



WAIWHARE WIRE



DECEMBER 1992

Upon writing this introduction the weather is momentarily fine. It almost seems unbelievable that the past weeks have been so miserable, and no doubt by the time this reaches you it may have turned on us again. Rain has been so persistent that even Mike Barnett stopped rubbing his hands together and jumping up and down with joy. Mike has always said that as soon as he sold the farm, Konini would get some rain...well, a truer word was never said! - How about buying it back again Mike, the rest of us would really like some sun.

This issue must be our biggest one yet and almost everyone in the district features in one story or another (I'll bet that has a few of you worried now doesn't it?)

We have a story from our mystery author, some very rum recipes, poems and pictures from the seniors about their camp, a book review, lots of articles and much, much more.

Thank you to all those people who have contributed - it really is appreciated.

We hope you enjoy this special Christmas issue, there's heaps of reading in it - so string up the hammock, shut up shop and get stuck into a spot of reading.

WE WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY AND SAFE HOLIDAY

From the waiwhare Wire Team - Carol, Linda, Chris, Keren and Leonie.



A warm welcome to:

Our new school principal - Keryl Lee - Kelleher, her husband Steve and five year old daughter Remy, who will be living in the school house.

We hope you enjoy your time at Waiwhare.

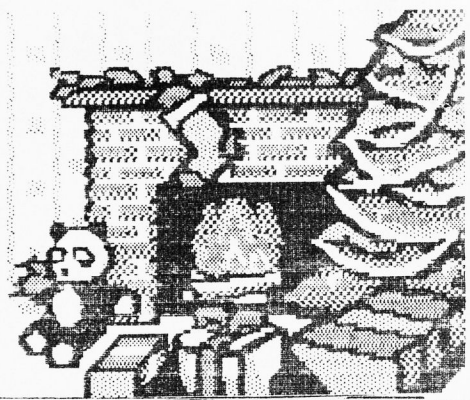
welcome back -

To Peachy and his wife Tracy, who will be taking up residence in Kay's cottage after Christmas. Good to see you back !!

A sad farewell :- To Redman's who will be leaving the district sometime in January to move on to different pastures. We wish you all the best in your future ventures.



Happy Holiday Wishes



Best wishes and Good Luck to the four Form 2 pupils who leave Waiwhare School this year. Duncan and Jarreau are to go to Napier Boys' High School, Suzanne to Sacred Heart and Louise to Havelock North High School.

Best wishes go also to our three teachers who all leave our school this year - Pam Gunson who will continue with reading recovery, Ann - we hope you enjoy your 'freedom' and Dave - hope you find that venture you're looking for.

CONGRATULATIONS to those High School students who did well in 1992.

Philippa Kay for coming 1st in 6th form at Napier Girls' High School in Environmental Studies, for earning her Gold D.O.E. award and being awarded the Nola Johnston Memorial prize.

Peter Ward for getting 5th form Workshop Technology prize, 2nd in Tech Drawing at St. Pats and earning his silver D.O.E. award.

Daniel Herron for coming 2nd in 5th form in Maths and accounting at N.B.H.S. and for his commendable results in the combined schools 6th form exam he sat.

Kathryn Paton for coming top in 4th form at Iona and collecting 'Most Improved Gymnast' title.

Craig Ayres for coming 2nd in 4th form at N.B.H.S. in Agriculture.

Robert Ayres for his results in combined schools exams.

Michael Ward who won 3rd form prize in Technical subjects, Form 3 athletics distance champion, Form 3 runner-up in cross country.

Mark Barnett who came 2nd overall in his 5th form class at Lindisfarne and for earning his silver D.O.E award.

Matthew Croad for gaining the academic, diligence and effort prize for the 5th form at Lindisfarne.

Andy Gunson for winning the boys Hockey Trophy at Taradale High.

Rachael Kay and Jessie Arthur for earning their bronze D.O.E. awards.

Neil Fountaine for gaining the form 2 prize for Reliability and Industry at Hereworth.

Nicholas Robinson who got the form 1 prize at Hereworth for Reliability and Industry.

Jason Goulding who won Lindisfarne prize for Softball.

Quite an impressive list isn't it. Well done everyone we hope we have not left anyone out - we have tried very hard not to.

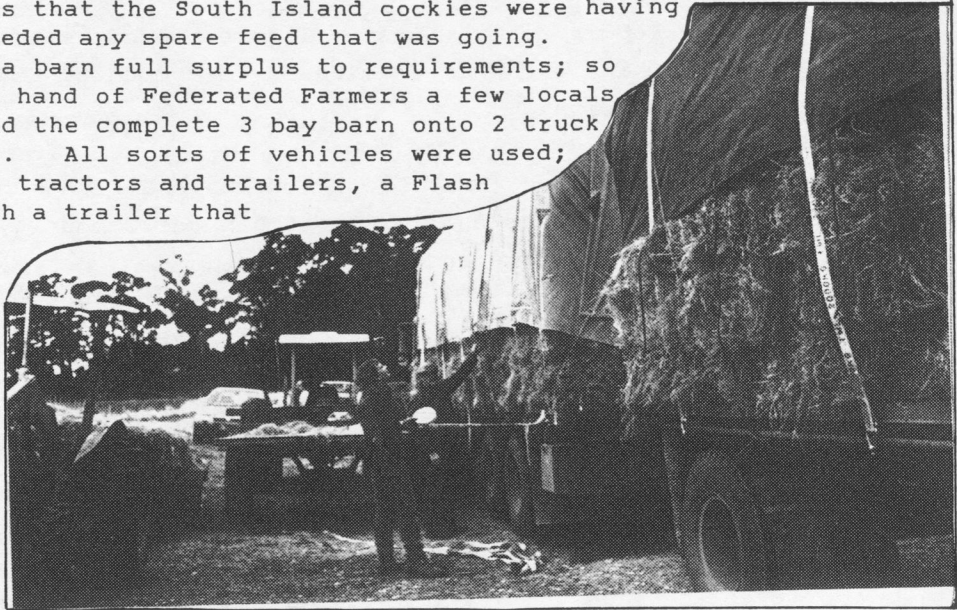


HAYTIME

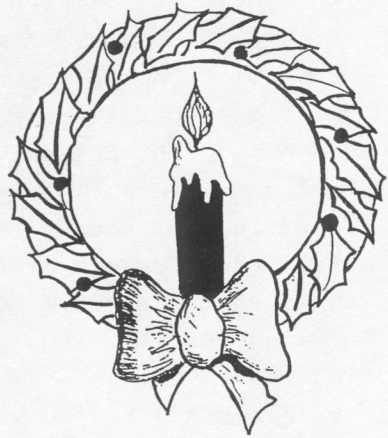
When it ever gets dry enough, you all think! But during the South Island snow storms some locals felt the urge to polish those essential summer skills of shifting and stacking bales of the ever valuable resource. The real story was that the South Island cockies were having a bad trot and needed any spare feed that was going.

Brian Tolley had a barn full surplus to requirements; so under the guiding hand of Federated Farmers a few locals set to and emptied the complete 3 bay barn onto 2 truck and trailer units. All sorts of vehicles were used; the ever reliable tractors and trailers, a Flash

-Harry 4 W.D. with a trailer that had trained as a circus pony (it tipped the clowns off the top and lay on its side) and the dependable Landrovers and farm utes all taxed to the max to get as much out as quickly as we could.



There once was stockman
named Phil,
Who drove with incredible
skill,
So he hopped in his 'Chev',
With a lady named Bev,
And did wheelies down
Tareha hill!



CONGRATULATIONS AND FAREWELL

To John Redman who is now officially a kiwi and he has the papers to prove it. Welcome to our newest citizen. It's a shame you won't be here to practise your "blokes" skills on us now that you're moving on to Christchurch.

We wish Jean well in her study of Chinese medicines - from arrows to needles! You'll have to get used to standing a bit closer to your targets when you're using the needles, eh Jean?

GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH

From our Public Health Nurse. . . .

Having been in your area once a week for the past few years it is past time I introduced myself to the Community.

Who am I? Maureen Grapes

What am I? Public Health Nurse - I am employed as part of the Child & Family Team based at Community Health, Memorial Hospital.

What do I do?

Public Health Nurses (PHNs) work towards a Healthy Community by building on strengths that exist within the Community.

- by sharing knowledge and information
- informing the community of current health issues and listening and working on local health concerns. PHNs try to promote health by providing information, education and resources to pre-schools and schools, communities and agencies. We support a healthy school environment and promote initiatives in response to health concerns.

PHNs work as a link with social workers, vision hearing testers, pre-schools, schools, GPs, Plunket etc. We endeavour to prevent ill health by promoting administering and monitoring immunisation levels, screening the health at 5year olds, and working with children and families who have health concerns e.g. asthma, enurosis, ear infections, Rheumatic Fever.

- referring people to and networking with other agencies so the most appropriate assistance is available.
 - encourage the promotion of healthy lifestyles eg. nutrition, melanoma prevention.
 - carrying out communicable disease follow up eg. T.B., meningitis
- All of the above is a much abridged outline of the Role of a Public Health Nurse. Basically I see myself as a Health Facilitator (or sign post) to show people the right direction for any health concerns.

Once a month I hold a well child clinic at Otamauri Playcentre but am available to individuals, families or groups re health concerns.

Messages can left at the Asthma and Health Information Centre - phone: 8765200.

If rumours are correct and summer does come please take note of the Skin Protection message enclosed.

Wishing you all a Happy Christmas and a Healthy New Year.

Maureen Grapes
Public Health Nurse
Child & Family
COMMUNITY HEALTH



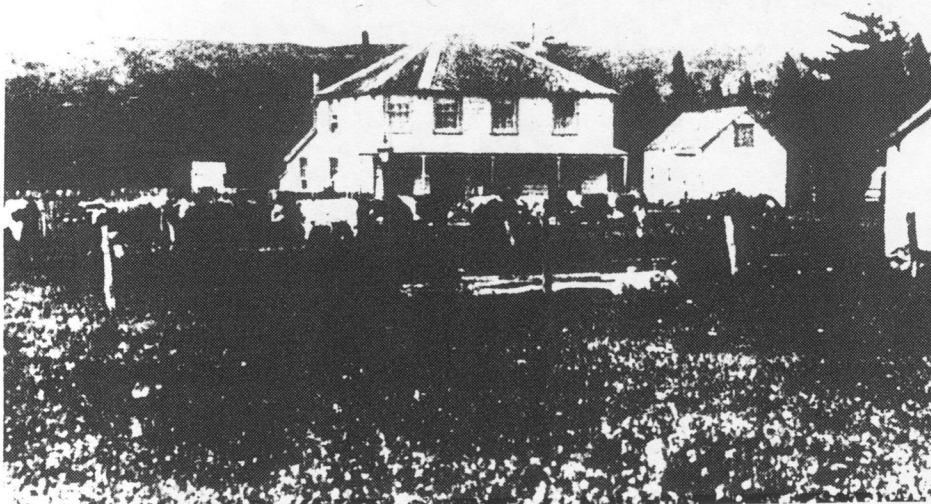
LOCAL HISTORY

Mike Barnett gave us this photo of what he believes to be the Konini Hotel which used to stand opposite to where his tractor shed is now situated. In those days = late 1800's /early 1900's River Road used to run into town, travelling past Barnett's then followed the Tutaekuri River to Puketapu. This road later collapsed in the Napier earthquake and has not been used since.

The Woodthorpe racecourse was on the flats alongside the hotel where horse races were held on occasion - one of the customs of the meetings was for most of the males to disappear into the pub for drinks between each race. The last meeting was held in 1914, the year the first World War broke out. There was no totalisator nor bookmakers on the course, nevertheless those present indulged in a little speculation by means of sweepstakes.

The Konini Hotel was moved in 1924 (we think) part of it to form part of Kirsty and Dave Hill's home, the rest became the home which is where Mike and Gill Barnett now live.

Mike remembers the shed to the right still being there when he was a lad - being the adventurous type that he is, he used to jump from the loft.



At the casino evening held a couple of months ago one lucky resident won a bag of fertiliser. She wasn't happy with her lawn as it was patchy in places, so she decided to try out her prize. She really deserves an accolade from the fertiliser's manufacturers as her lawn is now the best advertisement for fertiliser that you could ever see.

It (her lawn) could be described as three-dimensional. There is the ordinary grass that got missed in the super-spreading operation; there are the brown patches that definitely didn't get missed and, best of all, there are the long, lush clumps of grass that really prove fertiliser does do what it is claimed to do.



Her adoring/adorable husband remarked that "at the rate she spread her little bag it would cost half a million to do the whole farm". He shouldn't complain, however, as he is now getting plenty of exercise mowing the lawn - often!



OTAMAURI PLAYCENTRE

1992 seems to have disappeared in a haze of activities, especially for the Playcentre. While it has been great to be able to concentrate on the children rather than the Centre for this year, it still has been a busy year. After Ministry of Education approval we were able to raise our roll numbers to 30 maximum children on Tuesday, and while Thursday sessions seem to be at our discretion, this we have limited to the 10 eldest children over 3 1/2 years. At this stage both rolls are full, with children waiting on both. We have at least 8 children waiting to get on the Tuesday roll, and while this speaks good for the future of Playcentre, (and the local schools), there appears to be a need to draw to parents attention the fact that there are children waiting. While we don't expect every child to attend sessions every week we do have to look at constant 'non attendance'. We have a facility in this district that is certainly too good to loose because of children not turning up to sessions and parents lack of commitment.

Playcentre trips this year have included - Arataki Honey House, St. Andrews Music Group, Omnigym and the beach. We have also had visits from the Havelock North Playcentre, and our two yearly review from the E.R.O.

Special thanks must be made to Fiona Wiseman, who has taken on the task this term of running the older children's session. She has done a wonderful job, and has even managed to 'control' our 6 four year old boys. No mean feat in itself. Fiona has had 20 years experience in the preschool field and even in the short time that she has been with us, we have learnt plenty of ideas from her. Thanks Fiona.

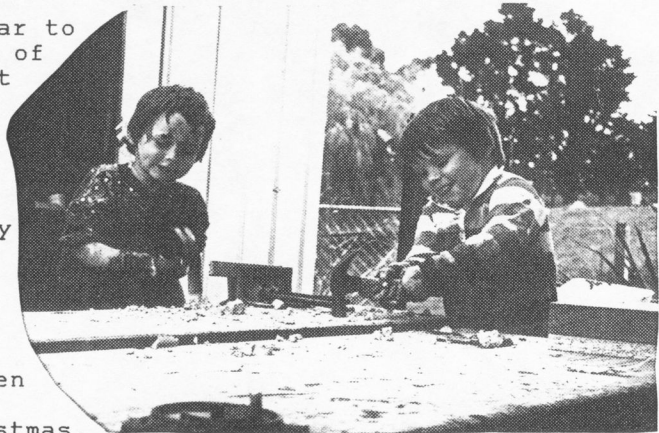
Fundraising is a constant battle for Playcentre, but without it we would simply not survive. A very successful "Las Vegas" night was held earlier in the term, catering for numerous events has also been done throughout the year, and selling of greeting cards is going on at the moment.

Plans were drawn up earlier this year to put in a maze at the front entrance of Playcentre. After much discussion it was finally decided to put in a Nandina maze. Those plants have now been purchased and hopefully will be planted before Christmas.

Playcentre held it's Christmas party on Tuesday 15th December with face painting for the children, games, a visit from father Christmas and a party lunch.

On behalf of the parents and children of Otamauri Playcentre, can I wish everyone a very safe and happy Christmas, and a special wish that summer is just around the corner.

Lyn Elliott.



We heard about a woman lately who was on her way up to see Liz Kay. She was just thinking how much the road had altered when she reached Wallace's gate.
Hope she's not planning on going to Taupo for Xmas!



Institute



CHRISTMAS Party 10.30am DECEMBER 19

Everybody welcome to attend at the Playcentre.
We are trying out a different format this year in an effort to accommodate our older district children.

As usual, Santa is coming; but this year we hope to have team games (Volleyball, cricket or softball) for the older children to take part in.

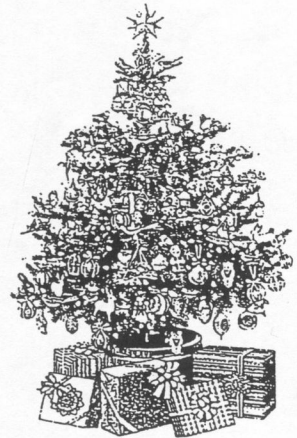
10.30 a.m. start means presents can be distributed prior to our B.B.Q. lunch and we can all mellow out for the afternoon.

So please all feel welcome and come along.

A bug became the study of fascination on the kitchen floor.

4yr old suddenly asked,
"What sort of bug is it?"
then recoiled in HORROR!!

"DON'T TOUCH IT - IT MIGHT
BE A TUMMY BUG!!!"



CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT

Carols by candlelight at Sherenden Hall has unfortunately had to be cancelled due to the hall being booked on all suitable evenings.

WAIWHARE WALLY\$

The boys down at the squash club have always had a bit of a struggle holding their liquor - but this reputation soared to new heights (or should I say dropped to unknown depths) at the club's 21st birthday recently.

Having unloaded the first ten dozen for immediate consumption, they decided it would be a good idea to put a few cool ones away for later. These 'Bew' just bitted into a tandem trailer nicely and they headed off to Ian's Breezer.

It wasn't long before they were back - all hands on deck for a salvage operation. Seems, in their haste, one of the boys must have forgotten about the safety chain. Brian Mugeridge must have thought all his Christmas's had come at once as 120 bottles of beer landed safely in his paddock.

Speaking of unknown depths Mike and Graham seemed to have a 'hole' new idea about the workings of

the Chemical toilet at the school's 40th birthday.

You didn't need to do all that digging guys!!!



Otamauri Squash Club

The squash season is over for another year although you could be forgiven for thinking we are still in the midst of winter.

We had a very enjoyable day early in October holding the Club Champ finals and celebrating the 21st year of the club.

Some old faces returned for this day and along with beautiful weather and lovely food a great time was had by all.

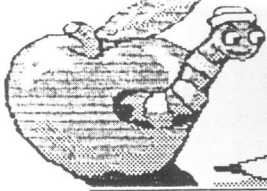
The squash was of an excellent standard and a treat to watch.

There always must be a winner though and this year our Womens Champion is Annette Hunt and Mens Champion Mark Harris.

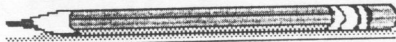
The final wind-up and A.G.M was held in November and with the election of many new faces to the committee we can be assured of another full season of squash next year.

Best wishes to everyone for a happy and safe festive season.

- Leonie Smith.



A Good Book to Worm Through



"Strength to Strength" by Sara Henderson is an inspirational book which will especially appeal to those with a rural lifestyle.

In a style which is particularly easy to read she amazes, saddens and amuses you with her gritty courage and strength.

Her early married life to Charles Henderson is a mixture of adventure, morning sickness and heartache. The move to Bullo River Station in the Australian outback should have promised a more settled lifestyle.

The reality is far from this, and every day becomes a challenge. A determined woman, Sara Henderson rarely lets this daunt her through the turbulent years which follow.

Charles Henderson's frequent jaunts away, his reputation with other women and his extravagance with money, make him entirely unreliable as a husband or a farmer.

Hundreds of men and women were employed as casual workers on the one million acres of Bullo River, some of them characters, some ratbags, who probably did nothing to ease the rising debt faced by the Hendersons. The immensity of the task of running such a station is something most of you will appreciate - the first stock truck didn't venture down the 50 mile 'driveway' until 1974 and acquiring running water was a test of perseverance and creativity.

Her success on the land is measured in part when she was named "Qantas Business Woman of the Year" in 1991, the first rural woman to be honoured with this. It was a great tribute to her management and financial skills, but probably went nowhere to acknowledging her ability to work on the land or her capability as a mother.

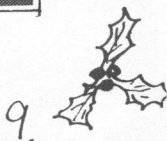
This book is available at all bookstores although it is selling fast. I'm not sure if it has reached libraries yet, but those of you lucky enough to be involved in playcentre - we have a copy of it in our adult library.

HAPPY READING

♪ "The wheels on the bus go round and round" ♪



'You'll be Lucky' Keith.



SOCIAL CRICKET

Cricket is now underway. First game was set for last Sunday 13th December against Pukehamoamo at Okawa; weather upset that plan though.

No dates have been set yet for further games, but the regular ones will be held.

Any enquiries to Mike Barnett
8742445



CROWNTHORPE GOLF CLUB

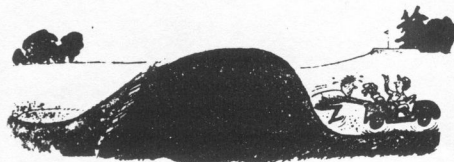
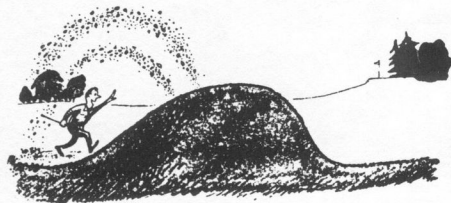
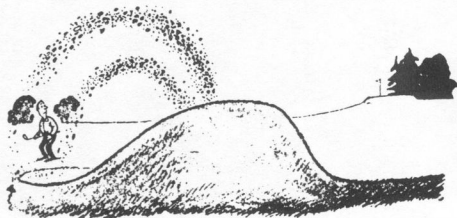
The end of another busy and successful season. Although membership was down slightly on last year, what we lacked in numbers we made up in enthusiasm. Tournaments held by both the Men's and Ladies Clubs were well supported and club competitions closely contested.

Results of local interest -

Senior Champion this year is Simon Robinson. The Senior Knockout for ladies was won by Jan Herron who didn't get much golf this year but played very well when she did play. Jeanette Weir was Runner Up (again) in the Intermediate Championship and Sheila Comrie is this year's Junior Champion. The Ohlson Cup Plate was won by Stuart and Jeanette Weir.

As well as enjoying playing golf, the members at Crownthorpe endeavour to do our bit for the general community and this year DEBRA (Distrophic Epidermolysis Bullosa Research Assn) benefited by \$1600.00 being the proceeds from our annual Charity Tournament which is held each year in July. Distrophic Epidermolysis Bullosa is a severe skin disorder and we felt a very deserving cause.

The ladies also do their bit for the community and this year made a donation to the St. John Ambulance Appeal - our annual plant day raised \$94.00 and this was rounded up to \$100.00 from club funds. A donation of \$50.00 has been sent to the Memorial Hospital Colposcope Appeal (a piece of equipment for use in cervical cancer screening).



MERRY CHRISTMAS AND BEST WISHES FOR A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Jeanette Weir



JUNIOR ROOM 1992

The juniors have had a very busy year covering a wide area of topics of interest.

We began the year with a summer theme then moved on to the study of the life of an APPLE and spent a very interesting day at Mr. Rex Graham's packing shed, the Apple and Pear Board, then the juicing factory.

The second term was so cold and wet that we didn't plan any trips away however we did some very interesting studies on Maori Legends, Dogs, Aborigines and Giants, all resulting in some lovely artwork and excellent written work.

The third term highlight was the trip to the Chinese Circus in Napier and then our own Circus Day to complete the unit. We dressed up as clowns, had faces painted by a group of very able mothers, performed self-taught juggling and acrobatic skills to the Senior Room and parents, then finished with a fun luncheon.

The children had made Hokey Pokey and popcorn earlier in the week to have at the completion of their lunch.

Then came Halloween in October and a lovely study of ghosts and witches. We made lovely things like Jack-O- Laternsa from grapefruit, and burnt tiny candles in each one. We then sat in the darkened Wendy House and told ghostly stories!

Our last trip for the year was to the Hastings Police Station one wet day in mid November.

And now all the children can think about is Christmas, which is exactly what children should think about at this time of year.

It's been a busy and very rewarding year.

Ann Sherwood



Once a year, usually in November the local Garden Circle organized by Linora Buchanan, has an overnight trip away. This year we went to Gisborne and visited about six gardens and a nursery.

The gardens were all pretty amazing and one especially was on Panikau Station, north of Gisborne. Apparently it is one of New Zealand's most remote gardens.

It was fun just getting there and the scenery along the way was beautiful. The main feature of the garden is stone walls and pergolas, using white papa rock which was quarried nearby. There is supposed to be two hundred and eighty metres of walls which are as high as three metres in places. So you can imagine it is impressive.



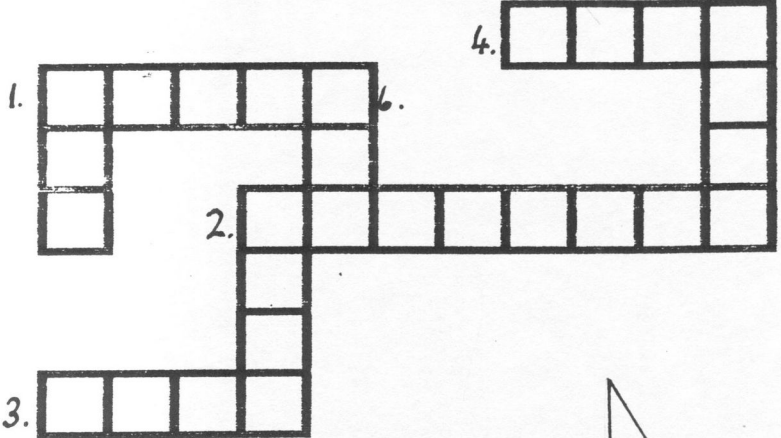
The garden was designed by Alfred Buxton, a well known New Zealand landscape architect in 1918 and a Christchurch building firm spent two years working there.

The nursery specialized in Irises and there was a paddock full of them. I wished I had my secateurs and that there was no-one around!

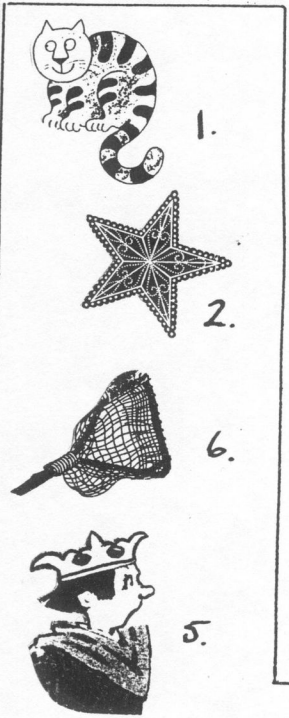
After seeing all these lovely gardens, your own garden seems rather drab. However after a few days you return to reality and are determined to try a bit harder.

A garden trip is certainly a pleasant way to spend a couple of days.

JUNIOR PUZZLE



DOWN



1.



3.



2.



4.

- CLOWN
- SACK
- NET
- DEER
- CAT
- KING
- STOCKING
- STAR

HOARSE BUCKLEY

"Damn and blast!" mutters Hoarse as the steering starts getting heavy on his old Humber 80. "Another blimin' puncture!" he screams, kicking at the flat tyre, long since worn to the canvas, and lucky it had lasted this long. He gets the spare out and leans it against the side of the car and starts on the nuts of the flat. Hoarse looks around, just catching his dog finishing cocking his leg on the spare.

"You've got a bad habit of that, you *&@\$#* mongrel bugger," chucking a tyre wrench at the scampering K9.

"Oh well," he says, chucking the spare into the boot, looking around at his present surroundings, "this looks like as good a spot as anywhere to stop for a while."

The so-called spot was in the middle of nowhere, about an hour from Taihape in a small district called Papahui. A pub, a district hall and a camping ground where the locals played rugby and cricket in their respective seasons and only about three caravans parked for a couple of weeks a year. Other than that it had sheep grazing on it. Sometimes you could drive past the pub in the morning and see an old ram sleeping on the doorstep. It was about midday. Hoarse had worked up a sweat changing the tyre so he decided to treat himself to a beer.

"That'll be \$4.15," says the bloke behind the bar, smoothing off froth. "New around here?"

"Yeah. Just arrived today, staying down at the camping ground."

"Old Bob will be happy for somebody to talk to," says the barman. (Old Bob was the old caretaker at the camping ground and he loved talking about the war and the good old days).

"Much work around?" Hoarse asks the barman.

"Yeah, if you reckon you've got the hand to it, they're building a big new viaduct just down the road in the gorge and might take on a few labourers."

Hoarse guzzles back his beer and goes out to find his dog and high tails it down to where the work is. After about half an hour's driving, cursing the barman's words of "Just down the road, mate", he pulls up to a joker leaning on a STOP/GO sign.

"Where's the boss?" asks Hoarse, craning his head out of the window. The bloke with the sign raises his arm and points in the direction further down the road. "Jeeze!" thinks Hoarse, "good people must be hard to find these days." He lets the dog out so he can run beside the car for the next couple of k's and is off down the narrow metal track to find the boss.

"Giddyay!" he booms extra loudly as he shakes the hand of the chief engineer. "Hoarse Buckley's the name. It looks like you need a bit of order in the rabble", looking round at the rest of the crew. "I'll get three jokers going for 12 dollars an hour."

"I don't think we need..." the engineer starts to say, but Hoarse holds his hand up to stop him from saying another word and wanders on over to where about 7 or 8 jokers are sitting around a small camp fire with a big pot of pork and watercress bubbling away. He kicks the pot over and the contents are spilt into the dirt.



"Hey! What do you think you're doing, man?" says a tall, lanky bloke with a pointy beard halfway down his chest. Hoarse's dog, Ruff, loops on up and wolfs down the spilt food, narrowly missing a swift kick from a Maori joker sitting on an empty beer crate next to the fire. Ruff turns around and snaps at the joker and takes half the sole off his boot, snarls and grabs the last potatoes on the ground and scarpers, leaving the Maori bloke looking through a hole in the bottom of his boot.

"Back to work, you lazy buggers," drawls Hoarse, "or you'll be waiting a while for your next pay cheque." They all get up and mope back to work and after a while the sound of heavy machinery is heard rumbling down the valley. After that it didn't take much talking himself into a job as crew foreman.

After a couple of weeks in Papahui his cabin at the camp started to look and feel like home. He'd borrowed a horse off the local cockie for pig hunting and grazed it on the footy field out behind Old Bob's hut. Ruff had made a bed in a pile of pine needles that had blown into the wood shed. The tractor shed covered the Humber and the tractor was parked under a stand of macrocarpa trees.

Hoarse had lived in a nice house in Hastings and had had a regular job at the freezing works, married with two kids who were now flatting with friends. But he'd come home early from hunting one weekend and found a note on the fridge from his wife informing him that she'd run off with the family dentist. So he packed his old military saddle and a few clothes into the boot and set off in the old Humber. That was about 8 or 9 months back and he hadn't looked back. At first he'd been having a bad trot and he'd been having a bit of trouble with the car too.

First the water pump packed up, then a broken windscreen, never-ending punctures, several holes in the petrol tank and a lot of rust. A big hole in his tent that he used to sleep in and hang his meat in when he wasn't sleeping in it, endless flies and then one night while sleeping in a rest stop on the side of the road, a tree is blown over and smashed straight through his trailer hooked onto the car, ruining the rear springs on the car as well as the trailer.

That was until he walked into a small pub on the West Coast of the South Island. He was sitting next to a bloke who looked like he belonged behind a desk in Wellington, dictating letters to a secretary, not a bushmen's watering hole in the middle of nowhere. After a while he gets up and leaves. Hoarse notices that he has left an ankle-length, gaberdine coat on the chair so he decides to run it out to him but the bloke just blasts off in his Mercedes without hearing Hoarse's shouts. The publican is indifferent to what Hoarse does with the coat so he keeps it and that's when his luck seemed to change.

Hoarse finds 50 cents in the pocket and puts it in the poker machine, wins \$30, buys another beer, orders a feed and grins like a Cheshire cat at his good fortune. Hoarse was picking spagnum moss and getting about \$9 a sack, making quite a bit of money, but all the same, getting cold, wet, wrinkly hands all day and every day. He wanted a change and after 3 months decided to move on. "Back up north," he thinks, "and maybe a new car in Wellington on the way through."

After a couple of months, a few wins at the TAB and hundreds of miles between the West Coast and Papahui nothing seemed to go wrong as long as the dog kept sleeping on the gaberdine coat on the back seat.

While sitting outside the pub one afternoon, having a beer with the publican and a few of the jokers from the construction site, a couple of young shepherds pull up in a ute with a plywood dog box on the back. A dog had chewed a hole in the wood just big enough to stick its head out. After a couple of hours the booze goes to one young feller's head and he starts spouting how good his dog is and starts laughing as Hoarse's dog, Ruff, comes trotting around a corner.

"What in tarnation do you call that ugly looking mongrel?" jeers the shepherd, laughing and pointing his finger at the big red and black dog. Ruff snarls and the finger is whipped back fast as lightning.

"That's an Egyptian Pharaoh Hound" says Hoarse with a slight grin. "He's got papers and all, breeding as long as my arm," he lies. "They use them in the desert to muster up the camels." After about an hour's arguing about who's got the best dog everyone in the pub is out back watching them run their dogs. (The local dog trial courses are out back and the courses are already set up). The publican's muttons are run in and the people in the crowd are rated judges by the two contenders, the loser having to buy the winner a dozen beers. The young shepherd can't wait to show off his dog so Hoarse waves him to go first.

His dog starts barking and lopes toward the sheep and gets them moving through the first marker post, then with a slight kink in the line the sheep go through the second markers. The sheep try to break off to the right but this young feller knows what he's doing and corrects his dog. Before you know it the sheep are through the last posts and have disappeared over the brow of the hill. He turns to Hoarse and says "Let's see what your mutt can do, old timer."

Ruff roars like a volcano, not even closing his mouth for breath. The sheep bolt through the first set of markers and then through the second. They try to break where the last tried but Ruff is over like a flash at unreal speed for a dog of his size and hunts them up through the last set of posts. He sees the last set of sheep, works them over with his eyes and hunts them down to Hoarse and back into the small holding paddock behind the publican's house. Hoarse turns to the shepherd and says "You want to see him boil eggs."



Hoarse takes his coat off and slings it over the back of his chair and accepts the beer he has won. The young joker is the head shepherd on a block about half an hour away and is telling Hoarse that the manager was looking for a cowman-gardener-cum-cook and that he'd put in a good word if Hoarse was interested.

So a week later he collects his wages from the chief engineer and sets out to Whatawhata Station. The manager is happy at what he's heard and seen so Hoarse camps down in the cook-house. Ruff digs a hole under the house and drags the gaberdine coat in for something to sleep on. In no time at all they seem settled in again.

Hoarse's main duties were cooking for 5 young jokers, milking the 3 dairy cows twice a day, a bit of fencing and a bit of stock work. Hoarse considered himself a bit of a cook so the boys got fed well and even some of the ladies around the district asked him for his recipes. The manager couldn't believe how much milk Hoarse got out of the cows. He'd even got the shepherd to clean up in and around the singleman's quarters, to mow the lawns regularly. Before Hoarse came the place was a pigsty. He was always getting stuck into them about the state of their lawns, beer bottles, etc. etc. Even the station started to get cleaner. Most of the gates had started to swing again. All the gates in the woolshed worked properly. There was no shit coming up through the grating and even the shepherd hacks started to look better, all groomed and not a shoe loose or missing.

Hoarse started to become a fabled part of station life. The manager had noticed the shepherds' dogs had taken on a new lease of life workwise. He'd seen Hoarse out at night with one or other of the boys, giving them the odd pointer, letting the boy think he'd thought it all up himself. But the art of breaking dogs and horses has been around for centuries and nothing much has changed.

The neighbouring farms benefited from Hoarse's handy work as well. He'd made them all hand-carved signs for their letter boxes, all carved out of a different native wood. His cupboards were full of all different types of spirits, as thank you presents, but Hoarse drank only beer. So, every so often he'd throw a big hooly and everyone in the district would come and, unbeknown to them, they'd drink what they had given him.

One day Ruff got killed on the road leading a mob of cattle when a townie came flying through the mob, not even slowing and Ruff was left lying in the car dust. It took half an hour to prise the dog out of Hoarse's hands. The young shepherd that Hoarse had competed against months before had to put Ruff down. Hoarse wrapped the dog up in the gaberdine coat Ruff liked more than himself and buried him on the highest point of the farm. On a clear day, you could see the closer Mt Ruapehu and many miles in the distance, the snow capped Egmont. No better place for a faithful friend. Hoarse didn't talk to anyone for about three weeks. Even the locals in the pub started to wonder when he would snap out of it.



One day in town, the junior shepherd spotted a stray pup outside the chemist's and picked it up. It was the ugliest thing you'd ever set eyes on. A beardy looking thing with the curliest tail, one pointy ear and the other one hung over one eye. It had one green eye and one blue and it was black all over except for one white paw. Perfect for Hoarse. When Hoarse saw it, he screwed up his nose, gave the dog a kick and it latched onto his boot. From that day on, they were mates.

That night all Hoarse's alcohol was consumed. The boy who found the dog was given the next morning off for reasons that don't need explaining and the general atmosphere of the station picked up. Even the weather was good.

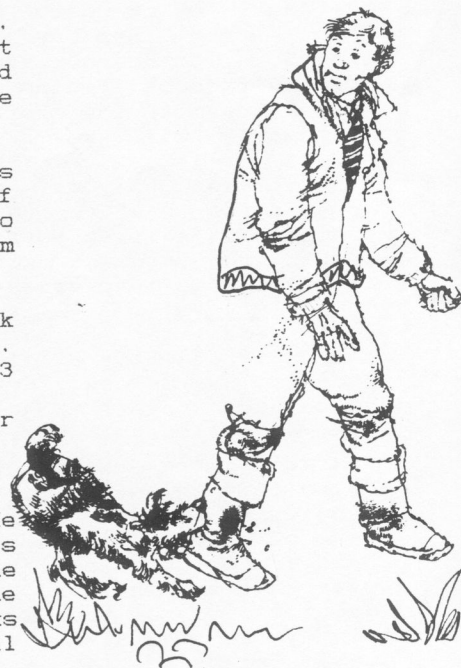
While fencing along the roadside, the roadman's car came to a halt next to Hoarse. A lot of choice words were flowing out of the car, so Hoarse wandered over to see what the problem was.

"The bloody drive shaft has come off. I'm sick of this car breaking down," gripes the roadman. Hoarse's eyes sparkle. He's always wanted a MK3 Zephyr.

"I'll give you \$200 for it," says Hoarse after he's fixed the drive shaft.

"Deal!" The bloke snaps at the offer.

Hoarse is pleased as punch with his new car. He strips it down to the shell and starts restoring it. The motor ticks away on the concrete floor of the workshop. Bounce, the dog, barks at the monstrosity as Hoarse looks on with a smile. "Yes," he thinks, "a real rocket!"



Not even two days after he's got it on the road Bounce has chewed a hole in the back seat. "Oh, well," says Hoarse, "the back seat's his and the front mine."

While watching a well-known band in the pub all the lights go out and the place goes silent. While everyone is muttering in the pitch black Hoarse is on to the problem and in less than ten minutes the lights come on and the band resumes its act. Later the band manager approaches Hoarse and offers him a job in the road crew.

A week later Hoarse is saying goodbye to everyone, his neck craned out of the window giving last minute details to the junior shepherd on how to get the most milk out of the cows, and Bounce barking on back seat at the peacocks standing on the back door step of the cook-house. The manager's wife with arms full of recipes and the manager with arms full of pot plants. All the shepherds were loaded up with bridles and halters, hunting magazines, stuffed ducks and deer heads. The shepherd who'd put Ruff down months before, with Hoarse's most prized possessions - a belt with a big buckle with a gold emblem of a bucking horse which he'd won at the Australian Rodeo finals in '68 and a big stetson which John Wahine had given him when he was in America in the early 60's. But they are both other stories.

Everyone was sad as they watched his dust disappear down the driveway. In a way Hoarse had left them something they could use all their lives and not just the trinkets in their arms.



No doubt you've all heard by now about the heroic life-saving efforts of Anne Ellmers and Andrew Ward, who spent half an hour trying to revive Pin (Malcolm McKay) during docking, after he had a massive heart attack.

Pin has made a remarkable recovery, you will be pleased to hear, but what is even more remarkable is that he is spending his time these days playing Santa Claus in Napier (THIS IS TRUE!)



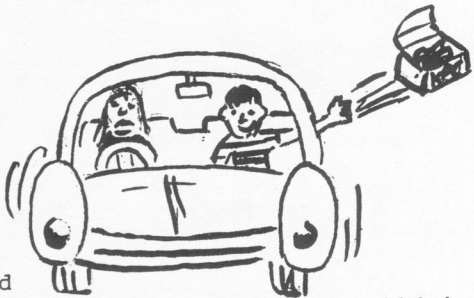
Throw-away Take-aways

In this modern age of equality and feminism it's nice to see the ancient art of chivalry is not dead.

Our mere male (single, early 30's, blonde) and his friend had bought some good old finger lickin' Kentucky Fried for tea. So as not to be late for their destination they decided to take turns at driving and eating. Ever the gentleman, our mere male let his friend drive first while he feasted on the colonel's delights.

Then came his turn to drive while his friend got to eat her (by now half cold) chicken. Not being one to have rubbish cluttering the car, nor too particular about the clean, green countryside, he discarded his "empty" dinner box outside the window.

You can imagine his friend's delight on opening her box to find the skeletal remains of one of Colonel Saunders finest. (The possums had a fine feed that night)



Peter Arthur of Touchwood
Books, Hastings:

A friend of mine knows exactly what she wants for Christmas - a statue of St Fiacre, the patron saint of gardeners, but I am not so positive.

Socks and whisky seem to be my lot, and though both are appreciated they are not exactly something to make one jump with joy. Our house now revolves around books - gardening books - by the thousand - either being unpacked from the publishers or being wrapped up for clients, and many visitors make the remark "It's always like Christmas Day when we call in here."

I would like two things for Christmas - a hammock in the garden and three complete days off so I can read (in the comfort of the hammock) Roy Lancaster's huge and wonderful *Travels in China - A Plantsman's Paradise*. Of all the books we sell, this is the one for me. But I still want a hammock and three days off so that I can read it.

We spotted this wee snippet in an old magazine recently and just wondered

... did you ever get your Christmas wishes Peter?

IN ALL THIS ODD WEATHER YOU DO HEAR OF SOME STRANGE THINGS. WE HEARD OF ONE LOCAL WHO WENT TO CHECK ON HIS STOCK IN THE POURING RAIN. HE HEADED OFF ON HIS BIKE TO SEE HOW THE COWS WERE FARING IN THE DAMP.



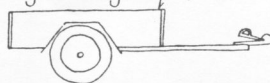
HE HEADED FOR THE CROSSING HE ALWAYS USED ... HOWEVER BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, FOUND HIMSELF IN A RIGHT 'ROYAL' PICKLE - DOING THE 50 METRE FREESTYLE, UP RIVER, FULLY CLOTHED. LUCKILY HE MANAGED TO PULL THE STUNT OFF AND EMERGED WET BUT SAFE.

THE SAME CAN'T BE SAID ABOUT HIS BIKE WHICH IS NOW A HAZARD TO SHIPPING IN THE BAY!

CRAIG'S WORKSHOP

Open for business November 30 1992

- * Motorbike, 3 & 4 wheeler service & repair (from tune-ups to complete overhauls)
- * Light engineering (car trailers, motor bike & 4 wheeler trailers-etc.)
- * Qualifications - Advanced trade certificate in Fitting-Turning-Welding
- * \$25 per hour + GST - All work guaranteed -
- * Please ring for any inquiries - Craig Guy - Ph 8743-750





READING RECOVERY.

A Programme For "SIX YEAR OLDS"
Having Difficulty With Their First
Stages Of Reading and Writing

Reading Recovery, considered the most significant development in education for generations, is now operating in three of our local schools. Waiwhare, Crownthorpe, and Pukehaumoamo, are giving children in their schools who are having difficulty with reading and writing after their first year at school, a second chance to reach their full potential.

The programme was developed by Professor Marie Clay of Auckland University, and was begun in 1983. In less than ten years it is in almost all city schools. However, rural schools have not been so fortunate.

The programme involves several schools clustering to share the resource. This has its problems. A teacher needs to be an experienced junior teacher who can be released from the classroom. The theory behind this is that the teacher takes back into the classroom the techniques and strategies learnt and can apply these when teaching the curriculum to the rest of the class. This way all children benefit. The teacher needs to travel some distance to cater for the cluster and the schools have to be prepared to share the resource if it is to be funded by the government. Our rolls are too small to justify the expense of one school having its own Reading Recovery teacher.

Reading Recovery aims to identify 6 year olds who are having difficulty with their first stages of reading and writing, a vital stage of learning. The slowness does not mean less intelligence and this programme is not a remedial one. Children who haven't achieved sufficiently in this first year drop behind and often never catch up, so are destined to fail throughout their school years.

Reading Recovery helps put these children up to where the average of their class is and gives them the independence, confidence and self esteem to achieve at a higher level throughout their schooling and realise their full potential.

The success of the N.Z. Reading Recovery Programme is recognised throughout the world and is already being used in Australia, England, Scotland, Canada and U.S.A.

Special assessment procedures are used to identify children who need extra help. They identify the child's strengths and weaknesses, then develops highly structured programmes to suit each child.

About 20% of children need extra help after their first year at school and R.R. gives these children the power to control their own learning. For most children, 12 to 15 weeks of individual instruction is enough, but monitoring of reading levels continues throughout their primary schooling, provided the programme remains in place and the mighty dollar is available. If a child is not making accelerated progress, then other options need to be looked at by the school.

If after 5 weeks, if a child is not responding to the programme, then the R.R. teacher calls upon other trained R.R. teachers to give help. If that does not work then the tutor is called in. If after this the child still does not respond, then the Tutor, R.R. teacher, Parents and teacher of the child, decide what other avenues will best suit the child's needs. This child would be discontinued to make way for a child who will respond.

I have trained as a Reading Recovery teacher this year and it has been one of the most enriching experiences of my career.

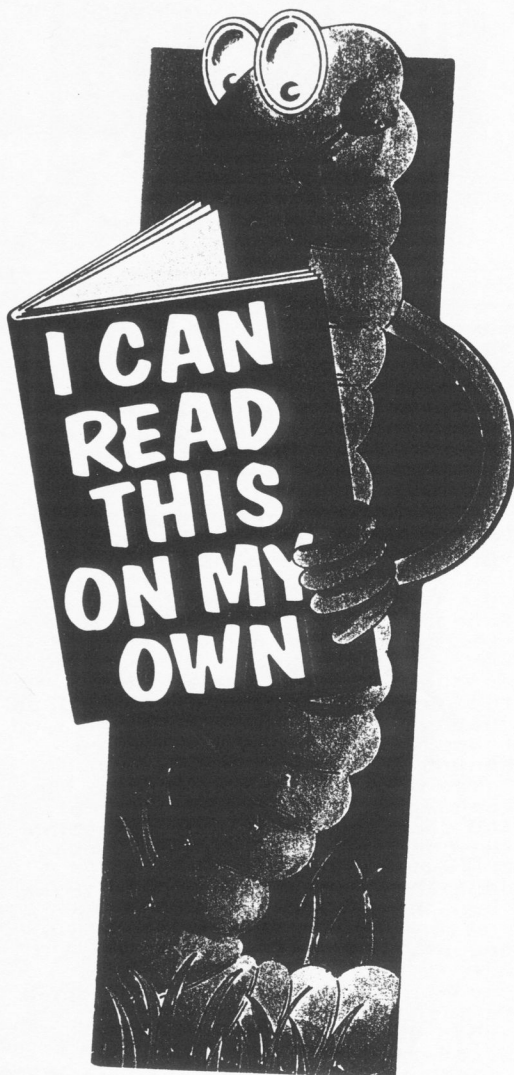
When teaching reading recovery, the child's competencies are the starting point, moving towards what they need to learn, responding always to what the child is trying to do. Children on R.R. this year, have had starting points of Levels 0-3 (5 years-5.3 years). They have been discontinued or are about to be discontinued at Levels 19-20 (7 years-7.5 years). Three of these children returned to the classroom at half year and have so far continued to make steady progress. Discontinued children reenter the classroom two levels below R.R. attainment so that they can remain independent and confident enough to know when to appeal for help and how to use that help. The child needs to be able to continue to increase his/her control over reading and writing even with a non-noticing teacher.

The most rewarding thing about R.R. for me has been the delight shown by the children when they suddenly realise they can read and write. When a child says "Mrs Gunson, I don't need you to help me anymore. I can do it by myself." I know the hard work involved has all been worthwhile. Disruptive behavior changes as self esteem develops and children who have given up suddenly become interested in school again. All these qualities that R.R. is able to give these children, make it very rewarding to teach.

Teachers have a lot of pressure to get R.R. children off the programme so the child returns to normality quickly. The support from Tutors and colleagues I have trained with has been essential. As problems occur with these children, a colleague or Tutor will visit to observe and possibly see things I have disregarded. Training sessions where we have to take lessons with our children behind a two way mirror and observe others teaching a lesson, are so very worthwhile. Colleagues are positive, but are also trained to be critical because it is often mistakes we make that put us back on track than the things we do right. My tutor stated at one of our training sessions "The day you feel you have got it all together and you think you know it all, is the day you give up." I believe this is so true of so many things that we do. Children are all individuals and if we are to be sensitive to their needs, there is no end to our learning.

Reading Recovery, to me, is the most significant development in education for generations and I

feel privileged to be part of it.
Pam Gunson.



RAFT RACE 1993

Our annual jaunt on the Tutaekuri can hardly be called a "race" with social "pit stops" all the way down; however this event will once again take place on New Years Day, weather permitting.

Anyone is welcome to come along and join in the fun. The course takes 2 1/2-3 hours depending on the water level and the power on board your raft (i.e. number of people using oars/those who choose to let everyone else do all the work.) It can get quite cold if you are constantly in the water. Wet suits, woollen jerseys and life jackets are sensible ideas. Life jackets for all children are essential.

Most of the course is easy going but some corners can prove a bit tricky as we discovered last year.

Starting point: End of Dampney Rd.
Starting time: 1.00 p.m.
Finishing point: End of River Rd. (Barnetts)

RULES: No rules, anything goes. (Plastic floating in the river is not environmentally friendly - paper flour and water bombs are much better).

Rafts: Homemade rafts, rowboats, canoes and tubes have all been used in the past.

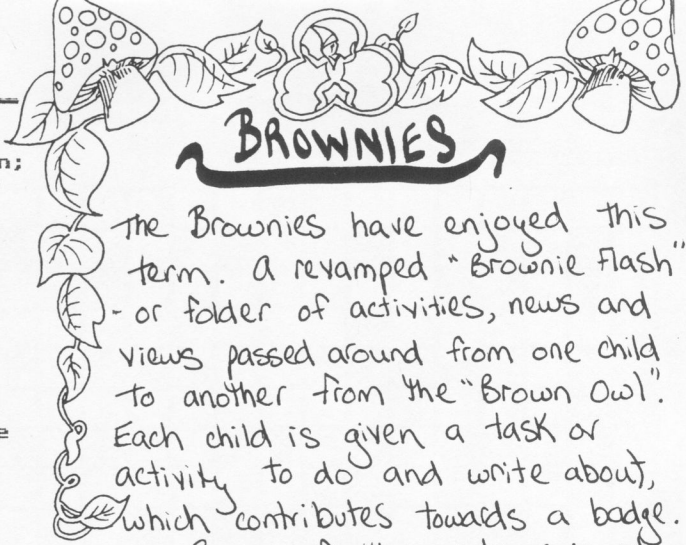
If stuck for ideas contact Robert Ayres and Mark Barnett who will willingly "design-a-raft" for you. An original design is guaranteed, however river worthiness and practicality probably won't be incorporated in the design.

Postponement date: Next fine day.

Contact : Mike Barnett 8742 445.

Bring along some meat for a family B.B.Q. at the finish.

This years race to be sponsored by the Waiwhare Social Club.



BROWNIES

The Brownies have enjoyed this term. A revamped "Brownie Flash" - or folder of activities, news and views passed around from one child to another from the "Brown Owl". Each child is given a task or activity to do and write about, which contributes towards a badge.

Some of the girls enjoyed a weekend at "Riverbend" in October. A fun time was had by all. A variety of activities was provided by a very enthusiastic group of leaders.

A gathering at Playcentre saw the introduction of a new "Brown Owl".

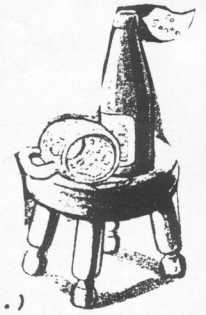
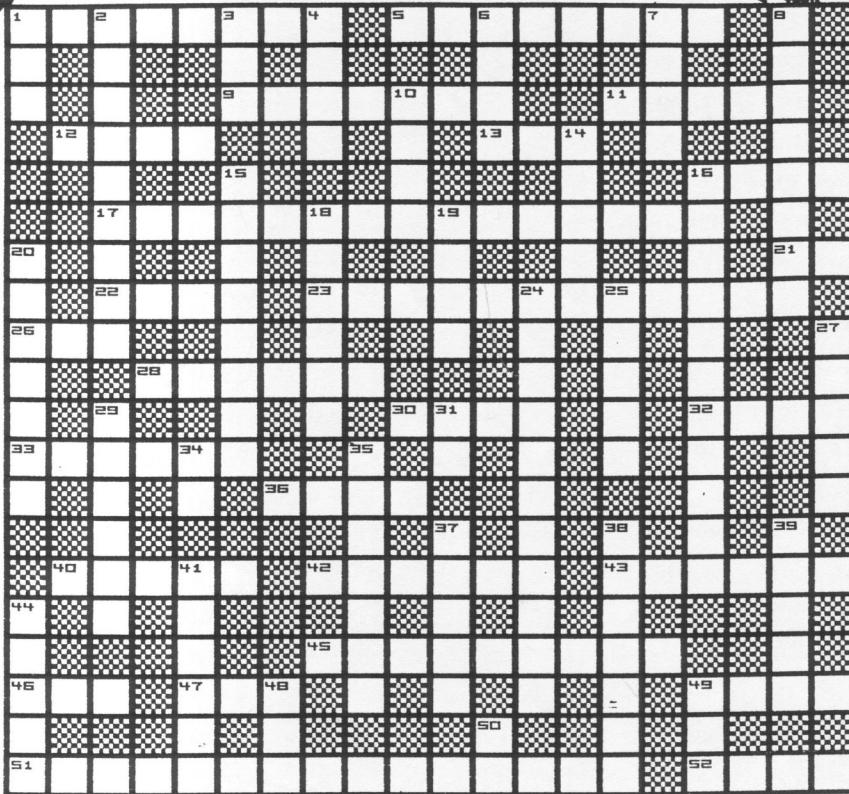
Owing to the popularity of Brownies, the pack has become large and been split in two. The girls had an opportunity to farewell the present "Brown Owl" and to meet the new one. All look forward to Christmas and a happy holiday.

Lesley Roil



← Robert and Mark
"test driving" last
years model.
It might have helped to
try it out in the
water 1st guys!
21)

FESTIVE CROSSWORD

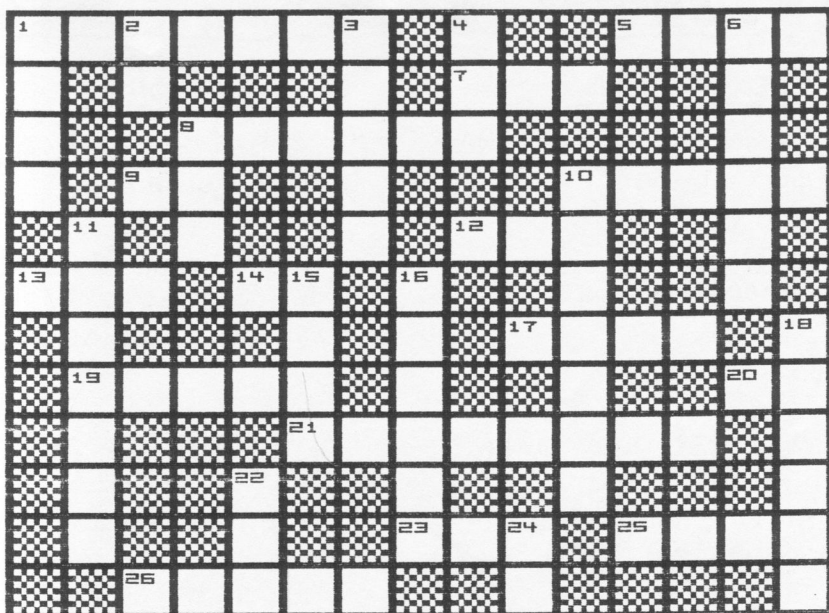


ACROSS CLUES

1. Christmas Saint
5. Manger scene
9. Type of print for blind
11. Divine messenger
12. cot
13. rodent
16. Group of swans or quail
17. Yuletide feast
21. Familiar form of vous
22. worn on finger
23. Gift of Kings
26. No room at the _____
28. Tree decoration
30. Wine
32. Travel on sea
33. Poultry type
36. To box or fight
40. Transparent coating
42. Girl's name
43. Trifle ingredient
45. Birthplace of Jesus
46. Electrically charged particle
47. Apiary dwellers
49. Liquor produced from rice
51. Misely "Dickens" Christmas character
52. Wisemen

DOWN CLUES

1. Neither
2. Zodiac sign
3. Science room (Abbr.)
4. Heavenly body
6. Rank or layer
7. Shades of colour
8. Drool
10. The famous Mona _____
14. Mortised wood
15. Pure
16. Christmas pudding accompaniment
18. Sticky sweet
19. Transgressions
20. Ghosts
24. Drunk
25. Christmas song
27. Deck the Halls with boughs of
29. Traditional sponge dessert
31. Intelligence Quotient
34. Alien movie by Spielberg
35. Renaissance artist
37. Opposite of day
38. Spread false rumours
39. Intoxicated
41. Corpse revived by witchcraft
44. Colour associated with Christmas
48. Day or night before
49. Aggregate
50. Maori word for night



ACROSS CLUES

1. Another word for dessert
5. Rudolf has a very red one
7. Are taken out of Kaweka Forest
8. Name of important reindeer
9. You and me
10. Christmas song
12. Burnt remains
13. Kind of Terrier
14. Same as 13 across
17. Short way of writing Christmas
19. Father Xmas
20. Opposite of yes
21. Used to pull Santa's sleigh
23. Useful to kill possums
25. Move quickly
26. Spook

DOWN CLUES

1. Opposite of rich
2. Carry out an action
3. Spook
4. Hairy T.V. alien from Melmack
6. Black and white dog featured in Xmas song
8. Colour of Santa's suit
10. Santa's way of entry in homes
11. Local tree eating pests
15. Seen in night sky
16. The day after Christmas is called _____ Day
18. Santa's greeting
22. A ghost may say this
24. Opposite of yes



With lots of teenage boys around the district at present, we expect to be provided with a few entertaining stories as they experience the thrills and spills of growing up. One young fellow seems to be doing his fair share of entertaining lately - but hasn't got his father's touch yet! He was seen after the 40th Birthday celebrations trying to impress the local female talent. Unfortunately the impressive take off he hoped to achieve on his motorbike only resulted in him ending up on his back in front of everyone, while his motorbike slid gracefully away from him on the wet grass! More recently we hear that he tried to keep pace with his father's drinking talents at a local party, but only managed the first hour. When you go to Lindisfarne, it doesn't pay to loose your faculties at a Napier High boys party does it - the eyebrow will grow back. Life's tough, eh Mark?

XMAS RECIPES

RUM CREAM SAUCE

125 gr. cream cheese, softened
30 gr. soft butter
1 cup icing sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. lemon juice
300ml. cream
2 tbsps. dark rum

Beat cream cheese and butter until light and creamy. Beat in sifted icing sugar, egg & lemon juice. Fold in whipped cream & rum. Refrigerate before serving.

PINEAPPLE-ORANGE GLAZE

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup pineapple juice
2 tsp. dark soya sauce
2 tbsps. orange marmalade
1 tbsps. honey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar
1 tbsps. brandy

Combine all ingredients in saucepan, stir constantly over heat until boiling, reduce heat, simmer uncovered 10 mins. Cool before using.

RUM FUDGE

$\frac{1}{2}$ tin condensed milk
125 gr. butter
2 tbsps. cocoa
1 pkt. wine biscuits
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rum
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sultanas
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar

Melt cond. milk, butter & cocoa. Add roughly crushed wine biscuits, rum & sultanas. Press into sponge roll tin & ice with chocolate or icing.

RUSHED RUM ICECREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chocolate chips
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pkt marshmallows
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup raisins
2 litres icecream
Rum to taste

Soak raisins in rum. Beat ice cream to soften. Add all ingredients & place in container. Refreeze.



Did you know that David Ward is a boss? He has a certificate to prove it!

WORK WANTED FOR SCHOOL HOLIDAYS - ROBERT AYRES - Ph. 710



PONY CLUB REPORT 1992

At present there are 19 junior and 4 senior members.

The year began with the Fun Day on January 29th. A fine and very hot day with 20 riders. A fancy dress started the day off - some great costumes.

Then the Country Pony Competition with judges Peter Hyslop, Robin Nowell-Usticke and Jeannie Ward. Champion Sarah Collins with Honey, 2nd Serena Goulding on Tinkerbelle, 3rd Sonya Neill and 4th Craig Ayres.

After lunch all ages including adults tried their hands at the keyhole race, barrell race, water race and balloon race.

The day ended with cross country jumping, junior won by Suzanne Ward and seniors by Peter De Barre. Dual jumping juniors won by Serena Goulding and Bridget De Barre, seniors by Sonya Neill and Anna Bevin. A good day was had by all.

In April Fiona Harper, Mike Webster and Adrienne McCaslin attended a D certificate instructors course, all passing.

May saw Naida Bartlett examine Craig Ayres, Sarah Collins and Elissa Chalmers for their C certificate which they all passed.

The Pony Club purchased a 20 foot shipping container for equipment storage from Rick Ayres in May which has been very useful.

On May 13th a big effort was made and 15 members attended the Okawa Hunt. Thanks to Peter De Barre for arranging the use of a truck very kindly loaned by Coltarts. A lovely fine, enjoyable and accident free day, with Pete and Lee De Barre, Mike Webster and myself mounted.

The Ribbon Day was held on May 23rd with 25 riders competing. Mrs. Gretchen Bevin (patroness Heretaunga Pony Club) attended. Judges for the day were Susan Hall, Karen Thomas and Mervyn Harper. Really Successful day.

On Sunday June 14th, 13 riders attended a Ribbon Day at Middle Road. All riders came home with ribbons - some ponies necks were covered with 7-8 ribbons on them. Thanks again to Ian Paton for lending me your truck and Mike Webster and Pete De Barre for your help on this day. Also thank you to Andy Coltart for the use of the rubber mats in the truck.

PONY CLUB TREK is to be held on 27th December 1992. Also coming up is th Fun Day in January.

Thanks to children and parents for your help in 1992.

Have a wonderful Christmas and all the best for 1993.

Cheers Christine Goulding

A HUGE THANK-YOU Christine Goulding for the tremendous time and effort you have put into Pony Club over the past years.

We are sorry to see you giving up instructing as you have done such a fine job, however we wish you well with your employment and hope to see you at Pony Club as often as you can make it.

PONY CLUB PRIZE LIST 1992

It has taken me some time to finally come up with the end of year prize list. The riders are so very even in each group now that it becomes a hard task. In some cases I have looked at how well they have competed outside of Pony Club to come to an end result.



RESULTS ARE:

	<u>1st</u>	<u>2nd</u>
ADVANCED SENIOR	Elissa Chalmers	Craig Ayres
SENIOR	Louise Bryant	Suzanne Ward
JUNIOR	Amy Roydhouse	Rebecca Ward
NOVICE	Lauren Harper	Bridgett De Barre
KINDERGARTEN	Hamish Webster	Elesha Purcell

JUMPING (female)
(male)

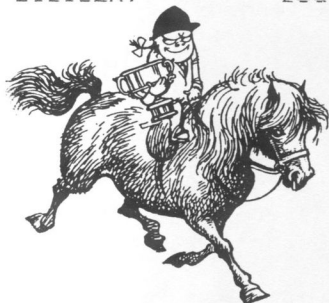
<u>1st</u>	<u>2nd</u>
Suzanne Ward	Amanda McCaslin
Nicholas Webster	Craig Ayres

IMPROVED UNDER 10
IMPROVED OVER 10
OVERALL IMPROVED

Serena Goulding	(Webster Trophy)
Emmily Bryant	(Goulding Trophy)
Elissa Chalmers	(N.D. Gillies Trophy)

MOST DILIGENT

Louise Bryant (Shield)



SPECIAL AWARDS (To those who have tried hard and continued to improve all year)

ADVANCED SENIORS	Sarah Collins
SENIORS	Tina Clarke
JUNIOR	Amanda Robinson
NOVICE	Bridget De Barre
KINDERGARTEN	Caroline Robinson
	Ryan Harper

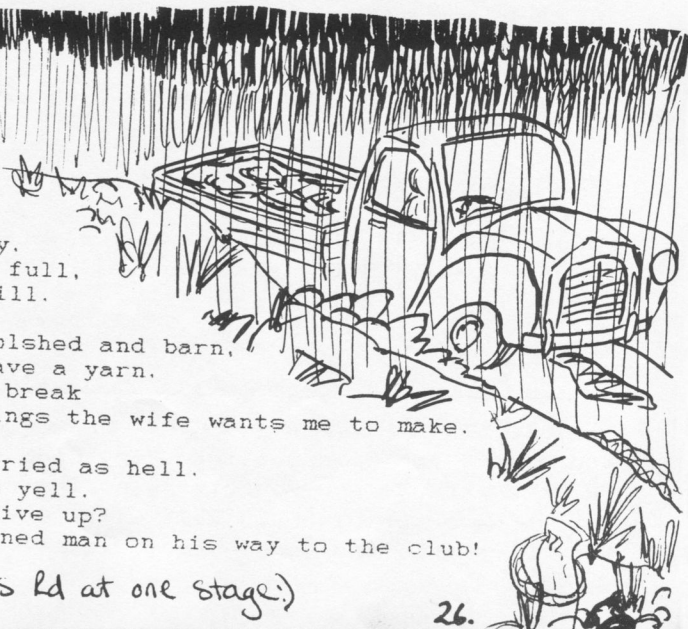
FARMER'S LAMENT

Rain, rain, go away
Come again when I've done my hay.
The grass is long, the dams are full,
Can't get my 4-wheeler up the hill.

I've cleaned out the garage, woolshed and barn,
Stopped at the neighbour's to have a yarn.
Now I want sunshine - give me a break
Or I'll end up doing all the things the wife wants me to make.

Last Friday was scary, I was worried as hell.
The rain was so hard I wanted to yell.
The road was flooded but did I give up?
Not me - nothing stops a determined man on his way to the club!

(water was up to 18" deep on Glenross Rd at one stage.)



Scouts and Cubs



As another year draws to a close, I would like to share with you some of the things the Scouts and cubs have done over the past months, and hopefully this may encourage some of the other boys of the district from 7 years onwards to join in next years programme.

In August the boys tried their hands at fishing at the mouth of the Ngaruroro River, Awatoto. Needless to say no one was very successful; then built and lit fires on the beach - quite an experience for some considering the adverse weather conditions. Everyone met at Connors River, Omakere, in September - the cubs going for their "Explorers" badge and the scouts erected a permanent flag pole next to the Scout Hut, then worked on their respective Pathfinders Awards.

In October the scouts camped overnight in David Ward's Shearer's quarters where they concentrated on leather work, producing belts and wallets, all beautifully stamped and carved. The cubs met on Sunday at Ward's and did their "Handyman" and Maoritanga" badges.

Another highlight on the social calendar was caving on McMillan's farm, Raukawa. The gloworms were really spectacular, even though it meant getting wet to see them!

In November the cubs camped in the Westshore Seascout hut, experiencing all sorts of activities including fishing and canoeing.

The scouts going to Jamboree camped the night at Puketapu Domain as a "practice run" for the real thing which is a 10 day camp at Trentham in January. These camps are every 3 years for boy and girl scouts from all over Australasia.

The Xmas party last Sunday began at Pukehomoamo School. Scouts, cubs and many other energetic people cycled the 11 kms to Connors River. Even the steep hill climb didn't deter the 7-8 year olds - well done! This was followed by a barbeque lunch and an afternoon of games and activities both on and off the bikes, ice-creams and lolly scramble.

Every year the Baden Powell trophy is given to a scout or cub (alternate years) for attendance, enthusiasm and helpfulness throughout the year. Last year Nathan Croad had it, this year Simon Wallace won it. Congratulations Simon.

Anyone interested in joining the Scout pack next year please contact me.

Keren Wallace



Wow Steve R. !
Heard you had
one "fine"
Hangover .

Merry Christmas

FOR SALE

One Victorian Drying Rack.
Brand new, never been opened.
\$70.00
Phone Lyn Elliott 843
(on behalf of Tamauri Playcentre)

WANTED TO BUY

Girl's bike to suit 6-8 year old.
Please phone Lyn Elliott - 843.

MAKURANUI HEREFORD STUD

2 yr. bulls
for sale

Enquiries -
Stuart Weir 702
John Weir 712



WEANER PIGS FOR SALE

\$40.00

Phone Murray or Angela Salter
876 1000



CHRISTMAS SERVICE

A combined family Christmas Service will
be held with communion at Crownthorpe
Church on Sunday December 20th at 5.00 pm.

Part of the service will be held outside &
a donkey will be present for children to
ride.

All children are invited to come
along dressed as angels, shepherds or wisemen!

* * * * *



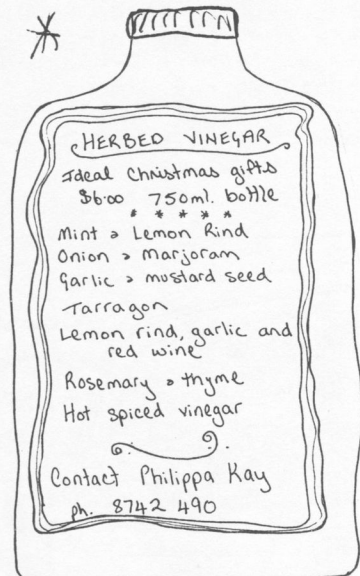
OPEN ALL HOURS

PLANTS FOR SALE

The bedraggled garden and
nursery will be open after
the holidays.

A phone call before 7.30 a.m.
or after 6.00 p.m. would
check my availability.

Bev Muggerridge 8742 819



HERBED VINEGAR

Ideal Christmas gifts

\$6.00 750ml. bottle

Mint > Lemon Rind

Onion > Marjoram

Garlic > mustard seed

Tarragon

Lemon rind, garlic and
red wine

Rosemary > thyme

Hot spiced vinegar

Contact Philippa Kay

ph. 8742 490

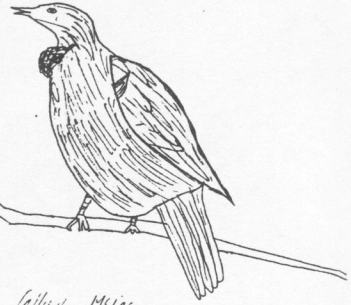


CAMP KAITAWA

Camp was neat we done alot
 of making but the weather was
 not nice it was always raining
 we only had one nice Day
 what I liked most about camp
 was the food. It was yum!!!

Antonia

TUI



Tallan M. Mac

My mums face when
 she saw my washing



strict camp parents
 should have gone
 to bed the
 first night



We saw heaps
 of wood pigeons

S. the Lawrence

Songs

great food!

Rain

Late night
 talks

Good Food

Great parents

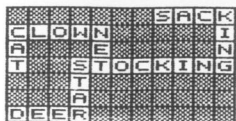
Kaitawa Poem

Kaitawa was fun
 At the top of Ngamoko
 It was cold on Ngamoko
 The weather was bad
 At Kaitawa the food was good
 Wind blowing hard
 At Kaitawa we did singing

by Campbell Ayres.

ADVERTISEMENTS

ANSWERS: JUNIOR PUZZLE



ANSWERS: FESTIVE CROSSWORD



ANSWERS: CHILDREN'S PUZZLE



TENNIS

Tennis will begin in the 1st week of Term I 1993 on Wed mornings at 10.30.

Come along and enjoy a casual game.

Contact: Jane Fountaine. 448.

TWILIGHT Tuesday nights

TENNIS 5.30pm. Mid January.

Contact: Ann & Rowan Sherwood 829.

FERNHILL TAKEAWAYS

\$ 1.00 nights every Tuesday and Friday.

Everything \$ 1.00 Fish and Chips, pauas, sausages, spring rolls, hotdogs, toasties.

One filling hamburgers \$ 1.50

Open to 7.00 pm.
Phone orders taken 8798510

MEAT FACTORY

Don't kill those precious ewes - come and see Stuart Comrie at The Meat Factory 1021 Manchester St (off Wilson Rd) Dog mince \$ 1.00 kg. No offal. Shop hours 10.00 - 5.30 pm. After hours ph. 844 5869

VERY LARGE WEANER PIGS

FOR SALE \$ 50.00 EACH
Ph. Paul & Jeannie Ward
8742 820

HUNTAWAY PUPS FOR SALE

\$ 50.00 EACH
PH. PETE DE BARRE
8743 713

FRESH VEGES

OPEN MONDAY - FRIDAY

Gary and Denise Jeffares (opposite Dysarts)

tomatoes, cucumber, capsicums, broccoli, cauliflower, zucchini, beans. Most available.

FARM WORK WANTED

Leeanne Kennerly
Ph. 8742 816

WORK WANTED DURING SCHOOL HOLIDAYS ANYTHING CONSIDERED

PHONE ANNA 8743 713

WORK WANTED DURING SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.
Robert Ayres ph. 8742 710

COMMUNITY COMMENT

A CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL KID

Being raised on a high country run, across the lake from Queenstown was a lot of fun. As kids we had an area of 60,000 acres with 10 mustering huts and mountains of 5000 - 6000 feet to explore and camp out in. There were no motorbikes; station transport consisted of a series of Landrover, an old Chev Quad and a Model A utility truck (and tractors).

There were about 20 horses to choose from and that was our main mode of transport as kids. It was 18 miles to the main back hut which was not far from the Oreti River and Mavora Lakes. Perhaps the area between the Tutaekuri and Ngararoa rivers down to Fernhill would be of similar size.

As 9 and 10 year olds we packed supplies out to bulldozer drivers and often took two to three days to do so. Looking back on it Mum and Dad must have had nerves of iron. I remember on one occasion keeping a young shepherd company for a week while he kept sheep down on the winter country until the snow came. It came all right! We woke up to deathly silence and two feet of snow at the hut. As we were due for more supplies we had very little left except for a quantity of rice which I never liked. Three days later I was quite fond of rice. (When the Landrover finally picked us up.)

On another occasion I was keeping the bulldozer driver company. We did this for fun but it was a safety thing as well in case of accidents to men on their own as well as cooking etc. (meals were not very polished as a 12 year old but were substantial.)

Anyway the bulldozer had cracked track links and we were trying to replace them. Very difficult in open high country with only simple tools. We had replaced some and were woken early the next morning by Dad thumping into the hut. He'd got a snow forecast and had come to get us and the bulldozer back over a 5000 ft. saddle before the dozer at least was snowed in for winter. We set off immediately and got over the saddle six hours later in 4 ft. snow with the dozer clearing a path for the Landrover. If another of the cracked links had broken the machinery would have been there for the next three months. The men had to take turns on the bulldozer as half hour turns at a time was all they could take.

Mum was very busy cooking for station staff (usually 3 - 4, often up to 12) as well as family. She usually had a "help in the house" while she taught school, some of which were marvellous girls. When she decided that she'd try a governess to teach school while she cooked, we had some fun. The boys on the station thought they'd welcome the new governess. The girl arrived one night on the boat and us boys had been sent off to bed. We were kept out of sight next morning while these shepherds dressed as schoolboys. One was done up in Mum's dress. They appeared at the school room with bottles of beer in their schoolbags and huge hairy legs in wee shorts. When Mum took the new governess up to meet them she burst into tears, fled to her room and left on the next boat! Apparently she was an only child, had never been away from home before and at 24 it was all too much for her.

The correspondence school provides everything you need - desks and chairs, blackboards, books, stationery, paints and art paper - you name it! The work arrives fortnightly in "sets". This is two weeks lessons laid out in days so that each has some Maths, English, Writing etc. and at the end of the week one lot of Art. We soon discovered that when something was on that

we wanted to be in on, like a muster or trip away, we could do this work very quickly. If you sat down and did all the maths in a set, then all the English then all the writing etc. it was possible to do a set in one day. This gave unlimited time off! Consequently our work went in fits and starts with Mum saving up sets to send off at the right intervals. We seemed to do a satisfactory job as the inspector who came a couple of times a year was always happy. His practice was to come on the Earnslaw in the morning, inspect our work and have lunch. Then we ran him 9 miles up the road to our neighbouring station where he inspected their three daughters and and went home on the Earnslaw in the evening. Mr. Charteris the inspector was a good bloke.

After looking at our work on one visit I remember he relaid some boards in the hall floor before lunch. I had the misfortune to meet his brother at boarding school. He wasn't such a good bloke - he laid the cane around my bum on several occasions and took much delight in doing so.

I can't remember what the occasion was but we got some photos of us doing our school work in the Auckland Weekly News once. This resulted in an invitation to visit a small rural school in the Bay of Islands. My chief memories of this were of Mrs. Jackson the teacher who hosted us for ten days and all of the maori kids and their ukeleles and singing. Having hardly ever seen a maori it was quite a cultural exchange.

The one thing you missed out on as a correspondence pupil was sport - often arriving at high school with no idea how to play rugby, soccer or tennis. The school has more camps now I believe and this facet is better covered but team sport experience is hard to replace.

In alternate years the school had a month camp at either Lincoln or Massey. This was a great experience. Here we got a whole primary school careers visits in one go.

We saw cows with rubber hatches in their stomachs, rode on new diesel locomotives, took turns wearing the Mayor of Palmerston North's chain, went to factories, did our swimming certificates, had a few lessons and much more.

Road Code, Police stations and hospitals were included. At this stage Massey was a small place. Columbo Hall was being built and none of the modern buildings existed at all.

We had travelled on bus, Wahine ferry and train to get to Palmerston North, so in all the school exposed us to a lot of experiences. We went on to do quite well at high school and this must be the test of your primary grounding. I have fond memories and no regrets for correspondence school and I think the staff do a fantastic job.

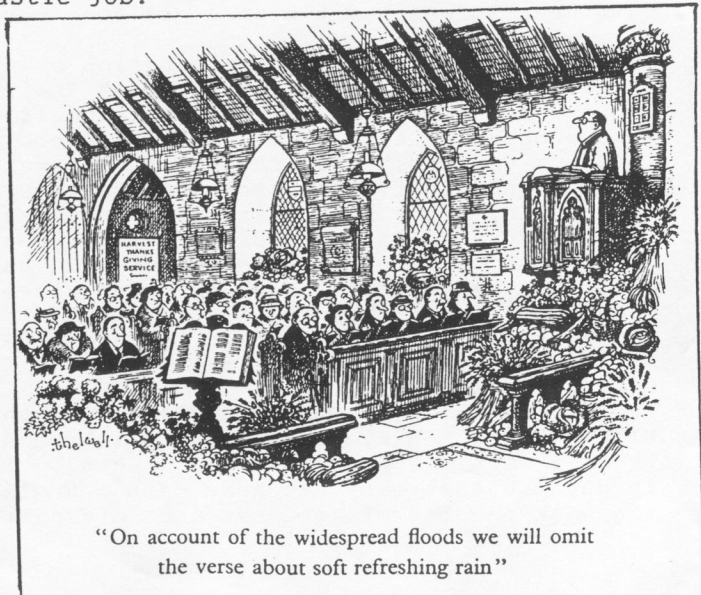
Rod Herron

Vanetta & Neil Rosenberg are expecting their third on Christmas day.

Neil has a permanent job at East Otago High School in Palmerston

David Ward attended a 3-day rural firefighters training course and passed the exam.

He really is a certified "Rural Fire Crew boss" now.



"On account of the widespread floods we will omit the verse about soft refreshing rain"