U3A Newsletter

Christmas 2024

Special Christmas Meeting

Tuesday 10 December
10am - 12 noon
Senior Citizens Centre, 104 Lonsdale St, Hamilton.

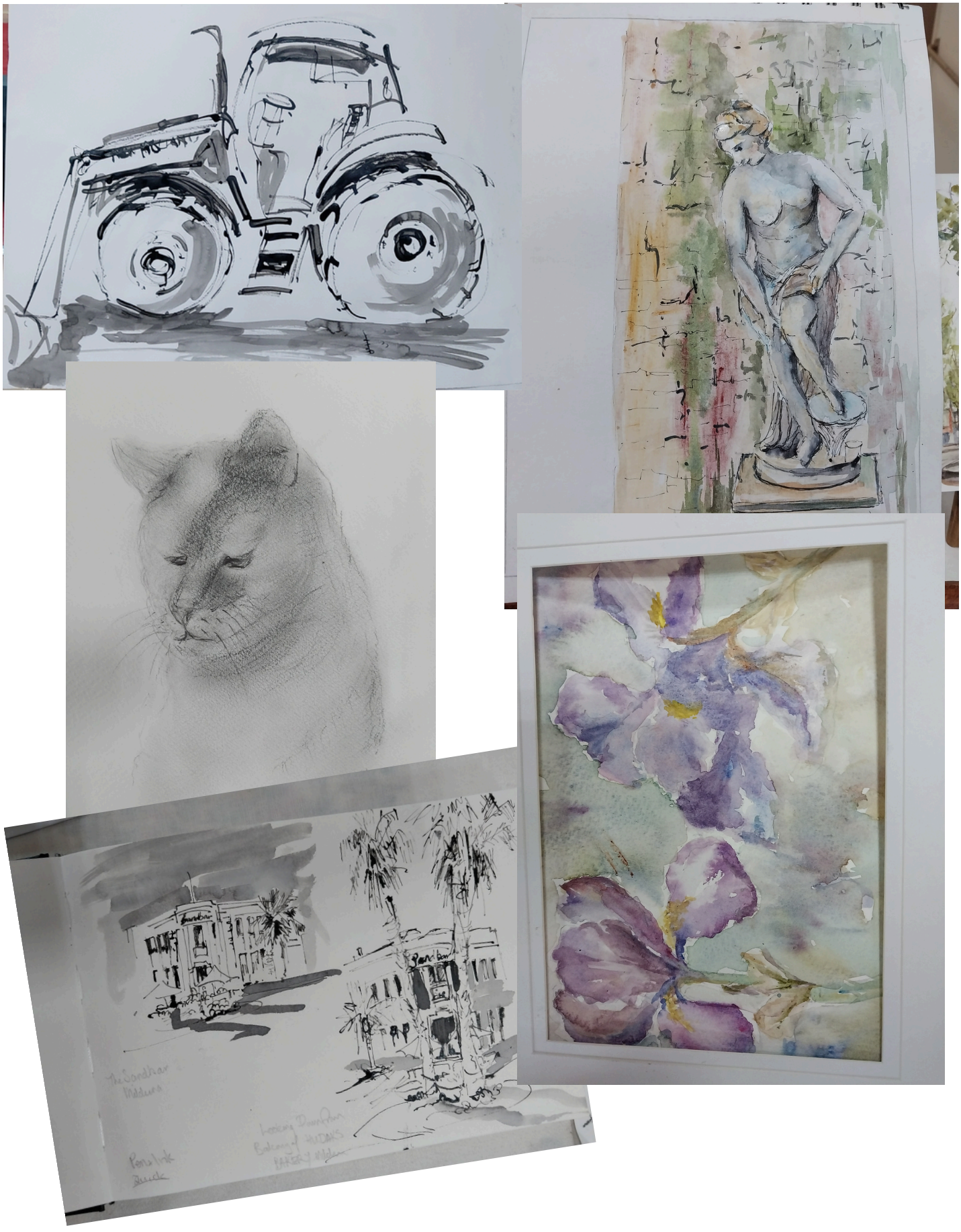
Bring a plate of sweet or savoury treats to share!

Photos from the Werribee Trip

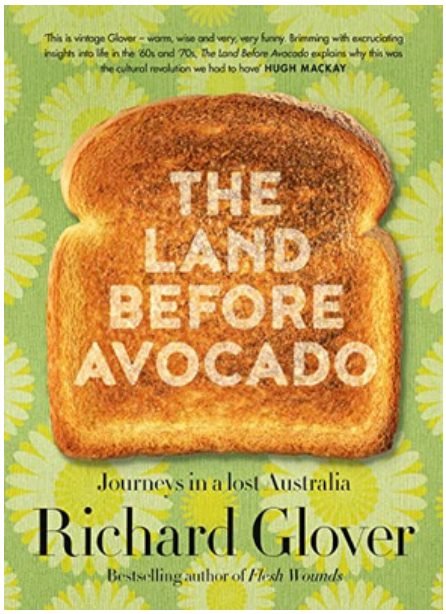
Read on for...

- Meeting Minutes
- Photos from the Art Group
- Book of the month: The Land Before Avocado
- Film of the month: Sanctum
- From the Writers Group: "when I tell the truth" by Anna Puls

A collage of work from our Art Club



Bookclub Book of the Month



The Land Before Avocado

by Richard Glover

In this lighthearted book Richard Glover looks at life in Australia in the 60's and 70's to see if life really was better in the old days,
Have things changed for better or worse and where are we headed.
It doesn't seem that long ago but looking back can make for amusing and appalling reading. The author looks at many aspects of life including alcohol - driving and consumption, parenting, education, food, fashion to name only a few.

For example, early attempts at outdoor dining/coffee drinking resulted in police action as the one outdoor table could have become a hazard.

Many recipes for entertaining suggested how recipes could be enhanced just by adding a can of pineapple and what you couldn't do with a can of soup and a bit of meat didn't bear thinking about.

No fault divorce wasn't introduced until 1975. Prior to that there was a lot of work for private detectives.

It was 1983 before a married Australian woman no longer required her husband's permission to be issued a passport.

Until 1984 a married woman usually couldn't open a bank account, purchase property or maintain a credit card without her husband's permission.

My 40 yo daughter was horrified at some of the research and laws etc of that period. She wondered if I was in fact reading a novel.

Happily many things have changed for the better but there is still room for improvement.

Richard Glover has written a number of bestselling books and until his recent retirement had a program on ABC radio.

Book Club Coordinator

Rhonda Main

Meeting Minutes

General Meeting 12 November 2024

Apologies J Howell, B Woodward, R Brader, J Storer, Ann Boland, D and W Davies
Attendance 35
Speaker today: Beth Tonnison
Minutes of previous meeting: none due to seniors week event at Baptist church
Business arising:
Defibrillator to be installed by member of senior citizens centre (Val to arrange)
Big thank you to all who helped at Senior s week with catering etc and M Langford for arranging speakers for all of our meetings .(unsung hero)
Treasurers report:Toal $8,599.35 Loss $1,800.16 (defibrillator,new speaker)
Motion to accept E McLean seconded A Pederick
Interest groups
Trips : Marg Langford spoke about planned combined trips with Probus such as Adelaide by train around April and this month s overnight to Werribee.
Verbal reports from our other groups which are going well.
Our zoom meeting is on going with David Ingham on the Industrial Revolution
Next meeting December for Christmas bring a savoury or sweet plate please
Our quiz master Bob entertained us as usual (always fun)
meeting closed 11am
May Ferguson

May Ferguson

Secretary

SANCTUM

Film Club Film of the Month

Wednesday 11 December
4pm - 6pm
Hamilton Senior Citizens Rooms,
Lonsdale St, Hamilton

Based on real events. An underwater cave diving team experiences a life-threatening crisis during an expedition to the unexplored and least accessible cave system in the world.

Contact May Ferguson 0429914471 for more information

When I tell the truth...

By Anna Puls

Sometimes life is not fair. I learned at a very early age that adults are not logical and cannot be trusted.

Amongst my very early memories I remember getting into trouble for not owning up, when I cleaned the kitty litter tray. It was when my little brother Oliver was being potty trained, and when he produced his bodily functions in the potty, he was applauded and with a flourish the content was then put into the toilet. He must be very dumb, as I cannot remember being potty trained, so I must have already known how to use the toilet when I was born. We were told that the cat also used her potty called a catty litter tray. Imagine how proud I was when I spotted the cat using her potty. Mum was busy in the kitchen, so I helped her by deposited the cat's potty in the toilet for her. To my surprise instead of getting praise Mum in an accusatory voice demanded "Who spilled and blocked the toilet with kitty litter". I was confused and instead of proudly proclaiming my helpfulness I blurted. "It was the cat".

Then Mum got really angry and accused me of lying. It was the cat who pooed in her potty and I only helped by disposing of it in the same way as my brother's potty poo was dealt with. This logical thought process was not accepted and Mum kept badgering me to tell the truth, accusing me of deliberately making a mess. She even went so far as to say that I would not get into trouble by telling the truth. So, after a long stalemate I made her happy by telling her what she wanted to hear, although I still landed in the naughty corner.

Another time I got into trouble was when I was given an Indian Ink stamp set.

Mum was distracted when I took it to my room and opened it. I loved it, first I stamped all my books, with the various animal stamps, then I started to decorate the nursery walls with another mural. When Mum saw the result, instead of being pleased she went ballistic and demanded in a voice that spelled serious trouble "who did it". Automatically, an accusatory finger shot out towards Oliver, and I blurted "Oliver did it". Mum did not believe me and demanded the truth. I persisted, unfortunately the Indian ink on my hands and clothes were a dead giveaway. So, I told the truth, that it was a present and I was only making Oliver's room prettier. Again, the naughty corner, for an indelible mess.

Mum told Dad and some of their friends, that Indian ink stamp kits are given by people who hate you. They agreed and related their own horror stories of still bearing the scars of their children playing with those stamps, or being lucky enough to confiscate and secretly dispose of them when discovered amongst a plethora of other presents at birthdays or Christmas.

She and other adults have used this strategy of children making to them to incriminate themselves often over the years. I was terribly hurt the first time my aunt told me I would not get into trouble by telling the truth. When I confessed that it was I who had encouraged her son to jump off the shed roof by asking for proof of his claim of being superman, she banned me from his birthday party.

Many times, I have been let down after being promised not to get into trouble by telling the truth and taking ownership of a misdemeanor by still ending up in the naughty corner.

I overheard my nosey old single Aunt Alice telling my Mum that she did the childrearing all wrong. Instead of saying "you won't get into trouble, if you tell the truth", you should say "You are in trouble now, but you will be in bigger trouble if you do not own up and tell the truth". Unfortunately, my parents have followed that advise, and I can still hear old maid Aunty Alice every time I receive the third degree from my parents. The only difference is that now, as a teenager, instead of the naughty corner as punishment, I am grounded or my devises are confiscated, whether I told the truth or not.

To be honest, I have concluded that "to tell the truth" is highly overrated.