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www.bowlsbirkenhead.co.nz

The Birkenhead Bowling Club

Wednesday, 29 April 2020





Birkenhead Licensing Trust Investing in our community















LEVEL 3

New Zealand is currently at Alert Level 3. The Clubrooms & Greens are closed.

AGM 2020

The AGM 2020 is set down for 10am Sunday 7 June 2020 at the Clubrooms. Notice of the AGM will go out to all financial members early next week, keep an eye out on your inbox or in a few cases your letter box. The actual date of the AGM or the way it is conducted may change depending on what Alert Level we will be under and the restrictions that are in place. The Board is currently looking at all possibilities with the assistance of Bowls North Harbour and Bowls New Zealand.

"The Dog House"

The fifth instalment of our weekly "lock-down" column by Mike Cartwright.

If you have never been to Palmerston North....then do not divert off State Highway One to go there. Palmerston North has to be one of the most boring towns in New Zealand.....next to Hamilton I don't think you need to go there unless you are playing bowls or you want to try your luck at a university degree in agriculture. I spent a week there in 2015 when I did a greenkeepers course at the Turf Institute. The weeds I were studying at the institute were more interesting than the Palmerston North nightlife and it had been no better back in 2009 when as the victorious regional finalist we headed there for the New Zealand Finals.

I have a poor recollection of how we got there but I think North Harbour managed to afford the tickets to fly. I committed the ultimate sin as a bunch of lads going on a sports tour.... I took my girlfriend. I mean who does that.... who goes on tour and takes his girlfriend....me, that is who? When I think back on that choice it probably wasn't a bad one as Katrina knew everyone but it's still something I think about, especially when I travelled to Queenstown this year and slated a fellow player for bringing his wife to drinks. Still I cannot go back and just must learn from the experience.

It is safe to say that we were one of the most poorly dressed teams at the finals having to squeeze into whatever fitted us. I can remember me, and Nigel had a mad rush to get the only XL shirt and even that North Harbour hand-me down was on its last legs and was probably more use cleaning my motorbike. Still we had no choice and luckily the weather was kind and we didn't have to wear a tracksuit. Good job because we did not have one, unlike some of the other centres who were decked out in brand knew kit....and get this.... they could keep them. Apparently, it had something to do with the honour of representing the centre....as you can see, I am not bitter.

I'm not sure what our expectation was but we came a whisker away from winning the thing and repeating the feat of the 2006 team. As a triple we were on fire winning four of our five games and only losing the last in a tie break. Bob and Marty made things easy for me as a skip and I think I only got smacked once by one of Bobs drives when I forgot to stand in front of the head. I personally think it was payback for taking his position off him, but he would never admit it. I think we were deflated when we left, so close but so far from a national title, of sorts. I will not go into the detail, but the link gives a brief account of our plight.

http://www.stuff.co.nz/auckland/local-news/north-shore-times/384722/One-set-separates-bowlers-from-title

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Healthline: Free health advice and information, anytime – 0800 611 116

If you or anyone you know is struggling with the lockdown you can call or text 1737 – free, anytime, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week – to talk with a trained counsellor.



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After handing back our North Harbour shirts for the poor bastards next year, and the year after, and the year after that, we all settled back into the final third of the bowls year. I took a liking to the attitude of the Birkenhead boys in Palmerston and made a big decision to leave Browns Bay and play for Birkenhead in the 2009/2010 season. I'm not a big fan of switching clubs, I think it shows a lack of loyalty but unlike others I wasn't doing it because I didn't like where the selectors put me, I was doing it for the comradeship and I saw Birkenhead offering a bit more than just bowls. I still saw myself as a lead but was a lot more confident about my capabilities playing elsewhere and the move was to prove a good choice although circumstances were to make it a brief stay.

Early in the 2009/2010 season I teamed up with my now wife, Katrina Holland for the North Harbour Mixed Pairs. Unlike other couples who play bowls together I did not want to rip her throat out and arguments were non-existence which meant we did not spend our time spitting tacks at each other and could concentrate on playing bowls. We made the last 8 and were beating in the quarters by Leanne Chinery and Don Trott from Birkenhead 13-12 on the last end. Later in the season I had the pleasure of playing with Danny O'Connor in the club triples. Nigel sorted the team out, with him and Danny carrying me to my first senior club title at the club. I do not know why but for some reason I had a vague memory that I was leading against Bart Robertson...maybe someone can enlighten me. (Editor's note: Bart was a

member of Birkenhead for a short time, one season from recollection)

Later, at the champ of



champ triples we came a Ross Haresnape drive away from making the final and winning a centre title. For some odd reason Danny could not make the finals so Nigel jacked up this a second-rate skip in Tony Grantham...kidding. Tony was what I call a machine on the day and he carried us to a semi-final against Ross, Colin Rogan and John Walker. Not an easy task to beat them but they were all getting old and we fancied our chances. We started a bit slow but eventually got over our early game nerves and crawled our way back into the game going into the last end all tied up. Nigel and I finally gave something Tony something to work with and were holding three with Rosco about to play his last bowl. By this time, he was a bit grumpy and could not get a straight answer out of his team mates and was not going to listen anyway. He hurled one down in gay-abandon and when the dust settled, they were holding one. Two feet Tony, piece of piss for you to draw shot.... Tony was not listening as he was fuming, and his bowl was on its way before Nigel had finished his sentence. They went on to win the championship and Tony reminds me of that shot every time he sees me. As we all do, he forgot about all the brilliant shots he played during the day and the fact that he was the difference in a lot of our games.....so keen he was to win that title for me and Nigel...its only a game...or is it !!! To be continued.....