

WAIWHARE WIRE

APRIL 1992

Much has happened since our last 'Wire'. Holidays and summer fun are long gone and Easter (along with Winter) is fast approaching.

Once again we have a "full", if somewhat overdue 'Wire' with many people to thank for their help and contributions - it's you community people out there who make our magazine unique.

We couldn't put this issue out without a mention of the Cahirdean fire. How many of us felt totally useless and helpless when those flames took that house so easily and how sorry we felt for Jocelyn and her family with the thought of all their possessions and effects being destroyed.

It was very encouraging however to see the way our community rallied together to help Jos.

Contributions of clothing, furniture, electrical equipment and goodness knows what else was fantastic. Terry Bullock's shearing gang came up trumps with their support and typically, through it all, Jos never stopped smiling!

No babies, engagements or marriages yet this year, however...

CONGRATULATIONS do go to our ex Waiwhare School pupils who gained School Certificate in 1991.

Lucy Arthur, Robert Ayres, Philippa Kay and Peter Sheild each passed in all six subjects (with A passes not in short supply).

- Good luck to you for your sixth form year. We hear the work is somewhat harder now (especially the 7th form accounting, eh Robert?).



AEROBICS

Sherenden Hall, May 25th, 6.30pm

\$2 per 45 minute session (Phew!)

Also midday Thursday class

Margie Glenny 874-2800

Crutching

Here's a verse for the "Wire"
Should it be crutching, or the fire?
The fire's too sad, the crutching will do -
Where shall I start - it's up to you.
So here I go, right or wrong,
If I get a break it won't take long.

The school notice came, with art work too,
"Omahaki's Crutching, we need you".
Just how many they didn't say
But we need "Your Body" for the day.

Early starters gather round,
Listening for a vehicle sound.
The time goes by, let's make a start,
More folks are coming, do take heart.

David's on one, Peter's on two,
Watch those doors whatever you do.
Barry's the man on number 3,
There's room for all, just wait and see.

Out the back there's Rick and Co,
Learning all they need to know,
'cept for "count out" - "Whatcha say?"
It's new to Steve all the way.

The sheep keep coming thick and fast
Soon it's smoko time at last.
The tucker's out, gosh what a spread
Shame about the smelly shed.

All too soon it's back to work.
I wish I had a place to shirk .
I'll keep an eye out for a while
Watching cockies and their style.

Down the board at number 6
The plant is broken, it needs a fix.
Some time is taken over how,
Johnny's resting, "Just for now".

Roger's grateful to ease the pace
But we all know it's not a race.
Though to watch it all from number 5
You'd think it was a big beehive.

In and out the doors they go
What next comes out, you never know.
"Shut the door", it's too late
Sheep on the board, the excitement great.

Rowsies busy, brooms to spare
The press needs tramping, get Jill up there.
Gently she gives a poke,
Firmer now she hits her stroke.

Martin's here, flat out too
No moccasins on but socks will do.
Running in and running out
He and Pete, they're no louts.

Out the back the dog looks scary,
The men are tired, even weary.
Though Bo-peep has a certain style
The sheep won't go that extra mile.
Just another foot would do
Come on, Leonie, where's that "Shoo!"?

The last arrive on the grating,
Across the board the paddock's waiting.
Slowly now the plants wind down,
Quietly, quietly, peace abounds.

We hear a truck
The keg is coming,
The men are done
They're through with running.
The work is over,
Time to rest,
The first cold beer
Sure tastes the best.



"I gotta admit yer style's distinctive . . . Saturday night pub car park."



zucchini COURGETTES MARRONS

Yes, its that's time of year again that, if you've got a vege garden like Liz & Gerald's, you've got zucchini coming out your ears. Here's some recipcs to help you dwindle that pile of surplus veges rather than throw them to the pigs.

Zucchini Loaf

3 eggs beaten
1 cup oil
2 cups sugar
2 cups grated zucchini
3 tsp vanilla
1 tsp salt
3 cups flour
1 tsp baking soda
1 cup chopped walnuts

Mix eggs, oil, sugar & add 1 cup of flour with salt & soda. Add zucchini, remaining flour & beat well, add vanilla & nuts. Bake in two loaf tins at 350°C for one hour.

Courgette Pizza Pie.

150 grm courgette (4 cups)
2 cups grated tasty cheese
2 eggs slightly beaten
½ tsp salt
1 green pepper sliced in strips

500 grm mince
med onion
cup tomato puree
2 tsp oreganum

Grate courgette & squeeze out moisture. Mix with ½ cup tasty cheese & eggs. Press mixture into a greased pie dish (25 x 36 cm). Bake 200°C for 10 mins.

Sprinkle salt & garlic in frypan. Add mince & cook until crumbling. Add onions. Spread mixture over pizza base. Spread tomato puree over mince & sprinkle with oreganum. Arrange pepper & mushroom strips on top & sprinkle with remaining cheese. Bake 200°C or until cheese is bubbly. Serves 6.

Zucchini & Fresh Herbs.

500 gr zucchini
2 tblsp oil
1 tblsp butter
2 tblsp fresh mixed herbs
1 tsp lemon juice
S = P.

Cook altogether in pan & serve

Zucchini & Tomato Omelette

500 grm zucchini
1 onion chopped
2 cloves garlic chopped
2 tblsp oil
1 tblsp butter
nutmeg S = P.

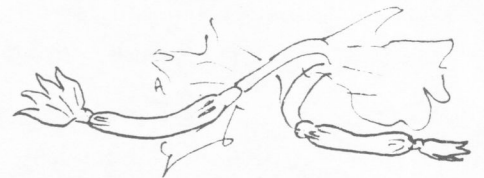
Cut up zucchini & cook in butter & oil with onion & garlic until just cooked. Chop up & add tomatoes. Add basil & cook till tender. Beat eggs, cheese & parsley add to 1st mixture & cook until eggs are set. You can put this under the grill to brown the top. 3-

Stuffed Courgette

Medium size courgette
1 tblsp oil 1 onion
clove of garlic (crushed)
500 grm ham
50-100 grms mushrooms
2 tblspns tomato paste
rind & juice of ½ lemon
½ tsp tarragon
salt & pepper.

Cut courgette lengthwise & scoop out seeds & reserve pulp.

Place courgette in a pan of boiling water & boil 1-2 mins. Remove & drain. Heat oil in pan & fry onions & garlic. Remove from heat & stir in rest of ingredients. Put mixture in courgette shell & place in a greased dish. Bake in mod. oven 20 mins.



Zucchini Flan



Pastry - 75 gr. butter or marg.
2 tbslp water
150 grm flour.

Filling - 3-4 sliced zucchini
60 ml milk
3 eggs
pinch paprika S & P.

Rub butter into flour, add water slowly. Mix to a firm dough. Roll to shape of pie dish.

Beat eggs, add milk etc. Mix in zucchini. Pour into pastry. Cook for 30 mins at 350°F or 180°C.

Vegetable Moussaka

1 potato sliced & cooked
1 egg plant sliced (optional)
2 tbslp oil
3-4 courgette sliced
1 cup fresh chopped } borage
 } comfrey
 } silver beet

1 large onion chopped
2 peppers chopped.
50 gr mushrooms sliced (opt.).
2 dsp fresh oregano (2 tsp dried)
125 mls tomato puree
black pepper & salt
cheese sauce (about a pint)

Baked Zucchini & Rice

4 zucchini sliced
1 onion chopped
1 clove garlic
4-5 Tomatoes
1 cup cooked rice

1 glass white wine
1 tbslp oil
grated cheese

In a pan cook onions & zucchini in oil add garlic & tomatoes - cook until tender. Add rice & wine put into a casserole dish & top with cheese & bake in oven or microwave.



Zucchini Soup

1 small onion chopped
1 potato chopped
500 gr zucchini chopped
2 tbslp butter
½ tsp chopped tarragon (optional)
2 cups chicken stock
S & P. ¼ cup cream

Cook onion, zucchini, potato & tarragon in butter. Add stock simmer until veges are cooked. Mash or put through a blender. Heat & serve with 1 tspn whipped cream on top.

- Oil a large casserole dish. Make tomato paste using excess oil - in pan put oil, cook onions & garlic till soft, add peppers, mushrooms, oregano, tomato puree & S & P - cook another 2 mins.

- Place vegetables in layers starting with potatoes & ending with potato. Pour tomato mixture over top & bake in covered dish at 350°F - 180°C for 40 mins. When cooked cover with cheese sauce & breadcrumbs - tomato - cheese (if wanted) Put back in oven uncovered for 15 mins. Can be cooked in the microwave

ZUCCHINI WITH ROSEMARY SAUCE

3-4 Zucchini
125 mls white sauce
¼ tspn chopped rosemary
P & S

2 tomatoes
50 gr. mushrooms
1 tbslp parmesan cheese

Slice zucchini - place in casserole dish. Cover with white sauce & rosemary. Slice tomatoes & mushrooms, layer on top - cover with cheese. Bake in covered dish 15-20 mins. 350°F or 180°C. then place under grill.

Sports Day '92

Our 1992 Sports Day has been and gone. There were some very anxious people, particularly the chairman, at the Friday working bee. All indications were that we were going to have to battle with the weather this year but how wrong we were proved to be. We couldn't have asked for a better day weather-wise. All events went according to plan and we didn't get too far behind time. One thing that the organisers noticed this year was the willingness of so many people to help out with events on the day, the result being that even the organisers could enjoy themselves and not have to wait until the Sunday cleanup to relax. Thanks to all who assisted.

There were a few minor mishaps - luckily that is what they turned out to be. Diane has recovered from her bee sting but I can't say for sure whether Phil and Andrew have done likewise from their falls. Hope your literary urges haven't been stifled, Phil!

The Sports Club made a profit of around \$500 for the day. Our aim is not to make a huge profit, just to make enough to keep Sports Day going from year to year. We haven't had to postpone or cancel it yet, so our finances are quite satisfactory at present. We were very impressed with the amount of sponsorship we received this year. Thanks to Keith for being an entertaining and efficient auctioneer. The Sports Club is going to plant shade trees in the grounds this autumn. See you all next year!



OTHER EVENTS

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| Opossum Dog Race | - Nancy Williams/Buddy & Noel Evans/Troy 1st= |
| Sheep Fleece Weight | - Craig Campbell |
| Sheep Weight | - Peter O'Sullivan |
| Stepping a Chain | - Lorna Ward |
| Nail Driving | - Ladies: Anthea Yule Men: Jim Agnew |
| Crosscut Saw | - Men: Dave Peachey & Terry Bullock Ladies: Susan Sparkes & Mairin Dysart |
| Lucky Spot | - Lucy Taylor |
| Baby Photos | - 1st Bev Sparkes 2= Shona Goulding & Jill Simons |
| Golf | - Ladies: Leonie Smith Men: David Hill Children: Philip Oliver, Brett & Andy Gunson |
| Home Brew | - Paul MacKay |
| Gumboot Throwing | - Peter Dingle |
| Rolling Pin Throwing | - Anthea Yule |
| Egg Throwing | - Peter Dingle & David Hill |
| 100m Ladies | - Jessica Arthur |
| 100m Men | - Andrew Gordon |

WAIWHARE SPORTS CLUB - 1992 RESULTS

OPEN HORSE

Bending

- 1 Jeremy Sherratt
- 2 Mike Webster
- 3 Christine Goulding

Balloon Race

- 1 Guy Beamish
- 2 Grant Elliott
- 3 John Russell

Apple Bobbing

- 1 Phil Ayre
- 2 Christine Goulding
- 3 Jeremy Sherratt

Barrel Race

- 1 Grant Elliott
- 2 Tony Jeffard
- 3 David Scott

Medley

- 1 Tony Jeffard
- 2 John Russell
- 3 Peter de Barre

Shepherd's Hack

- 1 Guy Beamish
- 2 Allan Roberts
- 3 Jeremy Sherratt

JUMPING

Kindergarten

- 1 Hamish Webster
- 2 Serena Goulding
- 3 Bridget de Barre

Junior

- 1 Suzanne Ward
- 2 Tina Clarke
- 3= Amanda Robinson
Emily Bryant

Senior

- 1 Mervyn Harper
- 2 Elissa Chalmers
- 3 Leanne Kennerley

AGE GROUP POINTS PRIZES

- | | | |
|--------------|---|-----------------|
| Kindergarten | - | Hamish Webster |
| Novice | - | Serena Goulding |
| Junior | - | Amanda McCaslin |
| Senior | - | Elissa Chalmers |

MOTORBIKE EVENTS

Men

Bending

- 1 Alec Burnside
- 2 Andrew Gunson
- 3 Justin Clarke

Apple Bobbing

- 1 Andrew Gunson
- 2 Alec Burnside
- 3 Jayden Herron

Go Slow

- 1 Alec Burnside
- 2 Jayden Herron
- 3 Tom Helmore

Barrel Race

- 1 Alec Burnside
- 2 Jim Gunson
- 3 Jayden Herron

Trial

- 1 Craig Guy
- 2 Craig Keighley
- 3 Alec Burnside

Ladies

Bending

- 1 Christine Goulding
- 2 Pam Gunson
- 3 Chris Dunn

Apple Bobbing

- 1 Christine Goulding
- 2 Jill Simons
- 3 Chris Dunn

Go Slow

- 1 Christine Goulding
- 2 Helen Ward
- 3 Jill Simons

Barrel Race

- 1 Christine Goulding
- 2 Pam Gunson
- 3 Chris Dunn

ATV

Men

Bending

- 1 Roger Dunn
- 2 Craig Keighley
- 3 Ian Herries

Apple Bobbing

- 1 Craig Keighley
- 2 Roger Dunn
- 3 Barry Wallace

Barrel Race

- 1 Roger Dunn
- 2 Craig Keighley
- 3 David Ward

Trial

- 1 Craig Keighley
- 2= Ian Herries
Martin Jones
Craig Guy

Ladies

Bending

- 1 Chris Dunn
- 2 Lyn Wilkinson

Apple Bobbing

- 1 Chris Dunn
- 2 Lyn Wilkinson

Barrel Race

- 1 Chris Dunn
- 2 Lyn Wilkinson

DOG TRIAL

Heading Dog

- 1 Peter de Barre
- 2 Brian Muggeridge
- 3 Guy Beamish

Handy Dog

- 1 John Weir
- 2 Graeme Fountaine
- 3 Peter de Barre

The Young Shepherd

His name was Craig Smith but people just called him "Facials" (guess because when doing a job or chore of some sort he would pull the most peculiar faces as if to make out he was having a hard time of it). Not a lot went right for Facials. He was always getting himself into one situation or another, like the time he was lighting the fire to cook the offal - couldn't get the fire going so poured a container of petrol over the wood, lit it and whoosh!, flames roared up and set his hair alight. He stumbles back, accidentally kicking over the bucket of what-have-you and putting the fire out.

It seemed that he would have bad luck days like this one after the other, only because of his absentmindedness. He was a shepherd as you would have guessed, a proud young 17 year old, thinking to himself that this was the only way of life, even though life in general wasn't too good to him, but he didn't give it a second thought.

He would plod away at his work and with a bit of self-satisfaction when the job was completed, go and boast to the boss that the job was done. His boss would go out to the fence Facials had finished, look it over, look at Facials, notice the ever-present grin and point out the mistakes. "The wires are too far apart at the bottom" or "there's no barb in the middle" or "the posts are too far apart" etc, etc. The smile Facials was wearing would fade away and he would try to right what was wrong - "all part of learning", his boss would say and he would go about showing Facials the right way.



He had two dogs - a big, black, ugly-looking huntaway with a curly tail, which made it look even uglier, which he called Rass. The other, a barrel-shaped, multicoloured, shaggy dog he called Ben. Rass was his main dog, he could head a mob of sheep or cattle or hunt them away, back sheep, head cattle and just about do anything. He even competed in the long head at the dog trials and got the loudest applause, which made Facials swell with pride because he had rescued Rass from a bullet and broken him in himself.

Ben, well, he couldn't slide a chop off a greasy plate. All he was good at was biting sheep in the yards and snoozing under the nearest shade when the sun came out, but Facials kept him because two dogs tagging behind looked better than one.

Friday rolls around and Facials is off to town, his wheels is a beat-up Ford Anglia, bought for two hundred dollars. No registration or warrant of fitness, but that doesn't worry Craig as he takes the back roads - he doesn't hold a driver's licence either.

When he first got the job in the back blocks of Gisborne he trundled on up in it, loaded to the roof with clothes, bedding, saddle, dogs in the boot, two spare tyres and all other sundries that go with the job, stopping to pick up two hitch-hikers on the road, squeezing them in, but they didn't mind because it was hosing down with rain and it was the middle of nowhere. 10 or 15 miles down the road he got a puncture, only to discover there was no jack. He had forgotten to put it back in when packing the car. Eventually he gets to his destination, the track to the singlemen's quarters - a mere goat's track is what it seemed to Facials. He'd lost the exhaust pipe along the way; crossing the ford in the

river, momentarily losing his brakes because of water on them and taking the next quite steep downhill grade at full noise, hitting the side of the suspension bridge leading up to what was going to be his home for the next 12 or so months, a 4-bedroomed ramshackled looking outfit with a rickety old verandah which overlooked 16,000 acres of scrub, oh yes, and the head shepherd's dog kennels.

Ian strides out and introduces himself. "Giddyay," he says. "I'll give you a hand. The dog kennels are over there and your room's the one on the end next to the washhouse". Ian was a tall thin joker about 6'4", blond hair and Facials noticed when Ian smiled he had rotten teeth. They sparked up a friendship on the spot and afterwards were inseparable. Ian was supposed to be the general hand but in all the time Facials was there he never saw him with even a hammer in his hand.

About 5 o'clock the head shepherd comes in after feeding his dogs and introduces himself. A short, fat Maori, they called him Pickle, I guess because he resembled the shape of a bottle of pickled onions. Ian reckoned he could eat a bag of 40 sausages in one sitting, not counting the spuds and cabbage in the same pot. Facials didn't believe it until he saw it with his own eyes. "Yes", he thought, "a joker to be reckoned with". Pickle cooked his own grub but Ian and Facials ate at the cookhouse, except on the weekends, when they had to fend for themselves.



The first week on the job was just spent familiarising himself with the place, learning the names of a few paddocks and that sort of thing. One day the boss sent him away in the farm jeep loaded up with sheep to drop off at the neighbour's.

"Just out through the station and follow this track here until you come to the end, unload them and chase them across the river and put them through the gate on the other side" he explained.

"No problem," thought Facials, but after about an hour's driving he was lost. Eventually he found his way back to the main track and he was back on course. Down this track and oh! blinkin' heck, the jeep off and over a 10 foot bank, straight into the river. Oh well, thinks Facials, might as well keep going and drives right up to the gate on the boundary, lets the sheep out and contemplates how he's going to get back. He points the jeep in the direction of the bank, puts it into an appropriate gear and jams his foot on the accelerator. The jeep slingshots into the river, bouncing over boulders the size of large medicine balls and hits the bank on the other side at about 30 or 40 km/h. The front pounces into the air and he's up and over before you can blink. \$1900 worth of damage to the suspension later he arrives back.

No-one believes where he had taken the jeep until they all go down to investigate the marks and Facials is dubbed Barry Crump of the Month. On his way back from town after picking up the jeep from the garage, with two agitator washing machines on the back, Facials notices one of the washing machines roll to the back of the deck, looks around and smashes straight into a bank. Parts of washing machines scattered for about 100 metres down the road and dirt jammed in the grill of the jeep but it was no worse for wear. After that he wasn't allowed to drive for a while.

His first pay day Facials takes Pickle and Ian out for tea to the flashiest restaurant in Gisborne. "It must be flash", mused Facials, "they don't even sell eggs with your meal". Pickle's bill comes to a hundred dollars on its own, so \$196 later Facials is out of dust and has just enough for smokes and a dozen beers, but money's only money to Facials - as long as he has the essentials he doesn't really mind.

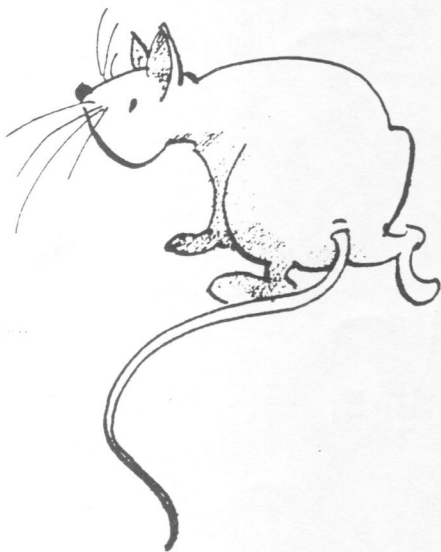
One morning Facials caught a rat in a bag of dog biscuits so at smoko time John, the manager, appointed himself judge, Ian prosecutor, Facials the rat's lawyer and Pickle was sworn in as the jury.

Ian put a brilliant case for the prosecution but Facials was unable to convince Pickle that there was lack of evidence - because the rat was caught red-handed - or unable to persuade John to be lenient in the rat's favour. The rat was to be hung by the neck until he was dead, with the sentence to be carried out immediately. A broom handle and a bit of baling twine were rustled up for the gallows but before they could hang the rat Ian's fox terrier got into the cardboard box they had for a cell and shot off with it.

The boss's wife blew up, all concerned about being cruel to animals even though it was a rat and they were forbidden to do it again. After that Facials vowed to himself never to get married, because John moped around for days. Facials gathered his wife must have given him a hard time that night.

One day the Ford Anglia died on the way to golf so Facials was wheel-less and he likened it to being on a desert island. He had to get lifts into town with whoever was going. The boss's wife drove too slow which made Facials crook. Pickle drove too fast which scared the hell out of him. Ian went through that many cars through accidents it was unsafe to ride with him. The Post Office must have been wondering if he was going to open a car dealership. Facials had five dogs now and just enough money to buy a car and it seemed he didn't have so much bad luck these days. It seemed he was getting somewhere, but you never know, do you?

The author of this story wishes to remain anonymous. However, if you've read the rest of the "Wire" you should be able to work out who it is.



BADMINTON



TWILIGHT TENNIS

A perfect setting at the home of Rowan and Anne Sherwood. Some jolly good tennis (well - we thought we were good) while the children ran wild in the garden, splashed in the pool and fetched the odd fence-high ball.

The court was kindly rolled by Peter, having been dented by the over-enthusastic. We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and thank our ever gracious hosts.

Can we all come back again next summer? The kids will be older by then...

Those who are interested in keeping number one sport going this season, please ring Pete Dingle 874-2828



Term one got off to a hot start with all our activities revolving around 'Summer sun' and 'Water'. As part of this many of us enjoyed a trip to the beach and the new paddling pool on Marine Parade - we really needed the sunhats we'd made the week before too! Our theme now is Nursery rhymes and the sessions have been full of cats, fiddles, Humpty Dumpty, black sheep, lambs and lots of fun.

We are happy to have a full roll at the moment. We have had several children leave for school over the past few months, and have also welcomed a number of new families. Things never stay still for long.

Some of you may have received appointments to see Maureen Grapes at Playcentre recently. Maureen is going to run her clinic out here once a month as a way of making things easier for her rural folk - much appreciated Maureen.

Don't forget any enquiries to Leonie Smith OAR 804 or Lyn Elliott OAR 843

CRICKET

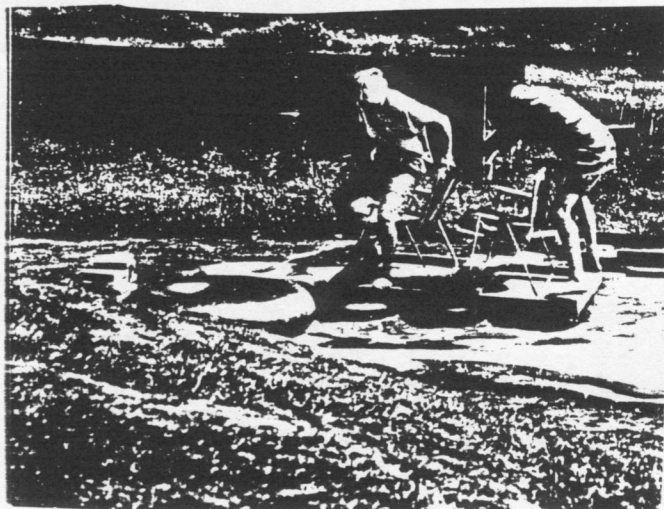
District cricket for 1991/92 has finished. There weren't as many games this year but we still managed to get games in against Okawa, Kereru, Tuki Tuki and Mangatahi. We won three of these and lost against Kereru. The game against Sherenden was washed out three times, which was a pity because it is normally a great day. The game against Te Awanga was also cancelled because we could not get a team together. Thanks to everyone who has played and supported over the summer (some subs still due!!!).

Indoor cricket is now under way and the organisers in town, after watching Rowan and Mike running between the wickets, have put our team in the Masters Grade (over 40 and fading).

Mike Barnett

RAFT RACE 1992

Our New Year's Day raft race was actually held on January 4th, due to the rotten weather on New Year's Day - just as well for those who were recovering from Buster & Kathy's New Year's Eve party. This race becomes more popular each year - the number of river-going (but not necessarily river-worthy) vessels increasing each time. The most original raft this year would have to be Robert Ayres's and Mark Barnett's - they were determined to brave the mighty Tutaekuri in style, so they had deck chairs on their's. At one stage the rest of us rounded a bend to see them sitting, waiting for their elders and betters in the water, on their chairs. The youth of today!



There was a bit of drama not far from the start as several rafts were upended in a mini-whirlpool. Fortunately the Wards (David & Co) were late starting and the very considerate people who had already been tipped out were waiting to pull them away from the treacherous undercurrent.

What with having to contend with flour bombs, water bombs, river weed, electrifying rapids, eels, Rod Herron and Jim Gunson, it really was an eventful journey. Never have we seen the Lawrence females move so fast as they did when a baby eel (it was only six inches long!) was thrown into their raft. Hats off to Natalie, however, as she was the only sensible one who thought to take dry clothes to change into afterwards along with her. The rest of us had to freeze while the men went back to the end of Dampney Rd to get our vehicles. We rounded the day off with a very pleasant barbecue tea on the river bank. Thanks for your hospitality again, Jill and Mike. Next year could you please do something about that track!

Rebel Rod



Garden Plants For Sale

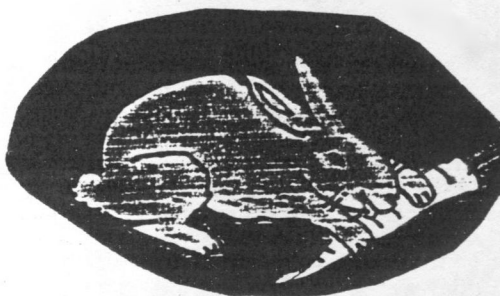
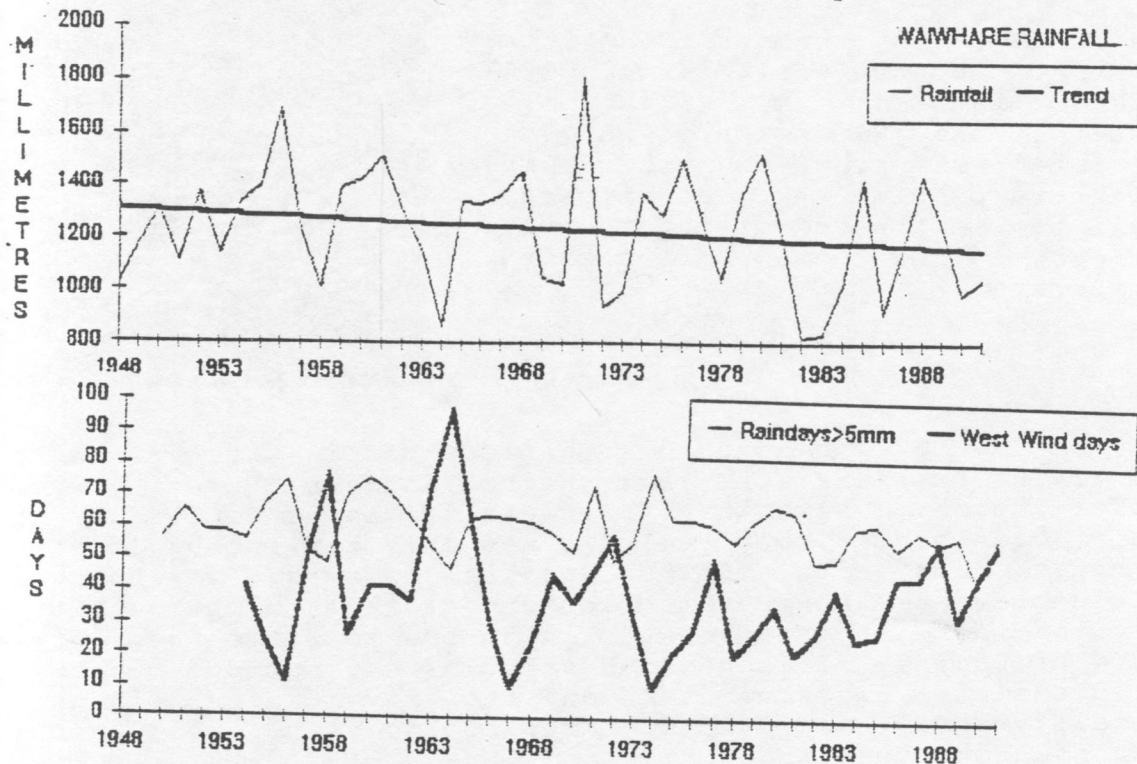
A selection of bulbs, annuals and perennials are available at reasonable prices. Orders taken for those who know what they want.

For those unsure I suggest they read up with the help of Touchwood Books - or take a look around the garden. Please ring first.

Bev Muggeridge 874-2819

Bernie Ward has been recording the rainfall daily at Waiwhare since 1948 for the NZ Meteorological Service. David has graphed the rainfall and wind figures so that you can all see the changes in weather patterns over the last 43 years. Bernie was very reluctant to write anything for us but he made these comments:

- the rainfall over the last 8-9 years has been well below average, but there hasn't been a lot more wind.
- 1952 was a memorable year as it took from March until May to put super on the Willowford (Liz & Gerald's) part of Waiwhare, simply because of the wind
- in 1971 there were 143 wet days, 71.34 inches of rain, 13 inches in April alone. If a black cloud came over there would be rain in half an hour. Everything was waterlogged.
- in 1963 there were only 33 inches of rain yet there was rain on 126 days of the year.
- 1982-3, 32.5 inches each year with a lot of wind. Lots of us remember those years well.
- 5 inches fell in one period of 24 hours. There was a cloudburst at Esk Valley, resulting in floods there.
- the wind starts a drought. Rain doesn't come from the wind, so as long as the wind blows from the west we can't expect much rain.



Bernie also related some interesting facts about rabbits. If you think rabbits are bad now, read this!

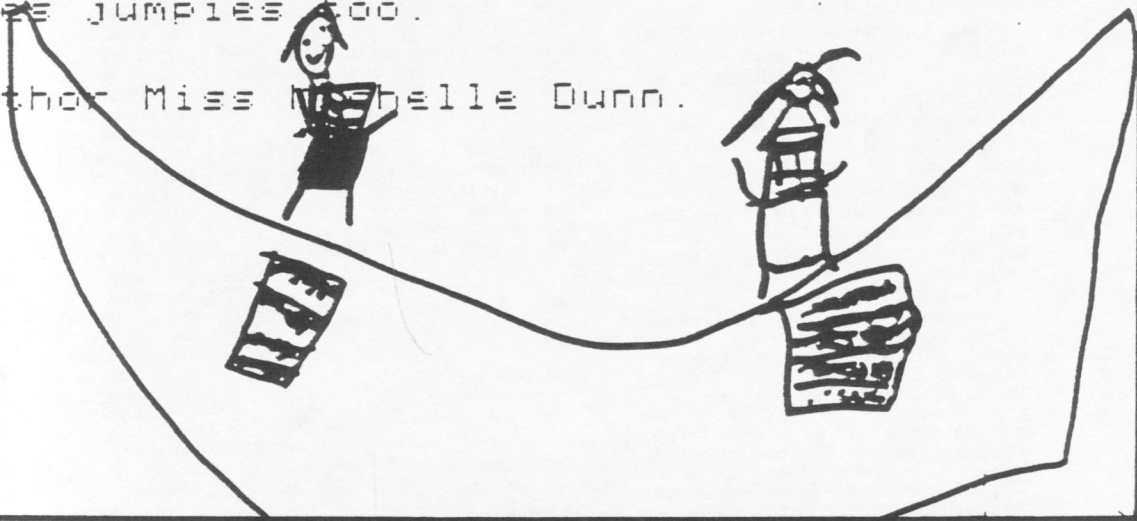
When Bernie and his brothers came here around 1948 the rabbit problem was far worse than it is now. Between 500 & 800 a night would be caught. They were worth skinning then. Fortunately the weather wasn't dry at that time as there would have been no grass left.

One year Bernie remembers that 30,000 rabbits were poisoned with strychnine and skinned in a 12 month period. These rabbits came off what was then Waiwhare Station (4000 acres - now Willowford, Glenburn, Waiwhare and Wrekin). This figure didn't include the ones that were poisoned with phosphorous as they weren't picked up. At that time the skins fetched \$5/100 initially and later went down to \$2/100. When the Government took over (the Rabbit Board) this practice was outlawed. Inspection teams came in and produced a report saying that the farmer would be prosecuted if something wasn't done about the rabbits. The Rabbit Board called it their "Killer Policy". The situation was alleviated when scrub was cut down and the rabbits lost their homes.

News Report.

Rowan falls off the world.
Joanna goes surfing and James
breaks the record. Mrs Gunson
writes the fastest. Michelle
goes jumpies too.

Author Miss Michelle Dunn.

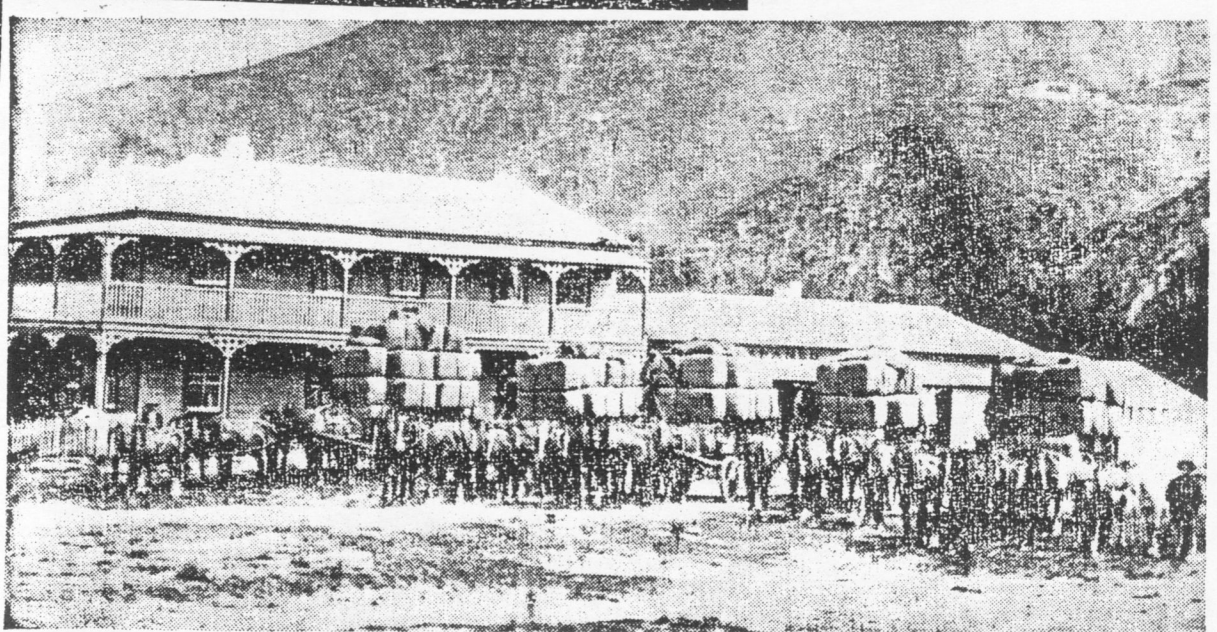


LOCAL HISTORY



Kuripapango
in 1900.

See following
page for story.



Wool waggons at the Kurapapaungo Hotel, burned down in 1901.

Along The Ghost Road Of The Inland

By Lester Masters

BACK in pioneering times before the opening of the Main Trunk railway, the Inland Patea road was practically the only access route for the hugh area of country stretching westward across the ranges from Hawke's Bay to the bushlands of the Wanganui River and northward almost to the shores of Lake Taupo.

Along it in those picturesque times, raced the stage coaches of the rival firms of MacDonald and Rhymer; and down it first on strings of packhorses and later on bullock and horse waggons came, probably a greater wealth of wool than was carried by any other of the main roads of the North Island. Along the route at widely spaced intervals, to cater for the needs of travellers, settlers and workers, were hotels, post office stores, stables, blacksmiths and bootmakers' shops.

Apart from a few old buildings and clumps of trees marking the sites of others, all these things have now vanished. Today the old road to the Inland has become more or less of a ghost road. Large sections of the original route have long since become a thing of the past. For the few inhabitants who now dwell along its central 25-mile section there is no regular mail service, nor for six months of the year is any vehicle of over two tons in weight allowed over that section without a special licence.

The Founders

OWING to records having been destroyed in a fire following the disastrous Hawke's Bay earthquake of 1931, little definite information is now obtainable on the early history of the Inland. It would seem, however, from what information I have been able to gather, that the brothers Amaz and William Birch were probably the founders of the sheep-raising industry in that area. Sometime in the 1860's they crossed the ranges from Hawke's Bay with a small flock of sheep and took up a large tract of land lying between the upper reaches of the Rangitikei and Mowhango Rivers. Erewhon Station was the name they gave to their holding. Certainly to them at that time, that place must have seemed nowhere. At one stage the brothers were reputed to have had 80,000 sheep grazing on Erewhon.

The route taken by the brothers on that epic first drive was along the old Maori war trail leading up the bed of the Ngaruroro River to Whana Whana, then through Glenross and Omahaki, across the low saddle between the Burns Range and Kohinga to the Ngaruroro crossing at Kurapapaungo, and from there by much the same route as is followed by the present road.

The section of the route up the Ngaruroro to Glenross was later replaced by one up the Tutaekuri River and along the foot of the range to Glenross and then on. Later again the section from the foot of the Blowhard and on through Omahaki to Kurapapaungo was replaced by a track over the Blowhard. Eventually the route up the Tutaekuri was abandoned and replaced by the present one through Sherenden. Old-timers tell me that in the early days the Omahaki route was used to a certain extent by bullock drays.

One yarn I have heard tell of the old Omahaki track, concerned a drover and his boy assistant. The pair, while on their way through to the Inland with a mob of 50 rams, pulled in for the night at one of the camp sites. It had been a hot, tiring day, and the billy had been poked away with other gear in the pack. Bill, the drover, sent the boy down to the creek to get some

water in one of the empty bottles he knew would be down there. The boy seemed a long time gone.

"Hey!" Bill yelled, "What the heck are you doing?"

"The only sound bottle I can find is full of something and it's corked and sealed. I'm looking for a sharp stone to knock the top off," responded the boy.

"Stop! Stop! Don't do that," roared Bill. "Bring it up quick and be careful with it. I'll soon get the cork out."

Which, on the boy's arrival, Bill smartly set to work and did. He gave a sniff, a pleased grin came over his face. He raised the bottle to his lips and took a good swig. It was whisky all right. How it had come to be where the boy had found it he did not know or care.

Crowded Out

HE took a couple more good swigs, lit his pipe and stamped off to count the rams, just to make sure none had strayed en route. Sixty was what he made the tally, a gain of 10 and there did not appear to be any strangers among them. He had another go at the bottle and tried again. This time the tally went up to 100. He decided to go back to the bottle before the rams started to crowd him out and leave the tallying until morning.

When morning did come, Bill was not feeling very well. He heaved the empty bottle away, broke camp and counted the rams out. The tally had reverted to the original 50. Apparently the extra 50 had come and gone with the whisky bottle.

The Omahaki trail may still be traced by clumps of trees planted by old timers. As for the bottles, they have all vanished. I know because I have looked.

Glendinny and Griffin, a Napier firm, were responsible for the construction of a large portion of the Inland Patea road. By 1880 the road had reached Kurapapaungo. In 1882 the first of the two hotels, one on the eastern side of the river belonging to Mr Kinross, a Napier merchant, and one on the western side of the river belonging to Mr Alex MacDonald, were opened. In 1883 Mr MacDonald had a pedestrian swing bridge erected over the Ngaruroro River. A low-level traffic bridge was also erected over the river that year. This bridge was swept away during the 1897 flood and the present one then erected. The swing bridge was later taken down and re-erected over the Rangitikei River.

Maori Bullocky

BY 1884 the road had reached Mowhango. At this time there were also two other hotels further down the road. One at Waikonini, about a mile down the then Tutaekuri Valley Road from where the Waiwhare station home-stead now stands, and the other at Konini, about another six miles down the road. Not one of these hotels, or the accompanying stores, blacksmiths' shops, stables, etc. is now in existence. The one-time accommodation houses and horse-changing places for the stage coaches at the Konini Creek crossing at Willowford, at the foot of the Blowhard and on the western side of the Ngaruroro, have also gone.

There was an accommodation house at the Rangitikei River crossing. It was owned by a Maori bullocky named Johnny Kelly. It was later taken over by Mr Williams, a waggoning con-

tractor. It is still in existence and is now an out-station of Mr J. B. Campbell's Otupae station.

Johnny Kelly, the Maori bullocky, was something of a character. At one stage he was brought before the Court for sly grog selling. He indicated that he wanted an interpreter as he could not speak English. When the constable gave evidence against him, however, Johnny jumped up and said it was all a lot of — lies. The magistrate straight away stood the interpreter down and sentenced Johnny.

On one of his trips through with his waggon, while yet some distance up the Gentle Annie, Johnny lagged behind to have a yarn with some other Maoris. His attention was suddenly drawn to the fact that his team was drifting dangerously near to the edge of a drop of hundreds of feet. He rushed along the danger side with the idea of forcing the bullocks onto the centre of the road. One of the bullocks lurched his way and sent him over the drop, known since, by the way, as Kelly's Mistake.

Mr MacDonald and some of his guests at the hotel noticed the accident and rushed down along the river bed to where Johnny had fallen, fully expecting to find him dead. Johnny, however, had come down a shingle slide. He was badly bruised and cut about, but had no bones broken. He was taken to the Napier Hospital. While there his wife Annie visited him. When she sat on the bed for a talk, the bed collapsed. The combined weight of the pair was 35 stone.

Early Prites

JOHNNY, after surviving that fall of hundreds of feet on to the rocky bed of the Ngaruroro, met his fate as an old man in 1917 at Omahu, near Fernhill, in a simple way. While driving along the road with his horse and gig, he offered a school child a lift. As he bent down to help the child on board he overbalanced, fell forward on to the road and died of a broken neck.

I have an old hotel cashbook, loaned me by the Knolls family, present owners of what was once the Konini Hotel farm. In view of today's conditions it makes interesting reading. Here are a few extracts:

February 4, 1889, bought off Mr F. S. Waterhouse, 20 fat wethers, 5s a head; March 16, 1889, R. Anderson, tea, bed and breakfast, 4s 6d; December, 1898, F. Healy, 2 gallons over proof whisky, £3; R. Sutherland, tea, bed and breakfast, 4s 6d; paddocking six horses, 6s; Alex MacDonald, dinner, 1s 6d; February, 1889, M. Shields, one bottle whisky, 7s; Jas. Alexander, tea, bed and breakfast, 4s 6d; two pounds tobacco, 14s; matches, 3s; R. Anderson, tea, bed and breakfast, 4s 6d; one pound tobacco, 7s; one bottle gin, 7s. Left for Patea with bullock team; G. Rhymer, three horse feeds, 7s.

All drinks at the bar, either beer or spirits, were apparently 6d, and those were the days of pints of beer and bottle on the counter with spirits.

Before the formation of bullock tracks and later roads, the wool from Whana Whana, Glenross and all points west and north to as far back as Karioi at the foot of Mt. Ruapehu, was transported by teams of pack horses. But the stories of those times and of the bullock and horse waggons and racing stage coaches I must now leave until some other time.

Squash has started once again.
 Club nights every Thursday from 7.30
 ladies mornings Thursday 10 a.m. Club
 days every 2nd Sunday from 12th April.

COUNTRY WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

Institute meetings fall on the first Thursday night of every month and everyone is most welcome.

We have had some very interesting speakers over the past year beginning with Roy Fraser at Lyn Wilkinson's home. He is a Rural Advisor and travels from Taihape to Hastings, Tolaga Bay and Masterton.

Margaret Wellwood, a lawyer, spoke on 'Women in Law' at Lyn Elliot's with plenty of questions being asked from a roomful of people.

An extremely fascinating evening held at Robin Nowell-Usticke's had us all thinking when we were entertained by Pascale Migliaccio on Psychic Depths - alternative methods of healing, ways of relaxing and reducing stress levels etc.

Liz Kay hosted Alan Crabbe who is the local advisor for the 'Spirit of Adventure' of which our Institute has become a member.

Mike Wilkinson gave a very enlightening talk on Detective work at Jane Fountaine's. We certainly learnt a lot more on the subject of 'dope'.
 In fact the 'Tribune' reporters would have had a field day that night -
 "C.W.I. ladies sample cannabis joint"

Keren Wallace hosted Mrs. Rue Davis, a Prison Social Worker. She gave an informative talk on her voluntary work as an English and maths tutor at Mangaroa Prison.

Many of you will be aware of the Alfa Products by now - Paula Garnett spoke of the benefits of these products at Pat Tolley's meeting in February.

Lynda Stephenson, a N.Z. missionary in Tanzania, spoke of her and her family's life amongst the native people at our A.G.M. last month. Our auction also produced some laughs and proved very profitable.

Other activities throughout the year have included collecting for the blind and Red Cross. Jane Fountaine hosted a coffee morning to welcome several new mothers to our district towards the end of last year. Fruit has been taken to Cranford Hospice. We also contributed towards a dinner meal with the proceeds going to help the Gazebo for Cranford.

Any suggestions for future speakers would be gratefully accepted. Anyone is most welcome to join us - so come along to our next meeting which will be advertised in the school newsletter.

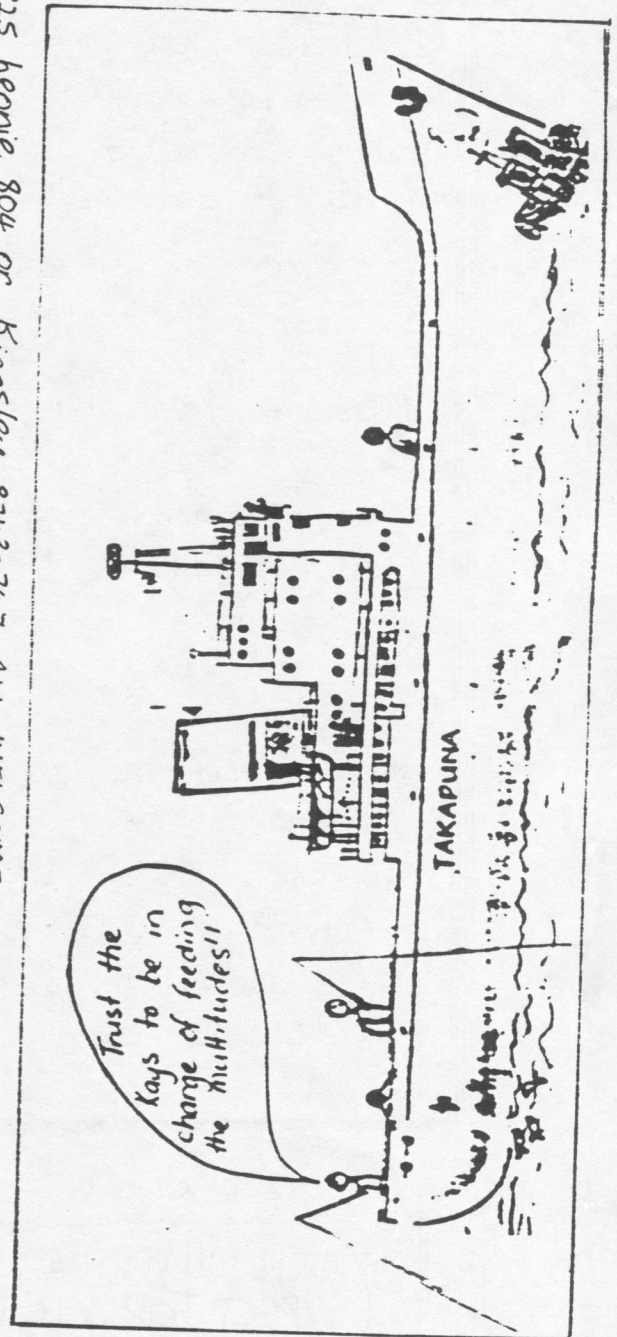
Keren Wallace

TUPPERWARE PARTY

April 23rd 8pm

Jill Simons's place

Phone Jill 825, heemie 804 or Kingsley 8743-747 ALL WELCOME.



BROWNIES

Chris Dunn is interested in getting the local lone Brownies together on a regular basis to do activities from "The Flash". It is envisaged that the girls would meet one Saturday morning a month - those that don't get to the meeting would carry on by post as normal.

Anyone wanting to join ring Chris 874-2824

WAIWHARE **WALLY** OF THE WEEK

WALLY'S LAMENT

Now Wally had a problem,
His little shorts he'd split,
He asked his wife to darn 'em,
She said, 'aw... get out of it!'
So he thought, 'If I'm to climb a tree...
And not show off me wealth,
I'll have to have a sewing bee
and fix them up meself.'

With needle and a piece of thread,
He did begin to tack,
Then suddenly our Wally said,
'Oh gawd - I've popped me back!'
He got up very gingerly
And couldi 'barely' get around,
He paid out lots of money,
Seeing all the quacks in town.

So the moral of the story is
If with a bad back you are cursed,
When sewing up your trousers
Try taking them off first!



Was David fleeced?

While driving to work in his ute
Rick spied a bottom so cute.
His eyes did stray & he looked away
And collided with someone's boot.

Have you got any contemporary piano
music that I can photocopy if I am
interested in it? I have got a reasonable
selection myself and am quite happy
for anyone to photocopy what I've got.

Linda - 419

Close to home!

Having spent the morning washing, making beds and baking etc, I finally got around to washing the kitchen floor about 2 o'clock. Little Miss Four says, "I usually do all my work in the morning."

"I wish I was as organised as you," I replied

"My husband sometimes helps me with the housework," says Miss Four

"Gosh, you're lucky," I said wondering if he'd like to come and live here.

"Yes, sometimes I come home and he's there during the sweeping - he really wanted to be a lady when he grew up!"



LEARN TO DANCE

In preparation for the masquerade ball there will be dance lessons available at Sherenden Hall.

Start date Saturday April 11
6.30 - 8.30pm

\$5 per head per night
Derek Hutchinson of Parkvale School of Dancing will be the instructor.

Those wishing to stay for a social gathering after lessons may do so. BYO.

Lyn Wilkinson 874-2892

Learn: Gay Gordons, Waltz, Quickstep (Foxtrot), Valetta, Oslo waltz, St Bernard Walk, Military 2-step, Maxina, Chicken dance, Gypsy Tap etc

FROM THE MAKERS OF THE BARN DANCE

we bring to you

A MASQUERADE BALL

Keep the 30th May 1992
to be held at Sherenden Hall
Costume Dress: Pre-1930's

Start scouting the attics, grandma's and pa's or gret-grandma's and pa's wardrobes for the appropriate attire for the best evening to be had yet!

Complete details later.

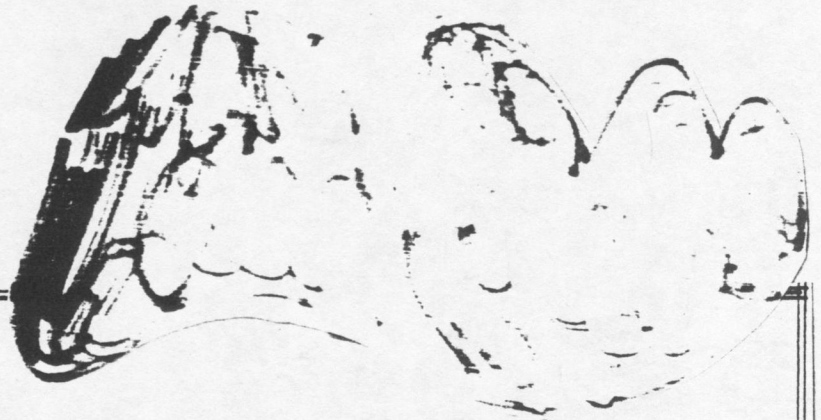
WORK WANTED

Crutching, shearing - own handpiece.

Please phone at least a day beforehand.

Melvin Kernot, 874-2460

WANTED: Small water tank in good condition for the Squash Club.
Ph. Kingsley Sirewright 874-3747



The Fire.

The Rogers have lost their computers and their T.V and their stereo.

They are lucky that nobody was in the fire. If they were, they wouldn't be alive today.

Their dogs were safe, the cat and car were safe, and the trampoline was safe, but one thing that wasn't safe was the house. The other cars are safe too. Karl's and Christie's bikes are alright.

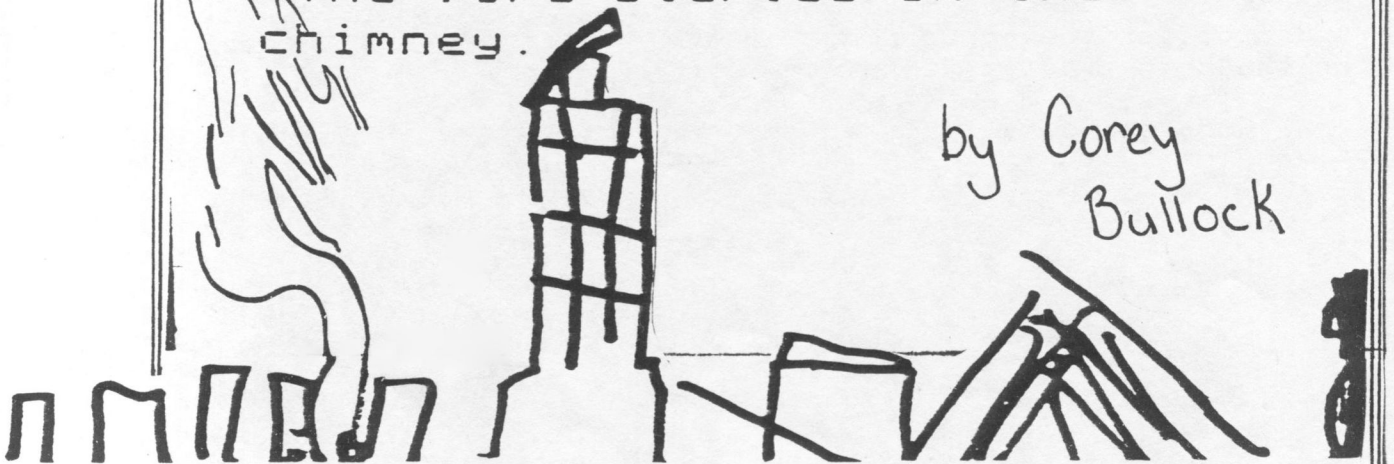
The Rogers were at the creek. When they got to the place they saw some smoke and flames.

When the fire was over it looked like a graveyard.

The rats in the roof ran away.

The fire started in the chimney.

by Corey
Bullock



COMMUNITY COMMENT

Well, folks, after much badgering from Carol and reluctance from anyone else to do the job I've been elected, press-ganged, whatever, to describe my times as a part-time soldier.

I first became interested when I was working at Massey University. I had a bit to do with students and every February some of my friends went off to play soldiers and came home with lots of money, suntans and some very entertaining stories. Thinking this can't be a bad way to get some time off I set about joining up.

After a trip to the local recruiting office and sitting a compulsory IQ test, I found myself joined up with the Signals Corp. Shortly afterwards I was invited out to Linton Camp where I was "sworn in" and told to turn up and see how a weekend was run. Being green as grass and ignorant of the system, my first weekend was memorable in that we sat in one spot in an abandoned single garage and talked into an ancient radio telephone. I was introduced to "Rat Packs" or dried rations and the noble art of "Ghosting" - being there but not being around for the work.

Having been out once they decided that I could go off for Basic Training - 3 months of introductory soldiering and corp training by total immersion. Held at Burnham, just out of Christchurch, we got there by bus, ferry and cabbage train. By the time we had crossed Cook Strait most of us had worked out we were on the way to the same spot. Given previous reports of the boredom of the train trip we bolted to the Picton Pub and made some important provisioning purchases with what money was left over from the ferry's bar. By the time we had reached Kaikoura the guard's van had all available space taken up with the wounded (from drinking manoeuvres) and the sergeant in charge of the rabble was doing frequent trips, taking other casualties to the lockup.

Once we stepped off the train we went into culture shock. It was late and dark. We girls, dressed in civvies (high heels and skirts) were expected to put our suitcases into the backs of R.L's. (rear loading trucks) then climb in. The shouting started then and didn't stop for the next six weeks. Looking back, the people running the show must have taken perverse delight in the difficulties they engineered to befall us.

Basic Training was a real steep learning curve. For most of us, used to thinking for ourselves, we were broken in to not thinking at all, doing as we were told at all times and getting used to being shouted at at all hours. Once we had a fire drill at 2300 hours so the firemen could inspect our night attire. I'm sure that nowhere else is discipline so all-permeating. We were only allowed to the shop at two set times during the week. we



weren't allowed to the bars at all and we got used to all our learning being done by "drills".

Basic was along time ago for me now. The best part was a ride in an Iroquois pretending that it was "war", loading into it with smoke and pyrotechnic going off all around (just like on "ChinaBeach"). Then we were up and away with the doors off and machine guns mounted - after all the effort of getting in with our packs and webbing and guns to just sit and watch the lovely Banks Peninsula country rolling away as our breath came back. It makes the things you see on TV so much more real.

The worst part was probably C.B. (confined to barracks), a wee military ploy to break you into the mould of service person. When we had change parades we had to run from one end of the camp to the other, each time with different items of clothing or kit on for several hours, then shift the entire contents of a workshop from one room to another then back again, all the while being shouted at and having to stop to do press-ups for real or perceived misdemeanours.

Basic training was a real experience. We learnt so much about soldiering, the army and being part of an institution. I found the corp training, held in Papakura, a real breeze. At long last we learnt some technical things. We worked ordinary hours, had the run of the camp, could go to the bars, the shops, the squash courts, the pool, though mostly we settled for the bars. The whole service culture seemed to revolve around grog - come 4.30 p.m., knock off and go to the bar. When the bar was shut you'd go and get dressed for tea. After tea you'd iron your clothes, polish your boots, then get your clothes ready for the next day, then back over to the bar till it closed.

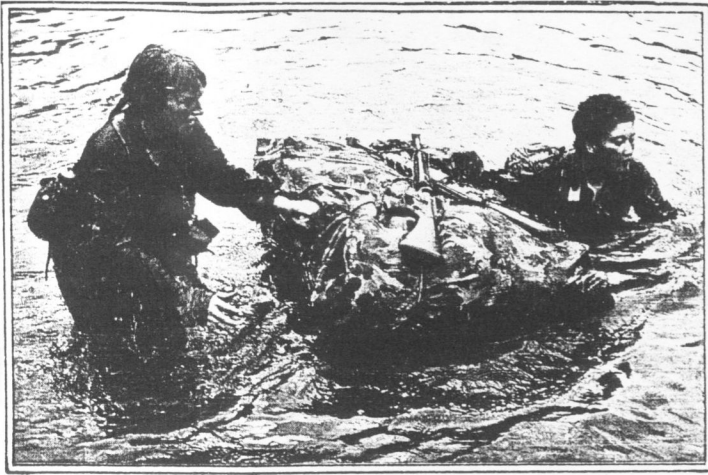
Again I was in for a stint of C.B., something I seemed to have a real knack of aquiring, though this lot was more tedious than soul destroying. After six weeks corp training we had fun at an annual camp. These usually involved the whole of the NZ Army and we move around NZ from one camp to another in huge convoys, playing being at war once again. I've been lucky in that I got interesting jobs working radios in command posts, where you get to know what's going on. So often when you are soldiering you are doing such a small job that most of the time you are bored to tears.

Once I was involved in the ANZUS War Games held in tank hangars in Waiouru. This is like a giant monopoly with every unit represented. The officers make decisions and the pieces get moved on the board. Sometimes the new military technology would outpace the decisions and whole armies would get wiped out.

That's the fun side. Waiouru in mid-summer is often so cold the condensation on the inside of the tents would freeze and Hawaiians and Australians would emerge from their tents claiming that it was snowing inside. One time a Landrover loaded with jerry cans of petrol caught fire. They had to unplug the mobile shower's water, but lost it anyway.

I got a trip to the jungles of Fiji as part of the first all-women section to do front line training. That was an eye-opener for us. We flew over for a fortnight's exercise in June 81. When we got off the Hercules we were just blown away by the humidity. From the airport we were trucked to a jungle and dumped on the side of the road. Soon everyone was there and we got warned not to expose our skin or hair to the undergrowth for fear of picking up ticks





that would burrow under our skin and have to be cut out. I thought it was a bit of a joke but sure enough, one poor bloke had to be "casevact"ed (casualty evacuated) because one had taken up residence in his nether regions.

During the 10 days we were in the jungle we had to sleep under nets (for mosquitoes). We were constantly wet and muddy. We had to do water runs to a creek, passing a wild pig's wallow, armed only with blanks (live ammunition is not used in exercises). We had to use our little Hexamine cookers for hot food but the leaf litter (the floor of the jungle - it had to be cleared to

set the cookers on the dirt) was alive with scorpions. Our food scraps had to be taken to the road to be picked up otherwise the rats would congregate in possies and mug passers-by -not quite, but hell they were big.

When we got out of the jungle we went to Suva barracks to clean up. When we put our clothes in the washing machine they fell to bits as the cotton fabric had just rotted with the constant mud and sweat.

Shortly after my return from the rigours of the jungle I was offered a trip to an ANZAC exercise in Australia. I was keen to go but a certain young man proceeded to take my mind away from things warlike and love won out instead.

I had five years in the service. It was a lot of fun despite the trials every now and again. I get tempted to think of a return for pocket money but it really is a young, single person's game.

Chris Dunn

LOCAL EAR MARKS

Having just lost my husband for $\frac{1}{2}$ a day while he tried to find homes for the strangers,

We at the Wire thought a local catalogue of ear marks wouldn't go astray.

Could those of you that own stock mark the blank ears with your mark so that I don't have to feel so guilty about the next batch of sausages.



PLEASE RETURN TO SCHOOL

Name: _____

