



CANVASTOWN Community Association



Canvastown Community Market

Thank you so much to everyone who came and supported our market day and made it such a fabulous community day.



The CCA raised over \$200 which will go toward the upgrade of the Village Playground area.



Sincere thanks to Emma and David Thame for their kind donation of cutlery and crockery for the Canvastown Hall kitchen.

Special thanks to Grant and Christine Fisk, Havelock 4Square, for their very generous donation of lamingtons and savouries for the Market day morning and afternoon teas.

And also to Al Rees & friends for providing the music and ambience for the day!

Many people have requested we have another market in the New Year— so planning has begun—watch this space.



Canvastown Community Hall Schedule of Charges

Hall Hire

Local/Community - \$50
Corporate/Commercial - \$100
Includes use of chairs, tables
& kitchen equipment

Equipment Hire

Chairs - \$2 each
Trestle Tables - \$5 each

For all Hall and/or Equipment hire bookings contact

Karen Kellaway— 03 574 1407
or email karenkellaway10@gmail.com

TIT-BITS from THE TROUT HOTEL

The Trout Hotel has their Christmas Raffles on sale now. All Christmas related—Hams, Rolls of Pork, Whitebait, Legs of Lamb. To be drawn on the 5th of December from 2pm. Live band playing from 4.00pm till 8.00pm.

Thanks for your support of the Trout Hotel

03 5742888

*See you bugger nights
Wednesday*

*Social club meat raffles
Fridays—get in quick!*

Mobility Aids Loans

PAHT has had a sort out and re vamp of its medical aids. We have purchased a new wheel chair and blood pressure monitor; as well as servicing and repairing everything from toilet seats to walkers. If you need a medical or mobility aid to help with your recuperation, please call into the Charity Shop to sign one out. These are free to use - though we do accept koha on return.

www.PelorusAreaHealthTrust.co.nz

<https://www.facebook.com/CharitableTrustHealth>



WHAT'S ON IN CANVASTOWN

**1st Tuesday of the month—
Canvastown Ladies** 490 Tapps Rd,
about 1pm

**2nd Tuesday of the month—
Canvastown Community Assoc.
Meeting,**
7.00 pm in the Hall

**Every Wednesday—Buzzer Night,
The Trout Hotel**

**1st Saturday of the month —Music
Jam Night, Canvastown Hall, 7.00 pm**

**Every Day—Takeaway Curries at
Pinedale—Freshly made & frozen—
Phn 035742349**

**Saturday the 5th December—The
Trout Hotel Mini Christmas Raffle**

A Piece of History

Compiled by
Linden Armstrong (Rush)

An excerpt from Tales of the Wakamarina by William H. Ritchie

The Story of Danny Dunn

The story of Danny Dunn begins at the Doom race. Back among the hills of the Doom Creek, the race was being shifted to Reilly's Pothole. The big 14 foot sections of box were heavy: it was a two-man job to shift them, but Danny and his mates were big men, they took a section apiece.

Danny carried his on his back—doubled over like a half-opened pocketknife, he carried it all the way to Reilly's Pothole and set it down. But he didn't straighten his back, he didn't ever straighten his back again. For the rest of his life, Danny was doubled over like a half-opened pocketknife.

In the following years it was a common sight to see Danny getting up the Deep Creek road with a great load of up to a sack of potatoes perched on his poor bent back with his hands clasped under the bottom of the sack. He was permanently bent into a natural carrying position.

The years passed and deafness and old age caught up with Danny. His deafness was no great hardship to him for his best friend was his dog and understanding each other was no problem.

The passing years and his affliction took their toll on Danny and he found he could no longer cut firewood. No matter, the diggers whares had roomy fireplaces which, with the door, took up one end of the whare, and Danny got into the habit of feeding his fire by sliding the long lengths of firewood over the floor and into the fire as they burned away.

One day, however, Danny dropped off to sleep on his bunk with a good fire burning. The wood burned away and away and the fire crept back along the logs towards the floor of the whare—but Danny wasn't there to push them forward and presently the floor was alight and smoke started to drift out the door.

Danny's dog sniffed and then whined outside the door. The smoke thickened and the agitated dog started to bark, but Danny was deaf. The faithful dog could stand it no longer: straight into the smoke-filled whare it dashed and leapt on Danny's bed.

Aroused at last, the old man staggered out into the fresh air. When he collected his wits he realised that his sole remaining worldly wealth, amounting to seven pounds, was in his pants' pocket, hanging at the head of his bed. There was no pension in those days and that money represented the last vestige of the rugged independence that meant as much as life itself to the old-time digger.

Straight back into the whare went the old man where he was immediately overcome by the smoke and fell down onto the burning boards, and once again his gallant and faithful friend rushed in to the rescue.

This time the brave dog had to half drag the old man out into the air and away from the now blazing hut—and once more Danny revived. But he was sorely burnt and in need of help. With his last remaining strength he struggled to a neighbour's home and collapsed.

Aid was immediate and Danny bounced off to Havelock Hospital, thirteen miles away, in a dray. But it was the end of the story for Danny. He lived just long enough to add another chapter to the story of "Man's Best Friend".