



OWN

# NEWS & VIEWS



Autumn 2019

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



Smiling is infectious,  
You catch it like the flu.  
When someone smiled at me today,  
I started smiling too.

I walked around the corner,  
And someone saw me grin.  
When he smiled I realised,  
I had passed it on to him.

I thought about the smile,  
And then realised its worth.  
A single smile like mine,  
Could travel round the world.

So if you feel a smile begin,  
Don't leave it undetected.  
Start an epidemic,  
And get the world infected!

*Spike Milligan*



**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 ...

We have been fortunate in having wonderful weather in Auckland this summer. I do hope you all enjoyed the summer holidays.

The **Beach Haven Writing for Future Generations** group is meeting on Saturday, 23 March at the *Beach Haven Anglican Church*. Please contact *Anne Mutu*, ph: 483-7704 for more information.



I have booked tickets at the *ASB Waterfront Theatre* for **The Audience** on Saturday, 18 May at 2:00pm. This play is about the Queen's discussions with her Prime Ministers. See page 3 for more details. The tickets cost \$44 each. Please ring me on ph: 483-9671 to book your ticket.

I have not booked for **The Mousetrap** because the tickets cost about \$100 each! If you want to go please book your own tickets!

We also planning our **OWN Festival 2019 – Love, Life, and Laughter** (see page 3) and we will have a programme that covers these three topics to be thoroughly enjoyed by all. We welcome all members and especially those who are interested in sharing ideas and helping to plan events!

The *OWN Committee* is trying to come up with some alternative ways of doing things – hence our recent bus trip to Matakana – to make it more interesting for you all. Don't worry though as we will still have our **High Tea** which has proved to be very successful.

We will be organising a special meeting in the future, where we will be discussing our programme for 2019. You will be notified of the time and place. We will be interested in your feedback at the end of the day.

We look forward to having a busy 2019!

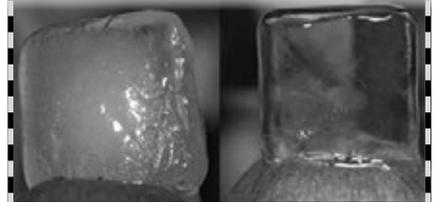
*Joan Lardner-Rivlin*  
Chairperson

## Handy Hints



### Cooking Peppers

Use a large muffin tin to cook stuffed peppers in the oven – it will help to keep them standing upright.



**Cloudy**  
Tap Water

**Clear**  
Boiled Water



### Clear Ice Cubes

Water straight from the tap becomes cloudy when frozen. To make ice cubes crystal clear, boil a kettle and allow the water to cool slightly before filling your ice cube trays.

## 2019 Subscriptions Are Due

Many thanks to those who have paid the subs for 2019 and we are very grateful for the added donations. For those who have not yet paid, please note the subscription has increased to \$20. The annual subs is due on the 1 January, which is the start of our financial year. If you donate more than \$10 we can issue you with a tax receipt (please supply a stamped, self-addressed envelope).

You can pay online / in-branch to our bank account:

ASB Birkenhead,

Account number: 12-3053-0401733-000

Don't forget to put your name and what the payment is for.

Or, send a cheque to **OWN**, PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746.



# Up-coming Events

## OWN AGM 2019

We need your attendance and are always ready to welcome new people for the Committee!

**When:** 10:30am, Saturday, 6 April

**Venue:** Positive Ageing Centre,  
The Strand, Takapuna

For more details, please contact  
Joan Lardner-Rivlin, ph: 483-9671,  
or Lennie Crawford, ph: 444-3320.

We will have an interesting speaker for you and we are looking for at least one or two people to put their hand up to come onto the *OWN Committee*. Don't be shy as we don't bite and our meetings are always light-hearted and interesting and it also gives you an insight of the workings of OWN.

**Diarise  
Now!**



## OWN Theatre Group Trip

### The Audience

**When:** 2:00pm, Saturday, 18 May

**Where:** ASB Waterfront Theatre, Wynyard Quarter

Queen Elizabeth II has held a private 'audience' with her prime ministers since 1952. These conversations, bound by a contract of silence, have never been recorded or disclosed. From Peter Morgan, screenwriter of **The Queen** and creator of **The Crown**, this play imagines what is spoken behind closed doors. Face to face with the likes of Churchill, Thatcher, and Cameron, we witness the Queen acting as confidante and sounding board, but also holding her own in discussions of explosive passion and candour, while sharing her intimate fears and desires across the six decades of her rule.

**Register your interest now!**

There are limited tickets. For more details, please contact Joan Lardner-Rivlin, ph: 483-9671.

**Book  
Now!**



AUCKLAND  
THEATRE  
COMPANY

## OWN Festival 2019: Love, Life, and Laughter

**When:** 10:00am – 3:00pm, Saturday, 25 May

**Venue:** Positive Ageing Centre, The Strand, Takapuna

We have a great day planned for you all. This year there are no workshops, but the whole group will take part in each of the themes, with speakers for each one. A brochure will be sent out with the programme for the day. This is something a little different from our other **OWN Festivals** and we hope that you will all come along and enjoy a fun filled day.

For more details contact Lennie Crawford, ph: 444-3320.  
or visit the OWN website at [www.own.org.nz](http://www.own.org.nz)

**Don't  
Miss It!**



Remember to check out our website for news, pictures, events, etc.  
[www.own.org.nz](http://www.own.org.nz)



# OWN Theatre Group Review 'Joan'



We went to see the play *Joan* at the *ASB Waterfront Theatre* on Saturday, 9 February, 2019. The title role was solely played by *Ginette McDonald* and her daughter *Kate McGill*.

It is a story about a tough, indomitable woman who came from humble beginnings in Ireland to a new home in New Zealand with a brood of children. It was based in Feilding and *Ginette* (as an old woman) looked back on her youth many decades later. *Ginette* and her daughter played the old and younger versions of *Joan* respectively in this play for the ages – a history of New Zealand and of one wonderful, wickedly funny woman.



I take my hat off to *Ginette* for the professional that she is and her delivery of a play with no pauses in her dialogue the whole way through, and also to her daughter *Kate*, who didn't have the same amount of dialogue, but played her part very well.

*Lennie Crawford*

## Wanted



We would like to hear from other **OWN Groups** telling us what is happening in your Group so that we can share it with everyone.

Also, if you have any item of interest that you would like to appear in **OWN News&Views** please send it to me.

*Rosemarie Carr*, Compiling Editor, email: [rrcarr@xtra.co.nz](mailto:rrcarr@xtra.co.nz) or post to 5 Sandown Road, Rothesay Bay, Auckland 0630.

## OWN Groups

### OWN Browns Bay Coffee Group

Come and join us for a cuppa, or maybe lunch. Meets at 11:30am on the last Tuesday of each month at *White Flower Café*, in Browns Bay. For details, contact *Val Bird*, ph: 475-6601 or email: [valbird51@hotmail.com](mailto:valbird51@hotmail.com)



### Writing for Future Generations (WFFG)

Inform the appropriate Group Convenor prior to attending the Group.



*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.

### OWNs Alone Lunch

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

### OWN Theatre Group

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



### OWN Discussion Group

Meets every second Tuesday of the month at 10:00am. We are looking for more people to join in with us. A range of subjects is discussed and it is a very interesting morning held in Room 3 (first floor) of the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. If you are interested, contact *Jeanne Ford* ph: 410-4803.

Bit of a Giggle...



## Living Life Backwards

In my next life, I want to live my life backwards.

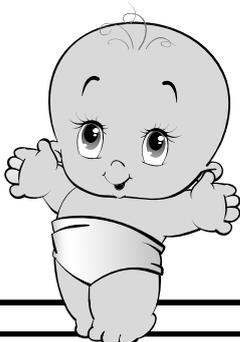
You start out dead and get that out of the way. Then you wake up in an old people's home, feeling better every day. You get kicked out for being too healthy, go and collect your pension, and then when you start work, you get a gold watch and a party on your first day.

You work for 40 years, until you're young enough to enjoy your retirement. You party, drink alcohol, and are generally promiscuous. Then you are ready for university and school. You have no worries or responsibilities.

You then become a baby, comforted by a lovely feeding headrest, until you are born. And then you spend your last nine months floating in luxurious spa-like conditions with central heating and room service on tap, larger quarters every day. Photos are taken to the sound of happiness and joy – and then voilà!

You finish off as guess what?

*Author unknown*  
(From a village newsletter,  
submitted by *Jenny Goldsbro*)



## Easter Tradition in Spain

Spain is well-known for its *Holy Week* traditions, or *Semana Santa*. The celebration of *Holy Week* relies almost exclusively on the processions of the brotherhoods or fraternities. These associations have their origins in the Middle Ages, but a number of them were created during the Baroque Period, inspired by the Counter-reformation, and also during the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> centuries. The membership is usually open to any Catholic person and family tradition is an important element to becoming a member or "brother" (*hermano*).

Seville arguably holds some of the most elaborate processions for *Holy Week*. The **Semana Santa en Sevilla** is notable for featuring the procession of "pasos" – big, life-like painted wooden sculptures of individual scenes. Each one of them represents scenes in the last days of *Jesus Christ*, some showing the immense grief of the *Virgin Mary* for the torture and killing of her son. Some of the images are artistic masterworks of great antiquity.

These pasos, which usually weigh over a metric ton, are physically carried on the necks of "costaleros" (literally "sack men", for their distinctive and functional headdress). The 24 to 48 costaleros are often hidden inside the platform of the paso, so it seems to walk alone. Historically, dock workers were hired to carry the pasos. From 1973 onward, that task has been universally taken over by the members of the confraternities who organise each procession.

Easter week is celebrated in all the cities, towns, and villages of Spain. Nevertheless, there are some fiestas that are especially well known for their unique beauty, and have received the *International Tourist Interest* designations.



# One Thing Leads to Another



## But not always!

Ours was the fifth house to be built on the street. After we had moved in, a neighbour came over to greet us; offer help, should we need anything, and also invited me to a morning tea at her church. There I met many friendly ladies who made me most welcome. Among them was a Danish woman who had recently immigrated to New Zealand. As we were both from the 'Old Country' we kind of stuck together. She had studied art in Copenhagen. She was also willing to share her knowledge. We had a big, practically empty rumpus room, where it was possible to hold classes. So, she became a teacher to about eight students. Once a week she taught us art history, batik, tie-dyeing, etc. It was great fun!

One day our doorbell rang and a slightly older woman stood at the door. She said that she had heard about the art classes and asked if she could join. Sure! But after attending just a couple of lessons, she admitted that she wasn't

really into wanting to be creative herself, but was more on a hunt for talent. She had the idea of producing and selling silk scarves. To do this she needed a dyer, a machinist, and a painter. I agreed to give the dyeing a go, and we found a woman

able to sew delicate hems and one to do the hand-painting.

Stationery needed to be printed; plastic bags were bought along with meters and meters of silk. Once the boss and I had decided on a colour range, I made up swatches that she could take on the road to show her customers, together with the different sample sizes of scarves. We discussed the pricing for the finished articles and also how much each of us labourers would need to be paid per piece. Once all this was sorted, the boss lady went on the road, calling in on department stores and souvenir shops.

From memory it was *Kirkcaldie & Stains* in Wellington who gave us the first whopping order. We even sold to *David Jones* in Sydney. The whole enterprise was run by women-power. Even my two daughters got involved with packing. At the time, they were glad to make a bit of pocket money. Later they would grumble that they had been exploited.

The beauty of working in this enterprise was that we all got on well and the boss didn't take advantage. We could also work from home – the hours fitted in with family schedules and we all earned some money. We had no fancy equipment; the office contained the dining table, shoe boxes, and pegs. The dyeing was done in plastic buckets; the scarves then washed in the old wringer machine and dried in a spin-dryer. Despite none of the 'mod cons' (no computer or cellphones), the orders got out in time.

Unfortunately, it all came to an end when the boss got sick, ended up in hospital, and passed away. At the time, I couldn't take the business over, as my children were still too small.

I think it was my gut feeling to trust this woman, who rang the bell and inquired about art classes. As she stood outside the door, she looked across to the nearest neighbour and commented, "I have actually been over there; I answered an ad in the personal columns."

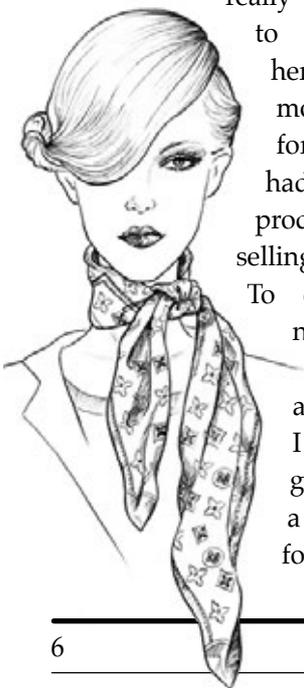
'Not many women would admit to this,' I thought. 'This person is straight.'

The man who lived next door was single, in his early sixties. He seemed to spend most of his days sitting at his grand piano playing *If I Were a Rich Man* ... after this first line, he invariably jumbled his notes, but always ended with a flourish. One day, my younger daughter remarked, "Poor piano man, he must always be so tired having to go to sleep in the daytime." (He would hang his blanket over the bedroom window).

However, as my then soon-to-be boss told me – and I believed her – sleeping wasn't necessarily on the cards. Apparently, he had greeted her and then led her straight to his 'curtained' bedroom. "The creep. Just who the heck did he think I was", she said indignantly.

Obviously, his 'thing' led him nowhere.

Irene Knowles



# Who Stole Who!?



The other week I sat watching *Maori TV* and during the ads they showed a clip from an up-coming programme. There was a group of people, probably in their twenties, talking together and one of them said, "... and these Scandinavian blondes come and steal our best looking Maori men!!!"

I thought, 'Hello, they are talking about me!?' It brought my thoughts back to 1957 when I first met my husband-to-be. And **NO**, I most certainly did not steal him. He stole me. I was just 16 years old and he was 22 years old.

It was the days when New Zealand was closed on Sundays. No picture shows, closed shops, and nothing open except for churches, the Museum, the Zoo, and the local dairy. The *Maori Catholic Society* put on a dance as somewhere for their young people to go.



My Maori girl-friend had heard of it and persuaded me to come along. My husband-to-be spotted me across the floor.

I don't suppose I was that hard to miss as I was one of the very

few Pakehas present. He asked me for a dance and he danced all night with me.

We didn't arrange to meet again, but he knew where my girl-friend worked, and during the following week he went to see her and asked her to bring me to the dance again the next Sunday, which she did. We of course danced all night and arranged to meet again (my future husband I mean). This was before telephones in every house, mobile phones, and cars for most people.

Who stole who? I was Scandinavian, but not blonde. He wasn't tall, dark, and handsome. Dark yes, but I didn't think him handsome then – it's amazing how love can improve someone's looks! Had he been alive today, we would have celebrated 63 years of marriage. As it was we had 42 years and were blissfully happy 95% of the time. I don't think it gets much better than that. I guess love stole us both.



Anne Mutu

## OWN's Kitchen

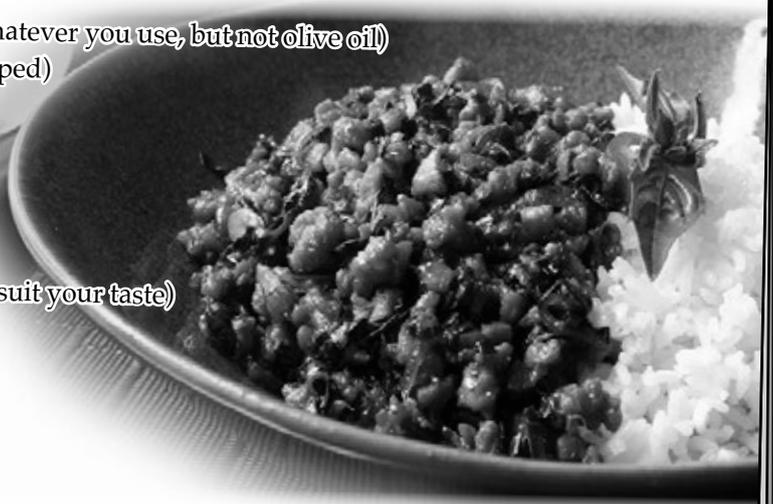
### Rosemarie's Thai Basil Pork Mince

Serves: 2

Total Time: 16 mins

#### Ingredients

- 2 tablespoons Oil (rice-bran, sunflower, or whatever you use, but not olive oil)
- 1 Lemon Grass Stalk (bashed and finely chopped)
- 1 thumb-sized piece of Ginger (grated)
- 2 Garlic Cloves (crushed)
- 1 large Red Chilli (de-seeded and chopped)
- 1 tablespoon Sugar
- 500g Pork Mince
- Juice of 2 Limes (can use bottled lime juice to suit your taste)
- 1 tablespoons Thai Fish Sauce
- 2 tablespoons Rice Wine Vinegar
- 2 tablespoons Soy Sauce
- ½ bunch of Spring Onions (chopped to serve)



#### Method

1. Heat the oil. Add the lemon grass, ginger, garlic, and chilli. Fry for 2 minutes until fragrant.
2. Add the sugar and mince. Brown for 2 minutes.
3. Add the lime juice, fish sauce, vinegar, and soy sauce with 100ml cold water (little more).
4. Bring to a simmer and cook for around 5 minutes, until the mince is cooked through.
5. Stir in the spring onions, and serve with rice.



# Meals on Wheels



Fifteen years ago there were two teams who delivered *Meals on Wheels* to the Devonport peninsula – Team Devon and Team Port. My friend and I volunteered to deliver meals for Team Port. We averaged about nine meals on our round and Team Devon had a similar number.

The meals were prepared at *North Shore Hospital* and delivered to *Wilson Home* near Hauraki Corner, where we picked them up at approximately 11:45am on alternate Monday mornings. (Of course other volunteers delivered on other days.)

As the years went by, the demand for the service decreased and the two teams were combined. A number of years later there were only six or seven meals to deliver in the entire Devonport peninsula. That decline has continued and though we are still prepared to deliver hot meals, a smile, and a chat, on some weeks there are now no meals at all to deliver.

So it seems that our job has fizzled out and after 15 years of service to the *Red Cross*, we now look back on some of our memories ...

- ☞ The old man at Burgess Road, whose front steps were so unsafe that we had difficulty reaching his door.
- ☞ The gracious lady at Patuone Road, who told us her stories of days when her husband was teaching at country schools and shared a slice of her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday cake with us.



- ☞ On the mountain-side at Victoria Road, the lady sat most of the day enjoying the wide views of the harbour and admiring the colourful flowers her son had planted in her garden.
- ☞ At Clarence Street, the lady was losing her sight. She fed the pigeons until they took over her roof and veranda. She never failed to tell how she appreciated our service. On one visit, we fixed her microwave oven.
- ☞ The woman at Philimol Crescent, younger than ourselves, her hands shook so much she could hardly take hold of the meal.
- ☞ A state house at Bardia Street had holes in the walls and no kitchen cupboard doors. It was a disgrace. But though we reported it, nothing was done and the old lady continued to live there for some time.
- ☞ At Calliope Road there was a harmless, but slightly amorous man who invited us into

his bedroom to look at his wardrobe. We always went there in pairs after that.

- ☞ “No, No, No,” said the lady at Vauxhall Road. “I don’t want that meal. I never asked for it.” But we had been asked to go past her and pop it on her bench anyway.

One by one our dear people disappeared from our list and we would never know where they went or what had happened to them. Just that they were no longer in need of our service.

We have enjoyed our 15 years delivering ‘Meals’, as we referred to it. I believe that the waning interest is due mainly to the availability of frozen meals from other charity suppliers, and also café and supermarket take-home meals.

I hope *Meals on Wheels* can continue, as it not only provides food, but also a caring visitor each day.

Cherrie Keane



# Milk

## Ode to the Spell Checker

Eye halve a spell chequer,  
It came with my pea sea,  
It plainly marques four my revue,  
Miss stakes eye kin knot sea.

Eye strike a key and type a word,  
And weight four it to say,  
Weather eye am wrong oar write,  
It shows me strait a weigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid,  
It nose bee fore two long,  
And eye can put the error rite,  
It's rare lea ever wrong.

Eye have run this poem threw it,  
I am shore your pleased two no,  
Its letter perfect awl the weigh,  
My chequer tolled me sew.

*Author unknown*



**ICE CREAM**  
*is clearly God's way  
of saying he likes us  
a little bit chubby!*

I took my daughter and five year old granddaughter down to Rotorua for a few days. We did all the touristy things and I also took them to the **A&P Show** as my granddaughter was an animal lover and I thought that this would be good for her to learn about all different animals.

After going around and looking at all the animals we went in to the arena to see the show there. The man who was compering the show asked the children in the audience who wanted to come up on the stage to get a closer look at the animals he was going to show everyone. My granddaughter of course was the first one to put her hand in the air, so off she trotted to the stage with some of the other children in the audience.

First off he showed everyone some sheep, which the children were allowed to pat, and explained everything pertaining to sheep. He then showed a pig with some piglets and the children were allowed to pick up one each as there were enough to go around. The look on all their little faces was priceless.

He then came to a cow and asked the children where did milk come from. Of course, once again, my granddaughter was the first one with her hand in the air. Her answer was – wait for it – *Foodtown*. After the laughter had died down – and I must admit there were some tourists in the audience who actually believed this – he then demonstrated to everyone how we got milk. He even let the little ones try and have a go at milking the cow.

It made my granddaughter's day to be with the animals and my daughter and I have had a good laugh about this over the years, much to my granddaughter's embarrassment.

*Lennie Crawford*



# Trapped

Hello everyone, my name is *Dyson*, cleaner *Dyson*, and I am here to help *Mrs Mopp* with her daily chores. You see I am famous. World famous. The Japanese people are queuing up to buy me. When I vacuum your carpets and floors, with the aid of *Mrs Mopp*, who of course, will be pushing me around, you will instantly notice that all your floors will be so very clean and that the plastic (see through) cylinder will be full of dust and fluff that you did not know was there. I am no ordinary vacuum cleaner, oh no, I am the best!

Of course, there are things that I cannot tolerate as they will harm me. For instance, I do not pick up pieces of grit. I don't like it as it makes such a loud noise. I am also so very sensitive to large items because they can harm me when sucked into my body. If they become trapped I will not be able to work. This makes *Mrs Mopp* very unhappy with me.

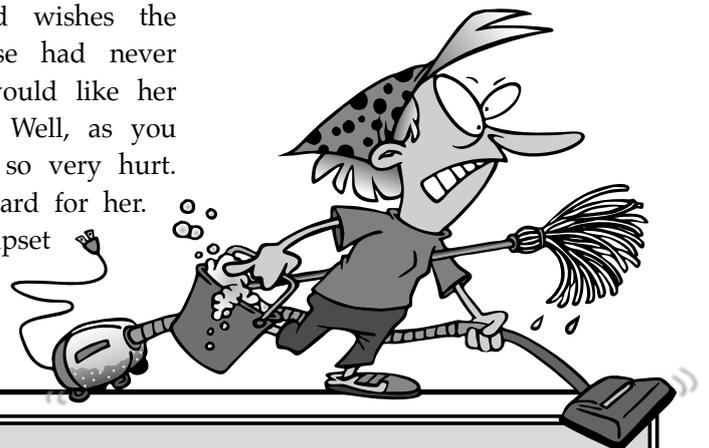
But even worse than grit is when I encounter bits of wool or cotton, or gold and silver aluminium string, that glittery stuff parcels are tied up with. Oh, they are a nightmare to remove as they become firmly trapped in my rollers and I suddenly grind to a halt. This makes *Mrs Mopp* lose all reason.

She shouts, and sometimes even curses me as she lays me on the floor to try and remove whatever is causing the inconvenient blockage. She storms off to find scissors to enable her to cut it away. But sometimes this takes a long time. *Mrs Mopp* gets all hot and bothered, and wishes the Lady of the house had never bought me. She would like her old machine back. Well, as you can imagine I am so very hurt. I really do work hard for her. Her comments upset me greatly. What a 'to do'. Eventually, all the trapped

strings are removed. *Mrs Mopp* and I begin our work once again. But I am in a huff and she is in a strop. Things do not go well for us. As I had been laid on the floor for a while, once I am upright I throw out lots of trapped dirt which was previously inside my cylinder. "You horrid cleaner," says *Mrs Mopp*. "I wish I had never set eyes on you!" Well you can imagine how that hurts me. Me, the famous *Dyson*. How dare she!?

Oh well. We will start again tomorrow. Bye for now.

Jean Goad

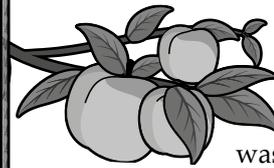


## Eating in the 1960s

- ▶ Curry was a surname and Indian restaurants were only found in India.
- ▶ All crisps were plain – the only choice we had was whether to put the salt on or not.
- ▶ Eating outside was a picnic. Cooking outside was called camping.
- ▶ A "Big Mac" was what we wore when it was raining.
- ▶ Water came out of the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than petrol for it, they would have become a laughing stock.
- ▶ Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.
- ▶ People who didn't peel potatoes were regarded as lazy.
- ▶ Calamari was called squid and used it as fish bait.
- ▶ Eating raw fish was called poverty, not sushi.
- ▶ Fish didn't have fingers.
- ▶ Muesli was readily available ... it was called cattle feed.
- ▶ The one thing that we never ever had on our table in the 1960s were elbows!



# Million Dollar Peaches



In the mid 1950s, Dad was Headmaster and sole teacher at *Tuhua School*. 110 kilometres north of Gisborne the school was very isolated. When we arrived at the schoolteacher's house in February 1955, the first thing I noticed was the very large tree outside the lounge window. This tree was laden with huge, orangey-red Million Dollar peaches. They were ripe. I had to try one. I had never tasted anything like it (and never have since). It was delicious. So sweet and so juicy. Us five children could eat as many of these peaches as we wished. Mum stewed the peaches most nights to have for dessert.

As the season was coming to an end the peaches were bottled (no freezers way back then) so we could continue to enjoy them in the winter months. Lined up on the bench there were dozens of quart jars filled with peaches. When the jars were cold, they were stored on the shelves in the pantry.

A couple of months later Mum noticed the contents of a few of the jars were "bubbly" and "fizzing" inside. She said to me, "I think those peaches have gone 'winey'. We won't be able to use them. You will have to feed them to the hens."

Our hens were Black Orpingtons. Very tall and quite vicious. When I fed them, I always had a wooden spoon in my hand to protect myself. So out I went with the container of the winey peaches in one hand, and the wooden spoon in the other. Jumping out of their way as they were trying to peck me, I quickly poured the peaches into their bowl and took off.

A few hours later I went back to the hen house to give them water. What a sight! There were the eight hens. Some wobbling around, and some lying on the ground, out cold. This time I felt quite safe. They must have enjoyed the winey peaches as they were obviously very drunk!

Judy Brocherie



## Kids Are Quick!

**Teacher:**  
"Tommy, why are you late?"

**Tommy:**  
"Class started before I got here."

**Teacher:**  
"Millie, give me a sentence starting with 'I'."

**Millie:**  
"I is ..."

**Teacher:**  
"No, Millie. Always say 'I am'."

**Millie:**  
"All right ... I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

**Teacher:**  
"Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?"

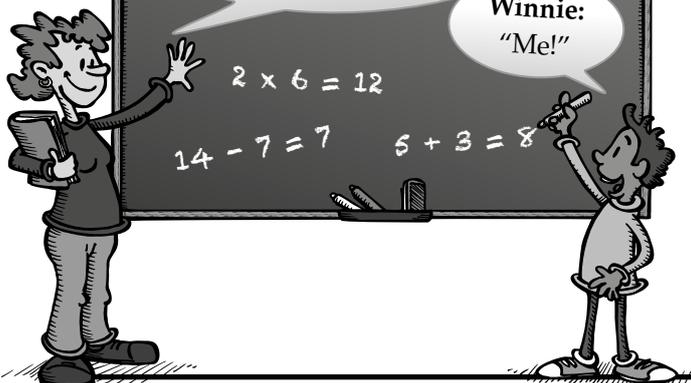
**Donald:**  
"HIJKLMNO."

**Teacher:**  
"What are you talking about?"

**Donald:**  
"Yesterday you said it was 'H to O'."

**Teacher:**  
"Winnie, name one important thing we have today that we didn't have 10 years ago."

**Winnie:**  
"Me!"



# Different Pig, Different Fight



Here is another pig story, this was probably about pig number five. Certainly *Melanie*, our daughter, was no toddler, she was probably about 13 years old and she named the pig *Mildred*, after her headmistress – *Melanie* and this particular head did not see eye to eye, on anything, but that is another story.

*Mildred*, like *Emily*, was a large white. I don't know why we kept getting these pale coloured pigs because they were very prone to sunburn and we forever had to treat the burns by painting the area with gentian of violet.

However, to continue, *Mildred* had picked up an infection. She had to be treated with antibiotics, by injections. The vet called twice a day, at some expense, to give these.

All went well, until on the second or third day the vet said, "You're a nurse, you can give the penicillin and save me the journey." He thrust several phials of the antibiotic and a large syringe with a very large needle attached into

my hand, and with a "She's all yours," he left.

The next morning my dearest, *George*, said to me, "Buck up, we need to deal with *Mildred* before I go to work."

I muttered something along the lines that he was the pig enthusiast why didn't he give the antibiotic?

When we went into the sty, I was not the only one disinclined to co-operate. *Mildred* fixed her beady eyes on us with a very belligerent stare, bracing her legs firmly at the same time; she was obviously very suspicious of our intentions. I needed her bottom, not her face, so I squeezed past

her, but she kept joggling around keeping her posterior as far away from me as possible.

"For goodness sake, get a move on," said my beloved, who was struggling to keep *Mildred* quiet.

Bravely I slung my leg over her back so that I was astride her facing her tail. She didn't like that and bucked furiously, but taking the initiative I plunged the needle into her bottom; giving an ear piercing squeal she spun round in a circle trying to bite *George's* leg. The syringe flew to the ground, leaving the needle in *Mildred's* behind. By this time I was on my back covered in pig's 'whatdoyoucallit!' The syringe, still full of penicillin, was somewhere buried in *Mildred's* bedding.

I can't remember if I succeeded eventually, but I do know that when *George* narrated our goings on with our pig to the vet, "B **CENSORED** incompetent, the pair of you," was his retort.



Helen Welsh

