



Spring 2023

www.own.org.nz

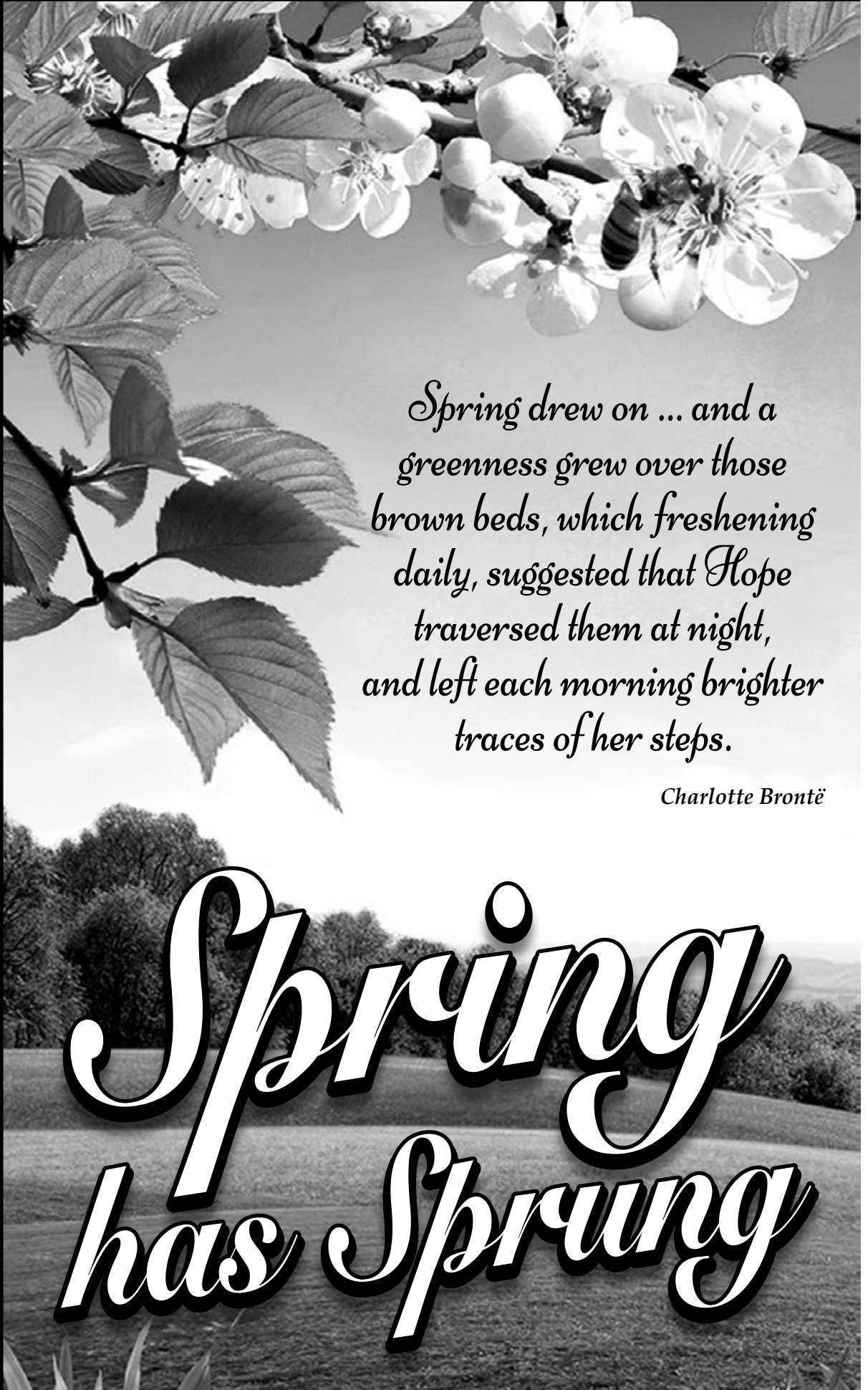
NEWS & VIEWS

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



OWN

News • Stories • Poems • Jokes • and more ...



Spring drew on ... and a greenness grew over those brown beds, which freshening daily, suggested that Hope traversed them at night, and left each morning brighter traces of her steps.

Charlotte Brontë

Spring has Sprung

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 ...

Our 2023 OWN Festival was held on Saturday, 1 July at *The Positive Aging Centre* in Takapuna. We had a very good turnout, with 25 ladies attending.

Our first workshop was an origami demonstration by *Yoshi*. This was fun, learning to make items by folding paper. The second workshop was chair exercises led by two instructors from *AUT*. Contrary to belief, this was very energetic. We definitely knew our leg and arm muscles were being worked. We now have the knowledge to practise these exercises at home which will be most beneficial for us.

A delicious finger food lunch was provided. Two helpers were supplied by *Takapuna North Trust* to serve the food and clear up afterwards.


The afternoon entertainment was supplied by *Jan Beaumont*. She is a local poet whose poems are in a similar vein to *Pam Eyres*. *Jan's* poems are humorous and very relatable. She has had a book of her poems published and had some of her books with her for sale.

Hearing the chatter and laughter and from feedback received, it was evident the OWN Festival was a great success.

My thanks goes to *Lennie Crawford* for all the hours of work she put in organising the day.

Kind regards,

Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



Failure

My face is red, my brow is wet
My tempers really frayed
I just can't do it, it's too tough
My failure is displayed.

Though many can, it's just not me
I'm useless through and through
They've tried to show me, but it's just
A thing that I can't do.

I've tried my best, but I give up
I need a whisky – neat
Don't judge me harshly, life's too short
To fold a fitted sheet.

Jan Beaumont

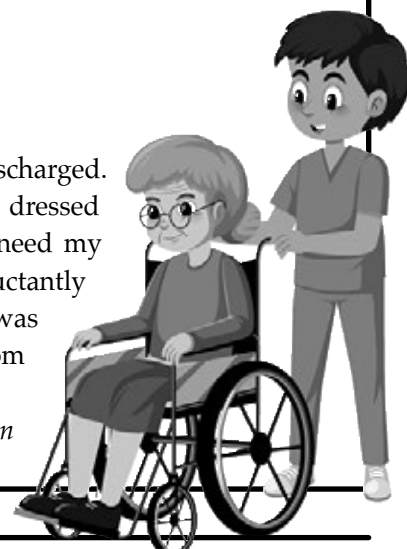
Poem printed with permission from her book
Let's All Drink to Lockdown



Rules Are Rules

Hospital regulations require a wheelchair to be used for patients being discharged. One day, while working as a student nurse, I found an elderly woman already dressed and sitting on the bed with a suitcase at her feet. She insisted that she didn't need my help to leave the hospital, but after a chat about 'rules being rules', she reluctantly let me wheel her to the elevator. On the way down I asked him if her husband was meeting her. "I don't know," she replied. "He's still upstairs in the bathroom changing out of his hospital gown."

Author Unknown



OWN Groups

Check by phoning the co-ordinators for details.

OWN Writing for Future Generations

New members welcome - please inform the Group's Convenor prior to attending.



Browns Bay Group meets on the second Saturday of each month at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For more details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519 or ph: 021-064-9522.

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.

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 *Sugar n Cup Café*, Browns Bay (79 Clyde Road, opposite *Unichem* chemist). For more details, contact *Judy Brocherie*, ph: 021-0239-4270.



Up-coming Event

OWN Games Day

A fun day with board games, bingo, and quizzes ... with lots of laughter!



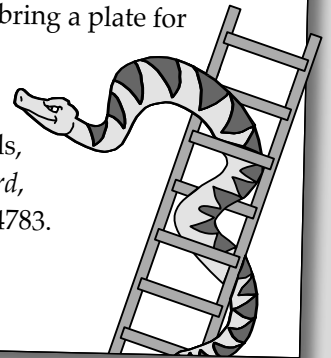
When: 11:00am – 2:00pm,
Saturday, 30 September

Where: Rothesay Room,
Bays Community Centre,
2 Glen Road, Browns Bay



Cost: A gold coin to help pay for the rent of the room. Please bring a plate for a shared lunch.

To register (for numbers attending) or for more details, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320 or ph: 027-217-4783.



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

Eating in 1950s New Zealand



- "Pasta" had not been invented – it was simply macaroni or spaghetti.
- A "take-away" was a mathematical problem.
- "Pizza?" Sounds like a leaning tower somewhere.
- All crisps were plain flavoured
- Oil was for lubricating, fat was for cooking.
- Tea was made in a teapot using tea leaves, and was never green.
- Cubed sugar was regarded as posh.
- Cooking outside was called "camping."
- None of us had heard of yoghurt.
- Healthy food consisted of anything edible.
 - Prunes were medicinal.
 - Seaweed was not recognised as food.
- "Kebab" was not even a known word, never mind a food.
- Bananas and oranges only appeared at Christmas.
- Pineapples came in chunks in a tin – we had only ever seen a picture of a real one.
- Sugar enjoyed a good press in those days and was regarded as white gold.
- Surprisingly muesli was readily available. It was called "cattle feed".
- Water came from the tap. If someone had suggested bottling it and charging more than gasoline, they would have been a laughing stock.
- The three things we never ever had on / at our table in the 1950s: elbows, hats, and cell phones.
- ... and there was always two choices for each meal: "Take it!" or "Leave it!"



Joan Lardner-Rivlin

13 August, 1927 – 10 June, 2023

Joan was born in the Cape Province, South Africa, her family later moving to Benoni, Transvaal. As an adult she lived in London, before returning to South Africa, from where she moved to Zambia, where she got married, had three children, and worked as a social worker.

After some years in Hong Kong, Joan and her family came to New Zealand, where she used her UK experience of working for the *London County Council* as a Community Development Officer to work with the then *Auckland Regional Authority*.

In 1973, having been interested in the *Citizens Advice Bureau (CAB)* in the UK, Joan was part of a group which started the first CAB in Ponsonby-Grey Lynn. She went on to be involved in establishing the Birkenhead, Takapuna, and Northcote CABs, addressing the high needs of the new and growing numbers of new immigrants on the North Shore.

In Hong Kong, Joan had learned about an organisation for *Physically Handicapped and Able Bodied (PHAB)* which was introduced to the country by an English social worker. Years later, in New Zealand, Joan set up PHAB in Auckland. Today, the organisation is now called *Yes! Disability* and recently celebrated 50 years.

Joan came to OWN through the **Writing for Future Generations** groups and later joined the Executive Committee. When *Edna Peters*, the energetic OWN Chairperson passed away very suddenly in 2014, Joan stepped up to become the Chairperson, where she continued *Edna's* work until 2020.



In her time as Chairperson, the Committee changed the OWN trading name from *Older Women's Network* to *Our Women's Network*, changed the logo, revised the Constitution, changed the name of our magazine from *Older & Bolder* to *OWN News&Views*, and organised many very successful events.

Joan was also in charge of the **Theatre Group** where every year she chose two or three theatre plays and booked special seats for the OWN attendees.

Joan was also active in both of the **OWN Writing for Future Generations** groups and shared many stories from her amazing life lived in different parts of the world.

In her later years, Joan served on the *Auckland Council's Seniors Advisory Panel*. She was a strong defendant of "seniors" and disliked the term "the elderly".

Her energy and commitment in serving on and chairing many boards and committees was acknowledged in 2007, being awarded the Queen's Service Medal. In 2019, she was awarded the New Zealand Order of Merit for services to seniors.

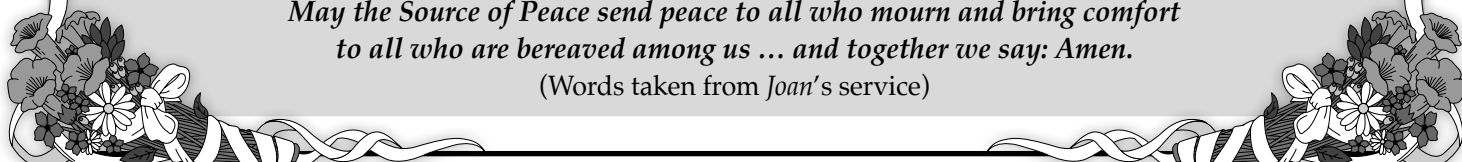
After she suffered several falls in 2020, Joan slowly lost her memory, but she still had little sparks of her old energy every now and then.

We miss her.

Beate Matthies

May the Source of Peace send peace to all who mourn and bring comfort to all who are bereaved among us ... and together we say: Amen.

(Words taken from Joan's service)



Movies With Joan

A Story About Joan Lardner-Rivlin

I love watching good movies. My favourite movies are based on true stories and include some scenes that make you smile.

Some people choose a movie they want to watch and then they look for the cinema to go to. As has happened many times, the time and location often doesn't suit my schedule, so I have developed a different approach: I arrange with a friend that we will go to the movies, we choose the location and time, and then we decide if there was something worthwhile to watch.

In 2018, when *Joan's* brother was visiting her in Auckland, he invited *Joan* and myself to the movies. I drove them to the *Bridgeway Cinema* where *Joan's* brother had chosen a political-thriller set in Cuba. I can't recall the title of the movie now, but I remember that it had to do something with Cuba and US politics.

When we arrived at the *Bridgeway Cinema*, *Joan* was leading the way. In her very resolute way, she showed us that she knew the cinema very well. We followed her. I couldn't remember the title of the movie, but *Joan's* brother had given her the tickets and we went upstairs, following *Joan*. When we entered the cinema

room, *Joan* picked her favourite seat, and her brother and I sat down next to her.

The movie started with a scene in New York, and it was 1962. So, I thought that the movie had to do with the Cuban Missile Crisis – which was what I had expected somehow. While we were watching the movie, I was wondering when they would mention Cuba and politics. The scenes took place in an Italian quarter of New York, then a black concert pianist appeared – but nothing about Cuba.

I enjoyed the movie so much that I started to forget about Cuba. I was thoroughly enjoying the movie and asked *Joan's* brother what he thought, and it seemed like he felt the same. He didn't understand why the movie was advertised as a political-thriller. The three of us watched the movie to the end, and we loved it.

When we left the cinema room, we looked at the announcements again, and found out that we had been in the wrong cinema room!

Joan had always been in the same cinema room at the *Bridgeway*. It never occurred to her to check the room before entering, and I can't remember seeing any ticket control. We realised that we had



Beate Matthies and Joan Lardner-Rivlin

just watched the movie *Green Book*: a 2018 American biographical comedy-drama film directed by *Peter Farrelly*, and starring *Viggo Mortensen* and *Mahershala Ali*, which was inspired by the true story of a 1962 tour of the Deep South by African American pianist *Don Shirley* and Italian American bouncer and later actor *Frank "Tony Lip" Vallelonga*, who served as *Shirley's* driver and bodyguard.

I think that the movie must have been much better than any political-thriller would have been!

When *Joan*, her brother, and I sat together for a meal that day, we were laughing. We were thankful for *Joan's* mistake which meant we watched a movie that we might not have seen otherwise.

Beate Matthies



“In a society that has you counting money, kilos, calories and steps, be a rebel and count your blessings instead.”

Lisa Heckman



Writing For Our Grandchildren



Written in praise of the fellowship and creative diversity found in OWN's Writing for Our Grandchildren (WFOG) group, now called Writing for Future Generations.

We meet to tell the stories of our childhood and our youth,
Of veggie patch and boarding school, the loss of our first tooth.
Of moving house, of starting work, of friends and family,
Of games we played.
Of wartime,
And of black and white TV.
Our pets, our birthday presents,
Our Christmases of old.
For each of us,
A little piece of memory to be told.

We write to paint our grandchildren,
A picture of our past.
A patchwork glimpse of bygone days,
A gift for them to last.

In doing so we find out more,
Of how we came to be.
The women that we are today,
In WFOG.

And in the telling of our tales,
We've found out about each other.
We've laughed and shared some special thoughts,
Supported one another.

When they read, we hope our grandchildren,
Will have the same amount of fun.
As we have had in writing down,
Our mem'ries of when we were young.

Edna Peters



 **Nymbi**

**Improve your balance
at home, for free**

Losing your balance as you age is a big injury risk, so ACC has launched Nymbi – a free app to help older New Zealanders prevent falls and fractures. It provides fun exercises to improve balance and help people 50 and older stay on their feet, by combining simple body movements with brain games to challenge both the brain and body.

10 minutes a day, a few times a week, to help us stay active and can improve a person's balance by up to 30%.

Nymbi can be downloaded free for phones, tablets, and computers from either the Google Play Store or the Apple App Store.

For more details, visit
fallsfree.co.nz



OWN Writing For Our Grandchildren group Christmas party in 2007
with Edna Peters seated on the far left.

Memories of Fetlar

Life in Shetland



My first memories of Fetlar were watching the crofters from nearby Tresta making hay in the field across from the Manse. I wanted to join them, and my mother took me over and asked if I could watch. The men went ahead cutting the hay with scythes, then the women followed turning the hay with rakes so that it could dry thoroughly. Towards the end of the day, the hay was gathered into little “coles”. The next day, the hay would be spread again to continue to dry and gathered again into bigger coles where it was left till it was time to build the big stack back by the houses. Then the crofter brought down horse and cart and the now thoroughly dry hay was taken to the stock yard and built into a “dess” ready to feed the cattle over the winter.

Cutting the corn was another highlight. Once again, the men cut the corn with scythes, and this time the women gathered the corn into sheaves and tied them with strands of corn. Then the sheaves were gathered and stood against each other to form “stooks”. Once again they were left to dry thoroughly before being carted to the yard to be threshed (i.e. all the grain separated from the straw) before the straw was built into a dess. My friend *Margaret* and I enjoyed the carting because we would be allowed to ride in the cart on the way back to the field, behind *Victor*, the horse.

Each house in the township of Tresta owned one or two cows and in the morning after milking all the cows would be driven to the Links, where they could graze at will. Each house took it in turns to “mind the kie”, which meant keeping an eye on them to see they did not stray back up the “clovey,” as the narrow path to the shore was called. In the afternoon the cattle would be fetched back and tethered on the common ground in front of the houses while the cows were milked again. Then the cows would be led to other grazing land and tethered on the piece

belonging to each house. In the evening the cows were brought home again and put in the bire for the night.

One highlight was when a calf got lost and everyone went out searching for it. At last it was found and I was given the privilege of naming it. Very originally I gave it the name of *Loster*. This was also remarkable for being the first time I spoke to the people whose company I enjoyed.

We were fortunate in the Manse that water was piped from the well so we had running water, which was heated by the large range in the kitchen, which was also our means of cooking and baking. Baking was important because the steamer only called twice a week and sometimes less often in bad weather so fresh bread was not often available and people depended on baking scones and Bannocks. We used to keep two tea chests in the kitchen, one with a hundred weight of flour and one with a hundred weight of sugar. We burned peat and driftwood in the range and it gave great heat.

Instead of “elevenes” people in Fetlar had “twal hours” at midday – a Bannock and a cup of tea, or in my case a glass of milk. Then at 2:00pm, they had their main meal – lots of potatoes and fish. I used to get tatties and butter or milk. At about 5:00pm or 6:00pm, they would have tea – usually a boiled egg with scones and cakes. Then about 8:00pm, they would have supper, called “eight-o’clocks.”

Wendy MacLeod



Out of My Comfort Zone



My grandchildren might ask: "What did you do over 50 years ago, Nana Maggie?"

I did something that involved resilience and stretching my comfort zone. I started a journey of working towards an International Award that took me places such as: hiking in the rugged Stewart Island, representing New Zealand at a *South Pacific Youth Conference* in tropical Fiji, having etiquette lessons for drinking tea with the *Queen*, learning about handling and safety of firearms, to being presented with an award by the *Governor General* at *Government House* in Wellington.

The **Duke of Edinburgh's International Award** helped me develop success through leaving my comfort zone. There were four areas of accomplishment to achieve: Adventure, Skills, Voluntary Service, and Physical Recreation. Well, it was extreme endurance hiking ten days around the coast of Stewart Island, carrying all your provisions and a box of matches, up steep cliffs, through mud and sand, and supplementing our dry crackers and oats with whitebait from a stream.

I began in 1970, when I started working towards the Bronze Award, through the YWCA. The group of participants were all girls my age of 14 and we attended training courses after school, arranged by a leader on other



topics besides survival in the bush, such as life skills of learning what to look for buying a home one day, to lessons in modelling and correct use of makeup, and deportment. It was a feeling of success to achieve the Bronze Award.


Then in 1971, I started working towards the Silver Award, through the Ranger Guides. This was more challenging. We did a two-day hike across the Kaimai Ranges, learnt firearms handling, planned and carried out a formal dinner party, and learnt First Aid from *St John Ambulance* staff. Achieving the Silver Award was another success.

But it wasn't until 1979, after finishing university, that I started working towards my Gold Award. This introduced me to leadership as I guided the younger groups at my old high school in Hamilton, arranging guest speakers for their training after school and expeditions to Mt Pirongia at the weekends.

Part of the Gold Award was attending a five-day residential course which took us out of our comfort zone, to try caving underground in cold narrow rock passages, abseiling sheer cliffs in the Waikato, learning public speaking skills, and discussions of controversial topics on the news such as the Arms Race and conservation of the environment. My voluntary work included being a board member of the YWCA and attending a *Youth Leadership* conference in Fiji, where the topics discussed included human rights to helping women around the world. Finally, the Gold Award was presented at *Government House*, Wellington by *Sir Keith* and *Lady Holyoake*, in 1980.

I would recommend this award to anyone's child as it helps teens to figure out where they belong, reduces social isolation and creates a bond that goes beyond superficial differences.

Margaret McDonald

 THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S INTERNATIONAL AWARD
AOTEAROA NEW ZEALAND | HILLARY AWARD

Running in New Zealand since 1963, the Award is now known here as **The Duke of Edinburgh's Hillary Award**, reflecting the significant achievements of *Sir Edmund Hillary*, one of our greatest adventurers.

Website: dofehillary.org.nz Freephone: 0800-69-29-27

Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation



We have just witnessed *King Charles III's* coronation, a memorable event with its colour and pageantry, marking a special time in history for us all. For many people it was the first coronation that they will remember. In my case, because I'm old, I remember the previous one all those years ago.

I was probably about 12 or 13, in my early years of secondary school after the Eleven-plus exam. I was in greater London, and at *Harrow County Grammar School for Girls*. We had one day's holiday from school on the actual day, and we were given a certificate, and an engraved propelling pencil to mark the event. There was great excitement.

Peter, my future-husband, was in Auckland at that time, so things were very different. He said the Mayor proclaimed the Coronation from the Town Hall steps (or balcony) to loud cheers. He then announced that reports were coming through that *Edmund Hillary* and *Sherpa Tensing* had just successfully climbed Everest. The crowd went absolutely wild at this news. It was generally agreed that this was the start of a great era.

Back in London, our whole street was invited to our next door neighbour's house, because they were the only ones to have a television at the time. We all arrived, laden with food which was put on their dining room table, and the whole day was spent continuously snacking. In their lounge every inch of space was covered in bodies, draped all over the furniture, all over the floor, and propped up in every corner. The TV set was a big brown varnished cabinet with a very tiny screen, just a few inches across, and the picture was in black and white, of course. So we all peered and squinted at it, but the important thing was that we were watching it as it happened. It was one of the first, if not the first, time the *BBC TV* was

doing outside coverage and beaming it out at the same time. This was TV history. We saw the crowds cheering in the streets, and all the military parades, all the carriages, and, of course, the Coronation coach. *Richard Dimbleby* was the main commentator, and he made an excellent job of it. He had certainly done his homework. He knew exactly who was who, and why they were important. When the action moved into *Westminster Abbey*, he was able to explain the rituals and their historical significance.

I remember the crowns caused some worry. The St Edward's Crown, the big heavy solid gold one encrusted with jewels, and which goes down in the middle, is used to actually crown the sovereign, but it weighs several kilos. There was great concern that *Queen Elizabeth II*, only in her mid-twenties and a petite woman anyway, might break her neck with the weight. She had to practise a lot before the event, and managed to cope with the situation, assisted by the two bishops beside her. As soon as she left the chamber she changed to the Imperial State Crown, which goes up in the middle and is much lighter. (It was noticeable that *King Charles III* also did this recently. He looked very serious – was it the weight of the crown or the weight of responsibility?)

The *Queen's* procession included a very large military parade, and a far larger number of carriages for dignitaries. Of course, it rained as usual in 1953, so all of the carriages were closed, apart for one, which scored a great hit with the crowds. *Queen Sālote* of Tonga insisted on keeping her carriage open to the elements. She said the people had been waiting in the rain for hours, so the least she could do was to give them a wave of encouragement. Her big smile and

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big frame produced cheers from the crowd. Sadly the little man in military uniform in the carriage with her, *King Haile Selassie* of Ethiopia, a hot country, wasn't at all happy at getting wet and glowered all the way. Some rumours later were passed around that he was destined to be her lunch ...

The balcony scene finished the day. The *Queen* looked absolutely beautiful in her creamy white gown covered in jewels, little and slim. On the balcony were her children, *Charles* and *Anne*. *Andrew* and *Edward* were born later.

When it was all over, there came the street parties and local celebrations. All the school children were taken to the local cinemas in the days afterwards to see a coloured film of the event, so we were able to take in all the colour we had missed, and the excitement in more detail. I believe this film was distributed far and wide. But I look back now and realise that we, with a bit of squinting, had had the thrill of seeing the event as it actually happened.

Jenny Goldsbro



Brand New House



We had lived in a one-bedroom flat, with three young children and two young Samoan relatives for over a year when we moved into our new house in Lauderdale Road, Birkdale. It was wonderful for us when *Auntie Anne* (my sister) told us that we could capitalise on the Child Benefit and thereby gain a lump sum in advance, enough for a deposit on a house. We also applied for, and were granted, a 3% State Loan, repayable over 30 years.

What a joy for a family who didn't have a bean! Different people gave us oddments of furniture for our new home and *Anne's* neighbour, *Nola Blair*, sold us a dining table and chairs for a give-away price. We didn't have enough chairs

for our big family, so ended up sometimes sitting on apple or orange boxes.

What to do for curtains? No money

for such a luxury right away, but brightly coloured Samoan lavalava had to do for a while and flax mats on the floor.

After a few days, our wonderful father arrived on his bicycle with fruit trees and a spade on the carrier. He planted those straight away and went home for more. Soon after that he brought rose plants in a sack, maybe more than once. We ended up with three long rows of roses in front of our house. They were much admired for years to come. Once, the Indian lady in the Dairy fancied a bunch of our roses for on top of their TV. She asked how much we would charge, but when I said one shilling each, she said she'd have to ask her husband. I heard no more.

Our first clothes line was made from a roll of wire and posts from left over building timber. The first time it rained, it collapsed with a heavy

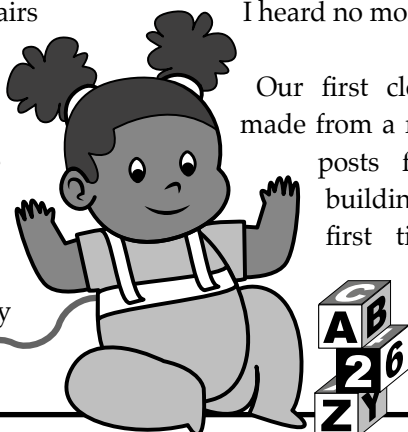
load of washing. Of course, it all had to be washed again. A neighbour, *Noelene*, came over and offered to help and also told us her husband was an agent for a firm which supplied clotheslines and did fences. We ordered a new clothesline.

We had a new baby girl the following year. Her dad went to the pictures (by himself, I presume) while I was in the hospital. He saw a film called *Rose Marie* and said, "Let's call her *Rosemarie*", which we did.

Young children just learning to walk needed watching when they were outside (no gate) I couldn't watch them all the time so I bought a thin rope, maybe 10m long, and tied one end to the child's harness and the other end to the clothesline. I now had peace of mind. Later, when my children, grown up, heard of this, they said, "Mum, how could you?"

"Easy," I said.

Betty Vaotogo



Queen Elizabeth II, Sir Ed, & Me



I was 17 years old and for the past year or so had been taking ballroom dancing lessons at *Symondsville Dance Studio* in the city. It was owned and operated by my father's cousin, *Miss Berta Spencer*, who was a well-known Auckland identity at the time. My lessons were provided free as I was "family" and *Miss Spencer* (or *Cousin Berta*, as she instructed me to call her) took pleasure in my love of dancing.

The young *Queen* was to be crowned on 2 June in far-away *Westminster Abbey*, London, but here in New Zealand, as part of the Commonwealth, the occasion was to be recognized as Living History of the highest order. There were celebrations organised all over the country as well as a public holiday to follow on the Queen's Birthday observance, always the first Monday in June. *Cousin Bertha* had been invited, along with another prominent Auckland couple, to attend the Coronation Eve Ball at the *Papakura Military Camp*. Her invitation included two young ladies from her dance studio – *Frances* and I were the chosen lucky ones.

We were chauffeured out to Papakura – all resplendent in

formal attire – *Frances* and I chattering and giggling all the way with nervous excitement. I wore a full length white gown, the yoke and short sleeves embroidered with sparkling sequins, long white gloves, silver dance shoes, and pearls around

my neck. As I walked to the hall entrance, I felt something drag at my ankles and knew I was in danger of tripping. Almost transfixed with horror, as uniformed young men surged around me, I realised my stiffened waist-slip had come unhooked and all I could do was to unceremoniously haul it up and hurry to the cloakroom, past the bemused guards at the door! A borrowed safety-pin and we were just in time to follow the Pipe Band in.

My diary at the time recorded, "I wish I could adequately describe how romantic the scene was – a magnificent new hall with soft coloured lighting, decorated with flowers and brave flags, the uniforms of the soldiers and officers, and the girls pretty dresses, all creating a kaleidoscope of colour, blended with the stirring traditional and demanding music of the Pipe Band – I could have danced all night – and I did!"

Among all my dance partners that magic night, one was bound



The Queen meets Edmund Hillary and John Hunt (expedition leader) in 1953

to capture my heart of course. He was a tall, dark, and handsome 22 year old farmer from the Waikato undergoing the military training, which was compulsory during the 1950s. At the end of the evening he arranged to take me to the Auckland vs. Waikato rugby match at *Eden Park* the following afternoon. I remember nothing of the match, but the announcement that *Hillary* and *Tenzing* had conquered Mt Everest set the tone for the day and excitement was in the air, as well as in my heart. There was cheering for the young *Queen*, cheering for the two new heroes, cheering for the rugby players, and my heart was singing and cheering as he and I wandered about hand-in-hand. Too soon, before the match was over, I had to say good-bye – he promised to write and send a copy of the photo we had taken together the previous evening at the ball: he kept his promise, but that's another story.

Home again, I had to quickly change into a dance frock and be at the dance studio by 5:30pm to attend a celebratory dance

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marking the coronation of the new *Queen*. The Mayor and Mayoress of Auckland were invited guests and I was to make a presentation of flowers and chocolates to them with a few pretty words and a full curtsy. Normally I would have been flattered and nervous to do this, but compared to the past 24 hours, it was something of an anti-climax. However the dance was enjoyable and finished about 8:00pm. Together with my parents, who had arrived to pick me up, and some other young people from the dance, we walked down into Queen Street, which was very crowded indeed. I recorded, "There were flags everywhere, many buildings were illuminated and because it had been raining, the reflections shone onto wet streets. The Town Hall was

transformed into a Fairy Palace – I wish it could be like that forever – and there were bands everywhere." I remember a jubilation among the thronging crowds. Now we were celebrating the Coronation and the conquest of Everest which had coincided so serendipitously. The Coronation symbolized (or so the newspapers said) the heralding of a 'new golden age' and the courage and heroism exemplified by *Hillary* and *Tenzing* gave all New Zealanders cause for great pride.

I never did meet either *Queen Elizabeth II* or *Sir Edmund Hillary*, but they are forever enmeshed in my memory with probably the most romantic and magic time of my young life.

Shirley Williams



Rhubarb!

My daughter doesn't like rhubarb, but I love it and I'm very lucky ... she grows it for me. I remember that we grew rhubarb at home in Yorkshire and we used to love Mum's rhubarb and apple pies!

Evidently, many, many years ago there was a renowned *Rhubarb Triangle* in Yorkshire. It was between Leeds, Morley, and Wakefield. Rhubarb was harvested in candlelight in the forcing sheds. Photosynthesis is limited with little light and produces sweeter and more tender stalks. I remember seeing an amazing video about rhubarb growing in Yorkshire, and I realise now that it was about the industry and the forcing sheds. It was quite unbelievable. The rhubarb was grown deep underground, in the sheds. It grew very, very tall and it was really noisy as those tall stalks strained to find light.

Chris Griffiths



OWN's Kitchen Recipe supplied by *Judy Brocherie*



Chicken & Zucchini Patties



Ingredients (makes 7 patties)

- 400gms of Chicken Mince
- 2 medium Zucchini's, grated
- ½ cup of Parmesan Cheese, grated
- ½ cup of Almond Flour
- 1 Egg, beaten
- ½ tspn Salt

Method

1. Place grated zucchini onto a clean tea towel and squeeze out excess liquid.
2. Place chicken mince and other ingredients in a bowl and mix well.
3. Form into patties.
4. Spray pan with oil. Cook patties for 10 minutes on each side.

