



December 2021 Newsletter  
Magazine Section

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FRIENDSHIP, FELLOWSHIP  
AND FUN

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*Wishing everyone a Happy  
Christmas and a Happy  
and Healthy New Year*

*Let's look forward to being  
together again in 2022*



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*Christmas Fare*

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*THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD'S  
CHRISTMAS LUNCH 1289*

*2 calves, 4 does, 4 pigs, 60 fowl, 18  
partridges, 2 geese, cheese and bread  
40 gallons of wine, 4 gallons of white  
wine and an unaccounted lake of beer*

*CHRISTMAS FARE IN 1895 WAS  
A LITTLE MORE MODEST*

*The landed gentry opted for just 2  
meals on the day:*

*Breakfast: Malaga grapes, Florida  
oranges, oak flakes, cream, hot rolls,  
fried oysters, waffles, beef steak,  
potato chips, hominy, fried sausages  
and coffee served with sweet cakes.*

*The hearty English followed this repast  
only 5 hours later with a traditional  
Christmas dinner of roasted goose with  
ambrosial stuffing and apple, succulent  
Norfolk turkey garnished with  
sausages, bacon rolls, crisp roast  
potatoes, delicate roast parsnips,  
brussel sprouts, followed by well-  
matured pudding laced with brandy,  
mince pies and Stilton cheese with  
celery accompanied by port from an  
excellent cellar.*



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## Queen Elizabeth II's Christmas Pudding

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Makes 2-4 puddings depending on the size of your pudding basin. This made two 1 litre puddings

- 200g currants
- 350g seedless raisins
- 120g chopped candied mixed peel
  - 350g sultanas
- 100g chopped glace cherries
- 170g blanched slivered almonds
- 1 tart cooking apple, peeled, cored, chop coarsely
- 1 carrot, peeled and chopped finely
- 5 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 2 teaspoon lemon rind

- 230g beef suet (order from local butcher), chopped finely
  - 100g fresh white breadcrumbs
  - 230g plain flour
  - 230g brown sugar
  - ½ teaspoon cinnamon
    - 1 teaspoon salt
    - ½ teaspoon nutmeg grated
    - 4 tblsp brandy
  - 1 teaspoon mixed spice
  - 4 tblsp fresh orange juice
  - 120 ml stout (dark Ale)
    - 6 eggs
    - 3 tblsp lemon juice
  - butter for greasing the pudding basin

### Method

Step 1 - Place the dry fruit and cherries and rind in the biggest bowl you can find, with the apple and carrot and almonds. Add the beef suet and mix together.

*Stir in flour, breadcrumbs, salt mixed spice and cinnamon and brown sugar.*

*Step 2 - Whisk the eggs until frothy. Add the ale, brandy, orange and lemon juice. Knead mixture together vigorously until well blended, spoon into four 750 ml pudding basins, cover with buttered greaseproof circle, and make sure pudding is not to the top of rim.*

*Step 3 - Cover pudding with aluminium foil and put a side plate on top to make a seal. Steam for 8 hours. When cool, place plastic lid on pudding, or use calico. Can be stored for up to 12 months.*

*To reheat, steam for 2 hours or place in the microwave (remove foil from top if using foil).*

*With thanks to Barbara Moxham*

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### *Kurri Kurri*

*While in the Hunter Valley our group visited the nearby mining town of Kurri Kurri to see the many amazing murals on the walls of the buildings there.*

*Two of the murals are on the following pages.*

*In the park was this sculpture of a pit pony.*



*The town was founded in 1902 to service the local Stanford Merthyr and Pelaw Main collieries and mining communities. The town was named Kurri Kurri from an unknown source in Sydney, meaning "the very first" as it was the first town in Australia that was fully planned before anything was built. The local Progress Committee was responsible for clearing streets and supplying local services with State permission. The fire station and the hospital were built by locals with locally sourced money.*

*The Kurri Kurri Hotel (1904) is one of several built during the era of mining prosperity in the early 20th century. It is an impressive three-story building featuring prominent verandas with cast-iron lacework*



## Rothbury Riot Mural

Artist – Chris Fussell

Completed March 2007

Sponsored by

**Austar Coal - Centennial Coal - Donaldson Coal**

This mural is dedicated to the memory of all the miners, their families and the communities who endured the suffering of the lockout and continued on to fight for workers rights and social justice.

The northern NSW coal lockout from 2<sup>nd</sup> March 1929 to 3<sup>rd</sup> June 1930 was among the longest and the most violent industrial confrontation in Australian history.

Mineworkers from the Kurri Kurri mines marched to Rothbury led by the local pipe band to meet up with other mineworkers from the northern district, on December 16<sup>th</sup>, 1929. The resulting action against the use of scab labour at the mine left many miners injured and the death of Norman Brown – receiving a mortal wound to the back (he is shown to the right of the mural in white shirt). Wally Wood (shown in the foreground on the road) who was shot in the neck was helped by a passing motorist who used a scarf to help stop the bleeding. Jackson Brown was shot twice in the back and became a paraplegic (shown middle background near broken gate helped by 2 comrades).

One policeman was so overcome by the event that he committed suicide months later, not being able to live with the trauma.

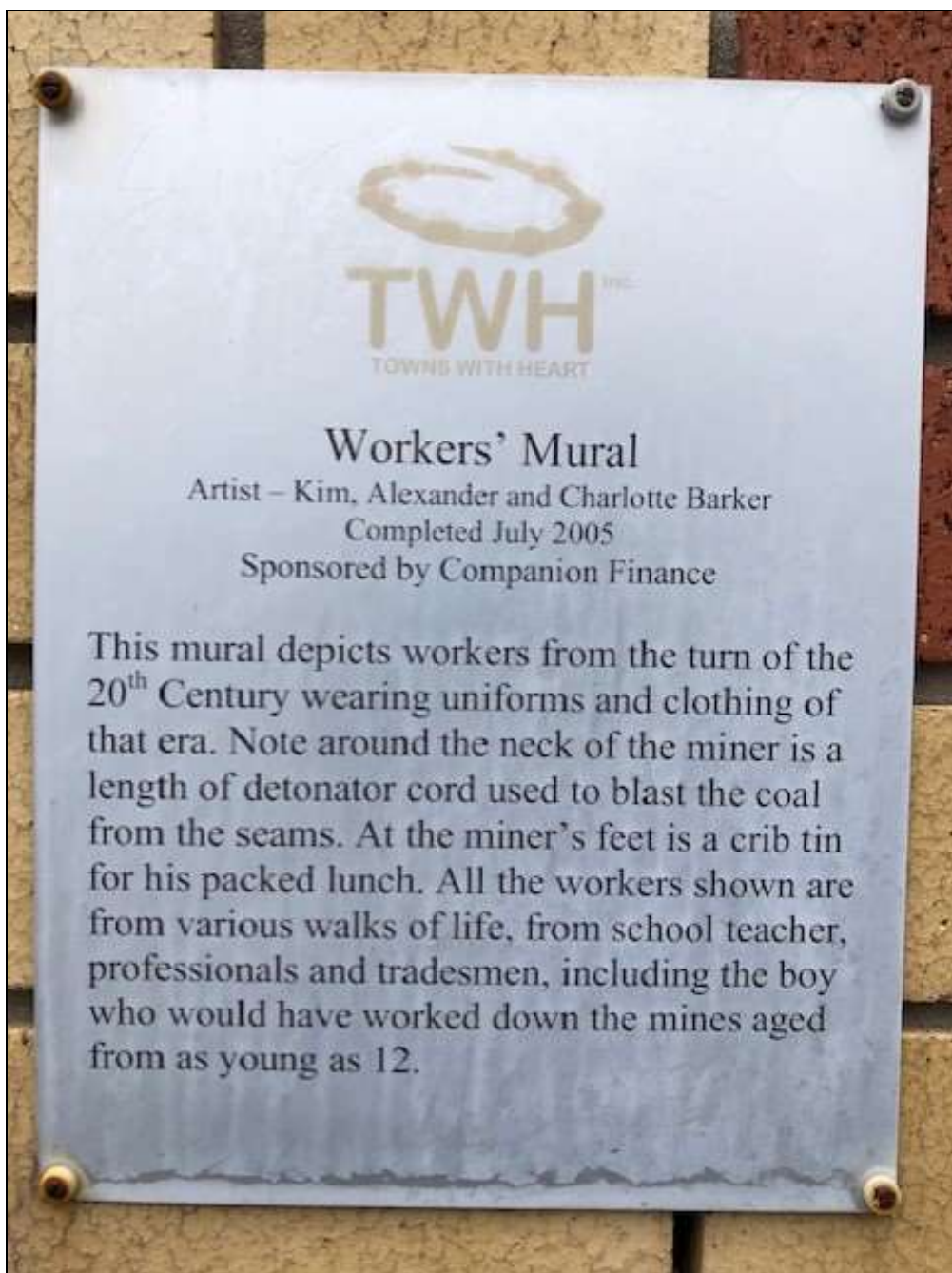
The miners retreated under this onslaught. They ultimately went back to work at a reduced salary, locked out of the mine for 15 months in total.



Australian Government  
Department of Transport  
and Regional Services



NSW WE MEAN  
**BUSINESS**



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## My Granny

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*I have a little granny, she's really very old  
But also unconventional in a most unusual mould.  
She doesn't wear her spectacles perched upon her nose,  
She's into contact lenses and varnishing her toes.*

*Unlike some other grannies who are home before it's dark,  
She's dressed up in a tracksuit and jogging in the park.  
And when I wish she'd sometimes stay and tuck me into bed,  
She's off to study yoga and standing on her head.*

*Some grannies sit in rocking chairs and crochet shawls indoors,  
My granny jumps upon a horse and rides across the moors.  
She goes on day trips with her gang, the over sixties club,  
They rocket around the countryside and end up in the pub.*

*And on the homeward journey, like a flock of singing birds,  
They harmonise old favourites with very naughty words.  
I love my little granny, I think she's really great,  
If that's what growing old is like, I simply cannot wait.*

*(With thanks to John Robinson)*

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## Help Needed!!!

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A mate of mine has won two tickets for the 2021 AFL GRAND FINAL in Perth. They are box seats plus airfares, penthouse accommodation and \$1000 for miscellaneous expenses. When he won them his wedding date had not been finalised.

Now it turns out the only date available at the church for their wedding is on AFL Grand Final Day - so he can't go.

If you're interested and want to go instead of him, it's at 1st Baptist Church at 3 PM on Saturday 25th September. She is a fairly nice looking girl about 5'5, clean, cute, great body and her name is Kelly. She will be the one in the white dress.

If interested, contact me for more detailed information! ASAP

*(With thanks to Mike Staniland)*

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## Letters to the Editor

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Thanks Jenny, good newsletter. I especially enjoyed the article on Bea Miles

When Bea was admitted to Callan Park Mental Hospital in 1923, my mother was one of the psychiatric nurses there. Mum used to recount to me some of Bea's antics. Mum said that Bea was a very good looking young lady, and that she could run like the wind, especially when she had no clothes on. Bea led the nursing staff a merry chase and was continually outwitting them. Several of mum's stories had taxis mentioned. I got the impression that the nursing staff were fond of Bea despite the hoops that she put them through.

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I found the piece on Bea Miles very interesting.

My parents owned a shop in North Sydney diagonally across from North Sydney Oval. The Independent Theatre was opposite. Mum and Dad had many unusual people drop by including Bea Miles. She was unique.

Because we had a Tram stop directly outside the shop, actors/actresses all used to gather. I would say Bea Miles found them interesting and enjoyed their company.

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## How can you Live without Knowing This

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$$111,111,111 \times 111,111,111 = 12,345,678,987,654,321$$

If a statue of a horse in the park has both front legs in the air, the person died in battle. If the horse has one front leg in the air the person died as a result of wounds received in battle. If the horse has all four legs on the ground, the person died of natural causes.

"I am" is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

If you were to spell out numbers, how far would you have to go until you would find the letter "A"?  
One thousand.

What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers and laser printers all have in common?  
All were invented by women.

What is the only food that doesn't spoil? Honey.

What trivia fact about Mel Blanc (voice of Bugs Bunny) is the most ironic?  
He was allergic to carrots.

In Scotland a new game was invented. It was entitled Gentlemen Only Ladies Forbidden.....and thus the word GOLF entered into the English language!!

*(Thanks to Margaret Standish)*

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## *What a Fallen Tree and a Chainsaw Can Achieve*

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This is what one of our neighbours has done during the recent Covid lockdown.

*Malcolm McLean*



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## *Growing Older with Julie Andrews*

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To commemorate her birthday, actress, Julie Andrews made a special appearance at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall for the benefit of the AARP. One of the musical numbers she performed was 'My Favorite Things' from the legendary movie 'Sound Of Music'.

Here are the lyrics she used:

(Sing it !) – Yes if you sing it the song takes on more meaning...

*Botox and nose drops and needles for knitting, Walkers and handrails and new dental fittings, Bundles of magazines tied up in string, These are a few of my favorite things.*

*Cadillacs and cataracts, hearing aids and glasses, Polident and Fixodent and false teeth in glasses, Pacemakers, golf carts and porches with swings, These are a few of my favorite things.*

*When the pipes leak, When the bones creak, When the knees go bad, I simply remember my favorite things, And then I don't feel so bad.*

*Hot tea and crumpets and corn pads for bunions, No spicy hot food or food cooked with onions, Bathrobes and heating pads and hot meals they bring, These are a few of my favorite things.*

*Back pain, confused brains and no need for sinnin', Thin bones and fractures and hair that is thinnin', And we won't mention our short shrunken frames, When we remember our favorite things.*

*When the joints ache, When the hips break, When the eyes grow dim, Then I remember the great life I've had, And then I don't feel so bad.*

(Ms. Andrews received a standing ovation from the crowd that lasted over four minutes and repeated encores.)

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*Grandparents are so easy to operate....even a child can do it!*



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## Steven Wright Sayings

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If you're not familiar with the work of Steven Wright, he's the famous Erudite scientist who once said: "I woke up one morning, and all of my stuff had been stolen and replaced by exact duplicates." His mind sees things differently than most of us do. Here are some of his gems:

- 1 - Borrow money from pessimists -- they don't expect it back.
- 2 - 99% of lawyers give the rest a bad name.
- 3 - 827% of all statistics are made up on the spot.
- 4 - If at first you don't succeed, skydiving is not for you.
- 5 - A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.
- 6 - The early bird may get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.
- 7 - OK, so what's the speed of dark?
- 8 - How do you tell when you're out of invisible ink?
- 9 - If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something.
- 10 - When everything is coming your way, you're in the wrong lane.
- 11 - Hard work pays off in the future; laziness pays off now.
- 12 - I intend to live forever... So far, so good.
- 13 - If Barbie is so popular, why do you have to buy her friends?
- 14 - Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.

- 15 - What happens if you get scared half to death twice?
- 16 - My mechanic told me, "I couldn't repair your brakes, so I made your horn louder."
- 17 - Why do psychics have to ask you for your name?
- 18 - If at first you don't succeed, destroy all evidence that you tried.
- 19 - A conclusion is the place where you got tired of thinking.
- 20 - Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.
- 21 - The hardness of the butter is proportional to the softness of the bread.
- 22 - To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism; to steal from many is research.
- 23 - The colder the x-ray table, the more of your body is required to be on it.
- 24 - Everyone has a photographic memory; some just don't have film.
- 25 - I'd kill for a Nobel Peace Prize.

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*A Taxi Driver arrived for a pickup....*

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I arrived at the address and honked the horn. After waiting a few minutes I honked again.

Since this was going to be my last ride of my shift I thought about just driving away, but instead I put the car in park and walked up to the door and knocked..

'Just a minute', answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor.

After a long pause, the door opened. A small woman in her 90's stood before me.

She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on it, like somebody out of a 1940's movie.

By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets.

There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware.

'Would you carry my bag out to the car?' she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman.

She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb.

She kept thanking me for my kindness. 'It's nothing', I told her.. 'I just try to treat my passengers the way I would like to be treated.'

'Oh, you're such a good boy,' she said. When we got in the cab, she gave me an address and then asked, 'Could you drive through downtown?'

'It's not the shortest way,' I answered quickly..

'Oh, I don't mind,' she said. 'I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice.'

I looked in the rear-view mirror. Her eyes were glistening. 'I don't have any family left,' she continued in a soft voice..

'The doctor says I don't have very long.' I quietly reached over and shut off the meter.

'What route would you like me to take?' I asked.

For the next two hours, we drove through the city. She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator.

We drove through the neighbourhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she had gone dancing as a girl.

Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, 'I'm tired. Let's go now'.

We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico.

Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move.

They must have been expecting her.

I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair.

'How much do I owe you?' She asked, reaching into her purse.

'Nothing,' I said.

'You have to make a living,' she answered.

'There are other passengers,' I responded.

Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly.

'You gave an old woman a little moment of joy,' she said. 'Thank you.'

I squeezed her hand, and then walked into the dim morning light.. Behind me, a door shut. It was the sound of the closing of a life..

I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly lost in thought. For the rest of that day I could hardly talk.

What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift?

What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away?

On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life.

We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments.

But great moments often catch us unaware-beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one.

*PEOPLE MAY NOT REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID, OR WHAT YOU SAID ~BUT~ THEY WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HOW YOU MADE THEM FEEL.*

Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance.

*(With thanks to Malcolm McLean)*

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# One Month After the Backburn

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*Photos taken on recent walks  
Jenny Jones*

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