

NEWSLETTER 7

CABIN FEVER



Obituary

My Friend Pat Hardy

21. 4. 2020

Who would have guessed that the tiny little lady wrapped in 4 or 5 layers of merino, sitting attentively at U3A, was in fact one of our most incredible Southlanders.

I met Pat in the staffroom at St Theresa's, where she had volunteered to support literacy in junior classes. (Her commitment lasted for at least 20 years.)

I was able to provide her with the occasional ride home afterwards, where we would have a quick chat over coffee.

Pat was reluctant to talk about herself, but very quickly a picture of a truly remarkable life began to unfold. Her stories about working for Parliament were amazing, dropping in the names of Walter Nash, Jerry Skinner, Sid Holland. Then there were the years when she was the Judges' Associate for the Arbitration and Supreme Courts, as well as a Hansard reporter.

When she returned to Southland, she taught the Secretarial course at the Southland Polytechnic, where she expected nothing less than excellence. She told me how students who arrived late to her classes, were locked out!

Pat played a crucial role in the steering committee when setting up Hospice Southland. Her service spanned 40+ years, a service I am now enjoying as a volunteer.

Pat was a celebrity in H and J's. Everyone knew her, and at Christmas time she would go round the departments with little gifts for the girls.

I never ever heard her utter a negative word about anyone.

She was fiercely independent, had a wonderful sense of humour, a great love for all, a strong faith and commitment, and knew exactly what was going on in the world. Her memory of people's names was astounding. She could go back many years, and recall who was related to who (a true test of a real Southlander!)

Because Pat's health declined so suddenly, I was sorry we never made it back to H and J's, to do one more lap, to see all of her girls.

Helen Campbell

Further from Liz

Pat also established a strong centre for hosting American elderhostellers at Southland Polytechnic and she became firm friends with academics throughout Australia and NZ tertiary institutions who all co-hosted these groups of 30 – 35 Americans. They were all professionals or at the top of their tree career wise who wanted to travel with likeminded people and be well informed about the countries they visited. So the Australian and NZ College for Seniors was born and it flourished.)

When Pat retired I was lucky enough to be offered the job, by Dave Kerr who was CE at Southern Institute of Technology at that time. I carried on in that unique position right through till last year when DOC Health and Safety requirements in our National Parks killed it. Now all the Educational Tourism programs for Road Scholars (America changed the name because the pax didn't regard themselves as elderly and they didn't stay in hostels when they visited) are organised by the head office staff for both countries, based in Christchurch. Instead of the substantial profits being returned to the host institutions of both countries, they now go back to Road Scholar HQ in Boston MA. Pat's groups and then mine, earned a tidy sum for SIT and I remember Penny Simmonds at her first staff meeting after taking over the CE role from Dave Kerr, acknowledged the considerable kitty we had earned in the previous financial year.

However it's not all bad from my personal perspective because I was employed to guide the last group of about 25 who came to our southern region just before COVID 19. The weather was perfect, there were no Asian visitors swamping the beauty spots and the group leader was an old friend who knew Pat and myself from 20 years earlier. Also by exceptional good fortune, another agency had a group of Americans staying

in Queenstown at the same time as our group and their group leader was another of our old team of leaders and site coordinators who was now leading a more lucrative group around.

The three of us got together on our free afternoon on a glorious sunny day in Queenstown and it was a bittersweet reunion because she divulged she only had a month to live. You would never have guessed it to look at her, and she was in no pain when we met but it was a huge blow to Suzanne and I. This same friend had recently lost her husband who was confined to a wheel chair. She was never one to let a little problem get in her way of a dream, and together they had commissioned a "wheel chair friendly" barge to be built, then freighted it over to Britain and spent summer exploring the waterways of Britain. She had to jump off and operate every lock, while her husband steered in his wheelchair. Would you believe they even barged across the Irish Sea to explore the waterways there too? He passed away not too long afterwards and she cherished those happy memories. Now it is her turn and if she is correct, and she usually is spot on, she has about two weeks left to spend with her beloved family before she gets her marching orders. What courage! Little did we know that Covid19 was going to turn the world on its head in such a short time.

Now we have to get through it together and look forward to better times ahead. The only good thing about our enforced incarceration is that everyone has time for good long conversations by phone, ZOOM or email. So keep safe, keep warm and keep positive folks!

Liz Cruickshank

Contributions/Suggestions/Ideas

to: lizcruickshank@hotmail.com

217 7348 📞

<https://givealittle.co.nz/org/rnzrsa>



Local Legend Sir Tim Wallis

Some of our members may have had an active role in the live helicopter recovery of deer in Fiordland National Park? It's a chapter of our southern history which is every bit as colourful as anything else since Ngai tahu came and cleaned out almost all the Waitaha on the shores of Preservation inlet about 300 years ago as recounted by the late historian Fred Miller. No wonder when James Cook sailed the Endeavour into Preservation Inlet the one remaining maori family there were apprehensive and retiring.

Anyway these unpublished photos of our local legend Sir Tim Wallis were taken by Jon Petrie back in 2003 at a Warbirds over Wanaka show when Tim was still in fine fettle as you can see. You may remember how he moored a ship in Deep Cove and so that the venison could be saved, and a landing deck for choppers fitted out,

He also had the vision to purchase head of Lake Wanaka which at that time except for a 4WD rough track. No use at all cattle and deer to get to market. His solution down price, the barge which had been used projects when the dam at Clyde was barge was surplus to requirements. He had welders so that each half could be trucked to



Wanaka and then he patched them together on the beach at Bay. Voila! A very handy barge which could carry about 15 one go, or have pens erected to take out live exports of the merino wool clip or lambs for the works or whatever.

Minaret Station at the had no road access when you had sheep, was to buy, at a knock in Muldoon's Think Big completed and the huge it cut into two with mig

visited the property with a group of farmers about 15 years host Jonathan Wallace brought the barge over to the nearest the road to Makarora to meet us. We all drove up onto the parking our vehicles and backing up very cautiously as there nor rim to the deck to tell you when to stop... then we drove off a ramp at the homestead. Jonathon Wallace had done a fantastic job building brand a huge new woolshed, cattle yards, deer facilities for handling stags at velvet harvesting time, weaning time and so forth. Sir Tim came over from Wanaka when we visited too, in his wheel chair and he co-hosted us filling in the gaps after his son had given us a run down on the development of the property. Then we all drove in our 4WD vehicles around the property, marveling at the huge scale of development they had done in a few short years. Their experience with handling helicopters during the live capture of wild deer in Fiordland, came into good use at Minaret Station for providing quick

Glendhu 4WDs in animals, or Peter and I ago and our beach on barge, was no rail again down



access all over the station, carting loads of posts and wire to steep hillsides where secure boundary fences were required, and to subdivide the property into convenient sized blocks for sheep, cattle and deer. Jonathan and his few staff had done a fantastic job in regenerating pasture with aerial sowing of pelletised seed of carefully chosen grass cultivars and coated in fertiliser, and red clover. The growth rates of the livestock had surged with their good husbandry, and it was never difficult to increase numbers of deer on the property - all they had to do was open the gates to the National Park next door and the wild deer would come in to graze the lush pasture inside the paddocks in the spring. A simple matter then to close the gates and leave the wild animals to settle down with the domesticated deer. The young Wallis children went over to Makarora to school each day - either by jet boat or chopper, depending on the weather and the farm activities.

It was a great day and all our group stayed at the same comfortable accommodation in Wanaka overnight, with other guest speakers and some good debates. David Rose, our organiser, club President and former President of Federated Farmers, excelled himself that weekend! The attached photos are from him. See other photographs of Minaret Station below.
Liz Cruickshank

Bluff International Airport

LA International Airport it wasn't but there was a time Bluff Harbour was used for international flights. Very few it is true, but Bluff Marine Airport did serve flying boats of the RNZ Airforce for many years.

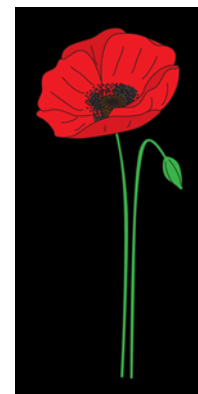
The first landing in Bluff Harbour was believed to be by a Walrus aircraft from a British naval ship in the 1930's paving the way for post war use by Catalinas and Sunderland of RNZAF. International civil flights began on Sunday 27th November 1955 when the flying boat Pacific Chieftain arrived from Hobart with 38 passengers on board. Operated by Ansett Airways she was a Sandringham type which was a civilian version of the famous Sunderland. Her passengers were tourists and after a sort of an aerial cruise of New Zealand the Pacific Chieftain returned to Bluff about a week later. The local newspaper rather gloated over the Captain's comment that for flying boats he considered Bluff vastly superior to Otago Harbour which would only be used for emergencies. Be that as it may, facilities were not extensive. A mooring buoy was established near Rabbit Island and and signal light to assist passenger transported out by the launch and rotary pump and portable hose. Another Ansett Sandringham the Her conversion from a Sunderland Ltd (TEAL), the forerunner of Air New Zealand. She was still flying in 1980 and later was and maybe still is a static display somewhere in the U.K.

As long range jet aircraft were entering service by this time and flying boats were phased out of international service. However military aircraft continued to use Bluff Harbour until they were replaced by land based aircraft in the early 60's.

John Henderson



the Bluff pilot boat was equipped with a beacon transport. Drums of aviation fuel was pumped aboard the plane with a hand operated Beachcomber also used Bluff Marine Airport. was to the order of Transport Empire Airlines



Flushed but unmoved

I am of the genus "Homo Geriatric" and as such find myself a step or two behind when it comes to technology.

During my daily walk around the local park I pass a couple of those upmarket toilets that talk you through the whole process. I have never been game to use one because of that. Call me old fashioned but I expect peace and quiet, and time for reflection, while nature takes its course.

I console myself by imagining where toilet tech could move to next to alienate me even further. How about a "5G Smart Loo", using facial recognition, to welcome "Daniel", when he eventually steps inside, reminding me when I last visited and hoping that life has been kind to me between then and now. Smart Loo continues the monologue by asking me to check the updates on the screen in front of me. I am then invited to play a video game with Winnie the Poo. By way of pushback my mind comes up with other inappropriate names. As a reminder to lingerers the screen warns that an ice cold jet of water will irrigate my nether regions in 5 minutes. Let the games begin!

Daniel Phillips

Ornamental Silver Weeping Pear Jelly

This is the result of Cabin Fever and wet weather!
Ornamental Silver Weeping Pear Jelly using Patricia Soper's
recipe for Crab Apple Jelly.

Involved:

Exercise, picking up the little pears from the lawn.

Patience, straining the juice through a tea towel tied to the legs
of an upturned stool.

Warmth, standing beside pan while re-cooking with the sugar
to make sure it doesn't boil over.

Recycling, using some of the little jars in the cupboard from shop bought
chutneys.

Pleasure, seeing the filled jars on the bench.

More patience, re-boiling the first batch because it didn't set!

Photography, photo to send my anti-sugar army daughters.

Mathematics, discovering each little jar had nearly a cup of sugar.

Nature, the birds will enjoy through the winter if no one wants to try it!

Nola Cavanagh



Louise Moss

Louise Moss, who may be known to some of you, sent this email.

I suggest that you have a look at her website.

I am a member of the U3a in the UK. Many of us are among the group that was asked by the government to stay at home for several months. I live alone and within days, I felt depressed, lonely and cut off from society. I wondered what I could do to help others who felt the same, and started to put short stories on my website. It grew and became Writers Against Covid-19. Each day, a new short story is published on the website, selected to bring a smile to the face and lift the spirits.

These stories are particularly suited to older people. I have chosen the sort of stories they would enjoy.

Perhaps you could let your membership know?

The stories are on <http://www.louisemoss.com>

Punishment is at an end

I did a theatrical performance about puns. It was a play on words.

Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because
she couldn't control her pupils?

When you get a bladder infection, urine trouble.

Broken pencils are pointless.

What do you call a dinosaur with an extensive vocabulary? A thesaurus.

I dropped out of communism class because of lousy Marx.

got a job at a bakery because I kneaded dough.

Velcro is a big rip off!

Don't worry about old age; it doesn't last.

Brian Lucy



Minaret Station



