

"Together let's make EVERGREEN the village of our dreams"

End April, 2017 edition

Hello all Residents of our special village.....So here we are at the end of April and now into Autumn or what the Americans appropriately call Fall!

Time share here. As you will see later in this edition there is some discussion on the name of Johannesburg and it got me thinking on our journey here how some of the places got their names for instance....Patatanek; Dogies; Machadorp; White River; Graskop; Middleberg; etc. If you can throw any light on any of these or other town's villages and cities of our beautiful country Chatter would love to publish them...share your knowledge with us please.

CHAIRMAN'S CHAT

We are all very aware of the development of the permanent clubhouse and frail care. Derek assures me we should take occupation well before the year end and as there have been a number of folks asking for detail of costs and booking timing he has suggested that you contact him in the first instance...(Derek Drew, MD of Evergreen Villages at derekd@evergreenlifestyle.co.za) and he will provide the information you require.

DIARISE NOW......

ANNUAL RESIDENTS MEETING...4pm on Tuesday 25th July in the clubhouse followed by snacks sundowners EVERGREEN AGM...Tuesday 8th August at 4pm in clubhouse

SOCIAL MATTERS

Evergreen Broadacres Book morning





Tuesday, 18 April 2017

Ancient Greece - the year 399BC -and in the forum 501 Athenian male citizens are gathered to preside at the trial of one man. The accused approaches wearing only a simple robe and, probably, with bare feet. His name is Socrates, the teacher and mentor of Plato.

Thus, in measured tones Andrew Domanski, our guest speaker, painted the scene of that early trial and took us on a journey with Socrates through the trial, his conviction and eventual death. And on the way he explored some of the central themes of Socrates' and Plato's teachings – such as the immortality of the soul and that an absolute Truth exists which is beyond the realms of relativity. He also introduced us to two of Socrates' famous statements, "I know nothing at all, and I know that I know nothing", and "the unexamined life is not worth living."

Socrates, like another famous man born 400 years later, never wrote anything. It was left to his followers, in particular to Plato, to record his dialogues and their teachings. And thankfully these have survived to become the basis of our western philosophical thought.

Our guest speaker, Andrew Domanski is an Associate Professor in the Law faculty at the University of the Witwatersrand. One of his absorbing interests is the study of Plato; he has published several articles in this field and runs a weekly Plato group through the University of the Third Age [U3A].

It was a wonderful morning. Andrew's inspiring and captivating talk was followed by a lively question session, and then a delicious lunch – again with much talk, discussion and laughter.

My thanks as always to Isabel, Shirley, and Ruth who provided delicious teatime snacks and to Isabel, Pat and Kathy, who work with enthusiasm and skill in the library.

Regards, Libby

ENVIROMENT...

News from Hennie....

Most of the Marigolds have been removed, the ground prepared and Namaqualand daisies planted. By the time this Chatter appears, the new daisy seeds will be coming up and a green sheen should be visible where ever the gardeners have planted them. Look out for the daisies that have this winter also been planted on the pavement down to the construction gate.

On Easter Friday 6 of your fellow villagers braved the mud and chilly water and waded into the top pond to remove as much of the algae as possible – a squelchy business indeed! Assisted by wives and friends on the side, bucket loads of algae and grass were hauled out of the pond. Their efforts were followed that afternoon by what will probably prove to be the final rain of the season. 20 mm was recorded and the pond nearly filled to the brim, but despite that, once the water subsided we were still left with a very muddy pond thanks to the way mud had been stirred up. The pond has since cleared and Henry Dobrowolski reports that he frequently sees our fish.

The civil works on our new composting station has been completed. Once power and water are available (after the borehole is complete and commissioned) we'll get a shredding machine and start making our own compost. Next time you're down at the bottom of the village take a walk down to the site to see the wonderful job that Civtek (the roads contractor) did for us – all for nothing!

On the way to the composting station you'll pass the site for our borehole. The latest is that it will be drilled in the 1st or 2nd week of May, so please pray that it will be a productive hole. Once drilled, we'll test it to see what its capacity is and once we know that, Basil Bold will design the rest of the system to connect the borehole water to the existing irrigation system.

<u>Kiloran was there and reports...</u>For two hours on Friday saw six brave residents and egos dredge the top dam of its mucky horrible algae. The water dredgers were Henry Dobrowolski, Dave Powell, Wally Ross, Ian Stuart, Hennie du Preez and Basil Bold.

















Oh my boys will be boys no matter their age....

The 6 were at times up to their waist in water and were excused as trying to walk around in ankle deep mud wasn't easy. There were also a fair number of wives Judy squared (Judy Powell and Judy Stuart), Heather Mutch and granddaughter Rebecca as well as Ernie who assisted by pulling up the collected slime in buckets from the sides.

A BIG "Thank you" to all who participated ©©

More form Hennie....The civil works on our new composting station has been completed. Once power and water are available (after the borehole is complete and commissioned) we'll get a shredding machine and start making our own compost. Next time you're down at the bottom of the village take a walk down to the site to see the wonderful job that Civtek (the roads contractor) did for us – all for nothing!

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RAIN NEWS FROM CECIL......



Hello Graham

April brought a quite surprising amount of wonderful rain, which, alas, will now taper off until the SpriFor comparison, the previous year's reading for April is:

Apr'16 3.8

The national drive to conserve water remains in force so we all still need to use water carefully. Rainfall, in millimetres, for 2016/17:

May '16 13.0 Jul '16 Aug '16 3.9 67.8 Jun '16 12.5 Sep '16 7.0 Oct '16 40.3 Nov '16 130.3 Dec '16 101.1 Mar '17 Jan '17 173.4 Feb '17 205.6 Apr '17 116.4 16.8

For comparison, the previous year's reading for April is: Apr '16 3.8

Regards, Cecil Unit 76

HEALTHCARE



Hello everyone....

I have had some folk enquire as to Sr. Linda's qualifications because it has been noticed that she never wears the standard nursing sister's epilates. This is a decision that was decided elsewhere, but if you have concern then I suggest you pop into her office and you will see the certificates displayed therein. In my and other experience, Sr. Linda is not only well qualified and extremely experienced she has a wonderful bedside manner and is oozing concern and compassion

REMINDER!!!! Residents are reminded to activate the YELLOW button on their Telecare system when needing any form of assistance from our nurses. This applies twenty- four hours around the clock.

Hi Graham, Please include a reminder to residents, old & new, that there is a transport roster on the notice board in the clubhouse for those needing lifts. Also to encourage residents to put their names on the list on Rene's desk if they intend coming to the Medical Talk, 9 May @10:30 in the clubhouse. Topics will include emergency awareness for falls, signs of a stroke and basic first-aid to be delivered by Warren Hastings from Life4Ways. Thanks Atholie

OUT AND ABOUT

Team Evergreen T-shirts - after including a subtle hint about when we could expect to receive these in every email I send to Derek, the latest being Paul's (unit 128) request for a Team Evergreen T-shirt so that he can feel part of the village and referring him to the 1st photo in my report on the Residents Fun Walk, which showed all the residents without t-shirts with the caption "We want Team Evergreen T-shirts" he has advised". "Prieshika, our Evergreen sales manager, has come to the party. I am pleased to inform you that you should receive your t-shirts by end of May, June at the latest". Who said that nagging does not work? Just ask the residents. Ernie

.....

MY OFFERING FOR A FUTURE "CHATTER"

The "ResCom Chatter" of both September and October last year contained interesting historical stories of simple meetings that lead to two wonderful and happy marriages. I would like to add my contribution so as to encourage others to tell their own stories.

My Father was the South African Representative of two London-based companies and was to travel to England as had been his routine. He travelled with his family in 1927 and I celebrated my first birthday in London in 1928. His second trip, once again with his family, was in 1938 when he was again accompanied by his family. Our base was the Park Royal Hotel' Leinster Terrace, London West End.

In Sydney, Australia, Marjory's Father, who was with the British General Electric Company, was to undertake a trip to his Principals. He, too, was accompanied by his wife and two daughters whose London-based hotel was likewise the Park Royal.

A day or two after returning from a ten-day tour of England and Scotland I was sitting in the Hotel Office "manning" the telephone switchboard when three persons entered behind me. The Manageress said "Craig here is someone for you to play with". I looked round to see two little girls with their Mother. Play we surely did. I was able to attend Marjory's tenth birthday in the Hotel Playroom on 16th October. I had celebrated my eleventh birthday with my family and Grandparents shortly after our arrival in August.

Some months later and back home, my great friend Richard de Beer suggested I write to "that girl in Australia". Not knowing Marjory's postal address I sent a letter simply addressed to her Dad - "Mr. Hackman, British General Electric Company, Sydney, Australia". My third attempt was successful.

Marjory and I then began a correspondence that defied the multiple problems of the world war raging at the time. I have those letters to this day.

Friends – If you are interested in reading of developments culminating in our marriage in Cape Town in January, 1954 I recommend you have a look at our book entitled "OUR HISTORY of LOVE and LIFE" that Marjory and I were persuaded by our family to write, a copy of which is in our Village Library. The many photographs help to tell our story.

Story by CRAIG STACEY Unit 23.



Chirps & Tweets

Evergreen "Bird-Walkers" visit to Random Harvest Bird Walk – 15th April 2017

8 Evergreen "Birders" met at the "Pitstop" at 6.30am on a cool morning. In our party of 8 we welcomed three new comers to the village and walk, Barbara (aka B) Elliott and Wally and Robin Davey. Arriving at Random Harvest well in time for our walk, we were welcomed, as usual, with tea/coffee and rusks.

At 7.30am we gathered for the start of the bird walk, with Andre Marx (apologies to Andre I referred to him as Andre Brink in my last report), our guide for the morning. As usual he asked us to identify the birds at the "Feeding Station", and at the same time what calls we could hear in the surrounding trees. Most unusual we did not see, nor hear, the Cape Turtle Dove at the "Feeding Station" nor on the walk. Andre informed us that with the onset of autumn most migrants had left.

It wasn't long into the walk when we saw the Black Collared Barbet, this followed by a wonderful spot of the Cardinal Woodpecker by Wally. We continued onto the dam, and were further amazed at how much the environment around us had recovered after all the rain and the grass now very high, although this made it harder to see the ground dwelling birds such as the Spotted Thick-knee (Dikkop) and African Pipit, both of which we found.

Arriving at the dam we saw a juvenile Green-backed Heron fly off and return, and then we saw the adult Green-backed Heron. We watched two Malachite Kingfishers flitting to and fro amongst the reeds while fishing for food and a Reed Cormorant resting on the dead tree. Leaving the dam we saw a beautiful Yellowfronted canary, scarce in the area.

We made our way back to the nursery through a very muddy path. An interesting sight on the way back was a Karoo Thrush feeding her chick among the bagged plants in the nursery. The Karoo Thrush is often referred to as the Olive Thrush which is incorrect. Many years ago, the Karoo Thrush was called the Olive Thrush but the species, for some years now, has been split into two names. The Olive Thrush, has a conspicuous black streaking on white throat whereas the Karoo Thrush has black streaking on a grey throat, its upperparts greyer with greyish flanks and breast (orange restricted to lower underparts), compared to olive-grey upperparts and orange flanks in the Olive Thrush. The Olive Thrush is not found in Gauteng.

Over a scrumptious hot buffet breakfast which awaited us on arrival back at the nursery, we talked about what we had seen and tallied up our score of 42 (per Andre) for this walk. There was some debate as to what the top bird for the morning was with nominations for the Cardinal Woodpecker, the Mommy Karoo Thrush feeding her baby and from Andre he felt the Juvenile and Adult Green-back Heron as being a most unusual sighting, this winning the top bird(s) for the morning Heather Mutch Unit #80







Black-collared Barbet

Cardinal Woodpecker

Breakfast

HATCHES & MATCHES; BIRTHDAYS & ANNIVERSARIES

These are the villagers who enjoy and celebrate Birthdays in May

1st Píeter Moolman

Lesley Murphy 1st

2nd David Bromfield

3rd Fred Solesbury

4th Alan Beattie

Elsbeth Hallbauer 5th

8th Príscilla Read

12th Pat Morgan

14th Pat Moolman

15th Royston Knowles

18th Dorothy Forbes

22nd Rosalín Messerschmidt

24th Joy Blandín De Chalaín

25th Marlies Bold



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

And these couples have an anniversary during the month of May...

5TH	ROYSTON & HELEN KNOWLES	Unit 9
15TH	JIMMY & BERYL SLETCHER	Unit 50
1 <i>7</i> TH	OSWALD & LILO KAUZIL	Unit 25
23rd	BRIAN & JUDY STOWELL	Unit 56

HAVE I GOT WHAT YOU WANT????

This is a new section requested by a few of the residents. So have you got something you no longer want, or a contact you want to recommend, whatever.....send to Graham and it will go into the next Chatter

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DRIVERS LICENCES & CAR LICENCES



Available at the local BP garage (at 4-Ways shops) to get your car licence renewal underway at no cost. An drivers licence renewals she will take us to Krugersdorp where they have a special relationship and you go up front and through the process quickly.

KEEP IT IN MIND. SAVE TIME, SAVE ANXIETY.

THE JOHANNESBURG STORY - RESPONSES & : CHAPTER following 5:

To: Editor, ResCom Chatter-Subject: Johannesburg – Origin of Name

Cathy Plaskett's recent fascinating articles, on the city's early days, reminded me that the origin of the name "*Johannesburg*" is hotly disputed. Personally, I think this romantic version holds sway. *Inter alia*, it was published in *Citichat 25* in 2007.

"I did my Civil Engineer's Site Training, 1962-1964, in the City of London under a Scots Engineer, Robin Anderson. I arrived in Joburg in January 1967 and worked on the design of the Motorway. I wrote to Robin concerning the work. His reply surprised me and, I think, rather startled Miss Smith, the City Librarian who was writing her book on Joburg street names. More or less verbatim, it read:

"I see you're in my Uncle Alec's little dorp. I believe there's a street there named after him. When I was a wee lad, Marshall of Clackmannon dangled me on his knee and said, "Young Anderson, never you forget it was Oom Paul, Johan Rissick (sic), your Uncle Alec and me - we started Johannesburg. Johan Rissick was getting married the following Saturday, so we named it after him as a wedding present."

Miss Smith wrote to Robin who confirmed the story. His father had Uncle Alec's diary - a school notebook which Alec had sent back to his Mother. She then queried the wedding with the Rissik family. They stated that he did not marry until ten years later; although they have always claimed the City was named after him. She had no explanation for the situation. Mystery!!

Anderson and Marshall are both well-known names in Joburg. Why should Marshall have given Robin such a story? Robin had never been to South Africa. Nobody here accepts Robin's story. But the circumstances, and the "straight from the horse's mouth" source, give it the ring of truth to me.

Can anybody throw any light on the wedding?

Regards, Dave Campbell Unit #61

Hi Dave

A little bit if info regarding Johann Rissik:

Rissik Street was named after Johann Rissik who arrived in Pretoria from Holland in 1876, but moved to the town that would later be known as the 'City of Gold' in 1886 during the gold rush.

Rissik and Christiaan Johannes Joubert were sent to the area to investigate it and choose a site on which a town could be built. The area was then named Johannesburg after the two men who initiated the development.

However, the historians are unable to decide who gave his name to the city when it was founded in 1886. The confusion could be blamed on a blustery wind which in the summer of 1886 blew away the tent of the Commissioner Carl von Brandis as he arrived to proclaim the new town of gold prospectors. The records to disappear on that stormy night were the plans and instruction from the Surveyor General, believed to have announced and explained the new name.

Ten years were to pass, before anyone sought to enquire as to where the name originated.

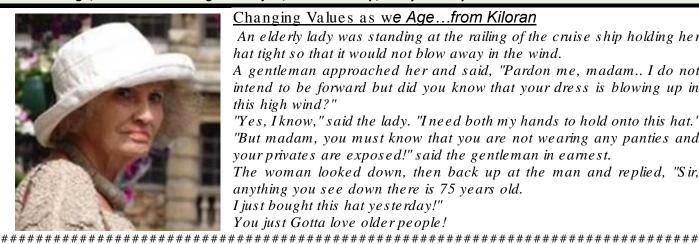
Anna Smith, quotes Rissiks daughter-in-law. who says, her father-in-law told her that Joubert suggested Johannburg as the name, in honour of Rissik, but Rissik thought the name too harsh and difficult to pronounce so he suggested Johannesburg. Smith quotes in an article in the newspaper Die Vaderland, which in 1971, recorded a departmental note written by Rissik dated 1896 in which he confirms that the town was named after Joubert and himself......

Regards, Catherine

LAST WORDS







Changing Values as we Age...from Kiloran

An elderly lady was standing at the railing of the cruise ship holding her hat tight so that it would not blow away in the wind.

A gentleman approached her and said, "Pardon me, madam.. I do not intend to be forward but did you know that your dress is blowing up in this high wind?"

"Yes, Iknow," said the lady. "Ineed both my hands to hold onto this hat." "But madam, you must know that you are not wearing any panties and your privates are exposed!" said the gentleman in earnest.

The woman looked down, then back up at the man and replied, "Sir, anything you see down there is 75 years old.

I just bought this hat yesterday!" You just Gotta love older people!

STORY FROM A FRIEND OF MINE IN THE USA...not about Trump!



Father Norton woke up Sunday morning and realizing it was an exceptionally beautiful and sunny early spring day, decided he just had to play golf. So... he told the Associate Pastor that he was feeling sick and persuaded him to say Mass for him that day.

As soon as the Associate Pastor left the room, Father Norton headed out of town to a golf course about forty miles away.

This way he knew he wouldn't accidentally meet anyone he knew from his parish. Setting up on the first tee, he was alone. After all, it was Sunday morning and everyone else was in church!

At about this time, Saint Peter leaned over to the Lord while looking down from the heavens and exclaimed, "You're not going to let him get away with this, are you?"

The Lord sighed, and said, "No, I guess not." Just then Father Norton hit the ball and it shot straight towards the pin, dropping just short of it, rolled up and fell into the hole.IT WAS A 420 YARD HOLE IN ONE!

St. Peter was astonished. He looked at the Lord and asked, "Why did you let him do that?"

The Lord smiled and replied, "Who's he going to tell?"



Did you know that "Dammit I'm Mad" spelled backwards is "Dammit I'm Mad"



I read that, by law, you have to turn on your headlights when it's raining in Sweden. How the hell am I supposed to know if it's raining in Sweden?

I Hope you enjoyed this edition of Chatter. My thanks to all of the contributors without whom I could not be able to Chatter!!!! I look forward to your contribution for end of May...ALL WELCOME!!!!

So dear folks of Evergreen Broadacres there you have it for Chatter April 201;	7. Enjoy th	ne
merry month of May!!!Cheers, Graham Langmead		

Hi Graham,

This is a short report of our trip to the Msobomvu Primary School with all the items collected by our wonderful and generous Evergreen residents.

Sue and I left on a Monday morning in March and had to travel 825km to get to Ugie in the Eastern Cape. We overnighted in Bloemfontein and got to Ugie the following afternoon. We met Khulile Nombewu, the Headmaster, in Ugie the next morning and followed him 20km to the school on what must be the worst roads in SA and with one river crossing (no bridge)!

The school had received three new classrooms (donated by some Durban architects) since we were there two years ago and electricity was being supplied from new poles along the road. In the interim the children are still using the mud class rooms.

The Head had arranged for the School Governing Body and teachers to meet us and the meeting was preceded by a prayer and an agenda after which lunch was served. This is an absolutely amazing group of people and we are so very proud to be associated with them.

We reviewed what had been donated and it was apparent that certain items were going to be treasured as they had been waiting for years for such things as a wall map of the world and spelling charts. Even the adults were fascinated by the map and Sue gave them a crash course in geography! The most frequently asked questions were "what do they eat in those countries and what language do they speak?" The curiosity for knowledge of what lies beyond their environment is simply limitless.

I had contacted Coronation Financial Services earlier about their school gardens programme but unless we had at least another 5 schools involved it was not a viable proposition. We decided that we could do certain things ourselves, like fencing an area for growing vegetables (to keep all the cows and donkeys out). We also filled in more forms for the Woolworths MySchool Programme (the previous two sets got lost at the Eastern Cape Education Department) as I wanted to take these to Cape Town and hand them in personally. We met with a very helpful and enthusiastic staff member at the Woolworths Schools Programme. However, there is quite a strict procedure to go through before Woolworth's involvement is finalised. In the meantime we have been given forms for those wishing to support the schools programme via their Woolworth's cards. Please contact us if you would like to become a supporter of our particular school.

I have included three photos.

- 1. Sue is unloading the car with the help of the Head and some pupils (one of the new classrooms is in the background
- 2. The old classrooms (the rows of stones mark out assembly positions)

3. The Head holding his new Spelling Chart and World Map. Head holding his new Spelling Chart and World Map.







We would like to thank all of our Evergreen residents for their interest and help. It certainly makes the whole exercise so worthwhile to see the results and to know that we are all helping a little bit of rural SA. The need out there is HUGE.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
Chris and Sue Edwards

Car Keys:

They weren't in my pockets. Suddenly I realized I must have left them in the car. Frantically, I headed for the parking lot. My husband has scolded me many times for leaving my keys in the car's ignition. He's afraid that the car could be stolen. As I looked around the parking lot, I realized he was right. The car was nowhere in the parking lot. I immediately called the police. I gave them my location, confessed that I had left my keys in the car, and that it had been stolen.

Then I made the most difficult call of all to my husband: "I left my keys in the car and it's been stolen."

There was a moment of silence. I thought the call had been disconnected, but then I heard his voice. "Are you kidding me?" he barked, "I dropped YOU off!"

Now it was my turn to be silent. Embarrassed, I said, "Well, come and get me."

He retorted, "I will, as soon as I convince this cop that I didn't steal your damn car!"

Welcome to the Golden Years