

## NEWSLETTER 6 CABIN FEVER



### Where's your next travel destination?

#### Book early to ensure your place.

Las Kitchenas  
Los Lounges  
Santa Bedrooms  
Porto Gardenas  
Los Bed  
Costa Del Balconia  
St Bathroom

### Home Schooling

A home schooling Mom posted that her kid called her on the phone from his room and told her he missed the bus and won't be in today.

Chinese take out \$8  
Tip \$2  
Getting home to find they forgot  
part of your order: Riceless

### If Donald Trump had captained the Titanic


There is no iceberg  
We won't hit an iceberg  
I knew it was an iceberg before anyone else knew  
No one knows icebergs better than I do  
The penguins brought the iceberg here  
No one could have predicted the iceberg  
We cannot allow an iceberg to stop our ship  
The crew is spreading fake news about icebergs  
Some of you have to drown  
I am the best Captain .... Ask anyone.

Liz Cruickshank



### Contributions/Suggestions/Ideas

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## **THE BATHING COSTUME**

I have just been through the annual pilgrimage of torture and humiliation known as buying a bathing costume. When I was a child in the 1950's, a bathing costume for the women with a mature figure was designed for women with a mature figure. Boned, trussed and reinforced, these

costumes were not so much sewn as engineered. They were built to hold back and lift, and they did a damn good job.

Today's stretch-fabric bathing suits are designed for the pre-pubescent girl with a figure chipped out of marble.

The woman with a mature figure has little choice. She can either front up at the maternity-wear department and try on a floral costume with a skirt, and come away looking like a hippopotamus that has escaped from Fantasia", or she can wander around any run-of-the-mill bathing costume department and try to make a sensible choice from what amounts to a designer range of flouro rubber bands.

What choice did I have? I wandered around the run-of-the-mill bathing costume department. I made my choice and disappeared into the small chamber of horrors known as the fitting room.

The first thing I noticed about the bathing costume was the extraordinary tensile strength of the stretch material. The lycra that goes into bathing costumes was developed, I believe, by N.A.S.A. to launch small rockets in a sling shot. And it comes with a bonus that as long as you can lever your body into a lycra suit you can protect your vital organs from shark attack. The reason being that any shark taking a swipe at your midriff would immediately suffer from jaw whiplash injury.

I fought my way into the first bathing costume, but as I twanged the last shoulder strap into place I gasped with horror. My bosom had disappeared. I found one bosom cowering under my left armpit. It took me a little while to find the other one. Eventually I located it flattened beside my seventh rib. The problem is the Modern bathing costumes have no bra cups. The mature woman is meant to wear her bosom spread across her chest like a speed hump. I realigned my speed hump and turned toward the mirror to make a full-view assessment.

The bathing costume fitted alright. Unfortunately, it only fitted those bits of me willing to stay inside it. The rest of me oozed out of the top, bottom and sides. I looked like a lump of play-dough wearing undersized cling-wrap.

As I tried to work out where all these extra bits of me had come from, the salesgirl put her head through the curtain. "Oh, they ARE you" she gasped, admiring the bathers. "Yes they are all me" I gasped, looking at the extra bits. "What else have you got?"

I tried on a crinkle cream bathing costume, which made me look like a lump of designer tripe. I tried on a floral two-piece costume, which made me look like an over-sized napkin in a serviette ring. I struggled into a pair of leopard-skin bathers with a ragged frill and came out looking like Tarzan on an off day. I donned a black bathing costume with a net midriff and looked like a jellyfish in mourning. And I tried on a bright pink pair of bathers which had such high-cut legs, I thought I would have to bikini wax my eyebrows if I wanted to wear them.

Finally, I found a bathing costume that fitted. It was a two-piece affair with a short-style bottom and halter- top. It was cheap, comfortable and bulge friendly. I bought it.

When I got home I read the label. "Material may become transparent in water." But I'm determined to wear it. I just have to learn how to do "breast-stroke" in sand!

*Author unknown*

Thank Liz for this. I had thought of retyping it but the presentation adds character to the story and reflects the time it took place.

## **Déjà Vu**

The present situation with Covid 19 reminds me of a situation in the early 1960s where the world was threatened with WW3.

I was 10 years old. My father was a Post Master and we were living in Orepuki at the time. I remember arriving home from school one day. Mum and Dad sat me and my two brothers down and explained that we may have to go into the Longwoods for some time and live on Bread and butter pudding - as a consequence we lived on bread and butter pudding for the next week - as practice!!!

It was the nuclear threat of Russia sending three ships to Cuba armed with nuclear weapons. As we all know the ships turned back before anything happened. This incident was known as the Bay of Pigs and we were very close to a nuclear apocalypse.

Robyn Savage

## Some light relief

I've heard that people are going crazy from being in lockdown!

I've just been talking about this with the microwave and the toaster and we agreed that things are getting worse.

I didn't mention anything to the washing machine as she puts a different spin on everything.

Certainly not to the fridge as he is acting cold and distant.

In the end the iron calmed me down as she said everything will be fine, no situation is too pressing.

The vacuum cleaner was very unsympathetic... told me to just suck it up, but the fan was more optimistic and hoped it would all soon blow over!

The toilet looked a bit flushed when I asked its opinion and didn't say anything, but the doorknob told me to get a grip.

The front door said I was unhinged, and the curtains told me to pull myself together.

## Deep Connections

The relatively recent protest group "Extinction Rebellion" published a cartoon in a recent newsletter, depicting two white coated scientists observing a bump in the graph marking the rise and decline of coronavirus in the human population, while behind them, an enormous threatening wave in the graph is about to break over the whole scenario. It is labelled "climate change."

Can this virus teach us that our lives are so intertwined that the idea of viewing ourselves as islands – whether as individuals, communities, nations, or a uniquely privileged species – should be understood as evidence of false consciousness? In truth, we were always bound together, part of a miraculous web of life on our planet and, beyond it, stardust in an unfathomably large and complex universe.

Coronavirus has an important, urgent lesson to teach us. The one-dimensional capitalist consumerist culture that has evolved in a market driven world has brought blessings to many, but now threatens curses upon all. During the lock-down, we have had time and space to think about that other world: the world of spirituality, of compassion, of a broader sustaining mythology than the market.

Sources unknown. 🙄

Daniel

## Ernest Godward -Invercargill's Forgotten Inventor

Ernest Godward was born in England in 1869. He ran away to sea at the age of 12 and was believed to have reached Asia before being sent home to be an apprentice to a mechanical engineer. He emigrated to New Zealand in 1886. He learned the cycle trade in Dunedin and in 1893 moved to Invercargill where he became a partner in Southland Cycle Works. The cycle business at that time was quite prosperous.

Godward's talents soon outgrew the bicycle business. In 1900 he concentrated on household inventions. The spiral hairpin, under worldwide patent, made him quite wealthy.

He built a home for his wife, Marguerita (Madge) Treweek, and their growing family, in Queens Drive, naming it Rockhaven. It still stands there today, not far from the Herbert Street intersection, surrounded by scaffolding. Godward invented a burglar-proof window, a rubber hair-curler, a mechanical hedgeclipper, and a non-slip egg beater.



While Godward served on the North Invercargill Borough Council, it was his proficiency as a sportsman that gained him prominence. He was a champion cyclist and accomplished in running, swimming, rowing and boxing. He promoted motor racing and with a co-driver won an Invercargill to Dunedin (and return) motor race. He was also an accomplished speaker, singer, instrumentalist, and oil painter.

With motor transport growing quickly, Godward imported and sold REO cars from the USA. He invented an economizer, a forerunner of the modern carburettor. He set up a factory outside London and in 1916 set up an office in New York, making only occasional visits back to Invercargill. He was recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on the internal combustion engine.

Godward lost heavily in the 1929 Stock Market crash. He died aboard ship in 1936 on his way back to New Zealand. He had just won an on-board skipping competition. He was survived by his wife and ten children.

In many ways Ernest Godward was the ultimate entrepreneur. Today he is largely forgotten. Some years ago, I suggested to the Southland Museum staff that they could have an interesting display on Godward's quite astonishing achievements. Nothing happened. Only Rockhaven remains as a memorial to this remarkable adopted Southlander.

A biography of Ernest Godward was published in 2013. It was written by a granddaughter, Shirley Walker.



Contributed by David Karran

## Bluff Open Day

You may have noticed that SouthPort at the Port of Bluff had an open day recently attended by over 400 people. Now with modern health and safety one appreciates the difficulty and restrictions in organising such a day however you may remember or even have been at a "real" open day at the Port in April 1981.

Hosted by Southland Harbour Board and run by the staff in volunteer mode we had an estimated 20,000 visitors to the Port. The exercise proved a great success in public relations and gave the public an insight as to how the Port worked.

A carnival atmosphere prevailed throughout the day with musical entertainment from Invercargill Caledonian Pipe Band and a marching display by The Bluff Golden Age Marching Team. A plentiful free supply of ice cream and sweets kept the kids happy while the parents at their leisure studied the port's progress and facilities. Static displays and oyster opening competitions were held in the cargo sheds.

Overseas cargo vessel Afric Star and naval vessels Tarapunga and Takapu were open to the public. While visiting the cargo vessel one could watch the famous meat loaders in operation or learn about nautical surveys on the naval vessels. Overhead an alpine helicopter was doing a roaring trade showing passengers a view of the harbour from the air.

Stewart Island ferry Wairua also participated in the open day taking passengers down the channel past Stirling Point and out to Foveaux Strait and back to her berth. The Voith tugs Monowai and Hauroko proved very popular for Harbour excursions with even a Bavarian band on the Monowai adding to the entertainment. During this period the pilot vessel Awarua was maintaining a safety watch around the wharfs and Harbour to ensure there were nobody straying too close to wharf edges.

Perhaps a highlight of the day was the firefighting display by the Bluff Fire Brigade on shore and the Tugs Monowai and Hauroko on the water competing against each other with their fire fighting ability via pumps and monitors.

The Kingston Flyer was running trips from Invercargill to Bluff taking Passengers each way and bringing them right onto the Island Harbour. The administration building was open for afternoon teas and a place to relax before taking in the small museum and the Board's collection of art situated in the impressive Board and committee rooms.

It was a long day for all involved but proved a success story for both volunteers and visitors to enjoy a "real" open day. After the recent open day it was reported that this was the first time the Port had been open to the public since it was completed in 1960. Maybe a little more research would have proved the 1981 day did happen!

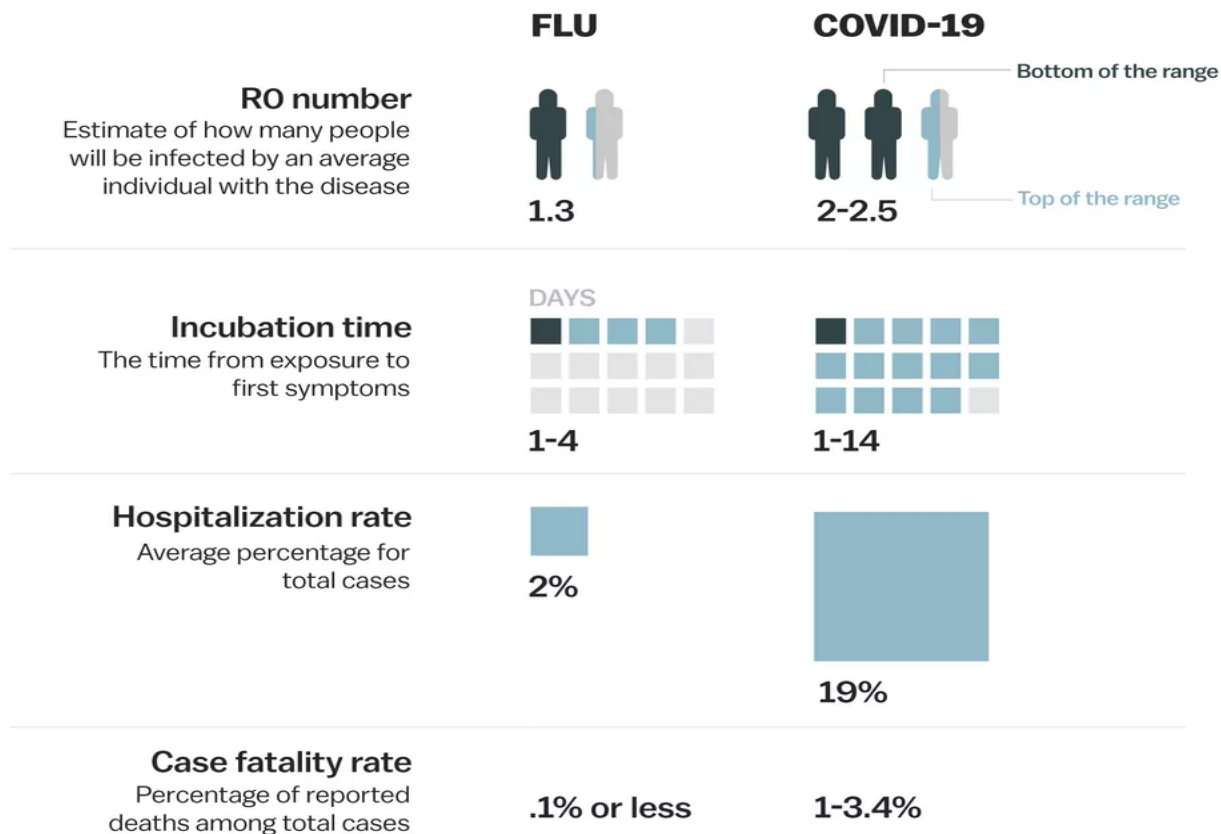
John Henderson

## Punishment

I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.  
Jokes about German sausage are the wurst.  
I know a guy addicted to brake fluid - he says he can stop any time.  
I stayed up all night to see where the sun went, then it dawned on me.  
This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore.  
When chemists die, they barium.  
I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down.

Brian Lucy

## How seasonal flu and Covid-19 compare



Sources: CDC, WHO, NCBI

**Vox**