

# WAIWHARE WIRE

SEPTEMBER 1992

Here it is! Another long awaited issue of our famed community mag, the Waiwhare Wire. Before tearing through the pages to see who is featured in this issues centrespread just slow down a little and reflect on our beloved Playcentre.

Yes I know, most if us men are scared of the place because before we can blink an eye we will be roped into yet another working bee; but the other day I scooted down to this infamous establishment to join them in their 25th birthday celebrations.

Unlike other hoolies I have attended, I was suprised (totally flabbergasted really) by the complete lack of alcohol at this function and instead witnessed a Playcentre session in progress.

I have to admit however that I really enjoyed myself and was very suprised how even very young children can be organised to partake in activities that I thought was quite beyond them.

All the kids really got into their "thing", whether it be paint, dough, goo, or whatever and I observed some pretty impressive concentration going on with these kids completing tasks they had set for themselves.

Some really big kids (Pete Dingle, Mark Harris) completed some impressive work too!

I have to admit that being a rather old fashioned, boring male chauvinist I had felt that Playcentre had limited value, but now I look on what our women folk do in a new light.

I promise I will never grumble about having to attend another working bee again.

I really enjoyed the afternoon. There was only one thing wrong with it - Steve Smith ate all the birthday cake!!

THANKS LADIES !!!!

A big thank you to all the Playcentre ladies (and gents) for organising a wonderful evening last Saturday. The Las Vegas Night was better than ever. Fun on the tables, delicious food, great music and top class entertainment. The cancan was a real treat!! Although... a couple of the "ladies" could have gone to the trouble of shaving for the occassion.

Everybody, without fail I'm sure, had a tremendous night! A late one too with most of us staggering home, spouses in tow, in the wee small hours of Sunday.

We look forward to the next one !!!

APOLOGIES FOR THE QUALITY OF THIS ISSUE - we have  
||| been having major headaches with the photocopier !!!

## SCHOOLBOY RUGBY

Rugby this year has been most successful for the majority of our boys in the Waiwhare district.

Jarreau Purcell played for Flaxmere Intermediate in Grade 12.  
Campbell Ayres and Brett Gunson played for Taradale Terrors in Grade 10, and the following boys played for Hastings High School Old Boys Club.  
Andrew Clarke and Simon Wallace - grade 10.  
Daniel Ward and Bradley Wallace - grade 8  
Rowan Smith, Corey Bullock, Jock Lawrence and Nicholas Webster - grade 7  
Sam Roil, Richard Ward and Hamish Webster - grade 5-6

I'm sure the ultimate highlights for the boys during the season were

- a. winning the game.
- b. winning the trophy for either player of the day or tackler of the day - something to strive towards each week, especially when Mum or Dad were watching!

Car pooling was an important part of Saturday morning rugby as it is quite a relief when it's someone else's turn; although yelling up and down the sideline, then stopping at the store for "junk food" en route home will be missed now that the season is over!

There was also a terrific feeling of sense of pride when your son grabbed the ball, moved a few metres up the field, dodging those determined tacklers, and scored that heroic try.

Congratulations go especially to Jarreau Purcell for being chosen to play in the Hastings West Ross Shield team. His team played in one of the curtain raiser games for the Ranfurly Shield match at McLean Park, Napier on Saturday 29th August.

Congratulations also to Simon Wallace who was chosen for the Hastings F Grade reps. He has had games against CHB, Dannevirke and Napier and an invitation game in Havelock Nth. Have we some budding All Blacks amongst us? The boys had their breakup on Saturday 29th. So ends another schoolboy rugby season.



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## SHERENDEN country chat



If anyone is interested in subscribing to the Sherenden Country Chat, Contact Kath Monson phone 847. \$5.00 per year

Delivery arranged or could be collected from my mail box on your way into town.





# ANOTHER PLANET

I was driving home from work on a dusty lonely road.  
I was thinking about a story for my newspaper.

BANG! My tyre burst. I got out and started to fix it. I was just starting to get the jack out of the boot when a blinding light flashed on and off before me. It hovered above the ground; a yellow beam came out of the "thing" and two creatures appeared.

One of them had a long oblong face with skinny arms and legs and bulging eyes. The other looked like it's pet; it looked like an octopus but it had three eyes coming out of it's head.

"I am Zardos" said the long skinny one, "and this is my pet, Xoa. We come from a planet called ARARDAS."

"Hello," I said and started to take pictures of these aliens.

"What a story!" I thought.

Suddenly Zardos pulled out a penlike thing and fired a red beam at my feet. He then pushed a button and a glowing chain wrapped around me. He tightened the chain and pulled me into the vessel. Zardos looked into my eyes; his eyes were glowing purple. Then I fell asleep.

When I woke up I seemed to be in a laboratory. There was a huge light above me. "We are just doing some tests on you; they won't take long." He had a thing that looked like an electric shaver and ran it all over my arms and legs.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I am looking at the structure of your arms and legs", Zardos said. "Xoa, look after our experiment while I put these in the computer."

I saw an "off" switch. There was a bar beside me; I grabbed it in my teeth and hit it against the off switch.

Click! It turned off. The straps on my arms and legs loosened and I got my hands out and grabbed the bar. I crept up behind Xoa and bashed him over the back of his head. He went out cold.

I snatched the control for opening the doors off him and pushed "open" on the control. The door opened so I ran down the corridor and into the hangar.

The ship was just leaving. I ran after it and jumped on; the doors were just closing but I managed to get in. There were two more aliens that looked like Zardos and I noticed another gun on the wall.

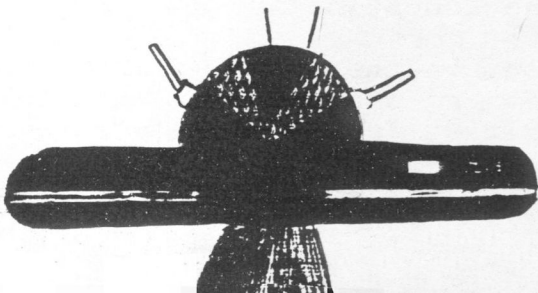
Luckily they hadn't seen me yet. I got the gun and fired at both aliens who turned into bubbling liquid and disappeared.

The ship was going down; I rushed to the controls and pulled the joystick up. The words on the control panel said "EARTH". I turned the hyperdrive on. Sshhh!!! I was flying to Earth on an alien ship.

In a few minutes I was back on Earth. I landed at Government Building and told them about my adventure.

Some scientists flew back to Arardos and befriended the aliens.

I wrote a story for the newspaper and soon everybody was going there, all thanks to me.



# Teamwork par Excellence

If you want to know how to catch a sheep without over-exerting yourself, just ask the experts - Shona & Dianne.

Shona was doing the lambing beat the other day & she came across a ewe that required attention. She needed help to catch it & because Peter was occupied Dianne volunteered her services. Off they went on the 3-wheeler, Shona driving & Dianne behind.

As they neared the ewe Dianne poised herself, ready to pounce.

Such preparation proved to be unnecessary, however, as

Shona slammed on the brakes & Dianne shot gracefully through the air, fairly & squarely on top of the ewe!!



## OTAMAURI PLAYCENTRE

As we head off back to Playcentre after the August break we look forward to our final term of fulfilled activities for 1992.

Last term had us involved in themes of drama, fantasy, music and cultures.

As part of our obligation to the Treaty of Waitangi we needed to address bi-culturalism. We decided to do this by first discovering our own heritage. The idea was to come either dressed in old clothing which, or bring food that depicted our own families.

There were kilts, clogs, pizza, rice and chopsticks (I think there was a bit of fantasy going on here actually). We were surprised how much interest and understanding the children showed in the different countries, and how people often look and dress differently to us. The Olympics in TV at the time certainly helped.

We held a very happy family day in July - with many school age children dominating the collage table. There was a lovely big 25th birthday cake to scoff and a good time was had by all.

In August we had our E.R.O. Review - this is like an inspection to ensure we are keeping the promises we made in our Charter, are keeping up to standard in fire and health regulations, education, staffing and a million other things. A session was observed, data and records checked and levels of training noted. An oral report was given and we had the chance to discuss this. Those of us who attended at times felt a little bewildered. Basically we have the same obligations as schools under the Education Act and the process of documentation must be similar.

It was stressed that commitment to our playcentre, whether it be filling the water trough or filling in the day book, is something every parent must be involved in. However it was generally a very positive review and I'm sure much will be gained from it.

Leonie Smith



## WAIWHARE FIRE UNIT

With October only weeks away, the Waiwhare Fire Unit in its new guise is rapidly approaching its first birthday.

Although a fire-trailer and pump had been stationed at the Waiwhare School long before I arrived in the district, no formal group was formed to operate the equipment and training of interested people was annual and rather ad-hoc.

A more formal unit was formed in the old Forest Service days under Don Gregory, the forestry's mechanic. Some of the more memorable events included helicopter training, visits from the Fire Service and the day Trevor Timpson did his Human Torch impression when trying to light the old Holst cottage for an exercise. Roger Tough's tackle on Trev to roll him over and extinguish his clothing was worthy of inclusion on Boots 'n All. Unfortunately the unit was disbanded when the N.Z.F.S. was corporatised in 1987.

The demise of the Forest Service left a vacuum in the rural fire control scene. To remedy this situation, amendments to the Fire Service and Forest and Rural Fires Acts and the introduction of The Rural Fire management codes of practice, have made local body authorities more accountable and responsible for rural fire management in their districts.

The Waiwhare Fire Unit Mark 2 came into being at the instigation of the Hastings District Council, who were fulfilling their obligations to the above legislation.

Originally about 20 people expressed an interest in becoming part of the unit, but after a couple of bleak wind-swept practices in front of the fire depot at Kaweka, this rapidly slimmed to the hard-core of ten people who have kept the unit viable over the past year.

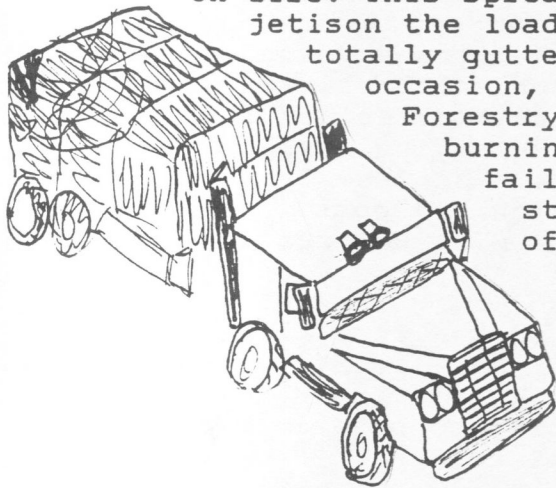
The county inherited an ex-forestry International 4x4 Fire-engine but had no where to house it. When made aware of an empty bay at the Kaweka fire-depot, the Waiwhare unit scored a fire-engine and became upwardly mobile as well as mobile, period!

The October/May fire season was fairly eventful, from the Goulding hay-shed fire, where the International had it's baptism of fire, to the Roy's Hill fire where the local boys acquitted themselves well and Dave Ward astounded everyone concerned with the places he took the International. The training sessions were well vindicated at Roy's Hill, with the forestry boys only arriving late in the day. All credit to John, Dave and Jim for a job well done.



We got a taste of fighting house fires, when the cottage at Cahirdean burnt down. When I finally got there (caught in the bath), most of the district was already there! Again a good working relationship was established with the Fire Service and more skills and knowledge were gleaned from this relationship. A moment of humour when Dave Ward disappeared around the water tanks dragging a hose at a pace that would have made Carl Lewis envious, only to re-appear in seconds at a pace that would have the Starship Enterprise checking its spark plugs! Hot stuff that radiant heat, eh Dave? Also Tony impressed all with his turn of speed as he raced off into the night unrolling a hose, pity he forgot to connect it to the engine!

Finally, to round off our varied range of experiences, we had a hay-truck fire last month. The truck carrying donated hay to the snow bound farmers in Canterbury, caught fire when the exhaust stack set the tarpaulin on fire. This spread to the hay and despite the drivers efforts to jetison the load, eventually spread to the truck, which was totally gutted. The International had a day off on this occasion, as the foam generating capabilities of the Forestry Isuzu were needed to extinguish the



burning diesel fuel. Once again Tony never failed to please, with his "jamming the foot in the step and falling flat on the back with 40 litres of foam and denting the tarseal with head" game !! Although a fairly riveting spectator sport, it failed to take off and people got into the "shovelling burning hay off the burning truck" game instead.

It was a team sport with a real sense of urgency, but suitable footwear was a must. Once again brownie points were scored with the local Fire Service (people notorious for their derision of volunteer's capabilities).

The latest episode in our tale is the registration of fire units. The National Rural Fire Authority, the national ruling body is insisting on registering Rural Fire parties. This is to facilitate better organisation of these units to create a more professional approach and to be eligible for grant assistance for purchase of safety apparel and fire equipment. To qualify for registration, a constitution had to be agreed to, a chairman and committee elected and a new list of members compiled. A meeting was held and the above achieved, but if there are people out there who could not attend the meeting, who can handle a whiff of wood-smoke and are prepared to attend four Saturday morning training sessions a year, please get in touch. Your participation would be welcomed.

Steve Smith



*'Y'can be thankful girl y'don't get as crook as this with the house an' the kids an'all to look after!'*



## Witch in the Playground

Once I was working in class. I looked out the window and saw a black shape. It had a broom with it. I told Mrs. Henderson my teacher.

"What a story," she said. "Get back to work!"

I told some of the other kids. None of them believed me. They called me a liar. I sulked away. Wait till they saw the black thing.

Just then the bell rang for little play.

"You may go out now," said Mrs. Henderson, "except for you Amy. Write out your....."

Just then all the kids came running in screaming.

"What's the matter?" Mrs. Henderson asked.

"There's a witch in the playground" Anna said.

"Yeah" said Mary.

"I told you," I said.

"But you didn't tell us it was a witch."

"Class is dismissed."

"Everybody ran down to the playground. I went home.

"How was school, honey?"

"All right".

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I'm going to bed."

When I got to school the next morning, the witch was teaching the class. I nearly fainted. "Where's the teacher?" I stammered.

"Shutup!" said the witch.

She took us to the playground.

"This is only the playground" said Sam.

"But come with me," said the witch. She led us through a long dark tunnel. When we came out of the tunnel the first thing I saw was Mrs. Henderson tied up in a cage.

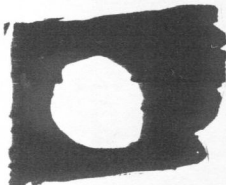
"Now," said the witch, "That is where you will go Amy, since you were the first to look at your numbskull teacher. "The witch seemed to know what everybody was looking at without looking at anyone in particular. Before I knew what was happening, the witch had wrapped me up and bundled me onto another cage. We looked like mummies. Perhaps we would turn into mummies. I hated to think of it. Perhaps we would die here; we would without food and water anyway.

I woke up. I had fallen asleep in class and it was all a dream. I was so embarrassed.

by Amy Roil

### WHOOOPS !!!!!

We hear Mike Barnett wouldn't cough up to install air conditioning in his truck, so Mark has kindly installed some for him - in the way of a broken windscreen. Better watch where you throw the firewood next time you load the truck up, eh Mark



# Brownies

## The brownie Camp

At the brownie camp we hung ropes from some trees and pretended to swing across rivers. We also plaited flax reins for pretend horses. We made footprints out of paper and other brownies followed the footprints and there was a letter at the end of them to do something.

Lone Brownies are Brownies that live in the country

Brownies is fun. We went on a lone brownie camp. We were pretending to be on Safari. You never know we might just have been.

## Brownie Revels

Brownie Revels is a brownie fun day. You do things like throw a parachute into the air and let it come down again.

## Cowboy Day

We dressed up as cowboys and headed off to Mrs. Dunn's. We went for a barbeque at the Dunn's creek. We ate sausages and roasted marshmallows. We ate them in chocolate biscuits. It was fun.

Amy Boal



# TOUCHWOOD BOOKS

It is a generally accepted fact in the commercial world that if a business survives the first five years it must be reasonably sound. Touchwood Books, now the fifth biggest bookseller in the country, has celebrated its fifth year by (1) extending its premises (2) getting a computer system installed and (3) appearing on nationwide tv. Only the first has happened so far - the other two are coming up shortly.

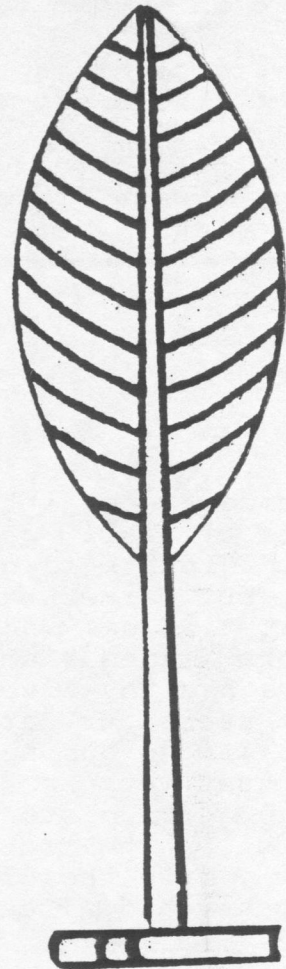
Mark Pearson and his nephew, Jason, built an extension on to the existing bookshed and the floor space is now almost doubled in size. We have lots more bookshelves, more bench space to work on and even carpet! Lots of cubbyholes too for all those miscellaneous bits and pieces that Peter used to file away under last month's mail. We are gradually getting it all sorted out. Diane and I do agree, however, that our biggest problem is Peter - we are slowly instilling some semblance of order into his active but untidy brain - maybe it's something to do with being left-handed?

Next month the computer system goes in. Peter and Diane saw it in operation at the annual booksellers' conference in Rotorua recently and realised that it was exactly what they need now. One major headache we have is locating books people have asked for - if they can't give us the publisher's name it's almost impossible to trace the book and is very time-consuming. With our new system we will have access to 1.6 million book titles - all details of the books will be available (ie publisher, date of printing(s), edition etc) and some bibliographical detail as well.

The new system will have a barcode scanner - gone will be the days of laboriously recording new stock and pricing by hand. Invoicing will be a breeze and we will always know what stock there is on hand at any given time. Diane and I have spent hours stock-taking recently, which involved manually listing each book price. We know we will be able to give better service to our book club members (1900 so far) and will be able to make more profitable use of the 12 agents that are scattered around the country.

The computer system is Australian-based but there are several booksellers in NZ already using it with considerable satisfaction. Two very nice gentlemen, Patrick and Michael (from Sydney) came to tell us more about it. A lot of money but definitely the way to go. Patrick and Michael are such nice gentlemen that they have promised to call me Linda and not Leenda next time they come.

Now - the tv stars! As some of you may be aware there was a National Camellia Conference in Napier on the weekend of the 29th and 30th August. Maggie Barry and her crew from "Palmer's Garden Show" came up to the bookshed on the afternoon of the 29th and recorded a segment for a forthcoming show. We don't know when it will be on tv - some time during the current series, anyway. An article is also due to appear in "Next" magazine sometime soon.



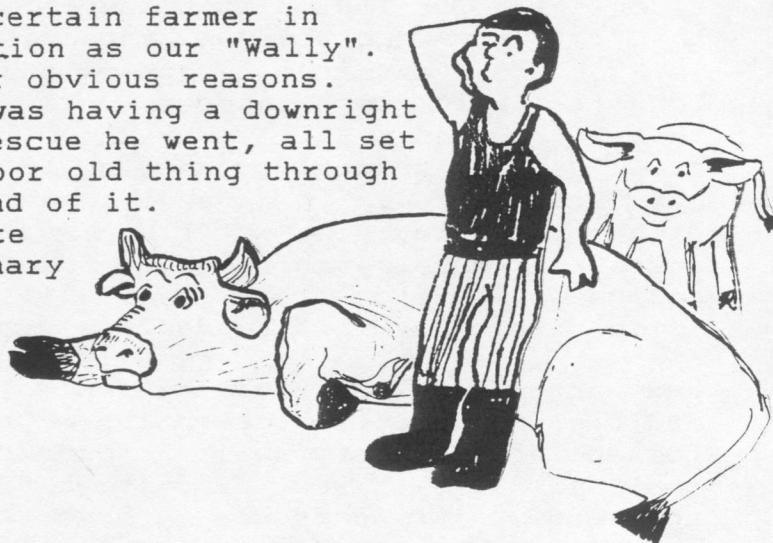
Don't forget if you want to come and see the books feel free to do so. A phone call first would be wise as there isn't always someone in the bookshed. The garden will be open at the end of November for the general public as usual.

All very exciting, I must say. Life is never boring - just a pity there aren't more hours in the day! By the way, we've got proper books on real chillies in stock now - though I'm sure some of you would have found the other book more to your taste. You'd be surprised at some of the titles we do have in stock!

Linda

## WAIWHARE WALLY

It has come to our attention that a certain farmer in the district really deserves recognition as our "Wally". We shall keep his identity secret for obvious reasons. It seems our farmer had a cow which was having a downright difficult time calving. Off to the rescue he went, all set to perform a caesarian to help the poor old thing through and get a healthy live calf at the end of it. Well, it seems our farmer is not quite ready to set up business as a veterinary surgeon just yet. He did perform the caesarian section but not too successfully. The trouble is, he eventually made the cut only to find the cow had already calved.



What are seniors worth?

Original. Author  
unknown

What are seniors worth? ..... We are worth a fortune!!!  
..... Remember, Old folks are worth a fortune ----- with silver in their hair gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, lead in their feet and gas in their stomachs!!! I have become a little older I saw you last and a few changes have come into my life ----- Frankly, I have become a frivolous old Gal.

I am seeing five gentlemen every day. As soon as I wake up, Will Power helps me out of bed. Then I go to see John. Next, Charlie Horse comes along and when he is here he takes alot of my time and attention. When he leaves, Arthur Ritis shows up and stays the rest of the day. He does'nt like to stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint. After such a busy day I'm really tired and glad to go to bed with Ben Gay. What a life!!! Oh yes, I'm also flirting with Al Zymer.

P.S.: The Preacher came to call the other day. He said that at my age I should be thinking a lot about the here-after. I told him: "Ch I do, all the time. No matter where I am, in the parlour, upstairs, in the kitchen or down in the basement, I ask myself ----- now what am I here after?".

[Ben Gay -- an ointment for Rheumatism.]



## Our Olympic Games.

Forward march! Our Olympic teams march in with Australia in the lead and the Unified Team bring up the rear. Between these two teams are Canada, Germany and Hungary.

To the marching music, the teams march around the field and line up in the middle. Henrietta, our chook of peace is thrown up into the air as a symbol of peace.



Chosen team members carry the Olympic flag in and hoist it up the flag pole on the fort. These people were Louise, Corey, Erin, Katrina, Caroline and Elesha. After that, the flame was relayed in by our famous athletes Duncan, Emmily, Richard and Amy Roydhouse. Amy lit the arrow which I had to shoot up into the bowl. I fired. The arrow went over the fort and into the grass. Amanda McCaslin lit the bowl with a lighter. The Athletes oath was read out by Callum, Sophie and Scott. Then a speech was made by Jarreau to welcome the parents here and to officially open our Olympic Games.

The events we had were high jump, hockey, discus, steeplechase and shooting (with a tennis ball of course.) We had five minutes at each event. After the teams had competed in all events, we lined up for the next part of the Olympics. We had two more events - the team relays and bicycle racing.

The teams lined up for the relay.

On your marks, get set, go!!

The first people were off. Then the next after the baton was passed until the whole team went through then that event was over.

Now for the last event of the day. The bike race. Again the first team members lined up, but on their bikes this time. The race was started.

The people were off. Once around the field, then the next person until the whole team was through.

Now, all the events were over and it was time for the medal ceremony. Once again, the teams lined up to wait for the results.

The first medals awarded were for shooting. Mrs Gunson gave these out. Gold to Hungary, silver to Australia, bronze to the Unified Team.

Mrs Purcell gave out medals for the steeplechase. Gold for Hungary, silver for Canada and bronze to Germany.

The third lot of medals was for the high jump. These were given out by Mr D Ward. Gold to Australia, silver to Unified team, bronze to Hungary.

Then Mrs. Robinson presented medals for the Discus. Gold to Canada, silver to the Unified Team and bronze to Australia.

Next the medals for hockey, awarded to the teams by Mrs H Ward. Gold to Germany, then Canada with silver and bronze to Australia.

The relay medals were given out by Mrs Ayres. Gold went to The Unified Team, silver to Germany and bronze to Hungary.

The last event of the day was cycling. The medals were awarded by Mrs Roil. Germany took gold, silver went to Australia and Unified ended up with bronze.

After the medal ceremony, the teams marched out and the Waiwhare Olympics were declared closed. After that kids rode around on their bikes and the adults drank cups of tea.

All in all, the day was loads of fun and the weather was fine amazingly. I would like to thank all the parents who attended our games, and a very big thank you to Mrs Ayres for spending a lot time making the medals. Also to the teachers for making the Olympic Games of Waiwhare School happen.

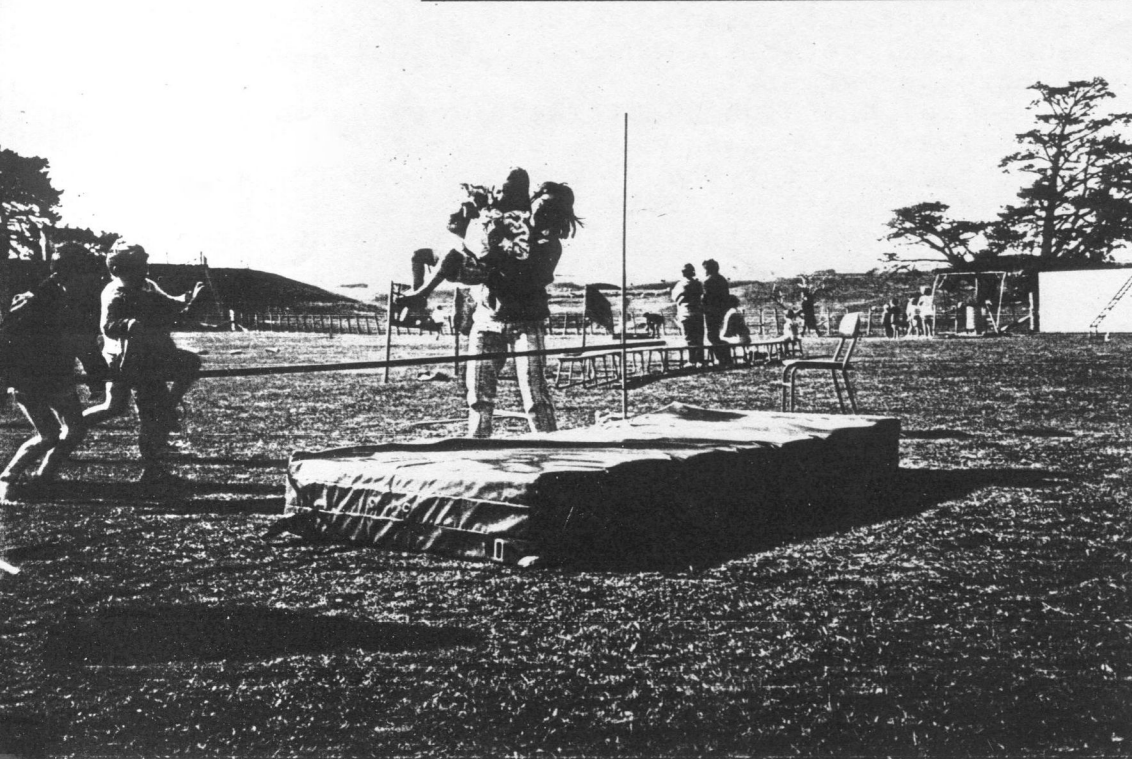
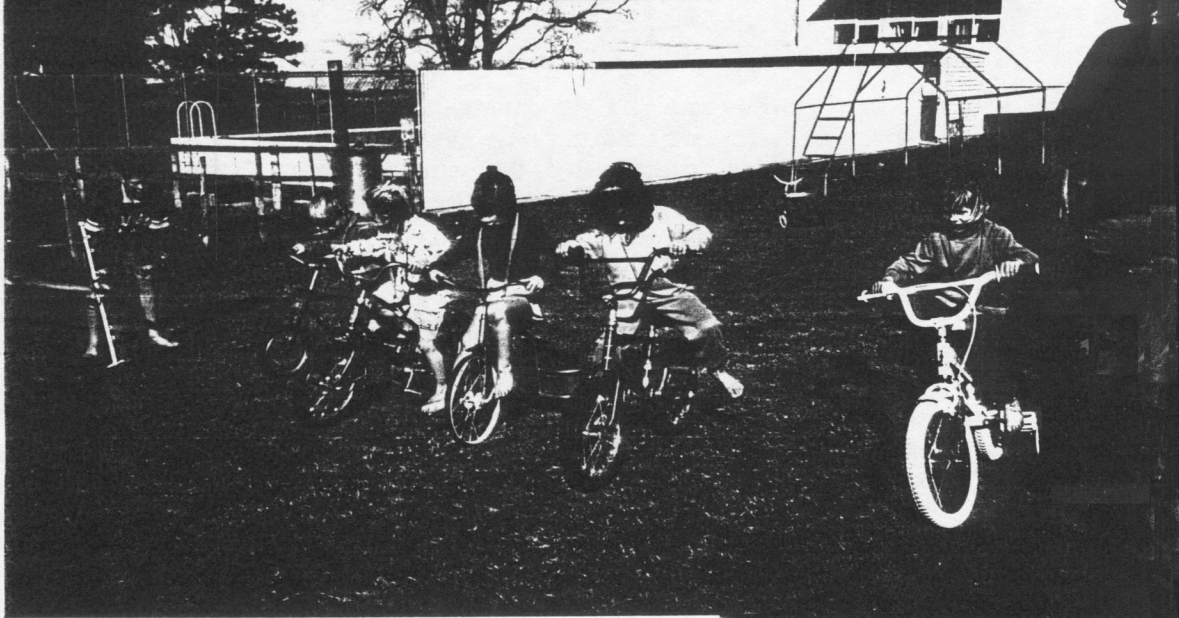
Suzanne Ward

Waiwhare  
School  
Olympic  
Games



Teams  
lined up  
ready to  
begin

Cycling  
event



High jump

-hey!  
isn't that  
cheating?



# LOCAL HISTORY

Linda Ward showed me this document about the Konini Races as she thought I would be interested. Well, I was, as Kate Noell had given it to me when I was helping her pack up before going to live in Hastings after they had sold Konini to John Barnett! It was wrapped up in an old piece of material and I kept it for several years and then I gave it to Mike Barnett as Konini was his home. He had it framed and has looked after it, which would have pleased Kate.

## Konini Races—

to be held on the 24<sup>th</sup> of May—

Stewards—

Messrs W<sup>m</sup> Jones, R<sup>e</sup> Hughes, W<sup>m</sup> God— R. Peene  
Jos. Dickson G<sup>e</sup> Howes— O. Evans  
Judge— James Dove Esq—  
Clerk of the Scales— M<sup>r</sup> J. Kite  
Starter & Handicapper— M<sup>r</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Dabbs—  
Clerk of the Course— A. Williams—

## Rules & Regulations

- 1<sup>st</sup> All horses must be of bona fide property—
- 2<sup>nd</sup> No one allowed to run a horse if not subscriber of one pound (£1) towards the Races—
- 3<sup>rd</sup> No horse is allowed to run if not at least a month in the District—
- 4<sup>th</sup> No horses allowed to run that won public money—
- 5<sup>th</sup> Any protest or dispute must be left to the decision of the Stewards—
- 6<sup>th</sup> No protest can be entered if not accompanied with £1 (one pound) which will be forfeited if the protest can be sustained—
- 7<sup>th</sup> The decision of the Stewards shall be final for any dispute or protest entered—

## District

to include— Willowbrook—Harkaway—Pissington  
Dartmoor—Woodthorpe—Okawa—Tunamui  
Whona—Whona—Stonross—Keripaponga  
Mangawhare—Mangatutu—Puketitiri—  
Patoka—Hawkestone—Wacahu and  
Waikonini

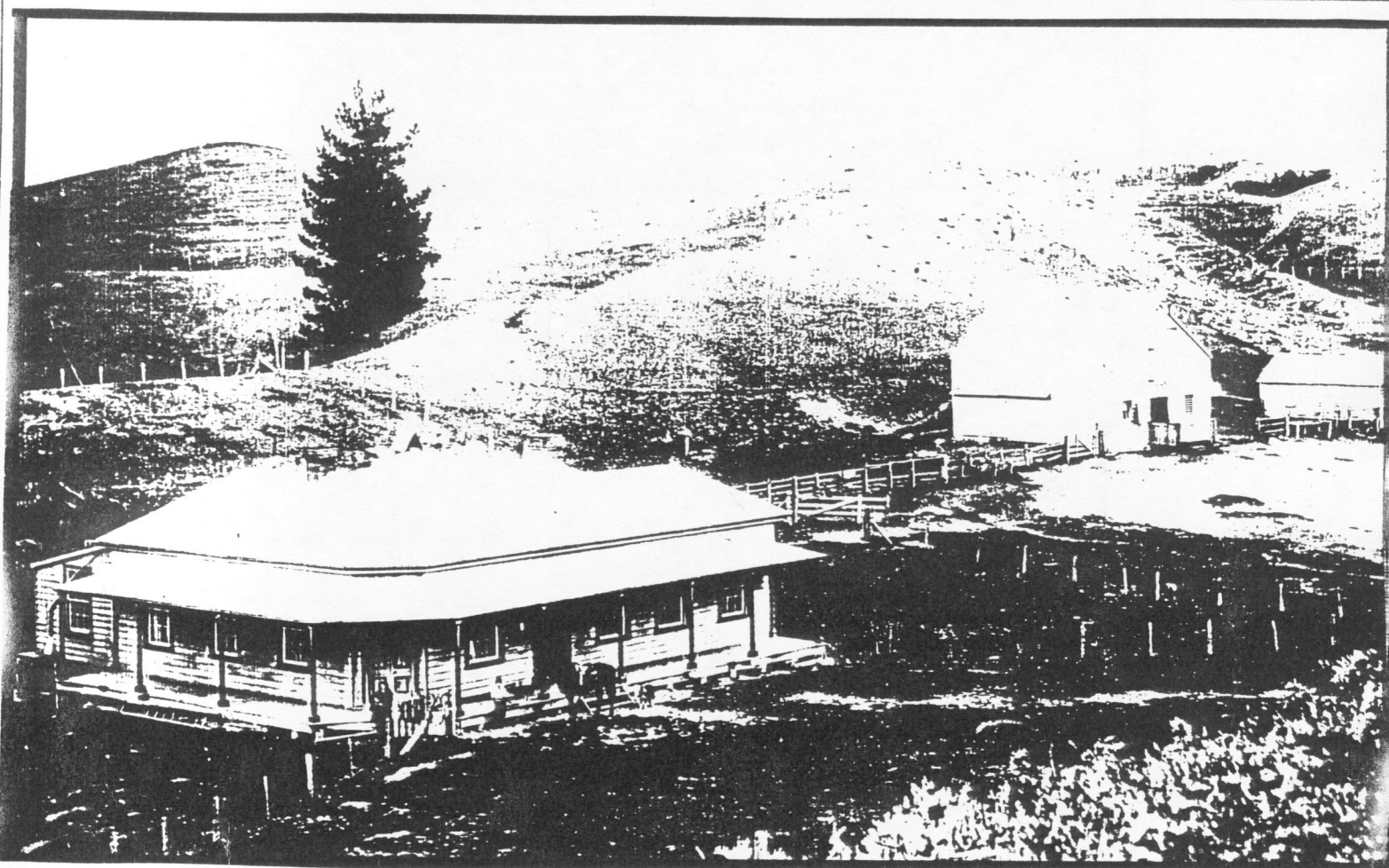
*[Signature]*  
Secretary

The Noell family first lived at the Burnside Store and Post Office, which had been the Waikonini Hotel until Bill Jones, the proprietor, relinquished the licence and took on the Konini Hotel, which was situated on the opposite side of the road to Mike Barnett's house. W. Hill was the first proprietor of the Burnside Store & Post Office and he was succeeded by the Noell family, who went to live at Konini when the Waikonini Hotel was moved to form part of Horace Sheild's homestead at Waiwhenua.

There were five Noell children - 3 girls and 2 boys. One son married and left home and Stanley ran the farm for his mother and sisters after his father died. Kate had been engaged to get married but sadly her fiance was killed in the first World War. None of the others married.

Kate loved horses and trained "Cousin Jack", who won local races. In "Tales of the Mails" by Lester Masters there is a newspaper report of the last Woodthorpe Hack racing Club in 1914 when "Cousin Jack" won the double event of the day, the Apley Handicap & the Woodthorpe Cup. He was ridden by Mr T Ellingham. I suppose it was not seemly for Kate, a woman, who was the trainer, to ride in a race! When Stan died Kate & Stella went to live in Hastings & later died. Ada ended her life at Porirua Hospital.

Helen Arthur



Waikonini Hotel :- Where Graham Fountaine's cottage is at the bottom of his hill.

The Front of the hotel is now part of Waiwhenua Farm.



How did a cowlick get its name?  
Simply because when cows lick their hides, the hair stands on end!



# COMMUNITY COMMENT

## TIKI TOUR

Andrew and I decided that a tour of the South Island would be in order to check out all these stories that we have been hearing up here about things like power shortages and heavy snowfalls.

We left Hastings at 2am on Wednesday (July 15th) for Wellington and called on younger brother Patrick in Miramar for breakfast. Had him convinced that we were going down south to give a hand with the snowraking. We got the 9am sailing on the ferry. As usual the Wellington weather was crock with strong southerlies and heavy rain. The crossing wasn't too bad, but Andrew wasn't too sure.

We headed straight for the Coast up the Wairau Valley which was in a drought situation, very cold and snow down to low levels, but here we saw the sun for the first time. Quick stop at Lake Rotoiti, which looked like a postcard and then on to Murchison where we stayed for the night. Turned on the heater in the cabin and then checked out the local - very pleasant.

Next day we headed for Westport, shot through Coaltown Museum and then up to Denniston. Great view from up there, but most of the houses are falling down and full of hippies. Very little to see of the old incline railway as much of it is fairly overgrown and derelict, but it must have been quite a sight in its heyday.

On to Greymouth down the coast road. A stop at Punakaiki where the blowholes and pancake rocks are. Unfortunately it was low tide and a calm sea so they were not as spectacular as they can be. We stayed the night at Greymouth which gives the impression of being more go ahead than we have been led to believe.

The Greymouth Barber welcomed us next morning with mist and light rain coming off the inland hills and it was bloody cold. We headed up the Grey River to Brunner and had a poke around the old industrial site there. From there we tried a shortcut back to the main road but it turned out to be a long cut as we ended up on a forestry road that, if we went down, we wouldn't get back. Back around the long way, stopped for a while at Gladstone, where Linda spent the first few years of her life, then on to Hokitika. We noticed a lot of drying sheds for spagnum moss around this area and especially further south so it's obviously an important industry here. Another hamburger for lunch at Hokitika. Next stop the cheese pub at Mahinapua where we sampled the local ale, Hookers home brew, 7%, not a bad drop though. It's only a very small pub stuck out on its own miles from anywhere. They sure have a large collection of hats in there. The publican reckoned that before the ad they never bothered opening the doors before 4.30pm but now they have people knocking on the door at 8am and quite a few tourist buses stopping especially during the summer. Moving on (getting a bit like Goodbye Pork Pie) we carried on to Franz Josef, a quick look at the glacier from a distance as it was too late in the day to walk up there. We stayed here for the night and checked out the local establishment, where the main topic of conversation seemed to be the helicopter crash on the Fox Glacier.

Next day we moved on to Fox. We went up and had a look at the glacier. Plenty of keas here, one of which had a feed on the rubber on Andrews car - which impressed him no end. On down towards Haast, great scenery, where we looked for a pie for lunch, no shops, nothing, so tried the pub where they had 1 doz DB cans on special for \$18.95. Didn't bother to ask what the normal price was. On over Haast Pass which was very treacherous with ice on the road even in late afternoon. Dramatic change

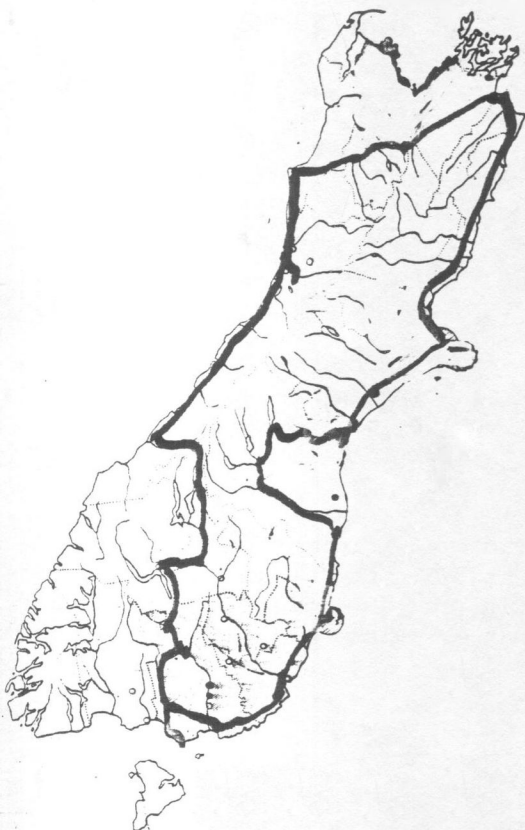
in scenery once into Otago, green to brown. Still good weather though, Lake Hawea looking like another postcard. Headed on down to Cromwell, checked out the Loburn pub which wasn't there, been moved to higher ground to make way for Lake Dunstan. All that was left was a bridge that was only a few feet off being covered by water. We stayed the night at Cromwell, which had had a good run of frosts so things were fairly icy and cold. Work was going on all night on the eastern side of the Clutha River opposite Cromwell to stabilise the river bank.

After a cold night here we headed for Queenstown. Andrew was quite keen on a bungy jump at the old Kawerau bridge but the price of \$89.90 immediately gave him cold feet (it would have given me cold feet at \$1). In and out of Queenstown, just like Taupo in the middle of summer. Onwards south, getting to the bottom. South of Lumsden things start to look a bit greener as we get into Southland. Stopped at a friend's place at Wright's Bush (just out of Invercargill), checked out all the grass, running 800 ewes and 200 hoggets on 170 acres with no supplementary feeding, heaps of electric fencing though, but the price for the ground not far from \$3000/ac. On to Invercargill - got this far so better check out Bluff. Cold, windy and desolate. Stayed the night in Invercargill.

Northwards this time, we travelled along the coastal route to Balclutha through Catlins Forest Park, some fairly rugged country here. From here we turned off at Milton and headed over to Akatore where we stayed the night at a friend's place right on the coast. Wet and mud for miles but those fellows are used to it.

Northwards again, our biggest day travelling, through Dunedin, snow and ice on the northern motorway. Were going to go up through Outram and Middlemarch but overnight snow changed our mind on that. Checked out the boulders at Moeraki, round and big. Turned off on Highway 83 up the Waitaki Valley. Andrew was keen to check out the second hand shop at Kurow - no bargains. Comfort stop at Lake Benmore to see if we could contribute to the lake levels - it was down a bit, but we fixed that up. Through Omarama and on north - checked out the main street of Twizel. Andrew couldn't get the bulldozer there going. Never mind, great roads for travelling - 160km/hr no problem - no traffic. Lake Pukaki did look like the tide was out, in a big way. Lake Tekapo looked much the same. Onwards through Burke Pass, except for a stop at the pub. Seems they have some good times here. Light snow as we went through here and we could see the leftovers from the big snowstorm. Quite a few dead sheep on the sunny faces, but the rest was still under a good 2ft of snow. Big mobs of ewes (2000+) that were standing in paddocks waiting for feed. Snow was still piled up 3 to 4ft in the streets of Fairlie. There was less and less as we got towards Geraldine. Next stop Christchurch for the night.

Homewards this time. We could see the damage to the trees in North Canterbury that the snow had caused, though it had all gone. We knew we must be getting towards Wellington as the weather started to pack up, so Andrew purchased some seasick tablets at Amberley. As we passed through Seddon we saw John Weir in his Isuzu but he wouldn't give us a wave. Never mind. Panic to get on the 2pm sailing, Andrew's off looking for a feed, but I'm in the car and we've got to get on - never mind, the hassles of a ferry crossing.

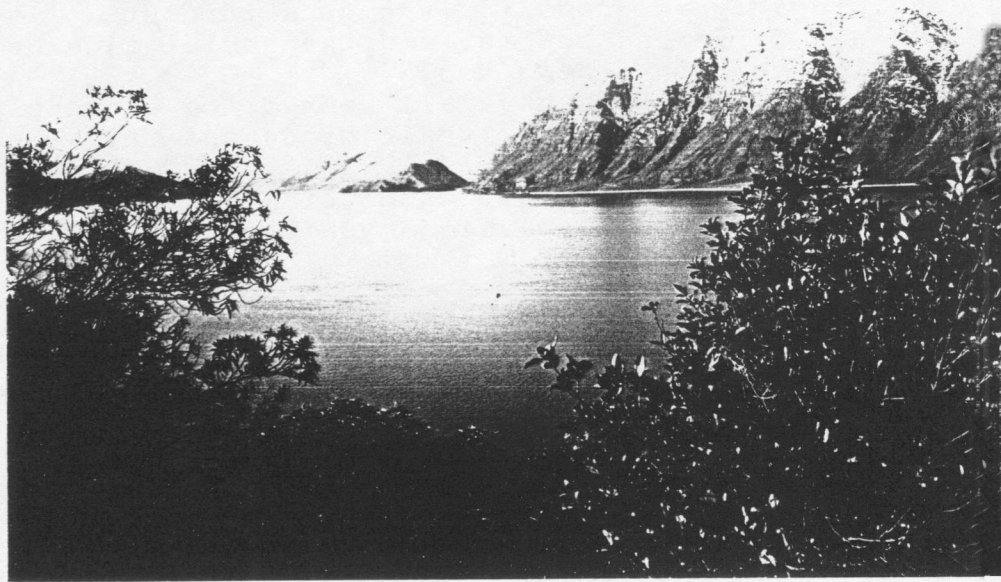
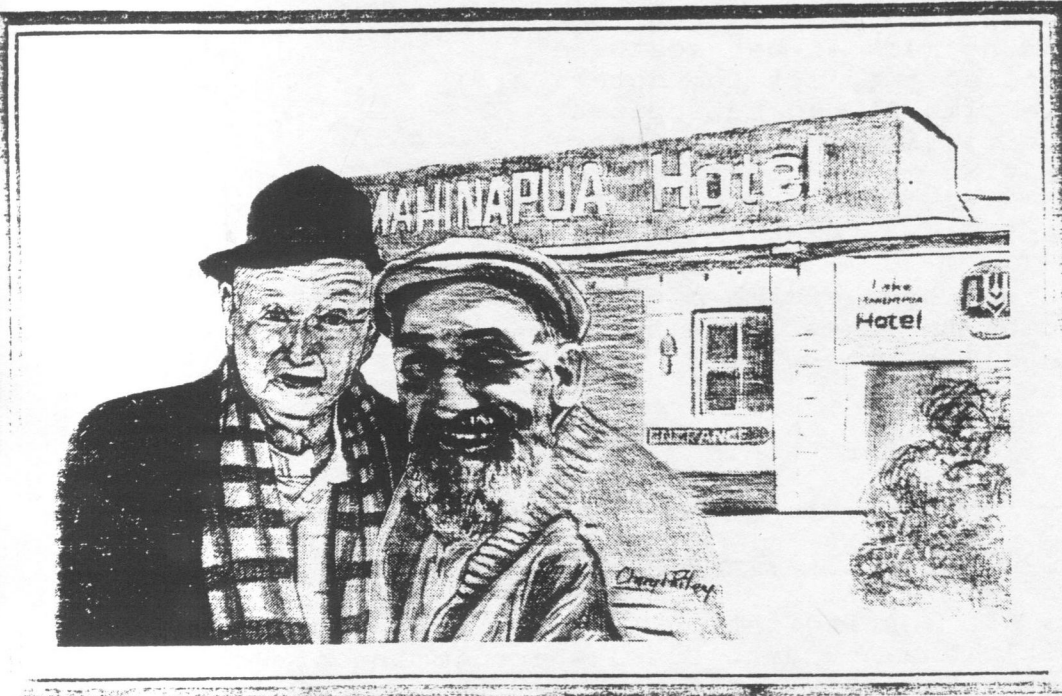




So we head back to the mainland and get caught up in a storm that has just come down the east coast and dropped heaps of rain etc. a real choice crossing. Andrew is starting to wonder whether he really took those seasick tablets (he wasn't crook, really). We had a few waves that came over the bridge of the boat which provided a bit of a thrill, with a few people crook and we got into Wellington just over an hour late.

All in all we covered about 3500 km and seemed to be on the move all the time. We got home to everything fairly saturated. At least I didn't have to do any of the feeding out during the rain, but Linda did, so I must go away again at this time next year. The first thing I saw when I got home was the tractor, parked right in middle of the driveway. Linda assures me that next year she'll check the diesel.

David Ward



HEADING PUPS FOR SALE !!!

PHONE LIZ or GERALD KAY

8742 490

# WAIWHARE WALLY

I can imagine the anticipation as Wally drove toward her destination. Eager to see the boys again after many weeks, she was grateful the whole family would be home tomorrow and have a chance to catch up. No doubt the opportunity to get the lawns mowed without having to hassle the old man was appealing too!

On arrival at the bus depot she thought it was unusually quiet, but Wally was used to being early - in fact - punctuality was something she prided herself on. Leaning back in her seat she got out her knitting and settled for the duration. After some considerable time it became apparent that this bus was not arriving - nor was there any evidence of it arriving in the near future. It briefly occurred to Wally that she had got the time wrong but she dismissed this as being highly unlikely.

However anxiety and curiosity overcame caution and she did eventually decide to investigate further. A brief phone call was all it took.

Yes, the bus was coming.

This time tomorrow!

Golly, Wally - you sure were early this time!



## OTAMAURI SQUASH CLUB

If recent Thursday nights are any indication, squash is as popular as ever in the district - or maybe it's the new dart board which is the drawcard! The teams competition, which Kingsley organised, has been running very well and probably accounts for the good turnouts. It has been a chance to play against different people, and the social side has meant some newer members are getting to know others too.

Our interclub teams have all been doing extremely well. The men are easily within the top third of their grade and the women have made runner up in the womens F grade.

Some players new to Interclub this year have found it very helpful to their squash game and all have enjoyed the social side too - meeting with folk from other clubs.

Club championships will commence between September 10 - 13th and will run for a month culminating in the finals with a social evening following to celebrate our 21st birthday. Any past members interested in joining us for this day will be most welcome - more details later.

Kingsley Sivewright - OOK 747

Leonie Smith - OAR 804.

Not long to go now before our 40th birthday celebrations. Replies are still trickling in and I believe we are going to get a good turnout on the day. There are quite a few ex-pupils and ex-teachers that we haven't been able to contact but I really feel we've done as much as we can to ensure the majority of people have been contacted. All we have to do now is pray for fine weather!

Remember, if any of you have anecdotes or old photos, etc, please get in touch with Leonie or Jan as we are putting out a special issue of the Wire for the occasion.

Linda



## KAWEKA SOCIAL CLUB

### POSSUM SHOOT

At the end of August the Social Club held a possum shoot which ran for two weeks. Despite advertising this well amongst the district and securing some rather fabulous prizes from six very generous sponsors the response to this was extremely poor.

The poor possum shooting conditions didn't help of course with a great deal of the two weeks being cold, windy or wet.

Seven entries were received with the highest tally being 130 tails. 350 possums were shot altogether.

As this was such a disappointing turn out the Social Club held one more shoot during the school holidays. This proved to be somewhat more popular, especially amongst the high school pupils of the district and a total of 1200 tails were collected.

The prize giving was held on Saturday afternoon and nobody went home empty handed - a great incentive for any future shoot.

Major sponsors for the possum shoots were -

WRIGHTSONS

CRAFT AND HERN

RICHMONDS

FARMLANDS

FARMERS TRANSPORT

WILLIAMS AND KETTLE

Phone Leone Smith  
8742-804



## OTAMAURI & DISTRICTS SQUASH CLUB

### 21st BIRTHDAY

What: Tea & Social  
evening

When: Saturday Oct. 10<sup>th</sup>  
4 p.m. onwards

Where: Squash Club

All present & past members welcome Please come & help us  
**CELEBRATE**

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I looked at a duck flying in  
the sky. I went to the woolshed  
and I told Dad.

Maree Wallace

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## Nanny Danny and the Dinosaur

Once upon a time there was a nice witch called Nanny Danny. One day a dinosaur caught Nanny Danny and took her as a prisoner to a dark castle that had lightning attacking it.

Nanny Danny was frightened. She wanted to run away. Then suddenly a shadow came near her. It was the dinosaur and it was growling. It wanted to eat Nanny Danny up.

SUDDENLY it broke the bar and ate Nanny Danny up.

Rowan Smith

