

Nothing Ventured

Shawlands, May 1937

The black taxi tooted and drove off with the Traynors. Their neighbours waved and sighed, surprised they had actually gone, despite Dorothy's poor health.

The taxi was crammed full with their remaining luggage. Their main possessions had been sent ahead a week earlier in two huge trunks and three tea chests for the lighter, less valuable items. The family were heading for Glasgow to catch the evening train to London then onwards to Southampton to board their ship for Auckland.

Their neighbours kept waving until the taxi was out of sight then stood around chatting until they drifted back to their homes.

The Traynors had always been a little odd, especially the husband Malcolm who was a bit of a mystery, originally from Perth, some said, with no local family or friends. He was a lay preacher of sorts, strict and stern with his kids. He worked at the locomotive works in Springburn and rode there each day on his minister's style upright bicycle, hail rain or shine.

Dorothy was a local, from Thornliebank and much more talkative. She had been reared in Govan where her father had been a labourer in the shipyards. Her mother, long gone, had worked as an usherette in the local *Lyceum* picture house and Dorothy had seen hundreds of films for free and could 'project' herself like a movie star.

On Sundays the Traynors had walked from Tantallon Road to the Methodist Church at Pollokshaws, although if it was cold and wet, Dorothy stayed behind as she was prone to catching colds: if one took hold it often laid her low for weeks at a time.

The family were emigrating to New Zealand where Mr Malcolm Traynor had been promised a job as a railway maintenance fitter with subsidised local accommodation, described as 'a spacious three bedroomed bungalow with a large garden'. The Traynors had struggled for years because of Mrs Dorothy Traynor's poor health. The emigration agent had assured them that the milder weather in Auckland would be beneficial for her asthma and sinusitis. To Malcolm this offer seemed to be an answer to his many heartfelt prayers and a God-given chance to finally put his guilty past far behind him.

In the taxi, Joyce buried her face in her hankie. She did not want to lose Paul Fettes and had pleaded in vain with her parents to be allowed to remain in Glasgow with her Aunt Helen, her godmother. Edward Grant was an administrator working for Glasgow Corporation and over twenty-odd years he had progressed steadily up through the municipal hierarchy. The Grants lived two miles away in Giffnock in a huge stone villa with

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extensive grounds and a large garage where the dapper and portly Edward parked his recently purchased Austin 12 motor car.

The Grants had no children and Helen was keen to take Joyce as their adopted daughter but Malcolm Traynor was unmoved, insisting that Joyce must emigrate with them to help her mother look after her two younger brothers, Adam, (12), David (10) and help her mother with Christine, the new baby, only six months old.

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Fettes Family Butchers

Guiseppe Fattorini's story stretched back to 1913 when he arrived in Brighton as a poverty stricken refugee without a passport and only a few Lira to his name. He was fleeing his call-up to the Italian Army just ahead of WW1. On arrival he had been pressurised by his older brother Giancarlo Fattorini (now calling himself William Speedy) to change his name, speak only in English and adopt a local accent. With a War looming, there was a strong groundswell of public opinion against migrant Italians who were seen as spies. Uncle Giancarlo explained to Guiseppe that when he had worked for him for a year or so, he would sponsor him to move to Ayr on the West Coast of Scotland where there was a similar tight-knit cell of Italian diaspora who would help him set up his own business.

Uncle Giancarlo's wife, Lizzie (Elizabeth) went with Guiseppe to the local council offices to help him change his name by deed pool. At first Guiseppe had been toying with names like 'Paul Smith' or 'Charles Brown' or 'James Black' but on his way to the council offices he saw a shop called 'James Fettes Tartan Kilt Hire' and, knowing he was destined to move to Scotland, this was the name he chose.

A year later, with a loan from his 'Uncle William', 'James Fettes' moved to Ayr and opened 'Fettes Fish and Chips', dropped his Brighton accent, married a local girl and cultivated a West Coast twang.

In 1920, two months after their father Gianpaolo had died of a stroke, Carlo and Marco Fattorini arrived in Brighton looking for Zio (Uncle) Guiseppe Fattorini. Within a day they were hurried onwards to Ayr, a bustling summer holiday town on the West Coast of Scotland. During this journey they were scolded constantly by their courier, a girl who called herself Joan Smith. Joan hissed at them, insisting they remain silent while she spoke for them and paid for their train fares.

In Ayr the brothers were encouraged to change their names and chose Charles (Charlie) and Mark Fettes. Uncle James Fettes, (Zio Guiseppe Fattorini) now owned a busy takeaway fish and chip shop called *Jimmy's* which opened at ten o'clock each morning and closed at midnight. Next door he had a café called *The Seaside Café* which sold ice creams and a range of sweets for adults and children including "stocks" (sticks) of pink coated rock with the word "AYR" which ran through it from one end to the other. It also served morning coffee and tea, simple meals over lunch and did a busy trade serving High Teas to the ordinary members of the public, a move which mimicked the higher class restaurants and hotels frequented by posher, well-heeled clients.

After a year learning Scottish-English in the local West Coast dialect, the new arrivals from Lucca moved to the Gorbals area, looking for premises to open a butcher's shop. From their early days in Ayr they had wisely avoided speaking Italian except very rarely

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to other 'hidden' Italian immigrants like themselves. To help establish themselves in the Gorbals, they changed their accents again, adjusting their vocabulary and striving to suppress their Italian lilt.

They used their skills as butchers and with a top-up loan from Uncle Guiseppe in Ayr and the small legacy they had brought with them from Lucca, they opened a butcher's shop in the Gorbals area. Working hard, opening early and closing late, by setting their prices just less than nearby butchers and, supplying tasty steak pies in various sizes, they built up a good returning customer base and gradually eased up their prices.

Charlie Fettes was a shrewd businessman and saved hard. He looked to find a property in Shawlands, a much nicer place to bring up a family than the Gorbals. After months of searching he found what he was looking for and bought a spacious but run down three bedroomed tenement flat on Tantallon Road in a red sandstone fronted building, adding electrical lighting and power before replumbing and redecorating it to a high standard. With his business doing well, a few years later he moved to a red sandstone villa in the posh suburb of Giffnock, renting the Tantallon Road flat to his brother Mark at a reduced rent.

At this point Charlie abandoned his links to the Roman Catholic Church entirely and started saving for a motor car with a view to taking up golf.

By late 1923, it was clear that Benito Mussolini (*Il Duce* - The Leader) would become the Prime Minister of Italy. In Britain, anti-Italian sentiment was rife and Carlo and Marco were glad they were now accepted as Charlie and Mark Fettes.

By 1937 with another war looming and *Il Duce* sounding off regularly on the Pathe News at the local cinemas, the brothers agreed this name change had been a very wise move.

Both men had taken girls from Glasgow as wives, girls who had worked in the shop as servers, good Catholic girls who knew their place and did not complain or gossip, girls who agreed between themselves they had been lucky to find such industrious and generous husbands.

Mark's wife Daisy and Charlie's wife Margie (Margaret) and their children knew nothing of their history, nothing of Lucca and although they knew there was an Uncle James Fettes somewhere in Ayr who owned a fish and chip shop, they had never met him and his family.

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Love and Lust

When the Traynor's taxi turned the corner out of sight, Paul Fettes, who would be fourteen at the end of June, sniffed back his tears, turned away and headed off towards the river, limping off on his damaged foot, a disability caused a year earlier when he had fallen from his second-hand bicycle. Going down a steep hill, his brakes had failed and he slithered into the path of a Post Office delivery van which had run over his left foot, causing the loss of three toes, severely crushing the other two.

The tall, handsome brown-eyed boy gave a low whistle and the old dog picked up the well-chewed tennis ball in her mouth and waddled past him, her tail wagging. Peg had been the Traynors dog but the Fettes family had agreed to take her but only because she was not expected to live much longer.

Joyce Traynor was a slimly built girl with a bright smiling face who had lived in a cramped two-bedroom council house across from the Fettes family on the other side of Tantallon Road. Over the previous year the thirteen-year-old had sprouted, gaining three inches and filling out, changing from a child into an attractive young woman. The teenagers had been meeting in secret for over a year, Paul waiting for her at the end of the street, joining her during her long evening walks with Peg after she had put the boys to bed before bottle-feeding and changing baby Christine then passing her back to her mother.

Unlike his brother Charlie, Mark Fettes and his family still attended St Mary's RC Church in nearby Pollokshaws. However, they did so discreetly, deliberately keeping their involvement low key, doing only the minimum to satisfy their consciences. As the Traynors were Methodists, this was another reason why Paul and Joyce kept their friendship a close secret. Although the families were on good enough terms as near neighbours, neither father would have approved of their romance.

Like Joyce, Paul knew what it was like to be lumbered with siblings - he had three sisters; Anna (12), Mary (10) and Betty (Elizabeth (5)). Since the age of twelve, Paul had worked for his Uncle Charlie who owned *Fettes Family Butchers* in the Gorbals, working part-time on afternoons after school and Saturdays, putting money in his pocket from his wages and tips, money which he saved in an old green purse locked inside a small money box tied tightly to the underside of his bed.

Charlie Fettes had three daughters (all younger than Paul) girls who in the future, would become servers in the shop. Aware that his younger brother Mark was not bright enough to inherit the business, Charlie Fettes was grooming his handsome and personable nephew as his successor. It had been agreed Paul should start full-time in the shop when he left school at the end of June.

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Paul, his mind in turmoil, sat at the top of the steeply sloping bank. Distracted, trying to imagine life without Joyce, he threw the ball into the river for Peg but after a few minutes the old dog was exhausted. She flopped down at Paul's feet, soon asleep, snoring loudly. His mind filled again with erotic thoughts of their farewell encounter the previous evening.

A cooling breeze began to chill him. Leaving the sleeping dog, he moved a few yards upstream, scanned to check no one was about then ducked under the low branches of a huge rhododendron bush into their hideaway, out of the breeze into the warmth. He had made this space more or less watertight by trimming lower foliage and rigging a dark green coloured tarpaulin to the upper branches, forming a simple igloo-style tent.

The teenager slipped into the gloom, lay back on their old blanket and began reliving the past few weeks. Their touching and rubbing had been progressing each time they met. The previous evening, their last before she must leave him for New Zealand, Paul had been keen to go all the way to 'seal their love'. However, after a wrangle, they had settled as in the recent past for mutual relief, Joyce guiding his hand inside her knickers then moving to stroke his penis inside his underpants as he used his middle finger to bring her to her surge.

Afterwards, tearful, sitting up and sorting her clothes, Joyce whispered:

'Paul, it might take me a few years but I'll come back. Will you wait for me?'

'Yes. But you know we can't stay here in Shawlands. We'll have to move away, start somewhere new, maybe over in Partick or Hillhead. I've got twenty pounds saved from my milk round and doing deliveries for Uncle Charlie at the shop. Here, put this wee green purse in a safe place.'

'Remember to write to me at Mrs Loudon downstairs from you. As you know, I wash her windows for her every week. Two weeks ago I put down new linoleum in her kitchen and fixed a washer on her cistern. You know she sits at her front room window watching everything. She knows about us and has promised to keep our friendship secret. Her husband was a Protestant and she knows the trouble a mixed marriage can cause. Write to her and tell me how to write back to you. When your twenty-one your father won't be able to stop you. Same for me. Maybe I could try to emigrate to New Zealand and we could meet up there.'

'Yes, I promise to write to you. But Paul, it seems so long to wait. Can you last out? You won't find someone else, will you?'

'No, Joyce, of course not. It's always been you I fancied. Maybe I could get a camera and send you photographs.'

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'Look Paul, it's getting dark now. I need to get home or my Dad will send out a search party. He's up to high Doh and Mum has had another attack. Her nerves are shot to pieces. Having Christine was a mistake, she told me yesterday. She wanted to give the baby to Aunt Helen but Dad exploded when she suggested it.'

'Oh Joyce, if only they'd let you stay here with your Aunt and Uncle. That would have solved everything.'

She stood up, offered her hand and hauled him upright.

'Come on! I'll run on ahead and say I lost Peg in the dark and you could bring her to ours, say you found her. Poor Peg, she becoming so dopey nowadays, almost as bad as Mrs Louden.'

Secure in his hideaway, Paul's mind filled with the sight of Joyce's small breasts and bright pink nipples. His hand slipped down, undid his belt and unbuttoned his fly, eased down his trousers and then his underpants, kicking them off and spreading his legs. Re-living his final encounter with Joyce Traynor he began his self-pleasuring, stroking slowly to make it last.

With his eyes closed and his mind buzzing, Paul Fettes was unaware of the tall girl slipping slowly and quietly into his secret hideaway, crouching over him, watching his face intently as she unbuttoned her blouse, released her bra, slipping out of her skirt and knickers to crouch above him, fully naked.

Angelina Docherty lived next door to Mrs Vera Louden with her elderly mother and grandmother both of whom were day-visiting housemaids in a huge mansion in nearby Pollokshields where the richest people in Glasgow lived. Gina had never known her father who, according to her mother, had died tragically when he was hit by a train while repairing train tracks. Gina knew this was a convenient fiction, having overheard her mother and grandmother whispering a very different story when they had drunk too much Sherry.

Gina Docherty pretended to believe the myth about her father. She was a clever girl with a calculating mind, a girl with secrets of her own. And she hated being poor, scrimping and scraping to survive.

After leaving school at fourteen, Gina worked in the Shawlands Cooperative Grocery. She did Vera's food and other shopping for her and included her laundry with the Docherty family wash at the Pollokshaws Public Washhouse (the Steamie), walking there and back wheeling an old pram which Mrs Louden kept for her in a corner of her spare bedroom. A regular attender at St Mary's, to

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everyone who thought they knew her, Gina projected the image of a quiet, dutiful and obliging girl, trustworthy and helpful.

Vera, who had suffered several turns in recent months, had become talkative, garrulous, often unaware who she was talking to. Two months earlier, Gina had taken control of Vera's purse and her bank chequebook, practising how to sign her name, withdrawing modest amounts to keep the purse topped up and putting aside a few shillings each week for herself which she added to her weekly half-crowns from Father Aloysius 'for services rendered'. She was saving steadily and had amassed nearly thirty pounds.

From Vera's ramblings, Gina had learned about Joyce and Paul and, by following them from a distance, discovering their secret den which she had visited several times, lying naked, touching herself, dreaming of this moment, waiting for her chance.

Gina slurped her chewing gum into her hand then rubbed her nipples with the juice, as she had been taught to do by Father Aloysius. Kneeling gently close to Paul's side, she watched as he masturbated then reached out and took hold of his free left hand and moved it to her crotch, rubbing herself with it, as she had been taught to do.

Startled, Paul tried to sit up but she pushed him down.

His erection flopped.

She whispered:

'Well Paul Fettes, now that skinny wee proddy is out of the picture at last, it's my turn.'

She leaned over him. Her right nipple found his lips. She pressed down, filling his mouth, forcing him to breathe through his nose.

'Use your tongue, why don't you?'

As she rotated her fulsome breast he tasted peppermint.

His tongue was working well. It was clear to Gina he knew what to do.

Her right hand took hold of his penis, as she had been taught to do.

His eyes were closed, his teeth tugging gently. She glanced sideways, watching as his erection grew again, thinking ahead to the moment when she would gradually speed up and bring him to completion. But this was so much better than her previous exploits at the Co-op and she slowed down to make it last.

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Locked in the stores cupboard at the Co-op after closing time, Gina Docherty had 'serviced' a few of the older boys in the shop charging them a shilling to suck her tits and a further shilling and sixpence for a full wank. She always insisted on keeping the lights on to be able to watch their faces as they admired her breasts and to get a full sighting of their erections as they leaned back against the shelving with their trousers and underpants at their ankles.

She had never let them touch her down below although she occasionally felt herself 'rush' as they ejaculated.

Paul Fettes was her first ever virgin, as she thought of him, so bushy, so big, so clean and fresh and so, so much nicer than wanking off the smelly old priest, locked in the dark cupboard with him after the Saturday evening Vigil Mass, while he groped her and slobbered over her breasts, his breath stinking of whisky and nicotine.

'Come on, Paul, do me as well. No, use your right hand.'

He found her sweet spot immediately.

He knew what she wanted.

'Oh yes Paul Fettes, that is so, so nice.'

Paul responded, stroking deeper.

Being serviced by another hand was new territory.

Gina moaned softly: 'That's it Paul, but faster now.'

Her hand began to speed up in unison with hers.

Paul's mind hummed, making him dizzy, suppressing a groan as he raised his backside and ejaculated in one huge gush, his hot discharge spurting upwards onto her breasts.

Gina threw her head back moaning softly as a full surge and shudder hit her.

Grasping his hand, she held it still with his middle finger deep inside her.

They remained as they were for a while until Gina leaned back on her heels, smiling broadly and using her knickers to mop up the spillage:

'Now Paul Fettes, was that your best ever come? Eh?'

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'Yes. Yes, it was amazing. Thank you Angelina.'

'It was my best ever too. You do have a nice touch, Paul. What if I get a few Durex and we do it properly tomorrow. Eh?'

'Yes, please.'

'Now wiggle over, we'll lie here until we're ready again. Eh?'

'Gina, you are amazing. Really, really amazing. Thank you.'

Voices moved past them unaware they were within a few feet of the teenagers.

Time passed.

She moved her hand. His penis was already stiff.

Gina rolled onto her side, easing herself onto her knees, lowering her breasts to his mouth.

'Suck my left tit first.'

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Six weeks at Sea

The first week of the journey from London to Auckland had been fraught with heavy seas and high winds which tossed the *RMS Rangitiki* ¹ around remorselessly. Dorothy was wretched and was confined to bed, in a stupor. Adam and David had also suffered sea sickness. Malcolm, who spent most of his time chatting with the ship's engineers seemed oblivious to the problem and the main burden of caring for her mother, the baby and her brothers fell to Joyce who was kept busy clearing and cleaning up after them.

When the storm eased, the two boys recovered quickly, roaming around the ship and making friends with others of their own age. A favourite pastime was playing endless games of what they called 'tag-seek', a version of hide and seek with two teams with those caught confined to a 'den' until 'released' by a member of their team.

On special occasions when another ship was due to pass, all passengers were encouraged to 'muster' on the main deck to wave and cheer.

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From the outset of the voyage, Joyce had been nervous about the green purse which contained four crisp £5 notes newly issued from the Clydesdale Bank, carrying it inside her knickers wrapped in a handkerchief. After the storm had passed, in the corner of her cabin she discovered a small section of wall lining was slightly loose. When she eased it outwards, she saw a void which might offer a safe hiding place for her purse. She tested the wall lining by pressing it back into place. It sealed with a satisfying click. Joyce prised the joint with a butter knife and it clicked open again. She repeated the process. It seemed to be a perfect hiding place. She eased the purse into the void and clicked it shut. When it was re-sealed, she felt it was safe and sound.

After a few days of sliding her hand over the joint to check, she forgot about the purse.

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Fairly soon into the voyage, Malcolm Traynor made firm friends with the engineering officers, curious to learn the intricacies of the *Rangitiki's* engine and gearbox. The locomotive fitter from Glasgow had always tried to keep abreast of technological

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In the summer of 1937, the Royal Mail Ship *Rangitiki* was a New Zealand Shipping Company motor liner with accommodation for about 598 passengers: 100 first class, 80 second class, and 418 third class. Her principal dimensions were 531 feet overall length and about 16,698 gross register tons powered by two Brown-Sulzer diesel engines driving twin screws.

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developments, visiting the Mitchell Library to read engineering journals and magazines and he was always keen to share his knowledge.

On several occasions he was invited to dine in the Officer's Mess. On one occasion he gave a talk on the mechanisms for operating the kinds of coal fired locomotives he had built back in Glasgow. He also gave his listeners an insight into the new revolutionary class of locomotives planned for delivery to New Zealand in 1939. These locos would have oil burners to create steam rather than coal. Malcolm rounded off his talk drawing the comparison with their own ship which used *direct propulsion* by diesel engines, explaining that although diesel engines were not yet available for locomotives, they were already used for larger industrial vehicles and increasingly deployed to power new fleets of diesel buses in London and other British cities.

Ending his rather lengthy speech, Malcolm confidently prophesied:

"Diesel engines are the future for all locomotives!"

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During the first few days of carrying Christine around in her arms, Joyce learned there were a few compact prams which the engineers had made to a simple lightweight design which allowed them to be easily manoeuvred through doorways and over thresholds. These were intended for renting to First Class passengers but with the help of her father, Joyce was allowed to have one on free loan for the period of the voyage. These sorties around the ship with the pram made Joyce popular with other passengers who stopped her to chat about Christine and cross-question her about her past in Glasgow and ask what she hoped to become in New Zealand.

Over time she struck up a close relationship with Miss Miriam Telfer, a woman in her early thirties who had been born and raised in Auckland. Miss Telfer was returning home after a two year period of study and service at St Thomas's Hospital in London. This was in preparation for her new post as Teaching Matron at the newly created Nursing Hub at the Grafton site of the Auckland Hospital (usually shortened to 'The Hub').

During their many long probing chats, Miss Telfer was impressed by Joyce Traynor's quick mind and her open, thoughtful nature and in particular by her persistence. This understanding led to the proposal that the teenager should apply to *The Hub* with a view to becoming a Nurse. Joyce explained her father might oppose this because of her mother's poor health.

Miriam, (who had read Dale Carnegie's recently published book entitled '*How to Win Friends and Influence People*'), faced this hurdle head on, as was her nature. Accordingly, she organised a long private chat with Malcolm Traynor, during which he revealed Dorothy's ongoing health issues were problems which she had suffered without proper medical assessment or intervention. It was evident the main reason was lack of money

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but Miriam discovered that Dorothy's condition was also due to an acceptance of her GP's judgement that her condition was chronic and that nothing could be done.

After listening and probing, Miriam promised when they reached Auckland she would ensure Dorothy would be seen by a specialist in chest medicine, predicting that with improved care, proper medication and the better climate in Auckland, Dorothy would soon enjoy much better health.

On this basis Malcolm agreed to allow Joyce to apply to *The Hub*, provided Dorothy's health improved as predicted.

What Miriam deliberately did not reveal to Malcolm was that she was planning to admit Joyce as a residential student, thereby releasing her from her previous years of servitude as the skivvy in the Traynor household back in Glasgow and, as was clearly evident, a role that had continued on board the *Rangitiki*.

When Miss Telfer shared with Joyce an edited version of her conversation with her father, the teenager could at long last begin to imagine a new future for herself in New Zealand. It meant that when she was old enough to do so without her father's permission, this could lead to the possibility of returning to Paul Fettes in Glasgow as a qualified Nurse.

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Another positive benefit of the long voyage was the friendship which developed between Joyce and Pamela Dearborn (Pammy) and her twin brother Daniel (Dan). Like Miss Telfer, The Dearborns travelled in First Class but were down to earth people, not at all snobbish. The Dearborns were from Leeds in Yorkshire where their father (Matthew) was a Veterinary Surgeon and their mother (Enid) had owned a haberdashery shop which sold fabrics and patterns suitable for ladies dresses.

The twins were sixteen but to Joyce they seemed to be younger, naive, less worldly wise than herself. They wore nicer, newer clothes and always had money to buy sweets from the tuck shop. Dan, smaller and plumper was quieter with thick spectacles, studious, a voracious reader, while Pammy was thinner and taller with a restless active nature and a non-stop tongue.

As the early weeks progressed, the three teenagers became close friends, meeting in the Library to play Chess while chatting quietly about their past lives in Britain and their hopes for the future. In Glasgow, Joyce had played Draughts. Chess was new to her. With Dan's explanations, she picked it up reasonably quickly. He loaned her a book which outlined various winning strategies and soon she was holding her own, often ending games in a stalemate, winning from time to time, gaining confidence.

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As the voyage progressed Joyce and Dan continued to meet at the Library where they browsed the titles on offer, discussed what they had just read and selected a new book, available on loan for a returnable deposit of threepence.

Dan took a while to explain to Joyce how the squares of the Chess board were designated according to the FIDE system ². He showed her his small notebook with the record of recent games he had played against his father, explaining how the moves were recorded and how the pieces were named.

When they met the following day he gave Joyce a blank notebook and a pencil with an eraser attached and donated his own Chess Primer from his personal library, saying she could keep it for the duration of the voyage. It had belonged to his father and his father before him and was a sort of family heirloom. Later, over the ensuing days she studied it carefully, reading it again and again, becoming fascinated by how Chess worked and how the pieces could move as part of an 'army', as Dan had described.

Pammy was not much of a reader and did not play Chess or Draughts, preferring to knit or crochet or occasionally work on one of her many unfinished tapestries which, she told Joyce repeatedly, were much more of a challenge and sometimes gave her a headache.

At her own suggestion, Pammy would often take Christine for a breath of fresh air in her pram. As the Dearborns travelled in First Class this meant Pammy and Christine were permitted to roam around the upper decks and they often sat with Miss Telfer who patiently listened to the girl's non-stop chatter.

From these meetings, Miriam quickly judged Pammy was a dull-witted girl destined for a life as a follower, never a leader. This contrasted with her brother who was very inquisitive, probing Miriam's local knowledge of Auckland and the nearby Henderson township where his father Matthew had been signed up as an Associate partner in a veterinary practice. It was from Dan she discovered her mother was hoping to start a new ladies fashion shop with Pammy as her assistant.

With Pammy and Christine off on their travels, Joyce and Dan both looked forward to these quieter times, settling to play Chess, concentrating intensely, making their moves in complete silence. At the end of each game, Dan would move to sit beside Joyce, checking their notebooks, comparing their parallel notations of the game they had just played with Dan explaining how he had 'attacked' her and complimenting her on some of her responses.

Taking a short break between games, they shared whispered snippets from their past lives. Dan was a good listener and asked thoughtful questions. Joyce opened up to him,

² Fédération Internationale des Échecs (the International Federation of Chess)

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explaining at school she had often been absent for weeks on end, needed at home to care for David as a baby when her mother was poorly. As a consequence, Joyce had been 'held back' to repeat Primary 2 because she had been kept at home due to her mother's health. Likewise, she had been made to repeat Secondary 2 for similar reasons.

Like the Traynors, the Dearborns were Methodists and the two families sat beside each other on Sunday afternoons, part of the leadership group with Malcolm and Matthew and several others serving on a rota to preach and lead the worship.

Miriam Telfer, a closet agnostic, attended on a single occasion. Her purpose was to monitor the situation and to observe Joyce and Dan, checking out what she had learned about their growing friendship from the garrulous Pammy. The boy sat with his head in a book, occasionally checking his watch, clearly disengaged, waiting for time to pass when he could escape from the room. To Miriam he did not look like the kind of boy which Joyce would find attractive. She did not see them interact in any way. Perhaps Pammy was 'inventing' a secret romance, as she was prone to do. To Miriam it seemed their relationship was platonic, most probably based on Joyce's desire to learn and improve her Chess skills.

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During their last week at sea, as the *Rangitiki* neared New Zealand, Dan, who was keen on maps and geography, showed Joyce a map which he had brought with him from Holbeck, using it to explain that Henderson was roughly 10 miles West of Auckland, separated by the Waitakere Ranges, towering hills which rose to about 1,500 feet making Henderson slightly wetter than Auckland but still warm and sunny, a climate almost like British summer weather year round, even in winter.

From a conversation with Miss Telfer, Dan had learned the journey by bus from Auckland to Henderson would take about an hour and a quarter although she had recommended the train which would take about three quarters of an hour from Auckland and cost about one shilling and sixpence. There was also a train from Otahuhu (where Joyce would be based) to Auckland which cost about a shilling.

At their next meeting in the Library, Dan passed Joyce a folded piece of paper setting out this information and then, to her complete surprise, referring to his notebook when he stumbled, began a prepared speech which astonished her as he whispered his 'confession cum proposal':

'Joyce, this is my address in Henderson, or rather the address at my father's new Veterinary Practice. We'll be in temporary accommodation until we find a suitable house to buy. If you write to me at this Vet Practice address we could meet up in Auckland and go to the pictures or just walk about and explore the place. I've got a long list of places worth seeing. But only if you want.'

'Thanks, Dan. Yes, we should keep in contact. It may take a while for us to get settled at Otahuhu. Look, as you know I'm hoping to become a Nurse, although that's not yet certain. Let's wait and see. But yes, of course we should remain good friends.'

'Joyce, I'm hoping to go to University and become a professor. I think I can do it.'

'Yes, I know. Pammy told me. She said back in Leeds you were one of the brightest boys in your school.'

'Yes, I was the Dux, the top boy academically speaking.'

'Well, I sort of guessed you're very clever. You seem to know about everything. How do you do it?'

'Okay, it's my secret weapon but because it's you, I'll tell you. I do two things I learned from a library book when I was about six. First, I try to read everything I think is useful, usually twice over. If I think it's very important, I read it a third time, reading backwards from the last page. Then I go through it again taking notes and writing a summary which

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I study until it is truly embedded. According to that self-help book, this is the way memory works for people who are not lucky enough to have a photographic memory. Most people are not willing to make this effort but I think I know you well enough to be sure it would work for you as well. The second thing I do is if I meet someone like Miss Telfer, I ask questions and listen carefully. If I can get them talking, I try to quiz them. Most adults like that because it lets them show off a bit. As you might have noticed, Miss Telfer really loves to 'expound', if you know what I mean. But even so, she is clever, not boring like most people.'

Both teenagers had forgotten they should whisper but as the Librarian was not at her desk, they were not scolded.

'Am *I* boring, Dan?'

'Oh Joyce **NO!** You are very clever and you are very caring. I think you would be an ideal wife.'

'Ha-Ha! Are you offering to marry me?'

'Not yet but when I'm a bit older, yes, if you'll have me. Look, Joyce, I know I'm not an ideal catch physically but I do think about you all the time. At night especially, if you know what I mean. I mean, my father's a Vet so I know all about procreation and babies and that sort of stuff but that doesn't help. In fact, I think it makes it worse. Back home, in the main library in Leeds, I studied all the books they had on puberty and human physiology so I know all about self-arousal and masturbation. I know girl's do it too but, not other animals, except monkeys, especially baboons. I've seen them masturbate at the zoo.'

Joyce was dumbstruck by his words.

She glanced around to see if anyone else might have overheard.

Two tables away, in the corner, over Dan's left shoulder, a small man with a monocle was staring at them, his mouth agape.

She reached over to check Dan's watch:

'Dan, just look at the time. I must go and find Pammy, Christine needs a feed and nappy change. Bye-bye for now.'

'Joyce, look, I'm . . .'

At the door, Joyce turned to look at him. Dan's glasses were on the table, his chair pushed back, his head down between his knees, sobbing into his dark blue handkerchief.

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For the rest of the day Joyce could not escape from the recurring memory of Dan's strange outburst, hearing his words over and over in her mind.

That night, lying quietly under her bedclothes, with Adam and David fast asleep in their bunk beds, as Joyce moved her hands to caress herself, she wondered if Dan was doing the same to himself, thinking of her. It was a delicious thought and she held onto it as her fingers did their pleasuring.

Afterwards Joyce lay awake, waiting until she was ready again.

She thought of Paul Fettes, but only briefly. He was thousands of miles away while Dan was nearby, a clever boy with rich parents, a boy with good prospects, a boy who wanted her. Paul Fettes could have any girl he fancied. He would have moved on, found someone else, someone who was willing to let him go all the way, someone who would be happy to stay at home and have his babies.

Joyce Traynor closed her eyes and thought of Dan and began again, her legs apart, her left hand rolling her right breast and tugging her nipple, her right hand stroking her bush, her middle finger teasing.

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The following day they met as usual to play Chess. When Pammy left with Christine, Joyce passed Dan a note, explaining to him about the man with the monocle who was back in his usual corner, watching and listening while pretending to read a glossy magazine about yachts, unaware it was upside down.

They played in silence, occasionally smiling to each other.

Joyce saw that Dan was looking at her breasts which had developed significantly during the voyage. She reached up and opened the top two buttons of her blouse.

Down below she was tingling, wet.

She noticed Dan was playing left-handed Chess.

He made a weak move, exposing himself to the danger of a 'check mate' situation. He did not record his move.

She watched his face and saw that his eyes were closed. His right arm was under the table his shoulder lowered.

She nudged her notepad. It slipped off the table.

As she ducked down to retrieve it, she saw his fly was open and he was masturbating steadily with his dark blue hankie over his penis.

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She sat up and studied his face, saw his mouth open, saw his face grimace and then break into a soft smile.

When he opened his eyes, he saw at once that she knew.

His face and neck became bright red, his ears too.

He whispered:

'Sorry. That was unforgiveable.'

'No, Dan, it's a delicious memory which I will cherish and use later, under my covers when the boys are asleep.'

'Me too. Me too.'

He grinned:

'Oh my God, did I just do that? I mean, in a public place?'

'Well, yes you did. And so what? I'm the only one who knows and I enjoyed seeing you do it. The word erotic comes to mind.'

Dan shook his head and smiled:

'Who's move is it?'

'Mine, I think and, well, sorry but 'CHECK!'

'Bloody Hell!'

'And Dan, thank you for yesterday, what you said. And yes, if it works out for us, maybe one day we will get married.'

'Joyce, I think about you every waking minute. You are totally gorgeous and clever and so very, very sexy.'

Then the spell was broken. Pammy returned with Christine who was girning, her cheeks inflamed, teething.

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Their last meeting in the library before arriving in Auckland was tense, knowing they would not be able to meet for a while, maybe months.

When it was time to leave, Dan passed her a sealed envelope.

'Joyce, it's an attempt at an apology. I'm not sure what came over me that day, please try to forgive me.'

'Dan, as I said at the time, there's no need to apologise. But there is something I need to know. At the beginning, when we first started playing chess, when I didn't fully

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understand what was happening, there were occasions when suddenly I could see how to win. It was as if you had switched off. Then I figured it out, you were deliberately letting me win. Why was that? Am I not good enough for you? Is the marriage speech you gave just about sex and then you'll move on?'

'No, no, Joyce. **NO!** I just wanted to keep playing Chess with you and I thought if you never managed to win you would give up. But I know now I was wrong. You never give up, do you?'

'No, Dan, honestly I really enjoy the challenge of Chess.'

'Yes, I could tell you were improving week on week. So, you will read my letter then?'

'Yes, Dan, and yes, I would love to meet up in Auckland but only after I'm settled. As you know, I am very keen to get into the nursing course at *The Hub*.'

'I'm sure Miss Telfer will reserve a place for you. She told me the other day that she thinks if you keep focussed, you might even become a Doctor. My father used to always say I should become a Vet, like him. But he knows now I don't want that sort of career. I want to become a Geologist or maybe a Statistician.'

'Yes, I can just imagine it, Professor Daniel Dearborn! Sounds just right!'

'Yes, and you could be Doctor Joyce Traynor.'

'No Dan, that's pie in the sky talk for me. My ambition is to become a Nurse and perhaps eventually a Matron, like Miss Telfer.'

'Joyce, shall we shake hands on our pact?'

'Yes!'

As they stood and shook hands, Joyce glanced over Dan's shoulder at the small man in the corner and chuckled quietly at his puzzlement.

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Just before they docked in Auckland, Joyce was devastated to find that although her green purse was still there, her money had been substituted with a fold of stiff shiny paper fashioned from a neatly trimmed magazine page.

Her £20 nest egg from Paul Fettes was gone ³. Joyce knew she must not reveal her loss as this would lead to questions about where the money had come from and so resolved to keep her huge misfortune to herself.

³ What Joyce would never learn was that one of the crew had used this rouse over many years to harvest similar stashes of money and jewellery items from unsuspecting passengers.)

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Over the weeks ahead her corrosive anger at this theft caused her to give up entirely on ever seeing Paul Fettes again. By the time she was back in contact with Dan Dearnorn, she had almost erased Paul from her memory, sure that he had found someone else to woo.

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Auckland, mid-July 1937

When the Traynors arrived in Auckland they were met at the dockside by Jim Mercer from the Personnel Department at Otahuhu Railway Workshops (ORW). Mercer had spoken to Donald Mackenzie the Workshop Manager and the verdict was that Malcolm Traynor was the very type of experienced loco engineer they needed at ORW.

In his late fifties, Jim Mercer was a veteran with long experience. Over these years he had been allowed a 'settling-in budget' which he used to smooth the path for new arrivals. He had studied Traynor's application carefully alongside the confidential report from the Glasgow Agency who had recruited him. Based on this information, Mercer had prepared a 'welcome package' which he was confident would work. His priority was to ensure that *all* of the Traynors settled quickly so that Malcolm could focus on the backlog of maintenance and repairs Mackenzie had waiting for him.

Jim had two helpers from his office team with him, Eric and Sheila Fergusson, a younger man and his wife who worked for him. Eric had brought a small open topped truck. In convoy with Jim's car they took the Traynors to their new home in the southern suburbs of Auckland. Malcolm noticed Mercer's car was an Austin 12 like Edward Grant's but an older version.

Eric and Sheila had already collected the two trunks and three tea chests from the ship and placed them in the back of a truck alongside Joyce and the two boys who travelled on a bench which stretched across behind the driver's cabin. Malcolm, Dorothy and the baby travelled in Jim's car which took the lead with Jim pointing out various places of interest.

On arrival, Sheila gave Dorothy a guided tour of the house. Eric produced a new soccer ball from the truck and kicked it for the boys while Joyce took Christine to explore their huge garden and the giant shed at the far corner.

This was part of an agreed approach which allowed Jim to take Malcolm to one side to give him the missive setting out the details of the rent which had been set at £1 10s per week (nearly a pound less than Malcolm had paid for the tiny claustrophobic council house at Tantallon Road). The document explained this reduced rent level would be held for a year after which it would increase to £2 2s per week and subject to annual review.

Reading his puzzlement on Traynor's face Jim said:

'Malcolm, as you know our government holds the New Zealand Pound at a rough parity with UK Sterling so on paper our NZ Pound is equal to a British Pound. However, in certain respects some aspects of life in NZ are more expensive, especially imported goods.

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However, I think you will find our food is much cheaper and, since our climate is milder, heating costs are quite a bit lower.'

There was a separate employment contract which was linked to the lease for the property. Malcolm must also sign this contract document to confirmed his agreement to remain with ORW for a minimum period of three years at a starting wage of £5 15s per week after deductions. This amount would be subject also to annual review.

Malcolm was doing the arithmetic and began to smile. In Glasgow Traynor's equivalent wage had been £4 6s which had not increased for over 5 years, one of several reasons he had decided to make the move to New Zealand. The rent and wage combined made him feel already better off, but he had to be sure.

'Jim, I can see this package is a good deal but can I just check something, please. The Recruitment Agent in Glasgow indicated my starting wage would be lower during the first six months while you evaluated me, tested me out. Is this offer really meant for me? Are you sure there hasn't been a mistake?'

'No mistake Malcolm. After you signed up to come, your new boss here, Donald Mackenzie our Workshop Manager, made enquiries about you by writing to my equivalent at North British. They said you were one of their very best men and that they were devastated that you had emigrated.'

'So this offer is real, then?'

'Yes. Are you happy to sign these documents?'

'Yes Jim, what with the rent and the size of this place everything seems almost too good to be true. Yes, of course I'll sign.'

'So, to you this package seems like an answer to a prayer?'

'Yes Jim, an answer to many, many prayers over many, many years.'

'Good show. Here, use my pen and let's get you on board the ORW team!'

While Malcolm was signing, Jim added:

'Malcolm, I recommend that you and your missus give it a week or two. By then you will be much more settled. You'll find we are a friendly bunch at the Workshops. Everyone joining us notices right off that Workers and Managers are on the same side, focussed on getting repairs and servicing done right first time to the highest standards, no shortcuts. You'll find the schools here are good and your kids will soon fit in. My wife Margey teaches at the senior school and she can get Joyce into the upper stream for at least a year, maybe two. And there are no fees for emigrants for college education either.'

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Our government is big on up-schooling as many kids as are able to benefit. And your boys will be fine to, they'll fit in no bother at all. Just look at them tearing around after that ball. Only thing is, it's the wrong shape but I'm sure they will easily take to the oval ball, eh?'

'Jim, our Joyce has a hankering to become a Nurse. Do you think she might be suitable?'

'Yes, I'm sure Joyce will make the grade. Look at her, she seems as bright as a button. If needed, Margey will give her a leg up. She runs 'after school' classes. We don't have any kids ourselves but well, that's how it goes. But we do have nieces and nephews to spare. You'll get a chance to meet them on Saturday, if you're free. We live an outdoor life here in NZ and Margey and I want you to join us at our place for a Barbie?'

'What's a Barbie?'

'Barbie is short for barbecue, an outdoor meal with grilled meat and sausages and lots of veggies. We drink beer but I know from your application you're a deeply religious man so don't worry, we don't overindulge and we have all kinds of juices for you to try. Ever tried proper Aussie Ginger Beer?'

'That's very kind of you, Jim. We'll look forward to that. Thanks. '

'Now, here is a welcome donation to help you and Dorothy get set up. My brother Rob will be your line foreman at ORW and Donnie Mackenzie asked him to organised a collection for you. We do it for all new joiners coming from Britain. You'll find, many of Rob's squad are Scots which is why it's such a big sum. Check it out.'

'£35. Praise the Lord! That's astounding. So generous.'

'Right Malcolm, here's my plan, if you are all right with it. We want to get you moving ahead as soon as possible which is why I'll bring Margey over tomorrow morning around seven thirty to meet Dorothy and help her get organised over the course of tomorrow. Margey has taken special leave from school for the day. They owe her weeks of cover leave. She'll use our Austin to take Dorothy around the stores, show her the ropes, help her get stocked up with whatever she needs. I'll ride over on my bike and the two of us can ride on over to the Workshops. It's only about twenty minutes from here.'

'But Jim, I sold my bike in Glasgow. Is it too far to walk?'

'Actually Malcolm, you *do* have a bike. It's a personal gift from Donnie Mackenzie. It's a pretty old *Raleigh Superbe* but it's still a good runner. It's in the big shed over there at the bottom of the garden, where Joyce is. Rob's also donated you an old hand mower. It's a good runner too. And for tonight, Dorothy will find that Margey has left some tinned foods and a starter pack of groceries and there's a heap of veggies and fruit fresh from the market this morning. And she's loaded the cool cupboard with a few buckets of ice so there's some fresh chicken cuts in there for your evening meal. For breakfast there

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are some eggs and bacon as a starter pack with milk and cheese and butter too. And some of Margey's world-famous jams and chutneys. You may have read the most people say that NZ milk is the best in the world. And believe you me, that's true. Best cheeses too. Once you've organised a coop for them, I'll bring you a batch of laying hens and a rooster. Nothing beats freshly laid eggs for breakfast.'

'Jim, that's very, very kind of you and Margey, so very, very thoughtful. It's overwhelming, actually.'

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It took a few weeks to settle in fully and after that, Malcolm and Dorothy Traynor were pleased they had made the move to New Zealand. They joined the local Methodist Church which produced a series of invitations to further Barbies. They also made contact with their nearest neighbours and made friends with a few other recent emigrants whom they recognised from the *Rangitiki*.

By their third month at Otahuhu, their previous life in Glasgow began to fade. Week on week they began to think of themselves as New Zealanders and their vocabulary and accents changed gradually.

As predicted, after her consultation with the chest specialist arranged by Matron Miriam Telfer, the medication prescribed caused Dorothy's chest condition to heal and her sinusitis faded away. Under her new more outdoor living style, her debilitating asthma attacks reduced then stopped. Her breathing improved and she had more energy.

Dorothy had not ridden a bike since her late teens but when she tried herself out on Margey's, she was soon zooming around again.

With help from Margey and Jim and others at Church, bikes were sourced and the Traynors became a biking family.

With her father's permission, Joyce wrote to Miss Telfer at *The Hub* and was called forward almost at once for an interview. Miriam had telephoned Margey Mercer and had received a very satisfactory report on Joyce's progress.

Joyce was offered a place as a residential student commencing in January 1938.

Her wildest dreams had come true.

She wrote to advise Dan Dearbon and the following weekend they met in Auckland and went to the pictures, finding a seat in a dark corner at the end of the back row, where they kissed and cuddled and fumbled.

Joyce was wearing a loose blouse and had removed her brasserie in the ladies' toilet, stuffing it in her large handbag. Dan had a hankie inside his underpants to catch the spillage.

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This set a pattern which sealed their pact.

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Apprentice years

Paul Fettes left school at the end of June 1937 and at once started his apprenticeship at *Fettes Family Butchers* in Cumberland Street, Gorbals.

In August, the day after her birthday, Angelina Docherty (newly 16) left Tantallon Road and entered a Convent somewhere near Dumfries. In return for her promise of secrecy, the old priest had fulfilled the final part of their bargain by enthusiastically endorsing her application.

Father Aloysious had already found a replacement to satisfy his needs, a compliant well-developed twelve-year-old, a smaller girl with sturdy legs and a large birthmark over the right side of her face.

The week after Gina Docherty left Tantallon Road to go to Dumfries, Mrs Vera Loudon was found dead in her bed. The attending Doctor said it was a massive stroke. There was no will. Her purse contained only a few coins and her bank account was empty.

The Council Housing Officer took charge and contacted Father Aloysious who arrange a small, low key funeral funded by her furniture and clothing, the main items of value comprising three fur coats and two mink stoles. The house was cleared within a few days. If any letters for Paul Fettes were sent from Auckland, they did not reach him.

Alone in bed, with the bedsheet pulled over his face he relived his many encounters with Angelina Docherty straddled above him, her nipple filling his mouth, thrusting down on him. And, on rarer occasions, his 'near-miss' encounter with Joyce Traynor.

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Over the coming years Paul Fettes continued to grow and fill out reaching six foot three when he stopped. With his cheerful smile and quiet, gentle repartee, he was popular with his workmates and with the Fettes customers.

In another new initiative from his Uncle Charlie, *Fettes Family Butchers* now opened at half past seven when prices were reduced by fifteen pence in the pound for the first hour, an approach which usually attracted a long queue until the door was closed for ten minutes at half past eight and prices were reset.

Charlie Fettes was still keen to improve his offerings, trying to reduce scrap and wastage by introducing new lines including black and white puddings, a spicy version of black pudding called Scottish Black Pudding based on the iconic Stornoway Black Pudding and Stornoway Haggis. He also offered three sizes of Scotch pies to add to his expanding

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range of Steak pies and others with mixed fillings including kidneys, mushrooms and a range of chicken based pies which proved very popular, chicken and leek proving to be a best seller.

To ease the pressure on back shop space in the butcher's shop, Charlie Fettes bought over a nearby bakery and renamed it *Fettes Bakery*.

In both the butchers and in the bakery, he installed full width windows between the serving area and the manufacturing areas to enable the general public to view their meat and pies being prepared and cooked. This had a double benefit, boosting morale by putting his behind-the-scenes staff on show while demonstrating he operated to the highest standards of hygiene.

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Wild Oats

As he approached his eighteenth birthday, Paul Fettes had snagged over a dozen willing girls. Those who smoked or were keen on alcohol, did not make it to the second round. The smell from their breath and clothing put him off.

Almost all were older than him, including some in their twenties who had believed initially that he was a virgin. In the early months, these were girls who worked in nearby shops, never in the Fette's shops, Gorbals girls he knew by sight, girls he stopped to chat to in the street, girls he made it his business to learn about in advance.

In the early stages of a new friendship Paul encouraged these girls to take the lead, listening carefully to what they said, waiting for key moments to guide the conversation, learning about their likes and dislikes. Those keen on finding a husband did not make it to the third round.

Although he preferred pretty girls, Paul did not make this a major issue, learning early in the choosing process that plain girls were often more amenable and usually more passionate. His main criterion was that they must be clean and tidy, with nice hair and not too much make-up.

The main downside was that these encounters mainly took place in dark back courts in the Gorbals area, starting with kissing, wooing them gently, moving slowly, with what might have been accidental touching. If they did not protest, he allowed his hand to wander, easing up inside a shirt or blouse, sliding inside their bras, offering gentle nipple tugging, then sucking. If there was a second meeting, it usually ended in mutual hand relief.

Paul always carried three Durex, knowing that with older married girls, this prelude would often lead to full standing sex. (As a parting gift from Gina he had learned of a Chemist shop off a side street in the centre of Glasgow where he could buy Durex in bulk; he bought a box containing a gross (144)).

By asking about previous or even existing boyfriends, he learned how to choose those who were looking for sex without strings attached, not romantic entanglement. When the moment arrived, he always insisted on using a Durex, often the key to the door, with a half-crown slipped into an open purse to seal the deal.

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This changed when the first wave of men were called up or volunteered for War Service: those missing their husbands or boyfriends who were now needy and willing to have a secret fling. These were Durex only transactions, no half-crown required.

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Paul always eased his way out of each relationship just before both parties were becoming stale, usually at around three months.

To Paul's complete surprise, he discovered some of his previous conquests had 'passed him on', recommending him to their workmates, friends and sisters. Many of these girls were bold, making the first approach, asking openly for a 'date'.

He found it unnerving that he had established such a reputation.

This was not the way he preferred to work and to deflect them he explained he was unavailable as he was secretly engaged to 'Teresa', a girl whose husband was missing at sea, believed dead but not yet confirmed. To reinforce this, he showed a blue velvet box containing a modest diamond engagement ring, purchased from a pawn shop.

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In due course, as his Uncle Charlie had forewarned, Paul Fettes was called to attend the Glasgow Medical Examining Board where his damaged foot was prodded and tutted over.

Uncle Charlie had prepared him thoroughly, rehearsing him ahead of the interview and Paul was able to give a clear unadorned explanation of his accident with dates and locations and the name of the Post Office van driver. The Clerk made him wait outside while his case was considered. He was sent home while they checked his medical records which were held by his family Doctor and the Victoria Infirmary.

A week later he was called back to be handed a Medical Exemption Certificate confirming he was 'Unfit for Military Service'.

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As more and more men were called away, there were girls left behind who decided to enjoy their new freedom by 'going to the dancing', often two and three times a week, usually with a friend or group of friends.

Paul decided this was worth a try and embarked on an experiment. He avoided the smaller dance halls around Shawlands, preferring the anonymity of larger establishments like the *Plaza* near Eglinton Toll or the even larger dance halls in the city centre like the *Locarno* or *Greens Playhouse* and the *Dennistoun Palais de Danse*, all of which were easily reachable by short, inexpensive tram rides.

Although Paul could not waltz, jive or quickstep because of his foot, he waited for smooching dances and, most times when he approached the girl he had chosen, she accepted his offer. If he had chosen well, he could feel her holding herself close to him.

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and resting her check on his chest. In these cases he moved to the next stage by asking her to join him for a refreshment after the dance. Chatting in a quiet corner, he was back in his familiar routine, encouraging her to the talking, guiding her to tell him all about herself. At this stage he quipped and tried to keep everything light-hearted.

Although it was a more public approach than in the past he soon found it to be successful. He knew there might be a sympathy factor involved but often when he asked if he might walk them home, the girl said yes.

For these encounters he was 'John Cochrane' (a surname familiar because of the Glasgow grocery chain, a competitor of the Co-op), never Paul Fettes. He said he worked in a factory in Rutherglen as a bookkeeper but kept his fictional life vague. Very occasionally he detected a girl who was also spinning him a line but mostly it was clear they were telling him the truth or a close version of it.

No matter how appealing a girl might be, his golden rule was to check early if she was married or engaged. What he hoped to hear was that her other half was away in service, not around somewhere, perhaps working a night shift or driving a long distance lorry or a train. If he judged a girl might bring complications, he quietly but gently dropped her usually leaving the dance hall before the final dance or, if it was still early in the evening, by moving on to ask another likely girl for a dance.

However, these girls had seldom arrived alone and the challenge was to identify the most likely ones, those willing to leave early with him, a girl who at the second or third smooch dance, made it clear she was willing to go further by pressing hard against him and sometimes nibbling at his ear.

At first his success rate was low, about one in five. He began to weary of it but with the ups and downs of WW2 taking hold and likely to continue, husbands, fiancés or long term boyfriends were usually conscripted and sent to training camps or overseas. This situation seemed to free up those girls left behind who had been enjoying sex with their partners and found themselves 'needy' which made them more open to what 'John Cochrane' offered, safe sex with an experienced good looking boy who insisted on using a Durex meaning there was almost no risk of unwanted kids.

As the War continued and it looked like Britain might lose, there was another factor at work in Paul Fette's mind, reinforced by repeated stern warnings from Uncle Charlie who emphasised his protégé must be careful in choosing a wife.

Unknown to Paul, who knew nothing of his Italian roots, others inside the tight-knit Italian fraternity operating in Glasgow became even more secretive. Those discovered were being placed in internment camps and their businesses suffered, often folding entirely. Charlie and Mark Fettes understood theirs was a fragile secret with heightened risks now that Britain was at war with Italy.

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If their secret was somehow revealed, they would stand to lose everything and Paul would also be sent to an internment camp. Charlie judged it was best to keep Paul ignorant of his situation while emphasising repeatedly if he was to choose a wife, she must be 'approved' and must certainly be from a known RC family before an offer of marriage was made.

Paul understood this and so kept his reports of dance hall visits on a light hearted vein, never offering any information, especially to his three sisters. Fortunately, they had been strictly forbidden to attend these dances and so would not come across him by accident. A similar embargo had been enforced on his cousins in Giffnock, Uncle Charlie's daughters.

There were no reports of how Gina Docherty who, he learned from his mother who was a key member of the neighbourhood gossip grapevine, had 'abandoned' her mother and grandmother entirely.

Now, when he thought about his seven weeks of lust with Gina in the summer of 1937, he worried that someday she might suddenly return and somehow threaten to reveal their secret unless he paid her off. If he did so, when would this blackmail ever end? Being older and more aware of the corrosive effect of such scandal mongering he found he could no longer enjoy his erotic memories of Gina and, increasingly he shut her out.

And then, one rainy evening in central Glasgow, he was waiting at a bus stop with a girl wrapped inside his WW1 raincoat when he heard three familiar voices.

'Isobel, he whispered to the girl, we have to move now. I can't be seen with you, all right?'

'Why?'

'Not now Issie, I'll explain later.'

Paul stepped onto the road, shuffled to the front of the queue and then ducked away into a lane, with Isobel sticking her head out and looking back towards the long queue, thinking:

'Is it his wife we are escaping?'

It was his distinctive limp which gave him away and he had to pay them off next day to buy their silence. Mary, although younger than Anna, was the 'negotiator' and after a wrangle, they settled for two crisp £5 notes from his secret 'ready cash' hoard of fifty pounds.

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He wondered if they would come back for more but they did not. As time passed, Paul thought they probably had their own secrets to hide.

However, this near miss encounter scared him. Any such rumours would almost certainly reach his mother and, inevitably, eventually Uncle Charlie would learn of them. This thought haunted him, making him less inclined to pursue his dance hall outings where there was always the risk that something could unravel and place him in jeopardy.

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With some free time on his hands in the evenings, he decided to try to learn more about Geography and visited the local library at Langside and then, by tram, made trips to the Mitchell Library in Glasgow which became a favourite Sunday venue. He remembered saying he might one day visit New Zealand and made this his first project.

On occasions, sitting in the library studying the details of Auckland and its surrounds he let his mind wander, wondering what had become of Joyce Traynor and her family, thinking:

Maybe one day, when the War is over, I will pack up here and go to try to find her.

His mother noticed his change in demeanour and thought it would be worth nudging him towards finding a wife. She began by checking out the eligible girls attending St Mary's but there was no one she thought suitable. She asked her husband about the servers working for Paul at the Bakery and again they drew a blank. At the Co-op, in the queue she watched the girls serving but again did not think any of them would fit in.

What his mother did not understand was that her son did not want a wife who might dig into his past and somehow unearth his secrets. There was too much to lose - for everyone.

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As Christmas 1942 approached, the *Pathe News* was filled with hopeful pronouncements. With the USA now actively assisting Britain by sending crucially needed armaments, food and raw materials supplies were being sent by convoys across the North Atlantic on a weekly basis. However, rumours and less well publicised reports hinted that German U-Boats were wreaking havoc by sinking many, many ships.

At a more local level in Glasgow, the larger dance halls began to see an increasing influx of American servicemen, some brash and vocal, openly luring girls with cigarettes, nylons, lipstick and perfume and it was rumoured, carrying contraceptives supposedly issued by their medical officers.

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Paul Fettes was now nineteen and after nearly five years of philandering in back courts, he returned to a bachelor life.

Now, when he switched off his bedside lamp and pulled the covers over his head, he did his best to suppress his memories of Gina and the others he had enjoyed and instead turned his thoughts to Joyce Traynor and her small pink nipples, conjuring up the memory of her gentle touch as they had brought themselves to completion.

Over time, this cameo in which he relived their final night in their hideaway became his principal stimulus for self-pleasuring.

His opportunity to escape from attendance at St Mary's came when Father Aloysious was moved into retirement and sent to a monastery somewhere in Devon. It was then that Paul Fettes quietly stopped attending and, aged twenty, cut his ties with the RC Church, much to his mother's great dismay.

As subsequent years passed, the long ago memory of Joyce Traynor still lingered and alone in his bed at Tantallon Road, at his moments of climax, his mind often flipped back to his last meeting with her. Although he had long ago given up hope of a letter from her he often daydreamed about her, wondering about her new life New Zealand, who she was courting, wondering if she might already be married, often becoming intensely jealous of this unknown stranger who was satisfying her needs.

Nothing Ventured

Henderson, Christmas 1942

During his early years at the Otahuhu Railway Workshops (ORW) Malcolm Traynor had been happy but as the War progressed, the crucial spares for the locomotives he was called upon to maintain did not arrive from Britain, creating increasing downtime, frustration and dissatisfaction.

Dorothy's health had been transformed and there was another baby born in August 1942 which they called Susan Margey. Jim and Margey Mercer were Susan's godparents.

After the Christening, Jim confided the news that he would be moving to Henderson to work for a firm called Madison Engineering Services (MES) who ran a large vehicle servicing and maintenance operation and had recently won a five year contract to service buses and other vehicles own by Henderson Borough Council.

Over the previous three years MES had increased their workforce from around 250 to nearly 500, mostly recruiting older experienced men like Malcolm Traynor. To attract and retain these incomers Madisons paid higher wages than their competitors in the greater Auckland area and offered a three year relocation subsidy on accommodation.

These houses had been from an agency who managed them for absentee owners, mostly Australians who had fled back to their original roots when the Japanese forces invaded Singapore in February 1942. Subsidised houses were available in various sizes from two-bedroomed to five, with several six and seven bed-roomed monsters which some families took on allowing them to take in lodgers, usually single men or married couples without children.

MES also ran regular advertisement campaigns in the local and national newspapers, publicising their a new contract from the Defence Purchasing Committee to provide replacement parts for vehicle bodies, trailers, tools, pumps, and mechanical equipment for the NZ and the American armed forces based in the Auckland and Wellington areas.

On a personal level, Malcolm already knew of Madisons as Donnie Mackenzie had moved there a year earlier and was now General Manager with Rob Mercer, (Jim Mercer's brother) soon following to join his old boss as a Shift Foreman.

As he was leaving ORW, Rob had said:

'Malcolm, why don't you give me a few weeks and write to me at Madisons to speak to Donnie about your situation here. I'm sure we could find a place for you.'

'Sounds good to me. We have friends in Henderson, the Dearborns. They came over with us in 1937. A nice family. Matthew's a Vet and Enid his wife and her daughter Pamela have a good going haberdashery and drapery shop.'

Nothing Ventured

'So you'll write and apply? Why not get Joyce to help you draft your application, she has a great eye for these things. That essay of hers which won the prize at *The Hub* was amazing. How is she settling in Dunedin?'

'Joyce is doing well. Her Matron Miriam Telfer managed to get her a grant to cover fees and accommodation. The Dearborns' son Dan has just graduated with a Double First in Geology and Statistics. He's very, very bright. He and Joyce are pally, they play Chess for the university team. I should not tell you this but he is being sent to England to help with the war effort. Something to do with code breaking.⁴ All hush hush.'

'Okay, 'Mum's the Word'. I tried Chess once at school. I was hopeless. They say you need to have a special kind of brain for Chess.'

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In October 1942 Malcolm and Dorothy finally moved to a house in Henderson which they had been offered. It was roughly equivalent to their Otahuhu house but with larger rooms and a slightly smaller garden. Malcolm took a week to get everything shipshape and then started at Madison's.

The main difference was that the method of access to the underside of the smaller vehicles was by mechanical lifting ramps allowing the operative to stand underneath the vehicle. Lorries, buses and larger trucks used recessed service pits not unlike those he was used to when servicing trains at ORW. In preparation for his formal start, he had visited Madison's to meet with Donnie and Rob and they had let him borrow a few manuals which outlined the procedures to be followed on the vehicles he would be servicing.

By mid-November Malcolm was 'in the groove' making his mark, hoping for the promotion which had eluded him at OTW. The work at MES seemed easier and more rewarding. Many of the parts he needed were instantly available from the stores but occasionally a broken or worn part had to be put on order which usually meant a long wait because of the exigencies of War and Japanese submarines which took a regular toll as the prowled around the major NZ ports at Auckland and Wellington.

On these occasions Malcolm, who was a proficient fitter-turner, had offered to fashion such parts directly, especially when it was obvious that a lack of operators meant these lathes were often idle. Permission was refused as the lathes were reserved for the MES War contract with the NZ government.

In early December, Malcom was frustrated, becoming desperate to clear his job sheet of a bus which had been waiting on a small replacement gearbox cog for nearly a month. As the working day drew to a close, he checked and saw that the machine he had always

⁴ Because of his brilliant mind, Dan Dearborn was seconded to Hut 8 at Bletchley Park to work on the four-wheel Enigma German Naval Signals in an attempt to neutralise the U Boat threat.

Nothing Ventured

wanted to try out was vacant. It was the best lathe MES had, a 1937 model belt-driven American machine called a South Bend 9A, a multi-function machine with a nine-inch swing, capable of turning, facing, boring, drilling, threading, and producing tapers. While his workmates were leaving for the evening, Malcolm held back and, as the lights were going out elsewhere, he entered the lathe workshop and closed the door behind him.

He checked his watch, judging he would have the much needed replacement cog fashioned within an hour before going home to get spruced up then attend an evening pre-Christmas BBQ organised by the Prayer Group from his new church.

He set up the machine and made a start.

Nothing Ventured

Aftermath

It was later determined the fatal accident occurred around seven o'clock the previous evening, about an hour after the MES premises had been fully vacated. The sight was horrific. It was agreed Malcolm must have caught a sleeve in the mechanism and had been yanked into the lathe, his head caught in the belt drive which decapitated him, dead within seconds. His perfectly completed replacement cog was the only clue as to why he was using the lathe.

Donnie Mackenzie interviewed everyone in Malcolm Traynor's group. Traynor had NOT been granted permission to use the machine nor had he told anyone what he had planned.

Late in the evening of the following day, during a flying visit from Wellington, a solemn trio of senior bureaucrats from the Inspector of Factories and the sole representative from the Defence Purchasing Committee studied the sad photographs and read Donnie Mackenzie's report, concluding within minutes that Madison Engineering Services were not culpable.

Their overriding imperative was to get MES back to work as soon as possible to contribute to the War Effort.

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In a gesture of goodwill, MES agreed to make a once off settlement payment of £400 to Malcolm's widow. Acting on a suggestion from Donnie Mackenzie, MES further agreed that Dorothy and her family should be allowed to move to a seven-bedroomed home, a property which had been empty for over two years and was sadly down-at-heel. It had been on the books at a heavily discounted monthly rate but had stubbornly remained unlet. By suspending the rent for a year, this move allowed Dorothy the chance to establish a lodging house business.

Joyce, who had been newly settled into her Medical Studies course at the University of Otago, was immediately summonsed by Dorothy and returned to Henderson to help her mother cope.

Unexpectedly Dan Dearborn travelled with her, sharing his news in greater detail and swearing her to secrecy about his secondment. During the long journey they talked about what they would do after the War, assuming the Allies won. Dan asked her to post a letter of explanation to his father but not to make direct contact with the family or discuss what he had revealed to her.

Because of his poor eyesight, Dan had avoided the NZ call-up and could have refused to accept the invitation to help as a code-breaker but this thought did not enter his mind.

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At the quayside in Auckland, they parted tearfully and Dan boarded a fast refrigerated cargo vessel bound initially for the Panama Canal where it was due to rendezvous with a US convoy, destination Liverpool.

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During the first months after Malcolm's tragic death, Dorothy Traynor reverted to her former, needy self and it was down to Joyce (21) to take charge of the family comprising Adam (17), David (15), Christine (7) and sixteen-week-old Susan.

Joyce was forced to put her studies at Otago on hold.

Jim and Margey Mercer, who had also moved from Otahuhu to Henderson were stalwarts, with Margey helped Joyce by caring for Christine and Susan and Jim helping with repairs and maintenance around the old house. With Rob Mercer and Donnie Mackenzie, the three friends organised a series of work parties from MES.

Others from the Henderson Methodist Church joined in to repair and re-paint the house and restore order to the large garden. The Australian house owners had furniture in storage and Jim Mercer wrote to them in Adelaide, to ask them to donate it to the stricken family, explaining the circumstances.

Initially the owner was reluctant but after a further request, this time from the Henderson Methodist Church Convener, the owner agreed to Jim Mercer's original request.

It took about four months of upgrading to get the huge house and garden to a condition where it was ready to take boarders with meals and laundry services included.

Dorothy decided to call her new venture 'Tantallon Grange'.

When Joyce was sifting through her father's personal possessions, she uncovered a sepia photograph of a pretty woman wearing skimpy lingerie. Wisely, she decided not to show this image to her mother but it made her wonder about her father's hidden past and his reluctance to discuss his family or give details of his life before coming to Glasgow, secrets which had always puzzled her.⁵

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As a seventeen-year-old, filled with unrequited lustful desires, Malcolm had been lured into a relationship with a widowed neighbour who ran a rooming house two streets away from his family home in Perth. Malcolm was the youngest of four children with three older sisters and had been used to seeing naked and semi-naked young women moving around his home, flaunting themselves, acting as if he was invisible.

Unknown to Malcolm, Mrs Adele Courtney supplemented her income by offering 'nighttime services' to those of her regulars willing to pay. At thirty-eight, Adele enjoyed the teenager's adoration and naive love-making, pretending to truly love him in return.

When she discovered she was pregnant she turned to him, expecting him to marry her. In panic, Malcolm fled from home and headed to Glasgow, never to return. Lonely and full of remorse, fighting his guilty feelings about the unborn child he

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Adam had dropped out of High School and was working as a part-time gardener mowing lawns and trimming hedges. With the help of a church member, Adam was offered a job on a farm to the north of Auckland and moved away, learning to milk cows and drive a tractor. In time Adam would marry the farmer's daughter and in years to come, inherit the farm.

David, who was more studious, was doing well in High School and had an ambition to become an Engineer, following in his father's footsteps. Rob Mercer and Donnie Mackenzie agreed it would be unwise to offer him an apprenticeship at Madisons and contacted Eric and Sheila Fergusson who were both still at OTW. David made a start in July 1943 on his sixteenth birthday, moving to live with Eric and Sheila. Although they had hoped for children, they had remained childless and were pleased to at last have a 'son' to spoil.

This meant that Joyce had three twin rooms and a smaller single room to let out. With permission and assistance from Miriam Telfer, Joyce found seven young lady nursing students from *The Hub* to take these rooms.

Now part of a busy and bustling household where she had a status she had not enjoyed in the past, Dorothy slowly began to recover. A year on, in April 1944 Joyce was considering her options and Miriam suggested she join her at *The Hub* as a part-time tutor. Joyce agreed, provided they could find someone to come in on a daily basis to help her mother.

Once again Joyce placed an advert on the noticeboard at *The Hub* and Anita Valance, the widowed mother of Jane Vallance who was one of her lodgers, offered to come on to help Dorothy. Anita was a godsend. Before her marriage she had been an nursing auxiliary. Her husband had died of a brain tumour three years earlier and she understood Dorothy's grief and treated her gently.

Working together they were soon coping well and became close friends.

believed he had fathered, Malcolm found solace by joining the Methodist Church, determined to live a sober and virtuous life.

Nothing Ventured

Lost at Sea

In mid-February 1943, Dan's ship was one of seventeen lost at sea to a 'wolf pack' patrolling several hundred miles off south west Ireland in what was termed 'the mid-Atlantic air gap' where the U-Boats were safe from aerial torpedoes.

It was not until the end of July 1943 that an official letter arrived from an elderly bureaucrat called Miss Erica Donnahugh, a senior clerk at the New Zealand High Commission in London. The gist of the letter advised Dan's father:

I regret it is my sad duty to advise you that your son, Daniel Dearborn has been lost at sea when his ship was sunk by a torpedo.

This tragedy was witnessed by several other ships in the convoy and it is confirmed that there were no survivors.

Please present this letter to the relevant authorities in Wellington together with your son's birth certificate in order to obtain a Death Certificate to allow you to settle his estate.

As Dan's birth certificate had been in his possession when his ship was sunk, Matthew Dearborn wrote to Leeds to request a replacement. He got no reply and wrote again, this time sending the request via his former employer. Letters took months to transit the bureaucratic maze.

It took until 1951 when the authorities at the Register-General in Wellington would finally issue this death certificate despite many letters from his father and two visits to Wellington by which time the memory of their brilliant son had been overtaken by events.

Soon after it was known that Dan had been lost at sea, Pamela disappeared. She was missing for almost a decade then returned penniless, trailing Ralph (10) Raymond (8) and Ryan (3). Pamela was now a smoker with a serious drink problem. The older boys were boisterous and disobedient. Ryan was not yet potty trained and needed a nappy at nights.

Six months of chaos and acrimony ensued after which the problem partially resolved itself when Pamela went missing for a second time, never to return.

Matthew and Enid Dearborn had now lost both Daniel and Pamela.

However, in time the three boys settled and, showered by love and attention by their grandparents and nurtured by the families of Henderson Methodist Church, the boys developed into perfect grandsons in the mould of their Uncle Daniel.

Nothing Ventured

Nothing Ventured

Glasgow Bound

The War officially ended for New Zealand on 15 August 1945 but well in advance of this date Joyce was already making plans to return to Otago to resume her medical studies. However, Miriam Telfer suggested she go to Glasgow University to study instead, saying this would help Joyce to 'disengage' from her mother and allow her to pursue her career with single-mindedness.

After a round of considering the pros and cons of these two options, Miriam summed up:

'Joyce, look at your own position. You are soon to be twenty-two and for most of your life you have been under your mother's thumb, obedient to her beck and call. However, Dorothy is getting stronger every day and she has Anita Vallance and the Mercers to help her if needed. I've spoken to Anita about it, in confidence. With Jane moving soon to Wellington to continue her practical training, Anita is willing to give up her rented place and move in with Dorothy who said Anita could have Jane's single room when Jane moves out.'

'Actually, that makes good sense. Anita is at *Tantallon Grange* with Mum from dawn to dusk anyway. And travelling to and from her own place adds half an hour each way to her day. She's paying rent and upkeep for a house she doesn't need now. Did you know Jane has a steady boyfriend, a junior Doctor? They are secretly engaged and plan to get married when she has qualified.'

'Joyce, the Glasgow University solution seems to be made to measure for you and I think you know that if you were to move back to Otago, Dorothy would soon find ways of reeling you in again. It's time to break her dependency and put your career first and stick to it. Why not go to Glasgow and try their University Entrance Examinations. They're back in fashion now the War is over and the authorities are desperate to replace Doctors lost in the conflict. I've written on your behalf to my pen friend Jennifer who is the Assistant to the Admissions Officer for the Medical School. She replied to say it would be tricky but she and her husband Trevor will do their best to help you. It's worth a try.'

'Mmm, I've read a bit about the Glasgow University Medical School and yes, I know they are highly rated. Do you think I would have a chance? My Latin is very weak. I need to bone up on it. As you know, Otago were happy to accept the written essay exam they set me on 'The History of Modern Medicine in New Zealand' and overlook my poor Latin.'

'Do not be downhearted, Joyce, it's not in your nature. Jennifer's husband is a Heart Surgeon. He is also a Latin buff, his hobby. Jennifer said Trevor will be pleased to tutor you one to one. She said your Nursing Qualifications even though they are excellent would be unlikely to get you in for this year and that it's almost certain they will require you

Nothing Ventured

to pass their entrance exam in May or June next year so you will have at least eight months to get up to speed on all their subjects.'

'Lose a whole year? Oh no, surely not.'

'However, there is a little chink of light on this. She said they might just take you after an in-depth interview because of your background and because they are really struggling with numbers with so many young hopefuls not returning to take up their places again. Let's be optimistic, shall we?'

'Yes, you're right Miriam, I have to do this. Nothing ventured, nothing gained.'

'Our old friend the *Rangitiki* is due back in service on the Auckland to Southampton run. They have permission to sail in early July. I've had a word with Victor Emery whose still in charge as her Purser. He tells me she has had a hard War as a troopship, mostly in the Far East. She's also seen service in small fast convoys carrying meat supplies to Britain. As you might imagine, internally she's been trashed but she is still serviceable mechanically and many of the original crew are still aboard.'

'Yes, I came across some sorry sights when I was on secondment from *The Hub* during training. I've also read newspaper articles describing the hellish conditions that Japanese POWs suffered in Burma. It's no wonder the Americans used the Atom Bombs to end the War. They say the Japanese would have fought on for years otherwise and used our POWs as bargaining chips.'

'Exactly! *Rangitiki* will be taking around 500 injured and returning British and Commonwealth airmen and soldiers, some of whom have been recently liberated from the Japanese and are in a dreadful condition. I've explained your situation to Vic. He is very willing to enlist you as a Nurse, on a one-way passage, sailing via the Panama Canal to Southampton due there around mid-August. No more slow convoy journeys nowadays. Vic is very willing to pay you the going rate and provide a single cabin in what used to be First Class, food and laundry included of course.'

'I would get paid?'

'Yes, of course. Well Nurse Traynor, what do you say?'

Joyce closed her eyes, thought of Paul Fettes and smiled:

'Yes Miriam, that's a very good plan. You're right, my mother has been taking me for granted all of my life. Shall we telephone Vic now?'

'Well done Joyce Traynor. I'm proud of you. Maybe in a few years you'll come back and take over from me here at *The Hub*. Stranger things have happened.'

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'Now, I don't think we should let on where you are really going. Just say you're going back to Otago and then leave for *Glasgow* as planned. Best not to stir up your mother unnecessarily. Agreed?'

'Yes, Mum can be a real drama queen. I'll just make secret plans for *Glasgow* and get a new passport on the fly then let them all see me leave on the train for Otago then get off at the first stop down the line and come back and board the *Rangitiki*.'

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Shawlands, Autumn 1943

Charlie Fettes was a happy man. Business at both Cumberland Street shops was profitable and he had secured the freehold of a large premises in Pollokshaws. The Shawbridge Street shop was directly opposite the Cooperative Grocery Store. It had been a shoe shop and was being converted to a butchers with an in-house bakery to sell Paul's famous pies. With food rationing, he could sell all the meat and poultry he could source.

Like other small food retailers, Charlie held the view that when the War was over this bonanza time would end and the bigger butchery and bakery chains would dominate the market and so he had to grow while he had the chance.

Charlie Fettes now had a telephone in the Cumberland Street shop and at his home in Giffnock but the constant pressure of responding to calls was making him regret his decision to 'move with the times', as his Accountant Nigel Rainey called it.

Charlie also had a car, a nearly new Austin 12, bought from his neighbour Helen Grant, the sister of Dorothy Traynor now in New Zealand. Helen could not drive. Her grossly overweight husband Edward had died at the wheel, the car found stopped by the side of the road, the engine running. His death was diagnosed as a massive heart attack.

Charlie had heard on the grapevine that Edward's bank account had been frozen and that his council office files and others from his home had been confiscated by the Police. There was talk of corruption. It was rumoured that Helen was short of cash. Charlie guessed rightly that she knew nothing of car prices. He checked used car showrooms and saw an equivalent Austin 12 for sale at £280. He offered Helen £100 cash-in-hand and the car was his.

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By early September Paul Fettes was now second-in-command of the newly opened *Fettes Family Butchers* shop in Pollokshaws. It was a mirror image of the original Cumberland Street shop before part of it had been hived off to become *Fettes Family Bakery*. It was put to him that this was a step up from running the *Bakery*.

There was another reason Paul had been moved to the new shop. His father Mark Fettes had become increasingly forgetful, making him less reliable.

On a recent occasion Mark had boarded a tram at Shawlands Cross and was found 'asleep' by the conductress when it reached the terminus at Cross Stobs, ten miles in the opposite direction from Cumberland Street where he was due to start that morning. Mark had been hard to rouse. At first the Conductress thought he was hung over but there was no smell of drink from him. The woman vaguely remembered him getting on and that he had fumbled to find coins to pay for his ticket. He was incoherent and when he

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surrendered his wallet to a policeman for inspection, there was a fancy gilt-lettered business card inside for Charles Fettes of *Fettes Family Butchers* in Cumberland Street.

The officer telephoned the shop from his police box and Charlie drove out to Cross Stobs to collect his brother and deliver him home to Tantallon Road where he was given a hot toddy and two aspirins then tucked into bed with a hot water bottle. He immediately fell fast asleep.

The next morning Mark was still dopey. Charlie took his brother to be checked by Dr Edwin Morris, Charlie's golfing partner at Hags Castle Golf Club. Edwin was an old school GP who had a surgery in Giffnock. His diagnosis was a minor stroke which seemed surprising given the man looked slim and fit and was only forty-two.

Within a few days Mark was back in the Cumberland Street shop, wandering about in a daze. On occasions his words were slurred, as if he was drunk.

On his worst days, Charlie sent him home early. Then, when he had the Shawbridge Street shop ready to open, he had put Mark in nominal charge and moved his nephew Paul to be his second-in-command. Charlie Fettes took the view that it was now Paul's responsibility to look after his father.

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As a follow up to Mark's stroke, Dr Edwin Morris insisted on checking out Charlie (44) and found his blood pressure was sky high. Charlie was told to take it easy, try to reduce stress in his life and cut back on salt and alcohol. A low dosage of *sodium thiocyanate* was prescribed and he was given a long list of side-effects to watch out for.

Charlie thought back to the time of his father's sudden death in Lucca and realised that Gianpaolo Fattorini had been only 45.

A horrible thought sprang to mind and he could not shift it:

Was Mark's problem and his own high blood pressure a sign that he was in mortal danger.

Although his blood pressure was reduced, he now suffered from chronic fatigue. He was still attending the Cumberland Street shops early, arriving an hour before opening but by lunchtime he was exhausted. In his new routine, when the shops closed for their lunch break, he drove slowly out to Giffnock, took his next round of pills and went straight to bed.

At this juncture Charlie was keeping his medical diagnosis as a secret from everyone outside his immediate family.

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After a few weeks on his new medication, the worm of worry made him decide to discuss his situation with Nigel Rainey. When the Americans joined the War in the early months of 1942, the two men had agreed that in the post-war period the bigger butchery and bakery chains would buy out smaller businesses to gain economies of scale and greater purchasing power.

Nigel listened attentively, noting Charlie chose his words at a slower pace than normal. To Nigel, Charlie seemed older by ten years. Probably some sort of viral bug, thought Nigel. The idea of trying to sell up at this stage was nonsense in a business sense. The new shop at Shawbridge Street needed trading time to establish itself and build a loyal customer base.

'Look Charlie, as we have discussed several times before, we have to think carefully about your 'exit strategy'. For years you've worked hard for this and you must not throw in your chips now. You've never been a quitter, have you?'

Over the next half hour they reviewed what had been already discussed several times over and finally agreed they must tough it out while making plans to begin the sale of the shops as soon as it was certain the Allies would win the War.

As they shook hands before Charlie left, Nigel quipped:

'Steady as she goes, Captain Fettes.'

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During the weeks which followed, Charlie began to pass the responsibilities for ordering and chasing suppliers to his nephew. This meant Paul was constantly moving by tram from Shawbridge Street to Cumberland Street. It was taking up time and putting everyone under pressure. Reluctantly, Charlie agreed to have a telephone installed at Shawbridge Street although the GPO warned it might take weeks for this to happen, maybe months. A twenty pound 'donation' solved the delay and the Shawbridge Street telephone was installed two days later.

Seven weeks after his blood pressure was stabilised, Charlie had a fall in his home caused by light-headedness. His right arm was broken in three places. He could not write. He could not drive. He stayed at home in Giffnock and tried to run both Cumberland Street shops from home. Within a few weeks it was obvious this arrangement would not work. Takings were down and two of their best girls had left to work for *Brechin Brothers Butchers*, a fierce rival.

Using his contacts at Hagg's Castle GC, Nigel Rainey made discrete enquiries and heard about Charlie's underlying health problems for the first time. He then went to see Paul, calling at the new Shawbridge Street shop just as it was closing for the evening. They

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sat toe to toe for two hours in Paul's cubby hole office discussing the situation and finally agreed a plan of action.

First thing next morning he called Charlie at Giffnock and set up a meeting with him with Mark in attendance.

They sat in Charlie's grand lounge with a fire blazing in the hearth and the late afternoon sun streaming in through two huge bay windows. Tea and cakes were served by a maid but as soon as they were alone, Nigel Rainey went straight to the point:

'Gentlemen, you are both in poor health and your businesses are suffering from lack of a Leader. If you carry on as you are, you will be out of business in a few months. However Charlie, my advice is unchanged from our previous discussions. I do NOT recommend you sell up just yet. Instead, I propose we put Paul in charge. To run all three shops he will need the use of your car. I've spoken to my garage and they can convert the Austin to provide hand controls. This is easily reversed if necessary. Giving Paul the car will give him flexibility. He has certain ideas which I think could work but it means promoting Charlie's two daughters and Mark's three girls to leadership roles. Paul is dead against bringing in outsiders and I think he is right. If you look around you'll see that women are stepping up all over the place, taking on roles that were previously reserved for men. I think Paul's right on this. We need to promote your daughters to assist him. If you can keep the three shops going profitably until the War is won, we can re-group and consider selling them on as we have previously discussed. Mark, you should retire now. You know that, don't you.'

Mark, not quite sure what was going on, stared into space and remained silent.

Charlie looked at his right arm hanging limp, unresponsive due to nerve damage and finally faced the reality he had seen coming since his fall. He knew he was lucky to be alive and finally accepted he could no longer cope.

'Nigel, I know you are right on this. And Mark needs to stand down too. Like me he has become a burden. It was always in my mind that Paul would eventually take over from me. He has the brains and the energy. Mark and I have had it good for years but now it's over to the next generation. Paul is about the same age as we were when we started, I'm sure he will manage fine.'

Rising to leave, Nigel said, 'Right then, are we agreed?'

'Yes', said Mark.

'Yes', said Charlie. 'The keys for the Austin are on the hall stand.'

Then, quietly to himself, Charlie said: 'I wonder if I'll ever drive it again?'

Nothing Ventured

Nothing Ventured

Elena

It was the run up to Christmas 1943. Meat and poultry supplies were tight and with rationing still in force, Paul's customers were pressurising him to confirm the orders they had placed would be fulfilled.

Paul Fettes was tall, dark haired, brown eyed and handsome. Sporting a short goatee beard and long sideburns, a deliberate ploy, he looked older than his twenty years. Since giving his entire savings to Joyce Traynor in 1937, he had been saving hard, hoarding his cash in a Clydesdale Bank account with the aim of buying a car he could have modified to add hand controls.

And now, by the vagaries of fate, he had the use of an even better car than he had envisaged.

Paul had not been to any dance halls since the previous February when he had been spotted by his sisters one night at a bus stop near the *Locarno Ballroom* with a girl smuggled inside his long khaki waterproof cape, a relic from WW1 which provided ideal concealment for his back court sex romps. Fortunately he had escaped by paying off his sisters.

Now, with Uncle Charlie out of the picture and a smart car at his disposal, Paul began to range further, avoiding Glasgow dance halls, finding his way to Paisley a few times and on one occasion out as far as Hamilton.

Offering a girl a lift home meant he also had a mobile bedroom of sorts, enjoying fumbings in the back seat, parked in a quiet location with the lights out. Being enclosed reminded him of his times in the secret hideaway with Joyce in the summer of 1937.

However, the novelty of these new escapades soon wore off. The back seat was uncomfortable and proper sex was impossible. In theory there were black out restrictions and if he was stopped he would need a valid reason for his nocturnal journeys. Even with his higher business petrol allowance ration book, finding petrol was still difficult and buying it on the black market was risky as the authorities were known to set traps and if he was caught, he could lose the car and might even go to prison.

Worst of all, returning late to Tantallon Road drew a barrage of questions both from his mother and his sisters in particular, who took to sniffing his clothes and looking for lipstick smears.

One further unexpected consequence of having the use of the Austin was the constant demands to be driven hither and thither by his mother, sisters and his aunt and cousins

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in Giffnock, outings to cinemas, shops and soirees of various sorts, acting as their unpaid taxi driver.

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Paul soon realised his best excuse was absence and after his evening meal he often returned to Shawbridge Street or Cumberland Street to complete overdue paperwork and right up his daily diary for inspection by Nigel Rainey.

As part of this 'business mentoring' arrangement, he now met at Nigel's office at four o'clock every Monday to review the shop takings and discuss issues arising. Nigel's daughter Elena began attending these meetings. She was eighteen and training to become an Accountant. Her attendance was described to Paul as an 'observing role', to give her practical experience.

Elena Rainey was a plain looking girl with a strong face and slightly prominent teeth, creamy skin, a well-developed figure and long slim legs. When her father had his head down reading Paul's reports, she licked her lips, smirking suggestively. Paul knew immediately that she was 'available'.

Nigel suggested that Elena be seconded one afternoon a week to help him with basic bookkeeping and filing. This was increased to twice a week, now meeting at Cumberland Street where Paul was now using Uncle Charlie's larger office.

In the early weeks, Elena arrived around three o'clock and left about six as the shop was closing, when Paul gave her a lift home. After a few weeks she now arrived as the shop was closing - her college course timetable had changed, she explained.

With the shop lights off and locked alone in the office, they quickly progressed from accidental touching, to kissing and fumbling, from mutual hand relief to standing sex and later to full horizontal sex on an inflatable bed with a foot pump which Elena provided, explaining she had used it on camping holidays with her friends.

Elena Rainey was not inexperienced or naive about sex and, like Paul, carried a supply of Durex. She reminded him of Gina Docherty.

During their resting periods between repeat couplings, Elena would replay versions of her fantasy in which, in her ideal future aged twenty-one when she was fully qualified, she would escape to London to work for a big firm but also secretly enrol part-time in a drama school. One day she hope to get roles on the radio, in plays and suchlike. She had nearly £500 saved, she said, money her parents knew nothing about. She also described the many outfits she had accumulated which she stored with mothballs in boxes hidden in her attic.

Nothing Ventured

'Do you know Paul, I was in your shop at Pollokshaws three Saturdays ago, dressed as a posh lady, putting on an English accent. You served me and did not guess who I was. The key is finding the right outfit. Wearing a hat and glasses always helps.'

In exchange, Paul told her that when the Fettes's businesses were sold after the War, he planned to travel abroad, probably to New Zealand, a rural country with magnificent scenery, where people worked in agriculture and horticulture, where there was no heavy industry, with pristine surroundings, unlike grubby old Glasgow. In his new life he would escape also from butchery and shop work which he had grown to detest. Perhaps he might become a farmer and enjoy an outdoor life with a bunch of collies to herd sheep and cattle.

It was clear that Elena was using him for sex and had no ambition to snare him as a husband. She did not hint at payment.

To Paul, theirs was an ideal mutually satisfying arrangement.

Nothing Ventured

Highest Bidder

Further tragedy struck the Fettes families in April 1944.

Mark Fettes died in his sleep. Shortly after the funeral, Uncle Charlie had another fall at home which resulted in a brain injury. He was taken to the Victoria Infirmary where he lingered in a coma for two days then slipped away quietly.

Over the next three months Paul was working at the three Fettes shops seven days a week, using Sundays to chase up orders and settle invoices.

Although he still enjoyed the occasional romantic interlude with Elena, she was more taken up with studying for her exams, she said. When she reclaimed her inflatable bed, Paul suspected she had found a new lover.

The Fettes home at Tantallon Road was sad and sombre. His mother Daisy now relied on his youngest sister Betty (11) who was tasked with doing housework, laundry and shopping and preparing meals while her mother sat staring out from the front room window wrapped in a blanket, sipping sherry, a new habit.

At Giffnock, his Aunt Margaret was coping better. She had rejoined St Mary's RC Church in Pollokshaws and attended daily. A month after Charlie's death, Margaret Fettes demanded that Paul have the Austin reconverted for normal driving. Sadly, she had little road sense, often getting lost, requiring to hire a taxi to lead her home. On other occasions she became stranded, out of petrol.

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The mood in Britain changed after the success of the D-Day landings on 6 June 1944. By July it was clear that the Allies would soon conclude the War as victors.

Paul and Nigel Rainey met and prepared a series of documents to enable the sale of the three Fettes shops. The combined target price was set at between £15,000 and £17,500.

After a short and intense bidding round, *Brechin Brothers Butchers* offered £23,170 and the deal was done. After taxes and legal fees this amount was reduced to £19,950.

Nigel claimed a fee of £450, reducing the amount to be divided to £19,500 at which point he re-started his charging clock again, knowing in advance that the beneficiaries would need further help and guidance as Charlie and Mark Fettes had left no formal Wills setting out their wishes.

Nothing Ventured

Nigel steered all three interested parties well clear of Lawyers.

From previous experience with earlier clients in this situation he warned both Fettes families of the costs and time delays which would ensue when Lawyers started sending abrasive letters designed to spin out settlement negotiations while accumulating fees for themselves in the process.

After a two-month tussle, Nigel suggested a three way split: fifty percent to Margie Fettes and her daughters, 30% to Mark's wife Daisy Fettes and her three daughters and 20% to Paul pointing out that without his efforts the Fettes business would have collapsed and there would have been nothing of value left to sell.

When the Binding Agreements were duly signed and notarised in early October 1944, Nigel claimed a further fee of £150 reducing the pot to be divided between the three parties to £19,350. The following amounts were released to the bank accounts of the beneficiaries:

Margaret Fettes and daughters:	£9,675
Daisy Fettes and daughters:	£5,805
Paul Fettes:	£3,870

In an act of unexpected magnanimity, Margie gifted Daisy the Deeds to the flat at Tantallon Road and returned the now well-dented and scraped Austin to her nephew Paul, having resolved to travel thereafter only by taxi.

Nothing Ventured

A Grand Plan

With his existing savings of £550, Paul Fettes' Clydesdale Bank account now amounted to £4,420. Following a long discussion of his options with Nigel Rainey, Paul decided to invest £2,500 in Government War Bonds which the Accountant advised offered a safe and patriotic investment.

Nigel Rainey also introduced Paul to his tailor and the young man had several smart suits and sports jackets and trousers made to measure with quality shirts and ties to match. This meant he could now visit the smartest restaurants and hotels without fear of embarrassment or exclusion.

With advice from Dr Edwin Morris, Paul visited a specialist surgical shoemaker and had four pairs of shoes hand crafted in different styles and colours, each left foot incorporating a customised padded supporting insert which significantly reduced his limp. His new gentleman's brogues made outdoor walking over rough ground more comfortable, extending his range to about five miles before he required to rest his foot and ankle.

At the Shawlands branch of the Clydesdale Bank, Paul Fettes was now a VIP account holder, one of their elite private customers. On referral from his home branch, Paul visited the Glasgow HQ of the Clydesdale Bank where he was assigned a personal advisor cum expeditor.

Jonathan Simpson was a serious and diligent middle-aged man who listened to his twenty-one-year old client with close attention then asked for two weeks to complete the tasks required. Before leaving the meeting, Simpson coached his new client through the completion of the required forms to be signed and notarised including an application for a Restricted Wartime Passport.

Simpson explained that although this passport was valid in many neutral countries such as Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland, the only 'back door' route to these countries was via Ireland. By May 1944 this Ireland route was used mainly by Business Couriers, and Simpson warned that pitching up in New Zealand unannounced would probably not work in practice, strongly advising Paul he should wait until the War was finally won.

When Paul revisited the Clydesdale Bank HQ two weeks later, Simpson confirmed that a wire transfer of £1,000 Sterling had been sent to the National Bank of New Zealand (NBNZ) in Auckland, where a holding account had been established in the name of Paul Fettes Esquire. Simpson also provided a 'certified letter of introduction' to the NBNZ with supporting paperwork plus two books of Travellers Cheques, one with 100 cheques valued at £3 Sterling each (total value £300) and a second containing 100 cheques at \$10 US each (equivalent value circa £250).

Nothing Ventured

These actions completed the first stage of Paul's 'grand plan' which he asked Jonathan Simpson to keep secret for 'family reasons'.

With £250 in cash in his wallet, his Clydesdale Bank Savings Current account now showed a balance of £1,130, money which could be accessed by his new chequebook when presented at branches of major banks anywhere in Britain, supported by his passport and his letter of introduction from Jonathan Simpson.

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From childhood, Paul had never had a proper holiday and now he planned to discover the Britain he had read about and studied in the Mitchell Library. He had the Austin repaired, service and re-converted to incorporate hand controls.

Unannounced, in mid-November 1944 Paul set off on a tour of Scotland, England and Wales with a batch of travel guides purchased from John Smith and Son (Booksellers) at St Vincent Street in Glasgow city centre. He did not stick to his original plan which was to stay in luxury hotels. He found the frippery and cost excessive. Instead he found modest lodging house accommodation where the food was better and other guests more friendly, without airs and graces.

On a recommendation from a camera shop in Inverness he bought a Kodak Retina-type folding 35mm camera and started sending postcards home to Tantallon Road signed simply:

'Wish you were here?'

Paul.

Month after month the BBC radio news and national newspapers reported on the progress of the War and predicted it would end in outright victory for the Allies by the autumn of 1945.

In late June, Paul sent a final 'snapshot' postcard to Tantallon Road. It was of a view of the steam yacht 'Gondola' sailing on Coniston Water in the Lake District. Unknown to Paul, his postcard was not received as his mother and sisters had moved to live in Ayr, by the seaside, fulfilling a dream Daisy had nurtured in secret down through the years.

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Nothing Ventured

During his travels Paul Fettes did not return to Glasgow. Apart from Nigel Rainey and Jonathan Simpson who were both sworn to secrecy, no one knew of his intention to sail to Auckland.

During his travels in Britain, Paul Fettes had firmed up his plans, made his decision, intending to turn his back on Britain for good and abandon a country whose cities had been ravaged by War and whose population was locked in grief over loved ones lost during the six-year conflict.

Paul understood that a girl as pretty and clever as Joyce must almost certainly have found another man to marry. If he discovered this without alerting her, he planned to leave her to enjoy her new life. He would move on from the Auckland area and search for another girl to settle with in a country where everything was green and good.

In August 1945, with the War officially ended, Paul sold his Austin to a used car dealer in Birmingham and bought a one-way ticket to Southampton to try to find a ship sailing to New Zealand. He knew from reading accounts in the national papers that it would be difficult to secure a passenger berth as places were being allocated to returning injured New Zealanders but he hoped to enlist as a crew member, perhaps as a cook working in the kitchen.

Nothing Ventured

Passing in Transit

When the *RMS Rangitiki* arrived in Southampton in late August 1945, it was raining heavily making the disembarkation of her 523 passengers a chaotic and uncomfortable business.

Joyce Traynor had finished her final ward rounds a few hours earlier, prepping her cohort of patients for their onward journey before she signed off with Vic Emery as a Temporary Nurse and collected her wages for her seven week stint.

Joyce moved slowly from the foot of the gangway as part of a tight-knit and talkative group who were heading north, some to London, some to Birmingham. She was between two walking wounded, both airmen returning to Scotland, Flight Lieutenant Tommy Scullion (from Hamilton) who had lost his right arm and Flight Sergeant Steve Gowan from Galashiels who was blind in his left eye from a shrapnel wound and needed to be guided over the wet cobbles towards the waiting ambulances.

In a shed adjacent to the forward end of the ship, Paul Fettes was part of a small team waiting to load a disparate assortment of catering supplies. He had been told by Vic Emery the ship's purser to be extra vigilant as the dockside workers had a reputation for filching anything they could get, large or small as rationing was still in force and there was good money to be made on the black market.

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By late evening, Paul was in the ship's kitchen making a batch of his pies, with beef and lamb meat the *Rangitiki* had brought with her from New Zealand. He was impressed with the quality.

By midnight he was snuggled down in a tiny cabin with an older man called Alfie Frenchie, another member of the kitchen crew. Alfie was fifty-eight and had been on the *Rangitiki* for around fifteen years. He told Paul this was his last trip back to Auckland where he was planning to retire and join his wife and three married daughters who ran a tea shop cum snack restaurant for shoppers located in a department store called *Fitzroy and Sons* based in the Wellington Central Business District.

'Paul, would you show me how to make pies like those you did tonight. I could use those recipes. That lamb pie was delicious. All over New Zealand we are big on pies, usually individual pies with all sorts of fillings. Sarah is planning to close the Milk Bar section she opened for the American servicemen and convert it to a lunch place with home-made dishes. Those pies of yours would be ideal.'

Nothing Ventured

Lying in the dark, Paul had listened patiently to Alfie's ramblings and the litany of 'shortages' his wife Janey had suffered during the War, smiling, thinking, *'these deprivations are trivial compared to life in Glasgow'*.

When Alfie began to snore heavily, Paul called up his memories of Joyce Traynor and her tiny pink breast buds and 'felt' her gentle hands taking hold of him as he began his familiar slow, self-pleasuring journey.

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By midnight, Joyce, Tommy and Steve were fast asleep aboard a train approaching Birmingham where it stopped for two hours, waiting for permission to proceed to Scotland.

Nothing Ventured

Glasgow, September 1945

On arrival in Glasgow Joyce caught a train to Milngavie. Using the diagram which had been sent via Miriam Telfer, Joyce made her way from Milngavie Railway Station to the large stone fronted villa where she had been offered a room at the home of Jennifer and her husband Trevor Scott.

The Scott's mansion was beautifully situated beside Tannoch Loch, a fifteen minute walk from Milngavie with its many local shops, coal terminal and dyeworks.

Named *Lacus Woodburn*⁶, the villa had been in the Scott family since it was built in 1898 shortly after the two Milngavie Reservoirs became operational in 1897. The house was set in landscaped grounds and had a small jetty with a rowing dinghy riding at a nearby buoy.

Miriam Telfer had briefed Joyce, providing background information. Jennifer's wedding to Trevor three years earlier had been a late marriage: she was forty-two and he was fifty seven. They had been friends and colleagues on committees for many years prior to the death of his first wife Noreen, who had remained childless. Jennifer's marriage to Trevor had been a happy convenience. Her widowed mother had died and, like Trevor, she had been lonely.

Trevor was a Surgeon at the Western Infirmary⁷, a large teaching hospital co-located with the University of Glasgow in the Partick/Hillhead area overlooking Kelvingrove Park.

Joyce was given two rooms in the attic separated by a short corridor with a rooflight. The room overlooking the loch was a bedroom and the other was a study which had once been used by Noreen Scott, a writer specialising in Scottish History. This small suite of rooms was reached by a steep staircase entered by a door from a large square hallway on the second floor where there was a family bathroom for her sole use.

The Scotts lived mainly on the Ground and First floors and the second floor bedrooms had been unused for years. Overall, the house was much larger and grander than Joyce remembered her Aunt Helen's Giffnock house had been.

⁶ The original location for Tannoch Loch was a boggy area with an inflow from Mugdock Loch to the north. The area which is now Tannoch Loch was created by John Woodburn in 1895. The owner of the villa, Trevor Scott, who was a Latin buff, renamed the villa *Lacus Woodburn* where *Lacus* means Lake or Loch in Latin.

⁷ The University of Glasgow was founded in High Street in 1451 and re-established at Gilmorehill in 1870. The Western Infirmary was opened in 1874. Kelvingrove Park was created in 1852, prior to the opening of Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum in 1902.

Nothing Ventured

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A week after her arrival, Joyce was interviewed by Professor George Wishart, Dean of the Medical School. This interview had been arranged by Jennifer Scott in her capacity as Assistant to the Admissions Officer for the Medical School and responsible for its integration with the Glasgow Western Infirmary⁸. Jennifer Scott was in attendance, to record key points, note the decision and expedite any follow up actions.

Joyce felt the interview went well.

Prof Wishart quizzed her about her work at *The Hub* in Auckland, her short period at Otago University where he had a contact, a cousin called Harold Henderson who was a Reader in Human Physiology. He then moved on to quiz Joyce in detail about her experiences treating returning servicemen on the *Rangitiki*. Joyce had expected this as Jennifer had told her that throughout the War he had taken an active interest in what he had called 'Wartime Medicine' with a strong focus on the psychological problems which were often hidden.

The interview lasted almost two hours, much longer than Joyce had been led to expect when she was briefed by Jennifer. The longer it lasted the more hopeful she became but it seemed this was not to be.

Prof. Wishart said:

'Miss Traynor, from what Mrs Scott told me, and your account of your trip here on the troopship, I was tempted to take you onto the course, starting immediately. However, by your own admission, your Latin is weak and I fear that would be a burden too great to carry. I therefore intend to defer your entry meanwhile. I suggest that our best plan of action is that we ask my dear friend Trevor Scott to tutor you intensively in Latin ahead of the entry examinations next summer. In parallel, I urge you to revisit your studies in Mathematics, English and History and try to become fully proficient in these subjects as well.'

Joyce looked at Jennifer (who nodded her assent) then made her plea.

'Yes, Professor Wishart, deep down I know you are right to defer me. Without sufficiently good Latin, I could spoil my chances and not fully benefit from the teaching on offer. I will do exactly as you have stipulated but I have a request to make. Would it be possible, allowable, for me to participate alongside this year's intake as an observer. I believe that would be a better use of my time. And of course I will make sure I keep a firm focus on Latin as I go along.'

⁸ The Western Infirmary was purpose-built as a teaching hospital for the University of Glasgow's medical school. It later became a major site for medical education and specialist care in the city

Nothing Ventured

'Yes, I can see the merits of that approach. Yes, it is a splendid idea. Mrs Scott, please make the necessary arrangements and keep me posted about how Miss Traynor is settling into her new life here in Glasgow.'

'Professor Wishart, would you allow me to also do the practical work such as anatomy and also sit the Class Tests and other assessments, just for practice, please.'

'Well, let me think about that. I'll require to consult with my colleagues before I say Yeah or Nay to that request.'

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Later, back at *Lacus Woodburn*, Jennifer, Trevor and Joyce reviewed the meeting and agreed that they had secured the best outcome available in her circumstances.

In a telephone call to Jennifer just after their evening meal, Prof Wishart had expedited her additional request quickly and Joyce would be a 'shadow student' whose identity would not be revealed to the other students. Additionally, she must keep a low profile and must not over-burden the teaching and laboratory staff with overzealous questions.

For Joyce Traynor, the next months passed in a whirlwind of activity adhering strictly to a timetable prepared for her by Jennifer Scott to help her plan her days effectively, (see schedule attached as an Endnote ⁱ)

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When her December Class exams were over and all her assignments were completed and submitted, she slept for eighteen hours straight before surfacing, feeling refreshed and happy.

At last she had time to think of Paul Fettes and visit her Aunt Helen and her Uncle Edward Grant in Giffnock.

Joyce's worry was that Paul might well be married and she did not want to blunder into his new life like a Bull in a China Shop. She made her way to Tantallon Road and walked along quickly with the hood of her new duffle coat fully up, keeping to the far side across from the red sandstone block where he had lived when she left. There was something odd about the first floor windows of the Fettes flat. On her next circuit she ducked into the council house close where she had once lived, hoping to have a word with Mrs Vera Loudon only to discover the nameplate on the door said "William McVitie".

She moved back to the close entry and stared up from inside her hood at the first floor windows. A woman with dyed black hair and huge spectacles appeared. She stood smoking one cigarette after another, watching along the street, waiting for someone.

Nothing Ventured

A man dressed in tight shorts and a fancy shirt with green and gold vertical stripes came along riding a drooped handlebar bike and stopped at the Fettes close, looked up to the woman, blew her a kiss, shouldered his bike and entered the close. The woman in the window was gone.

An elderly woman in an old tatty coat and a headscarf approached her from the street.

'Hello hen, kin a help ye? Ur ye lookin' fur sumday?'

'Hello, I'm Joyce. I was looking for Mrs Louden.'

'Naw, Vera's long gone. Hert attack, they sayed.'

'Have the Fettes family across the road moved?'

'Aye, years 'n years ago. Sum say they've bought thumselves a big hoos tae take in lodgers on Rossay bit uthers say they went tae Saulcoats and op-paint a wee café but naebiddy kens fur shoor.'

'Why did they move, please?'

Mrs Fettes man deed an' his brother frae Giffnock selt up the businesses and skeedaddled tae 'scape the beggin' relatuffs. Ur so they say. Naebuddy aroont here really kens onythin' so the jist make it up.'

'There was a son, Paul. Do you know where he is?'

'Naw, another dark horse that yin. Went aff in his big fancy caur an' husnae been seen for near on two years.'

'What about his Aunt in Giffnock, is she still there?'

'Nae idea, hen. Look, why don't ye try phonin' her? She'll be in the directory if ye ken her address.'

'Thank you, Mrs?'

'McVitie, Jessie McVitie, like in the biscuit, eh?. N' that's a lovely coat ye huv on hen. Must huv coast ye a packet.'

'An early Christmas present from a family friend.'

'Look hen, a hufftae get on. My man'll be haim four his dennur soon. Nice tae meet ye.'

Nothing Ventured

Joyce decided to telephone, hoping that the name Fettes in Giffnock would be easy to find in the directory.

She went through the procedure and called the number listed while rehearsing what she might say.

A younger voice answered.

'Hello, who is calling?'

'I am Joyce Traynor, hoping to locate Paul Fettes who used to live at Tantallon Road. I owe him some money.'

'Ah, my vagabond cousin. Sorry, he took his share and the car my mother gave him then vanished into thin air. He might have been escaping from a girl, he has a reputation.'

'So you've no idea where he might be?'

'Did I not just say that?'

'Sorry, yes. What about his mother and his sisters. Do you know where they are?'

'Yes, but I'm not allowed to say. Who did you say you are?'

'Just a friend.'

'Ah, I get it. So are you another one he has put in the family way?'

'Excuse me! How dare'

The Giffnock handset was slammed down and the call was ended.

When she had calmed down, Joyce considered calling her Aunt Helen but decided against it. Having escaped from her mother's tentacles, she did not want to become involved with her Aunt and Uncle. However, out of interest she checked the telephone directory looking for "E Grant, Esq in Giffnock". There was no such listing. She dialled the Operator and asked for help.

'No, caller, there is no listing under Edward or Helen Grant for an address in the Giffnock area. Perhaps they have moved away? There are literally dozens of Grants in the Glasgow area and I must warn you against making nuisance calls.'

Joyce took the tram and went to the Cumberland Street shop. *Fettes Family Butchers*, no longer existed, replaced by *Brechin Butchers*. The shop was quiet and she asked at

Nothing Ventured

the counter if they knew of the whereabouts of Paul Fettes. The girl asked the manager then returned to say no one of that name worked in *Brechins*.

As she made her way back to Bridge Street to catch the Subway, a girl chased after her. She was short and plump, maybe seventeen.

'Excuse me, you were asking about Paul?'

The girl dropped her cigarette end and stood on it.

'Yes, Paul Fettes, do you know where I might find him, I owe him some money.'

'No, sorry. When his father and uncle both died within a few weeks of each other, Paul was working night and day and then suddenly, the three shops were all sold to *Brechins*.'

'Three shops?'

'Yes, there was *Fettes Bakery* a few doors down on Cumberland Street and a newer *Fettes Butchers* in Pollokshaws. Paul was in charge of that shop before it was sold. I was a new girl back then. I lived across the road, above the Cooperative Grocery. Paul was really nice. We all liked him. He gave us all ten pounds each to ourselves after the shops were sold to *Brechins*.'

'Sorry, I'm Joyce and you are?'

'Christine Donaldson, Chrissie'.

'Chrissie, do you have any idea where Paul Fettes might have gone?'

'I heard him one time on the telephone talking to his bank manager and he mentioned a place called Auckland. My Dad says it's in New Zealand.'

'Thank you Chrissie. You have been very helpful. Would you accept a five pound note for services rendered?'

'For me, five pounds?'

'Yes, but on one condition. Please do not mention this conversation to anyone.'

'But I've already told everyone who was in the Pollokshaws shop at that time so it can't really be a secret, can it?'

'Okay, thanks for being honest with me. But don't tell anyone about our conversation, please. Here you are Chrissie, I suggest you keep your windfall a secret. Maybe open a bank account and start saving hard. That's what I did when I was your age.'

Nothing Ventured

'Thanks Miss, thank you very much.'

'Oh and Chrissie, give up smoking, it's very bad for you and it makes your breath stink. Boys don't like kissing stinky girls.'

'Yes, Miss, I know your right. Paul would not let any of us smoke in the shop or anywhere nearby. It was a strict rule. And my Mum is always at me to stop. Okay, I'll try again, I promise.'

'Bye-Bye Chrissie.'

'Bye-Bye Miss.'

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On the Subway Joyce decided to get off at Byres Road and buy Christmas gifts for Jennifer and Trevor. She bought matching scarves and gloves for both of them in a red-toned 'Ancient Scott' tartan and paid sixpence extra for gift wrapping. She then browsed the shops and bought herself a box of Bath salts from *Boots the Chemist*. Browsing in shop windows, she made her way along Dumbarton Road to Partick Railway Station where she used her return ticket to get back to Milngavie.

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When Joyce returned to Tannoch Loch it was almost dark and the house was empty.

There was a note on the kitchen table explaining that the Scotts were out for dinner at friends in Newlands and may stay over if the threatened snow was heavy.

There was a small steak pie in the oven ready to heat and plenty of potatoes, carrots and a half cauliflower should she wish it.

In the attic, on her desk there was an official letter from the University from Professor George Wishart:

Dear Miss Traynor,

I write to advise that the Faculty Committee has unanimously endorsed my recommendation that you be transferred forthwith to become a regular student in the Faculty of Medicine.

Your class test results and your coursework has been rated most highly.

You are the top student in this cohort, by a country mile.

Nothing Ventured

I am very pleased that our experiment worked in your favour.

Compliments of the season to you and yours, etc.

Nothing Ventured

Auckland, December 1945

Paul Fettes and Alfie Frenchie left the *Rangitiki* on a warm and sunny morning and made their way to the railway station where they shook hands and promised to keep in touch. When he had a settled address for himself, Paul would write to Alfie and let him know.

Alfie quipped:

'Why don't you come to Wellington with me and open a Pie Shop. After all you don't know anyone in Auckland do you? And Aucklanders are so full of themselves even though they're no pushover at Rugby, I'll give you that.'

Alfie knew nothing of Joyce.

'No, I'll make a start here Alfie but maybe I'll drop in on you someday, okay?'

'You will be most welcome, Paul, most welcome. And we have lots of Scottish people in Wellington. It would be like a home from home.'

Paul waved Alfie goodbye and made his way into what was called the Central Business District of Auckland. He was hoping to find a bookshop like John Smith's where he could buy a street map and a library where he might learn the location of the Immigration Service where he hoped to get an address for Joyce Traynor and her family.

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On Queen Street he found *Whitcombe & Tombs* and bought a pocket-sized street map of central Auckland and a larger atlas style book of the greater Auckland area and its suburbs. The sales girl directed him to the Central Library in the Town Hall complex on Wellesley Street East.

In the Library, at the main desk a lady in her mid-thirties gave him a free booklet listing private boarding houses. Her name badge advised.

Miss J Miller, Senior Librarian

She had ringed one on the list which was based in a suburb called in Otahuhu. Its name was *Sea Sprite House*.

'This place is really lovely. It's owned by my aunt Mrs Fraser. She has seven nice rooms. I live just round the corner. I could ring her for you if you like?'

'Thanks, that would be great.'

She reached for the telephone.

Nothing Ventured

'Auntie Veronica, it's Josie here at the Library. I have a young man here who needs a single room. And guess what? He's Scottish and he's really nice.'

Josie covered the mouthpiece and said to Paul:

'It's £2 15s a week including breakfast and dinner and its available until the 5th of January. The man who rents it long term works at the railway works. His family live in Wellington and he is there visiting for the holiday.'

'Yes, that sounds good, yes, I'll take it.'

Josie passed him the handset:

'Here, speak to her yourself. Her name is Veronica Prentice. She is a widow.'

Paul gave his name, answered her other questions including confirming that he was a non-smoker after which the deal was done.

Josie asked:

'Can I call you Paul?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Look Paul, I don't want to be pushy but if you were to leave your luggage here with me and come back at half-past-five when my shift ends, I'll take you to the railway station and we'll catch the train to Otahuhu. It's about eight miles, then just a short walk to Auntie Ronnie's place.'

'That's very kind of you Josie and yes, I'll take you up on that offer.'

'Great, bring your things along here to the store room. Oh Paul, I really love your Scottish accent.'

'Actually Josie, I'm on a wee bit of a mission here. I'm hoping to track down a family which arrived in Auckland from Glasgow in the summer of 1937. Is there an office where I could ask.'

'Yes, the Immigration Office is on Customs Street East. I'll show you how to get there on your new street map.'

'Not so far, then?'

'Look Paul, I'm on my lunch break in ten minutes. There's a really nice café round the corner and they do great salads and pies. And really nice proper coffee.'

'Okay, but only if you let me pay.'

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Nothing Ventured

At the Department of Immigration, Paul sat in a queue for quite a long time. During this period he read through a copy of a well-thumbed leaflet style document which had been left on a chair beside him. It was entitled "How to apply for information about a recent Immigrant to New Zealand".

An older woman stepped into the waiting room and called his name. He followed her up two flights of stairs to her office.

'Mr Fettes, please take a seat. She closed her office door and sat down behind her desk which was piled high with buff coloured folders stacked behind a brass nameplate displaying her name and title:

Miss Euphemia McMillan

Senior Immigration Officer

'Well, Mr Fettes, how can I help. My apologies for the delay, we are understaffed at present. Everyone else is taking the last of their annual leave entitlement to enjoy the good weather and do Christmas shopping.'

'Yes, it's so nice, quite a contrast from Glasgow at this time of year.'

'My parents were from Glasgow, a place called Pollokshaws, do you know it?'

'Yes. I was the manager of a butcher's shop in Shawbridge Street.'

'That's where they lived, above the Cooperative Grocers. I have a very old sepia photograph of the building at home. They arrived here in 1922. Odd how these coincidences seem to happen. Now, so to business. I see you have a Visitor's Visa and a recent British passport. Are you hoping to immigrate here permanently, in due course.'

'Actually, I've just arrived and I want to get to know New Zealand before I make a decision. But I've read up on the country and its people and my plan is to stay, if I like it.'

'Yes, you arrived today, on the *Rangitiki*. I can see that from your landing papers.'

'Actually Miss McMillan, I'm on a wee bit of a mission, on behalf of my mother. I'm hoping you can help me. A family from our street in Glasgow arrived here in the summer of 1937. Would there be a way of finding them through your records. My mother and Mrs Dorothy Traynor were second cousins.'⁹

⁹ This was a fiction but having read the information leaflet, Paul hoped it might work.

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'In theory I should say no, on the grounds of confidentiality, you understand. But if you are prepared to pay a search fee of £3, I will process your request under our 'Friends and Family' protocol.'

'That is most kind of you Miss McMillan.'

'Right then, Mr Fettes, here is the form. Take it with you, complete it carefully with as much detail as you have. Then return it to the Reception area on the ground floor and ask the team there to check it over for you then pay the fee due. Make sure you provide us with an address and if possible, a telephone number where I can contact you.'

Paul took the form back to the Library, found a quiet corner and completed it, adding the address for *Sea Sprite House*. He asked Josie for her aunt's telephone number, added it then walked back to the Immigration Office, asked for it to be checked then paid the fee, obtaining a receipt as proof of his request.

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During the train journey to Otahuhu, Josie Miller chattered away non-stop. He learned she was a Sunday School Teacher and her hobbies included Lawn Bowls and Snooker and making jams and chutneys which she sold to friends and neighbours and gave the money to charities.

At *Sea Sprite House*, Paul was taken to a large upstairs room overlooking a huge garden filled with fruit trees and vegetables. There was a long bookcase crammed with books and a fancy radiogram with a huge pile of long playing records in pristine sleeves, all classical titles.

'Mr Fettes, please feel free to read the books which belong to me. However, please do not touch the gramophone or the records as they belong to Mr MacGilvray who is very particular. We eat at 7:15 pm. In the evenings, your bathing slot is 6:15 pm to 6:30 pm. You're morning slot is 6:15 am to 6:30 am and breakfast is 7:15 am sharp. Please leave the bathroom clean and tidy just as you should find it. As you can see, you have two sets of towels which are refreshed daily. There is a lounge on the ground floor at the rear, just below your room, where guests can make tea and listen to the radio. We ask that all guests respect the house rules of absolutely no smoking anywhere and silence from 10:00 pm until 6:00 am. Under no circumstances eat food in your room.'

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Paul found the food was excellent.

The other guests were all older men, pleasant but quiet, preferring to read in companionable silence rather than listen to the radio.

Mrs Prentice and her two day visiting lady helpers ran a friendly efficient operation.

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While Paul waited for Miss McMillan to get back to him, he spent his days using the train to travel back to Auckland where he wandered around.

Occasionally he would meet Josie for lunch or travel in or out with her but mostly he moved around on his own, studying faces, hoping to catch a glimpse of Joyce or one of her family.

Mrs Prentice and her team served up a Christmas Lunch which replaced breakfast and the evening meal. Leftovers were placed in the lounge covered by a row of gauze domes to deter flies.

There was a repeat of a single festive meal for New Year's Day lunch.

Nothing Ventured

Glasgow, January 1946

In her second term at Glasgow University, Joyce Traynor was sent to 'observe and assist' at the Western Infirmary, assigned during her first six weeks to the special-diseases ward. The ward was overcrowded, mainly with returning servicemen in poor condition from their POW experiences. There were concerns some of them had brought unfamiliar diseases back to Britain with them.

On her second day at the Western, Joyce caught an unidentified virus which slowed her, making her lethargic. She thought it might be influenza which was also rife among staff and patients over the holiday period.

The following day she collapsed in a corridor, found in a heap.

Accompanied by Jennifer Scott, she was taken to Tannoch Loch in a taxi. Jennifer gave her two aspirin and tucked her into bed with a hot water bottle. Joyce fell into a semi-coma, raising further concerns that she had a more serious illness than first thought.

Trevor Scott pulled strings and arranged for Joyce to be seen at Tannoch Loch by Mr Jarvis Hulme-Strickler, the Head of the Infectious Diseases Unit at the Western. He took swabs from her mouth and nose and a blood sample. These were sent to the laboratory service for urgent analysis.

The following day Joyce was removed to the Western Infirmary by an emergency ambulance. On admission she was immediately subjected to a lumbar puncture which confirmed she had *meningococcal meningitis*.

Jennifer sent a telegram to Miriam Telfer, explaining the gravity of Joyce's situation.

After a slight delay, she received a reply saying that Miriam was on her way, once again on the RMS Rangitiki, heading for Southampton.

To remove her from the danger of a secondary viral infection, Joyce was then sent to Killearn Hospital ¹⁰ and placed under the charge of Mr Norman Dott who had access to

¹⁰ Killearn Hospital, about 15 miles north-west of Glasgow, was an Emergency Medical Service hospital established shortly before the Second World War. Its deliberately separated rural location was intended to protect hospital capacity from air raids in Glasgow and the Clydeside industrial area.

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the new wonder drug called Penicillin. The treatment involved direct injections into her spinal column followed by intensive nursing.

Miriam arrived in mid-February. She explained herself to Norman Dott and was allowed to become part of the care team assigned to look after Joyce, spending most of each day at Killearn, travelling to and from Tannoch Loch by taxi.

Joyce recovered slowly. By mid-March she was out of danger and, after a long earnest conversation, Miriam made plans to return to Auckland.

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In mid-June Joyce was allowed home to Tannoch Loch with daily monitoring visits from Sister Annete Frew who had supervised her treatment at Killearn. Annette Frew was a second cousin of Jennifer Scott.

Joyce's further recovery was slow but steady with occasional relapses.

By July, Joyce was now able to walk slowly on the familiar circuit of the nearby waterworks path, stopping every so often to sit on a shooting stick to catch her breath. It was clear to everyone she was no longer the fit young woman she had been a year earlier.

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In early August 1946 Joyce was examined independently by both Mr Dott and Mr Hulme-Strickler. Both concluded that Joyce's immune system had been damaged by her exposure to the meningitis virus. The two specialists met in private with Professor George Wishart. The outcome for Joyce Traynor was not what she might have hoped for.

Prof Wishart called to see Joyce at Tannoch Loch with Jennifer and Trevor Scott in attendance. The group sat in the lounge overlooking the loch. It was a cold, windy early autumnal day with a smirr of rain. The mood was sombre, foreboding.

George Wishart grimaced, shook his head and delivered his verdict:

'Joyce, I'm afraid I made a huge mistake by allowing you to participate as a shadow student on the first year course last September. Although your first semester results were exceptional, they clearly came at a cost, depleting your natural resilience.

'As you know, you almost died and the most recent tests by Norman Dott and Jarvis Hulme-Strickler show clearly that your auto-immune system has been severely weakened, perhaps permanently.

'I understand from an exchange of telegrams between Jennifer and her friend Miss Telfer that prior to emigrating to New Zealand, your mother had a long history of lung

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problems and that by great good fortune her move to Auckland and its fresher atmosphere helped her to recover her health.'

'But Mum had injections as well, Professor. Could I not have the same treatment here, please?'

'Jarvis and Norman are reluctant to interfere further. Adding other medications might undo the good work that the Penicillin has done. They believe you will recover in time but that it could take months if not years. Accordingly, I have no choice at this stage but to take the advice of my colleagues and exclude you from the course at Glasgow University.

'Be assured that your situation is not uncommon. Around half of all novice Nurses and aspiring Doctors do not complete their courses. The reasons are varied, of course, but hospital borne infections are a high risk for all of us. My advice to you is to return to Auckland and find a different career path to pursue. I fear medicine is no longer a viable option for you.'

'Perhaps I could try again at Otago University, if they will have me.'

'No Joyce! I would strongly advise against that approach. All hospitals carry a burden of diseases which swirl around, even in New Zealand. Try to find a new career which involves an outdoor life. Farming might suit. I hear there are lots of sheep and cows in New Zealand and I read an article recently that New Zealand Horticulture is a growing industry. Whatever! Something outdoors would be best.'

Distraught, Joyce welled up and began to sob into her handkerchief.

'There, there, dear girl. Again I apologise. If we had taken a slower approach perhaps you might have been commencing your studies at Glasgow in a few weeks. But it was not to be. Now, if you will excuse me please, I have a meeting back at the University. Good luck and goodbye.'

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Auckland, January 1946

On the evening of Thursday 3 January 1946, Paul Fettes was called to the telephone at *Sea Sprite House* to take a call from a lady who would not give her name, saying only that the matter was 'confidential'.

'Paul Fettes speaking.'

'Paul, Phamie here. I have some news to share but I'd rather give you it face to face. Can you come to see me early tomorrow, at quarter to eight, before the office opens officially.'

'Yes, thanks.'

'See you then. Bye.'

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Phamie McMillan provided coffee and home-made ginger nut biscuits, a recipe handed down from her Glasgow grandmother, she explained.

The outer office was dark and the building was silent except for the occasional bark of laughter as the cleaners worked their way around.

'Right, Paul, where to start?

'In July 1937 the Traynors travelled to Auckland on the *Rangitiki*, a first coincidence, eh?'

They settled in Otahuhu where Malcolm got a job at the Otahuhu Railway Workshops (known as ORW). A second coincidence as that is where you are boarded, right?

'So far as it goes that is all that is in our records.

'However, at ORW the person who was tasked with settling in the Traynors was Jim Mercer, my cousin Margie's husband. We sing in a choir together, so I asked her how well she knew the Traynors.

'It's a bit complicated but here is a brief synopsis.'

Paul scanned the two page memo as Phamie continued:

'The ORW people were very keen to get Malcolm who had a good reputation as a sound worker. The Traynors settled in and were happy. Dorothy's health recovered, (I think she had a form of asthma).

'However, things changed with the War and getting parts for the locomotives at ORW became a great frustration. Some of Malcolm's senior colleagues move to work for

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Madison Engineering Services (known as MES) based in Henderson, twenty miles from Otahuhu. Fairly soon after these friends left ORW, Malcolm followed them to MES where he was employed to work on diesel engines which was one of his passions.

'Then tragedy struck. Malcolm decided to make a replacement part rather than wait for a delivery. He did this after hours, without permission, in secret, using a special lathe which he was unfamiliar with. Sadly he got caught up in the mechanism and was killed.

'Apart from the maintenance of buses, MES had a huge contract to supply war parts to the New Zealand and American forces. This side of the business was booming. The accident was hushed up. Effectively, his wife was paid off and she was able to open a boarding house. Here is the address so you could visit if you wish to do so. But please don't tell them I told you where they are.'

Paul took the slip and added it to the memo then folded the thin sheets into his inside jacket pocket.

'That's amazing. Thank you very much.'

'Now Paul, can we agree this meeting did not happen?'

'Okay.'

'And that information in your pocket, study it then destroy it, promise?'

Okay.'

'Thanks! You see, Paul, somehow my Supervisor found out I was using the 'Friends and Family' form. He sent me a memo telling me to 'desist'. If he finds out what I've told you, I'll get sacked and lose my pension. He's been trying to get me to leave for the past few years so he can promote his daughter into my job.'

'Oh, yes, bureaucracy. I've had that trouble too, in the past. Just one question, please, if I may? There was a daughter called Joyce about my age. Is she in Henderson too?'

'Ah, so that's why you came all the way to New Zealand? How lovely. But sorry, I have no idea about Joyce. However, I suggest you go warily on that front, she might be happily married with children and may not want to renew a friendship from 1937.

'Now, Paul, please leave quietly and make sure you keep our secret safe.'

They stood and shook hands.

Then, on impulse, Phamie gave him a hug.

'Good luck with Joyce, 'Never Say Die', eh?'

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On leaving, Paul started to walk towards the railway station intending to look for a train for Henderson and then stopped when he saw his reflection in a shop window.

He had let his beard grow a bit and the clothes he was wearing were not 'smart'.

He decided to return to his lodgings and ask for permission to have a bath out of turn.

Freshened up he returned to Auckland and prowled around the department stores trying to find a suit or a jacket and trousers combination he like. He had a haircut and had his beard removed, close shaven, fresh-faced as he had been in 1937 before his facial hair had started to take hold.

He searched for new shoes and after many false starts, found a shop that specialised in awkward feet like his. He bought two pairs, one black, one brown and, on impulse, a pair of hiking boots. The shop also sold rucksacks and he bought a large one.

He was due to vacate his room in two days' time but decided he would leave a day early.

He had formulated a plan with options. If he found Joyce was married, he would avoid contact. If he discovered she was still single, he would wait near her house and hope to meet her, as if by chance, and try to speak to her, try to find out if there was a chance they might re-kindle their romance.

If there was no hope, he would carry on and explore New Zealand and see what might turn up. Perhaps he would try Wellington and catch up with Alfie French.

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The following day, after saying his farewells, he hoisted his rucksack onto his back and left *Sea Sprite House* behind.

Wearing his new brown shoes, dressed in his new clothes, (a sports jacket and flannels with an open-necked shirt), Paul paid a visit to the National Bank of New Zealand (NBNZ) and introduced himself to the assistant manager who checked his documents and Passport then issued him with a Passbook for his new current account. This meant he could withdraw money from his account at any of NBNZ's seventy three branches spread around the country.

It was around mid-day when he arrived in Henderson where he bought a street map from a bookshop. In a café he ate a snack lunch and drank a pot of tea while he found the location of *Tantallon Grange* around two miles away. It was a cool day but bright and sunny with a light breeze. Before leaving the café he used their toilet to empty his bladder and to brush his teeth. In a nearby shop he bought a pack of chewing gum. He was nervous, jittery and began to think he had made a huge mistake but once he started walking, he settled down.

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When he turned into the street where *Tantallon Grange* was located, he saw a house perched at the top of a long, gentle rise, about half a mile away. The track was a bit bumpy and winding and he would be exposed all the way to the front door which was wide open. The building was larger than *Sea Sprite House* but not so well cared for. He saw two women hanging out bedclothes to dry. Amongst the washing he saw men's shirts and undergarments.

He had hoped to be able to lurk nearby to try to spot Joyce. He held back and watched the women. They were just out of earshot but they seemed to be laughing and joking.

He was peering, trying to see if the younger one could be Joyce.

Paul was unaware of Dorothy Traynor approaching from behind, riding a bicycle with a shopping basket on the front and two side panniers.

She stopped beside him.

'Hello, are you hoping for a room?'

'Yes, if you have one.'

'You're Scottish! Are you from Glasgow?'

It was clear Mrs Dorothy Traynor did not recognise him.

'Yes, Govanhill,' he improvised.

'We used to live in Shawlands, Tantallon Road.'

'Ah, so that's why you called your house *'Tantallon Grange?'*

'Yes. I'm Dorothy Traynor and you are?'

'Tom, Tom Potter.'

'Well Tom, actually, I do have a room which you can have for a few nights. It's my daughter's room. She's away at Otago University hoping to become a Doctor. It seems that being a Nurse just wasn't good enough for her, so she just upped sticks and went, leaving me to cope alone. Just a wave from the railway carriage and then in a puff of smoke she disappeared. No thought for her poor mother. My husband died recently and I was bereft. My daughter is a very selfish, self-centred young woman. Why she doesn't settle down and find herself a nice husband I have no idea.'

'Oh, will your daughter not be annoyed if I use her room?'

'Well, tough on her. We expected her home for Christmas two weeks ago but she did not come. And no, she did not write, not even a postcard. So, if she turns up, she can sleep in the back room beside the kitchen. In the olden days it was the scullery maid's room. Serve her right, I say. Who knows, maybe she has found a man at last? Maybe a Doctor

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or one of the Professors has taken a fancy to her. If so, why not bring him home for us to size him up? She probably thinks we're not good enough, that's why. Look, I agree she is smart and is good looking enough but anyone who takes her own will soon learn that Miss Joyce Traynor has a very determined streak in her nature. Very determined. Not at all like her brothers and sisters.'

'Oh, and she wants to become a Doctor?'

'Do you have brothers and sisters, Tom?'

'Only sisters, three.'

'So, Tom, would you be so kind as to help me up the hill by pushing this bike? I'm not a well woman you know. Since my last baby and then Malcolm's death, I've been struggling again and the new pills are not doing what the hospital said they would.'

'Yes, of course, Mrs Traynor. But if it's okay with you, I just need a room for one night. I'm here on a project, to travel around and gather information about sheep and cattle farms for sale. I have quite a tight itinerary.'

'Well, I usually rent by the month as a minimum but seeing as you are from Glasgow you can have Joyce's room for £1, to include dinner and breakfast.'

'Yes, that would be fine, thanks.'

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During the afternoon, claiming tiredness, Paul went to Joyce's room and locked himself in. Working systematically, he searched through her wardrobe, her chest of drawers and in particular her desk, looking for clues of her life. Well hidden in a shoebox wrapped in an old newspaper, he uncovered a diary from 1938 with intermittent hints of secret outings to a cinema with someone coded as "Check Mate". Was he a true boyfriend or a Chess opponent?

The evening meal was served at 6:00 pm and when it was over, Paul asked permission to use the communal bathroom and borrowed a towel. Refreshed, Paul locked himself in Joyce's room and read every book and every folder of notes in her bookshelf. From this he learned she had graduated from a college called *The Hub* as a fully qualified Nurse gaining the Certificate of Merit awarded to the top student on her course.

There were several drafts of her application to attend the Medical School at Otago University in Dunedin (a name he knew was derived from Edinburgh). Her writing was impressive, as were her qualifications and experience. He had no idea that Joyce had been academic.

Although he was tired, he was also intrigued.

Working methodically, he read and re-read her most recent course notes.

Folded inside a notebook Paul found a short note neatly typed on engraved letterheading:

From the Office of Miss Miriam Telfer, Matron, The Hub, Auckland.

Dear Joyce,

although your mother was initially treated for Asthma, Mr Adrian Jeremy her consultant has confided he fears she has Fibrosis of the Lungs. It mainly effects industrial workers but recent research suggests it is also linked to Asthma and Tuberculosis. At present Fibrosis of the Lungs is progressive and, ultimately, fatal. Currently there is no known remedy.

We must be positive. Thankfully, Dorothy seems well enough and Fibrosis of the Lungs often takes decades to take full effect. Given your mother's reactive and over dramatic nature, we have decided to withhold this diagnosis meanwhile but rest assured that Adrain and I will keep a close eye on her while you get on with your life and pursue your studies.

Your Friend,

M.

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With this information, Paul revised his assessment of Mrs Dorothy Traynor. Although she was obviously a drama queen type, maybe she was indeed in decline, not unlike his own mother back in Glasgow.

At around 3:00 am, he made a quick visit to the toilet then settled for the night, lying in her bed, with a pair of Joyce's older pyjamas lying across his face, sniffing in the smell of her while he relieved himself onto the damp edge of the bath towel he had borrowed.

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He left *Tantallon Grange* with the other boarders at 7:30 am the next morning, cadging a lift to the Auckland railway station where he visited the ticket office and explained that he wished to travel to Otago.

By 9:30 am he was on the Day Express to Wellington with an expected journey of around 14 hours ahead. As well as his ticket for the ferry to South Island, he had the address for a boarding house in Picton. In fact this address was for a vinery on the southern outskirts of the city, a forty minute taxi ride away at a cost of £1 5s. He was on the point of looking for alternative accommodation when an older woman approached and called ahead to the taxi driver:

'Hello Bertie, can you fit me in? I'll share the cost with your man, if he's okay with that.'

Paul felt as if he already knew this woman. Then it dawned on him: although her voice and intonation was different, her bustling, energetic demeanour was very like Uncle Charlie had been in his prime - 'unstoppable'.

During the journey, Paul learned that Caterina Bianchi and her older brother Francesco owned a sheep and dairy farm they had inherited from their parents. She told him they had aspirations to convert the farm to a vineyard and make wine to sell overseas, maybe even Europe where the vineyards had been devastated by the War.

She passed him a flyer giving details.

The Bianchis had plans to develop a business selling a white wine called *Sauvignon Blanc* and a red called *Pinot Noir*. They would call their vinery *Buena Vistas*, explaining it meant "Beautiful Views".

She recounted the tale of her recent travels hoping to find sponsors, either lenders or investing partners. Although her trip had been a disappointment, Paul was impressed by her energy and her refusal to accept defeat. In Auckland she had seen twenty-three banks and lending agencies. She was returning to Picton visiting Wellington as her last stop, still hoping to unearth someone who would join them as sponsors to buy the equipment needed to convert their small vineyard into a fully-fledged business.

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'The problem is Paul, although the folks around here are friendly, up there in Auckland there is still a lot of prejudice against Italians because of Mussolini, even though as a family we have been here since 1922. Sadly for us the banks and investors just don't want to know.'

Someone in Auckland had given her the name of a man in Wellington called Guiseppe Brunetti who was a wine importer. She had tracked him down and he had listened to her, smiling encouragingly.

'Of course we did have some wine from our small plantation here and I took dozens of bottles with me to let people try it out but when I reached Wellington, which was not on my original plan, the wine was all gone. When I eventually found Brunetti I had nothing to offer him but my descriptions and I could tell he was sceptical. I suppose everyone thinks their own wine is the best.'

'Yes, Caterina, I know what you mean. I used to have a reputation for making meat pies. Everyone said they were the best in Glasgow.'

'You know Paul, it's a right bugger. I'm sure Guiseppe is the one we need to persuade. I mean, he's Italian, like us. I'm just hoping we still have a few bottles left but I think Francesco might have already drunk it or shared it with friends. And I suppose Brunetti will want a dozen or so bottles of both the red and the white and I know we certainly don't have that amount available. So we will be stuck where we are, ready to go, fired up for the new season ahead but unable to proceed for lack of funds.'

'What will you do?'

'Struggle on as before until next year and hope for the best. If we get a good harvest, we'll make more wine and I'll take it to Brunetti first. I just hope it is as good as last year's vintage. It was exceptional.'

'Are there any other people around here making wine like yours?'

'A few but only for themselves. People have been growing grapes and making wine in New Zealand for ages, or so my father said. He was always sure our vines were superior. And I agree. When I was in Auckland I bought a few bottles of different *Sauvignon Blanc* and *Pinot Noir* and they weren't anything like as good as ours. Paul, it's so, so frustrating. I mean what we need is only about £500. We have all the expertise to do it, just not the machinery and the money for bottles and so on.'

The taxi slowed as it laboured up the steep winding track to the ramshackle farmhouse which sat on the hill.

As they approached the entrance, Caterina said:

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'Paul, did you notice the bus halt back there? There is a bus twice a week which would take you on to Christchurch where you should be able to get a train to Dunedin.'

'Thanks. When is the next bus due?'

'Two days, I think. Is that right Bertie?'

'Yes. It's a boneshaker but it should get you there. And the trains to Dunedin are restricted because of coal shortages. But don't even think of taking a bus from Christchurch. They keep breaking down, I hear. At least the trains will get you there.'

'Have either of you ever been to Dunedin?'

They laughed at his question and Caterina quipped:

'Francesco went once and it rained every day for the entire two weeks he was there. He said he had webbed feet when he got back. It's a story that got around and most people here call Dunedin the 'Rain Capital of New Zealand.'

'Oh, sounds a bit like Glasgow.'

On arrival at the farmhouse, Paul paid Bertie on the basis that Caterina's share would cover his bed and board for the next two days until he could catch the bus from the road end.

He was given free run of the upper floor with two rooms to choose from separated by a small shared bathroom area with a flush toilet and a washbasin with a cold tap. For strip washing, there was a small enamelled metal sit-in tub which could be filled with half a dozen kettlefuls of hot water topped up with cold.

Everything about the house was old-fashioned, worn out, threadbare.

However, the views out over the Marlborough hills with the sea in the distance were spectacular, like a scene from a film.

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That evening they ate outside on a wraparound porch.

Squash soup with homemade butter on home-made bread. This was followed by roast lamb with mint sauce served with home-grown potatoes, carrots and broccoli, followed by blueberry pie with thick cream for pudding.

Paul had tasted wine a few times in the past during his car tour of Britain and when offered a chilled glass of *Sauvignon Blanc* he enjoyed it.

Caterina talked non-stop, bringing Francesco up to date, describing her journey and each meeting in fine detail.

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Francesco was the cook and server and seemed comfortable in his role as Caterina's foil, chiming in when she stopped for breath or looked down to check details in her large diary cum notebook.

In due course Paul explained again why he was heading to Dunedin and they smiled.

'So, Paul, is Joyce the one you have always loved,' asked Caterina?

'Yes, I suppose she is. But will she remember me, after all these years? It seems she is already a qualified Nurse but is very determined to become a Doctor, so who knows if she will be interested in what I have in mind for us.'

'My Joseph went off to the War. He was a sheep shearer, came to stay here for a few weeks each year. He wrote once, saying he was heading for "F" but that it was all hush hush. We heard on the grapevine he was killed on the beach on D-Day, during the first wave ashore.'

Francesco steered their conversation away from this sad recollection:

'Here Paul, try a little *Pinot Noir*, our third last bottle, I'm afraid.'

'This is absolutely delicious. Thanks.'

'Living here without a car makes us pretty isolated and my old tractor is on its last few hundred miles, I guess. And fuel is still hard to come by. Of course we have bikes but mostly we just walk. We have Jamie's grocery van which comes by once a month. Jamie is Bertie the taxi driver's brother.'

Bubbling in Paul's mind was an idea. Given his foot, wine-making might be more realistic than herding sheep or milking cows. It would be a healthier life than working in a Butchers or a Bakery and would avoid the daily grind of dealing with the endless complaints and boring, repetitive stories of customers. In a vinery such as *Beuna Vistas*, he would be living and working outdoors in beautiful surroundings, not moving around in grimy streets filled with reeking chimneys and no long winter months of freezing cold weather and smog to contend with.

He began to explore his idea to see how they might react.

'Look, I'm a wine novice but both of your wines are as good as anything I've ever tasted. Better, I would say. Before I move on, would you give me a tour of your vineyard and show me how you make your wine.'

By the following evening Paul was toying with the idea of asking if he might become a junior partner in their wine business. Although he was keen to reach Otago, he decided to wait a few days more and catch the next Christchurch bus to give himself time to discuss and negotiate a possible investment in their vinery business.

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Over dinner on their final night together, they finished their last bottle of *Pinot Grigio* after which Francesco produced an unmarked bottle of Grappa, a spirit created from the crushed grapes left after the juice had been extracted to make wine.

He explained the distillation process and the addition of herbs which gave a subtle floral aroma and taste.

'I have the recipe locked away. It was my father's and his father's before him, brought here from Italy. They roamed all over New Zealand until they found this farm with its sheep and dairy cows. They liked farming well enough but, on the side, they started growing vines right from the outset. It was their dream to convert this farm to a vineyard, a dream we are trying to make our reality.'

In turn, Paul gave a synoptic account of the Fettes Family Butchers mini-empire and how it had eventually been sold, freeing him to pursue his own dream. He explained he had savings which he was willing to invest but that he would need to take advice and have a legal document drawn up.

Caterina said:

'Yes, we are already part of the way down this pathway. We have a friend in Picton who is a Lawyer and we have a draft agreement. We've costed everything many times over and we know we need a minimum of £500 to kick start our plan. Do you think that is something you be willing to risk on us.'

'Only if I can be part of it, live here with you. If I find Joyce and she is willing to marry me and live here, yes, I would risk £500. I want to have a direct hands on input, not just a money investor. I want an outdoor life and this is such a beautiful place.'

Francesco said:

'Right Paul, let me get this straight, your offer of £500 is conditional on Joyce, is it?'

'Yes.'

After a short silence, Caterina spoke for both of them:

'Well its as good an offer as we are likely to get before we have any wine to try out on Guiseppe Brunetti, I suppose. So Paul, shall we all three shake hands on the deal as it stands, as friends?'

'Sounds good to me.'

Nothing Ventured

Otago University

While boarding the train in Christchurch, Paul had a double-take experience when he glimpsed a girl which he thought might be Elena Rainey. However when she threw her arms around a tall man and he lifted her up to kiss, Paul realised she was shorter and slightly heavier.

Thinking of Elena and her acting outfits, sparked a thread of thought and during his journey to Dunedin, he hatched a plan to disguise himself during his search for Joyce in the hope of finding out more about her before making an approach.

At the railway terminus, he ask a porter if there was a theatre in Dunedin and was directed to *The Octagon Theatre* on Moray Place. Nearby he spotted what he had been hoping for - a costume hire shop called *The Octagon Wardrobe* where he selected a long, light grey gaberdine coat, a dark grey felt hat and a pair of plain-lensed glasses with thick black frames. Checking himself in the mirror before deciding on this outfit, he thought it made him look studious, like some of the older men he had seen disembarking from his train.

Nearby he found a rooming house which offered rooms by the night, aimed at transient visitors. He booked a room with a private bathroom for two nights, washed, shaved, changed his underwear and put on his disguise. He asked his landlady for directions to *Otago University*. She sketched a diagram with street names, advising it should take him about ten minutes on foot.

It was mid-afternoon when he arrived and the grounds of the University were quiet. He approached a porter's office and asked about the Medical School and when and where the lectures took place.

'They are mostly in the morning, sir. I have a schedule you could have and just to let you know, members of the public are most welcome to attend. Would you like me to give you a pass?'

'Yes, please.'

'Sir, what name shall I enter, for the record book?'

'Tom. Thomas Potter.'

'Excuse me, what's your own name?'

'Sam, Sam Crichton.'

'Crichton is a Scottish name, isn't it?'

'Yes, we were from Edinburgh about a hundred years ago. They say it's a beautiful city.'

Nothing Ventured

'Yes, it is. With an impressive castle and lots of soldiers in kilts.'

They shook hands.

'Right Tom, is there anything else I can help with?'

'Actually, Sam, perhaps there is. I'm visiting on business from Glasgow. Researching on behalf of clients who are looking for a girl who may be a student here. She stands to inherit a fairly large sum of money, inherited from an elderly uncle who was a successful businessman back in Scotland. Trevor Aitcheson, have you heard of him by any chance?'

'No, sir. What is this girl's name?'

'Joyce Traynor, unless she is married of course.'

The porter delved below the counter and brought out a book which he opened from the rear and checked through the names starting with 'T'.

He shook his head.

'No luck, sorry, Tom. But hold on, let me check back. Two year books later he said:

'Aha, yes, Miss Joyce Traynor enrolled two years ago just around now for the Medical School. But she did not re-register for the Spring Semester. Perhaps she did get married and she is still here but who knows? But wait, we could try my sister Maisie in the Faculty Office. Would you like me to do that?'

'Yes please.'

After a short explanation on the telephone, Sam nodded, smiled, carefully copied information onto his pad then tore off the page and slid it across to Paul as he replaced the handset.

Miss Miriam Telfer,

Matron,

The Hub

Auckland.

As Paul read, Sam continued:

'Okay Tom, here's the gist. Miss Joyce Traynor started here in the autumn of 1942 and completed the first semester. She was a 'Grade A' student, passed everything with flying colours. However, she did not return after the Christmas holiday. A family tragedy, we heard. Maisie has a note in her files saying she was needed at home in Auckland.'

Nothing Ventured

Maisie suggest you ring that lady but don't say she told you. Her boss is a bit of a closed book, if you get my meaning.

'Ah, I have just come from Auckland. I was assured Joyce had returned here last September.'

'Then maybe she is married after all in which case I don't know if our records would help. You could try telephoning Miss Telfer. Or you could sit in on a few lectures tomorrow and see if you spot her. Maisie says she is blonde, keeps it short, and that she is a really good looking girl, like a film star. Worth a try, I would say.'

'Yes Sam. You have been very helpful. Thank you.'

'Tom, do you play the bagpipes?'

'No, sorry.'

'Or the snare drum?'

'No, sorry, I'm not musical.'

'Pity, I'm the Pipe Major in the University Pipe Band and this is our rehearsal night. If you're free, you might like to sit in. There are quite a few folk with Glasgow roots in my band. They might know Joyce.'

'Okay Sam, I'll think about it.'

'Meet here at half six and I'll take you in, introduce you.'

'I'll think about it. Thanks.'

'Good luck. I hope you find her.'

'Me too!'

Nothing Ventured

Chance Encounter

Paul did not attend the pipe band rehearsal.

Instead he headed back to his guest house and arrived just in time for the evening meal.

As he approached the entrance door, he took off the hired coat, put the felt hat in one pocket and the glasses in another and draped it over his arm, intending to return it early the following morning where the items would be inspected and he would receive his £15 deposit less the one day hire charge.

Over breakfast he asked his Landlady if a ferry back to Auckland was a possibility and was told that the only way to travel to Auckland was by a reversal of the route he had just taken. When he asked her if he might make a trunk call via the operator to a number in Auckland, this request was refused quite brusquely. He then advised he must leave at once whereupon she refused to refund his pre-payment for the second day.

Heading back to *The Octagon Wardrobe*, he decided not to return his hired items and haggled with the Wardrobe Mistress who eventually agreed to allow him to purchase his disguise outright for a net cost of £7. He thought the idea of having a disguise that seemed to work could prove useful if he spotted Joyce and wanted to observe her without being discovered. He carefully folded the items and placed them in the rucksack but wore his glasses because he thought they made him look 'bookish', like some of the Professors he had seen at the University.

At the railway station Paul enquired about making a trunk call to Auckland and was directed to an upstairs office where a stern lady clerkess listened to his request then agreed to make the call, explaining she would time it with her stopwatch and charge him according to the scale listed in her notebook plus £1 for her service. He agreed to this and she contacted the local operator who connected her to *The Hub* in Auckland.

The clerkess passed Paul the handset and he explained that he wished to speak to the Matron on a personal matter.

Miss Telfer's secretary replied in an exasperated voice:

'If you wish to contact The Matron, use the correct channels and write to her giving full details of the purpose of your call. If you are a salesman, do not waste your time.'

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There was further disappointment to follow. Paul had missed the 8:45 am departure of the Thursday Mail Express train to Christchurch. The only seats left on the Friday train

Nothing Ventured

were in First Class which he booked before they were taken by someone else in the queue behind him.

Wearing his new glasses, he went in search of a room for the night. When he was booked in, he decided to make his way to the University, now once again in full disguise, in case he spotted Joyce.

In the huge lecture arena, he sat in the highest row, furthest from the lecturer, whose voice boomed out from four loudspeakers, seemingly oblivious of the hubbub of his chattering students. Paul was shocked at their behaviour then realised it was still early in the new term and they would be catching up on gossip from home. He was also surprised at the number of people who entered late and others who left early. He studied each one, trying to spot Joyce but without success.

Over the next two hours he sat well back, eased out of his coat and jacket, relying only on his glasses to conceal his identity while carefully scanning the rows below him, hoping to see her, thinking that now she was twenty-two she would be much changed but convinced he would recognise her if she was present.

On leaving a few minutes before the end of the lecture at noon, just to be safe, he wore his coat and hat. Outside he stood under a tree and watched the students leave but did not spot her.

He made his way back toward the *Pentagon Theatre* where he had spotted a busy cafeteria. Outside he studied the menu then entered and waited by the door. He was approached by a lady wearing a smart dress with a starched white apron. He judged her to be in her early thirties. She wore heavy makeup, reminding him of Elena.

'Are you booked?'

'No, sorry'

'Just for one?'

'Yes, just me?'

'You're Scottish?'

'Yes.'

'Are you that writer Ian Fraser, the man who writes those lovely romantic stories?'

'No, but I wish I was.'

He smiled and she smiled back, hands on hips, licking her lips.

This was another Elena, he guessed.

Nothing Ventured

'I heard him on the radio and you sound just like him. Anyway, if you are a single, I have a corner seat upstairs which has a good view out towards the harbour. I always keep it free for special customers. Follow me.'

When she returned a few minutes later to take his order, she slipped him a copy of a battered Penguin book called *'True Love Never Dies'*.

'You can keep that. I've read it so many times I could recite it to you. I lost my husband to the War. He was Scottish too. I think about him every day.'

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After lunch, Paul consulted his street guide and headed for Queens Gardens where he found a free bench and flipped through the book. He had never been a fan of romance but he was soon drawn in by the pace of the story and its twists and turns.

He lost track of time.

'Oh, hello again. So, you're reading it?'

'Yes, it's very well written, thanks.'

She held out her hand:

'Mrs Edith McNaughton. Or, as I think of myself nowadays, Eadie Kelly, as I was before Andrew swept me off my feet.'

'Tom Potter, from Glasgow.'

He rose and they shook hands, formally.

She smirked, squeezed hard and giggled again.

Definitely another Elena.

'Can I call you Tom?'

'Yes, of course.'

'So, call me Eadie. Oh God Tom, I really love your voice. Are you sure you're not Ian Fraser?'

She giggled and sat down, wiggled, her hips nudging, resting against his thigh.

'Okay Tom, you first. Ask me anything.'

'Okay Eadie, have you lived in Dunedin all your life?'

'No. I used to live in Auckland. I was a secretary in a boring insurance office and then I met Malcolm. He was just off the boat from Britain. He was a Doctor, a specialist in lung diseases. His father had been a miner and died of Fibrosis of the Lung, caused by coal

Nothing Ventured

dust. He was heading for Dunedin. He was gorgeous. Irresistible. I tagged along and just after we got married, he volunteered and went off to fight the Nazis. He wrote to me nearly every day for two years and then - silence.

'Then I got the dreaded letter. 'Killed in Action'. It was instantaneous, they said. Which I want to believe. In fact, what I really want to believe is that Andy is still alive and that any day soon he will turn up, smiling.'

A handkerchief appeared and Eadie blew her nose.

'Right, Tom, your turn now. And please make it happier than my tale of woe.'

After a long silence Tom stumbled through his made-up version of his story, starting in Glasgow in 1937 and ending up with his recent discovery that 'Teresa' could be in Auckland, possibly married to someone new.

'So, Tom, as far as you know Teresa is still alive although you may have lost her to another man? And that's why you have a disguise. It suits you, in an odd way. You could actually be a professor, or an author. So, you have to go tomorrow and I was hoping you might be around for longer.'

'No, I have to keep going, until I know for sure, one way or the other?'

'What about the vineyard thing? Is that for real?'

'Yes. The Carruthers are very nice, you can just tell with some people, can't you?'

'Yes, Tom. You are a nice man. And I am a nice woman. And I wondered if you might come back to my little apartment and have a nice cup of coffee with me, if you have nothing else planned for this evening.'

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Just before ten o'clock Paul slipped away and walked through the gloaming back to his lodging. He had left Eadie sleeping, curled into a ball, naked, her make-up smudged.

In the tiny hallway, on the table, beside her purse, he left four £5 notes, one for each of their couplings. He had checked, her purse contained two pound notes and a few coins.

Eadie had insisted on condoms, provided from a box in her bedside cabinet.

The story of her lost husband might even be true, he thought.

Nothing Ventured

The Hub, January 1946

Paul's journey from Dunedin had been delayed by a week because of a derailment. It was on an isolated stretch of track and had affected trains in both directions, causing delays with his bust to Picton and his ferry to Wellington. The disruption had affected the trains to Auckland causing chaos with holidaymakers moving in both directions.

It was the morning of Monday 7 January. Paul approached Reception and asked if he might make an appointment to speak to Miss Telfer.

'Here is a form to fill in. If you are a salesman, don't waste your time.'

'It's about a personal matter?'

'Do you know Miss Telfer?'

'No. I just arrived in New Zealand a few weeks ago.'

'Can you say why you wish to speak to her. Sorry, but I need to ask. It's my job to screen out salesmen.'

'I wish to ask her about Joyce Traynor. She immigrated to New Zealand in 1937, with her family.'

'You know Joyce?'

'Yes, we lived in the same street, in Glasgow. Back then we were sweethearts.'

'Your name?'

'Paul Fettes.'

'And can you assure me you are genuine, not a salesman?'

'Yes, I've been trying to find Joyce since I arrived. I heard she was in Dunedin but now I think she might be here in Auckland.'

'Okay, I'm going to take a chance and believe you I believe you. Take a seat and I'll try to get hold of Miss Telfer's secretary, Mrs Durward. Monday mornings are always busy especially on the first day of term.'

'Are you okay to wait for a while?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Okay Mr Fettes, I suggest you read this leaflet which gives a synopsis of *The Hub* and our aims. This could be a long wait, sorry. I'll get one of the girls to bring you a pot of tea as soon as the rush dies down.'

Nothing Ventured

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As noon approached, the Receptionist rose and waved him across.

'Mrs Emily Durward will come down to see you soon. Wait over there, by the stairs. Good luck. Oh, there she is now.'

They met half way.

'Mr Fettes? I'm Emily Durward.'

They shook hands.

'Let's sit over there, out of the bustle?'

'Now, Mr Fettes, I'm sorry to disappoint you but Miss Telfer has left for Britain. She left yesterday and sent me a ship-to-shore telegram with very limited information. She is heading for Britain. 'A life and death situation' was all she said. Our Deputy Matron Janice Seymor is holding the fort. It's all a bit chaotic, I'm afraid.'

'Miss Telfer's gone to Britain? But I just arrived from Southampton a few weeks ago.'

'You sound Scottish. Did you call me recently from Dunedin?'

'Yes, that was me. Look, I realise now from reading the leaflet the Receptionist gave me that this is a busy place at this time of year in particular.'

'Too true but never mind, *needs must*, eh?'

'Yes.'

'I saw you limping. Have you hurt your left leg?'

'I'm not in any pain. I lost three toes in a bicycle accident when I was a lad. I wear special shoes.'

'So, not the War, then? My husband Brian lost his right foot during the War. He has an artificial one now and like you, he gets on with his life. "Lucky to be Alive", he always says. And "Where there's Life, there's Hope". He was a POW for two years on the Burma Railroad. When we got him back after the Japanese surrendered, he was like a stick insect.'

'Yes, I read about your special programme here at *The Hub*, in the leaflet.'

'Brian used to be a Carpenter but he works in the lab now, making artificial limbs. You should ask for an appointment with his team, maybe they could make you a better shoe.'

'Look, Mrs Durward, it's not Miss Telfer I came to see. I came to ask her about Joyce Traynor. Is Joyce here, in Auckland?'

'Oh no, Joyce is in Glasgow, at Glasgow University.'

Nothing Ventured

'Joyce is in Glasgow?'

'Shush! Keep your voice down. It's a big secret. Most people think she's at Otago University. I should not have told you about her being in Glasgow, so keep it under your very nice hat, please.'

'Has she returned to Glasgow permanently?'

'No, I don't think so. She's hoping to become a Doctor and we expect her back when she's qualified. But again, that's a secret too, okay?'

'How long has she been in Glasgow?'

'Since last August. The last we heard she was doing really well. But look, Mr Fettes, I have to get back to help Janice, we're really snowed under at the moment. Ring me in a few days and I'll try to find out when Miriam might be back. She's the one you need to speak to about Joyce, not me. But I'll pass on what you've told me. That's the best I can do, sorry.'

'Okay. Thanks.'

Outside, Paul wandered in a daze for a few hours. When he looked up, he was outside the Library. He skirted the Reception area where Josie had her head down, talking on the telephone and scribbling notes. He found a quiet corner to try to think what best to do next.

During the rest of the afternoon he ran through his options and eventually concluded he must wait in Auckland until Miss Telfer returned.

However, while he was waiting, there was one particular thing he could try to do that was positive.

The next morning, early, Paul approached Reception at *The Hub* and asked to speak to Brian Durward.

After a short wait a fit-looking man approached with his hand outstretched, wearing a wide grin, his pale grey eyes sparkling with jollity.

Brian Durward was completely hairless - bald, no eyebrows, no eyelashes, no facial or body hair.¹¹ It made him look ghoulish, Paul thought.

¹¹ Paul would learn later that during his time of forced labour on the Burma Railway, Brian Durward had suffered years of prolonged near-starvation, recurrent infections (malaria, dysentery, tropical ulcers), and possible micronutrient deficits (zinc, biotin, essential fatty acids), resulting in severe and 'irreversible nutritional alopecia'.

Nothing Ventured

'Paul Fettes. Emily mentioned you. Missing toes? Come on down to our Aladdin's Cave and let's see what we can do to help.'

It took several weeks of trial and error until Brian and his team perfected a 'comfort sock' which incorporated an insert made of moulded rubberised material designed to mimicked his missing toes. The sock was lightweight, strong and flexible and could be worn with most good quality shoes. The sock with its insert gave Paul the support he had always needed.

Over many years of limping, Paul had acquired what Brian called 'a semi-permanent limp'¹², dating from his early days after the accident. Wearing the comfort sock, Paul had to undergo many weeks of daily sessions of specialised exercises to be taught how to walk correctly again.

By the end of February, he was walking with only the merest hint of a limp. He still could not run but he was able to walk for many hours without the pain and fatigue which had previously dogged him.

He could also drive a standard car with a foot operated clutch, brake and accelerator.

In the space of just two months, his life was transformed.

In recognition of his treatment he made a £500 donation to *The Hub*.

Paul knew he would never run or play football but he did learn to play competitive table tennis against Brian who was a formidable opponent.

Throughout this period, he was being fed second-hand snippets about Joyce, learning she had been very ill but was now over the worst and recovering steadily.

Perhaps the best indicator of Joyce's improvement, Emily suggested, was that Miriam Telfer was on her way home to Auckland.

Emily promised she would put Paul in The Matron's diary as soon as she had caught up on the backlog of issues to be resolved following her absence in Glasgow tending Joyce.

¹² Brian explained that Paul had developed an *antalgic gait*, a specific medical term which means walking in a shortened, often rushed way to avoid pain, typically causing a shortened stance in order to spend less time standing on the painful leg and by adopting an asymmetrical walking rhythm, both adopted to avoid pain as the body naturally tries to reduce weight and pressure on the hurt side. A consequence is often disruption to both hips and legs requiring exercise to reactivate and retrain dormant and underused musculature. Brian explained that over these many years since losing his three toes, Paul had trained his brain to ignore the pain which was still there, in his foot and ankle, prior to the provision of his comfort sock.

Nothing Ventured

Nothing Ventured

The Hub, early June 1946

Paul was back in Reception at *The Hub*, waiting to see Miss Telfer.

Emily appeared at the foot of the stairs, smiled and waved him over.

'How the sock doing?'

'Its excellent thanks.'

'You're walking well. Any pain?'

'No, thanks. All good.'

They made their way up to the second floor and stopped outside a door with a sign which stated.

Miss Miriam Telfer

Matron

Emily, said quietly:

'I'm off to sit in the gardens and have lunch with Brian. Knock and wait. And don't worry, Miriam is not as bad as she seems. Good Luck!'

Paul knocked.

'**COME!**'

Miriam Telfer was sitting upright behind a huge mahogany desk, peering over her horn-rimmed spectacles, dressed in a dark green (almost black) dress.

There was no proffered handshake.

'Take a seat. **No!** Not there, not with the window behind you. Over there.'

Although her face was scowling, there was laughter in her eyes. This was an act, he thought. She enjoys playing the role of a grumpy dragon lady.

The sun was streaming in and the room was warm, overheated.

Paul sat, then almost at once rose, removed his coat.

'May I?'

She nodded.

He walked to the coat stand, hung up the coat, put his hat in one pocket and his spectacles in the other.

Nothing Ventured

'A smart suit too. New, is it? Well, are you an academic, Mr Paul Fettes? Visiting us from Glasgow? Tell me everything about yourself. I need to hear it from your own lips. But don't waffle. Keep it short and to the point, I have a meeting at one o'clock.'

'No, no. I left school at fourteen, soon after Joyce left for New Zealand. I joined my family's business, working with my Uncle and my Father. We sold up last year and well, it was complicated. The upshot is that I am at last free to pursue my own life with sufficient funds to act independently.'

'You have abandoned your family?'

'Truthfully, yes, after a fashion. However, although my Aunt and my Mother are widowed, both families are financially secure. Both my Father and my Uncle suffered from health problems and died within weeks of each other. As I mentioned, it was complicated.'

'Have you emigrated to New Zealand, like the Traynor family.'

'Not yet, although I understand the process. Currently I am a visitor with a one year visa, here as a potential investor. If I find the right opportunity, I might stay and become a New Zealand citizen. After the grim and harsh winters of Glasgow, I want a new challenge, an outdoor life.

'Initially I was thinking of farming, sheep, maybe cows, either beef or dairy or both. We were butchers and bakers, *Fettes Family Butchers* and *Fettes Family Bakers*. So rearing animals sort of makes sense.'

'Tell me about your leg.'

'As I explained to your secretary, I lost three toes in a bicycle accident when I was a lad. During the last few years I wore a special shoe. I could walk fairly well but I could no longer run. And yes, I realise that the sheep and cattle idea was probably not realistic.'

'So, because of your disability you were excused War Service?'

'Yes. A blessing in disguise but I would be pleased to have my toes back. I used to play football in the street and I think I was quite good but all that is gone. But I can swim fairly well. Standing for long hours in the shop was a bit wearying but I got used to it.'

'With Brian's sock, do you have ongoing pain?'

'No, although at times I do feel my missing toes are still there, even after all these years.'

'Yes, phantom feelings. Very common.. Mindful of the clock, we must move on. Tell me how you know Joyce Traynor and why you decided to come looking for her all these years later. Be brief, remember, I have a meeting at one o'clock.'

Nothing Ventured

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Over the next fifteen minutes Paul gave a simple account of his teenage friendship with Joyce, (a platonic version, no intimate details) explaining why they had kept their meetings a closely guarded secret because of their different religious backgrounds. He told of their sad goodbyes and their promise to keep in touch in secret using an elderly neighbour as an intermediary. He had waited to hear from Joyce but when the neighbour had died, he had assumed that any letters would be lost in the postal system.

Soon after Joyce had left, he had been thrown in at the deep end by his Uncle Charlie who was determined that he would take over the shops in due course because he did not have a son.

Then the War came along making everything uncertain. As the years had rolled by, he had wondered if Joyce might have forgotten him and moved on in her new life as he had in his. But, as he had no way of writing to her, he had held onto the hope she might still care for him.

'For nearly eight years I had been obliged to work six days a week, every week. No time off for holidays. Uncle Charlie was a driven man and he used me to make things happen, first a second shop nearby, a Bakery, and then a second Butchers shop with an in-house Bakery modelled on the original Butchery.

'I knew all along there was a plan in place to sell the businesses as soon as the War ended. We were too small, even though we had a good reputation. Tragically, within weeks of each other, my Father and Uncle both died, Dad of a stroke and Uncle Charlie of a second massive heart attack. My mother said they had worked themselves to death. This made me determined to get away from Glasgow and find a new life, something outdoors.

'For several months I worked night and day running all three shops while our Accountant set us up for a trade sale. We sold out to a rival, a bigger outfit. There was enough money for both families to live comfortably. I was given a share too.'

'For the first time in my life I was free of responsibilities and I had some money behind me. Thoughts of Joyce began to haunt me. For years, on Sundays, I had been studying the Geography of New Zealand and Britain at the Mitchell Library in Glasgow, a massive place with free access and open seven days a week.

'I had Uncle Charlie's car adapted for hand controls and went on a long journey around Scotland then down into England comparing what I had studied in the Mitchell with the reality I could see with my own eyes. It was my first ever holiday.

'In the back of my mind the idea of going to New Zealand was growing but I knew from the BBC News and national newspapers it was impossible to get a passage because all the ships for New Zealand were reserved for servicemen, taking them back home. Then I hit

Nothing Ventured

on a plan and managed to get myself a job on board working as an assistant chef on a ship called the *Rangitiki*, hoping somehow to find Joyce and try to discover if she was still unmarried and if she was interested in meeting me.'

Paul gave a short account of his journey on the *Rangitiki*, his visit to Henderson and his trip to Dunedin.

'Why did you think Joyce was in Dunedin?'

'Her mother told me, not directly but by inference.'

'You spoke to Dorothy?'

'Yes, she was a bit annoyed at Joyce going back to Otago University.'

'Paul, remind me, when did you arrive here in Auckland?'

'Just before Christmas.'

'Amazing!'

'Since arriving, in fact while I was making my way to Dunedin, I made two new friends, a sister and brother who live on a farm south of Picton. They are Italian by descent and have ambitions to expand a small plantation of vines into a dedicated vineyard by moving away from animals.

'Is their wine any good?'

'Yes. They have a *Sauvignon Blanc* and a *Pinot Noir*. I believe both are excellent, although I am not any kind of expert - meats and baking yes, wines no. They are very nice people and they live in a spectacular location. So very different from Glasgow. I have an informal option to become a working partner in their business but that depends on Joyce.'

'So, Paul, how did you know to contact me?'

'I was helped by a lady at Otago University. Look, I know it was wrong for her to tell me to try to contact you about Joyce but she believed me and broke the rules, I suppose.'

'Amazing. Quite amazing. Remind me, how did you discover *Tantallon Grange*?'

'I was helped by a lady who works at the Emigration Service. She was very reluctant to help at first but when I told her my story, just as I've explained to you, she took a risk, bending the rules to help me. But she was discovered by her Supervisor and strictly forbidden to reveal what she had discovered. However, we met in secret and she told me where to look for Joyce. I cannot reveal her name or she could lose her job.'

'Paul, did you bribe these women?'

'No. They did not ask for money for helping me. I think they saw that I am genuine.'

Nothing Ventured

Miriam Telfer closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair.

Time passed. The clock on the wall dinged for one o'clock and she opened her eyes, picked up her telephone handset and dialled a number.

'Mary, I've been delayed.'

She listened.

'No, I'm stacked solid for the rest of the afternoon into the evening. As you know Mary, it's the busiest time of year. I'll ask Emily to compare our diaries and re-schedule. I owe you one.'

She listened.

'Yes, thanks.'

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Miriam delved into her filing cabinet, retrieved a file, checked the details, smiled broadly, her bright green eyes twinkling with suppressed excitement.

'Paul, I need to explain something about Joyce and her mother. Dorothy was indeed very ill when she left Glasgow but now I know her better, I realise she probably exaggerated her poor health to manipulate Joyce, dominating her, making her a skivvy. From a child she used Joyce mercilessly, forcing her to do most of the housework and cooking, forcing her to look after her brothers and her baby sister Christine.'

'Joyce eventually told me that back in Glasgow her mother was a secret smoker. It seems her Malcolm had a very poor sense of smell. Anyway, although she did suffer from Asthma and Sinusitis, Dorothy kept smoking in secret until she arrived here where she was persuaded by a friend of mine to give up so that the medications he gave her could do their work.'

'When she first arrived in Auckland, I arranged funding so that her treatment would be free of charge, part of a deal with the equally controlling Malcolm, a very strange man if ever there was one. Thankfully that monster was conveniently removed from us in an accident at work in December 1942. As you might imagine, this caused Dorothy to have an emotional breakdown but then she received a pay-off from the company he worked for and was given the use of Tanttallon Grange for a much reduced rental. Everyone rallied round to help.'

'At least Malcolm did not abuse Joyce, only Dorothy. It all came to light after a fashion following his death when Dorothy was in counselling.'

Nothing Ventured

'In the summer of 1942, two years before this accident, I had persuaded Joyce to apply to Otago University enrolling on the medical course to upgrade her Nursing Diploma to become a full Doctor. She wanted to study chest and lung illnesses.

'I got regular reports on the medical grapevine. As I had expected, Joyce was an exemplary student and was set to do well but when she returned home for Christmas, days after her father had died, Dorothy demanded that Joyce play her part as a dutiful daughter. Soon it was mainly Joyce who was running *Tantallon Grange*, with Dorothy interfering and bossing her about. Poor Joyce was utterly exhausted.'

'Free of the nightly sexual harassment she suffered under her departed husband, Dorothy gradually recovered and became the person she had always wanted to be - a drama queen with 'servants' to do the work and listen to her twaddle.

'Over her time in charge, Joyce built up the lodging house business and employed good people to help run it. Eventually it was clear that she was no longer needed. Together we devised a new plan so that she could finally escape from Dorothy's clutches and progress with her career and fulfil her ambition to become a Doctor.

'In this plan, Joyce would pretend to leave by train from Auckland heading for Dunedin to resume her course at Otago. As expected, Dorothy objected but Joyce stuck to her guns and left in good time to get re-established in Dunedin. I arranged for *The Hub* to grant her a further scholarship as all her previous savings had been used up.

'She left Auckland on the train as planned with a big send-off but an hour later, she returned on a bus from a few stops down the line and boarded the *Rangitiki* for Southampton, working as a Nurse tending the walking wounded returning to Britain.'

Miriam continued, telling Paul that while he was waiting to board the *Rangitiki* when it docked at Southampton, Joyce was arriving from Auckland, meaning they had almost met, only a few yards apart.

'After you two passed each other in Southampton, Joyce went directly to Glasgow to stay with a friend of mine at Milngavie, near the Waterworks. Do you know this area?'

'Yes, I visited it a few times on Sundays. It's a popular walk. There is a tram from Glasgow which takes you almost to the entrance.'

'So you know about the path around the Waterworks, which is where Joyce might be walking later today. As you will have gathered, Joyce is very special to me. Let me explain our connection.

'I met Joyce on the *Rangitiki* back in 1937. I was returning from London where I had been on an NZ Government development programme, preparing to take charge here, at *The Hub*, paid for by the Auckland health authorities.

Nothing Ventured

'I saw at once that Joyce is special, very bright although she was quite unsure of herself at that stage. I was in First Class and normally we might not have met as she was in Standard class confined to the lower decks. But she was caring for her baby sister Christine wheeling her around in a makeshift pram, she was permitted to enter the First Class lounge where she was popular with older passengers who had grandchildren they were missing.

'That's where she met the Dearborns, Daniel and Pamela. Over the weeks which followed, Joyce took to playing Chess with Dan. He was very bright too. They played almost every day in the Library.

'Dan went off to Otago University to study Mathematics and Geology. Immediately he graduated he was recruited by the War Department and sent to Britain. It all came out later. He was being sent to try to break the Enigma Code used by the German U-Boats. It was tragically ironic: his ship was sunk in the Atlantic, in broad daylight, all hands lost. Yet another tragedy arising from the War.'

Miriam explained how Joyce had settled well at Glasgow University during her first semester but then in the next semester she had contracted meningitis and had been excluded from progressing on medical grounds. It is very serious, she nearly died.'

'Joyce nearly died? Oh no! What is to happen to her now?'

'Joyce is recovering slowly. She has set herself a programme to build up her strength. Because of the risk to her weakened immune system she has been banned from ever returning to medical studies to become a Doctor, or even to Nursing.'

'How will she react to that disappointment, do you think?'

'Oh, she will get there, eventually. Jennifer is counselling her. Joyce will see the sense in what they have told her. I know Joyce and at heart she is a realist. Jennifer says she has started to look forward to an outdoor life but so far she hasn't fixed on anything in particular she would like to do. There was some talk of becoming a Vet but Trevor has deflected her from this course, pointing out the risks of Bovine Tuberculosis, Salmonellosis as well as Rabies and other diseases which jump across to humans in regular contact with farm animals. We are hoping she will be fit enough to return to Auckland soon and that the climate here will help her to recover more quickly. Perhaps then, when she is fitter, she will find something which captures her imagination.'

'Joyce is definitely coming back to Auckland? How soon?'

'As soon as she is fit to travel. Perhaps August, we think.'

'Miss Telfer, does Joyce have another man in her life? Am I on a fool's errand coming here? Please be honest with me.'

Nothing Ventured

'No, not as far as I know she has not been involved with anyone. I think she might have been closer to Dan Dearborn than she let on but he is no longer with us. My worry is if she returns here in a weakened state, she might fall under the influence of Dorothy and end up back at *Tantallon Grange*. In my estimation, that would be a complete waste of her life.'

'Should I write to her, explain my idea about the vineyard near Picton? Do you think she might be interested?'

'Look Paul, I have always believed that direct action in such matters is best. We live in a modern world. Why not telephone her in Milngavie, from this office? I've done it once before, calling a hospital in London. It is complicated and expensive, very expensive. It costs £15 for a three minute conversation. It has to be pre-booked at both ends, controlled by the operators. I was told there was an absolute limit of fifteen minutes in force so that would be £75 or thereby.'

'That sounds well worth it. I can pay you in advance, if you like.'

'Technically, Joyce is still funded under the Scholarship from *The Hub* so it might not actually cost you anything. But first I must send a telegram to Jenny and give her the background and ask her to break the news to Joyce.'

The clock on the wall dinged 1:30 pm.

Miriam Telfer rose and Paul realised the interview was over.

'Miss Telfer, how can I thank you? My head is spinning. I thought you might block me and yet now it seems as if you are on my side.'

'Paul, at first I did intend to block you because I thought you must be up to something and I could not understand what it was. But you answered every question I put to you. You told me the whole truth. It seems to me the fates are aligned and that despite the difficulties you and Joyce have encountered since you were parted in 1937, you are meant for each other.'

'Yes, I just hope I can match up to her expectations.'

'Paul, how much money do you have, approximately?'

'All told, including money back in Britain, around £4,000 ¹³, at the last update from my Accountant in Glasgow.'

¹³

In New Zealand in 1946, a person with liquid wealth of £4,000 would be considered as **very rich** at a time when a senior Bank Manager might expect a salary of around £350 per annum. Wages at that time in Britain would have been a little higher but costs were also rising steeply.

Nothing Ventured

'Really?'

'Yes. Most of it's still in British Government Bonds and other safe investments. But I want to put it to work. My Uncle Charlie always said if you have money you should invest it in your own endeavours and that's what I hope to do, here in New Zealand.'

'This is about the vineyard, in Picton?'

'Probably, but anything with an outdoor life would do, whatever Joyce thinks would suit her best. I'm here for Joyce, if she'll have me. Everything else is secondary.'

'Well said. Now Paul, as you know I have a very busy day ahead so you must leave immediately. Call back at the same time tomorrow and we'll see if we can raise Milngavie long distance.'

Nothing Ventured

Meant For Each Other

Paul Fettes and Miriam Telfer stood with Emily and Brian Durward watching the passengers as they disembarked from the *QSMV Dominion Monarch*¹⁴. It was a bright, sunny September morning, warm with a light breeze.

At Miriam's insistence, as a joke, Paul was wearing his disguise, coat, hat and glasses. With Brian's comfort sock inside new made-to-measure shoes he could now walk for hours on end without pain or fatigue. His limp was almost imperceptible.

Joyce Traynor strode with elegant confidence towards the Immigration Arrival Hall. She looked fit and tanned with no sign of any weariness in her stride. She was wearing a rosewater pink day dress, elegant rather than opulent, purchased ready made in London. It had a high rounded collar, slightly padded shoulders with short sleeves ending in upturned cuffs. The close-fitting skirt over her hips widened modestly into flared panels just below the knee.

At the entry door she stopped, turned, looked across, saw the waiting foursome and waved coyly.

Paul raised his hat, doffing it like a toff.

While Joyce was passing through Immigration, Brian made arrangements for her luggage to be sent on to *The Grand Hotel*.

As she emerged, Miriam took charge and stepped forward, hugged Joyce and whispered:

'Don't look so worried, your Paul is a delightful man and he is intending to ask you to marry him. He thinks he might not be good enough but I think you'll find he is very suitable. I won't spoil it Joyce by saying how rich he is, only that he's very rich.'

Next up Joyce was hugged by Emily and Brian and finally by Paul. She pressed herself against him and he whispered:

'You look stunning, Joyce. I always knew you would grow into a beauty but my God, you are breathtaking.'

¹⁴ The *QSMV Dominion Monarch* was unusual for a cargo liner in that all of her passenger accommodation was first class; there was no second or third class. When built in 1938–39 she was laid out for 525 first-class passengers, one of the largest cargo liners ever built with all-first-class accommodation.

(QSMV = Quadruple Screw Motor Vessel)

Nothing Ventured

'Well Paul Fettes, you're not so bad yourself.'

'And your voice, Joyce, it sounds so posh.'

'So is yours but still with a slight and adorable Scottish twang. And I love your 'disguise'. Miriam wrote to me about it. Told me everything about your quest to find me.'

Miriam called over to them:

'Let's walk to the *Grand Hotel*. We're booked for a late lunch and then we will leave you two to yourselves. Paul, you have my home telephone number if you need anything.'

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By late afternoon Paul and Joyce were in the superior room he had booked with a view overlooking the harbour and the *Dominion Monarch* sitting in all its splendour, surrounded by dozens of people removing items from her hold and loading stores for the return journey. She would remain in Auckland overnight and take on outward passengers the following morning.

'Well Joyce, tell me again about your voyage. I want details of every port you visited, please.'

'No Paul, later. Miriam hinted you are very rich. I don't mean to seem mercenary, but as you know I've been poor all my life, relying on the generosity of others, so money is an issue for me. But I don't want to be dependent on you. I want to work with you and I do like your vineyard idea.'

He chuckled, 'Would it suit you better if I was poor?'

'No, of course not.'

'Sure?'

'Paul, stop teasing me. Spill the beans, *at once!* '

He leaned forward and whispered in her ear:

'Currently I have command of a total wealth just in excess of £4,500.'

'You have **what?**'

'Not in actual cash. About half is still back in Britain, held in safe investments. Here in Auckland I have just over £2,000 in a high interest savings account at the Bank of New Zealand and a Current Account with immediate access to £300.'

'You have a *chequebook?*'

'Yes, and a wallet with just over a hundred in cash and another forty pounds equivalent in US Dollars in Travellers Cheques.'

Nothing Ventured

'Paul, did you get this money by gambling?'

'No. I've never put on a bet in my life. It came as my share when we sold the *Fettes Family Butchers* business and *Fettes Family Bakers*. We were bought out by *Brechins the Butchers*.'

'Miriam hinted at that in her letters but she did not explain. Your Father and your Uncle Charlie died. Is that right?'

'Yes, Dad faded away from a series of minor strokes which you would probably call brain haemorrhages. Uncle Charlie died after two massive heart attacks. Their share of the sale of the businesses to *Brechin* went to my Mother and my sisters and to my Aunt and her daughters. They are now ladies of leisure. Because of my efforts, I was given my share too.'

'Amazing.'

'After twenty years of hard toil, my Father and Uncle did not get anything in return, not really. They never had a holiday. Neither family had a holiday. Twenty years of working hard and on their feet around ten hours a day, six days a week, doing a job they did not like.'

'Is that why you came here, looking for me? To get away from grimy old Glasgow?'

'More to find you than to escape from Britain. I had a car for a year and toured all over. There are lots of very nice places in Britain but none as green and unspoilt as here in New Zealand. The War was almost over but there was no way to come here at that time. Then I saw a chance and travelled as an assistant chef on the *Rangitiki*.'

'Paul, when I was in Glasgow, living in Milngavie, I travelled over to Tantallon Road and tried to find you. Your family had moved but no one knew where.'

'As soon as people knew my Mother was rich, they were pestered night and day. But no, I did not know they had moved but it doesn't surprise me.'

'You've lost touch with them?'

'Not really. I think my Aunt would know, probably. I think they might have moved to Ayr. Mum always wanted to live beside the seaside. While we were at school she would sneak away on the train to Ayr for the day and bring us back stocks of rock, pink and chewy.'

'So then I went to your Uncle's shop in Cumberland Street. It was changed to *Brechins Butchers*. I asked for you there but they said they did not know you. A nice girl trailed after me. She had worked in the Pollokshaws shop when you were in charge.'

Nothing Ventured

'She told me the *Fettes*' shops had been sold and that you had 'disappeared' but she had heard you on the telephone, talking about Auckland. Her father told her Auckland was in New Zealand. Back then I didn't know what to think. It was a complete mystery. Actually, I thought the idea of you coming to Auckland must have been a made up story. I was sure I had lost you.'

'No Joyce, here I am, if you want me.'

'Oh Paul, that money you gave me, the green purse? It was stolen from me during the voyage. It was partly my own fault. I hid it in the panelling beside my bed. I realised afterwards that it had been a set up. The purse was there but the money was gone. I was so mad I threw it overboard. Afterwards I felt so bad about it. I was ashamed and I couldn't tell anyone. In fact, you are the first person I've told.'

'Yes, I know, these things happen. But well, it has all worked out in the end. You said you like the vineyard idea but have you really given up on Nursing and becoming a Doctor?'

'Yes. Jennifer in particular was a great help there. She helped me accept that I could no longer work in hospitals because the risk of infection is too high.'

'Joyce, what do think of the *Buena Vistas* proposal I wrote to you about? Look, I don't want to force you into something you don't want to do. Are you really sure you're keen on it?'

'OH YES! Just hold on, while I show you.'

Joyce opened a deep, rectangular leather holdall and began removing books, mostly they were old, well-worn. She laid them out for him to inspect.

'It took me ages to locate these. This first one I found in a second-hand bookshop just off Byres Road, down a lane. It's a collector's piece, apparently. It is amazing.

Here, look.' ¹⁵

15

VITICULTURE IN NEW ZEALAND
WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO AMERICAN VINES

BY
ROMEO BRAGATO,
Government Viticulturist,
Department of Agriculture.

WELLINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTER.
1906.

Nothing Ventured

'As you probably know, finding one book often leads to the next. The Mullens, the couple in that bookshop were fantastic. They had catalogues of books and contacts all over Britain and gradually I had this full set. A compendium of twenty-eight books and pamphlets. I've been studying them closely. And look, I do know all I have is book learning but I'm sure with help from Caterina and Francesco the four of us will be successful. So yes, please, I would like to try to develop a vineyard with you.'

'Joyce, will you marry me, please?'

'Yes Paul, but I may not be strong enough to have babies so we must use condoms at first.'

'Yes, Miss Telfer warned me. She gave me a supply.'

'Miriam has been like a mother to me. She is truly remarkable. An angel.'

Nothing Ventured

Ten Years Later

The extended Land Rover 4WD ¹⁶ turned off at the signpost:

Buena Vistas Vinery

Award Winning Vintages on Sale

Free Tastings

Award Winning Pies

The driver changed gear and climbed the slope to the re-modelled and up-graded farmhouse. She parked beside the rear patio adjacent to the kitchen door where the dog was waiting.

Charlie (8), Mark (6) and Miriam (4) tumbled out the rear doors and raced to the play area with its rugby posts, netball hoops, swings, climbing frame and gigantic chute which discharged into the deep end of the full sized swimming pool.

Barney the Border Collie ran after them yapping and yipping, his tail gyrating wildly.

Joyce opened the rear door and hefted two large shopping bags towards the kitchen.

Paul appeared, a telegram in his hand.

He shook his head and passed it to Joyce.

Joyce,

Sad news.

Your mother passed away peacefully during the night.

As expected, her lungs gave up the struggle.

Telephone me when you feel able to discuss funeral arrangements.

Miriam.

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¹⁶

Land Rover Series I 109" model

Nothing Ventured

Caterina arrived driving the Little Grey Fergie ¹⁷ pulling a trailer carrying baskets of grapes for the press.

Francesco and his assistant Brett, a youngster in his late teens, set about unloading the baskets.

Paul arrived and tasted a grape, his eyes closed, savouring its flavour.

'Well, what do you think?' asked Francesco.

'Very nice, not too sweet, maybe even better than last year?'

'I agree, let's ask Joyce and Caterina. I think we've got a real winner with this year's picking.'

¹⁷

Ferguson TEA-30

Nothing Ventured

Timetable prepared by Jennifer Scott for Joyce Traynor's first term at Glasgow Medical School, September 1945.

Monday

- 8:30–9:30: Anatomy lecture on the skeleton and basic human anatomy.
- 9:45–12:00: Anatomy practical, likely beginning or continuing dissection work.
- 12:00–1:00: Lunch, usually a quick meal nearby.
- 1:00–2:00: Chemistry lecture.
- 2:15–4:00: Chemistry practical in the laboratory.
- Evening: Rewrite lecture notes, learn anatomical terms, and do Latin revision.

Tuesday

- Walk briskly around the waterworks path three turns before breakfast.
- 9:00–10:00: Physiology lecture.
- 10:15–12:00: Physiology demonstration or practical class.
- 12:00–1:00: Lunch.
- 1:00–3:00: Anatomy dissection or anatomy tutorial.
- 3:15–4:15: Possibly a short class in hygiene, biology-related preparation, or study period.
- Evening: Read physiology notes and memorise key facts for recall.

Wednesday

- Walk briskly around the waterworks path three turns before breakfast.
- 9:00–11:00: Anatomy lecture and practical demonstration.
- 11:15–12:30: Chemistry lecture or lab instruction.
- 12:30–1:30: Lunch.
- 1:30–3:30: Chemistry practical work.
- 3:45–4:30: Small-group instruction, revision, or anatomical drawing work.
- Evening: Private Latin study with Trevor.

Thursday

- Walk briskly around the waterworks path three turns before breakfast.
- 9:00–10:00: Physiology lecture.
- 10:15–12:00: Physiology practical, including simple experiments and observations.
- 12:00–1:00: Lunch.
- 1:00–3:00: Anatomy practical, with identification of structures and note-taking.
- 3:15–4:00: Possibly a short seminar, revision class, or informal tutorial.
- Evening: Prepare for next day, recopy diagrams, and review terminology.

Friday

Nothing Ventured

- Walk briskly around the waterworks path three turns before breakfast.
- 9:00–10:00: Anatomy lecture.
- 10:15–12:00: Anatomy practical or dissection.
- 12:00–1:00: Lunch.
- 1:00–2:00: Chemistry lecture.
- 2:15–3:30: Chemistry practical or problem work.
- 3:45 onward: Free for study, errands, or rest.
- Evening: Private Latin study with Trevor.

Saturday

- 9:00–11:00: Shorter practical session, revision class, or catch-up anatomy work.
- 11:15–12:30: Tutorial, laboratory completion, or class test.
- Afternoon: Independent study at home.
- First drafts of any hand-in work due in the week ahead.
- Evening: Family time, listen to radio or attend a concert or see a film.

Sunday

- Walk briskly around the waterworks path three turns before breakfast.
- Latin in the morning.
- Walk briskly around the waterworks path three times.
- Lunch.
- Memorisation or Latin vocabulary Latin Revision.
- Re-read all Anatomy, Chemistry Physiology notes.