

Annie Bradshaw

Worked with EO	from 11 October 1982 to 1989
Age on joining EO	25
Nationality	Kiwi
Role at EO	Wren Park Hovel cleaner/Wren Park Perpetual Trainee/Leader Driver
Expeditions/Brief Encounters etc. led or taken	Did all three continents, mixture of long and short-haul. Also did a couple of treks in Nepal. I can still feel the breathtaking awe of being amongst those magnificent mountains.
Why did you want to work for EO?	Was living with my fiancé in London – kept having reoccurring dreams of my wedding dress getting dirty on the way to the wedding, so went to Africa to contemplate my future. Realised quickly, I wasn't getting married. Fell in love with Africa and decided I needed to live there. After three months with Tracks we were only in Bangui instead of London, so I hitched the second half. I shared my thoughts about working for EO with whoever would listen (EO didn't seem to break down as often as Tracks). Everyone poo-pood the idea – a woman wasn't strong enough. Hmm, I thought. Got back to London, split with my man, applied for a job with EO and much to everyone's surprise (even mine) I made it.
Occupation before joining EO	Wren Park hovel cleaner, Wren Park perpetual mechanical trainee, Journalist, Temp Admin – various places, London.
Occupation after leaving EO	Spasmodic for nearly 3 years – normal life was so boring. Eventually HR – still dealing with people, just not in a truck.
Now living in	Auckland, NZ



Memories or anecdotes

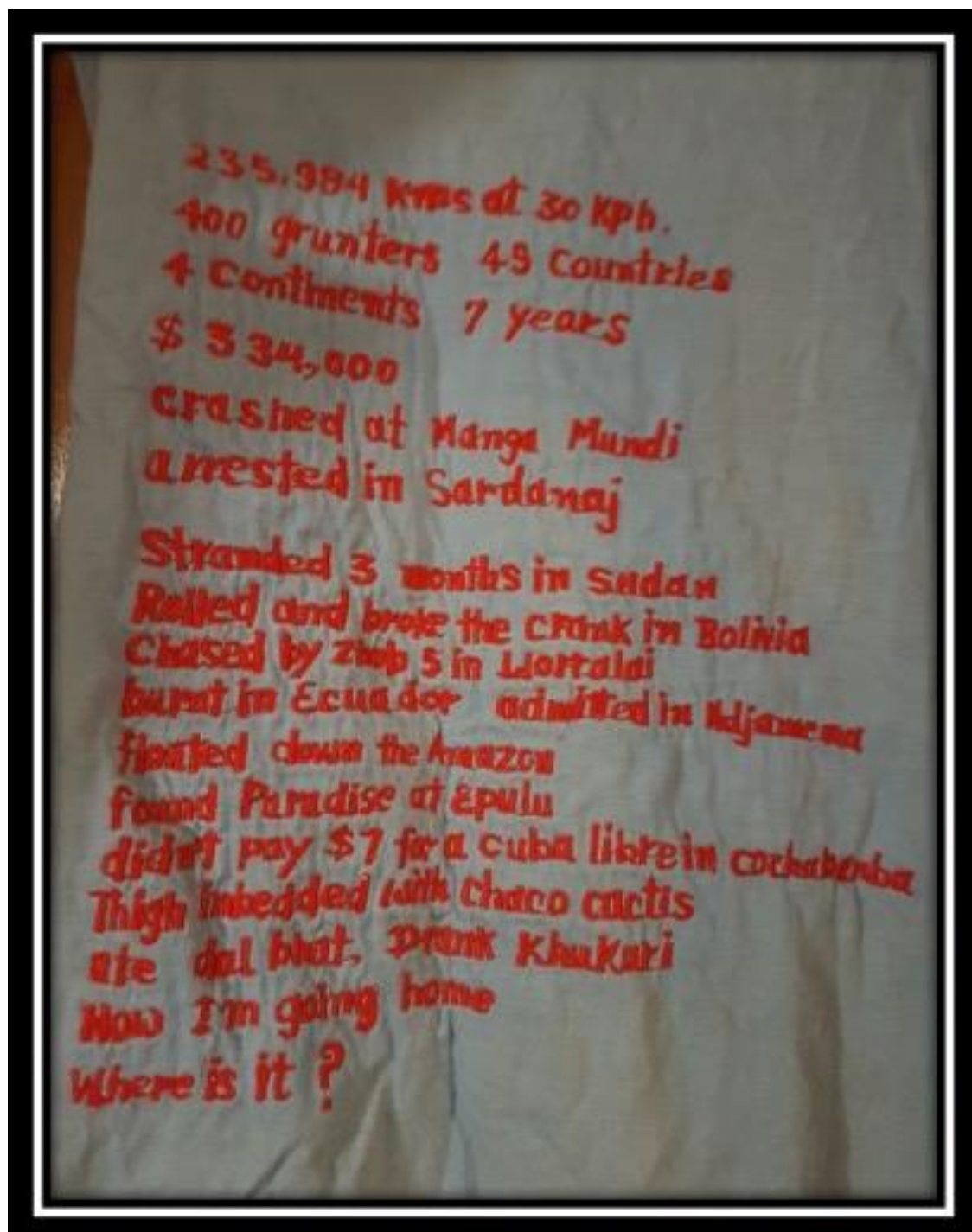
Memories first – **Thank you** Mr Tony Jones. Thank you for being your scary, temperamental, visionary, extraordinary, humanistic self! Thank you for giving me, and so many others the opportunity of an extraordinary chapter in life. I still ponder **what** the “x” factor was - what you identified in people - the commonality that enabled us all to work for EO. We were all so different, yet compatible – you had great insight (even if you didn't get it right all the time ☺).

Thank you, Peter McAllister, one of the wisest, most patient people on earth. I'll never know why you didn't lose me in the back of the workshop forever out of pure frustration. You are a saint and I still owe you a pound.

Thank you Lance Thomas and Trish Burt for giving us the platform to rekindle our pasts and share forever The Bizarre, The Unbelievable, The Outrageous and The Hilarious.

We all have so many unique stories, it's impossible to write them on a page – that's why the reunions are **so** good – we all speak the same language – there's an understanding of the environments, from where our stories come. All very different – yet a similar thread.

When I decided to leave EO, someone gave me this t-shirt. I figure a picture *still* tells a story, so I've shared my EO anecdotes by taking a photo of this ragged, treasured creation from Kathmandu.



I still have the cactus in my thigh and I'm going to keep it there. I've read everyone else's' stories to date and they're all very above board and professional and rightly so, I suppose. I do have a story or two, as I'm sure we all do, that can't be published. Again, YAY for the reunions – and in case you never make one, Mr Norwood, thanks for your help in a moment of need. Bless my KTM/LD/Office peers for the laughs, embarrassing moments, brilliant memories and being exemplary participants of the work-hard, play-hard ethic. Cheers, love, and my profound respect to you all and certainly but not least, to the extraordinary people who DID put up with me/us as their Leader/driver(s). And as for the other *humans* that shared my/our life 24/7 on a truck, thank god you'll never be seen again. ☺