



*April 2022 Newsletter*

*Magazine Section*

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*FRIENDSHIP, FELLOWSHIP  
AND FUN*

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*Margaret Everly*

Margaret Everly remains best known as the mother of Rock and Country Hall of Fame members The Everly Brothers, but Margaret was also a professional entertainer, herself.

She died just 10 days after she reached the remarkable age of 102. Margaret was pre-deceased by her singer-guitarist husband Ike Everly (1908-1975) and by her sons Don Everly (1937-2021) and Phil Everly (1939-2014).

She was born in Kentucky on Nov. 25, 1919. Margaret and Ike Everly were childhood sweethearts who married in 1935 when Margaret was 15. She bore both of her sons before she was 20.

Ike left coal mining to become an entertainer. He took jobs as a country performer on the Chicago radio stations WJJD and WLS.

The couple wanted to raise their sons in a more rural atmosphere than they had in the Windy City. So in 1944 the Everly family relocated to Waterloo, Iowa, where Ike found work on local radio. The following year, the Everlys relocated to Shenandoah, Iowa.

Margaret had been occasionally singing duets with Ike. At Shenandoah's KMA, she and the boys became part of Ike's radio act in 1948-49. *The Everly Family Show* made its formal debut on KMA in 1950. Family members sang duets, trios, quartets and solo numbers. In addition to singing, Margaret offered cooking and gardening tips and read the commercials. She was also the act's booking agent and business manager.

At Margaret's urging, the Everlys moved to Shenandoah's KFNF radio station in 1951. This is when the family act was at its peak, with Ike, Margaret, Don and Phil all attired in spiffy matching western costumes for their performances at fairs and festivals. The four relocated to Knoxville in 1953. They became regulars on radio WROL and protégées of the colourful grocery mogul Cas Walker.

But the heyday of live radio entertainment was drawing to a close at this time. Ike went to school to become a barber, and Margaret became a beautician. Don and Phil were maturing as a duo and developing their own sound.

Nashville producer and guitar superstar Chet Atkins admired Ike's guitar playing, and the two men

became friends. Ike introduced Atkins to his sons' music. At Atkins' urging, Margaret brought the boys to Music City. Ike kept his barber job in Knoxville.

Ike was unquestionably The Everly Brothers' musical mentor. He taught both of them to play and sing. Margaret supplied the drive, determination and ambition. The failure of a 1955 single on Columbia Records discouraged the duo, but Margaret's confidence and faith were unshakable. She and Atkins continued to lobby for her sons in Nashville.

"She was ambitious for the boys," recalls songwriter Felice Bryant. "She had the push and the desire to be successful."

Her dreams came true when The Everly Brothers became a cornerstone act of the emerging rock & roll genre with a string of chart-topping hits in 1957-63. Margaret kept the teen boys' bedrooms untouched in her Nashville home for decades thereafter. She maintained correspondence with Everly fans around the world and was involved in manuscripts and plans for music projects up until the time of her death.

She is survived by six grandchildren, eight great-grandchildren and several nieces and nephews. Margaret Everly was laid to rest at Woodlawn Memorial Mausoleum.

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## *Jonathan Biggins*

Jonathan Martin Biggins OAM (born 14 September 1960) is an Australian actor, singer, writer, director and comedian. He has appeared on film, stage and television as well as in satirical sketch comedy television programmes.

He was born in Newcastle, New South Wales, and attended Newcastle Boys' High School in the mid-1970s. He said that it was "a fairly intimidating place to be if you weren't great at sports or maths". However once he joined the debating team, and went on to win the state finals, things started looking up

Biggins has directed the Wharf Revue since 2000, written for the *Sydney Morning Herald* weekly magazine *Good Weekend* for seven years and directed the Australian production of *Avenue Q*. He hosted the *New Year's Eve Gala Concert* in 2010 at the *Sydney Opera House*.

He is married to Australian actress Elaine Smith, best known as Daphne Clarke in the soap opera *Neighbours*. He and Smith have twin daughters born in February 2000.

Biggins was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia in the 2021 Queen's Birthday Honours for "service to the performing arts through theatre".

## *Nacre*

Nacre also known as mother of pearl, is an organic-inorganic composite material produced by some molluscs as an inner shell layer; it is also the material of which pearls are composed. It is strong, resilient, and iridescent.

Mother of pearl is created by a secretion from certain types of molluscs which is released to protect the lining of their shells from bacteria, parasites, and a host of other debris. This mixed compound of calcium carbonate crystals, silk proteins, and other organic materials are layered like brick work over the inner lining of the shells, resulting in the waves that can be seen on freshly harvested molluscs.

The rainbow iridescence of the nacre comes from the way that each successive layer of the secretion thickens based on the amount of visible light available. This varying thickness of nacre layers causes light to bounce off the material from different depths, causing the visible layers to appear as different colours.



## *London's Pearly Kings and Queens*



The practice of wearing clothes decorated with mother of pearl buttons is first associated with Henry Croft an orphan street sweeper who collected money for charity. At the time, London costermongers (street traders) were in the habit of wearing trousers decorated at the seams with pearl buttons. In the late 1870s, Croft adapted this to create a sequin suit to draw attention to himself and aid his fund-raising activities.

### *Henry Croft*

*(24 May 1861 – 1 January 1930)*

Henry Croft was a road sweeper in London and founder of the working class tradition of Pearly Kings and Queens

Croft was born at the St Pancras Workhouse in Somers Town, London, and baptised there on 5 June 1861. He was raised in an orphanage after his father, a musician, died in 1871. He worked as a municipal road sweeper employed by St Pancras vestry and later St Pancras Metropolitan Borough Council until the 1920s.

Croft started to wear his pearly suit to raise money for charity in the late 1870s. Croft began to decorate his clothes with mother-of-pearl buttons, which were mass-produced at factories in the East End of London. The inspiration for this form of decoration is a matter of debate. It may have been inspired by the clothes of costermongers (street vendors of fruit and vegetables) in Somers Town: some sources mention a common practice of adding decorative metal buttons to their plain clothes,

By 1880, Croft was wearing a "smother" suit completely covered with thousands of white buttons. He later created more sparsely decorated "skeleton" suits. He is thought to have made at least seven suits to wear himself, two of which he left in his will. He also made pearly clothes - suits, hats, belts, and ties - for others. The suit would have drawn attention to Croft when he participated in charitable pageants and carnivals to raise money for local hospitals, an important source of funding before the National Health Service. Croft wore his pearly suit to raise funds for the London Temperance Hospital in the 1880, but

the first surviving reference to him in a printed source is a photograph and accompanying letter in *The Strand Magazine* in February 1902, which describes "Mr H. Croft" as the "Pearlie King of Somers Town".

Croft was presented to Edward VII and Queen Alexandra at the Horse of the Year Show at Olympia in 1907, and led a display by costermongers and their donkeys at the show in 1912. By 1911, all 28 of the metropolitan boroughs of London had its own pearly king, pearly queen, and pearly family, often members of the local costermonger community. The Original Pearly Kings' and Queens' Association was established that year. South of the River Thames, the pearly families were associated into a Pearly Kings' and Queens' Guild. In July 1926, Croft claimed publicly that he was the "original Pearly-King in London".

Croft raised money for a variety of hospitals and other charities, including St Dunstan's, the Hospital Saturday Fund, and the Sons of Phoenix temperance society. He received a medal from the Lord Mayor of London for raising £72 following the 1928 Thames flood. He is thought to have received around 2,000 medals and ribbons to recognise his fundraising efforts, which were estimated to have totalled around £4,000 to £5,000.

Croft died from lung cancer in St Pancras workhouse, where he had been born more than 68 years earlier.

He was buried at St Pancras Cemetery in East Finchley. His funeral cortège stretched for approximately half a mile, with a procession that included a horse-drawn hearse, musicians, 400 pearly kings and queens, and representatives from the charities that he had supported. The event received national media coverage.

In 1934 a memorial, referring to him as "The original Pearly King", was unveiled in St Pancras Cemetery, and in a speech to mark the occasion he was said to have raised £5,000 for those suffering in London's hospitals.



Statue, St Martin in the Fields

Croft had married Lily Newton on 21 February 1892, at Bedford New Town Chapel in St Pancras. He was survived by his wife and by eleven of their twelve children, his eldest son having been killed in action in the First World War.

A life-sized marble statue of Croft, standing 5 feet (1.5 m) high, wearing a "smother" pearly tail-coat with top hat and cane, was commissioned in 1931 and erected at his burial site in 1934. After being vandalised several times, the statue was restored and removed to the crypt of St Martin-in-the-Fields in 2002, where the Original Pearly Kings and Queens Society has held its harvest festival since 1956. Perpetuating the family tradition, Croft's great-granddaughter later became pearly queen of Somers Town



**Sunday 3 April 2022**

**Daylight Saving Time Ends**

**Clocks go back one hour**

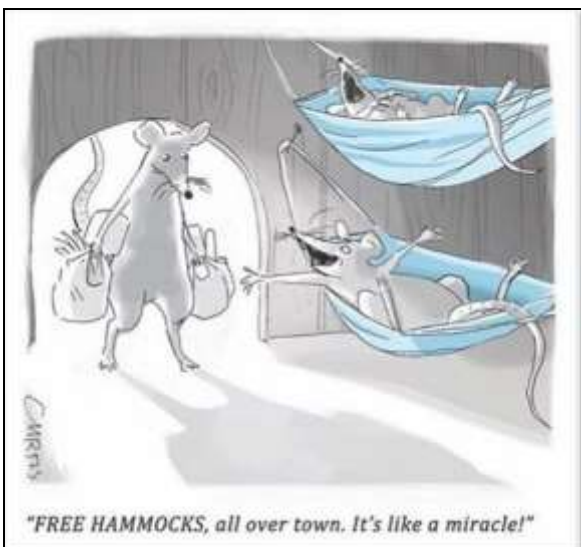
## Cricket: As Explained to a Foreigner...

You have two sides, one out in the field and one in. Each man that's in the side that's in goes out, and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out. Sometimes you get men still in and not out.

When a man goes out to go in, the men who are out try to get him out, and when he is out he goes in and the next man in goes out and goes in. There are two men called umpires who stay all out all the time and they decide when the men who are in are out.

When both sides have been in and when all the men are out, and both sides have been out twice after all the men have been in, including those who are not out, that is the end of the game!

**(With thanks to Malcolm McLean)**



It is with great sadness that I have to mention the loss of a few local businesses as a result of COVID-19. A local bra manufacturer has gone bust, a submarine company has gone under, a manufacturer of food blenders has gone into liquidation, a dog kennel has had to call in the retrievers and a company supplying paper for origami enthusiasts has folded. The local strip club has gone tits up, Interflora is pruning its business and Dyno-rod has gone down the drain. The saddest one though is the ice cream van man found dead covered in nuts and raspberry sauce. He couldn't take it anymore and topped himself.

### **NO PEEKING AT THE ANSWERS**

**Have Fun!**

**The questions on the next page are a test of your lateral thinking ability.**

**The answers are given on page 10.**

**Do not look at the answers first.**


**THESE ARE NOT TRICK QUESTIONS.**

**They each have a simple, logical answer. But, you have to put aside your normal way of thinking**




There are six eggs in the basket.  
 Six people each take one egg,  
 how can it be that one egg is  
 left in the basket?

Three of the glasses  
 are filled with orange juice,  
 the other three are empty.  
 By moving only one glass,  
 can you arrange them so the full and empty glasses alternate?



Acting on an anonymous phone call,  
 the police raid a house  
 to arrest a suspected  
**murderer.**  
 They don't know what he looks like,  
 but they know **his** name is John.  
 Inside they **find a** carpenter,  
 a lorry driver, **a** car mechanic  
 and a fireman playing cards.  
 Without even asking his name,  
 they immediately arrest the fireman.  
 How do they know  
 they've got their man?

**T h e r e**  
 was once a recluse who  
 never left his home. The only  
 time anyone ever visited him was when  
 his food and supplies were delivered,  
**but they never came inside.**  
 Then, one stormy winter night  
 when an icy gale was blowing,  
 he had a nervous breakdown.  
 He went upstairs, turned  
**off all the lights**  
 and went to bed.  
 Next morning, he had caused  
 the deaths of several  
 hundred people.  
**How?**



## AUSTRALIA: AN AMERICAN VIEW...

Interesting set of observations from a visitor from the other side of the Pacific. 'Value what you have and don't give it away.' There's a lot to admire about Australia, especially if you're a visiting American, says David Mason. More often than you might expect, Australian friends patiently listening to me enthuse about their country have said, "We need outsiders like you to remind us what we have." So here it is - a small presumptuous list of what one foreigner admires in Oz

1. Health care. I know the controversies, but basic national healthcare is a gift. In America, medical expenses are a leading cause of bankruptcy. The drug companies dominate politics and advertising. Obama was crucified for taking halting baby steps towards sanity. You can't turn on the telly without hours of drug advertisements - something I have never yet seen here. And your emphasis on prevention - making cigarettes less accessible, for one - is a model.

2. Food. Yes, we have great food in America too, especially in the big cities. But your bread is less sweet, your lamb is cheaper, and your supermarket vegetables and fruits are fresher than ours. Too often in my country an apple is a ball of pulp as big as your face. The dainty Pink Lady apples of Oz are the juiciest I've had. And don't get me started on coffee.

In American small towns it tastes like water flavoured with burnt dirt, but the smallest shop in the smallest town in Oz can make a first-rate latte.

I love your ubiquitous bakeries, your hot-cross buns. Shall I go on?

3. Language. How do you do it? The rhyming slang and Aboriginal place names like magic spells. Words that seem vaguely English yet also resemble an argot from another planet.

I love the way institutional names get turned into diminutives - Vinnie's and Salvos - and absolutely nothing is sacred.

Everything's an opportunity for word games and everyone's a nickname. Lingo makes the world go round. It's the spontaneous wit of the people that tickles me most.

Late one night at a barbie my new mate Suds remarked, "Nothing's the same since 24-7." Amen.

4. Free-to-air TV. In Oz, you buy a TV, plug it in and watch some of the best programming I have ever seen - uncensored. In America, you can't get diddly-squat without paying a cable or satellite company heavy fees.

In Oz a few channels make it hard to choose. In America, you've got 400 channels and nothing to watch.



5. Small shops. Outside the big cities in America corporations have nearly erased them. Identical malls with identical restaurants serving inferior food. Except for geography, it's hard to tell one American town from another.

The "take-away" culture here is wonderful. Human encounters are real - stirring happens, stories get told. The curries are to die for. And you don't have to tip!

6. Free camping. We used to have this too, and I guess it's still free when you backpack miles away from the roads. But I love the fact that in Oz everyone owns the shore and in many places you can pull up a camper van and stare at the sea for weeks. I love the "primitive" and independent campgrounds, the life outdoors. The few idiots who leave their stubbies and rubbish behind in these pristine places ought to be transported in chains.

7. Religion. In America, it's everywhere - especially where it's not supposed to be, like politics. I imagine you have your Pharisees too, making a big public show of devotion, but I have yet to meet one here.

8. Roads. Peak hour aside, I've found travel on your roads pure heaven. My country's "freeways" are crowded, crumbling, insanely knotted with looping overpasses - it's like racing homicidal maniacs on fraying spaghetti.

I've taken the Hume without stress, and I love the Princes Highway when it's two lanes. Ninety minutes south of Bateman's Bay I was sorry to see one billboard for a McDonald's. It's blocking a lovely paddock view. Someone should remove it.

9. Real multiculturalism. I know there are tensions, just like anywhere else, but I love the distinctiveness of your communities and the way you publicly acknowledge the Aboriginal past. Recently, too, I spent quality time with Melbourne Greeks, and was gratified both by their devotion to their own great language and culture and their openness to an Afghan lunch.

10. Fewer guns. You had Port Arthur in 1996 and got real in response. America replicates such massacres several times a year and nothing changes. Why?

Our religion of individual rights makes the good of the community an impossible dream. Instead of mateship we have "It's mine and nobody else's". We talk a great game about freedom, but too often live in fear

There's more to say - your kaleidoscopic birds, your perfumed bush in springtime, your vast beaches. These are just a few blessings that make Australia a rarity.

Of course, it's not paradise - nowhere is - but I love it here. No need to wave flags like Americans and add to the world's windiness. Just value what you have and don't give it away.

David Mason is a US writer and professor, and poet laureate of Colorado

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### QUIZZ ANSWERS:

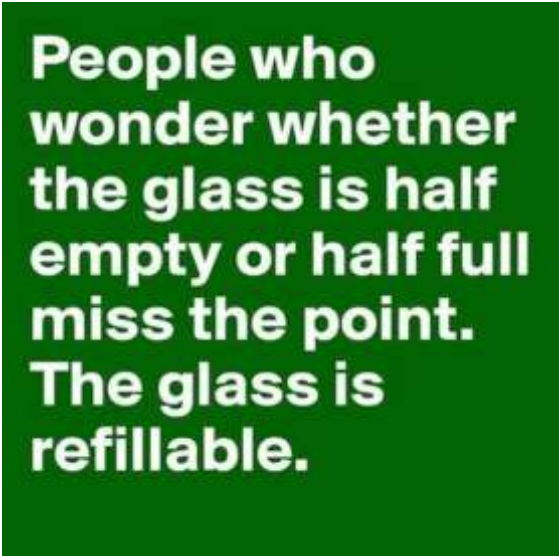
**\* 1. The last person took the basket with the egg in it.**

**\* 2. All the other card players were women.**

**\* 3. Pour the juice from the second glass into the fifth.**

**\* 4. The recluse lived in a lighthouse.**

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**People who wonder whether the glass is half empty or half full miss the point. The glass is refillable.**

A mother is driving her little girl to her friend's house for a play day.

'Mummy' the little girl asks, 'how old are you?'

'Honey, you are not supposed to ask a lady her age,' the mother replied. 'It's not polite.'

'OK', the little girl says, 'What colour was your hair 2 years ago?'

'Now really,' the mother says, 'those are personal questions and are really none of your business.'

Undaunted, the little girl asks, 'Why did you and Daddy get a divorce?'

'That's enough questions, young lady! Honestly!'

The exasperated mother walks away as the two friends begin to play.

'My Mom won't tell me anything about herself,' the little girl says to her friend.

'WELL' says the friend, 'all you need to do is look at her DRIVER'S LICENSE'. It's like our report cards, it has everything on it.'

Later that night the little girl says to her mother, 'I know how old you are. You are 32.'

The mother is surprised and asks, 'How did you find that out?'

'I also know that you used to have brown hair'

The mother is past surprised and shocked now 'How in Heaven's name did you find that out?'

'And,' the little girl says triumphantly, 'I also know why you and daddy got a divorce.'

'Oh really' says the mother.....Why? 'It's all on your driver's license. You got an 'F' in sex.

**With thanks to John Robinson**

My painting "Ferry Ride from Mosman" has been selected as a finalist in the Mosman Rowers Club exhibition. The theme was "Mosman Bay" and was judged by Ken Done.

It is a beautiful spot for lunch overlooking the mesmerising water.....like most clubs they are struggling to keep going.

**Judee Radford**

