



Blauwberg Cuca News

**Volume 8
Issue 3
May 2015
Since Dec'09**



TAURUS

Birth date: 20 April - 20 May

Whilst occasionally malodorous, Taureans are reknowned for their good sense of humor and their ability to laugh at the

strangest things, even funny horoscopes. Of particular use in a Taureans faculties, is his/her ability to pick winning lottery numbers. Regarding this, science tells us that Taureans are at least as likely as other lucky people to win often and plentifully. Taurus generally likes to think they have "lucky numbers" and they are usually between 1 and 20.

Most restaurants are owned by Taureans and some of these are very successful. Other popular occupations for Taureans include: teachers, doctors, waste-disposal-experts, climbers, builders, plumbers, computer programmers, funeral directors and Ronald McDonald impersonators.

Elves are all born Taureans due to the Elf mating season being only a few days long towards the end of July. This interesting fact means that the average height of the Taurus male is around 4ft 3in, whilst the female average is approximately 3ft 9in.

With a good sense of humor that works as an enabler against their height deficiency. Taureans. Taureans are said to be excellent lovers, but for some unknown reason, lousy dancers.

It's all one big crap chute anyhoo. Banning people from your house can work, especially if reinforced with large heavy blocks of swing able wood. Wake up, wash your face, change your pants. Life needs a good "start" routine, make this YOURS.

BBC Birthdays

- 20th April – Gary Thomson
- 21st April – Douw Holtzhauzen
- 8th May – Nardus Nel
- 8th May – Mike Heath
- 20th May – Badon Wilson

Have a great day



BBC & MOTH Calendar

- 26th April – Mucking Afazing Race
- 6th May – Syndicate Meeting
- 8th May – Power Series (Round 3) & African 3 Hour
- 12th May – Lions Meeting
- 16th May – Super GP Practice
- 17th May – Super GP Round 2
- 18th May – BBC Exec Meeting
- 20th May – BBC Meeting

A Travelling BBC MOTH

Part 3 of BBC MOTH

Trevor Greenfield's travels in Britain

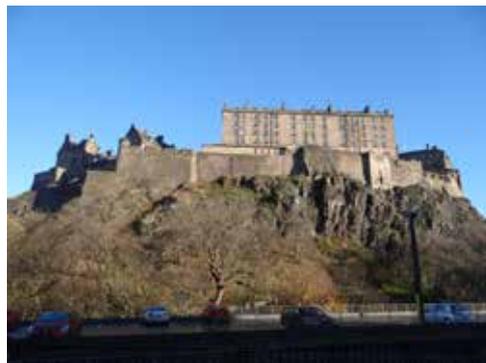
British Legion-Windlesham

On invitation I attended their AGM. Their top table consists of a President, Chairman, Deputy Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. The meeting started with (They shall not grow old) and that was that-no other formalities. I noticed (except for a couple) that most of the members were older than ours, more like my age and older. Legion numbers have dropped from +- 500 000 to +- 300 000. Their parade on the 11th was short and sweet with school children in attendance. Most of the Legion did not appear to have "uniform" as I did.

*Interesting was that in every town they had giant poppy's attached to every light pole. These were still there when we left after Xmas.



Edinburgh Castle



We went there, not knowing, on St Andrews day entrance was free-great! This is a good place to visit, a real castle which includes 2 museums and offices of 2 Scottish

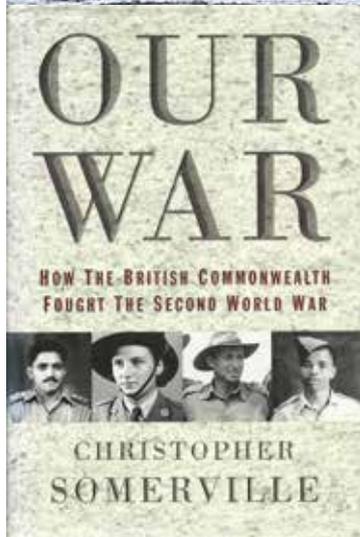
Regiments. In the impressive memorial chapel they have honour boards with the names of all the battles the respected Regiments had fought, e.g. Paardeberg. Below these were big books recording the names of the soldiers who died 1914-1918 and 1938-1945. In 2 of the

recorded the names, Greenfield. Looking in a catalogue of tartans we came across a Greenfield tartan! However, although I looked in a couple shops-they have beautiful cloth-I could not find a Greenfield kilt. Anyhow my wife said I would look stupid in a kilt with my thin legs!

*For those of you that have not been to Great Britain before, be warned -you need to take lots of money with you e.g., beer costs +- 7 Pounds, English cucumber 18 Rand, 2 liter Coke 27 Rand and lunch for 4 (pizzas) +- R1300.



Why People Can't Spell



"OUR WAR"
BY CHRISTOPHER SOMERVILLE
EXTRACTS - CONCERNING
GORDON FRY



Gordon Fry, the father of BBC MOTH Bruce Storrs-Fry, must, just like his son, been quite a colourful character and the following are extracts from the book "Our War", with quotes by the author and then again by Gordon Fry..... or as they say: "Like father, like son."

Everyone who served in the Western Desert was struck by its strange, impressive, unearthly landscape and by the tremendous variation of temperature between day and night. No matter where in the world they had come from, nobody had experienced anything like the desert and nobody who fought or travelled or slept there ever forgot it.

Gordon Fry from Cape Town, just twenty when he arrived in Egypt with the Cape Town Highlanders, recalls dusty days and frozen nights. – Christopher Somerville

The thing you can't really describe to anybody is the tremendous storms you get in the desert. Shocking – you literally can't see a thing. No battle could take place in one of these. And another thing people don't realize was the cold. It was colder at night-time in the bloody desert than in Switzerland. It's that biting, dry cold that gets right into your bones. They couldn't get the truck engines to start in the mornings – they used to have to put boiling water in the radiators, because they were all iced up. – Gordon Fry

Among them was Gordon Fry of the Cape Town Highlanders, who had arrived in Tobruk just before the 'Gazala Gallop' and had been defending the fortress on a twenty-five-pounder gun. The chance of escape that had slipped through his fingers would haunt and tantalize Fry throughout his subsequent captivity. - Christopher Somerville.

The thing where we were a bit upset was: Tobruk fell on a Sunday. On the Friday night we heard they'd broken through, from the chaps on the "Gazala Gallop" who came through Tobruk but didn't stay. We had our little truck all packed up – the officer, myself and the other two – and said, "Let's go!". Then the order came through: "If anyone leaves Tobruk now, they'll be classified as a deserter". So we stayed; but we should have gone. That's what irked me during my time as a POW. "Well, why didn't we go? We could have got out before the Germans came round and surrounded us. By that time the ack-ack battalion behind us were firing with Bofors guns against the tanks. Then the order came through to spike the guns, and that was it; we

were all taken. It was a fiasco. This was how the ordinary rank and file felt about it, that they didn't give us a fair chance to get away. Beng captured is a great bewilderment. You don't realize what's happening; you're in a daze. You spike your guns – you put a round in the top and a round in the breech and you fire the thing with a long lanyard. The barrel peels like a banana. Then you've got to smash up the sight; then your rifles. You try breaking a Lee-Enfield. It's quite a job. Where our blokes were a bit stupid – they went and destroyed all our rations, and they went and bugged up the water supply. So of course the Jerries said, "We can't give you any water or food. You've bugged it up, so it's your lookout." When they were taking us from Tobruk to Benghazi, about ten of us on the back of this little truck, they had radiator water in the back. It was rusty, but we drank it. We weren't worried about Gyppo guts or anything – we just drank it. - Gordon Fry



Gordon Fry of the Cape Town Highlanders, last glimpsed drinking rusty German radiator water after his capture at Tobruck in June 1942, had been penned up in a succession of Italian prisoner-of-war camps. He'd volunteered for farm work in Northern Italy, thinking that he would be better fed and have an enhanced opportunity to escape, and had 'never felt so ashamed in my life' when the British prisoners lined up to boo him and his compatriots as they left their camp near Rome. However, after Italy's surrender, the Italian guards lost interest in their charges, and on 8 September – a week before his twenty-third birthday – Fry and two friends decamped. They passed from farm to farm for the best part of three months, killing time, and waiting for the Allies to arrive from the south to liberate them. One farmer and his household proved particularly friendly. They didn't like the Germans. "Tedeschi!" – oh, they hated them. All they wanted from us was not to say they'd helped us, because they'd heard about the Indians and the Australians and they were dead scared of them. At last, near Christmas, the farmer decided it was time for his guests to go. - Christopher Somerville.

One afternoon two real Al Capone types pitched up in this little car to take us to Milan. They gave us guns, and said; "If anyone stops the car, just let them have it." It was so cramped in the car and we all wanted to go to the toilet. So they stopped in this station. When we went to the toilet, there were Germans there. It was one of those where you talk over the top; you could see their feet and their heads, kind of thing. Quite a moment. They took us to this place where they had all the contraband in the world – the foodstuffs, the teas and the coffee, the silk stockings, the lot. They were obviously smugglers. Next morning they took us to the border. We get to this place, an Inn. Of course the bloke's not there, the guide. Eventually he pitches up and says; "No, too late – domani." So we said; "Niente – we're going now." He says; "But it's light. We say; "We don't give a damn, we're going!" So we go to where we can see the sentries, and looking down we see the border fence. Now he says; I'm going to go down there and cut the fence, and when I make a sign, you come." Well, of course, as soon as he touched that fence all the alarm bells began to ring. So we didn't wait for him to call us – we were down, and through, and up the other side. Of course the sentries were firing shots all over the place. We get to where there's a tobacco patch and something that looks like mielies; so we got in there. The guide had pushed off at this time. We didn't know if we were in Switzerland, or in some sort of no man's land. We made our way to this little cottage where there's this old Italian. We're talking to him when all of a sudden, round the corner, here comes this bloke. So we thought: "Oh God – right here on the border and we have to be caught by a German!" But my mate says; "It's OK – he's Swiss." They took us to this pub on the other side and everybody bought us drinks – we got absolutely sloshed! - Gordon Fry

White South African ex-servicemen like Gordon Fry of the Cape Town Highlanders do not enjoy being blamed for the evils of apartheid; it was not the thinking soldier, Fry, says, who voted the Afrikaner-dominated ultra-nationalist government into power after the war. But he is cautiously optimistic about the future of this country. Bob Gaunt, the Royal Navy torpedo-boat officer, now lives in England, but has kept close associations with South-Africa and has made numerous visits back to his homeland. He thinks that casual visitors to the post-apartheid South-Africa do not see half of it. - Christopher Somerville.



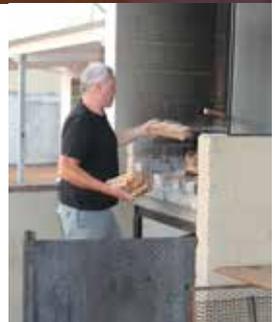
Wie sou ooit kon dink dat 'n ex-SALM "draadkar" wat sleg geword het en "sivvie" gedraai het ooit as bruidskar gebruik sou word.... glo nie selfs die chopper sou dit ooit kon droom nie, maar dit was Philip van Heerden se bruid, Sonette, se wens en soos alle vrouens het sy haar sin gekry.... mooi so Philip!!!!... nou die groot vraag... waar is die 5.0 Browning of 20 mil?... so dit was nie 'n "shotgun wedding" nie..... grap net... alle voorspoed Philip en Sonette (Foto: PVH)



10th April 2015 – Friday Night at The Boma"

On Friday evening, when arriving at the Boma, OB and duty member Shawn Blaine, were met with a magnificent sunset. Also waiting for us outside was Gary Renda, with a few of his 4x4 club members. Soon the drinks were up, fires lit and everybody bunkered down for a relaxing evening.

The 4x4 guys were chatting and swopping stories, a few MMA members popping in, and Fanie Ferreira and Nadia, relaxing for their last time with us. Yes,



unfortunately they are relocating back to Gauteng. We wish them all of the best, and please remember guys, you are always welcome at BBC. Hopefully we will see you again soon.



The meat was sizzling, in one of the cleanest braai grids around (thanks to MOTH Shawn Blaine), and "centre stage" was a T-bone that even MOTH Dave Morrison would



have been proud of.

A few "farewell" Jeagies did the rounds, and once again we closed the door later that evening on a fun filled evening of laughter, food, drinks and banter.



11th April 2015 – "Extreme Festival"

"Extreme Festival", Saturday, 11th April 2015, saw round 3 of the Extreme Festival racing event taking place at Killarney Race Track.

BBC, as per every race day, was open for business from around 08h30.

The morning started off a bit misty, with some overzealous competitors skidding off the track during the practise/ qualifying.

With the Boma set up for the day (Flags up, tables and chairs set out, drinks and ice lined up) we awaited the arrival of our "stand-in" chef, Ricky van Staden. Ricky's most definitely starting to make a



"DUST"

name for himself, and Dodge must be quivering in his boots.

Ricky served up "Breakfast roll ala Ricky", as well as his now sought after curry rolls. The OB rolled out the gas barbeque (As our Aussie friends would say) and served up some country sausage breakfast rolls, and some boerewors rolls with onions towards lunchtime.

The racing was great, with Mother Nature clearing up the early morning mist, and bringing out the sunshine.

A few "thrills and spills" occurred during the day, hence the heading on the BBC Facebook page of "Smoke & Mirrors" (& Dust)

A veld fire in the reeds behind the berm on the western side created a bit of havoc with thick smoke covering sections of the race track.

The national and local competitors did themselves proud, and each and everyone seemed to have a good day.

The Boma, as per usual, saw quite a few marching through during the day. Even the "Midas" ladies stepped over for a chat and a few cold ones, much to the delight of our barman, Dean!!!!

Ginger biscuits (courtesy of MOTH Michael Johnson) were handed out to the delight (of some patrons) and the appreciation of others.

The crowd was entertained all day long with F1 qualifying, superbikes, racing, rugby and later in the evening a little birthday bash for MOTH Dodge Frudiger.

BBC did well with all the visitors, but please remember that we are open on race days, with food and drinks available, fires normally lit for braais, so bring your family and friends around.



Trevor, Daphne & Brian



Stunts



BBC "NASCAR" Team



Drinks

Medicinal



"DUST"



Dawie Joubert - Lotus Exige Honda



Visitors



Stunts



"Midas" Girls



Racing



"DUST"



"SMOKE"

