

Resene TradeLines

Issue 9 - 2004



“ With Spring here we thought it was time to spring-clean the TradeLines materials that we have squirreled away... and just like any spring-clean we found some treasures we had forgotten about. Unfortunately they weren't treasures that you could put in the bank, but at least they were worth a laugh! The treasures were some of the funny stories we were sent in last year by Tradelines readers... so we've thrown a few in this issue and have a few saved up for another issue. Hope you enjoy reading the decorating disaster stories of others - makes you realise that decorating is a far more dangerous occupation than it appears. Of course if anyone else has an even more impressive decorating disaster (I mean story), just send it to Resene Marketing, PO Box 38242, Wellington Mail Centre, NZ or email to advice@resene.co.nz attn: Marketing. ”

Struck Gold!

Resene struck gold recently winning a Wellington Gold Award - a reward for years of hard work by the Resene team and thanks to you our customers for your ongoing support.



Primed & Ready

The Crown family has grown yet again... this time an Acrylic Primer in both a 4L and 10L size has joined the Crown clan.

Crown Acrylic Primer Undercoat is a general purpose acrylic interior/exterior primer and undercoat. Line priced with Crown Low Sheen, the new primer offers a good lower priced option for areas where customers are seeking a good primer, but not the best primer (if you want the best you can't go past good 'ol reliable Resene Quick Dry).



This just about completes the Crown range, with a couple of other products being slaved over by the Technical team for release when they are perfected.

Go Gloss

The Tech team has done a little tinkering with **Decorator 100% Gloss** as we'd had a few suggestions here and there that perhaps a little tweak wouldn't go astray to improve the application properties.

We've now played and brushed AND tweaked and the product is finding its way onto the shelf having wrestled the formulation and paintbrushes away from the lab boys and girls (we let them out of the lab to trial the samples and it was hard to convince them to go back in and start doing real work!).

The new formula is still nice and glossy but with the added bonus of being easier to use.

You'll start seeing the new packs on shelf with new formula stickers soon.



Ha de Ha

I found a few more of the funny Decorating Stories that were sent in by TradeLines Readers last year, so hope you enjoy the antics of your fellow decorators...

From Décor Decorating Contractors of Paraparaumu

Years ago my Dad was wallpapering the lounge in their flat and a large cabinet stood against the east wall. Mum suggested they move it out to wallpaper behind it.

Dad's reply was that the cabinet was attached to the wall and it was far too big to move anyway. Mother agreed. When mother died and Dad had passed away earlier it fell on me to redecorate. I called in a painter and we discussed redecorating behind the cabinet. An argument began, I said it couldn't be moved as it "was attached to the wall" - he said it could be moved. A compromise was reached, the cabinet moved out and lo and behold the wallpaper stopped directly around the cabinet - no-one else had ever papered there either. Amongst a lot of laughter the walls were papered, the cabinet returned to its original spot and in due course I married the painter!

From Bob Wells Painting and Decorating of Timaru

I was spray painting the Kahurangi Lighthouse in bad windy conditions and had so much alkyd paint over me that when the Ministry of Works boss flew in to check on the job he didn't know who I was!!! Considering I had painted Pilmor Point lighthouse twice prior to that for him I must have looked a sight for him not to recognise me.

Of course that wasn't the only time I ended up covered in paint. While on an extension ladder with a pot hook (wire) I managed to hook the paint pot handle right on top of the hook end. The first brushful saw the pot of paint fall to the ground and the paint came straight back up into my face. What a waste of good paint!

the Eneser news the professionals use

Ha de Ha

Continued

From Ron's Renovations of Timaru

While painting a roof recently my tray slipped - sailed past me - couldn't do a thing about it. It hit the next door neighbour's concrete driveway with a resounding crash. The next door neighbour promptly appeared and went off her block! She stood and watched me clean it up. Now her concrete driveway is cleaner than it has been in years! It was only later on how funny it was - paint everywhere, her yelling and screaming...

From Jackie Marriott of Lower Hutt

Seven years of renovating had nearly come to an end. Just the finishing touches were needed like painting doorways, skirting boards etc. The decision had been made to sell our home in Melbourne as we had decided to move back home to good old Wellington to be with family. We had decided to sell at auction which meant open homes every Saturday and Sunday for a month leading up to the auction.

The first open home was being held on a Saturday afternoon at 1pm and I only had the laundry door to paint. At 12.35 the last lick of paint was applied to the door and we were ready for the open home.

As I lifted the tin of near white paint from the jet black slate floor the edge of the lid caught the handle and the tin flipped. The remaining half litre of paint then proceeded to flow evenly down the slate hallway, filling up all the rows of grout along the way!!

Grabbing about 10 towels, 3 newspapers and 2 daughters, we started the clean up. One large plastic bag was needed to hold the towels and paper and the 2 daughters were on bended knees with boiling hot water and sponges trying to mop up.

At 12.58 when the last drop of paint was removed one very paint covered mother and two daughters vacated the premises for the open home with the prospective buyers having no idea of what had just taken place.

From Dennis Brown Painters of Christchurch

Two of us were painting a garage roof. My mate painted himself into a corner. He thought he'd take a couple of steps to get out. Wham he fell off the roof. He was OK but covered in paint. I thought silly bugger.

I decided to finish the square he left by standing on the lead head nails. Double whammy - I came off too. We were both cleaning ourselves off when a neighbour came over to see if we were OK. A retired couple had been watching us as they washed their lunch dishes. The lady couldn't believe it - she said to her husband at the time "Look George the painter has fallen off the roof. Look George there goes the other one." True story!

From Maurice Mills Decorating of Invercargill

Working on a local farm painting the house, garage and farm sheds in the middle of a hot summer allows you to appreciate wide open spaces. After enjoying cooked lunches followed by puddings I was asked if I could squeeze the shearing shed roof in, which I obliged.

The first day allowed the roof to be waterblasted and primed. The second day caused concern. Farmer Brown had killed some sheep that night, drums of offal and waste created a sickening smell. Continuing with the job the smell seemed to linger around all day. I got brassed off with Farmer Brown being so inconsiderate and decided he'd be getting an earful. Sure enough the sound of his ATV motorbike coming down the hill and down the lane readied me for his blast.

Farmer Brown: Hi Painter, how's it going?

Painter thinks: (He'll wear my temper soon...)

Painter says: Good, see ya had a kill eh?

Farmer Brown: Yeah, thought you'd also like one for your freezer.

Painter: Thanks very much... nice day isn't it?

From Dave Corley of Palmerston North

My story relates to an incident that took place during 1960 whilst we were repainting the exterior of a 40 year old farmhouse at Glen Oroua. On the property was a collection of old farm buildings that held a wide range of old machinery and many varied past used farm items.

One day when the farmer went to town for a stock sale, curiosity got the better of us and we went 'exploring' in one of the old sheds. This one had been used as a general store shed and on a bench in one corner was a collection of partly filled paint tins. One that caught our eye was a 10 gallon tin in a very rusty state, which was bulging at the seams and top under great pressure.

Being young and naïve, I commenced to prize the lid off with my putty knife when lo and behold, the lid disappeared towards the heavens at a great rate of knots and the seam split spraying us with an unsightly white goeey emulsion substance that stuck like peanut butter on carpet. But the worst was yet to come. The stench was something out of this world. It was worse than a Turkish camel driver's armpit or even the inside of a septic tank cleaner's gumboots - it was putrid.

We staggered outside only to be greeted by the sight of cows in the adjacent paddock showing their disgust by walking away with their heads bowed and waving their tails in the air and watched in awe as one of the free range chooks laid the same egg three times. We had to discard our overalls they were in such a mess.

When the farmer returned we told him what had happened and he just laughed and said a lot of the stuff in the shed belonged to his grandfather who had been attached to a stores unit during the First World War and there will be all sorts of things there.

Six months later we returned to the farm to redecorate the interior of the house and the farmer told us that since that day, his cows had not contracted mastitis, his apple trees were clear of codlin moth and his wife was pregnant and due to give birth at Xmas!!!

From Bernard Reid of Mt Maunganui

One occasion I called to say I would be starting their job tomorrow. A beautiful young lady answered the door (no telephones in those days) - I said will you tell your Mam to STRIP - I'll be here at 8am. The smile I received is still with me all these years later.

More news in October!

Eneser ♥
Buckett

Eneser Buckett, Editor.



Painting with Eneser No. 54

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