



Winter 2017

News & Views

Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • info@own.org.nz • www.own.org.nz



OWN



Work for a cause, not for applause.
Live life to express, not impress.
Don't strive to make your presence noticed,
just make your absence felt.

COME FLY WITH US

OWN Festival 2017

See the colour photos on pages 6 – 7,
and read the report on page 5!

OWN is a women's network which connects women through a variety of activities and events which enhance feelings of belonging and well-being

Dear OWN members . . .

Many thanks to all of you who “sacrificed” a beautiful and sunny Saturday morning to come to Takapuna to attend our **Annual General Meeting 2017**. It was good to see you there and to hear the reports from the different **OWN Groups**.

A special thank you to *Rosemarie Carr*, who organised our very interesting guest speaker, New Zealand author *Mark Chamberlain*, who gave a most entertaining talk and read from two of his books: *Too Right, Boy* and *With a Father Like Mine*. If you missed the **AGM** or wish to buy further copies, you can check his website for more information (www.mochamberlain.com).



For those of you who didn't manage to come to the **AGM**, I am pleased to let you know that our annual membership fee will remain at \$15 for 2018. This is possible thanks to many of you who voluntarily give a little bit more.

The new *OWN Committee* is similar to the previous one. The only major change is that *Janet Johnson* is planning to move out of Auckland and has therefore stepped down from her position as Secretary. Many thanks to *Janet* for her wonderful work – we will miss her as Secretary, however she will still be a member of *OWN* and take part in our events whenever she can. We thank *Lennie Crawford* for taking on the job of Secretary, and *Beate Matthies* for continuing as Treasurer.

Many thanks also to *Rosemarie Carr* for the excellent job she does with **News&Views** newsletter. Thank you to the *Festival Committee* for their commitment to once again organising a successful **OWN Festival** (see page 5 for the report and pages 6 – 7 for the photos).



Also, it has been decided that *Emma Ah-Kuoi*, who has been doing our event catering for several years now, will be made an Honorary Member of *OWN*.

We have also re-iterated that we would be grateful for any support for events or certain tasks during the year. In particular, we would like to hear from you about what kind of events you would like to have ... any feedback is welcome!

All the best.

Joan Lardner-Rivlin
Chairperson

OWN Committee 2017-2018

Chairperson:

Joan Lardner-Rivlin

Deputy Chairperson:

Judy Brocherie

Treasurer:

Beate Matthies

Secretary:

Lennie Crawford

Committee:

Rosemarie Carr (News&Views)

Rika Werner

Heloisa Barczak

Val Bird

Pat Bish



A Message From the OWN Treasurer

We have not increased our annual membership fee and it is still \$15 ... however, we are very grateful for any donations on top of this amount to help with extras that crop up during the year.

We need your subscriptions!

If you have not done this yet, please act immediately, if not sooner!

The preferred method of payment is via the internet to the *OWN* bank account at ASB Birkenhead, account number: 12-3053-0401733-00 (don't forget to put your name as the reference so we know who it's from).

Alternatively,

- you can post a cheque to *OWN*, PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746,
- or you can pay in person at any event directly to the Treasurer.

Receipts are issued on request (please provide a stamped envelope).

Up-coming Events ...



Nell Gwynne OWN Theatre Group



London, 1660. The drab, grey Puritans have gone and theatre is all the rage once more. There's a new fad for putting a woman, an 'actor-ess', on the stage and when *The King's Company* at Drury Lane casts the pretty, witty orange seller *Nell Gwynne* as its first leading lady. Its royal patron, *Charles II*, is immediately smitten. Having captured the heart of her King, the unlikely heroine takes her country by storm and becomes a 17th century media sensation. *Nell Gwynne* is a radiant, ravishing, and rollicking celebration of history and the heart.

When: 2:00pm, Saturday, 26 August

Where: ASB Waterfront Theatre,
138 Halsey Street,
Wynyard Quarter, City

**Last day to register
and pay
is 5 August**

There are a limited number of tickets at the best price. To book your place, please contact *Joan Lardner-Riolin*, ph: 483-9671.



Photo: Auckland Theatre Company



Last Legs OWN Theatre Group



Growing old disgracefully! After a sell-out World Premiere season in 2016, *Roger Hall's* smash hit *Last Legs* is back. News that *Bill English* is to open a new wing of the *Cambridge Retirement Village* sparks a revolution amongst its residents. Though many want to turn on something special, others are less enthused and plan to stage a protest. Soon new fractures appear along old fault lines, transforming the swanky facility into a hotbed of insurrection, intrigue, and infidelity. The shenanigans and skulduggery continue right up to the last minute. With the Minister's car only moments away, a vehicle suddenly blocks the driveway. What's worse, it's a hearse!

When: 2:00pm, Saturday, 23 September

Where: ASB Waterfront Theatre,
138 Halsey Street,
Wynyard Quarter, City

**Last day to
register and pay
is 2 September**

There are a limited number of tickets at the best price. To book your place, please contact *Joan Lardner-Riolin*, ph: 483-9671.

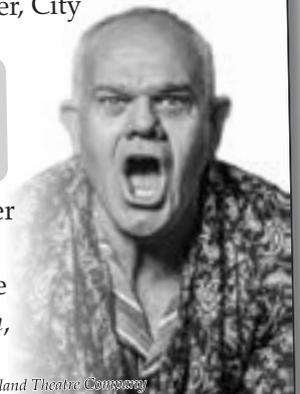


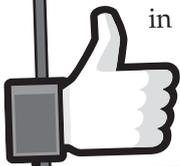
Photo: Auckland Theatre Company



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

Facebook for the Senior Generation

For those of my generation who do not and cannot comprehend why Facebook exists: I am trying to make friends outside of Facebook while applying the same principles. Every day I walk down the street and tell passers-by what I have eaten, how I feel at the moment, what I have done the night before, what I will do later, and with whom. I give them pictures of my family, my dog, and of me gardening, taking things apart in the garage, watering the lawn, standing in front of landmarks, driving around town, having lunch, and doing what anybody and everybody does every day. I also listen to their conversations, give them the "thumbs up" and tell them I like them. And it works just like Facebook ... I already have four people following me: two police officers, a private eye, and a psychiatrist!



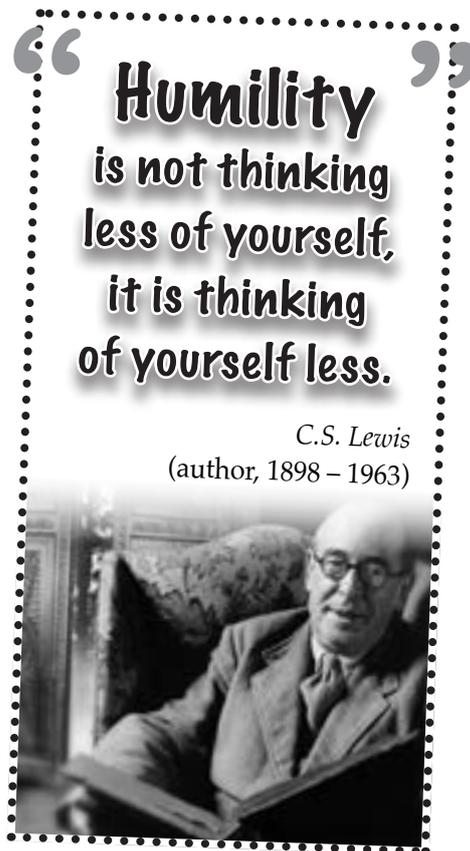
Zumba Gold Class

Zumba Gold is a fun, easy, safe and effective total body workout for the active older adult, for people recovering from injury, and for people who want to increase their level of fitness. Zumba Gold instructor *Kat*, is certified to teach a number of Zumba specialty programmes, catering for both seated and standing participants.

When: 1:30pm – 2:30pm, every Monday

Where: St. Anne's Hall, corner Glencoe Road & Beach Road, Browns Bay

For more information, contact *Kat*, ph: (021)075-9628
or email: zumbagoldwithkat@gmail.com



C.S. Lewis
(author, 1898 – 1963)

OWN Group Contacts

OWN Theatre Group

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



OWNs Alone Lunch

Meets on Sundays twice monthly at the *Fairview Retirement Village*, Albany. For details, contact *Judith Sumich*, ph: 478-6618.

OWN Discussion Group

Meets on the second Tuesday of each month at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Jeanne Ford*, ph: 410-4803.

Tai Chi for Older Women

Meets on Wednesdays at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Susan Pichler*, ph: 478-5569.



Singing for Joy

Sing songs together, old or new, to help maintain or develop ability – *no concerts*. For details, contact *Heloisa Barczak*, ph: 489-4638.

Writing for Future Generations (WFFG)

Inform the Group Convenor prior to attending.



Browns Bay Group meets on the second Saturday of each month at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519.

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

Heloisa's Art Classes

Free classes (gold coin donation appreciated), limited to 10 people. Meets on Tuesdays at the *Mary Thomas Centre*, Takapuna. For details or to register, contact *Heloisa Barczak*, ph: 489-4638.

Rummikub Club

A good way to keep your brain active. Meets on the first Thursday of each month at the *Birkdale Community House*, Birkdale. **New members welcome.** For details, contact *Rika Werner*, ph: 950-6501.



Fun Adverts



Classified adverts actually placed in UK newspapers.

YORKSHIRE TERRIER
8 years old, FREE.
Hateful little bastard.
Bites!

FREE PUPPIES
Half-Cocker Spaniel,
half-sneaky neighbour's
dog.

FREE PUPPIES.
Mother is a Kennel Club
registered German Shepherd.
Father is a Super-Dog, able
to leap tall fences in a single
bound.

FREE: Old books. Must

WEDDING DRESS FOR SALE
Worn once by mistake. Call
Stephanie, ph: [redacted]

JACKET FOR SALE

Free delivery within UK.

FOR SALE BY OWNER
Complete set of Encyclopaedia
Britannica, 45 volumes.
Excellent condition.
£200 or best offer. No longer
needed, got married,
husband knows everything.

Come Fly With Us

OWN Festival 2017 • 6 May, 2017

On 6 May, 2017 OWN members took off on a virtual holiday on OWN Airlines. The hall and stage of the *Positive Ageing Centre* in Takapuna had been decorated by colourful travel posters – thanks to the diligent efforts of *Sarah Thorne*, the Takapuna North Community Co-ordinator. The passengers received boarding passes from the check-in counter, ably managed by *Pat Bish* and *Val Bird*. Then our friendly steward *Craig*, in a splendid uniform, showed them to their seats.



Grant Gillon, Chair of the *Takapuna / Devonport Local Board* opened the proceedings and *Esther Davis* sent us on our way with a Karakia, followed by her grandchildren singing a Maori song for a safe journey with *Mike Cohen* farewelling us.

First Stop: China. We were welcomed with a fan dance, a very colourful folk dance. We are most grateful to *Maggie* and her dance group for their wonderful performance.

Second Stop: New Orleans. Three workshops were offered: *Interpretation of Dreams* with *Margaret Bowater*, *Place of Public Art* with *Helen Shamrock*, and *The History of Jazz* with *Carvin Knowles*, splendidly attired as a Southern gentleman in a white suit portraying the South, where the Blues was born.



Third Stop: Paris. A delicious lunch at the Ritz

Fourth Stop: Romania. We were entertained by Romanian folk dancers in colourful costumes, showing amazing footwork.

Fifth Stop: Ireland. *Patrick Flynn* spoke about his home country and sang an Irish song.

The *North Shore Citizens Advice Bureau* was there to hand out lollies for landing and give information about their service.

Back in Auckland, we were entertained by the *Rose Singers* with plenty of old time songs enjoyed by all.

We are grateful to all our sponsors, *Takapuna / Devonport Local Board*, *Kaipatiki Local Board*, *Auckland Council*, and the *Takapuna North Community Trust*. A big thank you to everyone who contributed to our **OWN Festival 2017** and helped make it a memorable experience.

See overleaf for all the photos!

COME FLY WITH US

OWN Airlines Virtual Holiday • 6 May 2017 • 9:30am-4:00pm • Positive Ageing Centre, The Strand, Takapuna



This Event is Supported By
Devonport-Takapuna Local Board
Auckland Council



My First Plane Ride



It was June 1965, and up until then all of my holidays had been spent in New Zealand by train, car, or boat between the North and South Islands.

We were off to Norfolk Island with three other couples from the golf club. We left home at 7:00 o'clock in the morning on a wet winter's day in June. Our flight was to leave at 9:30am, but had been delayed owing to the wet weather – in Norfolk, the runway was grass and not suitable for take-off or landing in bad weather.

The delay was about six hours and we were beginning to wonder if we would ever get away. Eventually the call to board came and we took our seats with about twenty other people.

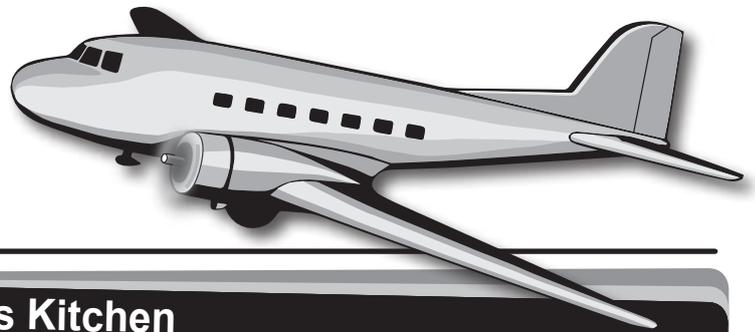
The plane was a lot smaller than I had imagined (a DC3 or DC4). We were airborne at last, and I relaxed and sat back to enjoy the flight. The captain welcomed us and announced that this was the champagne flight and to enjoy it. The champagne flowed freely and it wasn't long

before we found out why it was called 'the champagne flight'. The plane could not fly higher than 8,000ft as the cabin was not pressurised and so we flew through masses of turbulence and bad weather all the way.

Many passengers were sick, two men had nose bleeds, and when we landed an ambulance was there to take two of the women to hospital. Oh, to get my feet on the ground.

The thought of coming home was not a pretty one, but I was not going to let it ruin my holiday. The holiday is another story.

Betty Faesen



Judy's Kitchen

Pork Fillets with Mustard Sauce

Ingredients

- 2 - 4 Pork Fillets
- 4 teaspoons Curry Powder
- 50 grams Butter (melted)
- 2 tablespoons Lemon Juice
- Sauce: 1 cup Water
 - 1 Chicken or Beef Stock Cube
 - 2 teaspoons Lemon Juice
 - 3 teaspoons Seeded Mustard
 - 2 tablespoons Cream
 - 2 teaspoons Cornflour mixed in 2 teaspoons Water

Method

1. Trim fat from pork fillets. Roll fillets in the curry powder.
2. Put fillets in a baking dish and pour melted butter and then lemon juice over the top.
3. Bake uncovered in the oven at 180° to 200° for 30 - 40 minutes, or until tender.
4. Sauce: Put water, stock cube, lemon juice, mustard, and cream into a saucepan and bring to the boil.
5. Add the cornflour/water mixture. Stir until the sauce begins to thicken, then reduce the heat and simmer for 3 minutes.
6. Slice the pork fillets and plate, then pour the sauce over the top.



Enjoy!

A Signal Event

Back in the mid-1930s, my sister *Jeanne* and I had the special privilege of sitting up with Mum and Dad when our two younger brothers had gone to bed. The great treat was listening to our radio, one of the two entertainments we didn't create ourselves. The other was listening to 78rpm vinyl gramophone records which my Dad bought periodically and we all loved singing along with. The radio was also a fascination because sound came from inside a machine. We were quite enchanted to listen to all sorts of programmes broadcast by the BBC.

We had no electricity in the house. The radio operated from two heavy glass accumulators containing lead acid. The big drawback about this was that often when we were engrossed in an interesting programme, the radio would cut out without warning. Each time it happened, my dad responded to our groans of disappointment by attending to the batteries the following day. He would have to load up the accumulators on the crossbar of his bike and gingerly steer his way to the local garage (i.e. service station). They would refill the containers with acid and we could go on air again.

My sister and I had greater aspirations. We would visit the local radio shop, pressing our



In 1936, a television drew a crowd at London's Waterloo Station.

noses against the display window in our eagerness to see what the latest mantel radios looked like. It would still be a few years before our parents owned one.

One day, I went out alone on such a window-shopping excursion. To my surprise, the owner of the shop rushed outside, grabbed me by the arm and pulled me inside the shop. He seemed excited and steered me towards a large box approximately 20" or 50cm square.

"Sit down for a minute! Have a look," he said.

I saw what I thought was a glass screen enclosed in the box showing a moving picture. I watched university students rowing madly for the annual *Oxford & Cambridge Boat Race*. I was too mystified to register exactly who was winning. I prepared to leave and the shop

owner asked, "What do you think of that?"

I mumbled some thanks and he put his hand on my shoulder, "Little girl, when you grow up I want you to remember you were the first child to see television from *Alexander Palace*."

I went home without really understanding what had occurred. In fact, I don't think I even told my parents because they were already nervous of my trust in strangers, so I didn't alarm them.

Shortly after that we moved to another district and I stopped searching for radios.

I was in the throes of adjusting to a new school and sitting the exam for entry to high school. When we

Continues ►



i *Alexander Palace* in London first opened in 1873 as a grand entertainment and exhibition venue. By the early 1930s its glory days had passed, and when *Desmond Campbell*, one of the BBC's lead engineers, arrived to assess the building in 1935 he found it to be in "the most dreadful mess". The Corporation set to work and all was in place for broadcasts to *Radio Olympia* in the summer of 1936.

◀ continued.

returned to the area, World War II was about to begin. I never went back to the shop.

I realize now that the development of television was halted by the nation's focus on arms production, food supplies, and the rationing of raw materials. Television couldn't contribute to the war effort at that time, so it was shelved.

The next time TV came to my notice was in 1946, when a girl at work invited me to her house to view their post-war television set, not unlike what we have now. Again, I wasn't particularly impressed.

A year or so later, I left London to settle in New Zealand at the age of 19 and forgot about such innovations while re-building my life. It wasn't happening here and seemed irrelevant.

When my older son was about 10, he used to go down the road to some Dutch friends who owned

the first television set in our neighbourhood and shared it with other children who had no set at home (nearly everyone).

I didn't even see the coronation of *Queen Elizabeth II*. The first time our family viewed it was at a friend's home. We travelled about 10 miles and stayed in their home overnight. It made us so sleepy; we had trouble waking up the following day.

For many years, I owned a modest set on which I only watched the world news. From time to time, I watched a few soaps and documentaries, until recently. Nowadays I am not dashing about so much and I spend more time viewing anything worth seeing.

I've just checked my battered old encyclopedia. It states:

"The world's first high definition television broadcast was inaugurated by the BBC from *Alexander Palace* in 1936."

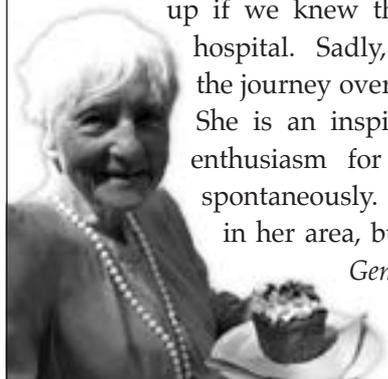
Enid Hillier

Enid Hillier

Enid celebrated her 90th birthday on 10 February over several days with family coming over from Australia to join her. She had a lovely afternoon tea in Epsom, to which I was invited.

Enid is a long term member of the *Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations Group* and up until recently was our wonderful Almoner, checking up on members who did not turn up. She would ring them up if we knew that they were not well or had been in hospital. Sadly, *Enid* no longer drives and cannot make the journey over from Sandringham where she now lives. She is an inspiration to us all to retain that youthful enthusiasm for life and be able to take on things spontaneously. She belongs to the *USA Writing Group* in her area, but says the *Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations Group* is very special ... and *Enid* is very special also.

Anne Briggs



1927

90 Years Ago

17 January

Eartha Kitt was born (died in 2008). An American singer, actress, dancer, activist, voice-actress, and comedian, known for her highly distinctive singing style and her 1953 recordings of *C'est si bon* and the enduring Christmas novelty smash *Santa Baby*, which were US Top 10 hits. *Orson Welles* once called her the "most exciting woman in the world".



11 May

The *Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences* was founded by *Louis B. Mayer*. The first *Academy Awards* (later known as *Oscars*) were presented at a private dinner on 16 May, 1929 and honoured the best films of 1927 and 1928.



20 – 21 May

Aviator *Charles Lindberg* made the first solo, non-stop transatlantic airplane flight, from New York City to Paris in his single-engined aircraft, the *Spirit of St. Louis*.



A Geriatric Occasion

At this time of life, many of my social occasions are funerals.

A few months ago I attended one of my bridge friend's funerals, which was held at 3:00pm. This time was considerably chosen by his wife to avoid bridge club playing times.

I was to have my grandson *Bradley* to stay for a few days for the holidays and he arrived just as I got back, so I dumped my bag and funeral programme on the table.

While I was preparing dinner, *Brad* was looking at the photo on the front of the programme and asked me who it was. I told him, "*Barry*, and Gran has just been to his funeral."

Of course, I got the, "Why did he die?"

And I replied, "He was very old and very sick," although he was actually younger by a few years than myself.

While we were eating dinner, *Brad* said, "Gran, do you think *Barry* has gone to Heaven?"

I didn't know *Barry* that intimately, so I replied, "I think so. I hope so."

That night, after putting *Brad* to bed with our usual story and then prayers, I was leaving the room after saying goodnight, when he said, "Just a minute, Gran. I haven't finished yet."

With that he squeezed his eyes tight shut and said, "It's me again, *God*, I forgot to say, would you just keep an eye out for *Barry*."

Maryanne Baird



Emigration



The *Captain Cook* was about to sail,
She was berthed on the river Clyde;
Steam gushed from her funnel,
She would leave on the evening tide.

The crowds of visitors said farewell,
As they hugged and cried and kissed.
Would they ever meet again?
And would this life be missed?

Family and friends disembarked,
Wet hankies clutched in their hands.
The tugs took up the slack and strained;
As the ship was pulled from the land.

A December wind was blowing,
People pushed to be by the rail,
Trying to get one last look,
Before the *Cook* set sail

Some cheered and threw paper
Streamers, over the crowds below.
Some wept as they waved goodbye;
Then the hooters began to blow.

She glided away in the winter gloom,
And soon was quite lost from view.
Those left behind waved, and watched
Them go; forever for all they knew.

Helen Welsh

Dancing in the Streets



In the garden of my childhood home in suburban London was a tree which I thought was especially beautiful. It stood in the front garden, in the angle between the wall along the street and the wall between the neighbours and us. The front garden had shrubs such as hydrangeas round a lawn which my father mowed regularly with a push-mower. Beside the lawn was the concrete garden path that led visitors from the wooden gate at the street frontage to the steps at the front door. On the other side of the path was the run-in for the garage.

My tree was a sumach tree, a native of South America, according to my father. It was the only one of its kind that I have ever seen, even now. I used to look down on it from the bay window of my upstairs bedroom. I was not the only person to admire it, because arriving visitors used to remark on its beauty in every season.



The tree was about twelve feet high and spreading. It was not a feathery tree. No, it had a sturdy trunk, and its branches, which grew outward in a very symmetrical way, were all covered in dark brown velvet. None of the branches appeared to cross others, but went straight out to the tree line.

In spring it was a picture of bright green, new and lush, gently rustling in the breeze, with long oval pointed leaves either side of the branches, almost fern-like in symmetry.

In summer it was a softer green, giving shade to birds, to our cat, and to me in my quiet times of book reading.

In autumn the leaves turned a glorious gold, then magnificent blood red, floating down to form a thick carpet on the grass.

But it was winter that was my favourite time. When the snow lay on the ground and the sky had its leaden grey appearance which indicated more snow was coming, the sumach tree would stretch out its velvety arms and fingers, all lined in snow. At such times I would stop and listen carefully to see if I could detect if nature was playing some gentle strains of music in the hushed stillness of the snowy street. I was quite certain that one day – one day – I would see the sumach tree begin to dance.

Jenny Goldsbro

Forgetfulness



Forgetfulness? No, not me!

There's nothing wrong with my memory

No need for prompts by phone or text

I know exactly what I need to do next!

My mind is full of important data

Of things to be done – now or later

I only wish I could recall

Where in my head I've stored it all!

Patricia Russell



**Good friends
make bad days
a little more bearable**

happinesinyourlife.com