



OWN

News & Views



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

Spring Bulbs

*Plant them carelessly. The earth straightens them.
Already they have divided and multiply.
They stand straight up like pencils.*

*Among last year's survivors, also thicker
For a year's disregard, a feeble weeding
an intention to reform as a gardener*

*knowing nothing will change: the philosophy
is too broad, too many variants
the huge tree, the little viola*

*one shivering, the other sending shivering down
on a white head near the ground, sheltering
its tremulousness a little, in its shadow.*

*Elizabeth Smither
(from her 2017 book Night Horse)*



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 ...

In July we sadly lost our dear friend *Val Bird*. Val was a much loved long time hard working member of the OWN Committee for many years. Six of our members represented OWN at the **Celebration of Life** for Val held at *The Bays Club* in Browns Bay. The large crowd attending was evidence of her popularity. She will certainly be missed by our members. (See page 3 for more about Val.)

A couple of OWN members are celebrating milestones in their lives. These stories appear in this Spring edition of **New&Views**. (See page 4.)

Along with the monthly **Writing for Future Generations** groups at Beach Haven and Browns Bay, we continue to meet for our monthly **Coffee Group** at the *Sugar n Cup Café* in Browns Bay. We also had our **Games Day** on Saturday, 16 August. Much laughter and hilarity could be heard from the 11 ladies who attended, which shows it was a fun event.

I wish to thank *Lennie Crawford* for all the work she puts in as Secretary and the humorous memos she sends. These lift people's spirits. Thanks also to our Treasurer *Anita Knappe* who ensures our finances are kept in order. To *Jos Coburn* for all the excellent work she puts in to the **News&Views**. Without her input this excellent newsletter would not exist. Thank you *Jos*.

Spring is upon us. Time to get out and about to enjoy the warmer sunny days. Take care out there. It is so easy to trip or fall. I am speaking from experience!

Kind regards,

Judy Brocherie
Chairperson



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, please contact *Patricia Russell*, ph: 021-064-9522.



Please Note:

The Browns Bay group will have a change of venue (to be confirmed) after October due to extensive renovations starting at the Bays Community Centre.

Beach Haven Group meets on the fourth Saturday of each month at the *Cedar Centre*, Beach Haven. For more details, please 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, please contact *Judy Brocherie*, ph: 021-0239-4270.



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



Congratulations ...

to *Judy Brocherie*, our Chairperson, on her 60th Wedding Anniversary.

Judy White (20) and *Graeme Brocherie* (22) were married at *St Theresa's Catholic Church* in Riccarton, Christchurch on 28 August, 1965. To commemorate their Diamond Jubilee they will be celebrating with their three adult children, seven grandchildren, siblings, and close friends.

We wish them a very happy celebration on their special day.



Val Bird

It is with a heavy heart that I inform you that *Val Bird* sadly passed away suddenly on Sunday, 6 July, 2025.

For many years, *Val* was a long-standing, dedicated member of OVN and was a current OVN Committee member. She would be known to many of you.

Val would support every event or outing put on for OVN members, especially the quarterly lunches at *The Bays Club* and the monthly coffee meetings at the *Sugar n Cup Café*. She would also be one of the first to put her hand up when help was needed.



OVN's monthly meetings and introduced the **OVN Coffee Meetings**, which continue to this day. She had a sunny disposition and a ready laugh.

The week before, *Val*, *Helen*, *Lennie*, and I enjoyed the OVN monthly lunch at the *Sugar n Cup Café*. *Val* was her usual happy self. Little did I know that would be our last time together. I treasure that memory.

A **Celebration of Life** was held in *Val's* memory on Sunday, 20 July, 2025 at *The Bay's Club* in Browns Bay. A huge crowd attended, including six OVN members, to honour *Val*.

Many years ago, *Val* saw the need for members to meet regularly outside

Val will be sadly missed.

Judy Brocherie

Life is Fleeting, So Let's Make the Most of It

The day starts, and before we know it, it's already evening. Monday rolls around, and suddenly it's Friday. The months slip by, and before we realise it, the year has gone. We look back and see the decades have passed – 40, 50, 60, even 70 or 80 years – and we realise we have lost loved ones along the way. Time has flown by and we can't go back.



So, despite everything, let's try and embrace the time we have left. Let's seek out activities that bring us joy and add some colour to our sometimes dull routines. Let's take a moment to appreciate the little things that make our hearts feel fuller. We must continue to find peace in this time we have.

Let's stop putting things off – no more, "I'll do it later", "I'll say it later", or "I'll think about it later". We often treat "later" like it's guaranteed, but the truth is: coffee gets cold, priorities shift, the magic fades, our health declines, children grow up, parents age, promises are forgotten, days turn into nights, and before we know it life has passed. So, let's not wait for "later."

By putting things off, we risk missing the best moments, the best experiences, and a chance to truly connect with friends and family. **Today** is the day, **now** is the moment. We no longer have the luxury of time to delay what matters most. Life may seem like it stretches on forever, but it's a very short journey. Let's cherish every bit of it, because time can never be brought back.





Patsy Aagesen

Patsy Rosney was born on the 12 September, 1945, in Dublin, Ireland, the second of six girls. She went to boarding school from the ages of 11 to 16. The family then emigrated to South Africa and lived there on and off for 20 years. At 22 years of age, *Patsy* went to Europe, where she worked for two years as an au pair.



Patsy returned to South Africa, where she met her future husband, *Bjorn Aagesen*. They were married in Capetown in 1971. Shortly after, they moved to Johannesburg, where their two daughters were born. Eight years later the family emigrated to Canada. A recession hit Canada in 1984. *Bjorn* was made redundant. He successfully applied for a position in New Zealand as an accountant.

In 1987, a son, *Carl* (not ordered) joined the family. They moved to Australia, where they stayed for eight years, then moved back to New Zealand with the call of an impending grandchild.

Patsy was a member of the *Lions Club*, *Red Hat Society*, and was a community volunteer. She was also a competent tennis player and enjoyed many years playing the sport.

Patsy joined OWN many years ago and has recently returned as a member of the **Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations** group. She keeps us enthralled with her interesting stories from her life, living in different parts of the world. *Patsy* is also a current member of the OWN Committee.

Patsy, we wish you a very happy 80th birthday, and the good health and luck of the Irish to enjoy many more.



Shirley Williams

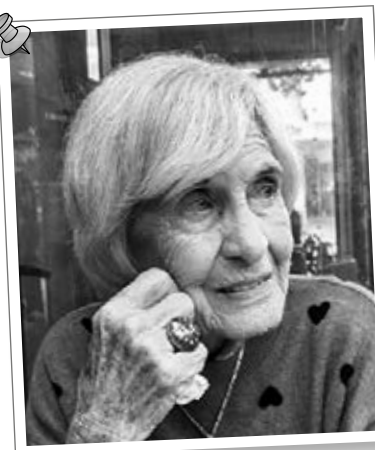
Shirley Anne Sellars, an only child, was born in Auckland on 27 September, 1935. Although sport played a large part in *Shirley's* early life (netball, basketball, cricket, swimming, and gymnastics to name a few), dancing was her real passion – ballet, ballroom, and Scottish country dancing.



Upon leaving school she worked in an office doing clerical work before going nursing. Well, that was the intention, but *John Williams*, a pharmacist, arrived on the scene, and after a two year courtship, they married in 1956. *Shirley* and *John* lived in Birkenhead. Two sons and two daughters completed their family. Reading, the theatre, and ballet were *Shirley's* interests. As the children became more independent, she attended university, gaining a Bachelor of Arts Degree and qualified as a social worker. She enjoyed this work for many years, retiring in 1995, although continuing locum work for further five years. In 1978, *Shirley*, *John*, and their youngest child, went to the United Kingdom, travelling around in a campervan, and a highlight was attending the *Garden Party* at Buckingham Palace.

Shirley has belonged to several groups over the years: book clubs, *North Shore Quakers*, and Tai Chi. She has been an OWN member for many years and remembers the days of the **OWN Cloaking Ceremony**. She enjoys the camaraderie of the **Browns Bay Writing for Future Generations** group. *Shirley* is an excellent writer. We all enjoy hearing her interesting stories.

Congratulations *Shirley* on reaching 90 years of age. We wish you a very happy birthday celebrating with friends and family.



We congratulate both Patsy and Shirley on their birthdays and wish them well for the future!



Factory Girl

Working as a Machinist

Whenever I watch *Coronation Street* and the action is focused on “the girls in the factory”, I am reminded of my brief career as a factory machinist.

It was January 1963. I had been teaching at a school in Northland and had resigned my position because I was planning on getting married in August, which would necessitate leaving Kawakawa and moving to Auckland. My good friend from school days had just given up nursing in Gisborne and taken the bold step towards fulfilling her life-long ambition of getting a university degree. She had enrolled at *Canterbury University*, taken a flat, and desperately needed a flatmate to share the costs. So I went to Christchurch to join her. We were both in our early twenties.

So ... if I was going to help with the rent, first thing I needed was a job! I saw a sign on the footpath outside one of those inner city

streets (that doesn't exist any more since the earthquake.) It said, ‘Machinist wanted. Apply within.’ So, in I went.

The first question was, “What experience have you had?”

I replied quite truthfully, “I have never worked in a factory before, but I am a very experienced home dressmaker, and have made all my own clothes and my mother's since I was 12.”

“O.K.” he said. “You can start tomorrow.”

Actually, the mention of my mother's clothes was a bit of an exaggeration. I had, in fact, made her one dress when I was about 14, which she had worn on a couple of occasions. Also, I hadn't told him I had never used an electric machine! All my sewing was done on an old Singer treadle!

So, work next day was quite an

eye opener! It was apparently, a small factory. There were over 40 machines in rows quite close together, lots of cables overhead, and the constant hum of motors. There were piles of folded material on one side beside each machine and a bin for the completed garments on the other side. Everything you needed was in reach, so there was no reason to leave your machine workstation again once you sat down and switched on. As each machine was switched on, the hum grew and seemed to drill into your very core.

What were we making? Not the pretty feminine knickers and bras of *Coro Street*! This factory specialized in men's trousers, the traditional coarse herringbone work trousers in particular. The expectation was that you assemble, on average, eight trousers a day ... anything above that you got a bonus at the end of the week; anything less, you got your marching orders!

By the end of the week I was making the grade, but I never got any faster.

I started this story by mentioning the ‘action’ in the *Coro Street* factory. I know the factory scenes are just a vehicle to progress one of the current storylines, but the stark contrast to my reality is the distinct lack of ‘action’ as the girls and *Sean* gossip with each other, and argue as to who will go across to *Roy's* café for buns. In my factory, no one talked to



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anyone, not even the machinist next to you. Talk costs time and money! So eyes front, heads down until 10:00am on the dot when the hooter went off. This was the signal for the regulation 10 minute break. An instant, eerie silence descended on the place as the machines were

switched off and everyone moved en masse to the lunchroom for a cuppa and a biscuit. My natural instinct was to finish the seam I was working on before switching off my machine and heading for the lunchroom, but by that time I usually met everyone coming back to work – break over! However, being a pragmatist,

I soon learnt to hit that ‘off’ switch promptly when the hooter went.

In all, I worked as a machinist for eight weeks before moving to a better paid job at £9 a week on the magazine counter at *Whitcombe & Tombs* (now *Whitcoulls*).

Anne Shaw



Things My Mother Taught Me



- 1 Think before you speak.
- 2 Don't speak ill of others. If you have nothing nice to say, don't say anything at all.
- 3 Don't put off until tomorrow, what should be done today.
- 4 This too shall pass.
- 5 Keep your horizontals clear. Don't put things down, put them away. When cooking or baking, clean and tidy as you go.
- 6 Don't dry the inside of a cup with a tea towel, it's not hygienic, let it air dry.
- 7 In the winter, at 4:00pm, bring in the washing, close the curtains, and light the fire.
- 8 To deodorise a room, light a match or a candle.
- 9 To crisp a limp lettuce, put it in a bowl of ice-cold water.
- 10 To freshen a stale loaf of bread, dampen it, put it in a brown paper bag, and reheat in the oven at 125°.
- 11 To crisp soft biscuits, place on a tray in the oven at 125°.
- 12 Change the tea towel daily. Change the sheets weekly and undies daily.
- 13 Avoid getting into unnecessary debt. Always pay your bills on time.
- 14 Always consider others before your self.
- 15 Nothing lasts forever, good or bad.
- 16 Never let the sun set on an argument.

The last one, “Never let the sun set on an argument”, was particularly poignant to my mum, *Margaret*. She was a kind, very gentle person who never said an unkind word about anyone. She didn't like people arguing.

Mum lived in Tauranga. Her only sister, *Sadie*, seven years her senior, lived in Christchurch. Mum was very close to her sister, as she had lost her mother in 1944 at 27 years of age, just before I, her firstborn, arrived. In 1968, Mum went down to stay with *Sadie* for a short holiday. She had an enjoyable time, but on the last day there was a disagreement between them. Despite Mum's efforts before she flew home, the disagreement was not resolved. Not long after, *Sadie* died suddenly from a heart attack – she was 59 years of age. Mum never really got over it.

Judy Brocherie





Judy's Kitchen

Recipe supplied
by Judy Brocherie



Italian Chicken

Ingredients

- 500g chicken breast or tenders
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 tbsp sultanas
- 1 tsp mixed spice (yes, this is correct)
- 1 x 400g can of tomato soup

To serve:

- pasta
- Parmesan cheese (optional)

Method

1. Fry the onion until transparent.
2. Cut the chicken into small pieces, add to the onion and brown.
3. Add the other main ingredients and simmer gently for 20 minutes.
4. Meanwhile, cook the pasta separately.
5. Serve over the pasta.
6. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese.



Enjoy!

Grandparents



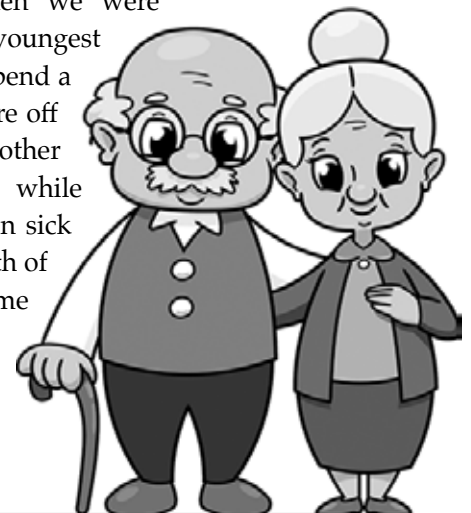
I remember my grandmothers, especially for their warmth and affection and total acceptance of us. They added a special dimension to my childhood, which would have been much poorer without them.

One was "Mormor", the Danish word for "mother's mother". She was, in fact, my mother's stepmother, having married my grandfather when my mother was 15 years old, after her mother's death. She obviously adored my grandfather and looked after his needs with total devotion. My grandfather was an intelligent, gifted man, and I always remember him giving us a kiss on the forehead and the tickle of his 'goatee' beard. I am sure he loved us all, but he was better at relating to us when we were older and able to have intelligent, older type conversations.

Mormor, on the other hand, always gathered us and our cousins for birthday teas and holidays. She would make cocoa and entertain us with games. She would gather five or six of us for holidays at her house. In the mornings, we would go out in the garden and pick strawberries for breakfast. Then, when we had completed the household chores, we would go for a walk in the lovely beech wood next to the house. The wood was not like a lush jungle, the trees being more spread out, with a lovely canopy of branches, which let in dappled sunlight. It was beautiful. Then we went back home for lunch and laid down for a little rest. Then we went to the beach for a swim, and then back home, tired, but happy. She was a wonderful grandmother to us, even though we were only her step-grandchildren.

My father's mother was called "Betste," short for the old Danish description of grandparents as "Bedstforeldre," meaning "best parents." Today she would probably be called "Famor", meaning "father's mother".

She was a widow. My grandfather had died when my father was 23 years old. She was lovely, having a special talent for listening and communicating with us when we were young. I was 7 years old when my youngest sister was born, and I was sent to spend a week with *Betste* to take the pressure off at home, where my other grandmother was looking after the household, while Mum was recovering, having gotten sick with her varicose veins after the birth of my sister. *Mormor* would always come and look after the household when a new baby arrived. We were all



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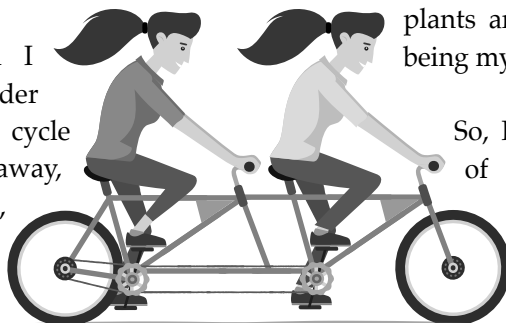
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born at home, with a midwife attending my mother.

Betste was a great knitter. She knitted all my father's socks and gloves, and mittens and scarves for all of us. I can still see her in my mind's eye, knitting socks with five double-ended knitting needles as fast as a machine. She taught me to knit in that week, a skill that has stood me in good stead all my life.

My early childhood was punctuated with visits to and from my *Betste*. Later, she moved to another city, 30km away, and eventually moved into the upstairs flat in my Aunt and Uncle's house, where she remained for the rest of her life. But we still saw her on family occasions, either when she visited us or we visited her.

I remember one summer, when I was about 13 years old, my older sister, *Betty*, and I went for a cycle trip, first to Aarhus, about 60km away, where *Betty* had some business, and afterwards another 30km to Silkeborg, where *Betste* lived.



It was a very tired pair of girls who arrived at *Betste's*. We rode a tandem and *Betty* said when she was on the back seat we kept on tipping the bike over and we decided that henceforth, *Betty* would have the front seat to do the steering. We left early in the morning, cycling up and down hills with some straight bits in between. We got a real good speed up, which must have reached 30km per hour when we went downhill. I shudder to think what would have happened if we took a spill. But all went well. After a good night's rest, we cycled back home the next day.

I remember *Betste* sending me five krone for my birthday, after she had moved away. It was quite a lot of money for an 8-12 year old at that time. I wrote to her after we emigrated to New Zealand and still have a couple of letters from me to her. I would write about our everyday life while my father mostly wrote about plants and the state of the garden – plants being my father's all-consuming interest.

So, I have some really happy memories of my grandparents, who were an integral part of a secure and happy childhood.

Anne Mutu



Flying a Farewell



Having had much happiness looking after my pre-school grandsons, I wrote this when the second one turned five.

Wind in our faces, close cuddles fading
Fern-fronds unfurling, they're five years old
Sticks floating storm-drains, trapping in memories
Back-seater bus trips, time to let go

Rubbish trucks, diggers, playing of music
Weighing the apples, melting the ice
Digging out channels, splashing and moulding
Tunnelling fingers, flying of kites

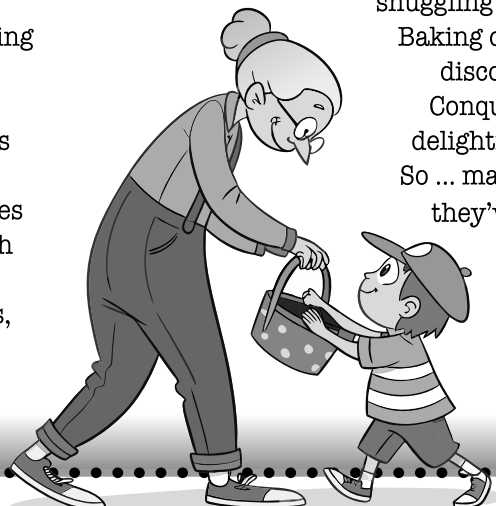
Muddy red gumboots, feeding the seagulls
Licking the beaters, wiping a nose
Hands reaching upwards, waiting for ferries
Swinging from branches, rolling out dough

Sewing a straight line, unearthing insects,
Picking pink daisies, holding on tight
Constructing marvels, parties for Woolly
Balancing surfboards, warm summer tides

Magic book-moments, hiding and giggling
Practising tennis, logs in the stream
Seeking out bird-life, peering in rock pools
Feeding the worm farm, singing to sleep

Butterflies hatching,
snuggling up closeness
Baking cheese muffins,
discovering leaves
Conquering puzzles,
delighting in childhood
So ... many memories ...
they've given for free.

Jos Coburn





The Red Hat Society

Fun and Friendship After 50 Years Old



While living in Perth, Western Australia, in 2022, a friend, living in Canada, told me about this group for women which was becoming very popular in the USA. It had been started by *Sue Ellen Cooper* (middle below) a few years earlier. My friend said this would really suit me. I enquired and found out all the relevant info.

If you were over 50 years old, you wore a red hat and purple clothes (*Red Hats*), but if you were younger than 50, you wore a pink hat and lilac coloured clothes (*Pink Ladies*). Both groups wore lots of tacky, colourful jewellery and badges.

Each group had a Queen, who saw to the formalities, and made sure we followed any protocols of the organisation. I found a group in my area and I joined them. Each person gave themselves a name. In Australia, mine was "Lady Paddymelon". We enjoyed lots of outings, get-togethers, and conventions in various parts of Australia.

The motto is "Grow Old Disgracefully". When *Sue Allen* founded it, she based it on a poem she

had found years before, called **Warning** by *Jenny Joseph* (see below).

On returning to New Zealand, I was lucky to find a group in my area. The *Vintage Violets* are based in Takapuna and are still going. There are many of these groups or chapters all over New Zealand. *Sue Ellen's* book, published in 2004, already had over 300 chapters in USA. New Zealand has many, but not that many. We have many outings, movie shows, theatre visits, ten pin bowling, lunch outings, conventions, and outings to racing tracks! Some of us have attended Australian conventions.

One of the *Red Hat* Queens from the USA was visiting Australia, so, arriving by ship in Fremantle, we decided to give her a welcome in our full dress-up regalia. Well, we appeared in the newspaper, people believing we were welcoming *Prince Charles* who arrived about the same time!!

My New Zealand chapter name is "Lady-Chat-a-Lot."

Patsy Agesen



WARNING

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat that doesn't go, and doesn't suit me
And I shall spend my pension
on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals,
and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I am tired,
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells,
And run my stick along the public railings,
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go in my slippers in the rain
And pick the flowers in other people's gardens,
And learn to spit.
You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat

And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week,
And hoard pen and pencils and beer mats
and things in boxes.
But now we must have clothes to keep us dry,
And pay our rent and not swear in the street,
And set a good example for the children.
We will have friends to dinner and read the papers
But maybe I ought to practise a little now?
So people who know me
Are not too shocked and surprised
When suddenly I am old
And start to wear purple.

Jenny Joseph





Our First Halloween

in Rothesay Bay, 1979



Growing up in Canada, where Halloween had always been celebrated in a big way, I used to put on Halloween parties at our home in Glenfield, and naturally the children loved getting involved.

As you probably know, back in the 1970s, Halloween had not yet become so commercialized in New Zealand (sadly it is now). However, our parties were just a fun excuse to get our friends together once a year. The stipulation was that nobody was allowed to hire costumes – they had to make their own. At that time, we had some very creative friends. One of our guests, a cosmetic chemist, was stopped at the toll booth on the Harbour Bridge. He was dressed as a werewolf with face paint that looked like blood on the side of his mouth and fur on the back of his hand. His girlfriend was made-up to be a vampire!

Our young children were very keen on this custom and were amongst a very small group of children in Glenfield who started going around the neighbourhood door knocking and collecting candy.

In September, 1979, we moved from Glenfield to Rothesay Bay. That Halloween, we decided that we would again have a party. *Angie* was 8 years

old, the artistic one who loved making decorations. For weeks, the children and I sat making decorations. We made streamers of crepe paper and from these hung various scary looking insects, spiders, etc., which *Angie* took delight in making.

As costumes for the children, we decided *Angie* would be the 'Good Witch, *Wendy*' and *Reagan* was an Egyptian mummy wrapped in crepe bandages. From the many pumpkins I had disembowelled, I carved menacing, creepy faces to light up with candles placed inside. I used the flesh to make numerous spiced pumpkin chiffon pies for dessert. At that time New Zealanders were only used to pumpkin as a vegetable and for making soup. Although labour intensive, these were very effective and comprised our total forms of lighting.

My costume was that of an old hag, a witch's hat, blacked out teeth, wire rimmed glasses which held the hooked nose, complete with a huge wart, a raggedy cloak, and apron with a large stick, I used to walk down the stairs. (Then I didn't need a stick to walk! Ha ha, as I do now).

As I said before, slowly Halloween became popular in New Zealand, with small groups of children collecting goodies in their neighbourhood, but Halloween parties with adults in costume and houses decorated in spooky ways was not common then. With hardly any lighting, apart from the ominous faces of pumpkins, huge spiders on cobwebs, and witches on broomsticks hanging from cobwebs, goblins decorating the walls of the entrance way, our house did indeed look as scary as any haunted house in the movies.

Our guests had not yet arrived, but we were in costume and the house was ready. Our neighbours three young children came to the door dressed in their costumes shouting "Halloween Apples".

Me, the old hag, leaning on my big stick, lumbered down the stairs and opened the door, and in my most sinister voice said, "Yes, Sonny."

They jumped back and started to run when I called them back and gave them the treats from the basket that I had ready by the front door. Then they did run. I'm sure they went straight home and told their mother that *The Munsters* (a la TV series of the 1960s) had moved in next door.

Rosemarie Carr



Hurunui Holiday House

In 1982, *Graeme* and I, *Jo* (age 13), *Nicki* (age 11), and *Richard* (age 9) were living in Christchurch. Friends of ours had a holiday house in Hurunui. We had spent several fun filled holidays there with them.

Hurunui is a small village situated beside the river which bears its name. It is an hour's drive north of Christchurch and 35 minute's drive south of the thermal area of Hanmer Springs. The weather fluctuates from extremely hot and dry in the summer when there is a danger of forest fires, to very cold with snow in winter. Hurunui is very remote, the nearest shop being in Culverden 15km away.

We loved Hurunui and decided it would be an ideal holiday place for us.

We purchased a section which was right next to our friends' bach and 100 metres from the historic *Hurunui Hotel*. This was built in 1860 and the only commercial building in the area. At this stage we had the section, but nowhere to live.

In Culverden there were two ex-Electricity Department houses from Twizel up for tender.

We inspected both houses and decided on the one in much better condition. Wooden construction, cream in colour with a silver aluminium roof. It comprised of a kitchen, dining room, lounge, three bedrooms, laundry, bathroom, and toilet. There was a wood burner in the kitchen, ideal for the cold winters. The house would be perfect, but would we be lucky enough to win the tender?

How much to put in for a tender \$500 or \$5000? We had no previous experience of tendering. We had excellent advice from our bank manager: calculate your total budget, minus the price of the section, house, and all costs involved. Whatever is remaining is your tender amount. If it is insufficient, you could not have afforded it anyway. We calculated the amount for the tender and added \$11. We were advised not to put in a round figure as other tenders could be the same amount. We also put in the same amount for the second house on the proviso it was only to be considered if our first choice failed.

The day arrived for the tender results. Yes, we were successful, yes, we had our first choice. Great excitement!

Now we had a house to live in on the section, but how to get it there. *The Moving Company* in Christchurch transported

houses. A date was arranged to transport the house from Culverden to Hurunui.

What about Insurance? The reply from the insurance company was, "Sorry, no, we do not insure houses while being transported." This was in 1982, it is possible now to have them insured. I was very aware if the house fell off the truck it would crash like a pack of cards.

The day arrived for the transportation of the house. *Graeme* drove to Culverden, to follow the transporter, not that he could do anything if the house fell off the truck, but for peace of mind. Everything went perfectly.

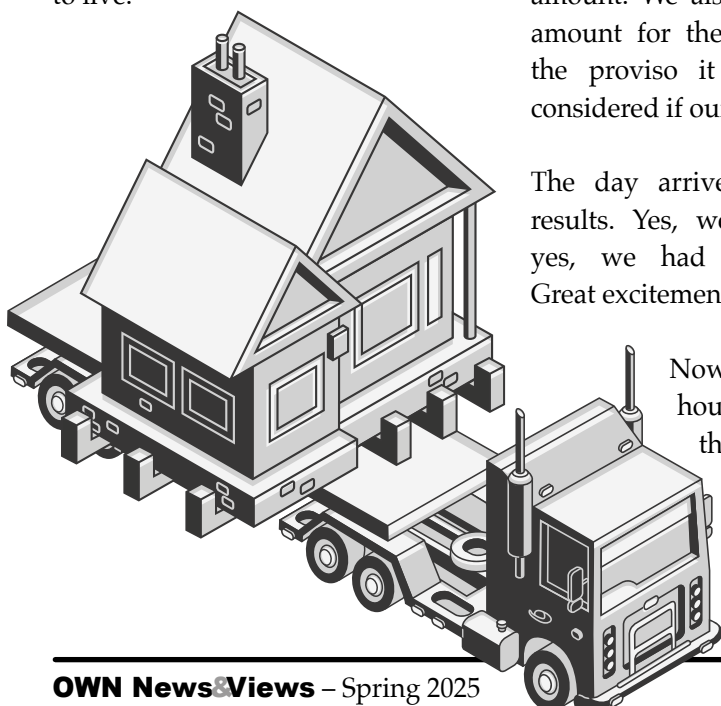
The house was sited in the position I had calculated would be best suited for maximum sun.

That was just the beginning, the hard work was ahead of us.

Firstly, drains had to be dug for the plumbing and water to be connected. We accepted a quote from a *Mr Neville Cooper*. His company, the *Cooperites*, did an excellent job (they later shifted to the West Coast of the South Island and became known as *Gloriavale*).

Fencing, had to be erected, a driveway formed, a water tank purchased, power connected, the house repainted, and trees to be planted. *Graeme* became a jack of all trades – carpenter, painter, carpet layer, plumber, and electrician. That, was the outside, the inside needed some attention

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too. Vinyl and carpet had to be purchased, and curtains for every room. I bought yards of curtain material and sewed until the sewing machine was just about smoking.

In no time the house was shipshape.

We enjoyed many fabulous holidays there baking in the hot summer sun, swimming and canoeing in the Waitohi River across the road. Just as enjoyable was the heat and comfort of the wood burner when it snowed heavily during the cold winter months. All the school holidays during the year and the six-week

break over the summer holiday period were spent at our bach (holiday house) until our shift to Auckland in 1987. Sadly, we had to sell up and say goodbye, but, oh, the memories, and such a lovely lifestyle for us.

Judy Brocherie



Ice Cream

They were referred to for years as "The Bash Boy" and "The Plug Boy," their real names remaining unknown. Afterwards they were spoken of with amusement, but at the time I hadn't thought it funny at all.

I was 6 years old and one very hot summer Saturday my father gave me threepence (about 5¢) to walk to the local dairy, about 10 minutes walk for my short legs, to buy an ice cream. This was a real treat, especially as this would be the first time I had ever been to the shops on my own. It was safe enough – only one major road to cross and I had been well-instructed to "look both ways".

I walked as quickly as I could, eager for that first delicious taste. Deciding which flavour was not easy, even though the choice was quite restricted – vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, or orange. The dairy owner was patient with me – he knew my parents well, as they were good customers. He seemed to understand this was an important occasion for me. Eventually, I settled for strawberry, handed over my money, and started out for home again.

The return trip was much slower, as I took one step to one lick, wanting that ice cream last as long as possible – it was so good! About halfway back, as I passed below a high concrete wall, well above my head, I heard a loud shout, and startled, I looked up to see two older boys who seemed very large to me. They both leapt down from the wall and blocked my path.

"Give me that ice cream, girlie," said one.

"Yeah, or else I'll plug you," said the other.

"Bash you and plug you," said the first.

I tried to go around them, but they were quick, and they repeated their threats in a way which left me in no doubt that they were serious. I looked desperately around for help, but the street was deserted. My precious ice cream had begun melting in the sun and was dripping down my shaking hands and onto my frock. I was terrified and, with racing heart, I reluctantly handed my ice cream over. Gleefully, the boys moved aside and I ran as fast as I could – their mocking laughter ringing in my ears.

I arrived home in tears and full of the injustice of life. My parents comforted me and my father set off straight away to try to find the boys and give them a piece of his mind, but of course they were nowhere to be seen. My ice cream was replaced, but I would never forget that experience and for years remained very nervous whenever I passed that wall.

Bullies and bullying have been around for a long time, and, though the stakes are often much higher than an ice cream, the true effects are long-lasting.

Shirley Williams

