

The Storyline

*Magazine of
The New Zealand Guild of Storytellers
Nga Kaikorero Purakau O Aotearoa*



August 2010



The Owls Story

Editor's page



Hello fellow storytellers

The Southland committee of the NZ Reading Association once again assisted powerful tellers to delight audiences in New Zealand. Read Liz Miller's reports on their telling on page 3.

Invercargill Tellers are so intrepid—and determined. Wanting to experience Annette Knowler's acclaimed "Strange & Spooky Stories" evening of storytelling they hired a mini bus and set off. Read about their trip on page 10.

The Annual General Meeting of the NZ Guild of Storytellers will take place on Sunday 10th October 2010. Give some thought as to which of our members you would like to nominate for positions on our committee. Then read how to lodge your nomination as well as keep informed of AGM business on page 5 of this issue.

Are you on the lookout for a story that appeals to a wide audience? One that has proven the test of time? Look no further than pages 14-16. The story of "*The Marvellous Coat*" (a.k.a. "*There Is Just Enough*"). By whatever name you recognise this story ... It is a winner.

Another story, one that will entrance children—especially with the use of an owl puppet, you will find on page 17.

What are some of our Storytelling group up to? Read some reports on pages 8-11.

Enjoy the issue

Ed.

Story can be a Road Map and a Lamp, guiding us through the dark night, all the while letting us know we are not travelling alone.

Report on Visiting Tellers - by Elizabeth Miller

Down here in Southland we have had a very rich story experience over the last eight months.

The Southland Committee of the NZ Reading Association has always been committed to the art of storytelling and they extended that interest by hosting six internationally acclaimed storytellers to this area. We hoped to reach out to adults with this programme. Especially teachers, librarians, storytellers and the many who would have an interest in honing their skills in this area.

And, of course, we hoped to extend the excitement we feel ourselves out into the community of grown-ups.

We are fortunate to have the Invercargill Licensing Trust and the ILT Foundation to financially back our dream.

I wrote about the visit of **Diane Ferlatte** and **Ken Benn** in *The Storyline* last year. Since then we have had **Anna Jarrett** from Australia and **Michael Parent** from Maine. Anna excited us with her use of movement and song. Michael with his versatility and his dexterity with a range of juggling skills to illustrate his telling held us enthralled. **Mona Williams** and **Antonio Rocha** were here in June. Mona has always been a powerful teller and her workshop was designed to help us form our personal stories for sharing. Antonio, well we were left speechless as he led us into the realm of mime, showing us how

we could use some of his teachings to give more reality to our own storytelling. Those of us who attended the concerts for adults and the workshops were left dreaming about how our own story journey might be now more exciting, more focused.



Mona Williams

But also wondering how we could ensure that more people had this wondrous experience.

It is relatively easy to ensure that children hear these powerful tellers as we bring them to the schools and we have refined our methods of ensuring as many as possible are touched.

But what about the adults?

It seems the message is not getting out there. We did improve our workshop attendances by the third series but the concert numbers dropped.

We were hopeful that some from out of our area may be able to take advantage of this unique experience and we did have one Wellington storyteller travel down in March and June and a Dunedin teller came in June..

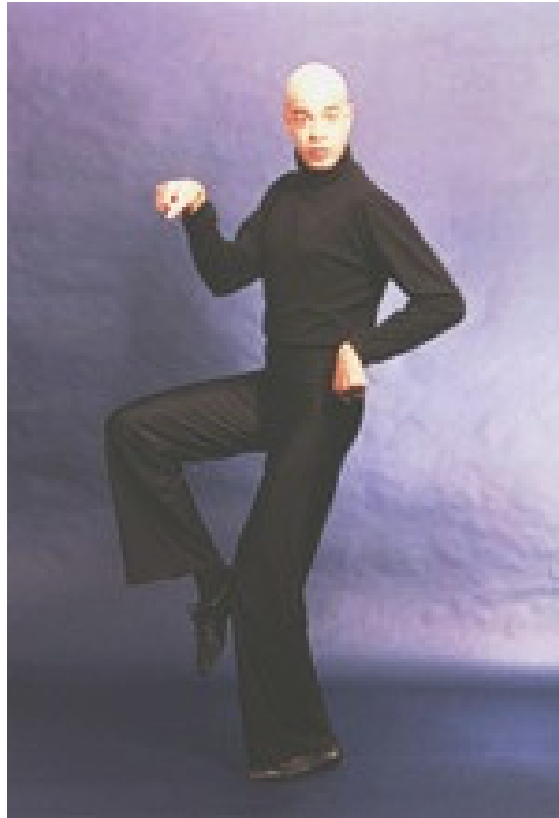
I know it is hard for those in areas without the advantage we have for financial support to invite these tellers but is there

Continued on page 4

some way we could assist others to be part of such an event if we plan further visits?

Each of the 6 storytellers we had sharing their art offered an experience that was unique and powerful.

As I have said before, and will go on saying until my words are dried in my mouth, I hope the world, and especially the world of adults, catches on to story and begins to gravitate towards the tellers, listening and laughing, dreaming and



Antonio Rocha

weeping, and daring to take steps towards a genuine Story-telling revival in our land.

Tell me how we can reach more and if we can we will.

Elizabeth Miller
DREAMWEAVER

Using story as a Healing Art.....

“Although some use stories as entertainment alone, tales are, in their oldest sense, a healing art.

Some are called to this healing art; and the best are those who have lain with the story and found all its matching parts inside themselves - and at depth.

In the best tellers I know, the stories grow out of their lives like roots grow a tree.

The stories have grown them, grown them into who they are”

Clarissa Pinkola Estes

NZ Guild of Storytellers

Notification of

Annual General Meeting

By phone conference **Sunday 10th October 2010**. Those wishing to participate please notify the Chairperson, **ANTOINETTE EVERTS** to receive the login and the password. antoinett.everts@clear.net.nz

All members are eligible and very welcome to participate.

Call for **nominations for Committee Members** of
the NZ Guild of Storytellers

CHAIRPERSON/CONVENOR

SECRETARY/RECORDER

TREASURER/FINANCE MANAGER

NEWSLETTER EDITOR

PROMOTION & MARKETING COORDINATOR (INCLUDES WEBPAGE MANAGEMENT)

REGISTRAR

LIBRARY AND RESOURCE

AFFILIATED GROUP CO-ORDINATOR

NETWORKING FOR VISITING & TRAVELLING TELLERS

The election of officers is held by postal Ballot. Nominations close September 10th 2010 to allow time for the postal ballot. Please send your nominations to the acting Secretary :

Annette Knowler

14-0. R.D OAMARU

Call for items for the Agenda / Points for discussion / motions:

Please forward to the ACTING SECRETARY where they will be uplifted to the blog site for open discussion

Gollywhopper Eggs

A New England folk tale—retold by S E Schlosser

Well now, when old Johnson came to town, I knew there'd be trouble. That Peddler was a scoundrel if ever I saw one. But I was laid up with my rheumatism when he arrived, so I couldn't do anything about it.

My neighbours often came to visit with me, since I was a poor widow-woman.

Metaphorically speaking.

I was actually the richest woman in town, since my late husband had made a fortune in shipping.)

Mistress Sarah Smith came to see me two days after Peddler Johnson

appeared with his wares. She was bubbling over with the news. She had, just that morning, bought two of the very rare Gollywhopper Eggs from Peddler Johnson, for the outrageous price of five dollars a-piece. I was flabbergasted.

"What in tarnation is a Gollywhopper?" I demanded irritably, trying to sit up in my chair. My rheumatism gave me a painful stab and I settled back against the cushions. Mistress Smith smiled at me kindly, obviously pitying my ignorance.

"A Gollywhopper is a rare sort of eating bird, like a gigantic chicken, found only on a tiny island in the West Indies called

Theres-One-Born-Every-Minute," she explained. "Fortunately, Peddler Johnson saved the life of the chief of the island and was awarded with one full setting of eggs from this priceless bird. Everyone in town is buying eggs as fast as Johnson can sell them. I came to see if you wanted me to buy some for you. Of course, Peddler Johnson could not

guarantee that my eggs will hatch out to be a breeding pair of Gollywhoppers, but I am hopeful."

I snorted irritably. "Sounds like a hoax to me."

"Now Anna, you think everything is a hoax," Mistress Smith laughed easily. "I am keeping the eggs warm by the fire. They should hatch out in a month."

After a few more kindly words, Mistress Smith left. After pondering the situation for another hour, I hauled myself out of my chair, reached for my cane, and walked stiffly down the path to the Smith household, muttering "There's one born every minute, eh? Just what are you trying to pull, Peddler Johnson?"

Mistress Smith was startled to see me hobbling painfully up to her door. "Why Anna, you shouldn't be up!" she cried.

"I came to see those Gollywhopper Eggs of yours" I said grimly



Continued next page

Mistress Smith tucked me into the kitchen rocker and then proudly pulled out a pair of large hairy round objects. I recognized them at once.

"Sarah Smith, those aren't eggs at all. That peddler sold you a pair of coconuts!" I said. "You can buy them for a penny a dozen down in the West Indies."

"Coconuts? What are coconuts?"

"They are the fruit of the coconut palm tree. Good eating, but definitely not an egg," I said.

"My late husband, may he rest-in-peace, used to bring cargoes of coconuts back on his ships."

"Then Peddler Johnson cheated me!" Sarah Smith said indignantly.

"Yes he did," I replied.

We put our heads together then, and thought up a plan to rid ourselves of the pesky peddler and get the town's money back.

The next day, Peddler Johnson dropped by my house to show his wares to a poor widow woman. Mistress Smith and several of the neighbourhood ladies came for a visit just as he was displaying the fabled "Gollywhopper's Eggs".

"You mean these coconuts?" I asked calmly. Peddler Johnson swallowed and glanced nervously at the women assem-

bled around his shiny wagon. "I've never heard anyone call them Gollywhopper' Eggs before. I will give you a penny for them."

"A penny for Gollywhopper's Eggs?" Mistress Smith said indignantly. "They are worth five dollars a-piece!"

"Five dollars a-piece for the fruit of a coconut palm tree?" I asked incredulously. "According to my late husband, coconuts are hardly worth a penny a dozen in the West Indies."

Peddler Johnson was looking rather green by now. Hastily, he told me that he had another appointment and tried to jump onto his wagon and drive away. But he was surrounded by angry ladies demanding their money back.

Finally, Peddler Johnson could take no more. He leapt away from his wagon and ran as fast as his legs could carry him down the road and out of town. The ladies gave chase, throwing all the remaining coconuts in his wagon after his retreating figure.

I reimbursed the ladies out of the money tin I found in the wagon and put the peddler's horse and wagon in my barn. Johnson must have crept back to get them in the night, because they were gone the next morning.

Peddler Johnson never ventured into our town again, and that was the last anyone ever heard of the fabled Gollywhopper's Egg



Storytelling Groups in action..

Tall Tales Café, Thames.

The theme was “Lies & Barely Believable Tales”

Jackie: We were enchanted by your Selkie tale, beginning and ending as it did with you singing the haunting strains of an ancient tune. Superbly told.

Phoebe: Another delightful chapter in your Ethelwyn series. We love your imaginative stories and long may they continue.

Phil: A poem about Hillaire Belloc's, *Matilda*... the one who told such dreadful LIES. Such a clever and funny poem *This is the tale of poor Matilda whom fire and falsely fibbing killed her.*

Rosalie: A true story about your on-line friendship with Tian, “who lives on the least energy consumption of any American!!” When we learned his solution to avoiding War Taxes was to send you the money we were gob-smacked. A cheque in the mail for US\$19,770.00.

Heather: Another true story told with Heather-esque dead-pan humour. Wet bums sustained through Jury Service. What a howler. Your second story about the Long Drop was equally a classic. Thank you Heather.

Tui: Another true story. Cleverly managing to

piece together several misadventures into one great whole.. 80 year-olds wearing tiny white shorts and stowing away in helicopters??

Dennis: Who insists he is not a storyteller but told a wonderful joke about “women go around in circles”. The contents of the joke are censored.

Paul: Continued the Joke Theme by telling a hilarious airplane joke. Paul tells his joke stories with such an impassive face its hard to differentiate truth from fiction.

Mary: Told of the 3-year-old boy who lives next door who loves to visit and in that remarkable way only 3-yr-olds have tells her about the world as he sees it.

Kay: A great story about three NZ storytellers who happened to be in New South Wales and rented a car from Tailor Made Car Rentals. We ended up with possibly the oldest rental car available in the world. How we out-conned that Australian con-artist was the perfect plot for a story.

The next theme will be “**Skeletons In The Closet**”. Get those skeletons rattling .

How story connects us

..... an excerpt from “**Storycatcher**” by Christina Baldwin

“Life hangs on a thread. This thread is a braid of stories that inform us about who we are, and where we come from, and where we might go.

The thread is slender but strong. We trust it to hold us and allow us to swing over the edge of the known into the future we dream in

Storytelling Groups in action..

Auckland Storytellers — from Antoinette Everts

AUCKLAND STORYTELLERS - have had a pretty eventful few months.

Our last-Thursday-of-the-month evenings have continued happily. At our May meeting we had the pleasure of Heather Perriam, of the Guild Committee, and her husband Dennis joining us, enjoying our stories and Heather of course sharing one of her gems.

We've also had a great workshop run by Margaret Blay = Spangle the Storyteller. She has a background of professional storytelling, and also of drama work. Margaret helped us with awareness of the body as we move, use our bodies to convey feelings, and the many ways we breathe. We used the voice for the production of sound, letting the voice come from deep inside, not only in its physical breath, but from the emotions. We played word games, used word patterns and sound patterns. Then we worked as a group, with imagination, story lines, poetry and Shakespeare quotes. Very useful. These skills have inspired our storytelling since.

Nicholas Oram set up an evening for us in July with the Quakers, who not only gave us a delicious meal, but provided us with a ready-made and enthusiastic audience. Brendon Smith shared delightful poems he had made for and with his children; David Guthrie provided memorised chunks of Shakespeare, using his talent of conveying meaning with expression, body language and quiet emotion; Margaret Blay = Spangle the Storyteller presented stories demonstrating her wide range of talents, involving children in her stories, energising adults to participate, and telling a deeply felt ancient tale from Greece. Nicholas Oram had us in fits with his outrageous poems, which then moved to the subtle and deeply moving renderings of a nine-year-old's emotional turmoils. And I brought stories from Russia, from Indonesia and from Central Africa. It was a fun evening.

Next time you find yourself in Auckland near the end of the month, do join us. See details near the back of The Storyline.

Antoinette

Storytelling Groups in action..

Southern Storytellers become Travelling Listeners !

On Saturday 31st of August the Southern Storytellers took to the road in a hired mini bus with Peter Thomas as our non drinking reliable driver. Our destination Oamaru to hear **Annette Knowler's** Ghost stories in the old buildings of Oamaru.

Now you will understand when you get a group of happy people in a mini bus singing usually breaks out, but you don't know the Southern Storytellers. We just don't sing!!! But we make up for it by



eating a lot. We had morning tea at Peggyvale in Balclutha. Yummy!! But by Dunedin we needed lunch so we parked our bus in Countdown and walked across half the town to the food mall where we topped up. With great self control we made it back to the bus without going shopping and even managed to do without food until we pulled into the camping ground at Oamaru. Here of course we had to make coffee and tea. Then there was Judith's tin of biscuits to tuck into.

At 6pm we rolled up to the Criterion Hotel prepared to be fed again and totally entertained. We weren't disappointed on either score.. The Criterion

has its fair share of Ghosts and we joined some of them at the long dining table.

A truly wonderful first course of roast pork, lamb shanks or blue cod and some delightful wine to wash it down. Ahhh!

Then our storyteller - resplendent in her

long black gloves - started to tell us stories of Oamaru's ghostly past. The Criterion featured strongly in these first stories. We found ourselves looking over our shoulders if there was a movement or a bump to be heard.

All too soon Annette said we were moving on to the Old Grain Store. She provided blankets to keep out the chill of the night and we headed off to the grain store. The night was still and dark and I noticed we all walked very quietly.

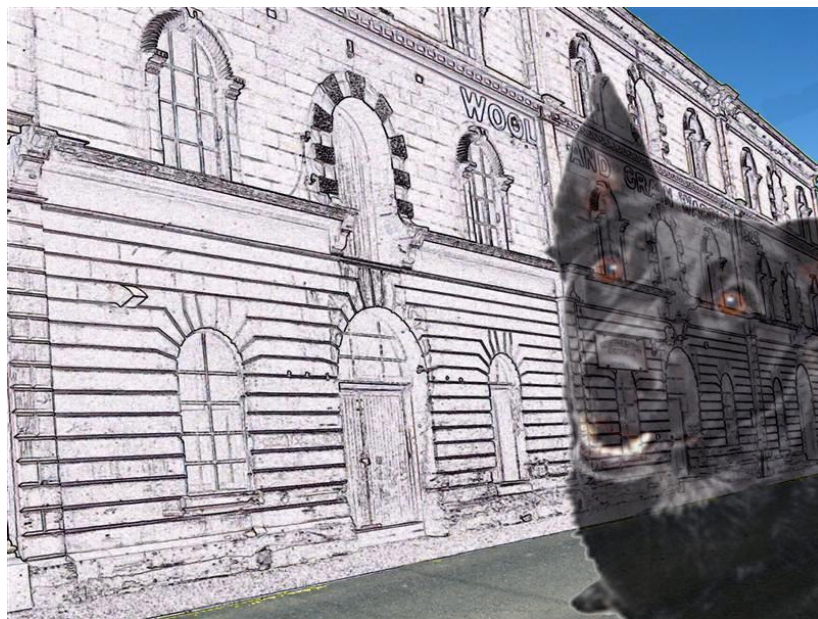
The grainstore smelled of days gone by and was full of ropes, odd figures hanging from the walls, and strange heavy air. Two red lights flickered and suddenly, Annette, all in black, appeared.

The stories began again and we sat enthralled. The words seemed to be coming from the air all around Annette and we were drawn in until we were all back

in the 1800s completely lost in a world long gone. There was an audible sigh from everyone when the lights came on and once again we moved, this time to the street.

In a bleak & windy alley we heard the story of the spirit of a black dog that took its revenge on the man who killed his mistress. I must confess every shadow on our walk to the next building appeared to me to be a black dog.

This time we were treated to disappearing ships, one lost forever, the other turning up 23 years later still with her sails intact but the crew all dead on board.



After this we returned to the Criterion for stories in the parlour— some fact, some maybe not, but who can say for sure. Then all too soon it was over.

For a very strange moment no-one spoke or clapped or moved, then, there was huge applause for a night of storytelling that had surpassed anything I have ever heard before.

Our wonderful publican host then served us dessert and coffee. At 10 pm with many thanks to Annette, Don her helper & our genial host we reluctantly climbed

aboard our trusty bus and returned to the camping ground where some of us went to bed , some of us talked, some watched the rugby and all of us wore huge smiles.

The next day, instead of racing for home we returned to those old buildings where we found a cafe for breakfast and a large market going on. This market was too much for the shopaholics on the trip and everyone soon disappeared in different

directions.

Glenn tried valiantly, after what he considered a reasonable time, to round everyone up, but after gaining three and losing two and gaining four and losing three he finally gave up.

At last somehow we were all together, or were we?? No! We had lost the driver. But wait a minute he likes trains and there's a mini station by the bus. We found him but somehow lost four who suddenly disappeared again. Finally Glenn solved the problem by shutting us in the bus one by one as we turned up.

As the little old bus rumbled out of Oamaru heading for Invercargill everyone of us had the same thought. WE WILL BE BACK!

Tavelling & Telling - Heather Perriam-style!

In May of this year my good man & I had a well earned holiday and went cruising.

We returned to Auckland three weeks later and hired a rental car. The sort you'd rather not talk about, and took ourselves off visiting the storytellers in the North.

We started with Antoinettes group in Auckland in a house with a view to die for. What a lovely night of stories with coffee laid on at all times.

Next we took ours-elves off to the lovely Coromandel and our annual feast of snapper and chips down by the sea. The Thames group in their lovely little Bridge house venue turned on a huge meal of Tui's vege soup with crumpets and muffins right down to a plate of nuts. You name it, it was there.

Their stories were brilliant and the night seemed to go so quickly. This is the third year running I have visited Thames and I just want to take them all home with me. They are such fun.

The next night we went to Tauranga. I was so impressed with them as they are a young club, yet to listen to their stories you'd think they had been telling for a long time.

Thankyou all for making us feel so much at home and entertaining us so well.

In July I jumped in my little "puddle-jumper" Suzuki car, left Invercargill be-

hind—heading North.

First stop Christchurch where I left my car with a friend and flew to Nelson to stay with my favorite 80-year-old Aunt. She is a story herself. She joined the marching club with the young ones at the grand old age of 78, hearing not so good but legs still going well. She marched staunchly

forward till the whistle blew then changed direction and marched on, only to hear "*Eileen we are over here.*" Yes she was marching in the wrong direction.

After a week of laughter and stories from days gone by I flew back to Christchurch picked up my car and drove out to Curwee to stay with Margret Copland. Our plans were to "DO" something together. We didn't know each other at all, although we had both heard the other tell a story so it followed we had to get to

know each other before we could "DO" something together.

The house was filled with laughter as we compared upbringings, schooling, good time, bad times, in fact everything from religion to our taste in food. We ate in and we ate out. We even took bread and cheese down and sat on the riverbank watching the birds and the water with the snowy topped mountains rising above us.

On the third day we started writing, pages and pages were written, rewritten, discussed while we walked on the domain behind her house and we discovered we are really very much alike.

Cont.....next page



The latest photo of Heather. This one (she says) does not make her look like Paul McCartney's mother.!

Linda Bremford (Wellington) forwarded this update regarding tellers needing hosting as they travel around New Zealand

**2009—2010 Report on Accommodation List
for Travelling Tellers in New Zealand**

The idea of developing this formal List was put forward by the previous Committee. However, Travelling Tellers appear to be continuing to rely on their personal informal networks and contacts when they travel, as very few contacts have been offered for this formal List. Continuing the experiment will be an item for the incoming Committee to consider. Linda

Travelling and Telling—Heather Perriam-style.....cont

BUT!!!! If you want to hear the story you will have to come to the Southern Storytellers concert on the 13th August in Invercargill.

While I was with Margret we went to the Canterbury Storytelling group's meeting. Another night of top-class stories and a lovely friendly group with a very animated resident dog.

The thing all storytellers seem to have in common is that they made me feel so welcome. I just feel so humble.

I advise any of you who haven't visited another group, pack your case and get going. You don't know what you are missing.

My last stop was Timaru where I found myself a nice little old cheap motel to stay in. A very interesting place. No electric blanket but a hotty hanging behind the bathroom door. No plugs to

plug the heater in. I had to pull the fridge away from the wall to get it's plug out and plug in the heater. The sofa sank to 4inches off the floor when I sat on it and the television set was on a wall bracket 4inches off the ceiling. Not good for the neck.

My good man phoned and said "What are you doing?"

I said "I'm sitting on the table watching the news."

He said "Don't tell me—I don't want to know."

The next day I explored Timaru until 2pm when I met the local storytellers in the library. I could have stayed there all day listening to ghost stories, unicorn stories, guitar ballads, cats that were gardeners === I could go on but there is a 5 or 6 hour drive ahead of me and I have to leave.

Heather

Story

This story has many names, e.g, ***Just Enough to Make a Story, by Nancy Schimmel***
Or***Something From Nothing, by Phoebe Gilman***

This story is claimed to be Jewish, or Russian, or Irish. But in whatever guise you find this story it is a firm favourite with Storytellers all around the world.

What ever version tellers choose, they put their individual stamp on it. Some add repetition ("*and all night he cut and he stitched and he sewed and he snipped*"), or (*he held it this way / he held it that way / then he had an idea*).

Find the version you like and add it to your repertoire!!!

The Marvellous Coat

Once upon a time there lived a tailor's son named Joseph. He worked beside his father in his little shop cutting and stitching clothing for the wealthy folks in town. As he grew older, Joseph began to dream of making something special for himself to wear. He pictured a warm coat made of colorful fabric. For many years he saved the few coins that he got from helping his father. Finally he had enough to buy the cloth that he wanted.

Joseph went to the market and bought the piece of cloth he had been dreaming of. It was a warm gray with bits of gold and silver and even a little crimson here and there. That night while his father was sleeping, Joseph went to the shop. He laid out the pieces of fabric and made a careful plan. He measured,

then he cut and he stitched. After several nights of working, the young man had made himself a fine coat. When the tailor saw the work his son had done, he felt proud. "You are a tailor now in your own right," he said. "You have done fine work."

Joseph loved his coat. It was warm and colorful and everyone looked at it. He wore it everywhere, and the seasons passed.

One afternoon when Joseph had been buying cloth in the market for his father, a cold rain began to fall. He saw a young woman, shivering, wearing only a thin shawl to keep her from the cold. She was about his age. Joseph took off his coat and offered to let her wear it home. Joseph walked with her. They came to know one another,

and within two years, Joseph and Anna were married.

Joseph made his own tailor shop in the basement of their small apartment in their town. He continued to wear his coat. He wore it; he wore it; until he had worn it out. One day, he held his coat up, turning it round, and spoke to Anna in a sad voice, "This old coat has meant so much to me. It was my first dream come true. It made my father proud, and it helped me to meet you. Now there is nothing left. Nothing."

But then he laughed out loud, "There is something left. Just enough." Instead of throwing the coat in the rag bin, he took it to his workbench and began to measure, and to cut and stitch. By morning, he had made a jacket.

He loved the jacket. He wore it everywhere.

Soon his wife gave birth to twin girls. When they were a year old, he looked outside one night and saw the first snowflakes falling. "Come on girls," he said, picking them up and tucking one into each side of his jacket and buttoning them in. "We will go taste the first snowflakes of winter."

The girls laughed in amazement as the big flakes melted on their noses and tongues. Joseph danced round and round holding his two darlings under his warm jacket.

He wore the jacket for years. He wore it and wore it, until one day Anna remarked that it was all worn out. He held the jacket up. "Old jacket, you've meant so much to me. I'll never forget how I danced with the twins in the first snow. But there is nothing left. Nothing."

But again he stopped, "There is just enough here. Just enough." And instead of

throwing the jacket into the rag bin, he went to his workbench and began to measure, and to cut, and to stitch. In the morning he had made a cap. It was a lovely cap with a small brim and a lining to keep his head warm in winter. He loved the cap. He wore it everywhere.



When his girls were thirteen years old, there was a famine in the land. The crops were poor. Even the rich were not buying new clothes. The tailor's family had very little to eat, mostly potatoes, cabbage, or a carrot from Anna's garden, but never anything sweet.

One day they went into the forest at the edge of the town

to collect firewood. All of a sudden Anna began shouting, "Berries, come see all of the berries!" The family stuffed their faces with berries, but there were still more. "If only we had something to carry them in, I would make a pie," Anna said.

What did they have to carry them in? Joseph's cap! The cap was filled to brimming with beautiful black berries. Their purple juice left a permanent stain, but the taste of berry pie after so much hunger was worth it.

Joseph continued to wear his hat for years,

until one day, he looked at it, and he realized it was all worn out. He held the cap, turning it round, "Old cap, you've meant so much to me, but now there really is nothing left. Nothing." Then he laughed. "There's enough here. Just enough." Instead of throwing the cap away, he went to his workbench and cut and stitched, until he had made a bow tie.

Continued on page 16

He wore the bow tie everywhere. He wore it to his daughter's weddings and the births of his grandchildren. When his first grandson was old enough to speak he sat on Joseph's lap and played with his bow tie. "Grand Papa you have a butterfly on your shirt," the boy cried. From then on, every time he played with the grandchildren he would take off his bow tie and pretend that it was a butterfly.

One day when Joseph's hair was gray, he came home from the market and took off his coat. "Where is your bow tie?" Anna asked him. He felt for it, but it was gone. "It must have fallen off."

As fast as his old legs would let him, he jumped up and retraced his steps through the market place. He went back to every shop asking at each stall. Everyone knew of his bow tie, but no one had seen it. He told Anna. "I have to find it." It was not until late in the night that Anna was finally able to guide old Joseph home. He got into bed without his supper.

The next day he refused to get up. "What's the use?" he said. "The cloth that I loved is gone. Now there is nothing left. Nothing. I have been through so much with that cloth, I feel as if I have lost someone near and dear."

Joseph did not hear when his wife laughed quietly. She put on her shawl and went to her



daughter's homes. "Bring your children," she said. They all came and plopped down on the bed. "I can't play today," said Joseph, "I am too sad, I have lost my bow tie. I have lost so many dear memories."

"Tell us about the cloth, Dad," said one of his daughters.

"Your grandchildren do not know all of the stories."

"Oh, it is too sad," he said. "Please Grand Papa," the

children begged. "Alright, I will" he said slowly. He told them about making the coat, and making his father proud. He told about putting the coat over the young woman in the market and meeting his wife. He told about dancing in the snow with his two young babies. He told about the cap full of berries.

As he recalled all of these memories, the tears fell slowly down his cheeks.

He told about wearing the bowtie to his daughters' weddings and the births of his grandchildren. His eldest grandchild chimed in, "You made your bow tie into a butterfly Grand Papa. Maybe it flew away."

Old Joseph sighed, "Yes, it seems that my beloved bow tie did fly away. And, you have helped me to see that the memories I have that are so dear to me did not fly away. There were just enough memories left to make a story. The story will never be lost if you help me keep it."

Then Joseph the Tailor hugged his family close and got out of bed. His story was passed down through many generations

Story



Why Owls Hoot

Far back in time, the forest was not the still and peaceful place it is today! It was so noisy – with the birds forever quarreling about the song they should sing. Each bird tried out a new song, and the others imitated, and all in all there was a dreadful cacophony. Magpies tried to crow, then they chirped, and then they cooed. Sparrows squawked, and then trilled, then cuckooed. What a mix-up.

Now this noise was very irritating to the bear, who often enjoyed a little nap after his work was done. So he determined to put some order into the forest. One day, he called all the birds together in a clearing in the forest. He had brought with him an enormous oak barrel, which he had filled with songs! He told the birds that each must choose a song, suitable to his size, his feathers, and his lifestyle. You must consider this carefully, he said, because once you have chosen, you must keep that song and make it yours! No other bird can have it, and it must be the only song you sing

Then he pulled the plug from the oak barrel, and all the songs flew into the air. There were brown twittering songs, brightly coloured squawking songs, tall honking songs, small croaking songs, and silver whistling songs. There were songs for big birds. There were black and white lullabies.

The birds were delighted, and each one chose a beautiful song that was just for him!

But the owl came late – because the owl works at night and sleeps during the day. So when the owl arrived at sunset, not a single song was left! The owl decided that he would take the very first song that he heard in the night – and off he flew. He came to a cottage, and he hovered around the light, listening for a song that might be his. Inside the cottage there had been a merry party, but now everyone was sleeping, and the only song was the sound of a fiddler slowly drawing his bow across the strings of a double bass. What a melodious resonant sound, thought the owl, and he copied it. Hoo Hoo Hoo.

It was perfect for the darkness. And ever since that day – that has been the song of the OWL!

Notices

In July 2010, Sue Allonby, a Storyteller from Lancashire, UK , sent this email to the NZ Guild of Storytellers, wanting to make contact with any New Zealand tellers willing to meet with her.

“I'm a currently school librarian in the UK with a long time interest in storytelling. I'm leaving work in a few weeks in order to take part in a 3 month storytelling course. In mid-January 2011, I'm planning to visit New Zealand with my husband for about 6 weeks, to meet with some old friends and do some tramping. However, I'd also love to get involved with any storytelling events that are going on whilst we're over, to swap & share stories. I'd also love to volunteer to do some storytelling with any groups (school, youth groups, adults, anything).”

**Sue Allonby.
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Nelson,
Lancashire. BB9 0DS
UK**

susan.allonby@btinternet.com

Storytelling Groups/contacts

Auckland	7.30pm last Thurs of month	Antoinette Everts 09 626 7171	416A Hillsborough Rd, Auckland antoineett.everts@clear.net.nz
Thames	7.30pm. 1 st Weds of month	Jackie Black 07 868 1181	29 Station Rd, Puriri, RD1 Thames
Tauranga	Last Thursday of month	Claire Cooper Tauranga Library 07 577 7177	Tauranga Library Claire.cooper@tauranga.govt.nz
Napier	Phone for info 06 843 1232	Clare-Louise Gerbault	123A Waghorne St, Napier clgerbault@hotmail.com
Central Hawkes Bay	Phone for details	Mary Kippenberger 06 856 8367	212 Argyll Rd, R.D.1 Otane marykipp@hotmail.com
Wairarapa	email for details	Gaye Sutton Te Ao O Te Pukeko, Chester Rd, R.D 1 Carterton	
Manawatu	phone for details	Ken Benn 06 359 5024	3 Hardie St, Palmerston North kenbenn@paradise.net.nz
Wellington	7.30pm. 1 st Tues. of month	Mary-Alice Arthur 021 687 627	P O Box 10-868, Wellington Storytellers.cafe@buzz.net.nz
Blenheim	7pm. 2nd Thursday monthly	Katrina Oliver 03 577 7787	katrinao@xtra.co.nz
Nelson	Last Thursday of month	Roger Sanders	stories@paradise.net.nz
Canterbury	7.30pm. 2nd Tuesday of month	Liz Weir 03 318 2643	Lower High St, R.D Coalgate, Canterbury Liz.weir@paradise.net.nz
Timaru	7.30pm 4th Tuesday monthly	Lorna McMaster 03 686 6204	Margaret Dockrill dockrill@xtra.co.nz
Oamaru	Ph Annette for details: 03 439 5117	Meeting at Federation House, Tyne St, Oamaru	Annette Knowler story@ihug.co.nz
Dunedin	Phone for details	Kaitrin McMullan 03 467 9550	305 Malvern St, Dunedin mail@kaitrin.co.nz
Invercargill	7.30pm. 4th Tues day of month	Dee Uren-Perry 03 217 2808	104 George St Invercargill darilynup@xtra.co.nz
Balclutha	7 pm. 2nd Weds monthly	Vicki Woodrow Clutha Library 03 418 1677	Vicki.woodrow@cluthadc.govt.nz

Application For Membership

Name:

Address:

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Ph: **Email:**

So that we can get to know you better, please tell us a little about yourself:

- **Are you a listener, a learner, or already an experienced teller?**
- **Have you joined a regional group? Need a contact name for a group in your area?**

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14 -O R.D

OAMARU

Sender

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