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Editorial

ANZAC DAY

The New Zealand serviceman in all theatres of war has always grieved over and remembered the dead — and rightly so, for had they not trained together, suffered hardships together, fought together, shared rations?

What else could be but a grievous memory when one's comrades fell? They were gone, but their names, their faces, their mannerisms were — and are — inscribed indelibly in the hearts of those who survived.

So each year, those of us who are left give an assurance that those who have fallen shall be held in sacred memory, honoured with gratitude by the people whose hearths and homes they went forth to save.

ANZAC DAY, after the commemoration of our dead, is also the time when we renew the old comradeships of war, relive the memorable episodes and quietly celebrate our survival.

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THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN CROSSFIRE ARE ENTIRELY THOSE OF THE AUTHORS AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT OFFICIAL POINTS OF VIEW

TO OUR ADVERTISERS

COPY FOR ADVERTISEMENTS SHOULD REACH THE RSA OFFICE, BLENHEIM, NO LATER THAN THE 25TH OF THE MONTH PRECEDING ISSUE.

ADVERTISING RATES MAY BE OBTAINED ON APPLICATION.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ALL LETTERS TO THE EDITOR MUST BE RECEIVED BY THE 30TH OF THE MONTH PRIOR TO PUBLICATION.

PUBLICATION

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Presidents Page

March has been a fairly quiet month with nothing much of note taking place.

Our next big day is of course, Anzac Day, and it behoves every member to burnish up the old gongs and turn out on parade wherever he may be. The parade in town will take the usual course with "fall in" in Queen Street and then the march to the Memorial and after the service and the dropping of poppies, the parade will then march along Alfred Street and past the saluting base at the Cleghorn Memorial Rotunda, falling out in Charles Street. Afterwards, beer and the likes at the clubhouse, with perhaps a bite to eat from the ladies.

The guest speaker this year will be Lt-Col. T. A. Aldridge, R.N.Z.I.R.

Following RSA policy to involve youth, and as it is also the year of the child, we have asked Miss Joanna Wilks, an entrant in our N.Z. RSA Youth Award, to read the prayer at the Anzac service and the scripture will be read by Cadet F/S Ngawhika, ATC, No. 29 Blenheim Squadron.

Flowers are also required for posies for the cemetery. It is estimated that 800 posies will be required and if any of you have flowers, the ladies would be very grateful if you would take them to the RSA. Buckets of water will be provided to keep them fresh. Here is a chance for some of you keen gardeners to show your wares. By the way, I would recommend anyone to visit the cemetery on Anzac Day just to see what a wonderful job the ladies do. Believe me, it is well worthwhile.

Next is the Red Cross annual collection day. As you know this has been in the hands of Norm Jellyman for years. Norm has a change of plans this year. Instead of calling for cars, Norm would like collectors. The idea is that each volunteer will canvass his own street or area at any time to suit themselves from April 23-28, excluding Anzac Day. Names of those willing to help should be left at the office or direct to Norm, along with the area which you wish to work. Here is a chance for ex-POWs to give a little in return.

Your secretary and I attended a lunchtime talk by Mr Gill, Minister of Defence, at Woodbourne Air Base.

Our clubhouse alterations are coming along nicely and we hope to have them completed, including painting, for Anzac Day.

My thanks to all members for the good spirit in which any inconvenience caused by the alterations has been taken.

KEN YEALANDS

ATTENTION ALL EX-DIV

CAV. MEMBERS

div cav contribution to Queen Elizabeth Army Memorial Museum, Waiouru.

This subject has been under discussion for some time and already some centres have sent in contributions and these have been banked in the name of the Div Cav Assn.

So far the Marlborough branch has not contributed. It has been suggested that rather than draw on our meagre funds, which we will need if we are to stage the re-union in 1981, that we contribute individually.

Major General M. B. Poananga, Chief of Army staff, has agreed that our contribution can be directly channelled towards a specific object, on which a silver plate will show that that particular item was donated in memory of fallen comrades by Div Cav men.

It is hoped to be able to donate from all branches at least a total of \$1000, which is a great deal for the senior unit of the 2nd N.Z.E.F. to contribute.

My wife, Nola, will be on the phone to all members in the near future about this subject.

Contributions can be left addressed to her at the RSA office or posted to direct to 29 Herbert Street, Blenheim.

Please treat this appeal as urgent, as HQ would like our final figure by MAY -. would like our final figure by May 20.

RALLY ROUND — don't let Marlborough down. Send your donation in NOW.

KEN YEALANDS.

Fluff-diver:

A man who goes in head first and comes out backwards with the bends.



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MURCHISON GOLF TRIP

Ideal weather and the prospect of the Murchison Golf Club's traditional hospitality, set the scene as the bus load of golf section members and their wives headed off for the annual visit on March 18.

Defending the Sunshine Trophy was one of the purposes of the trip but the fact that Murchison proved too good for us on the day did not detract from the enjoyment.

Our thanks go to the Murchison club, and once again their catering was superb.

Although Murchison players won most of the golfing honours, our hosts must have begun to wonder how they could break George Aston's stranglehold on the raffles. His name seemed to come up with monotonous regularity.

The bus trip home was highlighted by Dennis Etheridge's leading of the singing, Bunny Evans' occasional calling of the roll (for what purpose we'll never know) and Geoff Sowman's rather imaginative and 'intriguing' story. Incidentally, Geoff walked part of the way home — we trust he made it. Congratulations to Murchison on taking the trophy from us, although our team, led by Arthur Cresswell, George Aston, Duncan Robertson, Rangi Brown, Bert Croft and Geoff Sowman, put up a good fight.

▲ ▲ ▲

Sweet Memory —

A soldier sat on his bunk one night,
And his brow was lined with care.
As he scanned the dirt of his army shirt
For the louse that he knew was there.

The little pest had been treated well
And nursed on his hairy chest.
But lately at night it had vented it's spite,
And hindered it's patron's rest.
The soldier growled through his gritting teeth,
'You ungrateful little brat,
Tonight for your pains, I'll scatter your brains,
On the brim of my old tin hat.'
At last he spied in a sweaty seam,
His ungrateful little friend,
So he stroked her ears, and said amid tears,
'Ah Winnie, is this the end?'
'For many days I've nourished you
And fondled you on my breast,
And it makes me cry to think you must die,
But sweetheart, God knoweth best'.

▲ ▲ ▲

A touch of class

Two secretaries were enjoying some friendly gossip during their coffee break. "And did you hear about Margie getting married?" asked one.

"Married!" the other one exclaimed. "Why, I didn't even know she was pregnant."

"Oh, she's not pregnant."

"What, getting married and not even pregnant? That's class."

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ODE TO THE NOT SO OLD BRIGADE

SAEDA BINT

*There's a little bint I know in Cairo,
She's the cutest little bint I know.
She is shapely, she is lovely, I know,
And when I meet her this is what I'll say:
Saeda Bint,
I love your charming manner,
To dine with you would be my one desire,
Your dainty little kismets and your finger tips
of henna,*

*Make me say to other bints,
Oh, Anna Muskeen, muskweis,
Two eyes of fire,
They make me estana sharaya.
To walk with you would be my one desire.
I think I'll call you Lena
'cause it rhymes with talahena
My little gyppo bint, you're kweis kateer.
When I get my leave in dear old Maadi,
There I'll see my little bint I guess,
The wine shops and the beer bars — they
won't know me,*

And to mine her dainty lips I'll press.

CHORUS

*Saeda bint, I love your charming manner,
To dine with you would be my one desire.
Your dainty little kismets and your finger tips of
henna,*

*Make me say to other bints,
Oh Anna Muskeen, muskweis,
Mafeesh, hashish
I have no hubby bubbly,
I want to do what all good Kiwis do
To take you by the river,
In a V8 army flivver,
My little gyppo bint, your kweis kateer.*

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,

ELECTION TIME

Six hundred and thirty members of the British Parliament govern the 60 million population of Great Britain. One for each 100,000. Thirty-three elected members of the Auckland Regional Authority administer services from sewerage to buses for the Auckland region. One for every 24,000. Nine Blenheim Borough councillors do the same for a population of 17,500. One for each 2000 head of population,

Yet it takes 38 executive and clubhouse committee members to administer this RSA of 1400 members— one for every 40 members.

Bit like the Swiss Navy, eh?

A. C. PLONK.

(Editor's note: Yes—but our men are not collecting a fat salary).

Sizing it up

"Yes," said the saleswoman in ladies' bras, "they come in four sizes — small, medium, large and holy mackerel!"



LAST POST

81330-T. T. FALLOWFIELD
(Amersfoote, ex-Dunedin RSA).

"At the going down of the sun . . .
We will remember them."



*THEY GAVE THEIR ALL
AS WE WHO ARE LEFT DID NOT
FORGET THEM NEVER OR BE
YOURSELVES FORGOT.*

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**IN TOWN FOR THE DAY?
TRY LUNCH AT THE RSA ——— 12 NOON TO 1.30PM**

TWINS BY TELEGRAM?

About a month before I embarked for war service in the Middle East my wife informed me that she was pregnant, and some eight months later while on a refresher signal course at Maadi base camp, I received two telegrams from N. Z. through Marconi of Cairo.

The first read: **85-37-68 SON BORN. GREETINGS FROM US ALL. FAMILY ALL WELL,** and was signed by a family friend.

And now came the shock.

On opening the second telegram I read: **85-86 SON BORN. DAUGHTER BORN.** And it was signed by Dr Boag, who had attended the delivery and for whom before our marriage my wife had worked as a theatre nurse.

Well, you can imagine my dilemma . . . thousands of miles from home. Who was I to believe? Surely the doctor must be right. But why not our friends? In her letters my wife had never mentioned the possibility of twins.

I was in a real quandary so obtained leave to visit Cairo and called at Marconi's office where I showed an official my two conflicting telegrams and he promised to check back to N. Z. on the doctor's telegram, which they did, even back to the doctor's surgery for an explanation.

During WW2 the N. Z. Post Office had a list of about 140 messages that could be

sent to soldiers overseas and each was prefaced with numbers, so one selected the message and told the clerk the numbers they wished sent.

What happened in our case was that Dr Boag had said to his receptionist please send a telegram to Mr Watson saying: Son born, family all well, for which the message numbers were 85 and 68. However, the receptionist, who relied on her memory and did not write down the numbers, actually told the clerk 86 as the second number instead of 68.

By amazing coincidence, out of 140 messages, by reversing the numbers the message read: Son born, daughter born.

I received the explanation with mixed feelings, somewhat relieved for my wife's sake, but also disappointed that I was after all not the father of twins, nor did we have a daughter.

The climax of this story came on my son's 21st birthday party when I produced the two telegrams and told the story of the mix-up, which caused great merriment among the guests.

I ended the tale by saying that in the fullness of time we had corrected the mistake, for here beside us is our lovely daughter Ann, to join with us on the happy occasion of her brother John's birthday, plus Michael, another son born in between.



Inequality

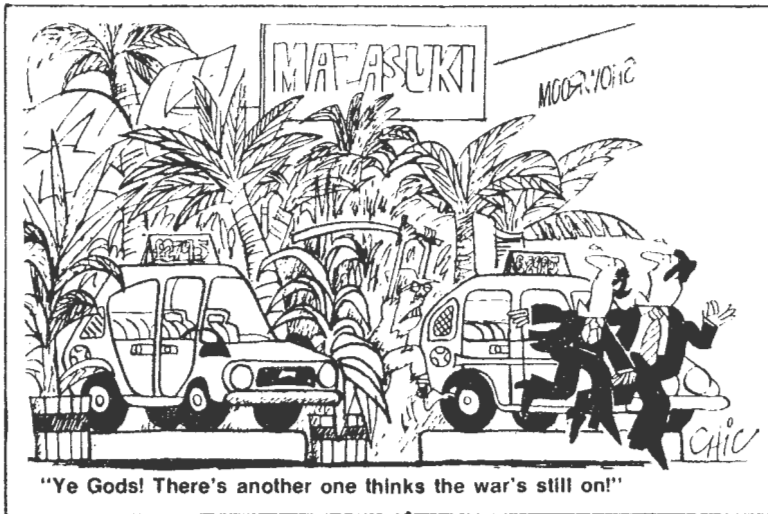
Two sisters, both spinsters were sitting at home reading when one of them looked up from her paper and commented: "Here's an article describing the death of a woman's third husband. She has had all of her husbands cremated.

"Isn't that awful?" said the other. "Some of us can't even get one husband while others have husbands to burn."

Ruthless relation

A certain millionaire who had achieved fame for his ability to resist charity, was asked to cash a cheque by a member of his club. "No, sir. No indeed. I wouldn't cash a cheque for my own mother." snapped the eccentric.

"I see," said the chastened man. "I suppose you know your family better than I."



Dopplegangers

It was the night before the ship landed and many patronised the bar until the wee hours. Charlie, slightly inebriated, embraced a strange woman by mistake.

"Excuse me, madam," he apologised. "I thought you were my wife."

"What a fine husband you must be, you stupid, drunken sot," said the angry woman.

"There, you see?" exclaimed the inebriated Charles. "you even talk like my wife."

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THIS MONTHS PERSONALITY



RICHARD ALLEN

MR RICHARD ALLEN, South African war veteran, was born at Timaru on May 3, 1880.

He attended school at Fairlie (then known as Fairlie Creek) and at the age of 15 left school to work at contract ploughing with two others. They camped on the site and work started at daybreak, with two feeding and harnessing the horses while the third prepared breakfast, most days a pot of boiled potatoes.

Dick Allen left for South Africa with the Mounted Rifles and celebrated his 21st birthday in Pretoria. He was at Petersburg and took part in the blowing up of a local arsenal before riding back to Volga, a journey which occupied 14 days, and during which they were constantly harassed by long range shelling from the enemy. Bully beef was the main diet, although they were fortunate enough to shoot a couple of deer for a change of variety in their diet. On one particular night they heard pigs grunting and word was received that there were some boars a short distance away. The officer in charge ordered a bayonet charge and pork was on the menu the following day.

The war was reaching its final stages by now and Richard, who had been made a corporal, was sent to get a New Zealand trooper out of the local army jail, as they were ready to embark for the return to N.Z. The usual red tape took so long that by the time they returned to the harbour the troopship was disappearing over the horizon. However, it is an ill wind that blows no-one any good. While awaiting the next troopship, Corporal Allen was chosen to go to England for the coronation of King Edward VII. While the troops were rehearsing for the coronation parade the King was struck down with appendicitis. The King was the first person to get the now common illness, which up until that time had been known as inflammation of the bowels. While His Majesty recovered the troops were given a two-month leave break and Allen spent this with his father's people in Scotland.

For the coronation parade the New Zealanders were mounted on borrowed horses, their own having been left in South Africa. They were riding through the Strand with Colonel Porter in the lead. Allen was in the right section and the band was just in front of him. When the band struck up the colonel's horse reared and threw him. Allen quickly dismounted, caught the colonel's mount and offered to swap horses. The offer was turned down by a very red-faced and embarrassed colonel.

The Kiwis were billeted at the Alexandra Palace and New Zealand's Prime Minister, Dick Seddon, was staying at the nearby Hotel Thistle. Allen had now been promoted to sergeant and he was in charge of Seddon's guard of honour. Before returning home all troops were paraded at the palace and presented with the Coronation Medal by the King.

Returning to N.Z. he resumed his role of ploughman in the Fairlie area for a short time. Here he met and married Margaret Hendry-McKay. Around this time he was asked to drive a wagon-load of wool from Lilybank to Timaru, and on arrival he was given two cheques, one for the freight and one for his wages. He was told to present the freight cheque first and then his wage cheque. Unfortunately there was insufficient cash to pay his wages. He lodged a complaint with Sergeant Warren of the Timaru Police, who told him he would be better off in the police force, as his wages would always be paid when due. So Allen joined the police and served with them for 38 years.

He did his early training at the Upper Hutt Police School and was first stationed at Mt Cook, Wellington.

His first assignment was in plainclothes, tracking down sly-groggers, who abounded in Wellington about this time.

He was transferred to Christchurch to go on night duty at the 1906 Exhibition. He spent many years in Charleston where besides being the sole police officer, he was also clerk of the court, bailiff, clerk of the wardens' court and Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages. When he found some spare time he would go opossum hunting. The fact that the possums flourished on the coast indicates that Allen had very little spare time. He relieved at many coast stations and in all spent 34 years in that area.

He was for 56 years a member of the Phoenix Lodge. Retiring from the police force at the age of 63, he retired first to Geraldine and then in 1958 moved to Blenheim

Mr Allen has a daughter, Mrs Tui Drinkrow, who lives in Auckland, and he is also a nephew of a Mr Hagley, who donated Hagley Park to the Christchurch City Council.

Mr Allen is still remarkably fit, although his eyesight and hearing are failing, but he enjoys listening to the radio and looks forward to the visits he receives from his many friends.



"Good morning, boss. Would you like a blonde, brunette or redheaded secretary today?"

True story overheard in a pub:

'Got to go to court tomorrow'

'How come?'

'Aw, it's the wife's fault, she started to talk when she should have been listening'.

Assistance With Your Tax Returns

Once again it is time for the completion and filing of your Tax Returns.

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Chris, at the Blenheim Taxation Service will advise and show you, how to claim the maximum exemptions, rebates and allowances in your return. His fees are deductible and scaled up from \$12.50, depending on time, etc., spent with you and on your return. If you wish to go in and see Chris, take with you the following:

Tax Pack, I.R. 12 certificates, details of employment related expenses, union fees, etc., details of life insurances and superannuation payments, name and details of your spouses earnings, name, date of birth and Family Benefit No. of children under 12 years, details of dependent relatives (e.g., parents living with you), receipts for donations and school fees and any other information you feel is relevant to your return.



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Did you know that you can claim \$25 rebate for rates paid on an owner-occupied home? That donations are now claimed as a rebate of 50c in the \$ up to a maximum of \$175 and not an exemption as previously?

Just two of the many changes to the Tax Legislation.

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EXCERPTS FROM EXECUTIVE MEETING

Approval to increase bar prices - wage increase \$118 p.w. and liquor \$42 p.w. — total \$160 p.w. Jugs up to 75c litre.

Approval given to purchase electronic drawing machine for raffles.

Future balls to be held every second year instead of annually.

Picton additions to building started. Stan Todd declared "unruly," During a recent pool match he played a shot on the wrong table.

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THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

The following is taken from a speech -no-one seems to know who was the speaker, or the occasion:

"At the going down of the sun . . .

I crowded in a shallow trench on that hell of exposed beaches . . . steeply rising foothills bare of cover-a landscape pock-marked with war's equipment - ammunition - and the weird contortions of death sculptured in Anzac flesh. I saw the going down of the sun on that first Anzac Day - the chaotic malestrom of New Zealand blooding.

I fought in the frozen mud of the Somme.

In a blazing destroyer in the North Sea - I fought on the perimeter at Tobruk - crashed in the flaming wreckage of a fighter on the hill behind Rabaul - lived with the damned in the place cursed with the name of Cnangi.

I was your mate - the kid across the street - the med. student at graduation - the mechanic in the corner garage - the baker who brought your bread - the gardener who cut your lawn - the clerk who sent your phone bill.

I was an army private - a Naval Commander - an Air Force rear gunner. No man knows me - no name marks my grave - for I am every New Zealand soldier.

I am the Unknown Soldier.

I died for a cause I held just, in the service of my land - that you and yours may say in freedom:

"I am proud to be a New Zealander."

T R A P

Headline in newspaper during WW1:
**BRITISH PUSH BOTTLES UP 40,000
GERMANS.**

Jokes

Think big

The TV producer had been anxious to get friendly with his new star for a long time but her classic looks scared him off. One day he decided to try a few test balloons.

"What would you say if I stole a kiss?" he said.

She looked him straight in the eye and answered, "What would you say about a man who had a chance to steal a yacht and only took the life jacket?"

Knotted up

It isn't tying himself to one woman that a man dreads when he thinks of marrying; it's separating himself from all the others.

Girl for all seasons

George knew just what he wanted in a woman. "The girl I marry," he used to tell us, "will be an economist

in the kitchen, an aristocrat in the living room and a harlot in bed."

Now he's married and his wife has all the required traits - but not in the same order. She's an aristocrat in the kitchen, a harlot in the living room and an economist in bed.

True confession

A farmer, on his sickbed, fearing that he would die, confessed to his wife "Darling," he said, "I haven't been very faithful to you, which I now feel terrible about. And for every time that I was unfaithful, I placed a silver dollar behind the stove. They're all there, in case I die. All, that is, except the money which I spent for medicine."

But, to everyone's surprise, the farmer recovered, and the wife took sick. She, too, fearing death, made her confession. "For every time I stepped out on you," she said, sorrowfully, "I dropped a pea through

a hole in the floor. And they are all there, except for the three bushels we ate during the hard times we had last winter.

Happiness is. . .

Standing at the bar in the club; two business men were discussing their marriage. With a sigh, one confessed to the other: "I never knew what happiness was till I got married. Then, of course, it was too late!"

Always thinking

Before marriage a man will lie awake all night thinking about something you said; after marriage he'll fall asleep before you finish saying it.

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1979-80 ELECTIONS NOMINATIONS

NOMINATIONS FOR THE EXECUTIVE ARE:—

PRESIDENT:KEN YEALANDS (No election required)

IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT:JIM GRIFFITHS (No election required)

VICE-PRESIDENTS: RON HEMMING (No election required)

VICE-PRESIDENTS: Ron Hemming and Wally Boddington (no election required).

TREASURER: Alan Fry (no election required).

EXECUTIVE (Eight only to be elected):

Vern Anderson	Gordon Gardiner
Bert Anscombe	Bob Gordon
Eric Bishell	Joe Griffiths
Ike Cameron	Errol Hancock
John Cameron	Len Hook
Albie Earnshaw	Bob Miller
Bob Fidler	Ian Moore
Bob Forbes	Sid Robinson
Allan Gardiner	Rex Thorstensen

CLUBHOUSE (No election required)

Adrian Bishell	Sid Robinson
Trevor Buckley	Graham Simpson
Alan Eatwell	Jim Todd
Bob Gordon	Stan Todd
George Panting	Roy Turner

Insane

The man standing at the bar (in court, unfortunately) was well-dressed, alert and obviously intelligent. The judge asked him how he pleaded to the charge of rape and, much to the magistrate's surprise, he replied: "Not guilty by reason of insanity."

"Insanity?" exclaimed the judge

"Yes, sir," said the defendant. "I'm just mad about it."

Being prepared

A shapely Melbourne actress, about to go for an interview with a producer, was warned by her girlfriend: "Listen, I don't want to upset you, but this man has a bad reputation with women. If he gets you alone in his office, he's liable to rip the dress right off your back!"

"Thanks for the warning," said the actress. "I'll go change into an old one."

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What's On This Mo

MAY:—

- 1 Meeting, ex-Navalmen-s Assn.
- 2 RSA Women's Section meeting.
- 2 Pool club v The Crow, at RSA.
- 3 Ex-Malayan Assn meeting
- 9 Pool club v Junction, at RSA.
- 23 Pool club v Junction.

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Month In Your Club

TROTTING NEWS



Horses to follow this month

BY "ARAPAHO"

PICKAWIN: Form lately has been poor but look out when back on dirt tracks.

PAUL'S EXPRESS: Won at last start and should be capable of repeating at short notice.

IRISH MOOD: Can't repeat trial form at the races but expected to improve in a hurry.

GREAT STUFF: Rated highly as a stayer. Should improve record quickly.

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History of the Royal Air Force: April, 1918

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE : APRIL, 1918

IN APRIL, 1918, after Britain had fought three years and eight months of war, the Royal Air Force first took form under that now famous name. In April, 1918, after three years and seven months of an even greater war, the twenty-fifth birthday of the Royal Air Force, known to the whole world as the "R.A.F.," ends it with a quarter of a century of history which has no parallel.

Its formation in 1918, in the darkest days of the final German offensive in France, had been influenced by several very different factors. Among them were the daylight raids on London in the summer of 1917, which caused widespread public despair and gave rise to demands for adequate counter-measures and for reprisals in kind.

Additionally, criticism of the competition between Army and Navy for materials to equip their existing flying services—the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service respectively—was also considerable. This competition was due to the fact that both services needed more aircraft than it was possible for them to obtain. Production could be speeded up to meet their needs only if there was co-ordination of design and supply.

But there was another and far more important reason for the formation of a completely new fighting service at the most crucial moment of a long and exhausting war. Three years' experience of fighting in the air, three years' intensive development of aeroplanes, seaplanes and their operations, seemed to show that flying could be something very much more than an aid to the work of the Infantry on the Army in the field. The air offered scope for a whole series of new operations, in

which little or nothing could depend on direct cooperation with the forces on the ground.

CREATION OF THE R.A.F.

This view was strongly presented in an official report prepared by General Samers in August, 1917, at the request of the Government. General Henderson was deputed to undertake the special work of the organisation of the new Air Force. It was also announced that Major General Ashmore was placed in command of the London Air Defence Area.

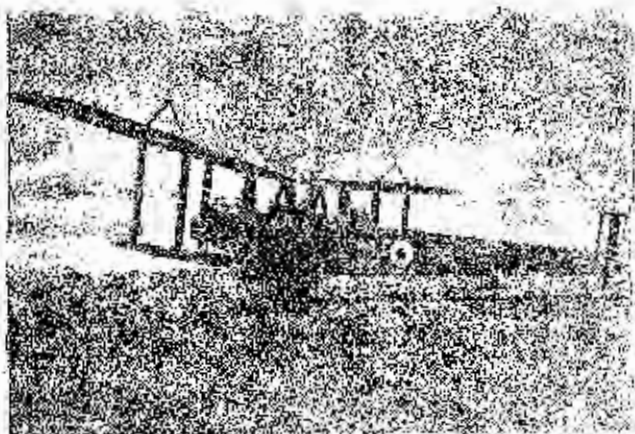
The Air Force Bill, which created both Air

Force (1918), the Independent Force, R.A.F., began straight bombing of "industrial" targets in Germany. The radius of activity of their aircraft was very limited—about 200 miles originally with the radius of 1,500 miles possessed by several of British Command in day—and for this reason the Force was based in central France, at Nancy. Bombers based in Britain could only carry out attacks on targets as far as the British Isles and the North Sea.





The De Havilland 9—as used by the Independent Force, R.A.F., on its way into Germany in 1918. Slightly smaller and with the larger "Liberty" engine, the D.10 (see below) remained in service with R.A.F. squadrons for nearly 10 years after the 1918 Armistice.



Handley-Page O.400—one of the first really successful four-engine aircraft. Four bombers were built both in Britain and America. Used by the Independent Force, R.A.F., for bombing German industrial plants. After the 1918 Armistice many were slightly modified and used as civil transport planes.



The De Havilland 4—originally designed as a general purpose two-seater and used work in 1918. A number were used by leading German fighters independent Force, R.A.F.



S.E. 5A—a single-seater "camel" of 1916, outstanding in the fighter of 1918. Though no longer and scarcely more powerful than the best examples of a generation later, its simple handling and quickness of movement made it a deadly weapon in the hands of a daring pilot.

Force and Air Ministry, was introduced in the House of Commons on November 8, 1917, and by January 2, 1918, the first Air Council had been constituted. Lord Rothermere, Secretary of State for Air, was president, with Major-General Trenchard as Chief of Air Staff. The latter planned and instituted all the Staff organization necessary for taking over the R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. and welding them together into a third fighting service. And by the Air Force (Consolidation) Act the Royal Air Force came into being on April 1, 1918.

THE INDEPENDENT FORCE

There was no break in the operation of the

older flying Services. At sea with the Navy and on land with the Army, R.N.A.S. and R.F.C. pilots carried on as before. In October, 1917, a number of squadrons was reserved for direct offensive action against munition areas and railway objectives far behind the battle front in Germany itself. These units were formed into an Independent Force, R.A.F., under Major-General Trenchard, on June 31, 1918. Later, in October, 1918, Major-General Trenchard was appointed Commander in Chief of the later Allied Independent Air Force.

During the five months of its existence the new striking force dropped 550 tons of bombs and lost 109 machines in operations against the enemy. Industrial centres as far away as

(Continued on page 23)

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Cologne and Frankfurt, railways, chemical works, and airfields from which Goetas operated were attacked. The independent force claimed much credit for the crippling of German war industry. Its most powerful effect, however, was on enemy morale. Recurrent bombing by day and night undermined the German nation's capacity for resistance.

AIR SUPERIORITY

In their 1918 spring offensive, against Amiens the Germans provided the R.A.F. with perfect targets: troops in movement. Squadrons equipped with Bristol S.E.5's and Sopwith

"Cameo" held enemy "Cirrus" attacks, while low flying assaults were made on troops, batteries and bridges. Night patrols against German airfields destroyed many of their bombers on the ground, and in one week as many as 220 enemy aircraft were shot down. For the Allied counter-offensive the R.A.F. concentrated 3,390 first line aircraft against their 340 opponents. Sweeps of as many as 60 aircraft in formation, cleared the sky of enemy machines, and in co-operation with infantry and tank advances, coupled with bombing attacks on their concentrations of reinforcements, paralysed German counter-measures. The Allied advance was so rapid

H.M. King George V inspecting officers in 1908. Some are in the uniform of the R.I.C., with the double-breasted tunic, Sam Browne belt and forage cap. Others are in the original (shabby) uniform of the R.A.F.



(This article will be continued in 1921-22 issue)

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SPECIAL VINO

Late in December of 1944 a platoon of 27th Vickers Machine-gun Btn was holding a position close to the banks of the Lamone River, near the village of Celle, situated between the larger towns of Forli and Faenza.

As was often the case during the Italian campaign, our platoon was quartered in a requisitioned farmhouse casa. The officer in charge was Lieut. Lloyd Morgan, who after the war became licensee of an hotel in the Hutt Valley, and last year was elected as World President of Lions, the first New Zealander to achieve this high honour.

After some weeks in this holding position, we received word that we would be moving into Faenza for Christmas, so we began to think about securing a supply of vino to celebrate, in case we could not get any in Faenza. The old Eye-tie at the casa had several large kegs and when we mentioned this to Lloyd M, he said, yes, you can take it in the trucks but please do not pinch them from the old man, you all have plenty of lira so pay him what he asks.

However, when we approached old Guiseppe he flatly refused to sell us any vino, but we were determined to get our Christmas cheer and as we were departing at 3am, two of our gunners took a kero lamp and quietly entered the cellar and filled a 50-litre glass jar encased in plaited cane with two carrying handles and left behind what we thought was a fair price for the vino.

As it needed two strong men to carry the heavy and awkward jar across the slushy snow-covered fields to the waiting trucks about a half-mile away, the rest of the men had to carry extra gun gear, but no one moaned and when we proudly loaded our Christmas cheer on to the truck we headed happily towards our new billets that proved to be the second floor of an insurance building where we bedded down for a delayed sleep.

Awaking about 10am, we heard a great commotion outside and on looking out the window we noticed a big queue of soldiers lined up facing the opposite building and all carrying cans of vary descriptions and upon inquiring what it was all about we were told that they were waiting to collect their Christmas issue of vino. On later inspection we found the building to contain a number of huge wooden vats some 20ft high, and all containing various kinds of wine and all one had to do was get a chit from the quartermaster.

Well, the laugh was really on us, but we still enjoyed our own special brand of snow-chilled Christmas vino.



"Merciful heaven, McGregor! — all those return tickets . . ."

Self-diagnosis

The gorgeous girl walked into the psychiatrist's office. She had no sooner closed the door when the doctor ripped off all her clothes and attacked her. After about 15 minutes, he got up and said, "Well that takes care of my problem, what's yours?"

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HUMOUR — by Peter McIntyre

At the end of the Italian campaign and now a veteran of four and a-half years, I, together with hundreds of other Kiwi troops returned from Trieste to a transit camp outside Bari to await embarkation for our trip home. Probably with the idea of filling our idle hours and keeping us out of mischief, Div HQ, in its wisdom, decided to provide a series of talks on various subjects by prominent Army personalities.

My story concerns a brigh and humourous talk given by that talented character, Peter McIntyre, N.Z. Div's official artist, whose talk covered a broad spectrum of his pre-war travels and war experiences.

He mentioned that pre-war he and a male friend had been touring Spain during which they arrived in Madrid on a fiesta day, and as they strolled along the street among the gay, excited crowd, he noticed that many of the young men were buying bunches of flowers from a street stall. Wanting to join in the spirit of the day and thinking this was the thing to do, he bought two bunches of flowers and gave one to his friend.

Within seconds they were surrounded by a crowd of laughing, gesticulating teenagers and as neither of them spoke Spanish, they were mystified by the hilarity, until an English-speaking Spaniard explained that on this fiesta day and young man who had a special cruch for some girl would announce his intentions by presenting her with flowers. Having given his male friend flowers, the inference was plain to the happy crowd.

Mc Intyre then went on to relate the story of a visit he paid to the famous Long Range Desert Patrol at one of the several Libyan Desert oasis used as bases to plan their sudden strikes against enemy lines and transport.

From memory I am sure it was Kufra, because it had the most saline lake in which it was almost impossible to sink. On arrival after crossing the vast Egyptian Sand Sea he found only the C.O. present and upon inquiring where the men were, the answer was, 'Oh, they are all down at the lake swimming'.

So he decided to stroll down to the lake and meet them. Arriving at the lake edge he looked out over the shimmering heat haze covering the water and it all seemed a blur, but as his eyes adjusted he saw what looked like a flotilla of half submerged submarines with their periscopes up. His humourous description of the men floating on their nacks.
their backs.

A gin a day . . .

A man from the local AA was making a speech to discourage people from drinking. During the talk, he took a glass, held it up and poured some gin into it. Then he took some worms and dropped them into the gin. The worms died almost instantly. "Now," he said to the audience, "what does this prove to you?"

An old drunk in the back of the hall stood up and said, "It proves that if you drink a lot of gin, you'll never have worms!"

Stretching it

Jack and Charlie finished their golf game and went to the showers. Jack was dressed and waiting in no time. He yelled, "Charlie, are you dressed yet?" and Charlie answered, "I'll be there just as soon as I put my girdle on!"

Jack asked, "Girdle. I didn't know you wore a girdle . . . how long have you been wearing a girdle?"

And Charlie answered, "Ever since my wife found one in the glove compartment!"



TODAY'S GREAT DRINK

Our Fair Ladies

BLenheim RSA WOMENS SECTION

A visit from the Nelson womens section is always a happy one and their recent visit coincided with the Blenheim section's monthly social afternoon. A welcome cup of tea was served when the bus arrived from Nelson and then the ladies "did the town."

The entertainment group from the Blenheim section provided the entertainment and everyone joined in with the singing. Mrs J. Allan welcomed our visitors and Mrs H. Russell, president of the Nelson section thanked everyone for the wonderful hospitality and were looking forward to a visit from the Blenheim section next year.

Women section members are reminded that the annual general meeting will be held on May 9 and nominations for the positions of president, vice-president and committee close with the secretary, Mrs C. Neal, on April 30, at 5pm.

Through lack of support, the bus trip to Lake Rotoiti had to be postponed. As it turned out, the day was very wet, but we hope to try again in the spring.

MOIRA WILSON

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Sub-Branch News

Picton Branch

Altogether, we've had our ups and downs for the month, with success and elation on the one hand, and disappointments on the other.

The only member to accept our challenge and hospitality from Marlborough RSA for the snooker tournament was Theo, and by the way he played, we were fortunate that he was the only one who made the effort. Regardless of Theo's ability, Picton have claimed the snooker trophy by default (Theo told us confidentially that was the only way we could possibly recover it). When it was obvious that no other players were coming, the day's programme resumed at inter-club level, and all who participated thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The social function turned on in the evening for the Marlborough players was an outstanding success and it was obvious that Theo enjoyed his company and our hospitality. Let's hope future inter-club days get off to a better start or we might find a strike on our hands from the ladies who provide the eats.

Because of the uncertainty of ferry sailings, and at that time car-less Sundays, we reluctantly agreed with Karori to postpone our planned visit on March 24-25. It was just as well we did, because although transport arrangements wouldn't have upset the weekend, there would have been a lot of nail-biting with the sailing bans ex-Wellington Sunday morning. We hope something can be arranged in the not too distant future. The only elation of the month was spoiled by the arrival of the building permit with instructions that the billiard lounge floor must be of concrete. This means a slight delay while the plans are altered. Meanwhile Jim Maxwell has been busy with his theodolite or whatever its called, getting levels, etc., and the excavating

(Continued on page 32)

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has been completed. So from now on, volunteers on the job will be appreciated. Just contact Jim Maxwell, who will advise you where you can help.

Many thanks from Des York and his band who have received all the dance music they require from Shirley Rowlands and Colin McKnight. Thanks to Crossfire?

For the sake of our lady readers, let me assure you that as usual Joan Taylor had her pages ready and presented to me for inclusion in the March issue of Crossfire. The explanation for its exclusion, must have been that I had put her envelope inside a large one with my material, and it seems the editor withdrew my unfolded pages from the large envelope and didn't check for any other contents. I accept full responsibility as I normally clip Joan's articles together with mine. My apologies to Joan and her readers. ----- E. J. FRISKEN.

PICTON WOMEN'S SECTION

There was a very depleted attendance for the March meeting, only 12 members attending, which was somewhat less than the apologies received. However, despite the small number and the absence of both our president and secretary on their respective holidays, good progress was made in arranging the roster for the shop day, and marking the goods on hand. The chair was taken by vice-president Sybil Phillips and I acted for the secretary.

The shop day proved very successful despite inclement weather, and our thanks to RSA members Jimmy Pickering for allowing us to use an empty building instead of just the passageway outside; to Peter Ashfield and his boys for setting up and removing the council trestle; to Jim Maxwell and Maurice Phillips for their considerable practical assistance in getting things started; and to associate member Charlie Nicholls who each year generously allows us to borrow a table and chairs for the raffles.

All others who helped in any way have our sincere appreciation.

I hear from those of our women's section members who went on the bowling-cum-pleasure tour of the West Coast that they took every opportunity to call on RSA's and once again Rex and Hetty Gibb were to the fore in extending hospitality at Granity. They enjoyed renewing Westport contacts again.

Well, before long Anzac Day will be here, and for those of us connected with RSA it will certainly mean much more than "just another holiday."

JOAN M. TAYLOR

Interim measure

On being told by the judge that it would take at least two days to obtain a licence to be married, the young couple looked completely dejected until the bride sang out, "Can't you say a few words to tide us over the weekend?"

Foggy forecast

A TV weatherman received this message on a postcard: Sir - I thought you would like to know that I have just shovelled three feet of 'partly cloudy' off my front step.

ELECTION CANDIDATES

WHO'S WHO?

As promised in the March issue of Crossfire, we now present you with a who's who of the line-up of candidates for election for the 1979-80 year. Remember, your ballot papers must be in the hands of the Secretary not later than 5pm ON JUNE 4, 1979.

PRESIDENT: JIM MAXWELL (no ballot required). Jim served with the 18th armoured regiment WW2 and has been an executive member since 1975 and vice-president since 1977. He has been property committee chairman this year after serving on the clubhouse committee. He is a carpenter by trade and is at present in charge of the extensions to our club.

TREASURER: (No ballot required). GORDON MATTINGLEY. WW2 Petty Officer Stoker, N.Z. Div. Royal Navy. Retired farmer. Gordon has been secretary-treasurer since 1974, having been originally elected to the executive in 1973. He was presented with the active life membership award in 1978. Gordon serves ex-officio on all committees.

VICE-PRESIDENTS NOMINATIONS (BALLOT FOR TWO REQUIRED)

PETER ASHFIELD: Leading Stoker N.Z. Div. Royal Navy WW2. Served on HMS Greenwich and Cheviot 1943-45. Foreman for Picton Borough Council. Peter was elected to the executive in 1978 and has served on the clubhouse committee since 1977. He is a member of the cemetery and property committees.

ROSS FREDERICKS: J Force 27 Btn, K Force 16th Field Regt, 1946-48. N.Z.R. employee. Ross was elected to the executive in 1977 and 1978. He is a member of the clubhouse committee and is currently chairman of the social committee.

JOHN FRISKEN: RNZN Leading Seaman. Ex-Malayan 1960-68. Marlborough Harbour Board employee. Has been an executive member since 1974. Clubhouse and social committees. Instigated and has operated the voluntary barmens' roster since 1974. Also publicity officer for the Picton branch.

DANNY LINTON: 1st Btn N.Z. Regt Bren gunner, ex-Malayan, 2nd Lieut. 1st Canterbury Regt. N.Z.T.F. Danny was an executive member for 1977-78 year, but was unavailable for 1978-79. He is a senior engineer on the rail ferries.

FRED McCALL: WW2 RNZAF attached 37 Sqdn RAF, WOP AG. Marlborough Harbour Board employee. Fred has been an executive member since 1975 and is also on the finance committee

NOTE: *The five nominees for vice-president are also nominated for the executive. In the event of a person being elected to the office of vice-president, his name will automatically be withdrawn from the office of executive member.*

You may vote for less numbers than required, but your vote will be INVALID if you vote for more. I.E. Two required for vice-president; eight required for executive.

NOMINATIONS FOR EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

Messrs Ashfield, Fredericks, Frisken, Linton and McCall, PLUS:

TOBY CANTWELL: WW2 RNZN Hydrographic Branch. Pacific area, 1939-45. Toby tells me he was a war baby and is now a retired engineer.

JIM COOK: WW2 Air Force, air sea rescue, Pacific area. Chief electrician rail ferries. Jim was re-elected to the executive in 1978, having previously served from 1958-69 and having been president from 1961-66.

STACEY GOLDER: Joined the army in Britain in 1931 and served in Palestine and NW Frontier. During that time he was critically wounded four times. Migrated to N.Z. 1938 and at outbreak of WW2 joined the 19th rifle battalion. Wounded again, this time in Crete. After the war he operated a wood-carving business and for 10 years he was a woodwork teacher. In 1975 Stacey was ordained as a priest for the Anglican church. He retired this year and now is kept busy with his wood-carving and golf hobbies.

LES MOODY: WW2 SWO 15 Fighter Sqdn. Retired panel-beater. Elected to executive in 1978. In spite of indifferent health, Les has done a stalwart job with welfare and hospital work since 1977.

ATHOL NORTON: J Force, 22nd Btn. EME Supply 1945-47. Athol is president of the Picton branch of the watersiders' union.

WALLY PARFITT: WW2 RNZAF No. 65 Sqdn. Pacific. Retired watersider. Wally has been a member of the clubhouse and social committees since 1977. He was president of the indoor bowls committee for three years around 1952.

DAVE PORTEOUS: 1st Btn NZ Regt, ex-Malayan. Carpenter, self-employed. Dave has been a member of the social committee since 1977 and clubhouse committee for 1978.

TONY SCALMER: WW2 7th Anti-Tank, then 21st Mech, Equipment Co, serving in Greece, Italy and Egypt from 1940-45. Tony has been a clubhouse committee member for 1978. Waitaki-NZR Co. employee.

CLIVE TAYLOR: WW2 20th Btn, Chef. Foreman, Waitaki-NZR Co. Clive vacates the role of immediate past-president and has served on the executive since 1972. Vice-president 1973-75 and president 1975-77, being the president at the time of the club obtaining its charter. In 1972 he re-activated the social committee and guided it through to its success today.

IMMEDIATE PAST-PRESIDENT

JIM TAYLOR: Gold Star, WW2 Corporal RNZ Corps of Signals. Retired senior Post Office clerk. Jim assumes a not unfamiliar role, having served on the executive continuously since 1948 and has been president for 1966-69 and 1977-79. Jim is clubhouse committee chairman, I.C. of the bar and chattels and continues his stalwart effort by doing bar duty 11am-noon and 5pm-7pm each day. He is also there every night to lock-up. Jim deputises for our secretary in his absence.

We apologise to any candidates who feel their "run-down" is inadequate, and hasten to add that no bias is intended. Information for this article has been gathered from the archives and personal approach.

FLAXBOURNE SUB—BRANCH

Perhaps the Editor in making his pleas for sub-branch news, may not realise that some of our country members are so busy that they haven't much time to create news.

Flaxbourne members have been totally involved in the organisation, both before and after, of the year's big event, the A & P Show, held recently.

We wish Wally and Betty Bowers an enjoyable trip to Britain and Europe.

Mr John Moore, of Kekerengu, will be the speaker at the Anzac service at Ward this year.

During World War One a gold stripe about two inches long was worn on the forearm of the tunic for every time you were wounded.

A chap was drinking in a London pub one day and on his tunic he wore seven gold stripes. In walked a Maori in N.Z. Pioneer uniform. He took one look at the stripe-bedecked serviceman and said: "By corry, I think you won the plurry war in the hospital, eh?"

First burglar: Get anything?

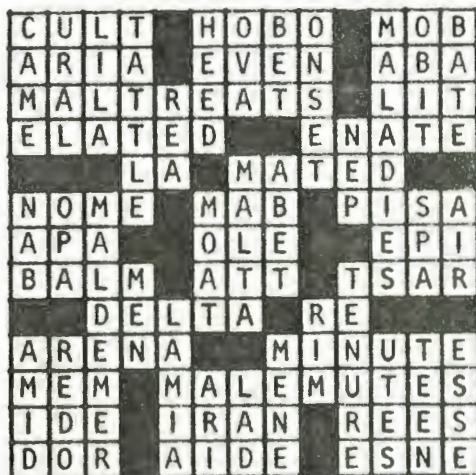
Second burglar: No, chap who lives there is a lawyer.

First burglar: Lose anything?

Little Johnny had been absent from school and when he returned he brought a note which said 'Please excuse Johnny for being away. His nose was running through a hole in his shoes.'

NEWS FROM OTHER BRANCHES CONSPICUOUS BY ITS ABSENCE

CROSSWORD PUZZLE 4



"Invite everyone. We're having scrambled egg."

Getting caught

Nothing increases a man's regard for the truth like getting caught.

CO-RESPONDENCE COURSE

Eminent counsel cross-examining the co-respondent

You have been very friendly with the respondent for many years?

Yes

You both frequently went to dinners and dances together?

That is so.

You have taken many motor car trips together with the knowledge of the petitioner, the husband?

Quite right.

You spent weekends in Nelson together?

I agree.

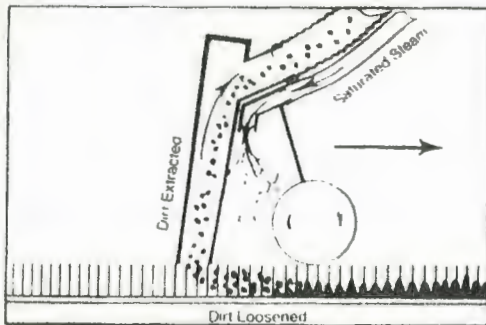
Come, let me put it to you bluntly — have you ever slept with the lady?

No sir, not a wink.



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ACROSS

1. Moon visitor
4. The Jungfrau
7. Deserve
12. Rubber tree
13. Norwegian statesman
14. Constellation
15. Actor Sparks
16. Interplanetary traveler
18. Chalice
19. American poet and author
20. Valley on the moon
22. Work unit
23. To lade
27. To blunder
29. See 48-A
31. Insect stage
34. Ilex
35. Tomorrow, in Acapulco
37. Morsel
38. Resound
39. The parson bird
41. Bang
45. Classroom needs
47. Time of life
48. Vehicle for 16-A
52. Club
53. Indian lodge

54. Compass reading
55. Eggs
56. Periods of time
57. Free
58. Electrical unit

7. Celestial body
8. Sea bird
9. Inlet
10. Symbol of indebtedness
11. High explosive
17. Capital of Latvia
21. Lawful
23. Footwear
24. Entire amount
25. Sick
26. Myrna
28. Cochran
30. Greek letter
31. Mischievous child

32. Miss West
33. Literary collection
36. The sweetsop
37. Pacific atoll
40. Member of bridal party
42. Toil
43. Century plant
44. Gold, for one
45. Lairs
46. Hastened
48. Timid
49. American author
50. Turkish officer
51. Vehicle

DOWN

1. Of 7-D
2. Oleoresin
3. Kind of prize
4. Exclamation
5. English surgeon
6. A Russian ruler

1	2	3		4	5	6		7	8	9	10	11
12				13				14				
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56						57				58		

(Answer on Page 87)



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