



OPEN AGE: NEW HORIZONS Members' Newsletter



Spring 2019 Issue No. 33

* HELLO READERS! *

I am always surprised when people who have been Open Age: New Horizons members for some time say they have never seen a copy of our newsletter.

How so? This newsletter has been written by a team of members since 2009, and currently runs to 12 A4 pages, which appear three times a year – in winter (usually January), spring (usually May) and summer/autumn (usually September). Our freelance designer Christabel puts the text and pictures together.

Each issue is printed as hard copies in two sizes – A4 (colour, and black and white) and smaller A3 (black and white), and these are displayed on the front desk for members to take. They are also emailed to those on the mailing list by staff.

In 2017 we produced an extra issue packed with detail about our exciting past to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Open Age: New Horizons.

Courses and events crop up throughout the year, so our Acting Manager Simon Shum compiles a bulletin emailed to members monthly. But for those who call in at the Cadogan Street centre, regular posters are displayed on the walls.

At least twice a year, copies of the Open Age: New Horizons Activity Programme are printed and can be picked up at

reception. They are also available by email.

Newsletter contributions are always welcome. You can call in to the weekly gathering of the newsletter team on a Wednesday in the IT Suite and write a piece on the spot, or email it to the editor.

The current issue has a distinctly international slant, highlighting life and travel in other countries – South Africa, Malaysia, Argentina, Cuba and the Caribbean. This partly reflects our diverse

group of members – and staff – from many parts of the world, not just Kensington and Chelsea, and our global outlook.

We also aim to feature profiles of interesting members, memories and life experiences, and local events and activities – including what goes on in Open Age: New Horizons classes.

Subjects range from health, fitness, nature and food to computer advice and IT warnings. Occasionally we include jokes, poems or crosswords. Do you have a story relevant to our members, or to life in the Royal borough? Let us know.

To have a chat about what we might need, email: kayonhold@hotmail.co.uk, or text Kay on 07748 662213.

Kay Shelley



The newsletter team (L-R) Yonita Fairfax, Kay Shelley, Betty Heath

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Welcome to Serena!

A new arrival has joined the staff of Open Age: New Horizons, and she seems to be taking to her job like a duck to water.

Serena Dicks is the new Centre Co-ordinator at our Cadogan Street site, replacing Carly Beck, whose departure you can read about on page 11. “Carly’s are big shoes to fill, but I hope I tick all the boxes,” says Serena, who travels to Chelsea every day from her home in St Albans.

Born in Berkshire, Serena spent her teenage years in Wilmington, North Carolina, because her stepfather is American. She gained a BA degree in Sociology, but returned to England to take a Master’s degree in Demography (Population Studies) and became a university researcher.

After getting married, she and her husband spent two years in Hong Kong and two in Germany, where her husband worked for an investment bank and Serena was a part-time researcher. They returned to England to raise their three children, but could not decide where to live.

“We actually pulled St Albans out of a hat, because we heard the schools were good, the commute into London was easy and it’s also a lovely market town. We’ve never regretted it – it’s great,” smiles Serena.

Serena was employed as a researcher in community, health, and ageing studies at the University of Westminster and then the University of Hertfordshire in Hatfield. Most recently she worked part-time with a national senior health care organisation, Home Instead, which helps the elderly and infirm to stay in their own homes.

For four years now she has been volunteering as a befriender with a good neighbours’ scheme, visiting people who need support, taking them to appointments, acting as an advocate, or just having a chat.



“I have a caring nature, and I like to help make sure that we all watch out for each other and have a good community spirit,” declares Serena.

“Now that I’m here in the charity sector, I love it! I can see Open Age: New Horizons is a big family and we are all here to enjoy life to the full and support each other.”

Good news at AGM

Eighteen months after the opening of Open Age’s third centre off the Harrow Road, the charity had increased its income by nine per cent primarily from grants and contracts, CEO Iain Cassidy reported at the AGM on Wed 23 January.

New Horizons was the first Open Age centralised activities centre opened in 2007 in Chelsea. It was followed by the Second Half Centre in St Charles Centre for Health and Wellbeing, North Kensington, next to Open Age’s offices.

Now activities are available at the third hub – the New Avenues Centre in Third Avenue, Queen’s Park, just inside Westminster. The AGM held there enabled members from all centres to meet and mingle.

Iain shared results from the Feedback Days held at each centre last autumn. Most people hear about Open Age through word of mouth recommendations, and appreciate the value of “meaningful activity”, “well-being” and “belonging”.

Many spoke of the variety of inexpensive classes, and the importance of cultural and creative activities. Some people joined for a specific reason, then tried something new and expanded their horizons.

In September 2018, Open Age partnered with Octavia Housing to help run the Reed Centre in Convent Gardens, North Kensington. (See page 12 for a panel session event to be held there.)

Beating cancer – the Caribbean way

I recently joined a Creative Writing course here at Open Age: New Horizons, and we were asked to write about obstacles and how we can overcome them. I would like to share my own personal experience.

In 2007 I was diagnosed with Stage 4 bone cancer. By the time it was found, the disease had ravaged my body, spreading from my femur to both hips and into my pelvis. A year later it had spread into my right lung. I was told that it would be impossible to accurately predict the outcome, but 18 months was a probable life expectancy.

The following few years I bulldozed my way through a multitude of colossal-sized obstacles, with fortitude and strength. Fear was replaced by warrior blood flowing through my veins. I spent 11 months in a wheelchair after difficult, invasive and intensive surgery, following which I was told it would be unlikely I would walk again. That, I found, was the best way to ensure I would prove everyone wrong and, against all odds, I did!

In April 2018, five days before I was due to go to Cuba with my daughter and take a cruise of a lifetime around the Caribbean, a scan detected a tumour within my heart. Bouncing around the inside of my heart chamber, this rather large myxoma (benign tumour) had made itself comfortable, causing all sorts of mischief and mayhem.

Did it stop me from travelling? No, it did not. I protested that hell would freeze over before my beautiful daughter's 30th birthday celebrations would be spoiled by a troublesome cardiac squatter.

Arriving in Havana with bubbling excitement, we drank a multitude of the finest mojitos and daquiris, whilst seated next to the bronze statue of the enigmatic writer Ernest Hemingway. The bar, La Floridita, had always been his favourite,

and the corner still remains his, for ever in memoriam. All around us were music, bodies moving to the sensual rhythm of the salsa, bright colours, beautiful Cubans and the sweet smell of rum that intoxicated the air.

A few days later, we found ourselves sailing down the Martha Rae river in Montego Bay, Jamaica, rafting through the jungle amongst humming birds and banana trees, while serenaded by a toothless captain of advancing years, who sang reggae songs along the way.

Next we took a submersible named *Atlantis*, descending to the ocean floor to view the glorious coral reef and its array of beautiful marine life in the Cayman Islands. Shoals of brightly coloured tropical fish appeared like mini rainbows darting through the beds of coral, hiding playfully in the tubular structures of giant sea anemones.

Lastly we drank tequila in Cozumel with the friendliest Mexicans of Mayan descent, rich in culture, and proud beautiful people.

Laila, whose 30th birthday it was that day, has a long, deep affection for flamingos and on our way back, as we were driving along the Caribbean coastal road, one solitary flamingo flew over our car. Her squeal of delight and the look of happiness upon her face is a vision etched into my heart forever.

After returning home to London, open heart surgery was performed, my heart was stopped, lungs deflated, my body put onto a bypass machine, and the tumour successfully removed. This took place just a few months ago, and here I am writing my story today – a tale of overcoming adversity, scrambling over obstacles, and embracing the warrior within.

Susan Kaidi



Susan and Laila with 50s cars in Havana

Zimbabwe safari

Yonita Fairfax has many interesting memories of South Africa because that is where she spent her early married life and brought up three sons.

Though based in London, she goes back to visit, as she did at Christmas 2018. But after holidaying in Johannesburg and relaxing in the Drakensberg mountains and at the south coast, she joined her son Duncan on safari to view big game.

They spent two weeks in the Sabi Sands, next to the Kruger National Park, travelling by field vehicle for up to six hours a day over rugged terrain.

“In that part of the world, there is nothing else to do but look at wildlife and have a drink!” said Yonita, who then took a week-long train journey to Zimbabwe to visit the Victoria Falls. The air-conditioned train is among the most luxurious in the world with brocade furnishings, but the restaurant car was so far away she had walked many wobbly miles by the end of the trip.



Hozana, the male leopard seen by Yonita

“It was all a bit surreal, and too hot. My feet swelled and I was much bitten – I was even bitten again on the plane back to London because I was given a makeshift pillow,” says Yonita. “But the wildlife was wonderful. We saw lions, leopards, elephants and took many close-up photos”.

“The lions were so hot they were lying all over the road, as it is cooler! Leopards are so territorial that they even have names. We were really close. They must think we are another species of animal. But they don’t like sunglasses!”

Yonita Fairfax

Memories of Africa

I found a book about the Happy Valley scandal – *Child of Happy Valley* by Juanita Carberry – which is a type of continuation of the ‘White Mischief’ conversation featured in the 1987 film and also on TV.

Coffee-growing Brits living in Kenya pre-war spent their days drinking, drug-taking, partying and having adulterous affairs, until one Casanova was shot dead.

I was interested for two reasons. Firstly, Juanita’s name was similar to mine. Secondly, the murderer was never identified, but the author claimed the errant wife’s husband, Jock Broughton, confessed that he did it.

Juanita was a 15-year-old in Kenya at the time. Her mother gave evidence at the trial, one of the chief witnesses. Broughton was acquitted – then shortly afterwards committed suicide. Talk about high drama!

But there is a third reason why the book

appealed to me – the author writes so well about Africa, and her descriptions brought back many memories.

The sea she describes is like the tropical paradise that travel brochures endlessly promise but rarely deliver. Why not? Because the concrete jungle in South Africa is behind the sea shore with skyscrapers close to the sea front.

On the other hand, Mozambique, where we spent our holidays camping in the 1970s, had beaches still primeval, empty except for the occasional person walking home.

The author writes: “Nature was sublime. We savoured one of the visually most intoxicating treats that Africa has to offer – daybreak at the coast is spectacular. There is no wind and the sea is as still as glass. Suddenly like a golden orb, the sun begins to rise out of the sea and turns the water all around it to liquid gold.” She is right.

Yonita Fairfax

Here is the news. Happy 90th, John!



Above left: John as a newsreader. Above right: John today

Academic, actor, lecturer, director, translator, and, most famously, TV broadcaster and newsreader – John Edmunds has been all these in his time.

Now he is a much respected volunteer tutor at Open Age: New Horizons – in fact, the charity's oldest member of staff, teaching Shakespeare and French classical plays (Racine, Corneille and Molière) on Friday afternoons at the Chelsea centre.

A professional reader, Patricia Leventon, and class members read entire plays and look at poetry prepared by Susan Lucas.

On April 10, a week after reaching the age of 90, John threw a buffet lunch party for his friends, former colleagues and students, including the Cryptic Xword group, which he instituted. Thanks to chef Hannah in the Orangery Café, they enjoyed tea, sandwiches and delicious cakes.

John recited a speech from *Richard II* from memory, and some verse of his own. Pamela Merrick acted a speech from *Phaedra* in John's translation, while other friends – professional actors – performed.

All enjoyed a moving rendition of Danny Boy, and the 'concert' ended with an extract from *Under Milk Wood* and a recording of Bryn Terfel singing John's favourite Welsh folksong, 'Watching the White Wheat'.

John has taught at the former Positive Age centre in North Kensington and then New Horizons for ten years, but his earlier life was varied. He went to school and university in Aberystwyth studying English and French. During vacations he performed

as an amateur and professional actor.

After National Service in the Royal Navy, John taught French and English at schools in Clapham and Streatham, from the mid-50s to early 60s, and worked as a freelance TV announcer and presenter – first for ABC TV for ten years and then for BBCTV from 1968–1973, and from 1980–1981.

John also presented TV and radio programmes including *Top of the Form*, *Town and Around* and Radio 4's *You and Yours*, and wrote schools' TV scripts.

Eventually, he returned to his early love. He founded the drama department at his alma mater, Aberystwyth University, where he was Head of Drama for 12 years, including an exchange term at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

In 1985, John took early retirement and moved to Mexico City, teaching English Lit at the University of the Americas, Puebla. He had fallen in love with the country, people, food and language when visiting from Santa Cruz.

"It was a magical experience, but after six years I decided to return to London (where I had a flat in Notting Hill) to see if I could get work as an actor," he recalls. "I did get work, mostly on the London fringe, and was able to produce my translations of French classical plays, directing and appearing in them."

His translations of works by Racine and Molière were published by Penguin and performed on BBC Radio. His translations of Lorca (*Four Major Plays*) are published by OUP.

He also had cameo roles in the films *Lifeforce* (1985), *Love in Limbo*, (1993), *Rendezvous with Zack* (2000) and *The Faces of the Moon* (2002).

"I'm remembered as a broadcaster," says John, who also has a PhD from the Shakespeare Institute of Birmingham University. "But I'm a Jack of All Trades, the supreme dilettante!" Most of his fans would disagree with that label.

Kay Shelley

My three loveable African Greys

I was born in Malaya, as it was then known. My family were there because my father was fighting Communists in what was known as the Malayan Emergency.

My mother – not one to drink gin slings and play bridge or mahjong whilst her husband was off in the jungle for six weeks at a time – drove an ambulance jeep. So I spent my days with Selina, my 'amah' – Chinese for nanny.

We went to the market and when I was 18-months old it was like any other day until Selina squealed with delight and said "Look, Louise!" and there, sitting on a stallholder's shoulder, was a grey parrot.

We went to talk with the man, and the parrot turned around and said "Selamat pagi!" which means "Hello". You can just imagine our faces, and that was that ...

I fell in love with a grey parrot.

I drove poor Selina crazy because I wanted to see this bird every day. So we went six days a week to the market and I would stay to talk with Tunku and his owner whilst she shopped – then she would collect me and we would go home.

This went on for nearly two years. Then disaster struck. My father and his team of Iban trackers killed a female Communist cell leader and a price was put on my mother's and my head.

Selina and her mother, together with Penny, our spaniel, went to Brunei to keep out of reach of the bandits, and my mother, my elder brother and I were sent to England.

Whilst we sat on the aircraft at Kuala Lumpur before departure, my mother said to me: "I'm sorry, Louise, but you

now have to speak English all the time" and explained that we wouldn't be coming back.

At the age of three and a half, my world collapsed. No Daddy. No Selina. No Penny. No beach. No Tunku.

I forgot about Tunku, or so everyone thought. But in May 1988, through strange and truly wonderful circumstances, I was given a parrot, his name was Dagga. A huge specimen of the African Grey breed, he was funny, highly intelligent and incredibly loving.

Some sixteen years later, in September 2004, he was injured in a senselessly stupid accident and died in my hands.

A friend of mine, who adored Dagga and who is a vet, called and said: "Louise, you can't not have a bird. I've called Mike Sandford (very famous avian vet) and he has given me the contact details of a breeder up in Shropshire who has African Grey babies for sale. Call her."

So I did, and went to Shropshire to see Rebecca and be vetted to see if I was a suitable person for one of her birds.

There were three grey babies for me to meet in an aviary pen. The first didn't even



GeeGee with her furry friend Frosty Tiger

Secrets of your pets

Do you own a cat or a dog? Lots of creatures, whether furry or not, make wonderful pets. They are entertaining and loveable, they don't argue or talk back, they are often devoted to their owner and they provide company to those living alone.

So it's no wonder that, in a recent survey, two in three pet owners preferred their animals to their other half. Oops!

The bond between owner and pet can be incredibly strong. An interview with homeless people who had dogs was very revealing.

Reasons given for owning the dog included companionship, protection, a reason to get up in the morning, redemption, responsibility and purpose.

Of course, they may cost a fortune in special food, treats and vets' bills. They demand huge attention and they can't clean the house or go out and do the shopping for you – unless you have a

canine trained to such an amazing degree that it can compete in TV's *Britain's Got Talent*. But any owner will tell you it is all worthwhile because of the benefits they bring.

YouTube is packed with videos about funny pets, naughty pets, sad pets and pets that have been saved from death. Every time you watch one film, YouTube offers you similar ones to view – you can spend the whole day laughing, crying or hypnotised by the animal stories online.

Do you have an interesting tale to tell about YOUR pet? Maybe a picture too? If so, please contact the Newsletter Editor Kay Shelley, who will be pleased to feature it.

Phone or text her on 07748 662213, or email: kayonhold@hotmail.co.uk If you don't want to write the piece yourself, call into New Horizons' Chelsea centre on a Wednesday and she will write it for you (you can check it when finished).

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

bother to sniff my hand and started to preen a wing, the second was graceful enough to sniff my hand, but waddled off up the perch.

The third looked at me, wagged her tail and flew up onto my shoulder. Rebecca roared with laughter and said: "You've been chosen!"

I went back to London and six weeks later drove back up to Shropshire to collect GeeGee, her huge cage and bags of the formula that she would be eating for the next few months.

She is completely different to Dagga. She is loving but stubborn, she can speak, but chooses not to. She 'rings' several mobile noises perfectly and does a great incoming fax!

She likes some people, dislikes others



Dagga the late great parrot

and hates that dreaded hour called 'bedtime'.

Her favourite place to spend time, ripping card-board to shreds and hanging out with her plush toys, Frosty Tiger and Daffy Duck, is on

the top shelf of a cupboard. Or dozing happily on my head whilst I read or watch television.

Chalk and cheese. In a perfect world Dagga would still be alive and I would have them both, for I could never tell you which of these two beautiful birds I love the most.

Louise Hooper

Battles with claustrophobia

WW2. 1942. I was five years old, playing a game with my friends in a partially bombed out men's clothes shop. One set of shelves turned round into the wall and one of us would lie in a shelf and the others spin them round. When it was my turn the mechanism must have broken, because I was entombed behind the wall.

I remember it was pitch black and I was screaming – then nothing. The kids forgot all about me and I was found hours later, unconscious.

Since then, the “Let's lock Daphne in” curse has followed me all my life. I won't go into all the details, but will list them, but not in any particular order.

- Coach toilet in Nice. It was taken to a garage and the window smashed in.
- Lift in Munich, tenth floor. They had to use an acetylene welder.
- Toilet lock fell off in my hand at a remote country station. I had my dog with me. Yelled for hours at a small grill window. Fire Brigade broke down door.
- Another coach toilet in Spain, but no window this time, so off to a garage in Barcelona and out came the welder again! (I used to work in coach travel.)
- Toilet under town hall, Kensington. Some idiot was jamming money in it and screwed up the lock. (I was mug enough to be still locking doors at this time, not aware of the curse upon me.) Again, my pals the firemen came to the rescue.
- Lift in World's End Estate stuck on 14th floor. Building not finished, so smashed in windows with shoe and waited till it started again.
- Bank in Milan. Trapped between two automatic doors, .

None of this fazed me. The crunch came about twelve years ago. I rushed down a platform and into an underground train. It started, got in the tunnel and went pitch black. There were no tunnel lights.

I was crawling along to get to another

carriage, screaming. The train was empty. It started up again, lights came on, and I came to a station. To this day I don't know which station it was – only that I was back in daylight. I jumped into a taxi to go home.

Well, this was the one that did faze me and turn me into a total claustrophobic. Since then, I have had seven counselling sessions over the years, but they haven't helped.

No more lifts, underground, stairwells without windows and, of course, locked toilets.

So next time you go to a Horizon's loo and someone is in it with an unlocked door – now you know who it is and why !!

Daphne Morgan

Protect your identity



This is one I made earlier, with ten A4 pages

People are being paid to go through dustbins and rubbish bags at night to look for bank statements and private papers that have been thrown away. Even if torn up, they get pieced together again.

Elderly people's homes are a good source. This is all to glean information for identity fraud.

Of course the answer is a shredder, but there's not always the space at home for one of these. Here is a tip someone gave me years ago that I always use.

Tear up papers. Put in a basin or bowl and cover with boiling water.

When soggy, make into a paper maché ball. Then throw in rubbish, or use for a cat toy!

Daphne Morgan

An Argentinian in London

Most Brits' knowledge of Argentina is confined to the Falklands War in the 1980s. But it has other past claims to fame – holiday resorts for the wealthy, polo ponies, British-built railways, beef and the tango.

And believe it or not, Harrods department store was not exclusive to Knightsbridge. There was also a Harrods in Buenos Aires, the only other one in the world.

"It has changed its name now, but I bought things from that Harrods store when I was young – shirts, trousers, food. Very posh," says William Calvo, who grew up in Argentina but came to England when he was 20.

"My father owned two shops selling books and confectionery, so he was prosperous. I went to a British school and had a facility for languages."

Argentina became cosmopolitan even before the war, he explains. Europe was poor, and people came from Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland and even the USA to start a new life in a country that boasted cattle and gold.

"The English found themselves at home in Buenos Aires because it was very European and cultured. The British upper classes bought land and horses and their influence was very strong."

When he came to England, he didn't mean to stay. But he explains: "I fell in love with London. I thought people had good manners. I am sensitive to that kind of thing, because my school was disciplinarian in a Victorian way and you had to be polite"

His jobs in London were varied, starting with work as a barman in some of the best



William with his miniature long-haired dachshund Milo

clubs in London, including The Garrick, The Reform Club and The Mirabelle, where he met the rich and famous – Frank Sinatra, David Niven, Michael Winner, Princess Margaret and Prince Philip.

He became a lab assistant and store-keeper at the Brompton Hospital, moved on to a career in wholesale women's fashions, and later after studying for social services exams became a care worker.

"I never regret coming to Britain. But I miss the sights and sounds and smells of Argentina. We had the best beef from the haciendas (ranches), and best pizzas – the Italian immigrants brought their recipes.

"The landscape is beautiful all seasons round. What I miss most is the untamed countryside. My dad had a holiday cottage about three hours away from the city by car. In the 1950s it was unpopulated and full of wildlife – foxes, coyotes, the occasional wild pig and mountain lion.

"The country encompasses a huge range of flora and fauna, from sub-tropical jungle to the edges of the Antarctic. In the north are jaguars and monkeys, and in the far south, penguins."



William as a man about town in the 1970s

A unique feature of southern Argentina – Patagonia – is its Welsh communities, founded in the 19th century by fundamentalists who wanted to start again in a new land. They fly two flags of Argentina and Wales, and hold Sunday services in Welsh and Spanish.

"They were given land on condition they learned Spanish," says William, who has a sister and five nephews and nieces in Buenos Aires. "Otherwise they would have had to leave the country, but they did learn, and now they speak three languages – Welsh, Spanish and a bit of English."

Kay Shelley

Extinction Rebellion – what is it?

If you are in the autumn or winter of your life, you may not care about what happens in 30 or 50 years' time, either in this country or around the world.

But if you have grandchildren who will presumably have descendants, or if you appreciate our earth and its riches, and don't want it destroyed, maybe caring is exactly what you should do.

My sister is 76 and my brother-in-law 80. In April, they took part in the London demonstrations organised by Extinction Rebellion (XR) – the group of peaceful climate change activists which began in schools, thanks to Swedish schoolgirl Greta Thunberg, age 16, and has spread to include people of all ages, backgrounds and political persuasions.

Why did some of them march to London, sit down in the streets and risk arrest? It's because they feel an urgent need to do their bit before it is too late – which according to some reports is only 11 years away.

The planet is hotter than it has ever been, and half of all the carbon emissions since time began have been put there in the past 30 years.

Plastic is killing our marine life. Rain-forests are being destroyed. Evidence is growing that by 2030, the earth will be irreversibly damaged, if serious action is not started now. We have all heard about floods, wildfires, ice sheets collapsing and melting of icebergs on an unprecedented scale.

Another half degree of warming could kill an extra 153 million people worldwide by pollution. Agriculture, resources, economic growth will all be hit. An extra 2° of warming could mean that some cities will be unliveably hot. Millions could become refugees.

Saving the planet requires more than individual gestures, like carrying a re-usable coffee cup with you. Some activists feel they have to go to more extreme levels.



Chris Packham being interviewed



XR demo at Oxford Circus

But individuals can make a difference.

Journalist Lucy Siegle, writing in *The Times Magazine*, recommends eating less meat (cows and sheep emit methane, chickens don't), using a bamboo toothbrush (plastic ones don't biodegrade) and wearing everything at least 30 times to avoid over-consumption.

She says don't wash your fleece – they shed loads of plastic micro-fibres. To read her 'Dos and Don'ts of Eco-Living' (thanks to Anne-Marie Cadars for this), go to: <https://www.thetimes.co.uk/article/the-dos-and-donts-of-eco-living-7xt0srp8f>

Open Age: NH members' ideas:

- Try different diets – no red meat or pescatarian (fish only), vegetarian or vegan.
- Consider transport. Planes and buses can damage the environment. Bikes do not. And walking is healthy if you are able.
- Avoid plastics wherever possible.
- Avoid fossil fuels. Oil and gas are the main problem. Energy from sun or wind is much cheaper now than 15 years ago.
- If you have grandchildren, avoid taking them along busy roads, because of the level of pollutants from exhausts.
- Write to celebrities. Some like Chris Packham have nailed their colours to the mast. But more need to speak out.
- Badger your MP.

Kay Shelley

Farewell Carly

Open Age: New Horizons lost a popular member of staff in April when after a year as Centre Coordinator Carly Beck left Chelsea to relocate to the west country near her parents in Salcombe.

Carly, who lived in Cornwall as a child, has a new job dealing with the elderly in Devon. She worked at Open Age: New Horizons for seven years previously before leaving in 2015 to go to Vietnam.

She says: "I seem to have been away

a lot travelling, so now I am going back to my roots. But I will be visiting London, because I have lots of friends here."

Members enjoyed a farewell get-together over coffee and cake on April 25, Carly's last day.



Chin chin to gin!

Mother's ruin? Not any more! Gin has become fashionable again, but it is not the traditional gin made with juniper berries. Some firms have developed gins made from flower essences like elderberry, but the original manufacturers are not happy. It is amazing that the moment something

comes on the market that tastes good, there are people to complain.

I used to drink gin and tonic when I was a young thing about town and had to visit pubs now and again, but never really liked it. Then I learnt it had a bad reputation, as it was the drink for young girls to lose you-know-what. So I thought better of it and turned to something sweeter.

But recently on safari in Africa, I discovered a Karoo Gin with Elderberry which tasted delicious (Karoo is a large desert in South Africa.) But of course The Gin Guild which sets gin standards throughout the world does not approve. Apparently you must have 37.5 per cent of alcohol and it must taste of juniper to be a real gin.

I really enjoyed the Elderberry taste and drank mine with a tonic which had a high percentage of quinine in it. That way I thought that I would stave off the infected mosquitoes and that I would not get malaria. But the amount of quinine in tonic nowadays is very small!

I was recently in Peter Jones in the King's Road and they had an amazing selection of gins, from Lavender to Turkish Delight – so much so that I had to congratulate the assistant and take a photo of each, which I combined into one picture. So here it is!



Yonita Fairfax

Future events

- ☞ **CARERS' GROUP & SOCIAL** Opportunity for carers to share experiences, chat to other carers and take part in events and days out. Contact Vennetta, Time4Me Co-ordinator, Mon/Tues, on 020 8962 4141. **Tuesday afternoons: 2–4pm, in New Horizons café.**
- ☞ **FILMS & DANCING** Classic film matinees at Regent Street Cinema, 307 Regent Street, near Oxford Circus (tel: 0207 911 5050) for only £1.75 a ticket. **Every Wed, 12–2pm or 3.30–5pm, with free informal ballroom dancing 2.15–3pm in the cinema bar.**
- ☞ **OLDER PEOPLE'S PANEL SESSION** Open Age and Three Hands joint event, providing businesses with mutually beneficial feedback on products and services, answering questions, sharing stories. Refreshments provided, booking required. Phone Caiti on 020 8962 4141. **Thurs 13 June, 3–5pm, The Reed, 28 Convent Gardens, London W11 1NJ.**
- ☞ **A TALE AS OLD AS TIME ...** Art, performances and workshops run by Open Age as part of London Creativity & Wellbeing Week. **Fri 14 June, 12–4pm, at Second Half Centre (St Charles), Exmoor Street, North Kensington. Contact: 0208 962 5500.**
- ☞ **SCIENCE DISCOVERY** Explore and discover science free at the Science Museum to celebrate 50th anniversary of the moon landing. Tickets: 0207 942 4000. **Tues 9 July, 2–4.30pm.**
- ☞ **NEW HORIZONS SUMMER PARTY** This was originally planned for July 12, but has had to be postponed. Staff will supply more details later – please watch notice board.
- ☞ **COOK AND TASTE WITH CAMDEN SOCIETY** Book at reception if you want to learn how to make these popular items. Cost £3.50, max 8 spaces. **Fri 16 Aug: Truffle Making, 2pm–4pm. Mon 21 Oct: Gingerbread Biscuit Making, 2pm–4pm.**

Details of other new events appear in the New Horizons Bulletin compiled monthly by Simon Shum, and emailed to members.



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New Horizons is a pioneering activity centre for older people delivered by a consortium of three charities, Open Age, Age UK Kensington and Chelsea and the Guinness Trust, in partnership with the Royal Borough of Kensington and Chelsea and NHS Kensington and Chelsea. Lead organisation: Open Age, Registered Charity No 1160125.

Open: Monday–Friday 9.30am–4.00pm
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