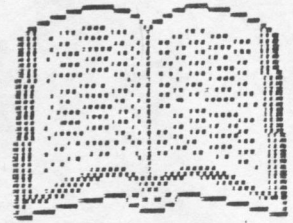
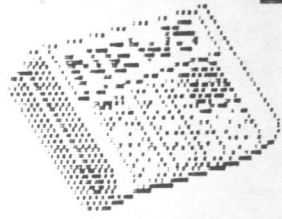


WAIWHARE

WIRE



JUNE 1992

Well I must say we were very lucky to get this issue out so promptly. What with one thing and another cropping up it did look as if it would never get to press.

One team member very helpfully dropped off our community comment and other vital articles at the Taradale Post Office in an unaddressed envelope and thought she had lost it forever. Luckily however, the People at Postbank kindly rumaged through the thousands of letters and posted it back when the red faced team member rang them explaining what had happened.

Many thanks to the contributors for this edition - a great community comment from Robyn McDougal. Isn't it interesting to hear what people got up to in their pre Waiwhare days.

We've been sworn to secrecy with the pig stories but I'm sure some of you (perhaps most of you) will work them out.

WELCOME TO THE DISTRICT

We warmly welcome the De Vries family to the Waiwhare district. Annette, Jerry and their four girls, Antonia, Katrina, Rochine and Nicole have moved into the Nowell-Usticke's cottage down Lee Road.

FAREWELL

We are sorry to lose two of our families from school this month. The Kernots will be leaving the district at mid term and heading for Otane.

Jocelyn Rodgers has unfortunately found it too difficult to transport her children to Waiwhare School and has decided, reluctantly to send Kristi and Kahl to Crownthorpe on the bus.

Even though your stay has been a short one you have all left lasting impressions and you will be sadly missed.

NEWS FROM OUR HIGH SCHOOL CHILDREN

Michael Ward has been chosen for the national cross country championships to be held in Christchurch.

Andy Gunson has gained third prize in the HB Science Fair in the physical section for his Insulation project and in so doing discovered possum fur to be the best insulator.

Now we know what to do with all those possums.

Matthew Croad and Robert Ayres were also spotted at the Science Fair both representing their respective schools on quiz panels. Good to see you there boys! And congratulations for doing so well. Both teams gained second places (both being beaten by Havelock Nth High).

CONGRATULATIONS JOHN & SHONA!



John & Shona's wedding took place at St Andrew's Church, Hastings on Saturday May 16th. Shona was attended by two friends, dressed in deep aqua, and her niece Serena who looked beautiful in a simple white dress. John's attendants were his brother, Alistair, and a friend from down South and his nephew, Alan, was page-boy.

The reception was held in the Cheval Room at the Hastings Racecourse. The guests were entertained by speeches from Peter Arthur and John's best man, both of whom remarked on the biggest change in John's life - dogs aren't number one any more!

The dance at night was great fun - for a change the band wasn't too loud and it played music that you could dance to all night. A great day! John and Shona have now moved to the cottage on the Weir farm (Phone 712).

Our very best wishes for the future go to you both!!!

The problems that are faced by a two-car family! Car Number 1 wasn't going too well and drastically needed some mechanical attention. Lady of the house is never home and has to have a car - we've got two cars, so what's the problem? Problem is Car Number 2 isn't going - or at least it didn't go when man of the house tried to start it at least two weeks previously. Sorry, dear, I've got to go out, you'll have to get that car started somehow!

Man of the house braved the elements (it was very wet) while lady of the house looked out the window occasionally - that's the oil he's checking, that looks like a spark plug, now he's checking the battery, out come the jumper leads, don't like the look on his face....



Three quarters of an hour went by before lady of the house heard the sound she'd been waiting for - relief, I don't have to stay home now! Man of the house, rather wet and not very happy, comes to the door. A sheepish grin appears on his face. Well? What was the problem?

"I put some petrol in it and it went."

Soups

to warm the cockles
of your heart!!

Kumera Soup (4-6 helpings)

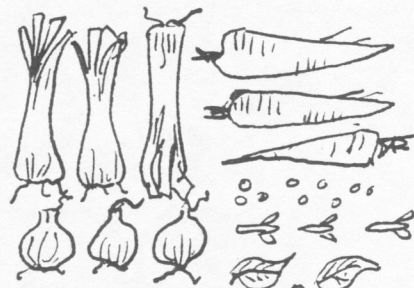
75 gr. butter
2 cloves garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ - 1 tsp curry
500 gr Kumera
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
2 tsp instant chkn stock
about 3 cups milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream (opt).



Add crushed garlic & curry powder to the butter in a large saucepan. Peel Kumeras & slice 1cm thick. Cook in butter 1-2 mins then add water. Cover and cook until tender - stir in stock. Put through processor, thinning with milk. Add cream & reheat without boiling.

Leek & Potato Soup (10-12 servings).

3 large potatoes
3 leeks
2 large onions
1-2 oz butter
chives.
1 tblspn chicken stock
black pepper
sprig of mint
1 dtstsp sugar
(salt if required)



Chop onions roughly, melt butter in heavy bottomed pan & cook onions a few minutes without browning. Add sliced leeks & peeled potatoes cut up into chunks. Cook a few minutes more then add 4-6 large cups of boiling water, chicken stock, mint & sugar & cook until tender.

Remove mint, put through a blender. Check seasoning. Thin with milk to desired consistency. Add chopped chives before serving (not essential but they make all the difference.) This soup is good eaten chilled too with a spoonful of whipped or sour cream & sprinkling of chives on top.

Advocado Soup.

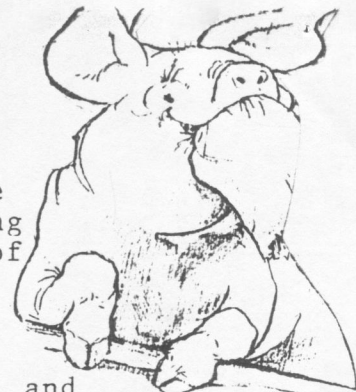
1-2 advocadoes
chicken stock
s&p
lemon juice.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Advocado & remove stones.
Place in whizz with stock, s&p,
lemon juice & 2 cups of near
boiling water. Whizz together &
add either more water or milk.
Serve immediately.

Curry Soup.

Cut up medium onion finely.
Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp (definitely NOT 1 tblspn)
curry & 1oz butter. Fry all
together. Add flour to make a
rue. Add water & milk slowly
along with nutmeg, salt &
tsp beef stock. Bring to the
boil.



SHORT STORY ABOUT A LONG NIGHT



It was one of those particularly cold Friday nights and I'd been treating the chillblains to a warm soak and indulging in a particularly challenging edition of Womans Day. My 'other half' had found alternative lodgings for the night, claiming to have eaten too much to drive home.

I remember hearing my neighbour drive past about 11.30 pm. and thinking that the club must have run out of beer, for him to be home so early.

My first indication that something was amiss, was a loud hammering on my door. As I peeped through the keyhole, I had the strange sensation that my porch was swaying.

"Those bloody pigs have been in and rooted up my backyard." he wheezed.

"Oh dear." I replied, wondering just how much help I'd be in my candlewick dressing-gown and fluffy slippers.

"And I've locked myself out and lost my keys." he went on.

"Oh dear" I said even more feebly. This time I really did feel sorry for him, it was going to be a cold and uncomfortable night sleeping in the woodshed on a night like this. He obviously was unable to detect the sympathy in my voice. and muttered something about shutting my gate as he shuffled off down the drive.

I thanked him and turned to go inside, but as a last minute precaution, I thought I'd check the other gates. Well there they were - resting peacefully in the Dahlias - four likely looking culprits with the evidence clearly visible on the ends of their snouts.

I immediately forgot my nice warm bed and hurried off to find my neighbour and offer all the assistance I could. As I arrived at his home, he emerged from his garage. "I'm gonna kill those pigs!" he said quite calmly.

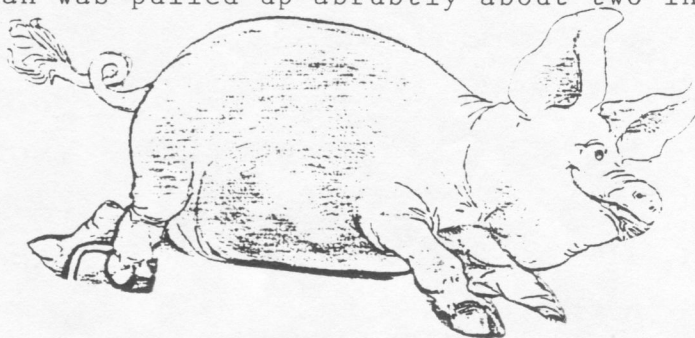
The crowbar he was holding looked quite handy, but I thought he was going to have to be pretty clever to dispatch four pigs with it.

It was then I remembered the lost keys! The crowbar was to smash the window, he'd smash the window to get the rifle....he'd get the rifle to kill the pigs... the pigs who rooted and rooted outside.....perhaps they'll die!

My sense of economy quickly took over and I suggested a tall ladder would be more prudent. Now my comrade in arms' night vision couldn't have been up to its usual high pitch, because he seemed to be having difficulty finding the rungs, so I valiantly offered my services and started to climb up to a very high, very small window. I managed to get my head and arms in quite easily, but I have to say that the window seemed to get smaller and smaller the further I got in! Well there I was, head first in the toilet-bowl; gypsophila and Glade air-freshener flying everywhere. I was thankful now, for my friends poor eyesight. Suddenly, a non too gentle nudge tipped me over the edge. Down I tumbled, in a shower of Purex, more bloody gypsophila and cistern lids!

However, soon the door was open and armed with pig bucket, rifle and spotlight, we began the Great and Intrepid Pig Hunt! It all went rather smoothly at first. It was settled that due to the time of night only two victims were for the block, with the balance to be dealt with at a later, unspecified date. (Much to my relief).

Despite haring round the place like heat-seeking ferrets, two of our prey were presently located. I was given the vital task of holding the light, - which I might add was still attached to the battery around my friends waist. As he lunged forward, I was literally caught short and in a manouvre highly reminiscent of Torvill and Dean was pulled up abruptly about two inches behind him. Talk about team work!!

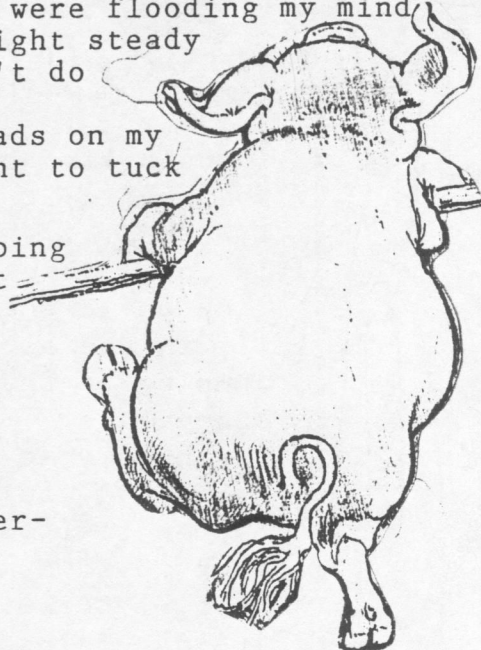


Soon two mortally wounded pigs lay at our feet. I was naively just starting to think it was all over and thoughts of hot cocoa were flooding my mind, when a polite voice inquired if I would hold the light steady whilst he gutted them. "Ooooh, er, I'm sorry I don't do guts!" was my stammered reply, but too late! Hot entrails splattered the little fluffy cats' heads on my slippers and I was grateful I'd had the fore-thought to tuck my nighty in my knickers.

Next followed an intimate introduction to the plumbing and wiring of the species *Sus scrofa*, and whilst it was probably very educational and I should have learnt heaps, my heart just wasn't in it.

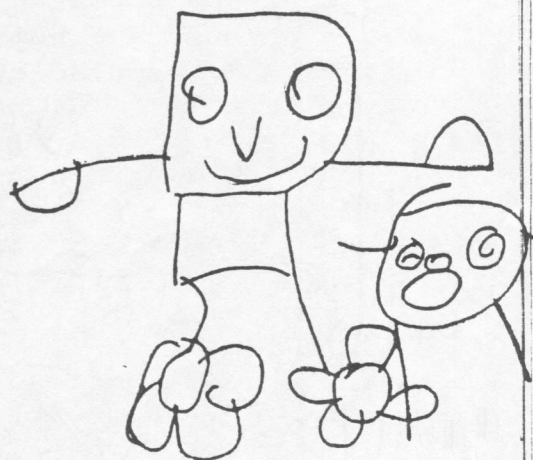
Finally the anatomy lesson ended and I thought I could toddle off to a well deserved cup of Milo, but alas no! As a reward for being such a steady hand with the torch and such a dab hand at house-breaking, I was given one ex-lawn-wrecker and flower-bed rearranger all to myself.

As I dragged the offending article home, I thought of my worst half, cheerfully snoring his head off on somebody's couch or blocking a gutter somewhere and thought that husbands were a bit like policemen, they are never around when you need one.



OTAMAURI PLAYCENTRE

As I reflect back on this year so far I wonder why it has been a bit special - sessions have been relaxed but full of fun and new experiences for the children. I think there are maybe two reasons behind this - for the first time in several years we have had a whole term without having to worry about any major projects - no sandpits to be built, no gardens to be created or buildings to be extended. We have all simply come along on Tuesdays and Thursdays with the kids and have been able to spend lots of time with them. It is really satisfying to see the benefits of all our hard work over the past few years. Of course, it is always ongoing and just so we didn't relax too much - we had a working bee on Saturday June 13th! We now have a new barked area to make mowing easier.



The other reason I feel our sessions are progressing so smoothly is the amount of training parents are undertaking. This is in the form of modules ranging from local knowledge of our own playcentre, stages of child development including how they learn, language, different types of play and behaviour. Other subjects include parenting skills, special needs, parents and children learning together, health and safety and many more. We have people working on all levels of this training, and, of course, individual interest and the amount taken depends on personal circumstances. We can all see a growing confidence in parents within our playcentre reflected in the quality of our sessions.

We had a visit from Walnut the Clown in May - he was a delight and the children just loved him. Last week we revisited St Andrews pre-school music group and then went on to Ashcroft Honey House. This was a great trip and those who went got a lot from it. We are planning a family day and afternoon tea later in the term to celebrate our 25th birthday - more details later.

Contacts - Leonie Smith 804, Lyn Elliott 843

Science ~~History~~ Story

I would like to do something in the year 2000.....

What would it be like to live in the year 2000?

I WONDER....what would it be like to ride a horse and it could jump up into the sky and a bike that could ride up in the air. Wouldn't it be neat if a car could fly in the air? I would like to have a horse that can jump up to the Galaxy and into space; especially into space.

I wonder what would happen if a car flew right up to space and couldn't find it's way out. What would happen if I got a robot and I bought it home?

What would Mum say?

Well, I took it home. Mum wasn't home so I took it inside. I looked at the instructions, I saw the starter button and I pressed it. It told me to go and do the dishes and fold the washing, then I heard something coming from the door.

I crept out but the robot caught me and it said to keep on going.

I told it to go away. It got angry with me and got me and shook me around the room.

Mum came home and pushed the off button.

I was glad Mum was home.

Kristi-Rae Rodgers



PONY CLUB NEWS

HUNT

During the May school holidays 12 Pony club members and 4 adults attended the Pony Club Hunt at Okawa.

This was held on Wednesday 13th May at 12.00. We were very lucky with the weather and it turned out to be the nicest day we had had in a while.

Emmily on Peppermint had a new experience - coming to a creek, Peppermint decided she was not going to get her hooves wet; she jumped on an angle and ended in the bog to one side.

Some adults with Emmily pulled her off and dragged the once white, now half black pony out of the bog.

All was well and by 4.30 the Huntsman called the hounds in and we rode back. Drinks and food were provided for the children. We then loaded up and headed for home just on dark.

We would like to thank Andy Coltart very much for the use of his truck on this day. Without it these children would have been unable to attend. A thank you also to Peter De Barre and Mike Webster for driving us all there and back.



CONTAINER

You will have noticed the Pony Club now has a shipping container in the sports ground. The club would like to thank Rick Ayres for organising this for us and Donald Harper for bringing it up on his truck. Also thanks to Rick, Donald, Mike Webster, Pete De Barre and David Chalmers for straightening the container up before it's move up here.

MIDDLE ROAD P.C. RIBBON DAY

On Sunday June 14th we had 13 riders attend a ribbon day at Middle Rd in Havelock North. All riders came home with ribbons - some ponies necks were covered with 7-8 of them. On behalf of the children whose ponies went on the truck I would like to thank Mr. Ian Paton for the use of his truck to get 8 ponies to this event. Very much appreciated Ian and the gearbox is still okay. We have two new truck mechanics in the district - Mike and Pete - a big thank you to you guys for your help on Sunday. Also thanks to Andy Coltart for the use of the rubber mats so the ponies didn't slip over when I missed the gears or used the brakes a little hard.

See you at Pony Club on 28th at 10 am.

'C' CERTIFICATES

On Sunday 14th May three riders sat their 'C' certificated.

After one and three quarter hours Elissa Chalmers

Sarah Collins

Craig Ayres all passed.

A big sigh of relief from the three riders, their parents and a thrilled instructor.

Congratulations to you all - keep up the good work.

Cheers, Christine

Classifieds

Work wanted:-
Gardening

Do you want your garden tidied up for spring?

I undertake all garden maintenance & general landscaping work including the building of pergolas, dovecotes and barbeques

Contact: Jeremy Hunt
ph. 746 00K.



For sale:-
Three bitch huntaway pups.

Proven parents.

Contact Bruce D'ATH 406.

Shona & John ^{oops!!} Gardening
Weir

have changed their phone no.
Now 712.

Jars and Bottles Wanted.

Want to get rid of those old jars & bottles but don't know where to dump them? Well now is your opportunity. The scouts & cubs will take any glass jars and bottles in any shape or form (not chipped). Collection can be arranged.

Phone Carolyn Clarke 8742417.

or Keren Wallace 8742407.

SHERENDEN HALL

The Sherenden Hall was built in 1920 as the population of the Sherenden area increased. The land was donated to the district by Sir Andrew Russell. The chapel annexe was added in 1963 as a memorial to Sir Andrew and Lady Russell and their two sons.

The hall is a great district asset and is used by the wider Sherenden Taihape Road District.

It is important that everyone looks after this facility and if anyone wishes to use the hall for any function whether it be big or small please contact the Hall Society Secretary, Jillian O'Sullivan, phone 8742 809. Jillian will arrange for the viewing of the hall and also where a key can be collected from and returned to after use.

The committee would be pleased if any breakages or equipment out of working order be reported to the Secretary so that arrangements can be made for their repair.

RIBBON DAY RESULTS

The following are the results of the Otamauri Pony Club's third Ribbon Day held on 23rd May 1992.

We had fantastic weather with 25 riders competing. Mrs. Gretchen Bevin, Heretaunga P.C. patron attended and the judges for the day were Mervyn Harper, Susan Hall and Karen Thomas.

A very big thank you to the above people and also the stewards and all the parents who helped on the day.

Thank you also to Kerry, sorry you and Elissa could not attend.

<u>Adv. Seniors</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Junior</u>	<u>Novice</u>	<u>Kindergarten</u>
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BEST RIDER

C. Ayres	T. Clarke	R. Ward	L. Harper	B. De Barre
A. Bevin	S. Ward	A. Roydhouse	C. Beeby	R. Coillins
M. Harper	S. Wallace	N. Webster	R. Collins	H. Webster
S. Collins	E. Bryant	S. Goulding	B. Wallace	R. Harper
P. Kay			S. Lee	
N. Fountaine				

BENDING

<u>Juniors</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Adv. Seniors</u>
N. Webster	S. Ward	N. Fountaine
S. Goulding	E. Bryant	A. Bevin
R. Ward	S. Wallace	M. Harper
A. Roydhouse	T. Clarke	P. Kay
		C. Ayres
		S. Collins

BEST CARED FOR PONY AND GEAR

M. Harper	E. Bryant	S. Goulding	R. Collins	B. De Barre
S. Collins	S. Wallace	A. Roydhouse	S. Lee	H. Webster
C. Ayres	T. Clarke	R. Ward	B. Wallace	R. Collins
A. Bevin	S. Ward	N. Webster	L. Harper	R. Harper
P. Kay			C. Beeby	
N. Fountaine				

PANNIKIN RACE

<u>Novice</u>	<u>Junior</u>
L. Harper	N. Webster
J. Helmore	R. Ward
R. Collins	A. Roydhouse
B. Mullooly	S. Goulding
B. Wallace	
S. Lee	
C. Beeby	

BEST PACED AND MANNERED

M. Harper	S. Wallace	R. Ward	S. Lee	B. De Barre
C. Ayres	S. Ward	N. Webster	L. Harper	R. Harper
A. Bevin	T. Clarke	S. Goulding	B. Wallace	H. Webster
S. Collins	E. Bryant	A. Roydhouse	C. Beeby	R. Collins
N. Fountaine			R. Collins	
P. Kay				

CHAMPION RIDER

1st place - Craig Ayres	2nd place - Bridgette De Barre
3rd place - Rebecca Ward	4th place - Tina Clarke
4th place - Lauren Harper	

OBSTACLE RACE

<u>Adv. Seniors</u>	<u>Seniors</u>	<u>Juniors</u>
N. Fountaine	S. Ward	S. Goulding
C. Ayres	T. Clarke	A. Roydhouse
S. Collins	S. Wallace	R. Ward
M. Harper	E. Bryant	N. Webster
A. Bevin		
P. Kay		

MEDLEY

<u>Novice</u>	<u>Junior</u>	<u>Senior</u>	<u>Ad. Seniors</u>
L. Harper	N. Webster	S. Ward	A. Bevin
S. Lee	R. Ward	E. Bryant	S. Collins
C. Beeby	A. Roydhouse	T. Clarke	N. Fountaine
B. Wallace	S. Goulding	S. Wallace	C. Ayres
R. Collins			P. Kay
			M. Harper

KEYHOLE RACE

MUSICAL CHAIRS

R. Collins
B. Wallace
L. Harper
C. Beeby
S. Lee

EGG & SPOON

H. Webster
R. Collins
B. De Barre
R. Harper

MARSHMALLOW

H. Webster
R. Harper
R. Collins
B. De Barre

Novice

S. Lee
B. Wallace
L. Harper
R. Collins
C. Beeby

Kindergarten

H. Webster
B. De Barre
R. Collins
R. Harper

BARRELL RACE

Seniors

S. Ward
T. Clarke
E. Bryant
S. Wallace

Adv. Seniors

A. Bevin
N. Fountaine
C. Ayres
S. Collins
M. Harper
P. Kay

JUMPING

Kindergarten

L. Harper
R. Collins
H. Webster
B. Mullooly
R. Collins
B. De Barre
S. Lee

Beginners

N. Webster
N. Fountaine
S. Ward
T. Clarke
A. Roydhouse
R. Ward

Open

S. Collins
C. Ayres
A. Bevin
M. Harper

Consolation

E. Bryant
P. Kay
S. Goulding
S. Wallace

SPORTSMANSHIP

- 1st Philippa Kay - difficult pony
- 2nd Craig Ayres - young pony, managed well
- 3rd Tina Clarke - never ridden pony before
- 4th Simon Wallace- never ridden pony before
- 5th Catherine Beeby - newcomer trying very hard
- 6th Samantha Lee - newcomer trying very hard

RAFFLES

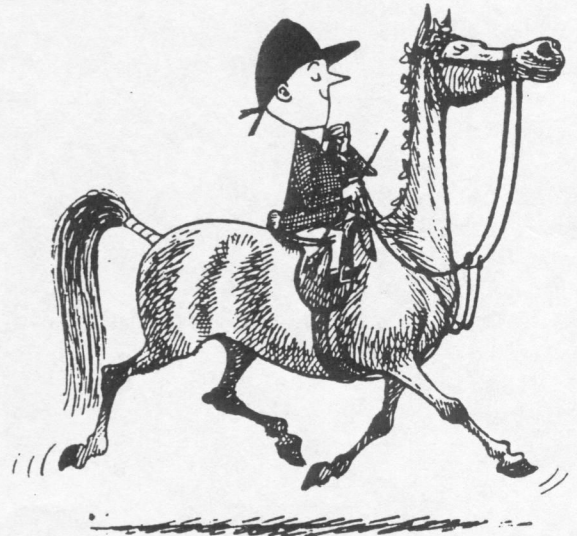
JERSEYS No. 48 Helen Ward
No. 42 J. McRae

THREE DRAW 1st Carol Ayres - Chocolates
2nd Phillip Collins - Sweatshirt
3rd Maylene Bryant - Wine

QUIZ

SENIOR - Anna Bevin

JUNIOR - Amy Roydhouse

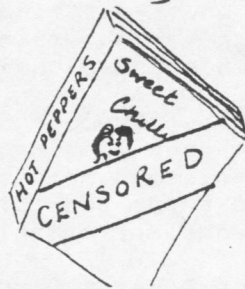


'C' CERTIFICATES

On Sunday 14th May three riders sat their 'C' certificated.

Never, no never, Judge a book by its Cover.

Local bookseller, who shall remain nameless, likes ordering books (it's a fetish according to his wife). While perusing one catalogue he came across a title - "Sweet Chillies". Great, he thought to himself, I've got a customer from Auckland who wants information about chillies. Off the order goes and the book presently arrives.



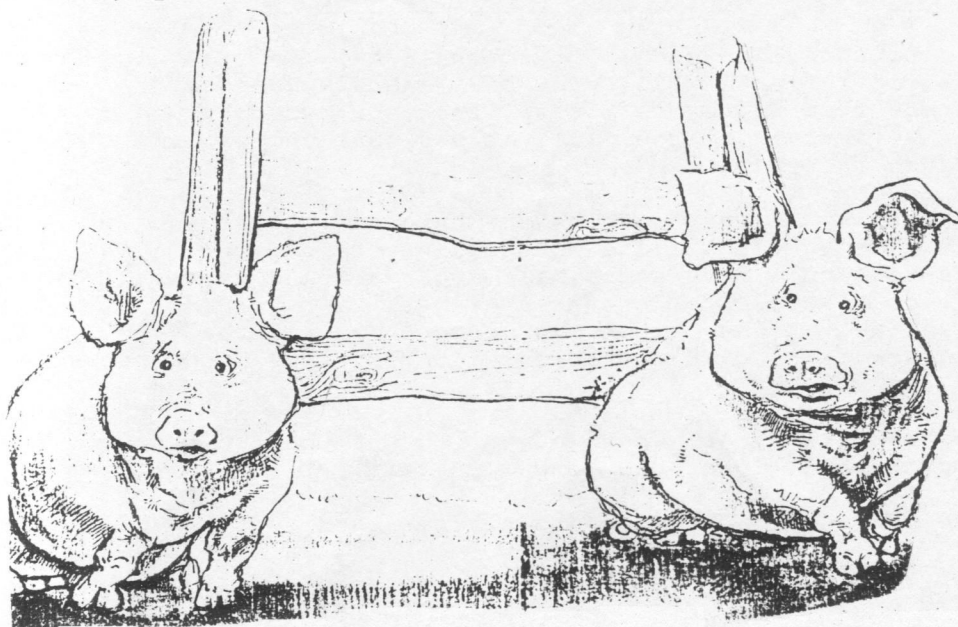
Well! I know we're told not to judge a book by its cover, but really, the lengths some authors go to to sell their books! And the text, well - this is very interesting, very entertaining, in fact - very, very, very entertaining. I've read half the book already and there is still no mention of chillies.

The bookseller showed the book to his able assistant, who blushed when she saw the cover, being the innocent young thing she is, and didn't know which way to look when she started reading the text (she only read a few lines, mind!).

The bookseller returned the book to the publisher with a covering note, saying "I thought I was ordering a book about chillies, not erotic Indian fiction."

Another Pig Story

Within walking distance of our first porcine demise and during the very same weekend a certain farmer was engrossed in a game of our national sport on television. His long suffering, hard worked wife, not quite so enthralled in the game, happened to glance out the window, only to spy, yet again - PIGS IN THE GARDEN !!!!! "I've told you before, now do something about those pigs!" "Yes love, at half time". Half time eventually arrived. However, with the weather inclement and our hero cosy and warm by the fire and quite comfortable in his favourite slippers, a firearm was the easiest solution. "Just to scare them off a good distance - they won't come back in a hurry!" he confidently informed his wife. Well, our rugby fan, though known for his accuracy with a 22, didn't anticipate the blanket effect of a shotgun and, having mortally wounded the offending creatures, unfortunately had to spend the whole of the second half dressing the two pigs instead of being curled up on the couch with a Tui in hand.



SCOUTS AND CUBS

In April the boys had two meetings. On the 5th a model camp was held at Maraekakaho. Even under atrocious conditions, it was a fun day and the boys gained alot from their knot tying, backwoods cooking, lighting fires with no paper, pitching tents and pioneering techniques eg.bivouacs.

The day at the Onekawa Pools and Skateworld later on in April was also a very popular day even though we were nursing bruises for the next week. Justin Clarke organised a motocross day on Tauhora in the May holidays and all those with motorbikes or push bikes endured the courses set out for them. Justin earned a badge for organising this day.

The Scout camp over Queen's Birthday weekend at Yeoman's Mill, under the Wakarara Ranges (CHB), proved to be quite a challenge for the boys as they experienced wet, cold and frosty conditions over the three days. However they discovered there's nothing like wearing four pairs of sox, three jerseys and a hat to bed to keep warm! I believe even the detergent froze inside the tent one frosty night.

This coming weekend, the boys are off to White Pine Bush, north of Napier, to experience the peace and quiet of the natural bush and the bird life. Anyone is welcome.

In July the scouts have an opportunity to "shoot the rifle range" at Raukawa and the cubs are going for their Home Helpers badge at the Hall. At present the scouts are busy trying to save up to go to the Jamboree for ten days over New Year down at Trentham. So if anyone has any jobs for these boys they would be most grateful.

Keren Wallace



WINTER CAMPING

Over Queen's Birthday Weekend eight of the Rata Olsen Pack and another three Packs camped at Yeoman's Mill below the Wakarara Ranges. We stayed there from Friday to Monday, took our own food and cooked our own meals. When we arrived at the Mill, it was dark and raining and we had to set up the tents in the rain.

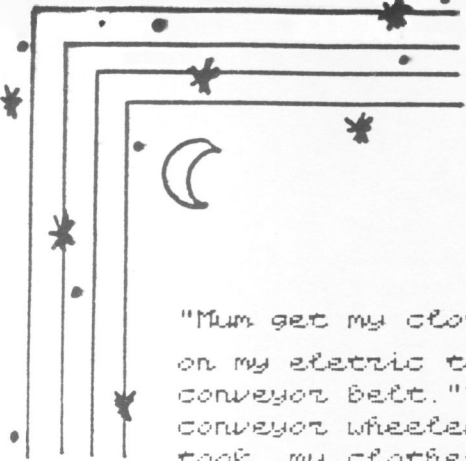
On saturday morning we went down to the bush to cut firewood. In the afternoon we made a swing bridge about five metres high. On Sunday we went on a five and a half hour walk and we had to cross nine or ten rivers, which were all over ankle height. Because we got wet at the beginning, we were wet all the way. When we got back to camp we took off our boots, socks and trousers and hung them out to dry.

The next day was frosty and when we went to put them on, the socks had gone all hard and the boot laces had gone all stiff.

On Monday we packed up the tents and our gear and went home in the afternoon.

I really enjoyed the camp even though it was so cold.

Simon Wallace



MY PLANTATION

"Mum get my clothes please" I said as I pushed the OFF button on my electric toothbrush. she yelled back "They're on the conveyor belt." I pushed the ON button on my bedroom wall. The conveyor wheeled out, I put my toothbrush on the conveyor, and took my clothes off. I got out of bed and told my lady robot Zodiac to put them on me while Jacko brushed my hair. After a while I was ready, "Zodiac, could you possibly make my bed please?" I said as Jacko helped me into my wheelchair, I had an handicap of my legs and arms as I had had an accident on my skateboard when I crashed into a concrete post while looking at the boy across the road.

Jacko took me down my skateboard ramp, and slammed on the brakes. I skidded under the table. Jacko always did that each morning to put a little excitement in being in a wheelchair.

I pressed the BREAKFAST button on the side of the table a minute later out came my breakfast on the conveyor.

"Bacon, eggs, and orange juice." said Jacko.

Just then Zodiac came down. "Get the tray Jacko, lets take you and Emma for a walk." I pressed a button on my wheelchair and an automatic tray came up and clicked onto the side of my wheelchair arm rest. Jacko put my breakfast on it and we went outside.

Our world was only one town as a huge glass dome blocked out any other town and sunlight. That was good because we couldn't get blooded or have a drought.

I went to a special school where they only teach handicapped people. It was at the end of town and I would race all the other kids to school each day in my wheelchair. The little children would sit on my lap and I would take them to school in my wheelchair.

Down the road we went, me eating my breakfast, Jacko pushing my wheelchair and Zodiac beside me. At the other end of town there was a hole in the dome and underneath it was a plantation with native trees and game birds, exotic animals, and little streams that went into waterfalls and then into big swimming holes with little fish and water animals. It was the only reason I wanted to stay on the planet or we would have moved ages ago. Every week Jacko would bring me down here to lift my spirits. Everybody in the town knew about it but it knew me as the game birds didn't fly away when I came to see them but it did when other people came to see them.

But the plantation wouldn't survive we all knew it needed sun and rain not a plant would grow, not even grass or weeds nothing. I know they are trying to fix it because I heard Dad and some other men talking about breaking the glass dome to

let the sun and rain in.

Two weeks later Dad told me about breaking the glass dome. They were going to do it in two days time. Lots of questions ran through my mind. My wheeled my wheelchair up to my bedroom and shut the door. Jacko once told me that if the glass dome was broken we wouldn't be able to exist with the air, as we don't breathe at all.

Two days later a group of men came to our house with ladders and picks, I tried to tell Dad about what Jacko had said, but he just said "Jacko is just a robot, he doesn't know anything." I watched them go to the far end of the dome where the plantation was. I couldn't do anything to stop them now.

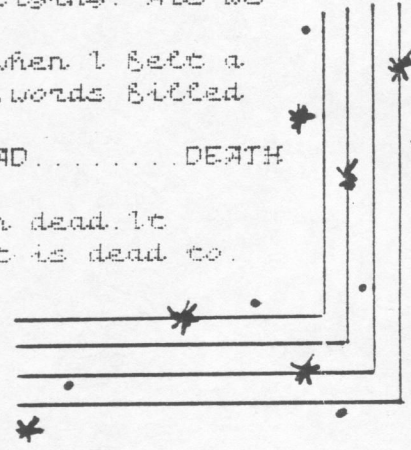
About half an hour later I heard banging, crashing and last of all the breaking of the glass dome. I quickly jumped under my bed, I was under there for about ten minutes when I heard a rumbling. Suddenly I heard an explosion and another and another. The ground started shaking, I heard Mum screaming. I got out from under the bed. When I got to her I pulled her under the table, she stared at me and started crying. "Are we going to die?" "No" I answered her.

We were under there for about ten minutes when I felt a sharp pain in my back, darkness filled my eyes, words filled my

mind. PLANTATION. JACKO. ZODIAC. MUM. DAD. DEATH

I Remembered no more

As I look down on my town with my plantation dead. It couldn't live without me. Now that I am dead it is dead to.



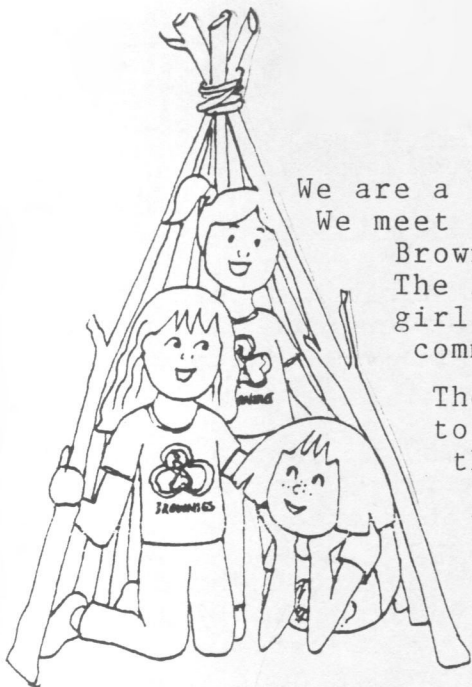
Need an Excuse?

A couple of weeks ago several Waiwhare parents and children spent a dismal, very wet Saturday selling raffle tickets to raise money for this year's school camp to Kaitawa. One parent got very bored and in an effort to stave off hypothermia, decided to pass the time writing down the excuses people give for not buying raffle tickets:

- I haven't got any change
- I've only got a gas heater
- I might be back (didn't)
- No time, thanks
- I've lost all my money in one of those things (Instant Kiwi)
- I haven't got any cash on me, actually
- I'd love to, my dear, but I can't - good luck!
- I've only got 60c left
- I'd love to buy a ticket but I've just spent the last of my change on a packet of candles
- Not today, thanks
- I'm sorry, dear, we don't take raffle tickets
- Sorry, I only brought my cheque book
- If you deliver to Palmerston I'll take one
- Find someone else
- Sorry, I've only got a plastic card
- When I get some change out of a cheque I'll be back
- On the way out

Sound familiar? Next time you see some poor people trying to raise money for a worthy cause take pity on them, brighten up their day by buying a ticket off them, even if you don't really want one. Even a donation is better than a refusal.

BROWNIES

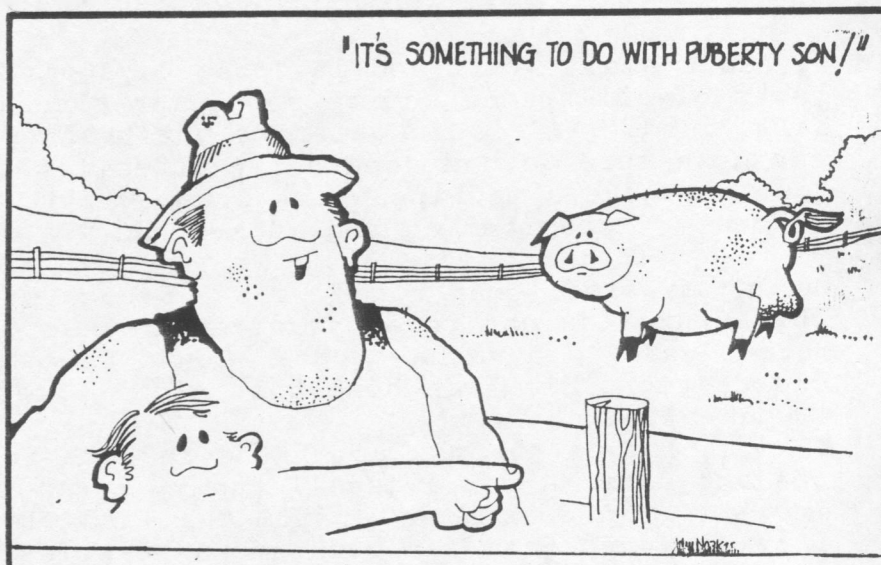


We are a branch of the H.B. region known as Lone Brownies. We meet together once a month to work through the Brownie Flash.

The Flash contains activities that educate the girls to the wider world and give a sense of community awareness.

The girls are aged from 7-9 yrs and are encouraged to do good turns and lend a hand as part of their enrolment promise.

It's been lovely having good turns like firewood in and dishes dried being done because "Brown Owl says we should", rather than "Oh do I have to!".



OTAMAURI SQUASH CLUB

We are now well into the season and the club is proving to be a busy place. We have mens and womens F grade teams playing Interclub this year. Players are really enjoying this and finding it quite rewarding. Both teams are currently about the middle of the table. Now that teams competitions are well underway again club nights are well patronised. Good company, scintillating conversation, a cosy fire and a healthy supply of liquid refreshments make Thursday nights very invitingoh we do have one or two games of squash too!

We had a Ladies morning tournament on Thursday June 4th and this was alot of fun. There were twelve women playing squash, pool and darts. There were lots of laughs and a few prizes at the end. Vanessa Kernot was lucky enough to win a truck load of firewood - she was a little disappointed when she saw the size of the truck though - thanks kids, we've put it back. Kate D'Ath can be quite deadly with the darts too - be warned!

On the maintenance side we've purchased a new water tank - so those of us who prefer tea will be happy again. Kingsley has built a very sturdy fire guard so the toddlers can roam free again.

We always welcome new members.

Contacts: Kingsley Sivewright - OOK 747

Leonie Smith - OAR 804

COMMUNITY COMMENT

FROM EPAULETS TO BUMP CARS

I began my life in the real world of work, owning a car and being broke, some years ago when I won my first job at the Waipukerau Hospital Laboratory. I had no idea I was to be a lab technician until two weeks before I started, having had my eyes dutifully set on Varsity.

My apprenticeship as 'test tube washer upper' seemed to last a long time, however I soon found most aspects of bacteriology quite interesting and began to study by correspondence for qualifications in this area. Nicknamed Buggy from the pooze, weeze and phlem dept., I found this job was definitely unpleasant at times, especially if a family contracted Salmonella for example. In this case the Health Dept. required each family member to have three clear samples before they were deemed to be recovered. By the third set of samples upon the mere look of complaint, I was told promptly not to winge - that was out "bread and butter" I was dealing with!!

We had a small staff and in those days virtually no machinery, so we had to be jacks of all trades and be competent with all the testing to share the "on call" load. We'd boil water to put test tubes in to do the glucose analysis, and make sure we had enough ice cubes for the protein tests. Now they have a machine which does everything with one slurp of sample, 30 seconds of programming and 10 seconds to print out results.

During my time I can recall the odd nightmare situation - once I was called out after midnight to a paracetamol overdose. I had no idea where the test method was - did we have one? Do we have the right chemicals? Fortunately the charge technician was home that night. All the staff practised that test for a week after that.

Then there was the mix up of the results for the leukaemia patient with the one who came in for a tonsilectomy. I ran like a girl possessed back to the ward and tore the reports from the Ward Sister's hands and all was well apart from a rip up from the boss and a sleepless night!

We were a close team, bound together by the need for strict confidentiality - crucial in a small town, and the need for every result to be accurate, checked and double checked.. We had lots of fun and anyone who "stuffed up" would always be redeemed if they shouted morning tea.

From there I took my next lab job at the H.B. Farmers Meat Company (Takapau Freezing Works). So I swapped my shoes for gumboots and practised the freezing workers gait. My first tour down the meat chains by myself was very memorable. The first wolf whistles were a bit embarrassing then a couple of howls went up, I didn't know where to look and started getting nervous. Then the knives started up - crashing rhythmically against the stainless steel, finally all the sections joined up to a deafening crescendo! Freddy Mercury would have been impressed.

It took all my courage and will power not to start running, as the noise chased me along the chains - a real treat for the beginner. I soon learnt to look them in the eye and say hello before they got the better of me. Before long I was saying hello to 50-60 friends and acquaintances within an hour of a days work.

The lab work was not quite as exciting as the hospital work but we had our day (which turned into years), when we found 'bugs in the water supply.

We had difficulty retaining our export licence and the credibility of the lab was very doubtful. Whose spitting in the samples? The bugs took over two years to be cleared out by completely rebuilding the water reticulation system, installing a 1.2 million dollar filtration plant, hundreds of hours overtime and thousands of water tests. The lab survived by becoming Telarc registered, being the first N.Z. meat works lab to become so. Telarc is the Testing Laboratory Accreditation Council of N.Z. which is internationally recognised as a standards and auditing authority. We could breathe again.

During this time I became the Lab Manager, obtained an NZCS in Food Science and married my loved one!

My next job was to take on the Quality Control Dept., employ 3014 Q.C. officers and train them up. For the first season we learnt and measured and weighed and checked carcasses the way it had always been done, producing masses of reports that no one really looked at.

Until the day of the EEC inspection. The EEC veterinarians had been on plant for less than half an hour, saw a piece of sheep dung on a carcass, and worse, saw everyone cross their fingers and look away! They stormed off the plant and suspended our export licence for three months.

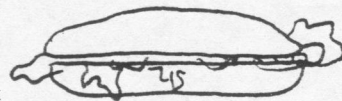
Our poor old supervising veterinarian went on a long holiday and it was thought other heads would roll. We had lots of visits from MAF National Head Quarters and suddenly the Quality Control Dept. was the centre of attention. We threw out the old methods and started from scratch.

Takapau was thrown into the new age of total quality management and off loaded a lot of bad habits of the traditional N.Z. meat works. The other Richmond plants have followed suit which will mean a brighter future for this meat company I hope.

I spent seven years at Takapau and felt as if I'd gained an extra family while I was there, I love calling in from time to time.

Robyn McDougal

Roll on Summer



Cold winter days spent inside sipping hot soup take me back to summers past, sports days and easy fare like the Waiwhare whopper rolls when we begin with long rolls, round meat, rectangular pickles, slices of tomatoes, chopped onions and flat lettuce. When we bite into them we get angry when pieces of it fall on the floor.