

1950 OR 2024... BETTER OR WORSE?

Although you may have read this poem before, I will not apologise for using it as it says a lot about the changes to our way of living in 2024. So different to earlier generations and yet many of us agitate and demand more. Yes, our expectations; health standards; ; lack of discipline and guidance (smacking not allowed) and an overall 'give me, it's my right to have... 'attitude. Is life better or worse in 2024?

I remember the corned beef of my childhood,
And the bread we cut with a knife,
When the children helped with the housework
And the men went to work, not the wife.
The cheese never needed a fridge
And the bread was crusty and hot.
The children were seldom unhappy
And the wife was content with her lot.
I remember the milk from the bottle,
With the yummy cream on the top.
Our dinner came hot from the oven
And not from a freezer or shop.
The kids were a lot more contented,
They didn't need money for kicks -
Just a game with their friends on the street
And sometimes the Saturday flicks.
I remember the slap on my backside
And the taste of soap if I swore
Anorexia and diets weren't heard of
And we hadn't much choice what we wore
Do you think that bruised our ego?
Or our initiative was destroyed?
We ate what was put on the table
And I think life was better enjoyed.

Author Unknown



This month's Chronicle contains a lot of reminiscing. There must be readers able to write stories about their own experiences to include in the Chronicle –not too long as we don't need an eight page Chronicle. No strong language even though it seems totally accepted in and on the media in 2024. Preferably stories about aspects of living in the Manawatu— growing up, schooling, travel, working days, the best social event (remember the school balls, YFC & CGC balls). On a cold, wet, winter day what better way to forget about the weather than to write, type or use a tape recorder to recall and keep family memoirs. I wish my ancestors had shared more of their memories before it was too late.

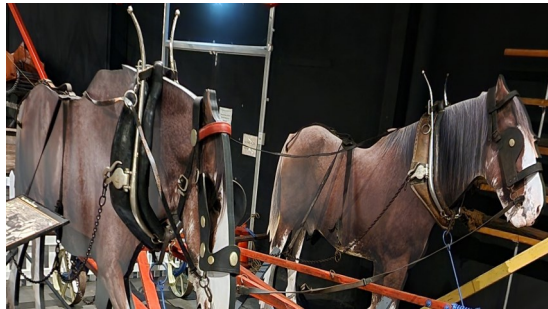
As a volunteer host, it is interesting to chat with visitors and this month we had a group of eight ,all ex Queenstown residents but now living in Gore, North Canterbury, Invercargill, Feilding. Each year they meet up, hire a mini bus and visit places they have heard about, alternating between North and South Islands. Interesting to note that not one has any desire to return to Queenstown "too political", "just like Auckland now" "grown too large".



It is with much sorrow we learnt about the death of BRIAN HUNTER, one of the pillars of the Coach House Museum. As well as being a founding member, a Trust Chairman and together with wife, Rosalie, he produced the Chronicle from 2002 until 2022. Brian was a stalwart supporter of the Feilding and District community and received many awards for his outstanding community work.
R. i. P.

WHATS ON at the Coach House Museum July 2024

The displays at the museum change often and it is often exciting to see new arrivals and the manner in which the display committee and helpers decide to exhibit them. If you have visited recently you will have seen the growing number of horses added to many of the horse driven



implements the early farmers used.

Introducing one of the new mannequins gifted to the museum by Te Manawa Museum, Palmerston North. There is a story to tell.



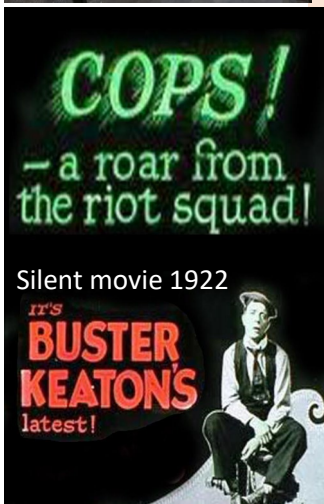
WANTED WANTED WANTED
Looking for a Moffat Virtue (MV) shearing comb.

SCHOOL HOLIDAY SPECIAL

The Hunter Room, Coach House Museum
 South Street
 FEILDING

Sunday 14 July
1.30 pm start
\$5 per person
(funds for new chairs)

Two Classic Movies
1922 Silent movie
1939 Shirley Temple



The History of 'Aprons'

supplied by Stevie Dallenger.

Do our kids know what an apron is? The principal use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath but along with that it served as a potholder for removing hot pans from the oven.



It was wonderful for drying children's tears and was even used for cleaning out dirty ears.

From the chicken coop, the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks and sometimes half hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven.

When company came, those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids and when the weather was cold Grandma wrapped it around her

arms.

Those big, old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove.

Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron. From the garden it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas were shelled it carried out the hulls.

In the Autumn, the apron was used to bring in the apples that had fallen from the trees.

When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture it could dust in a matter of seconds.

When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out to the porch, waved her apron and the men knew it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that 'old time apron' that served so many purposes.

REMEMBER

Grandma used to set her hot baked apple pies on the window sill to cool. Her granddaughters set theirs on the window sill to thaw.

