

November
2014



Older Women's Network Inc. • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • olderwomensnetworkns@gmail.com • www.olderwomensnetwork.org.nz



Beach, Bach & BBQ



A Kiwi Night Before Christmas

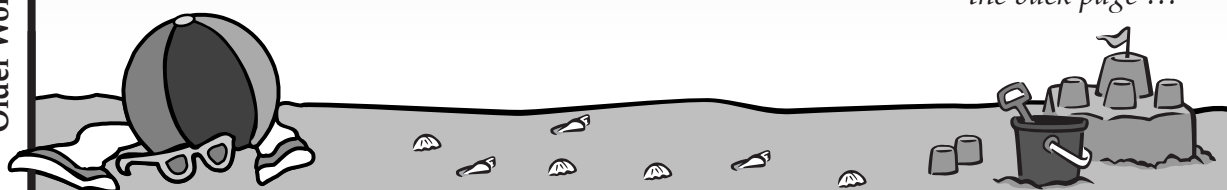
by Yvonne Morrison

It was the night before Christmas, and all round the bach
Not a possum was stirring; not one we could catch.
We left on the table a meat pie and beer,
In hopes that Santa Claus soon would be here.

We children were snuggled up in our bunk beds,
While dreams of pavlova danced in our heads;
And mum in her nightie, and dad in his shorts,
Had just settled down to watch TV sports.

When outside the bach such a hoo-ha arose,
I woke up at once from my wonderful doze.
I ran straight to the sliding door, looking about,
Jumped out on the deck, and let out a shout.

*Read on, turn to
the back page ...*



"We celebrate, honour and empower older women"

Dear OWN members ...

As we get closer to the end of the year, I've been reflecting on all the events and group meetings that have again taken place throughout 2014. What a variety we've had, thanks to the group leaders and event organisers, giving us the opportunity to socialise, keep our minds and bodies active, and learn new skills.

I thoroughly enjoyed David Haigh's presentation on the Civil Society at our last event. Particularly interesting was the fact that it was women who helped abolish the slave trade in the British colonies. In 1791, slave-grown sugar was Britain's largest import. Female anti-slavery associations distributed thousands of pamphlets and leaflets door-to-door, campaigning for people not to buy *West India Sugar* which was being produced by using slave labour or to buy from shops that sold it. Long before they won the right to vote, these women found the power to act and to influence. A wonderful and uplifting story.



A sugar bowl design for households to signify that their sugar came from the East India Sugar Company where sugar was "not made by slaves"



Our final event takes place soon and we'll be heralding in the Christmas season. I've heard that *Santa* might pay a visit. I hope to see some of you there. Incidentally we are still looking for helpers for this event, so if you'd like to help out contact me (ph: 445-8452 or email: edna@pl.net).

I hope you have a very Happy Christmas and look forward to catching up with you in the New Year.

Edna Peters
Chairperson



**The OWN Committee
and the Editors of
Older & Bolder
wish you a wonderful
festive season!**

This newsletter is compiled by Anne Mutu,
Joan Lardner-Rivlin, Edna Peters, and Patricia Russell.

Annual Subs Due!

Enclosed with this issue of *Older & Bolder* you will find a user-friendly **Annual Subs Invoice** which allows you to pay by either cheque or online banking.

**We need your
subscriptions!**

**Everything we do
is financed by the
membership subs and
event entry fees.**



Haiku Competition

The closing date for the **Haiku Competition** has been extended to 2015 – more details in the February issue of *Older & Bolder*.

Send your entries to:
Edna Peters,
35 Montgomery Avenue,
Belmont
Auckland 0622
or by email to
edna@pl.net

**WIN
PRIZES!**

Up-coming Events ...

Christmas Capers

Start your festive season off with a bang. Join our OWN Santa for some festive fare and delicious refreshments, sing some favourite carols, laugh and be merry in the companionship of others. Partners, family, and friends welcome.

When: 5:00pm – 7:00pm
Friday, 5 December



Venue: Rothesay Room,
Bays Community Centre,
Glen Road, Browns Bay

Cost: \$6 (\$10 for non-members)
Light supper and refreshments provided.

Register early as numbers are limited to 40 for this event.

To register, please contact *Edna Peters*,
ph: 445-8452, or email: edna@pl.net



February Picnic

This is a great opportunity to meet with old friends, make new ones, and, if you wish, take a shot at pétanque!

Bring a picnic, rug or folding chair, hat and suncream, and boules if you have them.

When: 3:00pm
Saturday, 21 February

Venue: Pétanque Pitch, Browns Bay Beach
(near the Bays Club end),
Browns Bay

Cost: FREE

For more details, please
contact *Edna Peters*,
ph: 445-8452, or
email: edna@pl.net



The Blooming Buds of May OWN Festival 2015

Coming in May 2015

**Diarise
now!**



Seasonal Celebrations

Look out for details of the
Harvest / Autumn Celebration
in the next issue of *Older & Bolder*.



We welcome all members and their friends. For more details, please contact *Linda Tisch*, ph: 418-2971 or email: tisch.geoffandlinda@gmail.com

OWN Coffee Meetings Shore Group



Watch this space – the new dates for 2015 will be printed in the February issue of *Older & Bolder*.

For more details, please contact *Audrey*,
ph: 489-6035, or *Barbara*, ph: 419-0026.



Remember to check out our website for news, pictures, events, etc.
www.olderwomensnetwork.org.nz

Did You Know?

In 1960 *Farmers* erected a giant *Santa* on the front of their Hobson Street department store in Auckland. He appeared above the store each Christmas for almost 30 years until he left in 1990, but was restored to the central city in 1998 above the *Whitcoulls* store in Queen Street.

The huge cost of erecting and dismantling the giant figure meant *Santa* was destined to be scrapped this year, but thanks to donations by various companies, *Santa* is again watching over Auckland's CBD ... but for how much longer?



OWN Group Contacts

Saturday Events / Workshops

Meets on the third Saturday of each month. For more details, contact *Edna Peters*, ph: 445-8452.

OWN Coffee Meetings

The *Shore Group* meets fortnightly at various venues. For more details, see page 3 or contact *Audrey Kendall*, ph: 489-6035.



OWN Discussion Group

Meets on the second Tuesday of each month. For more details, contact *Jeanne Ford*, ph: 410-4803.



Rummikub Club

A good way to keep your brain active. For more details, contact *Dawn Watson*, ph: 414-5351.

Tai Chi for Older Women

Wednesday Group: For more details, contact *Susan Pichler*, ph: 478-5569.



Friday Group: For more details, contact *Shirley Knight*, ph: 418-2322.



OWN Theatre Group

Exploring more theatre visits and other activities. For details, contact *Joan Lardner-Rivlin*, ph: 483-9671.

OWNs Alone Lunch

Meets on the last Sunday of the month for lunch, and at other times. For more details, contact *Judith Sumich*, ph: 478-6618.

Writing for Our Grandchildren

The *Browns Bay Group* meets on the second Saturday of each month. For more details, contact *Edna Peters*, ph: 445-8452, or *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.



The *Beach Haven Group* meets on the fourth Saturday of each month. For more details, contact *Anne Mutu*, ph: 483-7704.

Seasonal Celebration Group

Meets throughout the year to celebrate the seasons and cycles in our lives (see **Seasonal Celebrations** on page 3 for the next date). For more details, contact *Linda Tisch*, ph: 418-2971.



OWN Events Round-up

Bella Notte

What a great turnout for this wonderful social evening in August. People were in good voice singing Italian-themed songs made famous by *Dean* and *Frankie*. We were treated to home-cooked lasagne and salad, washed down with mulled wine. The entertainment was superb and provided laughter by the bucket-load!



Goodness gracious me!
It's the *Has Beens*
entertaining us

Mafia Marje laid down
her machine gun to
run the Italian quiz

All the World's a Stage

At the September event *Anne Mutu* and *Anne Shaw* acted out the *Op Shop* skit based on their real life experiences. The audience became customers and given instructions for their various roles. *David*, OWN's *Santa*, brought the house down playing a cross-dresser in pearls, silver handbag, and gorgeous hat. *Kathleen Sharkey* read a humorous true story about when her garage became a polling booth in 1984 – an apt subject being election day. *Anne Mutu* and *Joan Lardner-Rivlin* played the misrepresented step-sisters of *Cinderella* being interviewed by TV reporter *Anne Shaw*. Then we played an hilarious game which had us laughing until the tears ran down our faces.



David



"It's OK. She/he comes in here often. Nothing to worry about."
The two *Annes* in the *Op Shop* skit

Healthy High Jinks

In October *Shirley McKain*, a fitness instructor at the YMCA, put us through our paces using music, humour, and stories. What a fun way to learn how to keep ourselves fit. We learned a range of simple exercises we could do in just 10 minutes per day. We also learned that singing was a great way to strengthen our 'core'.



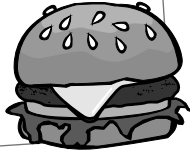
Shirley McKain's simple exercises

Limerick Competition

Following on from the last issue of *Older & Bolder*, here are the remaining entries from the recent Limerick Competition.

There was a young lady from Bamberg
Who asked me to make her a hamburger
So I said to her
You are missing an "er"
With the tail off we'll call it
a lamburg.

Rosalita Snafflehousen



Hugging is healthy some people say
So try to hug somebody every day.
Hold onto them tight
But do not excite
Cos you'll get into trouble that way.

Marje Eynon



Branches waving on tall palm trees
Exotic golden beaches, aquamarine seas
The ads look inviting
Thought it would be exciting
Shock, horror, look at the fees.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin



Each night I seem to find
Limericks get on my mind
Looking for words that rhyme
Is taking all my time
It really is quite a bind.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin



Margaret's tooth was giving her gyp
No tea for her, not even a sip.
She swallowed a pill
But it made her ill
So she got out the gin
and had a large nip.

Margaret Tomlin



A lady while putting on lipstick
Had mistakenly used her car dipstick
But the oil tasted funny
It was dreadfully runny
And she dribbled all over her
shiftstick.

Rosalita Snafflehousen



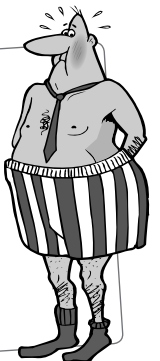
"Oh no", said the lady from OWN,
"The dog has got my phone,
He shook it about,
Like a demented trout,
And then crunched it like a bone."

Pat Bish



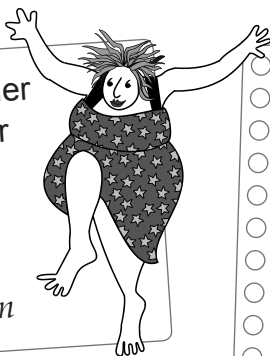
It started out as a dare
To run onto the field quite bare
During the rugby test
You can imagine the rest'
It really was not fair.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin



○ We're advised when growing older
○ That we should be getting bolder
○ So when can I start
○ Behaving like a tart
○ So people will say "behold 'er!"

Joan Lardner-Rivlin



○ A naughty wee boy from Belsiza
○ Fell into the Pohutu geyser
○ He floated away
○ To Wellington Bay
○ And no-one was any the wiser.

Edna Peters



ick?
?

○ I tried to make up a new Lim'rick
○ With three lines that ended with "ick"
○ But all I could find
○ As I searched through my mind
○ Were rude words ending in "ick"

Marje Eynon



Moving

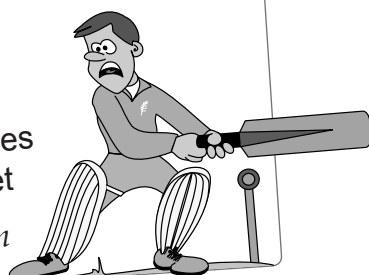
○ My Husband was keen to move house
○ Not me, so I kept quiet as a mouse
○ I could see this wouldn't work
○ I would seem such a jerk
○ So I agreed, and don't seem such a louse.

Judy Brocherie



○ It's just not cricket
○ To lose every wicket
○ Whose are the names
○ Bringing shame to the games
○ Fans getting ready to picket

Joan Lardner-Rivlin



On Becoming Addicted to Limerick Writing

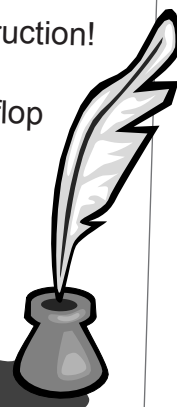
○ It's a mode that I really adore,
○ And I cannot stop churning out more!
○ Irresistible drive
○ To produce lines of five ...
○ Please stop me, someone, I implore!

○ With the Limerick urge I feel smothered,
○ 'Twixt saneness and mania I've hovered.
○ It becomes an affliction,
○ Remorseless addiction,
○ For which there's no cure yet discovered.

○ Oh, relentless this rhythmic seduction,
○ And my will will ignore 'ts-own instruction.
○ Now I simply can't shrug
○ Off the Limerick bug
○ And I'm set on five-line self-destruction!

○ All attempts at restraint will now flop
○ And nothing will get me to stop.
○ My will is defeated,
○ Resources depleted,
○ And I'll carry right on till I drop.

Leah Jacobson



The Pohutukawa

Our New Zealand Christmas Tree

The pohutukawa tree (*Metrosideros Excelsa*) with its crimson flower has become an established part of the New Zealand Christmas tradition. This iconic Kiwi Christmas tree, which often features on greeting cards and in poems and songs, has become an important symbol for New Zealanders at home and abroad.

In 1833 the missionary *Henry Williams* described holding service under a “wide spreading pohutukawa”. The first recorded reference to the pohutukawa as a Christmas tree came in 1867 when the Austrian geologist *Ferdinand von Hochstetter* noted that settlers referred to it as such. The pohutukawa, he observed, “about Christmas ... are full of charming ... blossoms”; “the settler decorates his church and dwellings with its lovely branches”. Other 19th century references described the pohutukawa tree as the “Settlers Christmas tree” and “Antipodean holly”.

In 1941 army chaplain *Ted Forsman* composed a pohutukawa carol in which he made reference to “your red tufts, our snow”. *Forsman* was serving in the Libyan Desert at the time, hardly the surroundings normally associated with the image of a fiery red



pohutukawa tree. Many of his fellow New Zealanders, though, would have instantly identified with the image.

Today many school children sing about how “the native Christmas tree of Aotearoa fills their hearts with aroha”.

Pohutukawa, and its cousin rata, also hold a prominent place in Maori tradition. Legends tell of *Tawhaki*, a young Maori warrior, who attempted to find heaven to seek help in avenging the death of his father. He fell to earth and the crimson flowers are said to represent his blood.

A gnarled, twisted pohutukawa on the windswept cliff top at *Cape Reinga*, the northern tip of New Zealand, has become of great significance to many New Zealanders. For Maori this small, venerated pohutukawa is known as “the place of leaping”. It is from here that the spirits of the dead begin their journey to their traditional homeland of *Hawaiki*. From this point the spirits leap off the headland and climb down the roots of the 800 year old tree, descending into the underworld on their return journey.



Source: NZ History, Ministry for Culture and Heritage, www.nzhistory.net.nz/media/photo/pohutukawa-flowers



All at Sea at Christmas



On thinking back on the Christmases I have had (and there have been many), perhaps one of the most interesting was the one we spent where we didn't know exactly where we were.

Peter and I had left England from Southampton in December 1961 after our wedding in London the previous Easter. *Peter* was returning home to New Zealand after five years away, and I came into the category of "extra baggage". The *Southern Cross* was a one-class ship which carried 1200 passengers and 300 crew, and took six weeks to travel to New Zealand.

The adventure started on 5 December when we boarded the ship and were welcomed by a very nice afternoon tea in the dining room. I was oblivious to it, but *Peter* saw that, as the stewards were clearing up afternoon tea, they were putting the boards up around the edges of tables. As soon as we rounded the *Needles Rocks* and got into the English Channel we started to heave around, and this increased greatly when we got into the North Atlantic. We actually had ten days of very rough weather, right until we got to the West Indies. A lot of people were seasick and stayed in their cabins. Luckily we two were able to keep our stomachs together for the

duration, although I was close to disaster once or twice.

After a while we got used to wetting the linen tablecloth to stop our dinner plates and glasses from skidding away from us. When we staggered into other people in the walkways, we merely introduced ourselves. Dancing in the nightclub was interesting – when the ship rolled and caught dancers off balance they promptly reeled into the laps of the spectators at the edge of the dance floor. We noticed afterwards that quite a few shipboard romances had started because of this "misadventure".

When we stopped in Trinidad the weather was very hot and humid. *Peter* and I were met and entertained by a former work colleague of his. They were very hospitable. We were the village attractions of the day – everybody, from babies to old people, visited us.

Curacao was an interesting place to visit, old and historic. Then we went to Panama City and Balboa at each end of the *Panama Canal*. In the *American Zone* the houses were all lit-up with snow, sleighs, and Santas, making a truly Christmas style fairyland on the hot humid evening.

Then we sailed out into the beautiful blue, calm Pacific, with sparkling sunshine, blue skies and marvellous stars on the balmy nights. It was somewhere here, between the Canal and Tahiti, that we celebrated Christmas.

The big day dawned beautifully as usual, and we all went down to a full trimmings breakfast in the dining room, which was decorated, complete with butter sculptures.

The next event was the Christmas religious service in the main auditorium, conducted by the Captain.

Continues ►



Southern Cross passenger ship (1955)

◀ continued.

The service was carefully written to be suitable for all Christian beliefs, and included many well-known hymns and carols. It was so peculiar to be singing these in such hot weather, but strangely reassuring that Christian beliefs are the same all round the world, and that they go with us.

After the service was over I couldn't get to our cabin quickly enough. I remember that I sat on the edge of my bunk and I cried many tears. Suddenly it had hit me – the thought of being so far away from home, and

everyone and everything familiar to me. I realised the significance of what I had done. I couldn't go back. I had travelled too far now. And anyway, where exactly were we? Miles away from anywhere, it seemed. The only thing to do was to take a deep breath, go forward, and do the best I could with whatever was ahead of me.

In the afternoon we had "horse races" on deck. I can't exactly remember how they did it, but it certainly didn't have any horses. In the evening we had a most sumptuous meal, with all the trimmings, and

the stewards were superb. Afterwards, the nightclub was full to busting, and a good time was had by all.

As we had been leaving our Christmas Dinner, our steward had whispered to us that the crew would be having their Christmas Dinner after they had cleared up from our meal, and that the service on Boxing Day might not quite be up to standard ... it wasn't. It resembled *Faulty Towers* on a larger scale. Our steward's uniform was all dishevelled, his collar undone, his face beetroot red, and he obviously had a whopper of a hangover. He

OWN Recipes

Pavlova Roll

Try this delicious variation on the Kiwi pavlova for your Christmas dessert.

Ingredients

- 4 Egg Whites
- 3 tablespoons Water
- 1 ½ cups Sugar (approx.)
- 3 teaspoons Cornflour
- 1 teaspoon Vanilla
- 1 teaspoon Vinegar
- Toasted coconut
- Raspberries, boysenberries, or other fruit
- Whipped cream

Method

1. Beat the egg whites until stiff, then add the water and beat in the sugar until dissolved.
2. Stir in the cornflour, vanilla, and vinegar.
3. Spread the mixture on a sheet of oiled tinfoil on a large baking tray.
4. Sprinkle with toasted coconut.
5. Bake for 15-20 minutes at 150°C until set and just starting to go a very pale gold colour.
6. Remove from oven and allow to cool.
7. Cover with a piece of greaseproof paper, and, using another baking tray, carefully invert and peel the tinfoil off the top.
8. Spread with raspberries, drained mashed boysenberries, strawberries, or other fruit of your choice, then whipped cream.
9. Using the greaseproof paper, roll-up the pavlova.



Enjoy!

muddled up all our orders, so we swapped things over ourselves and everybody at our table got fed. All the stewards were the same. In the dining room that morning were numerous skids and collisions, with plates and food all over the floor. One elderly lady at our table wanted to complain, but we others persuaded her against it. Really our steward needed nothing more than his bunk, in order to sleep it off, and sure enough, he emerged later in the day in much better shape.

At least the captain must have known where we were because we arrived at Tahiti on the correct day. It was straight out of the film *South Pacific*. I loved Tahiti, my first experience of South Sea Islands, with the lagoon, blue-blue sea, waving palms, dancing girls and all exotically French.

Then we were off to Fiji, a very friendly, happy place, which was a land of big people, big smiles, big feet, and lots of curly hair.

We arrived in Wellington on 12 January to a bright sparkling morning, dark navy blue water, and green hills with little houses dotted all over them. And *Peter's* parents there to meet us.

This was my new country and there were many adventures ahead.

Jenny Goldsbro

Our Memorable Xmas

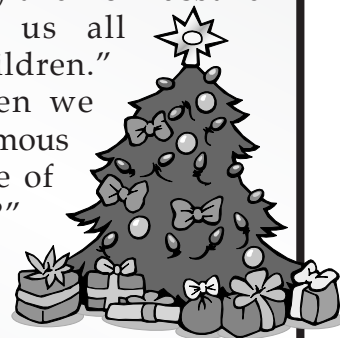
I have many happy memories of bygone Xmas.

We were an extended family and, as *Bill* and I had a large double garage which *Bill* had just finished building, we decided to have Christmas in the garage. The week before Xmas we had a day for cleaning and decorating. Whoever was free on that day came along. The grandchildren were into decorating the tree and the garage, while the rest of us cleaned and set-up tables, chairs, etc., all ready for the big day!

Our first garage Xmas was amazingly successful, so we continued doing it for 11 years. *Santa* always came, arriving on the garage roof, when no-one was looking!

Then the family decided that *Bill* and I had been doing Xmas long enough and it was now their turn, so the next Xmas was at my daughter *Melody* and her husband *Dave's* home. *Melody* had told us all "NO PRESENTS, except for the children."

So imagine our astonishment when we arrived at their place to find an enormous pile of wrapped presents at the base of the Xmas tree. "What's this then?" someone asked. "Oh, I thought I'd give you a treat," said *Melody*.

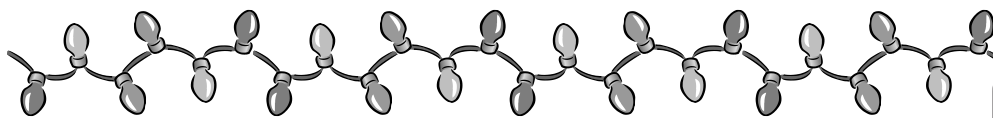


Joy, my youngest daughter, opened her parcel – she had a fur coat! *William*, *Bill's* son, received a tie and book. "Oh, that is nice," said his wife politely. *Sue*, *Bill's* daughter, received an old brunch coat and hair rollers. *David*, my son, a broken aeroplane. *Bill* had some holey Y-fronts, I had a hat and bag, ... and so it went on. We were all laughing hysterically by now as we realised *Melody*, who was a volunteer at an op shop, had carefully selected gifts for all, to be returned at the first opportunity. We all wore our new clothes for the rest of the day.

Our Xmas were always full of fun, laughter and love, and the true meaning of Xmas was remembered by all.

Lucy Fatharly





... continued from front cover.

The fairy lights dad had strung up around the door
Let me see everything down to the shore.
And what did I see, when I took a peep?
But a miniature tractor and eight tiny sheep.

With a little old driver, his dog on his knee.
I knew at once who this joker might be.
He patted his dog, and in a voice not unkind,
Cried "Good on ya, boy! Now, get in behind!"

"Now, Flossy! Now Fluffy! Now Shaun and Shane!
On, Bossy! On, Buffy! On, Jason and Wayne!
Up that red tree, to the top of the bach!
But mind you don't trample the vegetable patch."

So up on the roof those sheep quickly flew,
With the tractor of toys, Santa and his dog too.
As my sister awoke and I turned around,
In through the window he came with a bound.

He wore a black singlet and little white shorts,
And stuck on his feet were gumboots of course;
A sack full of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a postie just opening his pack.

His eyes right as paua shell – oh, how they twinkled!
Like an old tuatara, his skin was all wrinkled!
He had a wide face and a round, fat tummy,
That looked like he'd eaten lots that was yummy.

He spoke not a word, but got down on one knee,
And placed a cricket set under the tree,
A present for sis, one for dad, one for mum,
Then he turned and he winked
and held up his thumb.

He jumped on his tractor,
to his dog gave a whistle,
And away they all flew,
as fast as a missile.
I called out "thanks,"
as he flew past the gate.
He called back: "Kia ora to all,
and good on ya, mate."

Yvonne Morrison



Christmas Crackers

What do you call Santa's little helpers?
Subordinate clauses!

What is the best Xmas present in the world?
A broken drum – you just can't beat it!

Who is Santa's favourite singer?
Elf-is Presley!

What do reindeer hang on their Xmas tree?
Horn-aments!

How does Good King Wenceslas like his pizzas?
Deep pan, crisp and even!

Who hides in the bakery at Christmas?
A mince spy!

What do you get if you eat Xmas decorations?
Tinselitis!

Why are Christmas trees so bad at sewing?
They always drop their needles!

Why does Santa have three gardens?
So he can 'ho ho ho'!

What's green, covered in tinsel, and goes "ribbet, ribbet"?
Mistle-toad!

