



OWN

NEWS & VIEWS



Summer 2023-2024

Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • info@own.org.nz • www.own.org.nz



Christmas Season

The OWN Committee & the Editors of News&Views

*wish you all a
wonderful and safe
festive season!*

See inside for:

-  **News**
-  **Stories**
-  **Jokes**
-  **and more ...**

OWN is a women's network which connects women through a variety of activities and events which enhance feelings of belonging and well-being



Dear OWN members . . .

With summer just around the corner, I am looking forward to some lovely hot weather, picnics, and time at the beach. No doubt many of you will enjoy the same.

On Saturday, 18 November, 2023, ten OWN members met at the *Bays Club* in Browns Bay. The inclement weather did not deter these Ladies. We were disappointed by the response, but from the smiles and laughter it was evident everyone present was enjoying themselves. The choices on the menu were many and varied. Each person thoroughly enjoyed their selection, with the compliments of OWN. The photos below show the happy diners enjoying their lunch.

The numbers have been down this year on attendances at events organised by our *OWN Committee*, but what does seem popular are the lunches at the *Bays Club*, so we will continue to have these quarterly.

Wishing you all a Happy Christmas and holiday season. I look forward to catching up with you all next year.

Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



OWN Luncheon 2023

Saturday, 18 November
Bays Club, Browns Bay

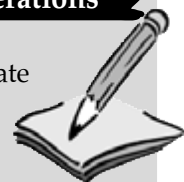


OWN Groups

Check for details
by phoning the co-ordinators

Writing for Future Generations

New members welcome!
Please inform the appropriate
Group Convenor prior to
attending.



Browns Bay Group: Meets on the second Saturday of each month at the *Bays Community Centre*, Browns Bay. For more details, contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 479-7519 or ph: 021-064-9522.

Beach Haven Group: Meets on the fourth Saturday of each month at the *Cedar Centre*, Beach Haven. For details, contact *Anne Mutu*, ph: 483-7704.

OWN Browns Bay Coffee Group

Come and join us for a cuppa, or maybe lunch. Meets at 11:30am on the last Tuesday of each month at *Sugar n Cup Café*, Browns Bay (79 Clyde Road, opposite *Unichem* chemist). For more details, contact *Val Bird*, ph: 475-6601 or email: valbird51@hotmail.com



Remember to check out www.own.org.nz for news, pictures, events, etc.





St Mary's – a Christmas Picture



As you know, I spent my childhood in the North West of London, not far from Buckinghamshire. We lived in Eastcote, one of the last few stations of the underground network, although our stations were above the ground as we were well away from the city centre. I went to primary school about a mile away from my home, then on to *Harrow County Girls Grammar* for my secondary schooling, which meant travelling on the train each day three stations nearer to London. Harrow was our local centre, not only for shopping and theatre, and other community amenities, but it was famous for its hill, which could be seen for miles around, especially at night when the red light on top of the church steeple blinked regularly to warn aircraft.

St Mary's Church started off about the time of the Norman Conquest, about 1000AD, as a stone-cum-lookout. The tower at the very top of the hill was made of square grey stone and would have made an excellent vantage point to watch for marauding enemies coming. Sometime

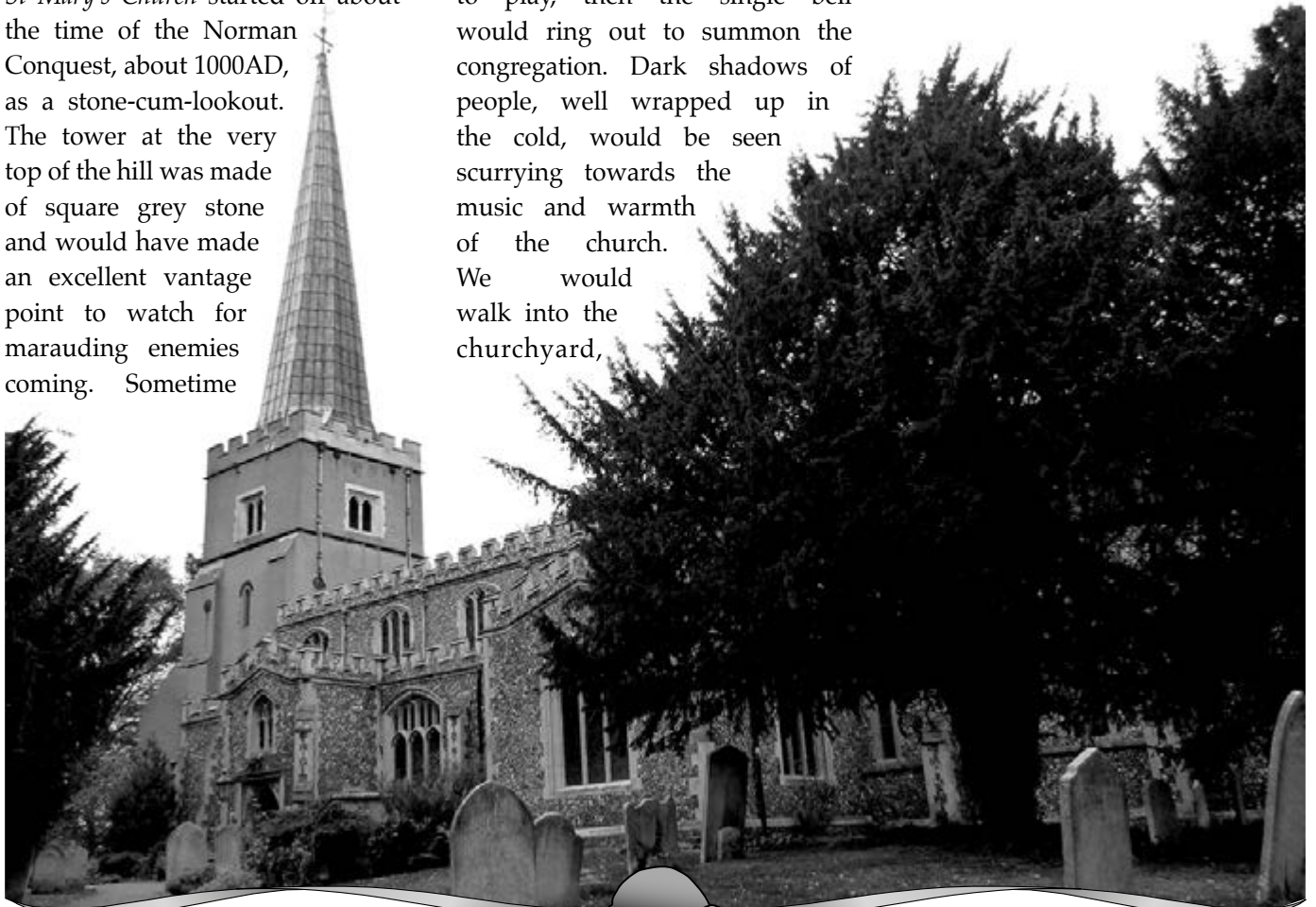
later it became a church with the building of a stone nave beside the tower, and then a tall steeple was built on the tower itself, hence the necessity of the red light.

St Mary's figured strongly in my childhood. Often on Sunday evening, my father and I would go on the train, leave by the back exit of the station, walk through the park, over the road, then climb up through the fields to the old church for Evensong. There were many times when we walked up at Christmas in the snow with the stars twinkling. Sometimes if the snow was deep, I had to walk in Dad's footsteps, like the page in the *Good King Wenceslas* carol. Always the coloured lights of the church's stained-glass windows beckoned us. As we walked nearer, we would hear the organist start to play, then the single bell would ring out to summon the congregation. Dark shadows of people, well wrapped up in the cold, would be seen scurrying towards the music and warmth of the church. We would walk into the churchyard,

through the gate and then around to the thin shaft of light at the church door. In the churchyard it was fairyland. The lights inside the church magnified the pictures of the glass windows, and threw their beautiful colours on to the snow. It was a magic sight, never to be forgotten, just like the old traditional snowy Christmas cards.

Whilst I remember *St Mary's* in the snow, there is a footnote. *Peter* and I were married at *St Mary's*. It was the first weekend in April 1961 and bitterly cold. The old stone church was there as usual, but this time it was sitting in a sea of yellow daffodils and the recently restored peal of bells rang out for us when we came out the church door.

Jenny Goldsbro





Thoughts About Christmas



Hello Christmas people. Have you decorated everything with tinsel and sparkles? Have you run out of steam yet?

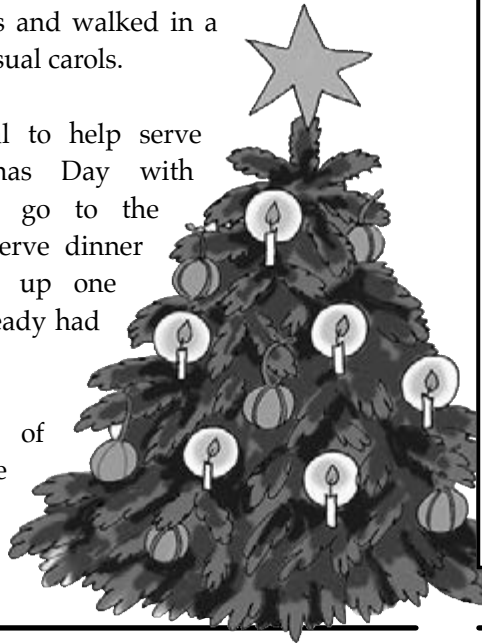
What about the fairy lights outside the house, up the tree and on the roof or the verandah? We have all heard of streets where all the neighbours have wonderful lights and one is more wonderful than the other. Do they leave them on all night? Many reindeer and Santas, but we rarely see fairy lights showing baby Jesus in the manger. Shame, really.

When we grew up in Denmark we had real candles lit on the Christmas Tree. Some were red, others were white. We never saw them catch fire, but some responsible families had a bucket of water handy, just in case. We held hands and walked in a circle around the tree, singing the usual carols.

Last year I went to the hospital to help serve the midday meal on Christmas Day with my friend *Beate*. Many people go to the *City Mission* to help make and serve dinner to hundreds of people. I rang up one year to offer, but was told they already had 400 volunteers.

Let us help others instead of buying presents ... most people don't need any more *stuff*.

Betty Vaotogo



Mother Christmas

Where art thou Mother Christmas?

I really wish I knew,

Why Father should get all the praise,

And no one mentions you.

I'll bet you buy the presents,

And wrap them large and small,

While all the time the dirty swine,

Pretends he's done it all.

So, hail to Mother Christmas,

The uncomplaining slave,

And down with Father Christmas,

That good-for-nothing knave.

Roald Dahl

Life's Lessons

☺☺ I've worked hard for 87 years (or just about) to get to the stage of where I am now and it's a very comfortable stage. Many people like me are at this age where we can look back at all of our experiences, the good and the bad, and find that the bad was probably the best. It emptied us and set us up for something bigger. You can't put anything into a cup that's already full. The calamities in our life were actually seasons of growth. We all go through that process and the ultimate end of that does not mean the end, the end of that process is wisdom. ☺☺



Joy Cowley, New Zealand author

(from an interview published in the *Sunday Magazine, Stuff*)





Christmases I Remember



When I was a child in the 1950s, Christmas, compared to today in 2023, was quite simple. On Christmas morning, lying under the tree would be a Santa sack for each child. This would contain fruit, a candy cane, and sweets. There would also be one large item like a bicycle, a doll's pram, or scooter, and a book. We were always thrilled with whatever we received. After breakfast we would go to 9:00am Mass. Christmas lunch was roast lamb with gravy and mint sauce, new potatoes, carrots, and peas fresh from Dad's garden. Dessert was trifle with cream. We had dinner on our own as a family. Next day, Boxing Day was when we visited our grandparents and received their "Christmas boxes", as they called them (hence the name Boxing Day).

When our children were small in the 1970s, the number of presents received were many. On Christmas Day, after we had attended Mass, my parents came to our home for lunch. The food was the same as I had as a child, with the addition of roast chicken for the main meal, and for dessert Christmas fruit pudding and pavlova with strawberries were added. Late Christmas afternoon our family went to

Graeme's parents for Christmas tea and met up with the other *Brocherie* relatives.

Nowadays, our children are not living close to us. Daughter *Nicki* and her family live in Melbourne. *Richard* and his family are in Keri Keri. Our family of 13 all meet on 23 December at daughter *Jo* and her partner *Chris's* lovely large home in Wellsford and stay until Boxing Day. *Jo* has the house beautifully decorated for the Festive Season.

Now it is just me who goes to Mass on Christmas morning. When I arrive home *Nicki* and our son *Richard* have the Christmas dinner under way. The presents last year were many more than our children received when they were small and so much more expensive. The Christmas dinner has increased in choices. The main meal consists of hot ham, roast lamb, and roast turkey with stuffing. Accompaniments of roast potatoes, roast kumara, roast butternut, and peas with lashings of gravy. *Jo, Nicki,* and I have our modern specialty desserts we each make, but there is still the good old Christmas pudding and trifle.



When I think how much money today is spent on Christmas presents, the amount of food on the table, and the time it takes to prepare, I think back to those simple Christmases of my childhood. There was nothing wrong with the good old days.

Judy Brocherie

Brain Test

How many animals, fruits, countries, etc. can you list in 60 seconds? Give it a go and aim for 20-25 words. Keep practising. It may show memory problems if you keep having low scores.

To keep our memory and vocabulary recall primed, playing regular word games like *Scrabble* and *Wordle*, and doing crosswords may help.





Our Dog



Our dog was a stray given to us by friends. Before we accepted him (by my husband only) he had to show that he was obedient. After "Sit", "Stay", and "Come", my husband finally said, "Okay, we will keep him", much to my children's delight.

He was a black lab/cross and we all fell in love with him, and as he was jet-black, we called him *Jet*. I had said that if we did keep him, then it was up to the children to look after him, which of course they said 'yes'. So, who fed him, bathed him, etc.? Yes, of course ... yours truly.

My husband thought that he would make a good hunting dog, but this never eventuated as *Jet* would go up to whatever had been shot, sniff it, and then walk away. My husband gave up in the end and that was the end of him having a hunting dog. He had to rely on his cousin's black lab, who of course rubbed it in unmercifully.

We had a carrying business with a contract to *Kidd Garret* in Hobson Street. My husband used to take *Jet* in the truck with him. Lo and behold there were times when *Jet* just took off. One day he was found walking down Queen Street with a string of sausages. Another time he was found at the bottom of Basset Road in Remuera. All of these times he was brought home and made to go to 'jail' – he had a kennel and he would be put in it with a grate over the front so that he could not get out. He had to stay there to serve out his sentence, which really only lasted a couple of hours, but would have seemed a lifetime to our lovely dog.

All my children had paper runs and *Jet* went with them every time and it was a safety net for them. No one would think of doing them harm with a dog beside them.

We took him everywhere with us and he was the most faithful and loving pet anyone could imagine. He was 17 when we had to put him down and it was one of the saddest days of my life as he had truly become family.

Lennie Crawford



***Fear less, hope more,
Eat less, chew more,
Whine less, breathe more,
Talk less, say more,
Love more,
And all good things will be yours.***

Swedish proverb

Xmas Jokes



They're real crackers!

- ❶ **What's red and white and falls down chimneys?**
Santa Klutz!
- ❷ **What is a Christmas tree's favourite candy?**
Orna-mints!
- ❸ **How do sheep say "Merry Christmas" to each other?**
"Fleece Navidad."
- ❹ **What is the absolute best Christmas present?**
A broken drum ... you can't beat it!
- ❺ **How do Christmas trees get ready for a night out?**
They spruce up!
- ❻ **What is green, covered in Christmas lights and Christmas bulbs, and goes "ribbit, ribbit"?**
A mistle-toad.
- ❼ **What goes "Oh, Oh, Oh"?**
Santa walking backward!
- ❽ **What happens if you eat Christmas decorations?**
You get tinsel-itis.
- ❾ **Who is a Christmas tree's favourite singer?**
Spruce Springsteen.
- ❿ **Who is Santa's favourite singer?**
Elfish Presley.



Dating, 1954 Style



Shortly after meeting *Ken* and starting “dating” (I think today’s term is “being an item), we would meet on Friday night to go to the pictures. I would catch a bus from Mt Wellington, where I lived, to the city. He would be waiting for me in Symonds Street, not far from where he lived.

My Mum had said that twice a week was often enough to meet, so Friday night at the pictures and Sunday night at the dance were our weekly dates.

I spent all week looking forward to Friday night, planning what I would wear and getting it ironed and ready for the night.

Off I would go to catch the bus and as the bus neared Symonds Street, I would watch eagerly to see if he was there. ‘Oh yes, there he is in his nice blue suit, just waiting for me.’ The heart beats faster with joy.

I would go right off the bus into his arms for a quick kiss, and arm in arm we would go down the street to catch the tram to Queen Street and the picture theatre, excitingly catching up on the news of the week and just being happy being with each other. Then on to the pictures, holding hands in the dark and having an ice cream at half-time. How lovely it was.

Afterwards we caught a tram back to Symonds Street and sometimes we would go to a little café that was there and have a meal of steak, eggs, and chips with buttered bread. Then off to wait for the last bus home, snogging



in the doorway of a shop until the bus arrived. ‘Bye, see you on Sunday.’

I was the family housekeeper: cooked and cleaned, shopped and washed the family’s clothes, either in the copper boiler or hand washed – no washing machines or clothes dryers then. I also looked after my two younger sisters before and after school. Every second Sunday was my day off from my duties. For this I was paid 10 shillings a week (about \$50 today), but that sum was enough to take me to the pictures twice a week. I did augment this sum by picking tomatoes part-time over summer.

On my free Sunday, I would go to town in the morning, meet *Ken*, and together we went to mass at *St Benedict’s* in Newton. We would then go to his place to have midday dinner with his family and then go for a walk in the *Auckland Domain*, or to the beach or *Parnell Baths* if it was summer.

In the evening, it was on to the dance, where we would dance the night away. Waltzes, fox-trots,

three-step polonaises, excuse me fox-trots, and so on. It was put on by the *Maori Catholic Society* for somewhere for the young people to go on a Sunday night. It was inexpensive from memory, it just cost one shilling or one shilling and sixpence. Supper of sandwiches, cakes, and tea was provided. No alcohol in those days, and anyone who was drunk would not be admitted.

There was no jiving or rock ‘n’ roll as it was frowned upon by the church in those days, consequently *Ken* and I never learnt those dances. They were enjoyed with great gusto held at the *Maori Community Centre* in Fanshaw Street, next to *Victoria Park*.

As the bus left early on a Sunday night, we had to leave before the dance finished and then it was goodbye until next Friday. Parting was such sweet sorrow. It would be five days until we saw each other again. Neither of us had a telephone and mobiles were completely unheard of. But, as history has shown, there is no obstacle that love cannot conquer.

Anne Mutu





The Magic Bank Account

Imagine that you had won the following 'prize' in a contest:

Each morning your bank will deposit \$86,400 into your private account for your use.



However, this prize has rules:

The set of rules:

1. Everything that you don't spend during each day would be taken away from you.
2. You can not simply transfer money into another account.
3. You can only spend it.
4. Each morning upon awakening, the bank opens your account with another \$86,400 for that day.
5. The bank can end the game without warning; at any time it can say, "Game Over!" and can close the account and you will not receive a new one.

What would you personally do?

You would buy anything and everything you wanted right? Not only for yourself, but for all the people you love and care for. Even for people you don't know, because you couldn't possibly spend it all on yourself, right? You would try to spend every penny, and use it all, because you knew it would be replenished in the morning, right?

Actually, this game is real ...

Shocked? YES! Each of us is already a winner of this 'prize'. We just can't seem to see it. The 'prize' is *time*.

1. Each morning we awaken to receive 86,400 seconds as a gift of life.
2. And when we go to sleep at night, any remaining time is not credited to us.
3. What we haven't used up that day is forever lost.
4. Yesterday is forever gone.
5. Each morning the account is refilled, but the 'bank' can dissolve your account at any time **without warning**.

So, what will *you* do with your 86,400 seconds?

Those seconds are worth so much more than the same amount in dollars. Think about it and remember to enjoy every second of your life, because time races by so much quicker than you think. So, take care of yourself, be happy, love deeply and enjoy life!

wishing you a wonderful and beautiful day. Start 'spending'!

“Don't complain about growing old ... some people don't get the privilege!”

Author unknown



Author unknown

Be yourself ... everyone else is taken.

Oscar Wilde
Irish poet and playwright





We had been living on the *Zomba Plateau* (in Malawi, east Africa) for about four years when a new family joined our small community. We already knew them, but not particularly well. *Jayne* became a good friend. She would join me on my painting forays when she had time.

Before *Jayne* and *Brian* actually moved into their house, *Brian* came to see us and casually asked if *Gina*, then 14 years old, would like to look after a couple of horses during the summer holidays. I was more than a little worried about this idea as I hardly knew one end of a horse from the other. The upshot of this was, naturally, my worries were swept aside and before you could blink, we had two horses living in our renovated garage. The horses were to remain with us until the new stables were built. *Jayne* was about to open a riding school.

Ambi and *Zimmer*, the two horses, arrived as promised. *Gina* was wild with excitement, I was consumed with anxiety, and *George* was his usual calm, unbothered self ... why on earth was I worrying? My worst fears were fulfilled almost immediately. We lost *Ambi* on the first evening. *Gina* had gone down to the field to bring the horses in for the night. She collected *Zimmer* first and put her into her stall. Then she went back for *Ambi*, but there was no *Ambi*. Gone. A search party went forth to find the horse. I had already conjured up several scenarios in my mind – she'd gone home, she had gone down the one-way road and caused an accident, etc., etc. *Gina* eventually found her on the one-way road (no accident) and brought her home.

Brian had neglected to tell us that *Ambi* was an excellent jumper, that she didn't like being left alone in the field and therefore we needed to put her in first and take her out last, otherwise she absconded.

I spent the first month they were there with us in a state of worry, with sleepless nights listening

for a commotion in case one of the horses, developed colic. After that I gave up worrying. Though later, I would have something to worry about.

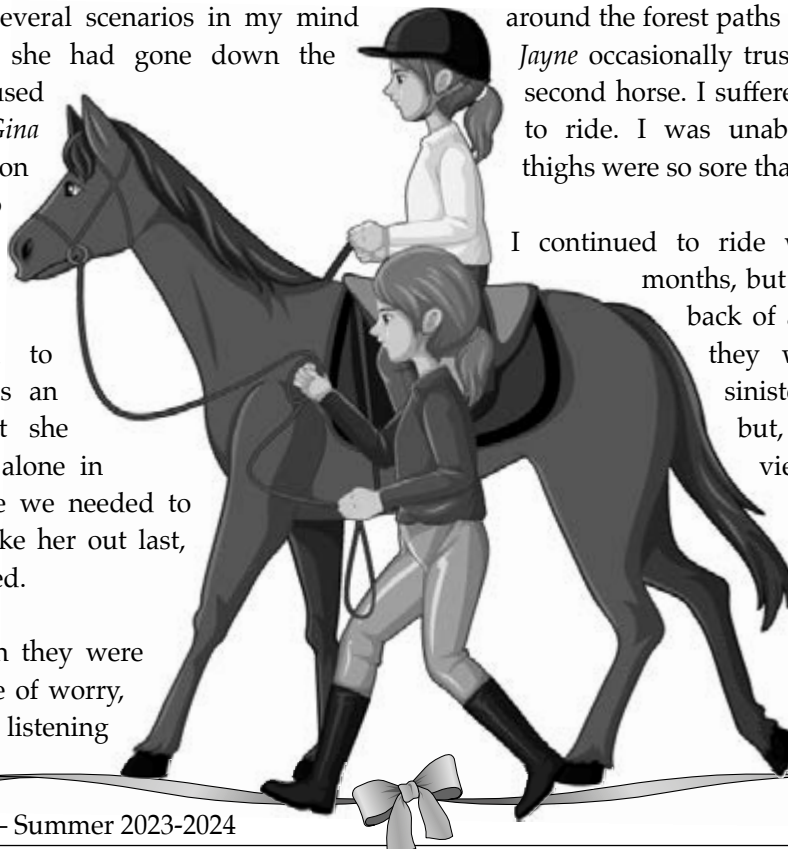
We looked after the horses for three months. *Gina* had returned to school, so the onus of care of the horses fell on me. After that *Brian* arrived to move them to the new stables and our car was able to return to its rightful abode. It was at this point that *Jayne* came up with her plan. "I have decided," said she. "That you must learn to ride." The idea did not fill me with enthusiasm. I made the excuse that I was too old for such capers (I was 47), but *Jayne* would brook no excuses. She said it would be a big favour to her because I would be able to help her exercise the horses. So, I reluctantly agreed.

Thus, it was that my riding instruction began. I looked a proper pillock astride a horse, but nothing daunted *Jayne*. She did her best. Every day I arrived in the paddock for my lesson, round and round in a big circle I went on the end of a long leading rein with *Jayne* exhorting me to "Sit up, back straight, hands down", insisting that I would not fall off. I managed a creditable trot, but I was very nervous about cantering. Too fast! Horses, like cars, should stick to the speed limit!

Eventually I graduated to accompanying *Jayne* around the forest paths several times a week, with *Jayne* occasionally trusting me enough to lead a second horse. I suffered agonies whilst learning to ride. I was unable to sit down and my thighs were so sore that I walked like a drunk.

I continued to ride with *Jayne* for about 18 months, but never felt at home on the back of a horse. I always felt that they were plotting something sinister! Beautiful creatures, but, like elephants, preferably viewed from a distance. My adventure into riding came to an abrupt end when there was an accident. Not to me, but to *Gina*.

Continues ►





continued.

Once again, the family was home for the summer. On this particular morning, *Gina* was accompanied on her ride by *Martin*. I had been wittering on with them because we couldn't find a riding hat for *Martin* and I was reluctant to ride without one. Having promised me that they would go no faster than a trot, they set off.

A couple of hours later *Martin* charged into the house, saying that *Gina* had been thrown when the horses had bolted after being frightened by an explosion of excited children exiting from the small primary school. *Gina* had managed to stop *Ambi*, her mount, but he had stumbled and she flew off. *Gina* lay in a heap, conveniently at the end of our driveway.

Luckily, she suffered no severe injuries, though she spent three days in the African hospital with concussion. Her stay there would make a whole story on its own.

Jayne still lives on the *Zomba Plateau*, though someone else now runs the stables. *Gina* continued to ride during the school holidays, whenever she could, and, as for me, ... well, I have never been on the back of a horse since!

Helen Welsh



If It Had Been ...

Three Wise *Women* instead of men, they would have asked for directions, arrived on time, helped deliver the baby, cleaned the manger, made a casserole, ... and brought extra nappies as gifts!



Easy Tiramisu



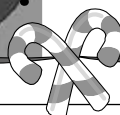
Ingredients

- 1½ cups of cream
- ⅓ cup castor sugar
- 1 tsp vanilla essence
- 250 grams of mascarpone cheese (or cream cheese)
- 1½ cups of cold coffee
- 3 Tbsp *Kahlua* (optional)
- 1 packet *Savoardi* biscuits (sponge fingers)
- Cocoa powder for dusting

Method

1. Whip cream slowly, add sugar and vanilla, and continue to beat until stiff peaks form. Add mascarpone cheese (or cream cheese) and fold in until combined. Set aside.
2. Mix coffee and liquor (if using) in a small bowl. Dip the finger biscuits into the coffee liquid – don't soak them, just quickly dip them on both sides to get them wet.
3. Lay them in a single layer on the bottom of a 20cm x 20cm pan. Smooth half of the mascarpone mixture over the top.
4. Add another layer of the dipped sponge fingers. Smooth remaining mascarpone mixture over the top.
5. Dust cocoa powder generously (through a strainer) over the top.
6. Refrigerate for at least 3 - 4 hours, even better overnight, to allow flavours to blend.

This will keep in the fridge for 2 - 3 days.





Less Is Best



We always looked forward to her visit. She'd stumble in, out of breath, but grinning at her overweightness. Lifting her bifold suitcase onto the table was always an effort – and then the grand opening. We'd peer in, marvelling at neatly packed and arrayed rows of the famous health products for our choosing, developed way back in 1889.

Our family's household budget limited us to our three usual selections: chest rub; antiseptic salve, contained in lovely round tins with elaborate gilt designs; and, my favourite, coconut oil soap, made in Samoa, for washing our hair.

Mum always offered baking and a cuppa to the *Rawleighs'* lady before, with suitcase closed, she rushed off to her many waiting customers.

Our healthcare cupboard included a few other staples. From its little corked bottle, bright red *Mecurochrome* was dabbed onto any cuts and grazes, and we had plenty of those from our many outdoor

adventures. Poultices were mixed and heated on the stove and applied to occasional infected wounds. Earache was soothed with warm cod-liver oil and a plug of cotton wool, while the bottle of *Bonningtons' Irish Moss* was there for coughs. Blocked noses were helped with a few drops of oil of eucalyptus on a hanky and Mum would give us a spoonful from the dreaded *Maltex* bottle (slimy malt extract) to boost us up before winter. A special treat was being allowed to suck the occasional *Throaties* from the little red cardboard packet, if we had a cold.

These were Mum's simple remedies. Along with feeding us a balanced diet of

vegetables from the garden, we had milk puddings every night except Sunday, when we had my favourite, jam tart, and regular fruit from our orchard to keep us healthy. No doctor's visits that I remember, no antibiotics, only aspirin crushed in honey, given on a few occasions, when my bronchitis and temperature became worse.

A recent visit to Albany's *Chemist Warehouse* left me utterly overwhelmed. I was there looking for a replacement thermometer. Each aisle, and there were many, was crowded with shoppers, filling their baskets, busy seeking and selecting from hundreds of healthcare products. Did they really need all these items? Are we being over marketed with so many expensive options? Are we being overly prescribed?

Caring for my family, I've carried on my Mum's simple, healthcare ways. I for one prefer the "less is best" approach, and so far, it's worked pretty well.

Jos Coburn



Friends are the fruit cake of our lives



Some are nutty, some are soaked in alcohol,
some are firm, some are sweet,
but altogether they are great to have in your life.

**Did you hear that
Santa knows karate?**



He has a Black Belt.

TheHolidaySpot.com





Visits to Blackpool



Our visits to Blackpool in the late-1950s – we had two, first when I was 14 years old and another at 15 years old. When I say ‘our’, I was with my mother and a bus load of old, young and in-between fellow mill workers of my mother.

My mother worked for *Clark’s Mill* and they had, as most big companies did at the time, a good social club organised and run by the company. The employees could pay into it and then the company would organise different events or outings. Mum chose the Blackpool outings.

It was known as ‘going to the Blackpool Lights’. This took place in September, the start of autumn and the tail end of the summer holiday season. It was our autumn weekend, like our Labour weekend with Monday the holiday.

We would get the bus on the Friday evening and drive from Paisley to Blackpool, which I think took about four hours. There was always a lot of singing going on in the bus, including the driver.

We stayed in what was then called a boarding house, now called a private hotel! It was on

the waterfront and very nice. We stayed there both times when we took the trip. It was full board, in other words breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

I remember on one night, I think it must have been the Sunday, the host, came into the sitting room and started to play the piano and we had great big sing-song before dinner.

To get more visitors at this time of the year, Blackpool decorated the whole of the waterfront with coloured lights. Blackpool also had a tower, not as big as the *Eiffel Tower*, but built in the same manner.

Also, at this time of the year, the variety theatres had all the big acts from London, and included in the cost of our trip was a night out at the theatre. I think it was *Morecambe and Wise* that we went to see and I’m sure there was a popular foursome of singers on, but I can’t remember their name.

Blackpool also had a very large and very good fair ground, the most popular item being the *Big Dipper*. I was too much of a coward to go on it, but a couple of the other girls, a bit older than me at the



Morecambe and Wise, Blackpool, 1953

time, braved it. When they came off their hands were red almost raw from holding on for grim death, some of the dips were really dippy. I went on another dipper, but the dips were more reasonable.

Blackpool at this time, the 1950s, was very popular and people spent their summer holidays there, but I don’t think it is the same now. They much prefer to go on package holidays to the continent where the weather is much warmer and the sun shines more often.

Anita Knappe



Donkey Rides, Blackpool Beach, 1958



Blackpool Pleasure Beach, 1955

