



News & Views

Autumn 2024

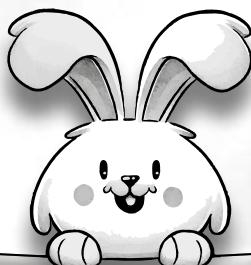
Our Women's Network North Shore • PO Box 34-383, Birkenhead, Auckland 0746 • info@own.org.nz • www.own.org.nz

News • Stories • Poems • Jokes • and more ...

Autumn is here!

*Autumn winds begin to blow,
Coloured leaves fall fast and slow,
Whirling and twirling all around,
Till at last they touch the ground.*

Author unknown



Happy Easter



OWN

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 ...

I wish you all a wonderful year in 2024 and hope it will be a happy year for us all. What a beautiful hot summer we have had. I was able to get out and make the most of it and no doubt you all did too.

The **Browns Bay and Beach Haven Writing For Future Generations Groups** continue to be the backbone of OWN. Although the numbers have reduced, the ladies who attend, enjoy the catch up and camaraderie. The monthly **Browns Bay Coffee Group** get-together on Tuesdays at the *Sugar n Cup Café* also continues to be popular. (See page 3 for more details of these **OWN Groups**.)

On Wednesday, 20 March, 2024, I have booked a table for an **OWN Luncheon** at the *Bays Club* in Browns Bay for OWN members. This is always an enjoyable

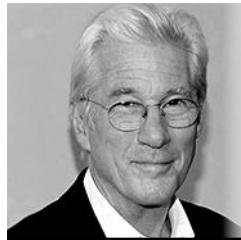
occasion. If you would like to join us, please contact me, ph: 021-0239-4270.

On Saturday, 11 May, 2024 we will have our **OWN AGM**. Please consider putting your name forward to be a Committee Member. I look forward to seeing you there. (See page 3 for more details.)

Make the most of this lovely weather. Even better if enjoyed with a companion.

Kind regards,

Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



“ I am old, but I am forever young at heart. We are always the same age inside. Know that you are the perfect age. Each year is special and precious, you can only live it once. Do not regret growing older, it is a privilege denied to many. ”

Richard Gere (US actor, musician, and humanitarian)

Obituary

Sue Rudling

Sue Rudling was a long-time member of OWN and sadly passed away on 20 February, surrounded by her family, at the *Fairview Retirement Village*.

Sue was one of the past-Compiling Editors of the OWN newsletter **Older & Bolder**, and in 1999 became our OWN Secretary and held the role for 10 years. She was a great organiser and soon had everything running smoothly – up until then, there had been a paid co-ordinator, a paid office worker, and a paid financial person who dealt with PAYE and Inland Revenue.

Sue was lucky to work closely with the late *Barbara Stanley*, who helped *Sue* to gain more confidence so that she was able to do more and take over the paid worker's job. She was a member of OWN's **Alone Lunch** with *Judith Sumich* for many years, joining the group for good conversation, good food, and good companionship.



Sue Rudling ringing in the OWN Winter Festival in 2006

Lennie Crawford

OWN Groups

Check for details by phoning the co-ordinators.

OWN Writing for Future Generations

New members welcome - please inform the Group's 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: 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 *Judy Brocherie*, ph: 021-0239-4270.

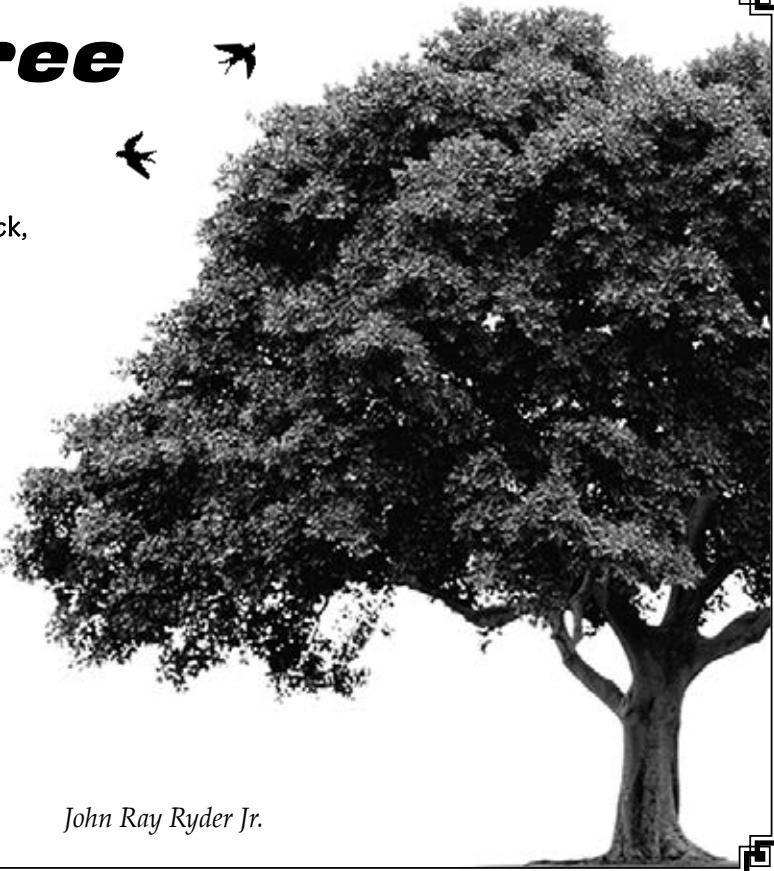


Remember to check out our website for news, pictures, events, etc.

www.own.org.nz

The Oak Tree

A mighty wind blew night and day,
It stole the oak trees leaves away,
Then snapped its boughs and pulled it back,
Until the oak was tired and stark,
But still the oak tree held its ground,
While other trees fell all around.
The weary wind gave up and spoke,
"How can you still be standing, Oak?"
The oak tree said, "I know that you,
Can break each branch of mine in two,
Carry each leaf away,
Shake my limbs and make me sway,
But I have roots stretched in the earth,
Growing stronger since my birth,
You'll never touch them, for you see,
They are the deepest part of me,
Until today, I wasn't sure,
Of just how much I could endure,
But now I've found, with thanks to you,
I'm stronger than I ever knew."



John Ray Ryder Jr.

Up-coming Events

OWN AGM 2024

We need your attendance. We are always ready to welcome new people onto the Committee. We know that the word 'AGM' often puts people off, but this is an opportunity to socialise with everyone, enjoy light refreshments, and share your ideas for OWN.



When: 12:00 noon, Saturday, 11 May

Where: Rothesay Room, *Bays Community Centre*, 2 Glen Road, Browns Bay

The OWN AGM will be held after the *Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations* group's monthly meeting. A light lunch will be served.

For more details, please contact *Lennie Crawford*, ph: 444-3320.



Mistaken Identity



The waiting room once served as the "front room" of the house, before the local village doctor converted the ground floor rooms into his general practice. Today, as is the case most weekdays, the chairs lined up around its walls are fully occupied. Everyone's on high alert in case someone jumps the queue, as it's first come, first served. No appointment system – only a green buzzer to summon the next patient.

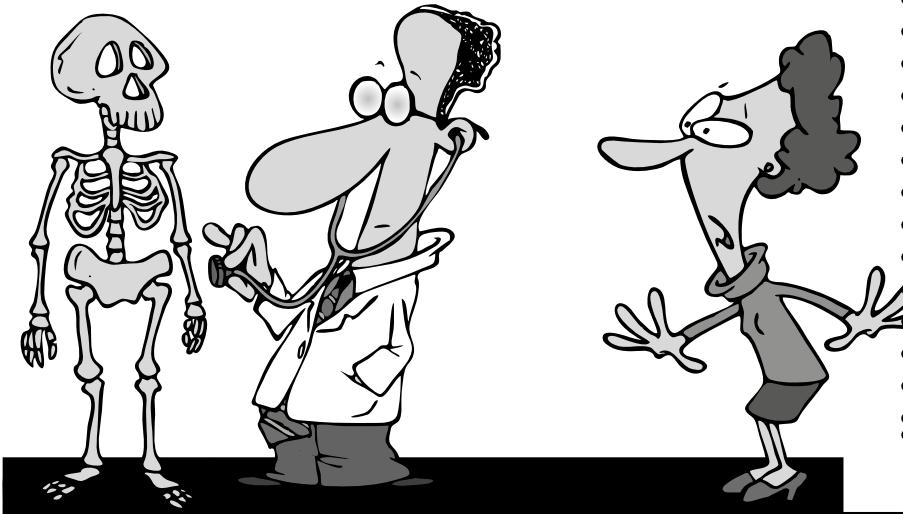
It's not only the buzzer that lights up, as many of the patients 'light up' and happily puff away while waiting their turn. This is quite normal and acceptable in the 1960s. Even the doctor has been known to hold a cigarette in one hand, while filling out a prescription with the other. Ashtrays and outdated reading material sit side-by-side on the tables. The smoky atmosphere acts as a backdrop to the coughing, wheezing, and general chatter. One could be forgiven for thinking they'd made a wrong turn and ended up in *The Black Horse* – the local village pub.

My turn at last. In I go. I take a seat. *Dr Fraser* glances up from notes in front of him – presumably mine – and without further ado, launches into a lecture about "sticking to the straight and narrow". There's a tone of admonishment in his voice as he continues to point out the perils of not abiding by this moral code of conduct.

As a rather naïve 16 year old, I'm becoming more perplexed (and slightly embarrassed) by the minute. Finally, as he pauses to draw breath I'm able to interject and explain the reason for my medical visit. "I have a sore throat," I tell him.

This leads to much shuffling of papers and files, followed by a clearing of his throat and a muttered apology. Apparently, I'd been confused with another patient – a "loose woman" perhaps? I'll never know, but I beat a hasty retreat, clutching my prescription for cough medicine and throat lozenges.

Patricia Russell



Did You Know?

① It was the accepted practice in Babylon 4,000 years ago that for a month after the wedding, the bride's father would supply his son-in-law with all the mead he could drink.

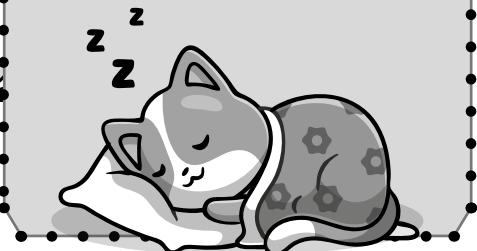
Mead is a fermented honey alcohol, and because the Babylonian calendar was based on a lunar cycle, this period was called the "honey month", which is where today we get the word 'honeymoon'.



② During Shakespeare's time, mattresses were secured on bed frames by ropes. When you pulled on the ropes, the mattress tightened, making the bed firmer to sleep on.

Hence this is one of the possible origins of the bedtime saying:

"Goodnight, sleep tight!"



Turkish De-fright



A pinch here, a squeeze there, what do you think I'm talking about? Checking to see if a loaf of bread is nice and crusty before you buy it? Or maybe inspecting a tub of avocados for just the right one?

Wrong and wrong! What I'm talking about is our experience of moving to Istanbul as a young family in 2008.

We had been living in Germany for four years and my husband was working in finance, but quite frankly we hardly saw him. He was gone just after the children woke up and would return after they'd gone to bed. He also seemed to be surgically attached to his work laptop. His absence was particularly obvious to our young girls. In fact, our three year old daughter didn't even include him in her family drawings! This was particularly brutal to him so, as much as we loved so many aspects of our life there, it was not sustainable and we needed to make a change.

My husband accepted a marketing position, which was much more

family friendly, in Istanbul and the move happened very quickly. I think it was only about six weeks before the moving truck came and we were on our way.

The children were 8, 6, and 2 years old, and were in for big changes: new school, new home, new friends, and a new language that none of us spoke. In Germany, we could get by in German, but everyone spoke English. In Turkey, most didn't, so the pressure was on to learn quickly. We knew things would be a bit of a culture shock, but the girls started to adapt on the initial two hour flight to Istanbul. Our youngest noticed that many of the ladies on the plane were wearing the traditional Muslim hijab, so proceeded to fashion her blanket over her head to fit in.

On our arrival we were picked up by a driver who took us to a hotel my husband had booked prior to the company offering to provide one (rookie mistake there). It was right by the sea, but truly awful. It was run down, absolutely wreaked of nicotine, and was under some

very necessary reconstruction. This was, however, where I had my first big culture shock. At breakfast the next morning, I noticed that our table appeared to be the only one with one husband and one wife. Every other table had at least two women with every gentleman. Thankfully we only spent one night there and then the company moved us to the *Swissôtel* overlooking the Bosphorous Strait, which was the absolute other end of the scale.

We ended up staying in the *Swissôtel* for two weeks, and the children and I would go out during the day, or stay and enjoy the facilities.

The children were fussed over wherever we went, but were really not used to all the attention. In Germany, they looked German. In Turkey they were definitely foreigners. They were so fair that everyone just wanted to touch them, especially our youngest with blonde curls. Our 6 year old redhead had her own battles to

Continues ►



Bosphorous Strait, Istanbul

◀ continued.

fight! On one of our first days, I was walking along the street holding my little one's hand and a man just picked her up and started rubbing his face on hers! It was insane! Then later that day two ladies in head to toe black started tickling her neck from behind and when she turned round, expecting to see one of us, she screamed like you would not believe and I only thank the Lord that we were outside and not viewing the *Blue Mosque* or anywhere requiring silence!

Our eldest at 8 years old could read the room a bit better and knew how to dodge the face squeezes and pinching of arms, but still got caught out every now and

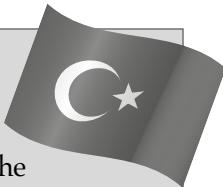
then when someone would reach from behind and grab her cheeks.

They all had their fair share of bruises during our two and a half years in Istanbul, but as the children's confidence and language skills grew they became a lot more streetwise and never went to a market without coming away with a free scarf or toy.

There are so many more tales to tell of our time in Istanbul. The first one that springs to mind is arriving at our new home and being told that we couldn't move in because the owner's billionaire father had been found dead, face down, on his luxury yacht under suspicious circumstances ...

Nat Harwood

Quick Facts: Istanbul



Istanbul is the largest city in Turkey. The city straddles the Bosphorus Strait, which marks the boundary between Europe and Asia, meaning it is in both continents.

The city has a population of over 15 million people, and is considered to be the most populous city in Europe and the 15th largest in the world.

In the past, the city was known as Byzantium and then Constantinople. People have lived in the area since at least 5500BC.

Tripe & Onions



In 1961 our family lived in Hatuma, 10 kilometres from Waipukurau. I used to play badminton one night a week at the local district hall. Players came from other places in the district for competitions. One evening a group came from Waipawa and I struck up a friendship with *Peter*, one of the visiting players. It wasn't long before we were a couple.

Peter's parents owned a hotel in Waipawa, a distance of 15 kilometres from my home in Hatuma. His parents used to work in the bar each evening, so they employed a local lady, *Eliza*, to cook for the family. *Eliza* was very fond of *Peter*.

One evening I was asked to stay to dinner. As we took our seats at the table, *Eliza* said enthusiastically, "*Peter*, tonight I have made your favourite meal ... tripe and onions."

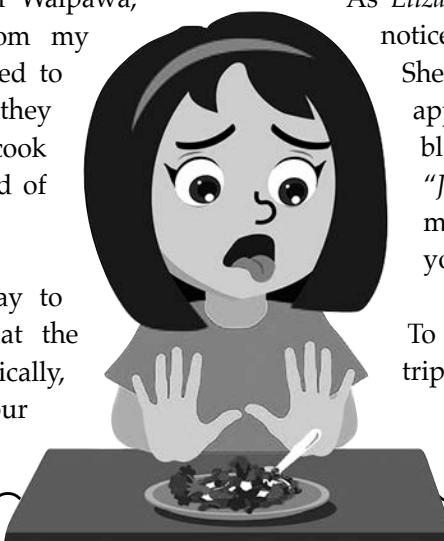
I had never eaten tripe and onions in my life, and certainly wasn't keen to try it.

The cook placed two large servings of the dish in front of us. *Peter's* dish was wolfed down in no time. *Eliza* had her back to us as she washed the dishes and *Peter* swapped his empty plate for my untouched meal.

As *Eliza* came back towards the table, she noticed the empty plate in front of me. She returned to the stove and appeared before me with a large black pot in her hand. She said, "*Judy*, I see you have finished. You must have enjoyed that. I will get you another helping."

To this day I have still not touched tripe and onions.

Judy Brocherie



Double Trouble



Two years ago we were heartbroken when we lost our beloved dog, *Frodo*. He was my first dog and I was going to do it right. I enrolled in every puppy and dog training course available, as well as sitting my Responsible Dog Owner Licence. It paid off! The result was a delightful and well-behaved dog. I often wished I had "trained a dog" before I had children and **especially** before I got married and had to train a man ... one learns these things too late!

We realized we would never get another *Frodo*, and postponed getting another dog. This year we felt ready and looked for another Blue Heeler crossbreed. In hindsight, we should have realized that we were now 17 years older and it may have been wiser to go for a less energetic breed!

Early November, while searching the *Humane Society* website on the internet, *Rod* showed me the photos of two seven-week-old puppies (siblings) being fostered in South Auckland. We decided to go and have a look at the little boy as we had agreed we wanted another male dog.

The puppies were brought out to play on a blanket in the front yard. After frolicking around with each other and climbing all over *Rod*, my husband, who was also lying on the blanket, they were exhausted and fell asleep cuddled into each other.

We must have experienced a lapse in sanity as we looked at each other and decided we couldn't possibly separate the siblings and brought both of them home with us.

Regrettably, we do not have grandchildren. However, puppies are not a proper substitute and they are definitely a totally different 'kettle of fish'. Firstly, one cannot hand them back at the end of the visit, and secondly, they do not make diapers for puppies. Toilet training one puppy is bad enough, but two trainees is a nightmare.



On fine days they lived on the balcony being let in only under strict supervision. Still, our carpet took a beating. Secondary training casualties were pot plants and my two large herb planters on the balcony. My husband had gated the top of the stairs, fearing the little darlings would fall! He even put chicken wire around the herbs, but *Rocket* chewed through the plastic wire and *Bella*, with her long legs, was soon able to jump the fence. A further mistake: the balcony served as their toilet!

Just before Christmas, we felt they were big enough to climb the balcony stairs. We opened up their world to the wonders of the back yard! **Too late**, another big mistake! The beautifully planted garden of clivias proved a wonderful place to play hide and seek resulting in a wasteland that does not even resemble a garden. No longer do we have a lovely back yard to look down upon when entertaining visitors on our balcony. Although the garden is now accessible, our guests are often confronted with undesired doggie gift parcels on the balcony!

Those two sweet little puppies have become little Holy Terrors! Now we are stuck with **double trouble** for the next 15 years.

Rosemarie Carr



Thank You ...

to everyone who has sent us stories, poems, and ideas for the OWN newsletter.

Please keep hunting out more sayings, jokes, poems, wisdoms, snippets, and articles to share with your fellow OWN members and please, keep your delightful stories coming.
Send your contributions to *Jos Coburn*, email: joscoburn@gmail.com or ph: 027-338-6522.

Lightning Ridge



My sister, who was living in Sydney at the time, met this guy from Czechoslovakia and he decided to move to Lightning Ridge to make his fortune with opals. My sister, obviously not wanting to end the relationship, thought that this was a good idea. So she packed up and moved to Lightning Ridge with him.

To say that this is a one-horse-town is putting it mildly. To mine for opals, you had to make a claim and then if you lived on this claim, you were not allowed to put up a permanent building. One caravan later there they were. No power, no water, no sewerage. Just very basic living. They had a bore that they could access water, so all was not lost.

First thing was to put in a generator. Fortunately *Josef* was a blacksmith by trade and was a very handy person to have around. He added on a room next to the awning (quite illegal) and added on some other rooms as well. They had a long-drop which had to be inspected for spiders before entering.

When I first went to stay, the first thing I said to my sister was "*Steptoe and Son* have nothing on him." He was a hoarder of junk. He demanded to know who this *Steptoe* was. When told, he said to me that he only had "good junk".

The first night I was there my sister wanted to put me in the caravan, but there was a bed in the awning so I opted to sleep there. When she brought out the bedding and flicked the sheet to make the bed, out came this huge

funnel spider. Amidst screams and yells, and telling her to kill it, she eventually did. Not to take any chances I made her turn the bed upside down and inspect every part. We eventually made the bed, but I had no sleep as I was sure that the spider could have had a friend.

We were going up to the Gold Coast to visit my other sister, so off we went in a car that should not have been on the road. One of the back doors had to be roped so that the door could not open. *Josef*, in his infinite wisdom, decided to take the back roads as he said it was quicker. Driving on red dirt was not indicative of a pleasant journey. We decided to

stop at a motel for the night and when the owner came out and saw the state of the car told us that we had to use a broom to sweep the suitcases before we went inside. I told my sister, "*The Beverley Hillbillies* have come to town." *Josef* then asked who they were. Explanations again.

We eventually arrived at my other sister's, but not without a journey that I will never forget. I guess you could say the whole holiday was going back to basics in a big way.

She, unfortunately, did not make her fortune with opals.

Lennie Crawford



**The smile on my face
doesn't mean my life is perfect.**

**It means I appreciate what I have
and what I have been blessed with.**

I *choose* to be happy.

A Streamed Experience



We'd planned to attend this year. We'd strategised, asked friends for a bed, worked out walking distances ... but it wasn't to be. I'd wanted to experience the atmosphere, hear the singing, see the wakas at dawn coming into the bay. At the millennium we'd slept the night on North Head, battling driving rain, wrapped in big black rubbish bags with an umbrella each over us. The magical image of the wakas at dawn, crossing the Waitematā silently from Ōrākei, had stayed with me.

I may not have made it by foot this time, but I was determined to be part of the Karakia at Waitangi. So, with my alarm set for 4:45am, thanks to the miracle of live-streaming, I was ready to share in the experience with the excellent coverage from Māori television.

There was a stillness. I was in awe at how many were there, silently seated, waiting in the darkness in front of the beautifully carved *Te Whare Rūnanga*. Just thinking what time so many must have risen, dressed, and travelled to unite as a people. The numbers were so impressive, rising in unison as the Governor General and all the dignitaries were called on to the stage.

The speeches and readings were something else. The natural speakers of te reo, exposed to its rich sounds from childhood, the newcomers who had put huge

effort into becoming fluent, just hearing it in this setting seemed to enhance it; the wide choice of speakers; the singing, all added to the ceremony as light slowly filtered between the trees. *Dr Alistair Reece*'s speech with its theme of **What's love got to do with it?** was powerful and thought-provoking.

As the assembled sang a closing **Whakaaria Mai**, I sat with tears streaming. I felt so moved. This was a celebration of the foundation of our little country, surrounded by ocean; the simplicity of a coming together at dawn, no special effects, just a beautifully carved meeting house, and rows and rows of chairs, and sincerity and love surrounding us, from our first people.

It was the start of a relaxing day. I gave myself permission to continue to watch as the day unfolded. The silhouettes of the waka flotilla arriving to the welcoming calls on the beach; the dramatic images of the hikoi from the north; the huge gathering of so many who had waited so long in traffic to come, to take part; the interviews we could think about and learn from.

Waitangi 2024. It was so very special.

Jos Coburn



*Tuku aroha ki mua
Tuku aroha ki muri
Kia tu te aroha o naianei
Send love to the past
Send love to the future
Be love today*

Māori saying

*He aroha whakatō
He aroha puta mai
If kindness is sown
Then kindness you shall receive*

Māori saying

Passion Fruit



Judy's Kitchen

Recipe supplied
by Judy Brocherie



Delicious, not too sweet, and very exotic for Europeans. I never thought that I would grow passion fruit (or maracuyá as they are called in Latin America) in my own garden.

When I was fighting against the birds that were trying to eat all my grapes, my South African neighbour said that I should grow passion fruit as the birds would leave them alone. I followed his advice and have now had a reasonably good harvest of passion fruit. Being based in the Southern Hemisphere, it even means that we can harvest passion fruit during Lent.

The name of the fruit is supposed to derive from the shape of the beautiful flower rather than the fruit – but never mind.

I find this fruit so fascinating.

First, I thought that I had to harvest it when it was the right size, oval and dark green. However, when I cut open the first fruit, it was hard, and the seeds were obviously not ripe. My neighbour told me to wait until the fruit is dark purple. So, I waited. He was right. I didn't even have to pick them from the vine as they just fell on the grass or behind other plants.



The other day I realised that I had overlooked some fruit that must have been on the grass for a while. They looked as if they were of no use anymore. They were wrinkled, brownish and the skin felt more like paper than fruit. I was disappointed that they were "past their prime", but I thought that it wouldn't hurt to cut them open. When I did, I was blown away by what I saw. While cutting through the skin of the fruit, it really felt like cutting through cardboard, but the seeds looked wonderful! Not only did they look great, but they were also so easy to scoop out – and they were absolutely delicious.



This made me think about how easily one can get deceived by the exterior, by the appearance. If only judging by appearance, we might miss the greatest gems.

Beate Matthies

Spinach Pastries



Ingredients

300 grams Frozen Spinach
½ cup of Feta Cheese
½ cup of Parmesan Cheese
¼ cup of Cream Cheese
1 Egg
¼ cup of finely chopped Mint
8 Pastry squares folded into triangles

Method

1. Mix all ingredients.
2. Fill each pastry triangle with the mixture.
3. Fold the top over and seal the edges.
4. Bake at 200° for 25 minutes.



????????????????????????????
If you were to write out
all the numbers as words,
starting from 'ONE',
how far would you have
to go until you
Find the letter 'A'?



Answer at the bottom of page 12

Women's Rights



Last night I watched a Swiss film – a story about Swiss women getting the right to vote in 1971. It brought back memories about how it used to be here in New Zealand when I got married in 1955, even though women here have had the vote since 1893.

Things have really changed in the 66 years since then. I was brought up in the traditional gender role of the man being the breadwinner, the women looking after the home and children, and that is what I expected and the role I filled.

I recall my stepmother telling me that women were expected, and in some occupations, required to give up their job when they married, although I don't recall that being the case in my time. Most women worked as nurses, teachers, clerical or shop assistants, or factory workers. There were no childcare centres available, although I did hear of one enterprising firm in Auckland that had an on-site childcare centre.

Many women did go back to work when their children had started school, often on a part-time basis. Others did full-time work with a stay-at-home woman minding their children before and after school.

I, myself, had a part-time job in a candle factory when my youngest was eight, where I worked for 37 years, until I retired. The wage was 59¢ an hour, but the \$14 - \$15 I earned per week was enough to cover the food bill. That was in 1968. 10 years later, I combined part-time work with volunteering work as a Family Budget Advisor, which I did for 28 years.



Gradually, over the years, I learnt about laws as they related to marriage. I learnt that everything belonged to the husband, as he was presumed to have paid for it. Unless a woman could produce proof that she had paid for it, it legally belonged to him. A married woman could not have an account in a shop unless the husband signed it, as he, and not she, was responsible for paying it.

But there was one thing that was paid out to a woman in her own right. It was the Family Benefit, which amounted to just \$4 per month for each child, until the child reached the age of 16, or up to 18 if still at school.

When the Labour Party was elected in 1957, they introduced capitalisation of the Family Benefit for a deposit of a house. But if you did that, the house had to be registered as a joint family home to safeguard the woman's contribution. A really

Continues ➤

Those Days ...



Early morning before the day is light,
Disturbed again all through the night.
Tired eyes, a cold coffee to drink,
Dirty dishes piled in the sink.
I long for the day the house is still,
To read a book and eat a hot meal.
But all of a sudden those days have flown,
I sit with a tea, quiet and alone.

No child is with me, begging to play,
No tucking into bed at the end of the day.
No one more story, No toys on the floor,
No tearful cuddles when they are hurt or sore.
Those days were hard, but those days were the best,
When fun and laughter filled the nest.

Kelly the Poet

◀ continued.

good thing in a time when everything belonged to the men and the woman was left with nothing if the marriage broke up.

Few women left a marriage unless they were in dire straits. It was pretty near impossible for a woman to manage to support herself and her children financially on her own in those days of unequal pay and in many cases not getting any maintenance from the children's father for them.

However, things did change. In the 1960s, the pill arrived, Women's Liberation came, and in the early 1970s, the laws began to change. The DPB (Domestic Purposes Benefit) came into law, enabling a woman (or a man) to leave an unhappy marriage and be financially supported until their children had grown up. The other parent was required, by law, to pay towards maintenance of the children and the caregiving spouse.

And then the Matrimonial Property Act that required a 50/50



split of said property in a divorce. And finally equal pay for equal work. Attitudes and laws have indeed changed in my lifetime.

I recall a conversation my sister and I had with my old aunts when we visited Denmark in 1983. Our uncles were perfectly nice men, but they said what a difference it made to their lives, when they were able to work and earn their own money, not having to ask their husband for every little thing they needed.

Remember 'Suburban Neurosis', so dubbed by the medical profession for the rash of women coming down with depression, often caused by families living in subdivisions with little public or no transport and no nearby shops. People were stuck there, usually with small children, no car, and little money. No wonder they became depressed.

These laws, however imperfect, are certainly an improvement on what used to be. However, I do feel for mothers with very young children, having to return to work when a baby is six months old due to financial necessity. In that respect we were better off in our time, if we had a good husband.

Anne Mutu



Translated from Norwegian by Betty Vaotogo

Page 10 Puzzle Answer:
The letter 'A' first appears
at ONE THOUSAND

