of bats we have and then had the boxes made to their specifications. Dick had the boxes made, but then Dave Bromfield took over responsibility and with Marius' help, erected the boxes on the N-E facing parapet walls of our 2 bridges. The experts warn us that it may take 2 to 3 years before any bats take up residence – let's hope the bats realise that this is such a wonderful home that they prove the experts wrong!

That's it Graham – I think more than enough! Regards to all, Hennie du Preez

There is a list of all the indigenous trees planted by residents is on the notice board in the Clubhouse.

RAIN NEWS FROM CECIL.....



We have at last enjoyed a welcome increase in the rainfall at Evergreen, which compares well with that of three years ago. Water levels in the country's dams is still critical and we all still need to use water carefully.

Rainfall, in millimetres, for 2015/16:

|         |      |         |       |         |      |         |       |
|---------|------|---------|-------|---------|------|---------|-------|
| Dec '15 | 66.1 | Jan '16 | 135.0 | Feb '16 | 64.6 | Mar '16 | 251.4 |
| Apr '16 | 3.8  | May '16 | 67.8  | Jun '16 | 13.0 | Jul '16 | 12.5  |
| Aug '16 | 3.9  | Sep '16 | 7.0   | Oct '16 | 40.3 | Nov '16 | 130.3 |

For comparison, the previous year's readings for November are:

|         |       |         |       |         |      |         |      |
|---------|-------|---------|-------|---------|------|---------|------|
| Nov '12 | 110.1 | Nov '13 | 132.9 | Nov '14 | 75.7 | Nov '15 | 77.0 |
|---------|-------|---------|-------|---------|------|---------|------|

Regards, Cecil

P.S. A reminder to other avid rainfall followers: the published readings are measured up to the 25th of each month for inclusion in Chatter.

**OUT AND ABOUT**



Our fashionable Village Manager seen at Mary Pitt's display at the Crafters Market recently

Dick Sheppard by Chris Edward

I have been at Evergreen for 9 months and one of the first people I met when we arrived was Dick Sheppard. I thought I had a good ear for accents and listened to Dick on several occasions, particularly when he talked about his 1901 Panhard car, the London to Brighton run and his friends who garaged the car for him in the western part of England. He spoke with an unaccented voice but I was sure he was from the UK.

Last week we sat with Dick at a social evening and I popped the question to him. "Which part of England are you from Dick?" As quick as a flash he said, "Durban"

**PROOF IT IS THE LAST OUTPOST OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE**

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## Chirps & Tweets

Mother & Backlit Baby ... Contributed by Dick Shepherd...

### AN EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME BY MARILYN

*'Many months ago, while chatting to Dick Sheppard at the Social evening, I was telling him about my plans to go to Cambridge and Doc Martin's village in Cornwall...Dick said (flippantly, I thought!) 'Why don't you stay on and do the 'London-Brighton' run with me , in early November?' Well, the next day he phoned and said he was serious! I was thrilled. As you know, Dick owns a beautiful French 'model' , a 1901 Panhard, which he stores in the UK. The car has done the 'run' 60 times and Dick has done it 20 times. He told me how we'd have to dress up in the fashion of the day c.1900. Being a 'girl', I started planning my outfit immediately!*



*I was already in the UK , when Dick let me know that he wasn't well enough to do the trip. I was devastated for him . However, his dishy son, Russell stepped in to the breach . Dick's friend, Richard, who looks after the car, joined us. We gathered at the Thistle hotel in Kensington Gardens, on Friday 4 November ...what excitement! The entire hotel garage was filled with these precious old cars( all older than 1905) ...I got tears in my eyes when I first saw Dick's 'Le Papillon Bleu' ....it is so beautiful!*

*Early the next morning we set off , in amongst all the normal London traffic, for Regent street. The whole street had been blocked off and the cars lined up in herringbone fashion down the centre of the street. Although clear, it was freezing ..3 degrees, plus wind! ...and my 1900 cotton dress and hat didn't keep me warm at all. But it was one of the most amazing days of my life..just loved it! We were there from 8.30am until 4.30pm and spent the entire day chatting to the hundreds of people who came to look at the cars. We felt like movie stars . Russell had put two SA flags on the car and dozens of South Africans came up to speak to us. Next thing ...the judges came around ...and placed a big blue rosette on the car. We didn't know what the car had won ...had to wait for the prize giving ..to learn that Dick's car had won the best prize of the day – the Concour d'elégance. What a thrill! We phoned Dick immediately.*



*Off to a cocktail party and dinner at the magnificent RAC headquarters, then to bed , as we had to get up at 4.30am the next morning.*

*At 6.30am , we drove into Hyde Park , and were shown to park in line along the Serpentine Lake. It was still fairly dark , the mist was rising from the lake , and the sight of 400 Veteran cars brought tears to my eyes yet again! Off we went , cheered on by so many people who had braved the cold. We went through Marble Arch, past Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey , Big Ben and over Westminster Bridge. The entire route to Brighton was lined with people urging us on, including a couple of brass bands. Richard and Russell had to look after the driving , but my job was to 'smile and wave' --- which I loved , of course..*



Although the Run is officially for cars older than 1905, the road was crammed with cars of the 1910s, the 1920s, and even a huge Chev with wings, from the 1950s. We saw 6 Penny-farthing bicycles, and vintage motor bikes and many others. Dick's daughter, Alison, brought us soup at Staplefield which was great. We finally rode on to Madeira Drive on the Brighton beachfront, at about 1pm. As we drove in, the fellow on the loudspeaker told the cheering crowds that Dick's car most embodied the spirit of the London-Brighton run, and hence had been awarded the Concour d'elegance.

Thank you, Dick, for the experience of a lifetime. Love Marilyn

Hi Graham

As you know I have been reading a very interesting book about the history of Johannesburg, and you published my first review in the most recent 'Chatter', herewith my second chapter, Cheers, Catherine

**This Chapter is at the end of this edition of Chatter....thanks again Catherine**

**HATCHES & MATCHES; BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES**

*These are the villagers who enjoy and celebrate Birthdays in December ....*

- 2<sup>nd</sup> Judith McLaren
- 4<sup>th</sup> Elske Fann
- 5<sup>th</sup> Carole Saayman
- 14<sup>th</sup> Gloria Boswell
- 18<sup>th</sup> Brian Morgan
- 25<sup>th</sup> Elizabeth Davies
- 28<sup>th</sup> Peter Gough
- 28<sup>th</sup> Corrie Cartwright
- 29<sup>th</sup> Lilo Kauzil
- 30<sup>th</sup> Chris Sleigh



*May each of you enjoy a wonderful day and a Blessed personal year ahead.*

**These couples enjoy an Anniversary in December...**

- 5<sup>th</sup> Derek & Grace Schuurman 120
- 15<sup>th</sup> Colyn & Lyn Turner 4
- 23<sup>rd</sup> Steve & Carole Saayman 107
- 28<sup>th</sup> Cecil & Elske Fann 76
- 30<sup>th</sup> Barry & Dorothy Forbes 12



*Congratulations folks May the joys of the past be the norms of a blessed future.*



In a few short minutes the bucket is empty. But Ed doesn't leave. He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place .

When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. And old Ed quietly makes his way down to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like 'a funny old duck,' as my dad used to say. Or, to onlookers, he's just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp.

To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportant ....maybe even a lot of nonsense.

Old folks often do strange things, at least in the eyes of Boomers and Busters.

Most of them would probably write Old Ed off, down there in Florida ... That's too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name: Eddie Rickenbacker. He was a famous hero in World War I, and then he was in WWII. On one of his flying missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived, crawled out of their plane, and climbed into a life raft.

Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun. They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger and thirst. By the eighth day their rations ran out. No food. No water. They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were or even if they were alive.

Every day across America millions wondered and prayed that Eddie Rickenbacker might somehow be found alive.

The men adrift needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle. They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged on. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft...suddenly Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull!

Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off, and he and his starving crew made a meal of it - a very slight meal for eight men. Then they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish, which gave them food and more bait....and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea until they were found and rescued after 24 days at sea.

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first life-saving seagull... And he never stopped saying, 'Thank you.' That's why almost every Friday night he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.

*Reference: (Max Lucado, "In The Eye of the Storm", pp...221, 225-226)*

*PS: Eddie Rickenbacker was the founder of Eastern Airlines. Before WWI he was race car driver. In WWI he was a pilot and became America's first ace. In WWII he was an instructor and military adviser, and he flew missions with the combat pilots. Eddie Rickenbacker is a true American hero.*

*Now you know another story about the trials and sacrifices that brave men have endured for your freedom.*

*This is a great story that many don't know...You've got to be careful with old guys, you just never know what they may have done or experienced during their lifetime.*

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One from Chris Edwards.....

(Wetherspoons is a pub franchise which serves food) (Uxbridge is a western suburb of London)

A group of chaps, all aged 40, discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at Wetherspoons in Uxbridge because the waitresses had big boobs and wore mini-skirts.

Ten years later, at age 50, the friends once again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at Wetherspoons in Uxbridge because the food and service was good and the beer selection was excellent.

Ten years later, at age 60, the friends again discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at Wetherspoons in Uxbridge because there was plenty of parking, they could dine in peace and quiet, and it was good value for money.

Ten years later, at age 70, the friends discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at Wetherspoons in Uxbridge because the restaurant was wheelchair accessible and had a toilet for the disabled.

Ten years later, at age 80, the friends discussed where they should meet for lunch. Finally it was agreed that they would meet at Wetherspoons in Uxbridge because they had never been there before.

Phyllis Diller says... *The reason women don't play football is because 11 of them would never wear the same outfit in public.*

*So as this is the last Chatter for 2016 on behalf of the editor (me) and the contributors, as well as the distribution staff (René) we wish you...*



*A truly blessed happy Christmas and may 2017 be a year of health and fun*

*With plenty of Chit and Chat*

*Back in 2017 Cheers for now. Best wishes and warm regards to you all. Graham*

#### JOHANNESBURG - LIKE IT WAS: from Catherine....

##### THE CAMP:

There is a multiple choice of dates for the celebration of Johannesburg's birthday. The first two (Witwatersrand goldfields, the farms Driefontein and Elandsfontein) were proclaimed public diggings on 30th September 1886. On the other hand the state-owned ground Randjeslaagte, on which the village of Johannesburg was to be sited was proclaimed only on 4th October 1886. Then again, it was on 5th August 1886 that Government officials met the diggers who unanimously agreed that a village should be proclaimed, or one could argue that the town was really conceived on 31st May 1886, when Paul Kruger's private secretary, F.C. Eloff, put his signature to a list of Witwatersrand farms which he proclaimed public diggings. All the farms were then being worked for gold - a belt of yellow savannah which, from east to west, took three and a half hours to cover on horseback. Thomas and George Sheffield, sons of an English settler, bought the Grahamstown Advertiser and Anglo-African and renamed it The Eastern Star. The paper had carried many stories of gold finds, but at first it was unexcited about the discovery of the Main Reef, as there had been many false claims. After all, Barberton had boasted two stock exchanges in 1885. By 1886 it was practically a ghost town, its gold mined out.

##### THE TOWN:

Accommodation was desperately short in the mining camp, and people slept on floors. Cecil Rhodes had to share a room with three others when he came up from Kimberley late 1886. When the Sheffield's were joined by their families in 1888, they had to sleep in the works while a pair of semi-detached houses were being completed "out

of town" in Plein Street. Getting there meant walking across the dusty mining land which still separated the two halves of the village. Later the Sheffield's pulled down the two houses and built the Victoria Hotel on the site. They moved up the hill to Kaptéijn Street, Hillbrow.

Within four years of its birth Johannesburg, 600 kilometres from the nearest port, hundreds of kilometres from the nearest railhead and 60 km from the nearest major river, was a thriving town of large buildings. One of the most intimate descriptions of life on the goldfields before Johannesburg was established is contained in a private letter by D.P. Ross of the Standard Bank Cape Town, who in September 1886, looked over the goldfields with a view to opening a bank. Ross in fact opened the Johannesburg branch of the Standard Bank on 11th October 1886, in a tent in Ferreira's camp. (Ferreira's gold mine 1886. Colonel Ferreira was a founder of Johannesburg). He soon moved it to a thatched roof affair at 185 Anderson Street.....