



West Auckland Men's Rebus Club

<http://www.rebuswestauckland.nz/>

Affiliated to Rebus New Zealand Incorporated

<https://www.rebus.nz/>

Newsletter

MAY 2020

CLUB ACTIVITIES

It is now clear that even at a reduced Alert Level (3 or even 2), our next two scheduled monthly meetings (24 April and 8 May) are not possible. Even if the rules did allow us to hold at least the May meeting, given that we are all particularly vulnerable because of age and/or health status, it would be prudent for us not to. There is far too much at stake – it is, literally, a matter of life and death – for us to risk it. We do not want to lose any of our number.

It *may* be possible for us to hold the 12 June meeting, with appropriate physical distancing and hygiene measures, in the large meeting room we now use. Committee will have to decide on that, and let you know, closer to the event.

While it may be possible to resume our monthly meetings relatively soon, activities such as coffee mornings are likely to be off the agenda for quite some time yet. Even if suitable venues are open, that may be under conditions that make them unsuitable for larger groups such as ours. Our vulnerability also comes into it. Likewise with trips.

The Mid-winter Lunch at Ryders, currently scheduled for 26 June, is also problematic, for the same reasons. Again, Committee will have to decide closer to the date. In case it is on, the booking form for it is appended to this Newsletter.

This does not mean that you will be entirely on your own with respect to the Club until normal service can be resumed. I will continue to issue the Newsletter, though perhaps not a regularly as usual, since there will be no monthly meetings to coordinate it with for a while. There will be one to go with the (possible) June meeting.

There remains the question of content for the Newsletter. With no Club activity, there is nothing to report. Since that normally provides most of the Newsletter's content, I will be relying on material from you all. Vince Middeldorp is usually good for material. Laurie Vincent has just sent me some. I hope they will not be the only ones. Jokes, cartoons, stories, whatever. Tell us about *your* Lockdown experiences and how you coped. Remember, it is *your* Newsletter, not mine. I am just the Editor; an editor should not have to write it all, just arrange material from contributors – you.

If all else fails, I have plenty of reports of Speakers, covering my time as Editor (from October 2017), to recycle. Some of you will have already read it, but many will not. I hope they are as interesting and enjoyable second time round as first.

2020 COMMITTEE

We now have a new committee, with members from both New Lynn Men's Probus and West Auckland Men's Rebus. Note that three positions (Almoner, Hospitality and Attendance) each have two officers, one from each group, because each Almoner and Attendance Officer knows his own people, and to cope with the extra workload in the kitchen made necessary by the larger membership.

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Webmaster	Vince Middeldorp	vincemiddeldorp@gmail.com	828 5250

Note that there is a new position (though not a new member) on the Committee. Vince Middeldorp is working on a website for the Club, to give us a much-needed online presence. This will not only be of use to existing members, but should also serve to make us known to prospective new members. More on this from Vince below.

Another change is that Noel Rose has had to step down as President and Speaker Organizer for health reasons (see note from Vince below). Bill Mutch has agreed to become President. However, we do now need a new Speaker Organizer.

Secretary Vince Middeldorp has provided the following on the Committee changes outlined above:

Noel Rose has regrettably advised us he is resigning as President because he is having serious issues with his hearing despite wearing a hearing aid. He is also resigning from organizing guest speakers but has offered to assist the person assigned that role.

Bill Mutch, who was prevented from carrying on as President because the Probus constitution mandates a maximum two-year term as President, is returning to the chair. Once again, we get to enjoy Bill's dry sense of humour and railway precision timekeeping of the guest speakers.

The most memorable aspect of Noel's time as President was the way he managed the previous secretary and treasurer. Both were opposed to the club changing affiliation from Probus (Aus) to Rebus (NZ). Noel astutely defused a disruptive situation by keeping his comments from the chair to a minimum. It was a case where "the least said the better" was the right thing to do.

The club will continue to rely on Noel's projector and screen and for his continued oversight of the membership badges.

As for us members, we can continue to enjoy Noel's company at the monthly meetings and look forward to seeing Noel and Merilyne at our coffee mornings, on trips and at the mid-winter and Christmas lunches.

As also noted above, we now have a website, set up by our new Webmaster, Vince Middeldorp. Vince has provided the following about it. Feel free to while-away the (remaining?) Lockdown days exploring it, though please bear in mind that it is still very much a work in progress. You might have to Copy and Paste the link into your browser to access the site.

In late March I came across a YouTube video showing how to build a website that would cost almost nothing to run. If you had to pay, you would be looking at something like, "Linux Saver Ideal for families, clubs and small businesses" priced at \$161 + GST per annum from [Freeparking](#).

The website hosting used, "the free tier offered by Google Cloud platform." I didn't have a clue what that was.

I signed up to Google for this service with my credit card and to cut a long story short after weeks of work and many late nights I have built a website for Rebus West Auckland.

There were times when I thought I was getting nowhere and had to go back and start all over again. That even happened in the final days. But then everything came right with the main thing being my realising how this website actually worked.

The website has been built using a template from a firm of internet website developers in Rumania called ThemeIsle. I'm using the free version of the template (of course). It is called Hestia and there are 100,000+ websites around the world using it.



To look at the website I have built for the club, click here <http://www.rebuswestauckland.nz/> You are looking at the Home page. Be sure to Scroll down to see the whole page. It's the page for those who want to find out about the club and contact the club. It's not really for members.



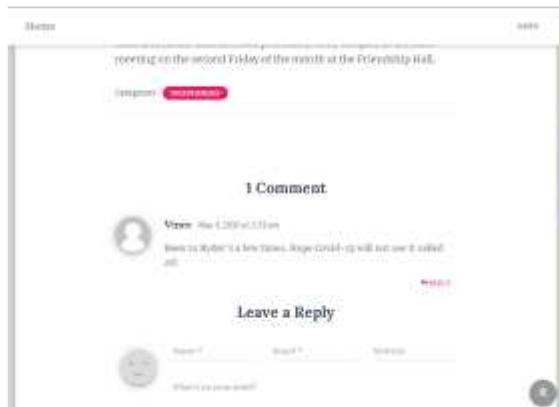
Members want to know what's happening. They already know about the club. Therefore, they need to click the link on the right at the top of the Home page marked News. That brings up this page <http://www.rebuswestauckland.nz/065c0-blog/> It has a photo of Trevor, Fay, Andrew and Janet at Ryders' Cinema. If you scroll down, you can see this page shows at a glance all the things that are coming up or have happened.



Each of the items on the News page has a page of its own. The idea is to read down on the news page to where it says "Read more" but even just clicking on the photo does the trick. Each item, such as the mid-winter lunch at Ryders, has its own separate page with the photo now shown as a header across the top. Click here to see what I mean <http://www.rebuswestauckland.nz/hello-world/>



Scroll down to the bottom of one of those pages and any member can add a comment to it. I have left a comment on the Ryders page to show how it looks. Then other members can see what is being said about the next monthly meeting, coffee morning, lunch or whatever it is.



To get the website sending out emails whenever someone filled out the contact form (on the home page) or added a comment to one of the pages, I had to sign up to an email service called sendinblue. Provided our emails remain at under 300 per day, there is no charge.

I said at the beginning that what started me off was the idea of building a website that would cost almost nothing to build or run. Last month the invoice from Google was for one cent and because the first year is free, the invoice then showed zero as the amount payable.



Don't worry too much about the content of the website. That can be changed in a matter of minutes and will be over time as I find better material to use. I just had to write anything and grab any photo I could find to get the site up and running.

Thank you, Vince, for these two articles and for the sterling work you are doing for the Club, both as Secretary and now also as Webmaster.

Because we have not had any meetings or other activities, there is nothing new for me to report. I will therefore use material from previous Newsletters to give you something to read. Some of you will have already seen this material, but newer members will not. Either way, I hope you will all enjoy it.

However, I do have some new material, provided by others.

This from Laurie Vincent.

I have remembered a radio show and newspaper story going back 65-70 years ago about the following:

In October 1955 a 70ft trading vessel named 'Joyita' left Samoa for a two day trip to Tokelau Islands. On board were 25 people and crew and general cargo including medical supplies. A search was established when the vessel failed to arrive and eventually it was discovered 36 days later 1000 miles off course near Fiji. The 'Joyita' was listing and when the vessel was searched there was no sign of passengers, crew or cargo. What happen to this modern day 'Marie Celeste'? Many theories emerged including those on board were murdered by Japanese fishermen, or they were captured and taken to Russia, or they abandoned ship on rafts to be lost or eaten by sharks. What happened to the people on board? It sure has been a mystery!

I remember in the late forties listening to the radio on a Sunday evening to the Diggers session in which a story was told about a crippled hunchback and an orphan girl who cared for wounded sea birds. The book, written by Paul Gallico, was called 'The Snow Goose'.

The young girl found an injured snow goose and took it to the man whom she knew and who had built a shed on a deserted beach front, so that he could house and look after injured birds. One day the old man told the girl he had to leave the beach and sail his small craft to a place named Dunkirk. The girl feared for the old man and urged him not to go. "I must go", he said, "I'm needed, just like the snow goose needed me". The story ended as two rescued soldiers talked of the crippled man lying dead in his small craft after he had rescued several soldiers.

"Yeah, it was very strange" said one to the other. "Flying in circles above the craft was this blimmin' snow goose. It was so weird".

It was a sad story but also inspiring and Gallico wrote another book later which became a top movie about some passengers who escaped from an upturned passenger liner. The book is "The Posiedon Adventure".

Thanks for that Laurie. If you want to while-away the lockdown hours, you can find more online:

Joyita: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/MV_Joyita

The Snow Goose: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Snow_Goose:_A_Story_of_Dunkirk

The Poseidon Adventure: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Poseidon_Adventure_\(novel\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Poseidon_Adventure_(novel)) and [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Poseidon_Adventure_\(1972_film\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Poseidon_Adventure_(1972_film)).

This ode came to me via SeniorNet West Auckland (<http://seniornet-west-auckland.org.nz/>), from Jan Beaumont, who provided the following introduction.

I thought you might be interested in using my original poem to share with your members [SeniorNet]. It went viral last month and was shared around the world. Unfortunately on its journey it was somehow often attributed to Pam Ayres even though Pam has publicly stated its my work.

Anyway, being of a senior age myself (I live in Logan Campbell Retirement Village in Greenlane) I thought this might appeal.

PS please feel free to swap the word 'bloody' for 'awful' in the penultimate verse and 'flaming flour' if you think the word 'bloody' may cause offence. I'm pretty sure it won't in this day and age though!

Lets All Drink to Lockdown
By Jan Beaumont ©

I'm normally a social girl
I love to meet my mates
But lately with the virus here
We can't go out the gates.

You see, we are the 'oldies' now
We need to stay inside
If they haven't seen us for a while
They'll think we've upped and died.

They'll never know the things we did
Before we got this old
There wasn't any Facebook
So not everything was told.

We may seem sweet old ladies
Who would never be uncouth
But we grew up in the 60s –
If you only knew the truth!

There was sex and drugs and rock 'n roll
The pill and miniskirts
We smoked, we drank, we partied
And were quite outrageous flirts.

Then we settled down, got married
And turned into someone's mum,
Somebody's wife, then nana,
Who on earth did we become?

We didn't mind the change of pace
Because our lives were full
But to bury us before we're dead
Is like red rag to a bull!

So here you find me stuck inside
For 4 weeks, maybe more
I finally found myself again
Then I had to close the door!

It didn't really bother me
I'd wile away the hour
I'd bake for all the family
But I've got no bloody flour!

Now Netflix is just wonderful
I like a gutsy thriller
I'm swooning over Idris
Or some random sexy killer.

At least I've got a stash of booze
For when I'm being idle
There's wine and whiskey, even gin
If I'm feeling suicidal!

So let's all drink to lockdown
To recovery and health
And hope this bloody virus
Doesn't decimate our wealth.

We'll all get through the crisis
And be back to join our mates
Just hoping I'm not far too wide
To fit through the flaming gates!

The Club's two major activities are Speakers and Trips. Sometimes it is possible to combine the two.

The guest speaker at the November 2017 meetings was **Noel McKay** (hosted by Alan Seagar), speaking on "The Auckland War Memorial Museum". Noel is a volunteer at the Museum. He told us about the history of the Museum and of his experiences working there.

Noel began his talk the same way he begins each tour he leads, with a Maori greeting referring to the 'heap of treasures' it contains on its current site of Pukekawa - 'the Hill of Bitter Tears', referring to its ancient role in intertribal conflicts.

Locals don't – won't – pay to enter (we already contribute through our rates), but visitors are quite happy to pay. In fact, increasing the entrance fee they pay only attracts even more of them!

Noel stressed that the Museum is about precious items – items that are precious to us as a community and society, but not necessarily valuable in a monetary



Noel displaying a humble but meaningful artefact

sense. He gave the example of Crown Lynn ceramics – specifically a simple, handleless cup. Insignificant in itself, but valuable as an example of our past. Crown Lynn began making field tiles in Hobsonville, to drain swampy land for agriculture. Later, they moved to New Lynn and associated with Astley's tanneries. They used the salt by-product of the tanning process to glaze their tiles. Initially thriving under import protection, and boosted by wartime American military needs, their surviving products illustrate an important aspect of our history. Humble, but meaningful.

The present, imposing structure in the Domain is the third building to house the Auckland Museum (for more on this visit <http://www.aucklandmuseum.com/your-museum/about-us/history-of-auckland-museum>). Its first two were small, repurposed buildings in Princes Street, dating back to the 1880s. The current building originated in the 1920s, when Aucklanders decided that they wanted a proper museum, as befitting their city's standing. It being soon after the Great War (aka World War I), they also wanted it to be a fitting memorial to its dead. Hence, Auckland War Memorial Museum. Stone, brick and marble were used widely in the neo-classical building, whose columns reflected its importance. No expense was spared, which attracted widespread criticism at the time and resulted in the extensions of the 1960s being built much more economically: concrete featured prominently then, though made to look like masonry.

The 1920s Museum was seen as a repository of valuables, and not so valuables. The main concern seems to have been to keep the dust off. They should have been more concerned with the light, which is the real threat to artefacts, especially organic ones. It was therefore built with large windows, which have since been covered, to minimize light damage to the displays.

The third phase of the building came in the 1990s, when more room was needed to house the Museum's expanding needs. In 1999 the open area inside the curved 1960s extension to the back of the original 1920s structure was dug out and built up to provide three floors of extra space. Because of the presence of a nearby reservoir and carpark, this was not easy. However, a conference centre, an education centre and an auditorium were successfully inserted into the space, suspended on four legs independently of the original structure. In line with the times, solar panels have been installed on the roof, providing some of the power the Museum uses. Air conditioning has been installed (vital to providing the stable environment needed to help preserve the Museum's holdings). There was originally no air conditioning, although the structure of the building (double walls) did provide passive cooling.

Noel's role is to show a range of visitors around the Museum. Casual visitors usually find their own way around. Groups of independent tourists pay \$25 per person to be shown around. Groups from cruise ships (90 ships per year, each with 100-150 people) and other special groups get a 1 hour tours of the Museum's highlights. Noel looks after these groups, being one of the 5 (of a total 50 guides) 'wranglers', so-called because these visitors need to be specially organised to cope with their special needs, such as physical infirmity. It is a good source of income for the Museum, so it is well worth the effort. There is a wide variety of visitors, once having 150 Chinese school children (with English-speaking teachers), 120 Japanese, as well as German- and Spanish-speakers. Interesting work!

This being the centenary of World War I, there are many activities marking this at the Museum, often with military involvement, as well as many prominent visitors. The names of the dead, from the Auckland Province, are inscribed in the Memorial. These were paid for by their families, at one shilling per letter. Most of the cost of the Memorial was raised locally, so it is important for Aucklanders.

The Museum's holdings need to be cared for carefully, so that they do not deteriorate while in the Museum's care. Noel tells of a stuffed kiwi, which the Museum loaned to another museum. This museum was not as careful with it as it should have been, so that the kiwi returned to Auckland without its feathers. This naked kiwi is kept as a reminder of the need for constant care. To this end, new acquisitions are first frozen for 3 weeks, to kill any bugs they might contain. Constant care must be taken to limit exposure to light, which degrades organic material.

It is also a constant struggle to stop people from interfering with the displays, or even stealing them. Noel tells of a gold frog from South America that was stolen. Although soon recovered, it didn't really matter. The thieves actually took a plastic replica – the gold original was safely locked away in secure storage.

Much of the material in the Museum, especially the Maori material, is on loan to the Museum, there to be preserved and protected, but still belonging to to the tribe. One such object is the 'Kaitaia Lintel', found in a swamp near Kaitaia. This 600-year-old object is quite unlike later Maori material, but more Polynesian in style. It was created by early Maori before they became Maori and were still essentially Polynesians. Equally early is a fishing lure from Tairua, which incorporates a type of shell that is not found in New Zealand, but is from the mid Pacific. A small object, but one that highlights the Polynesian origins of Maori.

The Museum's collection is selective. It concentrates on New Zealand and the wider Pacific, with quite a lot of Asian material, but very little from elsewhere, such as Egypt.

The Museum is currently being rearranged, to make it easier to navigate through the displays. In fact, most of the material held by the Museum is not on display, but in storage or being conserved behind the scenes. All the Museum's holdings are being put online, to make them more accessible to all.

Noel enjoys working at the Museum. It is an interesting place, full of interesting people. There is a lot going on there: exhibits, a library full of historical material. Special historical material, such as scrap books, containing family histories. The trivia of life, and so all the more important for what it can tell us about life in the past.

Question Time brought to light some interesting facts about the Museum. The Museum does sometimes buy objects, such as Baden-Powell's desk. It is an important Maori location, both in its history and in its contents. It is comparable to other museums, especially with respect to things Maori and Polynesian, and has a good reputation. It exchanges with other museums, both material and people. Its ever-changing displays now include more on the New Zealand Wars. It is now up to modern earthquake standards, with secure storage of originals, with replicas on display. Noel was not sure of just how many visitors it has, but it is probably in the order of several thousand per day.

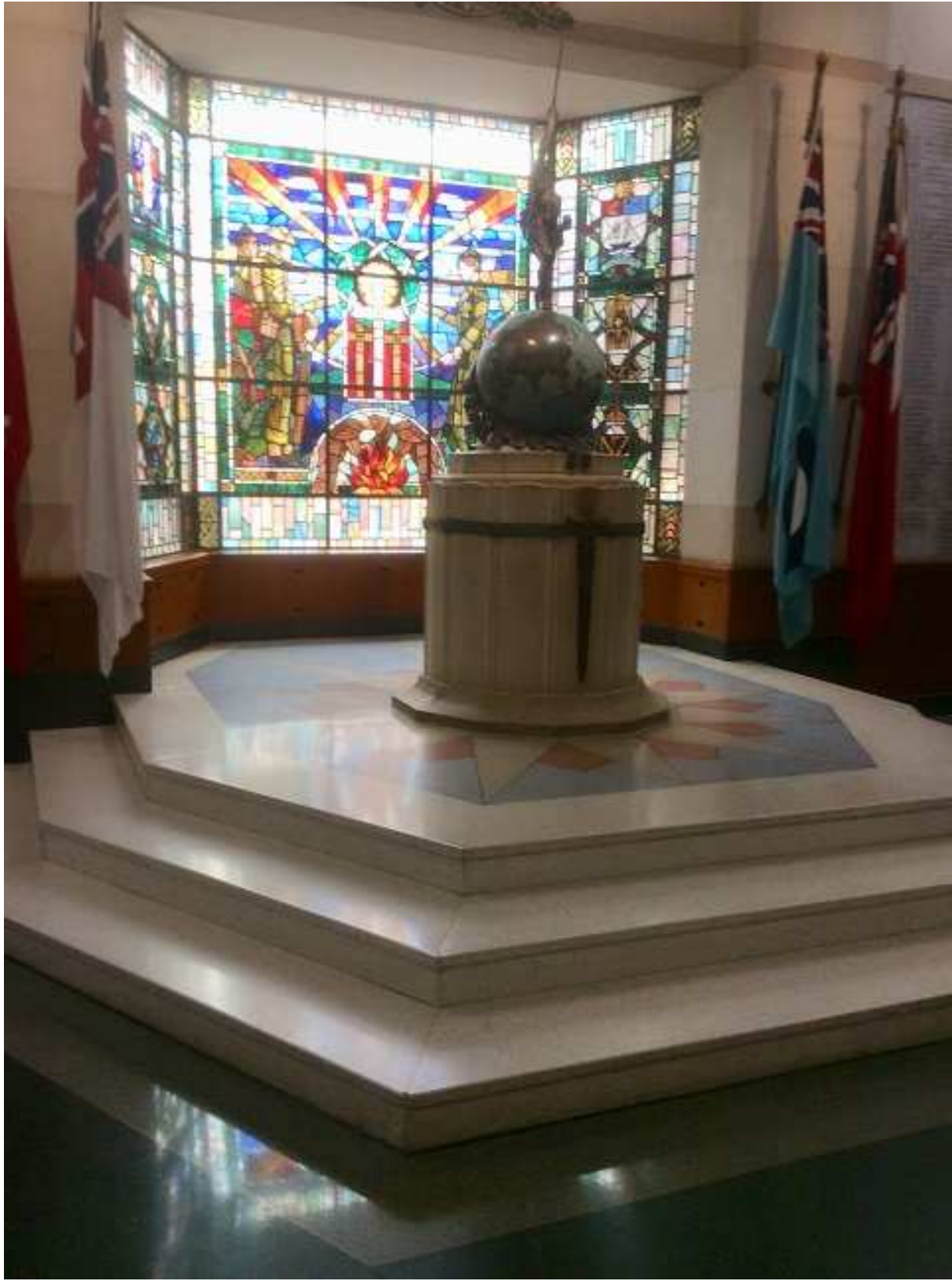
Surely, a trip there is called for. So it came to pass, albeit not for another year.

On Wednesday 24 October 10 members (and one wife) had a most enjoyable trip to the Auckland War Memorial Museum. You may recall the very interesting talk by Noel McKay, a guide at the Museum, on the Museum, at the November 2017 meeting, and reported in the December 2017 Newsletter. Noel gave us a guided tour of the Museum. Most interesting and informative. Noel concentrated on the New Zealand and, to a lesser extent, Pacific aspects of the Museum. The tour was long enough (1¼ hours) only for a quick run-through of the enormous amount of material on display, but quite enough to whet our appetites for more. Well worth a more leisurely return visit.

We arrived in the Domain an hour before our tour was due to begin, so many of us had a look around the adjacent Wintergardens. Well worth a visit in their own right.

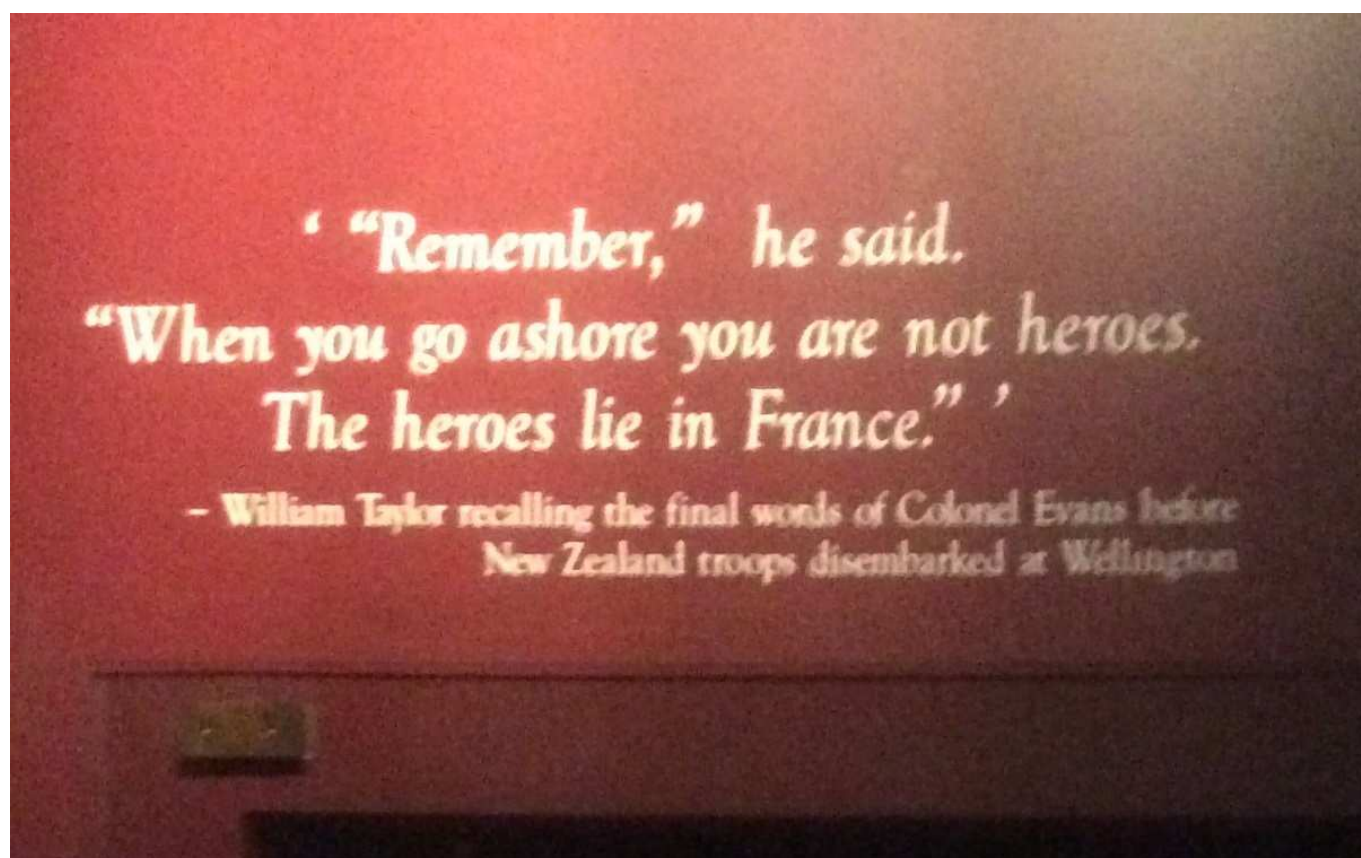
With the centenary of the Armistice approaching, one important aspect of the visit was the field of crosses in front of the Museum – one for each soldier from the Auckland Province killed in World War One. A sobering sight.

Some photos, courtesy of Jewel Laloli,



In Memoriam

I



Says it all



Cultural icons



Roger with his uncle's cross



Comparing attributes



Waiting for the bus

This was actually the last time we had the numbers to allow a Coach Trip outing: all subsequent outings have been Gold Card affairs, where numbers are less important. Now that we have many more members, hopefully we will be able to resume Coach Trips, which will allow us to venture further afield.

We also have Club Speakers. These are normally new members, telling us something about themselves, so that we can know them better. One such was John McKeown (September 2017):

John McKeown began with a discourse on the correct pronunciation of his surname, which people invariably get wrong. I won't try to get phonetic here – you had to be there! With a surname like mine, I sympathise. He was initially attracted to us by the talk on NZ Opera.

He started by noting that, being Irish, he had kissed the Blarney Stone, and proceeded to prove it.

John was born in 1950 in a two-up, two-down in Foundry Street, East Belfast, the 5th child of 13 (only 8 of whom survived to adulthood) to a poor working class catholic family. Times were hard: after dressing up for Mass on Sunday, on Monday their mother would take their best clothes to the local pawnbroker (“Uncle Matt”), for enough money to last until their father was paid on Friday, then redeem the clothes on Saturday, for next Sunday’s Mass. His childhood was difficult, but happy.



The big local employer was the Harland and Wolfe Shipyard. Although it employed only Protestants, John’s father, a painter and decorator, did have protestant friends, and was able to get work there. However, he was warned to beware of red-hot rivets falling on his head. The reality of sectarianism. This

was the height of “The Troubles”, with protestant Orangemen regarding the Battle of the Boyne (1690) as yesterday. This eventually prompted the whole family to move to New Zealand.

John was the first member of his family, or indeed of his neighbourhood, to pass his 11+ exams. This gave him entry to grammar (secondary) school, and then university. After St Malachy’s College, he went to the University of Ulster. He decided against Trinity, in Dublin, or an English university, because he wanted to stay local.

While at university he was invited to join the IRA. Although in favour of a united Ireland, he declined, because he was not prepared to kill for it. Also, he did not want to risk being interned, which would prevent him from going to New Zealand with the rest of his family. The seriousness of this situation was highlighted several years later, when he was watching on TV the funeral of an IRA man who had been killed in action, and realised that the deceased was his cousin. His mother’s staunchly Republican family, did not approve of his father, because he had served in the Royal Navy during the Second World War.

After his father’s death, John learned that his father had not been the only member of the family to have “fought for the enemy”, as it were. An ancestor, Corporal James Salamander Devlin of the 4th Light Dragoons, had taken part in the Charge of the Light Brigade, during the Crimean War. Severely wounded, he had been evacuated to Scutari Hospital, where he quite likely was nursed by Florence Nightingale, and was subsequently presented to Queen Victoria.

Corporal Devlin’s unusual middle name probably indicated that he had been born on a ship named the “Salamander”; a common practice at the time. This led to speculation that had John been born on the “Titanic” (which was built at the Harland and Wolfe shipyard), he would be John Titanic McKeown.

John’s eldest brother Tommy migrated to New Zealand in 1967, and his father in 1971. The rest of the family joined them in 1972. John was the last of the family to come, in late 1973, once he had finished his studies. He could have come on a £25 assisted passage, but preferred to pay his own way (£500), so that he could go back if he did not like New Zealand. In fact, he fell in love with the place and has been here ever since.

Ideally, having a Club Speaker requires us to have a new Club member. Unfortunately, this has tended to be a rare event, so we have often had to resort to recycling old members. One such is **Neil Castle**, a versatile fellow who has entertained and informed us on more than one occasion. It is hard to tell whether he is a Club Speaker or a Guest Speaker; perhaps we should ignore the distinction and regard Neil as what he really is: a class of his own. Either way, one such occasion was in August 2018, when he told us of *one* of his interests, *Panning for Gold*.

Neil is a keen amateur gold miner, with an extensive collection of photographs documenting his very successful panning for gold in the West Coast of the South Island. As well as an extensive photographic record of his activities, he also displayed – and demonstrated – some of the equipment he uses. He also passed around - but not out! - some of the gold he has found – about \$1500 worth. He does not sell what he finds. If he did, he would barely cover his costs. Very much a hobby, not a business.



Bill introducing Neil



Neil explaining the finer points of gold prospecting to Bill

Since one picture is worth a thousand words, I will let Neil's photographs speak for themselves.

Head down. Arse up. Suction pump in action



Water and gravel rushing through the sluice box. Any gold being caught in matting or behind riffles. Everything else shooting out the back of the sluice box.

Two of Neil's sluice boxes. Big one in two sections, riffles not shown. Note the large lump of iron pyrites (Fool's Gold). It was on display at the talk.



We moved many rocks to create the water on the right, higher than on the left to provide sufficient flow of water to move gravel through the sluice box. The pile of gravel on the left of the box has already passed through, and has been shovelled to the side. Ideally a stronger flow of water would carry the gravel away.



Flow of water not sufficient to run sluice box. We moved down stream 25 metres.



The big slopper. Takes 2 men to feed. Smoko time.



Big Jeff. His first trip with me 6' 4" and 124 kgs. Feeding the medium size slobber. Champion bloke.



Warren with the medium size slobber, pump hose and shovel. We found good gold in the area where he is standing. We dig the top 4" to 8" usually.



Spent a couple of days working here. Pump in creek about 40 metres away. Piles of tailings we have cleaned up. Note water running off end of slobber. The creek is well away to the left.



My homemade slobber under construction



My slobber in action. Worked brilliantly.

Up in the gorse at flood level. Gold. Where she be, there she be.



Sit on my seat and shovel paydirt into my miniature sluice. It doesn't come any easier than that. The perfect set up.

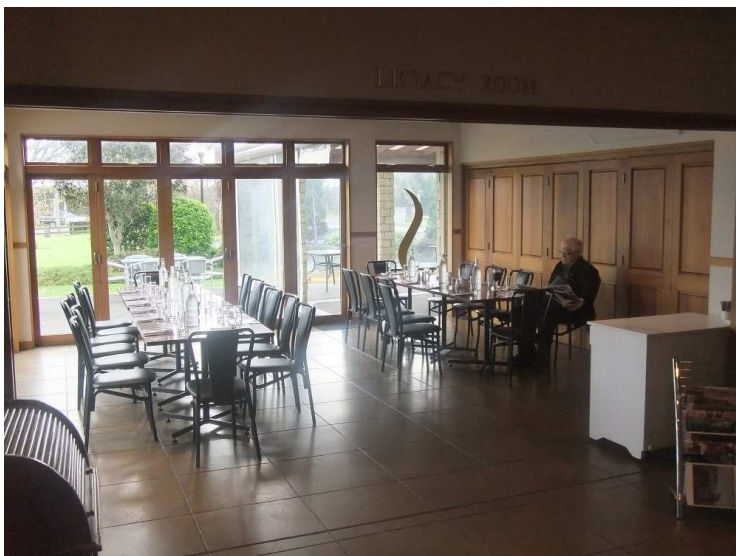


Thank you, Neil. A most interesting talk. I know you have much more material. I'm sure we all look forward to seeing it. Actually, there is more, for future Lockdown issues.

As well as these informative events, we also had social events. The highlight of our Annual Social Calendar is the **Mid Winter Lunch**.

On Wednesday 12 June [2019] 25 members and spouses (7 spouses, including 2 widows of recently-deceased members) enjoyed our Annual Mid-Winter Lunch at the now traditional venue, Soljans. In the past, I have been less than enthusiastic about Soljans, but this year they assuaged my concerns. We were in a different, more open and lighter, room and had a set menu delivered to the table, not a buffet. The menu was not the one advertised in previous issues of the Newsletter. Although more limited (and cheaper) it was still delicious and enjoyable.

The venue:



Paying:



By way of comparison, the hoi poloi in the outer zone:



Waiting:



Taking orders:



Mr & Mrs Castle ponder the menu:



Our Leader, welcoming us:



Framed:



Jolly, but still vertical:



Dessert:



Conversation before calories:



Cuppa and conversation:



The Elders setting the world to rights:



Membership guru pressing the flesh:



All-in-all, a most enjoyable outing. It was especially nice to have not just spouses of existing members, but also to have widows of members who are, unfortunately, no longer with us. Their continued presence is a welcome sense of continuity.

Mid Winter Lunches are not our only social events. Starting last August, we now also have a monthly **Coffee Morning**. At the August meeting, Justin Griffith suggested that we have a Coffee Morning once a month, on the third Friday. He also suggested that we have it at a different place each month. This inaugural Coffee Morning was at the Swanson Station Cafe. Eight members and four spouses attended:



Rodger insisted that I should not miss out being photographed, just because I was behind the camera:

It wasn't just coffee on the menu:



Well, it was that time of day!

I was not the only one who lunched well

A good time was had by all. Coffee Morning seems set to be a regular feature in our Calendar. The idea is to meet at a different place each month. Any suggestions to Outings Organiser Ian Smith (836 2293 or ismith435@gmail.com).

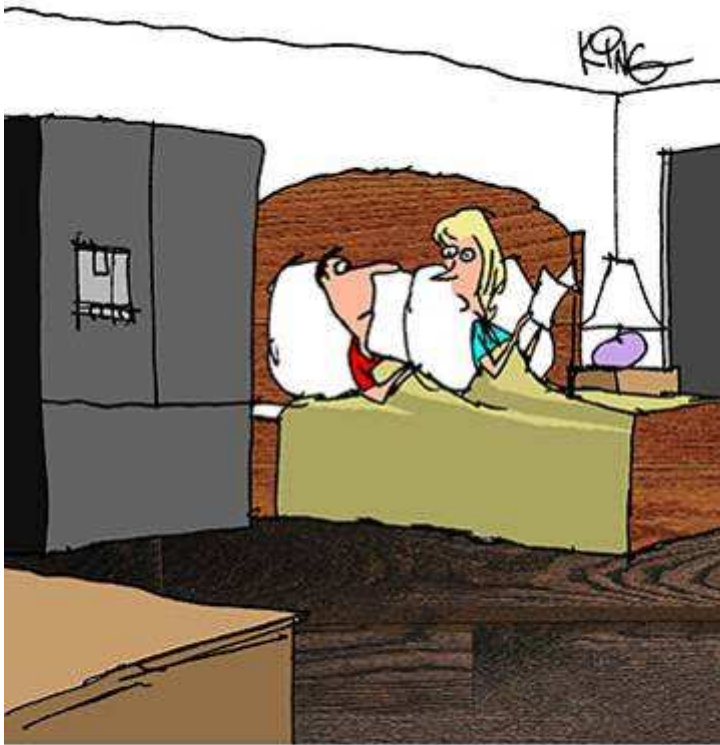
Personally, I would prefer places handy to public transport, as Swanson and King's are. King's can be reached on 14T or 14W (New Lynn via Henderson to Westgate): get off at Lincoln North (by Countdown and Pak 'n' Save) on Lincoln Road, then walk along Central Park Drive; or on 146 (Henderson to Waitakere): get off on Central Park Drive outside Lincoln North Countdown.

Coffee Mornings have proved to be popular, although attendance has been variable. Until the Lockdown, we had managed to have one every month, including during the Summer break, when we are normally inactive. Hopefully, these, and our other, activities will resume before too long.

Until that happy day, you will have to make do with my literary attempts. In the absence of new Club events to report, I will continue to recycle previous events. Some of you will have already read these, and may even have featured in them. I hope you will enjoy experiencing them again, albeit vicariously. Some of you will have joined the Club too recently to have experienced these events directly. I hope these accounts will show you what a fun bunch we are at West Auckland Mens' Rebus and that it confirms the wisdom of your joining us.

COMIC CORNER

There still being space in this Newsletter, and plenty of time for you pass reading it, now for some humorous material garnered for far and wide. Enjoy.



"If you don't plan on snacking at night, then why did you move the refrigerator in here?"





Itsthetie.com



Coronavirus has turned us all into dogs. We roam the house all day looking for food. We're told 'no' if we get too close to strangers. And we get really excited about car rides.



"The tunnel leads right to the treat isle at the pet store. Apparently, they put their differences aside for a common cause."



"The boss said I could be replaced with a trained monkey. At the time I thought he was joking."

Happy hour is starting earlier and earlier, if this keeps up I'll be pouring wine in my cereal



Did a load of pajamas today so I would have work clothes for the final week of level 4.

This is Wilson. He is now working from home 😊



Finally, something to ponder while awaiting the next Newsletter or the end of Lockdown, whichever comes first.

An optimist believes that we live in the best of all possible worlds. A pessimist fears that the optimist is right.

It might therefore be better to be a pessimist than an optimist. That way, you may be pleasantly surprised, but you will never be disappointed. Or is it the other way round? I can never remember.

Finally, some contributions from *Wrinklies' Wit & Wisdom: Humorous Quotes About Getting On a Bit*:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.
William Shakespeare

Age is just a Number

I'm very pleased to be here. Let's face it, at my age I'm pleased to be anywhere.
George Burns

He was either a man of about 150 who was rather young for his years, or a man of about 110 who had been troubled by age.
P.G. Wodehouse

I'm as old as my tongue and a little bit older than my teeth.
Kris Kringle, Miracle on 34th Street

*Age is a matter of mind over matter. If you don't mind, age don't matter
I don't know how old I am because the goat ate the Bible that had my birth certificate in it. The goat lived to be 27
How old would you be if you didn't know how old you were?*
Satchel Paige

Age is something that doesn't matter, unless you are a cheese.
Billie Burke

'When I was your age ...' No one is ever anyone else's age, except physically.
Faith Baldwin

It is a sobering thought that when Mozart was my age he had been dead for two years.
Tom Lehrer

I can lie convincingly about my age because at my age I can't always remember what it is.
Violet Conti

If a Renaissance or Georgian man could return he would be as much astonished by the sight of two or three thousand septuagenarians and octogenarians lining a south-coast resort on a summer's day as he would by a television set. His was a world where it was the exception to be grey.
Ronald Blythe

The Seven Ages of Man

The seven ages of man have become preschooler, Pepsi generation, baby boomer, mid-lifer, empty-nester, senior citizen, and organ donor.
Bill Cosby

The three ages of man: youth, middle age, and 'You're looking wonderful!'
Dore Schary

There are three stages of man: he believes in Santa Clause; he does not believe in Santa Claus; he is Santa Claus.
Bob Phillips

My mother used to say the seven ages were: childhood, adolescence, adulthood, middle age, elderly, old, and wonderful.
Mary Wilson

It has begun to occur to me that life is a stage I'm going through.
Ellen Goodman

Happy Birthday to You?

For all the advances in medicine, there is still no cure for the common birthday.
John Glenn

A diplomat is a man who always remembers a woman's birthday but never remembers her age.
Robert Frost

Birthdays are nature's way of telling us to eat more cake.
Jo Brand

Birthdays are good for you. Statistics show that the people who have the most live the longest.
Larry Lorenzoni

Growing old is like being increasingly penalized for a crime you haven't committed.
Anthony Powell

There is nothing to be said in favour of growing old. There ought to be legislation against it.
Patrick Moore

One problem with growing older is that it gets increasingly tougher to find a famous historical figure who didn't amount to much when he was your age.
Bill Vaughan

I don't believe that one grows older. I think that what happens early in life is that at a certain age one stands still and stagnates.
T.S. Eliot

There are people whose watch stops at a certain hour and who remain permanently at that age.
Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve

Many people die at 25 and aren't buried until they are 75.
Max Frisch

Growing old is no more than a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form.
André Maurois

Why do we get older? Why do our bodies wear out? Why can't we just go on and on, accumulating a potentially infinite number of Frequent Flyer mileage points?
Dave Barry

Old age and sickness bring out the essential characteristics of a man.
Felix Frankfurter

It's sad to grow old, but nice to ripen.
Brigitte Bardot

A good old age can be the crown of our life's experience, the masterwork of a lifetime.
Helen Nearing

Growing old is something you do if you're lucky.
Groucho Marx

When the Pope Starts Looking Young – Signs You're Getting Older

There are three signs of old age: loss of memory ... I forget the other two.
Red Skelton

I knew I was getting old when the Pope started looking young.
Billy Wilder

An uncle of mine, a retired headmaster, said that the first time he felt old was when he was in a queue at his local post office to collect his old age pension and found himself behind a former pupil who was there for the same purpose.

Paul Kelvin-Smith

True terror is to wake up one morning and discover that your high school class is running the country.

Kurt Vonnegut

I was in a coffee shop doing a survey for free drinks, The age bracket tick were: 16-21; 21-27; 27-35; 35-50. I am over 50 and I realized I am one tick box away from death.

Anon

If, at the age of 30, you were stiff and out of shape, then you are old. If, at 60, you are supple and strong, then you are young.

John Pilates

Signs you are getting on a bit: your back hurts; you eat food past its sell-by date; your carpet is patterned; you go supermarket shopping in the evening to pick up marked-down bargains; you can spell; you hang your clothes on padded coat hangers; you save the hearing aid flyer that falls out of the colour supplement; you try to get electrical gadgets repaired when they go wrong; you save the free little packets of sugar from cafés; you have worn a knitted swimsuit; when you watch black and white films you spend the whole time pointing at the screen going, 'He's dead ... She's dead ...; your car stereo is tuned to Radio 2.

Colin Slater

You know you're getting older if you have more fingers than real teeth.

Rodney Dangerfield

One of the signs of old age is that you have to carry your senses around in your handbag – glasses, hearing aid, dentures. Etc.

Kurt Strauss

I contemplated buying a new cream that claimed to stop the 7 signs of ageing and wondered what they might be. Incontinence? Talking about the weather? Wearing slippers? Memory loss? Compulsive need to queue up at the post office? Memory loss? Inability to comprehend the lyrics of pop songs?

Maria McErlane

You know you're getting old when you feel like the day after the night before and you haven't even been anywhere.

Milton Berle

You know you're knocking on when you get to the top of the stairs and can't remember what you went up for. So you go back downstairs to help you remember what you went upstairs for. You finally remember what you went upstairs for so up you go again but when you find it you have forgotten why you wanted it.

Millicent Kemp

You know you're getting old when you open the fridge door and can't remember if you are putting something in or taking something out.

Lottie Robson

You know you're getting old when your grown children get you as a present one of those stupid books about 'the joys of ageing'.

Garrison Keillor

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You know you're getting old when you turn out the lights for economic reasons instead of romantic ones.

Herbert J. Kavet

You know you're getting on when you start getting symptoms in the places you used to get urges.

Denis Norden

You know you're getting old when your wife believes your excuses for getting home late.

Basil Ransome-Davies

You know you're old when your family talk about you in front of you. What are we going to do with Pop? We have company tonight.

Rodney Dangerfield

Twice Nightly Whiteley? Sometimes it's Thrice Nightly Whitely. That man is a martyr to his baldder.

Kathryn Apanowicz, partner of Richard Whiteley

You know you are getting old when you're interested in going home before you get where you're going.

Alan Mainwaring

A man knows he is growing old because he begins to look like his father.

Gabriel García Márquez

You know you're getting old when a 4-letter word for something pleasurable two people can do in bed is R-E-A-D.

Denis Norden

You know you're getting old when you stoop to tie your shoelaces and you wonder what else you can do while you're down there.

George Burns

If you are wondering who some of these quotees are, don't ask me, I don't know either. If you are sufficiently computer-savvy to read this Newsletter online, you should be sufficiently computer-savvy to Google them (or the quotes). It will help pass the time. Let me know what you find – for future Newsletters.

But I'm keeping the very best advice to last:



FUTURE EVENTS

Our Mid-winter lunch, at Ryders, was scheduled for Friday 26 June, but, thanks to you-know-what, that is uncertain. Hopefully we will be able to have it later in the year, perhaps as our Christmas Lunch, in place of the usual in-house do.

OTHER

The Rebus Federation is looking for photos for its 2021 Calendar. This information about that from the Khandallah Rebus website (forwarded by Vince):

REBUS NZ INC - Photographic Competition 2021 - for Rebus Pictorial Calendar.

We hope that some of you shutterbugs have already put aside your entry to this year's competition. As we like to have seasonal shots related to the months on which they appear, don't let the summer, autumn or winter go by without getting that special shot.

A copy of the 2021 Rules follow:

- Photos to be submitted in jpeg format to admin@rebus.nz
- Aspect Ratio 16:9 (not 4:3 as cropping to achieve 16:9 can eliminate photo from selection). Check your Camera/phone settings.
- Format to be Landscape NOT Portrait. (Horizontal width greater than height)
- They need to be reasonably high resolution for good reproduction – not less than 3 MB.
- Photo subject to be an eye-catching scene found only in your Club's district.
- The photographer to be either a member - or member's spouse.
- Date photo taken to be between 15th Sept 2019 and 15th Sept 2020.
- Entries closing date is 15th Sept 2020 – but feel free to send them in earlier please.
- Judging will be by the Rebus Board with any member who may have entered a photo, not participating in the selection.
- In addition to the 12 photos selected, 12 highly commended miniatures with attribution to the photographer, will be published on the rear page.
- Members' Photos may be submitted directly to Rebus, but if a competition is being run by a Club internally, a maximum of 5 entries will be accepted from the Club after local judging.

It is anticipated that the price per Calendar will remain at \$10 with orders being sought later in the year.

You can download the Rebus Federation Constitution at <https://www.rebus.nz/documents>, where it is listed under *Rules of Rebus NZ*. It was originally intended to append it to this Newsletter, but 13 pages is too long.

If you are not already in the habit of doing so, you should consult the SuperSeniors site (<http://www.superseniors.ms.govt.nz/>), where you can find much useful and interesting information, as well as sign-up to their Newsletter.

We still need a Speaker Organizer. You can either volunteer or have your shoulder tapped. Until we can arrange more Guest Speakers, we could fill the calendar with Club Speakers. We now have plenty of 'new' members, who can tell us about themselves. I think we should also have a meeting without speakers, but rather have an extended morning tea so that members from both groups, who are still largely new to each other, can meet, mingle and get to know each other.

If anyone has any views, opinions, information, requests or questions they want to share with members, please do not hesitate to send them to me, so that I can include them in the Newsletter. This is especially important now that the Club's other activities are on hold.

If you have any queries or problems with distribution, please raise them with Secretary Vince Middeldorp (vincemiddeldorp@gmail.com or 828 5250). Vince is responsible for distribution, I for content. Any contributions are most welcome (JohnMihaljevicNZ@gmail.com).

John Mihaljevic (Newsletter Editor)