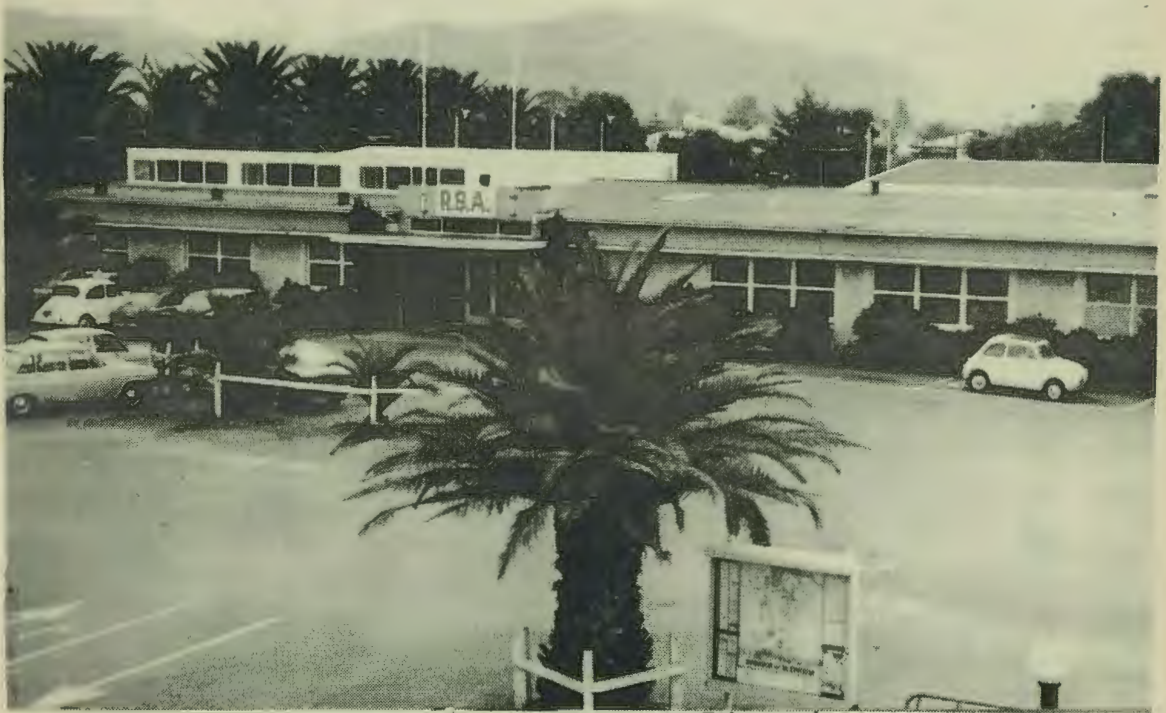


# CROSSFIRE



OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE  
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# Editorial

In this issue we include brief notes on the candidates for the executive committee which we hope will help you to remember who they are, and their photos are displayed in the clubhouse to help you put a name to a face.

Talking about the election, the cost of conducting a postal ballot is becoming out of proportion and the executive have discussed ways and means of reducing the cost and a formal notice of motion will be presented at the A.G.M. We are only getting back about 400 of the over 1450 papers sent out and when we see that this year we are only required to vote for an executive and there are 12 nominees to fill eight slots, the cost is really to eliminate four names. Postage at 14c a copy is one of the big expenses. This year, the Ex-Malayan Association delivered 592 unclaimed local ballot papers and for this service we have agreed to make a donation of \$30 to the Red Cross appeal for an incubator for Wairau Hospital and \$30 to Heritage. A total of 424 have been forwarded to branches for distribution. So the cost in dispatching alone runs to \$119.36, Add to this the cost of the two envelopes, the Heritage Appeal form, list of candidates and balance sheet, and we're getting somewhere over the \$600 mark.

Anzac Day is the next big event on the calendar and there will be changes to the function in the clubhouse as well as the change in the parade arrangements. This year, the executive would like to see as many of the wives and partners as possible at the clubrooms after the parade, and to encourage this change, the pavilion lounge will be set up with tables and seating. A light luncheon will be supplied (sandwiches, savouries, cold meats, fried fish and chips, etc.), and this will be placed on the tables with the assistance of our women's section. A certain amount of free ale will be laid on, and while you eat, drink and yarn about old times and meet old friends, suitable entertainment will be provided by various groups. The VIP's will also join with the rest in the pavilion lounge instead of being tucked away on their own in the meeting room. Should be lots of fun so make a point of turning out.

The service at Omaka will now be held at 10am instead of the usual time after the parade. It is hoped this move will increase attendance at this short ceremony.

## GET YOUR CROSSFIRE REGULARLY!

For just \$2 you can have Crossfire posted to any address in New Zealand.

Have you an old RSA cobbler who has moved to another town?

It would be a nice gesture if you paid the subscription and enable him to have each issue posted to him.

See the Secretary/ Manager if you would like to take advantage of this postal service.

### EDITORIAL

The Editor is Paul Brodie and the sub-editor Allan Gardiner.

### PRINTING

Crossfire is printed by Gards Print Ltd, 14 Bomford Street, Blenheim.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Correspondence should reach the Editor by the 30th of the month preceding publication.

### PLEASE NOTE

All opinions expressed in Crossfire are those of the individual contributors and do not reflect MRSA official policy unless otherwise stated.

# PRESIDENT'S REPORT

As I am not seeking re-election this year, this is my final report for Crossfire. Your next report will come from your new president, Mr Ron Hemming. I would like to thank all concerned for the co-operation shown to me during the past two years. I know that Ron has your interests at heart and I trust that he will receive the same co-operation.

You will now have received your report and balance sheet for the last nine months. it is very gratifying to see our relief account in such a healthy state. In spite of a large increase in expenditure (\$5422 this year as against \$2996 last year) we still have an excess income. We have largely to thank Paul for this, but do remember that if you know of any member requiring assistance of any sort, be it keeping the section tidy or financial — a quick word to our secretary is all that is needed.

It is interesting to note that our gross profit the last two years have been the same — 44.44%. Please do not confuse this with our nett profit. You will also notice that for the first time we have had to pay tax. It is a very interesting financial statement and all credit to Alex Fry.

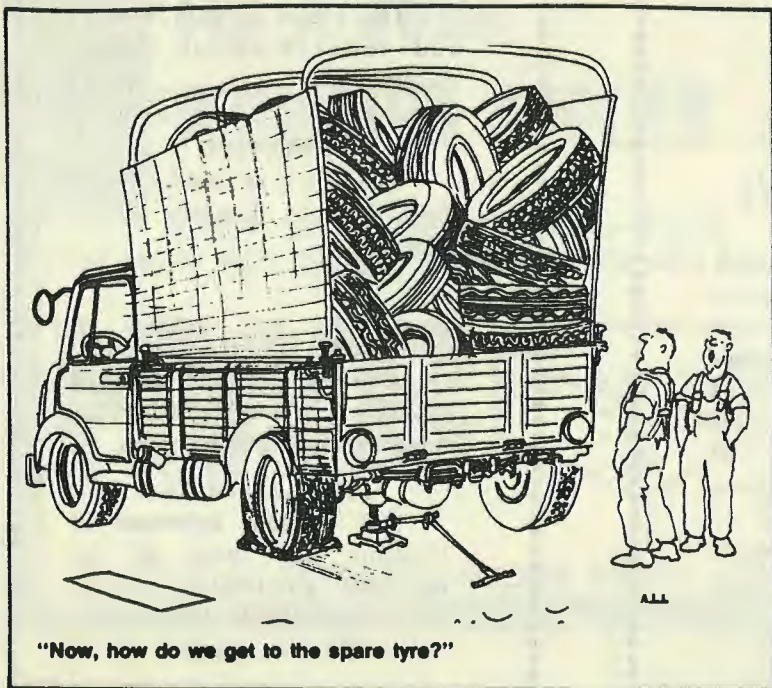
Members will be pleased to know that we have been able to finance our alterations entirely out of income. Remember, when comparing balance sheets, this year's is only for a nine-month period.

Just a word to some members who are in doubt, or who have been confused by false information circulated within the club, we made our last payment of \$850 to the Omaio Village last year.

Last weekend Nola and I and nine other members visited Hokitika for the presentation of Gold Stars by Vern Anderson (District President) to Mr Bill Templeton and Mr Arthur Woodham. Mrs Woodham was also made an Honorary Life Member of the Hokitika RSA. The function was a great success with people attending from most RSAs in the Seddon Shield districts.

Remember, return your ballot papers and please try to attend the annual general meeting on March 30 at 10am.

KEN YEALANDS



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## ATTENTION — BALLOT PAPER ERROR

THE BALLOT PAPERS WERE PRINTED WITHOUT THE PROOF BEING CHECKED. PLEASE NOTE THAT THE PROPOSER OF R. B. (RAY) INGRAM IS VERN ANDERSON, WHOSE INITIALS ARE V. J. THE BALLOT PAPER INCORRECTLY SHOWS V.A.

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## ELECTION WHO'S WHO

The following officers have been elected unopposed for the coming year:

**President:** Ron Hemming.

**Imm. Past President:** Ken Yealands.

**Vice-Presidents:** Eric Bishell.

Bob Miller.

We now give you brief particulars of those standing for election to the executive.

**IKE CAMERON:** Ike is presently a painter with the MOW at Woodbourne and I am sure must be known to almost every member of Marlborough RSA (if only for his fund of good stories). He served overseas for two years in the Army and has served the RSA in various appointments, including at term as president, for 19 years. He is a surviving member of the executive and is chairman of the welfare committee and RSA representative on the Marlborough Provincial Patriotic Council.

**BOB FIDLER:** Bob is seen in the RSA every Friday night conducting our raffles on behalf of the clubhouse committee. He was born at Cust and joined the Post Office on leaving school. He moved to Blenheim in 1955, played rugby for Opawa and represented Marlborough at junior cricket. He joined the Army and served in Malaya during the terrorist emergency of 1959-61. On his return to N.Z. he continued with the Post Office in various parts of N.Z. and is now manager of the POSB. He is president of the Ex-Malayan Services Association.

**BOB FORBES:** Bob is a self-employed carpenter who served for six and a half years in the Army, including four years in the Middle East and Italy. He is well-known in the club and recently completed our roof alterations. He has not served on an RSA

committee before and his main aim is to see more entertainment in the club for the older age group, and he has organised the first of what is hoped will become regular dances. He has taken up gold prospecting as a part-time hobby and currently sports a knee bandage. Always makes a visitor welcome.

**IAN GLASS:** Ian has been in Blenheim for 14 years and is employed by the Hospital Board as assistant accountant. He has overseas service with the RNZIR in Malaya and Borneo from 1963-66. Has previously served on the clubhouse committee for four years, on the executive for a year and is treasurer of the RSA golf section, a position he has held for five years.

**BOB GORDON:** Bob is well known around the club for his assistance with the Tuesday night raffles. He is now retired and he served for two years with the Third Division, 18 months in the Middle East, two years with K-Force and five years in the Regular Army at Burnham. For four years he served on the indoor bowls committee and six years on the clubhouse committee. A willing worker in RSA activities.

**JOE GRIFFITHS:** Joe is one of the local characters who has some ability on the pool table. He has served on the executive for the past two years and is prepared to speak his mind. Served for 4½ years in the Army in the Middle East and Italy and was the first chairman of the house committee. He is employed by Safe Air as a loader.

**ERROL HANCOCK:** The man on the back of Crossfire, an insurance representative. He was born in Hamilton and joined the RNZAF at the age of 19. He saw service in Singapore and was involved in supply runs to Vietnam. He worked for Safe Air before taking on insurance. He has a private pilot's licence and enjoys all sports.

**JAMES HOWE:** Jim with the husky voice is usually found at No. 1 leaner and is a foreman with Safe Air. He joined the RSA in 1964 after serving for many years with the RNZAF, including overseas service in Cyprus and Japan.

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**RAY INGRAM:** Ray served with the 2NZEF in Italy and with the occupation force in Japan. He was in business for 22 years prior to settling in Blenheim in 1976. In 1956 he was a member of the executive of the Palmerston North and Waihemo RSA, in 1964 an executive member at Clutha Valley, where he also served as president, and in 1974 was on the executive of the Balclutha and Districts RSA. He is the contract cleaner at Bohally Intermediate School.

**DERRICK MARSH:** Derrick is a 31-year-old Post Office employee and is the District Savings Promotion Officer at Blenheim. He served in Malaya with the Army in 1968-69 and in Vietnam in 1969-70. He is the treasurer of the Ex-Malayan Association and is also serving on the local Heritage Committee. His main interests are fishing and diving.

**SYD ROBINSON:** Syd has been on the clubhouse committee since 1970 and was elected to the executive last year. He served in the Army and RNZAF during WW2 and is a carpenter-joiner with the MOW at Woodbourne. He has served on the social and executive committees at Motueka RSA before coming to Blenheim. He has also served on the combined bowls and men's indoor bowls committee.

**JOHN WALTON:** John was a Church Army Officer attached to 18 Auckland Battalion with the 1st Echelon. He was taken p.o.w. on Crete in 1941 and was acting Padre at Stalag Luft I and Stalag Luft II. He was repatriated in 1945 and carried on work in Church Army Huts at Trentham, Burnham

and finally Narrow Neck, he has served since 1952 in various capacities in the P.O.W. Association including president Greymouth (1952), national vice president (1952), and national president (1953). He has served RSA as first president Naenae (1955), Hutt Valley Welfare (1955-59), executive member Mangaweka (1959-64), executive member Titahi Bay (1964-72) and president in 1968, secretary (1968-70), club padre (1964-72) and then to Shannon as an executive member and club padre (1972-76). He joined the Marlborough RSA in 1977. He became national P.O.W. Padre in 1952 and still holds that office. John is now retired.

## PEOPLE HELPING PEOPLE

Members wish to express their appreciation to Jack Clark who for the last few months has been bringing in his surplus marrows, pumpkins and kumiki. Well done Jack!

**IN TOWN FOR THE DAY?**  
Try lunch at the RSA — 12 noon to 1.30pm  
Monday to Friday.

# ANZAC DAY PARADES

(Medals will be worn at all services)

## **BLENHEIM:**

Members of the RSA and the general public are invited to take part in the parade and memorial service on Friday, April 25. Ex-servicemen, youth groups and all other parade participants will assemble at the RSA Carpark at 1030 hours. The parade will return to the carpark after the service for dismissal.

Wreath-bearers are requested to assemble at the memorial at 1050 hours.

The service will commence at the memorial at 1100 hours and if wet, at the Centennial Hall, also at 1100 hours. Prior to the parade, at 1000 hours, a special service will be conducted at the servicemen's plot Omaka Cemetery and all RSA members and the public are invited to this short commemoration.

## **PICTON:**

Members are requested to attend the Dawn Parade assembling at the Post Office at 5.45am. members of other organisations and the public are invited to attend. Wreaths may be placed at the memorial during the service, or at any hour during the morning.

## **HAVELOCK:**

A service will be held at 10.30am. Fall in at 10am.

## **RAI VALLEY:**

Members of the RSA and the public are invited to take part in the parade and memorial service at 11am at the War Memorial. A Salvation Army Band will be in attendance.

## **KAIKOURA:**

A service will be held at the Memorial Hall at 11am. RSA members and kindred organisations will parade at 10.30am at West End. If wet, assembly at memorial Hall at 10.55am. A wreath-laying ceremony will be held at the Cenotaph, garden of memories, following the service.

## **AWATERE:**

A Dawn Parade will be held at the War Memorial, Seddon, at 6am. Assembly at 5.50am. Returned Servicemen and kindred organisations are invited to attend.

## **RENWICK:**

Service will be held at the War memorial commencing at 9.30am. Fall-in is at 9am. Kindred associations are invited to participate.

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## ARRANGEMENTS FOR BLENHEIM ANZAC DAY PARADE

**Parade:** This year the RSA contingent, bands, youth groups and all other organisations will form up at the RSA carpark for the march to the cenotaph. The parade organiser is Mr Tris

(Continued on Page 7)

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452671 G. O. DUTHIE  
N10734 J. L. PAGE  
050827 H. W. MILLS  
5276 J. M. J. CAPILL  
619220 A. L. ROWLAND (Picton)  
21990 A. J. COLLINS (Picton)

*"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.*

**ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING — SUNDAY, MARCH 30  
BE THERE!**

# WISEWAY I.G.A.

NELSON SQUARE, PICTON

WEEKLY SPECIALS

TELEPHONE 450 PICTON

OPEN SEVEN DAYS

Hegglun, parade commander, Mr Neville McDonald, and there will be four RSA platoons, with the platoon commanders being advised by Mr Hegglun.

The parade will leave the RSA and march up Alfred Street, left wheel into the lane behind the Council Chambers, right wheel into High Street and right wheel into Seymour Street, coming to a halt in front of the War Memorial.

Following the Citizens' Service, the parade will move off, turn left into Alfred Street and wheel back at Henry Street. Once the RSA section has completed the wheel the parade will be halted for a few minutes to allow the Mayor and official party time to move across Seymour Street to the Council Chambers where the Mayor will review the march past from the balcony. The parade follows the outward route back to the RSA for dismissal.

**Buffet Lunch:** There will be a buffet lunch with drinks, set up in the Pavilion Lounge for members and their wives and the VIP party, who will join everyone there at tables reserved for them. During the luncheon we hope to have a few songs and items, so if you have any hidden talent, a musical group or some other form of entertainment (no dirty yarns!), contact the Secretary-Manager. These arrangements regarding the buffet lunch have been confirmed.

**Omaka Service:** Please note that this year the service will be held prior to the War Memorial service, commencing at 10am. It is hoped that this service will be well attended.

**Anzac Day Collection:** This year's collection will be in aid of the Red Cross

to assist in the purchase of an intensive care incubator at Wairau Hospital.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Excerpts From March Executive Meeting

New lino is to be laid behind the bar . . . Welfare lists are being continually up-dated to ensure widows in particular are visited regularly . . . Discussion on whether or not to hold a ball this year, social committee to investigate costs so that members can decide at the AGM whether or not to proceed . . . Investigation into costs of present voting system being carried out and a notice of motion to be presented at the AGM for members' consideration . . . Remit re payment of taxes at company rates to be presented at Dominion Council . . . Review of insurance almost finalised.

## HELP!

**We desperately need contributions from YOU, our members for this magazine. There must be many humorous incidents that you can recall — so share them with others — HELP!**

A man named Strange lay on his death-bed. His wife asked him what sort of epitaph he would like.

"Just a simple funeral," said the dying man. "No fuss at all and when I'm gone please do not even put my name on the tombstone. I only want this line put on:

"Here lies a man who always spoke the truth."

"But, my dear, said his wife, "Nobody will know whose grave it is."

"They will," he replied. "For all who read the inscription will say 'That's Strange.'"

# Executive Minutes

## 30 Years Ago . . .

R. A. Mears (president), J. S. Bain (secretary) and 11 others attended.

Rotary Club meetings to be held in the RSA from March 13. telephone connection to the Avondale Valley area still being pursued by the RSA on behalf of members. Letter from NZRSA discussed and reply to be sent stating "we realise the necessity for a larger population in N.Z. but we have no suggestions as to how this should be implemented!"

Recommendation by MRSA that Sir Harold Kippenberger accept nomination for re-election as Dominion President and Mr Ken Fraser as Dominion Vice-President.

Three remits were passed for forwarding to Dominion Council as follows: (1) Recommend to DEC that in any change to the Government Land Policy that provision be made to prevent speculation; (2) That this association strongly opposes any change of Land Settlement for Ex-Servicemen; (3) That men be settled on any suitable blocks immediately after purchase by the Crown.

A treatise by Mr E. D. McCabe on the "Future of the RSA" was distributed to members for their perusal and comment at the next meeting.

Mr E. J. Harvey was congratulated by letter on receiving the Gold Star Badge of the South African War Veterans Association. Letter of congratulations sent to Mr C. O. Bell on his award of the O.B.E.

The following new members were elected: G. P. Dew, E. McLaren, N. McPherson.

Arrangements were in hand for the holding of the Diggers' Bowling Tournament in Blenheim on March 26-27.

Women are so logically constituted physically, they can't expect to be so mentally as well.

Women forget that all their education teaches them to be strong and resist temptation — yet all their life's energy is spent in trying to provoke it.

## . . . and 25 Years Ago

Messrs R. T. Scott (chairman), P. G. Tizard (secretary) and 17 members attended.

Regulations as follows concerning cemeteries were approved: (a) That the bronze plaque headstone be the only headstone allowed in the servicemen's section of the cemetery. (b) That no bronze plaque headstones be allowed in the civilian portion — stone headstones only. (c) That the County would allow the siting of a flagpole at the cemetery. (d) That roses be planted beside the soldiers' plot and dead trees would be replaced.

Efforts were being made to hold the NZRSA (Diggers) bowling tournament in Blenheim in 1959, Marlborough centennial year.

New members elected were: W. L. Brown, H. Kerr, D. J. Cruickshank, A. G. Penney, G. H. Young, W. P. Traill.

General account receipts were £753, payments £940, leaving a debit of £104. Relief account receipts were £172, payments £33, leaving a credit balance of £93.

Twelve members of the committee signified their willingness to play cricket against Picton branch on March 13.

Mr Horton instructed to arrange the discharge of the mortgage to the ANZ Bank.

Mr Fraser to be nominated as Dominion President and Mr J. C. White as Vice-president.

Problem with repair to sewerage pipe over the Loop filling. Mr Horton asked to protect the association's interests.

Mr Waters granted leave of absence to lead Anzac delegation to Australia.

Again the young wife called her parents to report that her husband had left home after a quarrel.

"What of it," retorted the father. "He's done it before and he's always come back."

"But this time he took his golf clubs," the daughter wailed.

A little boy taken to the ballet for the first time watched curiously as the dancers cavorted about on their toes. "Mummy," he whispered loudly, "Why don't they just get taller girls?"

# THEN AND NOW



Fathers R.A.F. single-seater pilots in France, 1918.



And Sons!—R.A.F. single-seater pilots, 1943.

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## PICTON BRANCH NEWS

From the executive and club committee meetings we report: A resolution was approved that we change all insurances to come under South British.

The president and vice-presidents are to relieve Jim for closing up duties on some nights.

Various persons and organisations, including Territorials and RNZNVR are to be approached re Anzac Day Dawn Parade.

The club committee received Mr J. A. Scalmer's resignation from the committee with regret. Mr Colin McKnight was elected by ballot to fill the vacancy.

## LAST POST

It is with deep regret that we record the passing of the following members:

619200 A. LINDSAY ROWLAND

Second World War

Being a grocer in High Street, Picton, for many years, Lindsay was not only well-known, but a very popular businessman. After selling his store a couple of years ago he had worked at the Picton freezing works and of course his popularity followed him there. His activities were many and varied, but he

will be remembered in many circles alone for his activities with the local Lions Club, and of course, his favourite sporting pastime was bowls, both indoor and outdoor, where he was recognised for his keen sportsmanship, both on and off the rink. At the time of his death Lindsay was president of the Picton Bowling Club.

To his wife Shirley, sons, daughter and family, the club joins in expressing condolences.

21990 ARTY J. COLLINS

Second World War

Not so well-known locally, Arty was nevertheless a popular member. Until recently he had been a keen hunter and his best topic of conversation was of hunting grounds from North Cape to Bluff. There weren't many places in between that he had not spent some time hunting in. Because of his quiet, unassuming manner, many of New Zealand's great hunting stories will forever remain a secret.

To the Collins family we extend our deepest sympathy.

## BACK ON DECK!

I am pleased to report that last month's personality, Mr Johnny Murrell, is out of hospital. In fact he made his rounds of WW1 members distributing Crossfire. He was a bit slower off the mark, but it was still the same perky Johnny that we all know.

Rumour has it that he intends to stand for the executive again this year,

and although he hardly needs it, I wish him the best of luck.

---

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR:**

Sir — It is probably timely in that nominations for executive officers for the RSA will have been called for by the time this copy of Crossfire reaches subscribers. It is an unfortunate fact that all committee's seem to have exhausted their capabilities, and except for the musical talent provided by Des York or Allan Swan and their respective teams on Friday and Saturday nights (well, most of them) our happy club of 12 months ago would be in a state of financial chaos. I'm sure that all members who have experienced a night at the club, when music is provided, will agree with a Pommy associate of mine (who also happens to be my mate) when he says: "Where else in the world would you get perfect music to dance to, in between times play a game of pool or darts, have no cover charge, and still get the best and cheapest beer in town?"

Without the worthy talents of those two groups of musicians, we would have little better than a booze barn and I ask all members to express their appreciation to those who have voluntarily given up their time to help the club through this period of apparent apprehension.

Yours, etc,  
E. J. FRISKEN.

---

**Picton Women's News**

Twenty-five women attended the February meeting. Two new members were recorded: Mesdames Deere and Joiner.

The raffle winner was Viv Owen and competitions were won by Joan Peat, Pearl Myles, Ivy Boyle and Flo Harvey.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to committee member Shirley Rowland on the loss of her husband, Lindsay.

—JOAN M. TAYLOR

---

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## EX-MALAYAN ASSOCIATION

### PRESIDENT'S REPORT

It is with pleasure that I submit the second annual report, for the year ended December 31, 1979.

**MEMBERSHIP:** *We are now posting Newsletters to 69 members who are eligible to join our association, but regretfully not all are financial members. Therefore I ask each and everyone of you to pay your subscription and encourage anyone else you may know of who should be a member to become financial also.*

**EVENTS OF THE YEAR:** The first major event of the year was a social at the Picton RSA. Although it was a success financially, the attendance was not very good. However, things certainly came right with our Hangi at Spring Creek and once again I thank all members and friends who attended and made the day such a success. It was pleasing to have Alick Tapp and Derrick Marsh elected to the committee of Heritage and I'm sure the organisation will benefit from the views of our younger members.

**FINANCE:** Although our bank balance is not very large it should be realised that we do not aim to accumulate large sums but to have enough cash to enable us to keep our prices as low as possible for the functions that are held. We express our thanks to Dave Porteous and Mike Morrison for their excellent work in running raffles and thus enabling us to keep our account on the right side of the ledger.

**APPRECIATION:** I wish to thank members of our committee for their continued support and loyalty, in particular Peter Callahan for conscientiously carrying out his duties as Secretary and a lot more besides. His efforts for our branch have been immense.

All members are urged to attend the **Annual General Meeting on Wednesday, March 26, 1980, in the Blenheim RSA meeting room, at 2000 hours.**

*BOB FIDLER,*  
*President.*

### BRANCH NEWS — MARCH

HELLO, FELLOW MEMBERS:

As mentioned above, the time is approaching for our AGM and you are reminded that our regular monthly meeting will be held immediately prior to the AGM. The date is Wednesday, March 26: Monthly meeting 1930 hours; AGM 2000 hours. Business to be conducted at the AGM is: Minutes of the previous AGM; Adoption of Annual Report



**PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH . . .**  
**D/16717 CLIFF CLAY**

Private Clifford Whiteley Clay was born in Cheswell, Yorkshire, on May 31, 1896. He and his brother were farming together, an occupation that occupied a major part of his life. He joined the Army on December 7, 1915 and served with the Dragoon Guards. After training at a depot he was posted to France in April 1916, joining the Regiment of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who had been serving in India.

He carried out several specialist courses including trench mortars and, he says, the cavalry spent most of their time as reserves. He remembers France as a beautiful country and he managed to see quite a lot of it. His regiment was based on the Somme and he still vividly remembers his 21st birthday celebrated there. He was awakened in the morning in his dug-out to find a canvas water bucket over his head and a mate pouring whisky from it into his mouth. He had whisky on his porridge for breakfast and whisky most of the day, that he could remember. His mate was a dispatch rider who had caught on to a supply of whisky (usually for officers only) and had bought six bottles duty-free at 2/6d per bottle. He says he doesn't remember a great deal about the day, but he sure recalls his 21st birthday in France.

His regiment carried lances right through the war and it was quite a spectacle to see a charge on the enemy. The artillery would put down a barrage to cut the wire then the cavalry charged, leaping the remaining wire and trenches to reach their objective, followed by the infantry on foot. On one charge up a valley they failed to see a single German — they were either killed or had retreated. The artillery counter-attack came too late, as the cavalry had withdrawn.

At some stages during his service in France the cavalry were used as infantry and he can remember the time when this gappened at Avalon, in front of Amiens, when the Germans broke through in 1918. He was wounded when German artillery landed

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amongst their ranks drawn up at Avignon. He lost his horse and as he was being carried away he saw it lying there and remembers "There goes my clean set of underwear still in the saddle bag of his dead horse." He remembers a German aircraft making an attack along the road they were on, but there were no casualties. He was operated on in the field to remove some of the shrapnel and the anaesthetic was some whisky and a towel to bite on.

He was sent back to Blighty to the Mustars Road Hospital and after recovering, returned to France. While recuperating in the hospital he did a beautiful needlework plaque of his unit's regimental badge and he still has this at home today.

At one stage on his return to France he served with the liaison officer between the infantry and cavalry and he remembers during the battle of Cambrai seeing the British tanks advancing and clearing the German trenches, with the infantry following close behind. He saw many tanks get bogged down and stuck in trenches. He met some New Zealanders in France and one he remembers was when they were carrying out one of the many disagreeable jobs the cavalry got — burying the dead. There had been a big attack and the New Zealander turned up lost. He was given a cup of tea and re-directed to his unit.

He remained in France until 1919, until all the horses were sold and was discharged on September 17. He returned to farming with his brother, but the depression put paid to that and in 1927 he emigrated to New Zealand and found his first job on a farm at Benmore, Marlborough — plucking a Christmas goose.

He left England with £5 and arrived at Benmore with 2d. He worked on various farm jobs around the Awatere and joined the Home Guard at the outbreak of the Second World War. He then joined the Army as a quartermaster and was based at the Army depot in Arthur Street, Blenheim, as a WOII, touring around the various units in the area. His last ten years before retiring were spent with the Railways as a surface-man. A staunch member of the Awatere RSA, he has a photo of the first Dawn Parade at Seddon in 1955 and he still enjoys turning out for the annual Awatere Dinner.

May you continue to enjoy your memories for many more years, Cliff, and also continue to enjoy your RSA fellowship. . . . .

PHONE 89-474

**David Nott**

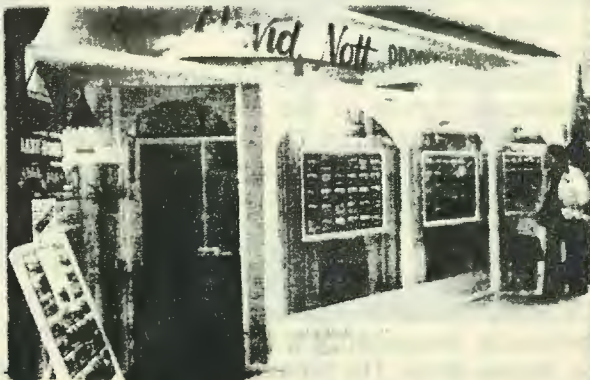
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**THE BEAR WHO HELPED  
WIN A BATTLE**  
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During the three weeks before the famous battle at Cassino, a Polish company had the task of supplying vital gun positions with ammunition and food for the soldiers manning them.

Most of the time they were under enemy artillery fire.

Suddenly their mascot, Voytek, a lumbering figure of fur more than 6ft tall, approached the tailboard of the lorry and held out his paws. The bear was handed a heavy box of 25-pounder shells and, holding it comfortably, lurched across and offered it to two of the men who were stacking them.

Voytek paused, opened his mouth, obviously demanding a tit-bit payment for duties done. He received it, and the game continued.

Sometimes Voytek stopped altogether and lay on the ground, paws in the air and tongue flopped out. Then, incapable of resting idle for long, and encouraged by the soldiers, he rose on his hind legs again and resumed work.

During this extraordinary display of near-human capabilities, one of the men made a drawing of Voytek and the design later became the badge of the Polish Company.

After the victorious battle of Cassino, the design was used on the company's vehicles and later appeared on caps, lapels, uniforms and equipment.

Voytek was born in the mountains of northern Persia in January, 1942. He spent his first five years "officially" in the army and served in Palestine, Iraq, the Middle East and Italy.

After the war he went to the Edinburgh Zoo, where he died in December, 1962.

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An old-timer is one who remembers when a girl's mother could prevent her going out by hiding her clothes.  
\* \* \*

Movies would be better if they shot less film and more actors.  
\* \* \*

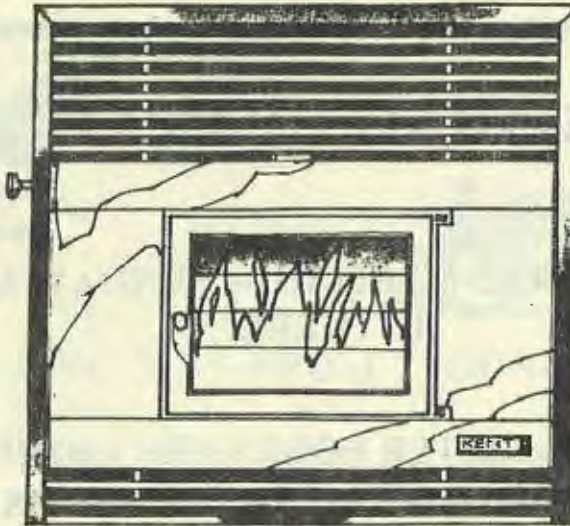
The reason more wives don't go back to mama is because mama has gone back to grandma.

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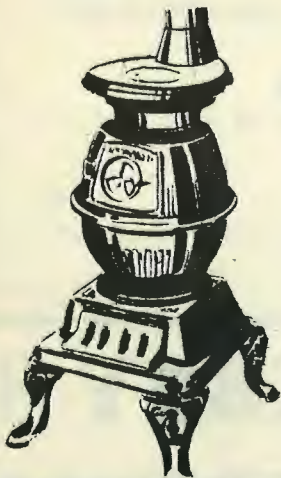
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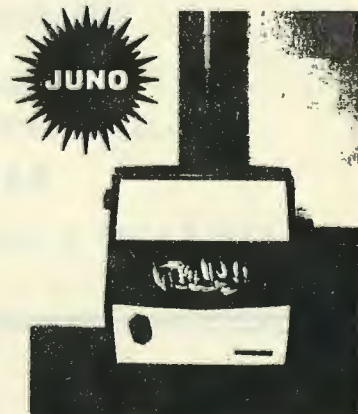
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# TALES FROM AN OLD DIG

When our unit was in the act of clearing camp at Moascar near Ismalia, in Egypt, some half dozen of our platoon were told to look after the incinerator, burn up all the rubbish and, above all, keep the Gippos away from the scene. We had no trouble at all until a poor, ancient old Gippo came hobbling along on two sticks and ground out his appeal for "Buckshees, mister."

It seemed just too hard to deny the poor, white-bearded cripple a crust. Therefore, he was allowed to have a look at each sack and pick his fancy. Old socks and some ragged torn underwear, a few army biscuits, the odd tin of bully-beef, etc., all went under his robe, tied around the middle with a bit of rope.

Suddenly an officer appeared, marching towards the group and we began to attend to business and chased the old chap off.

"Imshi, get to hell, Imshi." At these words, Grandad took off on his long spindly legs, with all his loot. Heaven only knows how much it weighed, but it must have been at least half a hundredweight, and our old beggar could have given John Walker enough to do for that day.

As the day went by, a bag containing an officer's tunic, a somewhat battered flat cap, plus a knobbly officer's stick came to light. One of our group put this lot on himself and tried to extract salutes from passing Australians. Believe it or not, he DID get two or three half-hearted salutes, but he collected a lot of directions as to where he could go and why!

## And now to France . . .

Two Tommies in the village street, doing a little shopping. One purchased some small article and paid for it, he then thought he had not received the right change and said it was a bit short, but could not understand the girl's explanation. He called his mate over.

"'ere 'Erb, you know the lingo, don't yer?"

"Yeah."

"Well, ask her about it, 'cos I think she ain't give me my right change."

'Erb obliged in laboured French.

"Mademoiselle."

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Parlez-vous Francais?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Then why the 'ell haven't you given my chum here his right change, eh?"

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# BLENHEIM WOMEN'S SECTION

At our first social afternoon for 1980, president Mrs Eva Kennington welcomed members, and also our guest speaker, Mrs Doris Sutherland, from Radio 2ZE. Doris has been our shopping reporter for 11 years and she spoke of her work collating her programme and also the training and other aspects of radio announcing.

It was a very interesting afternoon and members thanked Doris for giving her time to us.

Arrangements were made for a launch trip in the Pelorus Sounds and

vice-president Pat Deneton has written the following account of what must have been a delightful day:

*"On a foggy morning on February 20, 39 members of the women's section went on a launch trip in the Pelorus Sounds. By the time we left Havelock, however, the fog had cleared and the sun was shining. We cruised along for about two hours, then pulled into Jacob's Bay where we had lunch. Some of the girls had a swim while others enjoyed a scenic walk in the bush. On the way back the pilot of the launch took us to see some of the mussel rafts situated around the sounds. We were able to procure some mussels to take home. It was a lovely day and one of the most enjoyable outings arranged by the women's section."*

—JO ALLAN.

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## House whip

We've been told about an establishment near Parliament House in our nation's capital that caters to kinky tastes. There's a house whip in attendance, of course.

## Knee deep

An American politician who had just arrived in Purgatory was being shown around the place. Passing a pit filled with unspeakable slime, he saw John Dean covered up to his waist and Haldeman and Ehrlichman submerged up to their necks, but then, a little farther on, John Mitchell standing only knee-deep in the stuff. "Hey," said the politician to his tour guide, "how come ole Mitch rates such preferential treatment?"

"Don't worry about it," replied the attendant. "He's standing on Nixon's shoulders."

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*\* Well, almost unanimously.*

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# DOWN IN FLAMES

In 1940, Pilot Officer W. B. Parker, of Blenheim, made the most terrifying parachute jump in aviation history. We reprint this story which was published in an overseas magazine several years ago.

A long trail of snowy white vapor marking its steady progress across the clear English sky, a bright blue painted Supermarine Spitfire climbed higher and higher into the thin sub-stratosphere air, many thousands of feet above the pretty checkerboard of green fields and straight hedgerows that was rural Kent.

Within the cramped confines of its small cockpit, 25-year-old Pilot Officer W. B. Parker, of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, watched the stubby needles of his altimeter as they chased each other slowly around to the 29,000ft mark. In just another thousand feet or so he could straighten out his high-powered machine and point its sleek, shark-like nose towards the bristling defences of Hitler's "Fortress Europe," for one more hazardous high altitude photo-reconnaissance mission.

Parker was fighting an entirely different type of air war to that which made the daily headlines. For him there would be no daring dog-fights, no glamour, no decorations or hero-worship, just nerve-wracking work and constant danger.

The young New Zealander needed plenty of air space beneath his wings as he carried his telescopic lens camera deep into Nazi territory, for the bright blue aircraft had no weapons. The Spitfire's usually deadly guns had been removed so that with less weight aboard it could fly faster, climb higher and manoeuvre more easily. It relied entirely on its speed, agility and colour that blended with the backdrop of the sky, to escape any interceptors.

A veteran of 26 previous PR missions, Parker knew full well the many dangers that lay ahead of him. However, flying above 30,000ft he would be well above the normal altitude of the Luftwaffe fighter swarms that prowled the hostile skies over France and the Low Countries.

If any German pilot eager to add a scalp to his tally should decide to come after him, the New Zealander would see him in plenty of time to beat a hasty retreat.

As his highly polished machine nosed higher into the warm autumn sunshine, Parker kept a sharp lookout for any enemy intruders which may have slipped into British air space in

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search of prey. Though he did not really expect to meet any Nazi fighters so early in the mission. That danger would come later, or so he thought.

However, on that balmy, gin-clear morning of October 8, 1940, it was the unexpected that was about to happen. The sun that warmed the young pilot through the glinting perspex of the cockpit canopy, hid from view sudden and violent death, close at hand!

Using the blinding glare as cover, a brace of heavily-armed Messerschmitt Me-109s were circling higher up in the thin air, watching the progress of the PR Spitfire with great interest, waiting for just the right moment to roar in for the kill.

Unaware of their presence, the New Zealander continued to climb up towards them, like a moth being drawn to its death in an irresistible flame.

When they were quite sure the nimble Spitfire would have no chance of using its superior speed to escape their trap, the Messerschmitts pounced. With guns spitting flame, the German fighters dived in from behind, raking their unsuspecting prey with a withering blast of cannon shells.

The first indication a surprised Parker had that he was under attack was a fiery barrage of tracers that flashed past the cockpit and slammed into the powerful Rolls-Royce engine.

The violent impact jerked the New Zealander against his safety harness and into the horrifying awareness of what was taking place.

The bright blue aircraft bucked like a wounded animal as the fusilade struck home, its powerplant shuddered and stopped dead. A tongue of red and yellow flame suddenly shot into the cockpit and seared up between the pilot's knees. The Spitfire had been killed with a single quick blow — now it was time for Parker to make good his escape.

Pushing back the sliding cockpit hood, the New Zealander quickly disconnected the radio lead and oxygen pipe that held him within the aircraft, then opened the catch of his seat harness. As he prepared to leave the doomed aircraft, it was hit by a second barrage from the German fighters.

This time it tore its way through one of the fuel tanks, spraying the pilot with a shower of highly inflammable liquid and feeding the fire, already raging inside the cockpit. Temporarily blinded by the high octane fuel which had also drenched him to the skin, Parker managed to stand up on his seat, as flames began to lick at his legs.

Trying desperately to escape the fire that threatened to envelop him at any second, the pilot blindly groped his way out of the flame-filled cockpit and on to a wing. Without

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hesitation, he then tumbled headlong off the wing-edge and into space, quite unaware that his fuel-soaked flying suit was already starting to burn.

At nearly six miles high, the aiman knew he could not hope to stay conscious without oxygen for very long, so he immediately jerked at the ripcord of his parachute. A few seconds after leaving the fiercely-blazing Spitfire, the New Zealander blacked out, just as the opening canopy of the life-saving parachute blossomed above him, slowing his plunge towards the waiting earth.

Swinging gently at the ends of his shroud lines, the unconscious pilot drifted down for nearly 20,000ft before his senses finally started to come back.

At first he had only a hazy notion of blue sky and white clouds swirling about him, while small green and brown hedge-lined fields spread out below like some vast patchwork quilt.

Neither the attacking Luftwaffe nor his own burning machine seemed to be anywhere in the immediate vicinity. Had the Messerschmitts been nearby they would have surely followed the helpless airman down, to finish him off. Parker thanked Providence that they had gone.

As his head cleared, the pilot became increasingly aware of a strong smell of burning.

For a few second he looked around to see what was on fire, then, as searing tongues of pain darted through his body, the terrible truth struck like a lightning bolt — he was slowly being burnt to death!

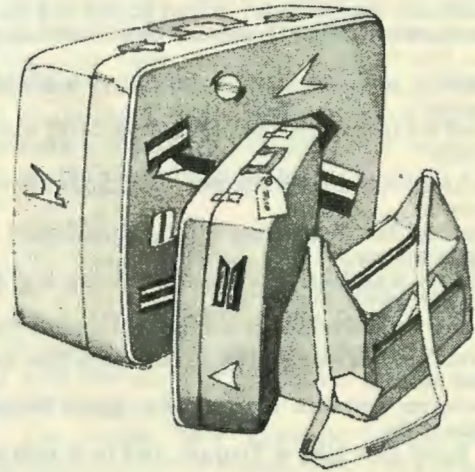
The legs of his flying suit had already burnt away, taking with them much of the flesh from his calves. Frantically, the New Zealander tried to beat out the flames with hands that were quickly seared raw by the flames. His efforts were useless for the fire had taken too firm a hold of his gear.

Worst of all was the sponge rubber cushion which had soaked up large quantities of aviation fuel and was blazing fiercely against his body.

Like a madman, Parker tore at the cushion with his charred fingers, ripping away big chunks of flaming rubber and throwing them from him. However, each piece of burning cushion sent up a shower of sparks that started new outbreaks of fire elsewhere on his petrol-soaked flying suit.

The flames raced up several of the parachute lines and in places the big nylon canopy began to crumble into large fiery holes. Weakened in this way, the parachute could not support his weight properly and Parker found that his rate of descent increased alarmingly.

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## AH, FORGET IT

I recollect his joining, I like him from the first,  
His smile was everlasting, unquenchable his  
thirst.

I ventured once to ask him, what made him take  
to booze?

He mumbled: "Ah, forget it, I drink because I  
choose."

It wasn't quite the answer, he could see I was  
hurt,

Then he hastened to repair things with "Ah, for-  
get it, Bert."

"I didn't mean to snub you." Then he took me by  
the hand,

"'T'was a woman but, forget it." I said, "I under-  
stand."

I remember the occasion when going to a show  
I promised him a girl friend, if he should care to  
go.

"Forget it" was his answer, he strove his wrath  
to quell

"I want no truck with women, they send a man  
to hell."

Then he shouted me a whisky, he paid for two or  
three

And mumbled ("Ah, forget it") when I said the  
next's on me.

His heart was like old Phar Lap's, as big and  
just as brave,

To many a needy cobbler a helping hand he gave  
Of cash he'd always plenty, and this the wise  
ones knew;

He seldom got his loans back, good fellows  
seldom do.

He'd fight just like a Trojan, and in a pub one  
night,

An old man slanged and punched him, but he  
refused to fight.

He said "Old man, I'm sorry, I ran a little hot,  
But forget it, Ah, forget it, I earned all I got."

Yet when our unit champion hit little Bugler  
Ben,

He socked the bragging bully and knocked him  
out for ten.

He'd fight for any weakling and glory in it too.  
When thanked he'd say "Forget it, it's what any  
man would do."

He'd never stoop to lying, he was straight and  
played the game.

To save a pal from trouble he'd gladly take the  
blame.

When time came for sailing, for foreign parts  
unknown,

We all had friends to cheer us, but he was all  
alone.

Until a grey-haired old lady, her mother eyes  
alight,

Said "Son, I'll keep praying for you, both day  
and night."

With an "Ah, forget it, mother, for things will be  
O.K."

He stumbled up the gang-plank, and so we  
sailed away.

Soon the old battalion was fighting in the line,  
And knew no finer hero than that old pal of mine

And out between the trenches, when we had  
made a raid,

I learned just why the Anzac's the bravest thing  
God made.

Wounded, lying in a shell-hole and wallowing  
in mire,

With high explosive bursting, mid screaming  
..... shrapnel fire.

Machine-guns loudly spluttered and swept that  
shell-hole rim,

When someone dropped beside me, and I knew  
that it was him.

His cheery voice was saying "Buck up this  
war's a cow,

But Ah, forget it, cobbler, I'll get you back some-  
how."

Despite that mad inferno, he safely brought me  
through,

But not before the Fritzie's had badly plugged  
him too.

In choling words I thanked him, though dying  
he was game,

"Forget it, ah, forget it, you would have done the  
same."

His rugged face was greying, I could see it was  
the end,

A better man than I am had died to save his  
friend.

And when he comes to Judgement, I know what  
he will say.

"Dear Lord, I am unfitted to tread the heavenly  
way,

I've gone my way unheeding, I've just lived a  
life of sin."

But God, the Just, will answer, "Forget it son,  
come in."

## KAIKOURA BRANCH NEWS

The Annual General Meeting of the  
Kaikoura branch elected the following  
officers:

Secretary-Treasurer: M. J. Bassett.

Executive: T. P. Brown, W. Smart, W.

McInnes, T. Reedy, W. Crosbie, R.

Coulbeck, E. Evans, N. G. Smith.

Patron: L. P. Blunt.

NPC Delegates: T. P. Brown and N. G.  
Smith.

Benevolent Committee: T. P. Brown, R.

Coulbeck, W. McInnes, M. J. Bassett.

Honorary Members: G. Bourne, D.

Dineen, E. Latter, M. Scotson, T. M.

Sullivan.

Auditor: J. T. Thorne.

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and two vice-presidents are being nego-  
tiated.





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\* \* \* \* \*

# The LRDG Raids the Fezzan

(Continued)

\* \* \* \* \*

The patrols, then went southward over rough and broken country by a route which had been considered impassable to vehicles. On 16 January they passed the tropic of Cancer, and immediately noticed a change of temperature. When they operated against the forts they were wrapped in sheepskins and overcoats: they now travelled without their shirts. The country was extremely difficult. Across great waves of sand and stony flats, through rough scrub they went, then over flat stretches of fine sand. As the trucks raced over the flat areas, they looked like cattle - let into a paddock. Eventually they left Libyan territory via Tummo and proceeded to the French post at Zouar. Although they had minor breakdowns, and every truck at some time or other had been stuck in the sand, the only serious mechanical trouble in the 1850 miles which they had covered between Cairo and Zouar was the breaking of the rear axle of one truck, which they towed to Zouar for repair, and the complete loss of another truck which was stripped of all its serviceable parts.

After a few days' rest, Major Clayton's and Captain Crighton-Stuart's patrols left Zouar on 21 January 1941 and arrived at Faya three days later. They struck very bad going along the whole route and had to abandon a truck owing to mechanical trouble. They took on petrol, rations (French) and water and reached Ounianga on 28 January. They had come under the command of Colonel Leclerc, commander of the Free French forces in Chad province, with whom they were to co-operate for his attack on Kufra. The Free French force had to make a 1000-mile journey to Kufra across a pathless, waterless wilderness, in order to fight the Italians.

Meanwhile Colonel Bagnold, commanding officer of the LRDG, left Cairo by air and arrived on 14 January at Fort Lamy.

a sprawl of mushroom-like mud and thatch huts, in the middle of which there are a few streets tunneled through tropical foliage where 500 white men live and work. From here Colonel Bagnold was flown to Zouar, in the western end of the 10,000-foot Tibesti mountains. He spent the night there with Major Clayton and the two patrols, before he returned to Fort Lamy with another officer and the guard who had been wounded in the leg at Murzuk.

The Free French column of some 100 vehicles started to move from Faya towards Kufra on 21 January. They suffered some delays owing to mechanical defects, lack of the proper gear for getting a bogged truck out of soft sand, and lack of experience in this specialised type of transport problem. Major Clayton's patrol, acting as an advance party for the Free French, left Ounianga on 29 January, and reached Sarra well the following day. The well had been filled in by the Italians. On 31 January they reached Bishara, and here again they found the well filled in by the enemy.

While they were at Bishara the patrol was sighted by an Italian plane. The patrol proceeded another fifteen or sixteen miles to Gebel Sherif, a small wadi where they took cover in the boulders. They had been there only ten minutes, however, when aircraft reappeared, having followed their tracks and circled over their position, thus indicating to an enemy armoured patrol where the British patrol was concealed. The Italians attacked from the rear, entering the wadi from the southern end. Probably a standing Auto-Saharan patrol, the attacking force consisted of seven vehicles, one of which was a lorry carrying a gun that was of about 65 mm calibre. Enemy fire from high-explosive and machine-gun bullets, including incendiary bullets, was heavy and accurate, and three trucks were destroyed by gunfire. One New Zealander, Corporal F. R. Beech, and two of the Italian prisoners were killed. The machine guns on Trooper R. J. Moore's truck, one of those hit, went into action while the remaining seven trucks escaped out of the northern end of the wadi. Moore, a New Zealander, and three guardsmen made their escape into the boulders up one side of the wadi.

The patrol circled about and was preparing to make a counter-attack from the south when they were attacked by three Italian planes with bombs and machine-gun fire. The patrol was then ordered to a pre-arranged rendezvous farther south, and during the retirement Major Clayton's truck was damaged, presumably by further air action. Major Clayton and two New Zealanders were taken prisoners of war by the Italians. The two surviving Italian prisoners were recaptured. The rest of the trucks continued southwards, and after joining Captain Crighton-Stuart's patrol, which had come north to meet them, continued to a rendezvous with Colonel Leclerc near Tekro.

While this was happening, Trooper Moore and the three guardsmen remained hidden in the hills to which they had dashed for shelter from their blazing trucks. Moore was shot through the foot and one of his companions was wounded in the throat. Much to their amazement, the Italians made no attempt to find and capture them, and when they returned to the scene of the ambush, the two Italian prisoners lay where they had been killed.

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L.M.V.D.

by their own countrymen. One of them was the postman who had been captured at Murzuk. Everything in the trucks had been charred by fire, so they could find no food and only one two-gallon tin three-quarters full of water. The four men hurried away as quickly as possible, as they feared the return of the enemy. They headed south along the tracks left by their own patrol.

Moore's foot troubled him for the first two days as he was unable to bandage it, except with a handkerchief. He and his companions cast off their sandshoes, as they were only a nuisance in the loose, fine sand. Each man was permitted a pint of water a day, but Moore was the only one who sucked a pebble to keep his mouth moist.

It was comparatively easy going for them over miles and miles of nothing but featureless sand. On the third day they came to a place where their patrol had stopped for a meal, and which Moore estimated to be nearly 100 miles from where they had been ambushed. On the fifth day, however, Tighe, an Englishman, could no longer keep up with the others, but continued to make his way alone until he reached Sarra well on the seventh day. The other three

reached Sarra on the sixth day in a raging sand storm and took shelter in some deserted native huts.

On the eighth day another guardsman, Easton, collapsed, but Moore and the third guardsman, Winchester, continued their amazing trek. They were seen by two French planes, and a canvas bag containing food and a bottle of water was dropped. To their acute disappointment, they could not find the food, and the cork came out of the water-bottle, leaving only one mouthful for each of them. But in their own bottles they had still saved a little water. The French planes were unable to land as the ground was strewn with stones, so they flew to Tekro to send out a rescue party. Unluckily this party took the wrong route, heading three or four miles to the west of Moore and Winchester.

On the ninth day Winchester became too weak to continue. Moore waited until the following morning to give his companion time to recover a little strength. Next morning the Englishman staggered about twenty yards and dropped, utterly exhausted. Only one mouthful of water remained. Moore gave Winchester a sip, and set off alone. He rinsed his mouth occasionally

\*\*\*\*\*

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and returned the precious mouthful of water to the bottle. Still making steady progress and having covered ten miles on the tenth day, Moore was overtaken by the Free French force returning from the direction of Kufra. They had picked up the three guardsmen, but Easton, who had kept going for eight days, died that night despite all the efforts of a French doctor to save him. Without food or boots, Moore had walked 210 miles in ten days.

At Sarra, where the French had an ambulance base, the three footsore men stayed a week: their feet took some time to heal. From Sarra they were taken south to Ounianga, where they spent five days, followed by two at Faya, and then came an eight-day journey to Fort Lamy, twelve degrees north of the Equator. There, deep in the jungle of French Equatorial Africa, and at the branch of two rivers, the New Zealander and the two Englishmen spent a very pleasant fortnight big-game hunting and shooting crocodiles from a canoe. Later, to fellow New Zealanders in Egypt, Moore had to confess he didn't bag anything, but he had much to say for the hospitality of the Free French. From Fort Lamy, he and his comrades flew to Khartoum, whence they returned to Cairo by Nile boat and train. They had travelled through practically every part of north-east Africa.

When the two LRDC patrols joined Colonel Leclerc on 1 February—the French officer being then in supreme command of the whole operations and the intrepid Major Clayton a prisoner of war—Colonel Leclerc decided to release the British patrols from further service with the Free French forces and expressed his gratitude for their co-operation. The patrols started eastward on 4 February and reached Cairo five days later. A reconnaissance at Uweinat on the way back failed to trace the enemy beyond tracks believed to be those of Auto-Saharan vehicles, which indicated that the post was still occupied. Since leaving Cairo in December 1940, these two patrols of the LRDC had covered about 4500 miles of desert, with the loss of four trucks by enemy action and two by mechanical breakdowns. Their casualties included two men killed, both New Zealanders, and three—

Major Clayton and two New Zealanders—taken prisoners of war. Such an expedition can be rivalled only in fiction.



## OLD-TIME DANCE

The first dance organised by Bob Forbes was a great success and in response to the demand he has agreed to conduct another one on Easter Saturday, April 5.

Roll up and enjoy a night out with friends in your own age group.

---

## NEW MEMBERS

We extend a welcome to the following new members:

425729 R. R. CHISNALL, WW2

M.N. L. SINCLAIR, WW2

---

## NOTICE

Graham Struthers is shortly going to visit Italy and in particular hopes to visit the Sangro River Cemetery where many New Zealanders are buried. If the opportunity arises he would be only too pleased to photograph graves for any relatives who may be interested. Please let the Editor know if you wish to take advantage of this offer.

---

An American agent was sent to Scotland on a secret mission.

In pursuit of his duties, the agent found himself lost one day in a very lonely piece of country. He was highly pleased when a kilted Highlander finally drove into view.

"I have never been a gladder man," cried the American. "I seem to be lost."

"What reward are they offering for ye?" asked the dour Highlander.

"Nothing that I know of," answered the puzzled American.

"Weel," remarked the Scotsman as he continued on his way, "Ye're still lost."

★ ★ ★

**DRINK AND ENJOY** 

*"Drink because you are happy,  
Never because you are miserable."*

*G. K. Chesterton.*



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**TODAY'S GREAT BEER**

**BREAKDOWN OF GRANTS AND DONATIONS — GENERAL ACCOUNT 1979**

	\$
President's Allowance .....	500.00
Final payment Salvation Army Home .....	850.00
Marlborough S & R R	
President's Allowance .....	500.00
Final Payment Salvation Army Home .....	850.00
Marlborough S & R Radio .....	300.00
RSA Bowling Club pump .....	100.00
M.P.P.C. Hardship Grant .....	50.00
Smallbore Rifle Club Trophy .....	40.00
M.A..A.S. ....	10.00
Picton RSA Pool Club .....	20.00
RSA Golf Section prizes .....	44.40
Workingmen's Club visit .....	16.98
Clubhouse Social .....	129.99
Battle of Britain .....	54.10
Anzac Day Lunch and Entertainment .....	347.72
Entertaining Veterans .....	260.54
Motueka RSA Bowls visit .....	138.08
Police and Band visits .....	60.29
Annual General Meeting .....	103.27
Executive Dinner .....	238.11
Crossfire profit transferred .....	43.35
	\$3306.83

**MYSELF**

I want to live with myself and so  
 I want to be fit for myself to know,  
 I want to be able, as days go by  
 Always to look myself straight in the eye.  
 I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,  
 And hate myself for what I've done.  
 I want to go out with my head erect,  
 I want to deserve all men's respect;  
 For here in the struggle for fame and self,  
 I want to be able to live myself.  
 I don't want to look at myself and know,  
 That I'm bluster and bluss, and empty show.  
 I can never hide myself from me;  
 I see what others may, never see.  
 I never can fool myself, and so,  
 Whatever happens I want to be  
 Self-respecting and conscience-free.

**General Account Sundries Breakdown for 1979**

**1—Charter Sundries:**

	\$
Association of Chartered Clubs fee	222.30
Licensing Control Commission fee	150.00
Extended Hours Permits	55.00
	\$427.30

**2—Clubhouse Sundries:**

Audit Fee .....	595.53
Advertising .....	144.54
Badge Engraving .....	5.00
Framing Photographs .....	48.60
Business Directory Listing .....	11.00
Framing Awards, Certificates ....	95.64
Medal Mounting .....	.50
Cheque Books .....	8.00
Petty Cash .....	17.06
	\$925.87

**QUEST FOR ASBESTOS CHAFFEY**

Could any Crossfire reader, especially some sheep-farmer who should know, give me any early details of Henry Fox Chaffey, 1868-1951, who may have come out to N.Z. at 17, a farming cadet, with his relative (brother or step-brother) Sam Chaffey, of Aotea Station? From a Somerset family, he was also closely connected with Colonel Ralph Chaffey, in charge of the Christchurch military area in the 1914-18 war.

I have scant details on Henry, until in 1913 he went to the backblocks of Nelson-Cobb area, to a remote hut, prospecting for gold and asbestos there for 40 years. His wife-to-be, Annie from Timaru, went with him.

He could well have shorn (blade) around Marlborough stations.

I have an abundance of material on them from 1913 onwards, but lack details on H. F. Chaffey up to 1913, and the book must close very soon.

**JIM HENDERSON**, c/o P.O. Box 3858, Auckland.

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# THE NIGHT WE LEFT OLD ANZAC

In the haze of the full moon the men filed off from the trenches to the beaches and passed away from Gallipoli, from the unhelped attempt which they had given their bodies and their blood to make. They had lost no honour, were not to blame that they were creeping off in the dark, like thieves in the night... they had failed to take Gallipoli... but they had fought a battle such as has never been seen upon this earth. What they had done will become a glory forever, wherever the deeds of heroic unhelped men are honoured and pitied and understood. They went up at the call of duty, with a bright banner of a battle-cry, against an impregnable fort. Without guns, without munitions, without help, and without drink, they climbed the scarp, and held it by their own glorious manhood, quickened by a word from their chief. Now they were giving back the scarp, and going to a new adventure wherever the war might turn.

John Masefield, in "Gallipoli."

*That night we left old Anzac,  
The dim moon overhead,  
Saw us in silence creeping—  
And, close behind us keeping,  
The rear-guard of our dead.*

*For we were leaving Anzac;  
They could not understand.  
In anguish and in wonder  
They broke their graves asunder.  
And swift the trenches manned.*

*Our murdered mates of Anzac  
Stared at us in surprise;  
We saw beside us standing  
Men missing since the landing,  
With mateship in their eyes.*

*We'd thought them dead in Anzac  
We'd left them to their fate.  
Our souls were strangely shaken,  
Our hands by cold hands taken;  
We heard a whispered "Mate!"*

*That night in awful Anzac  
To me my dead mate spoke;  
"We took the hill; they shelled it;  
Bill, wot's the blanky joke?"*

*"We lie in pride at Anzac;  
We stormed with you this shore!  
There's nothing now may hurt us  
But this — that you desert us  
Who were your mates, and more!"*

*I answered him of Anzac;  
"We've done all that we could.  
Not for our order blame us,  
Nor with reproaches shame us."  
My old mate understood.*

*And sobbing down from Anzac,  
Came men that once were strong.  
How stop the tears from falling  
When far we heard them calling  
Their sorrowful "So-long!"?*

*As we stole down from Anzac—  
Bleak graveyard choked with Youth  
Why we marched safe we wondered.  
How could the Turk have blundered?  
Too late we learnt the truth.*

*For our dead mates of Anzac  
Had one more duty yet.  
They saw the trench deserted,  
And dangers swift averted;  
They lined the parapet.*

*And looking back on Anzac,  
We calmed our wild alarms.  
Our mates were there, and ready;  
With trigger fingers steady  
Once more they stood to arms!*

*Who smote the Turks at Anzac?  
What made them halt and blench—  
Had ALLAH sent an omen?  
Look! Grey and grinning foemen  
Still held the emptied trench!*

*From those grim ghosts of Anzac  
The foe shrank back in dread.  
Not ALLAH gave them daring  
To charge against the staring  
Cold eyes of men long dead.*

*And so for aye at Anzac,  
While nations rise and fall  
They stand till GOD relieves them,  
And as His guard receives them  
At His last trumpet call!*

—ARTHUR H. ADAMS

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# MARLBOROUGH SOUNDS IGNORED

"I would like to see the Marlborough Sounds, but unhappily this never seems to be included in a conducted tour," writes Mrs Eileen Newey, aged 71, of 528 Willoughby Road, Willoughby, New South Wales, 2068.

She was writing to Jim Henderson after reading one of his "Open Country" books, seeking his help and advice.

"This is disgraceful," said Jim Henderson, who is replying to her with advice, and friends to contact, and hoping a women's organisation or two may also write to Mrs Newey, offering personal, on-the-spot hospitality "to make up for this cold-shouldering of one of the loveliest parts in N.Z., especially to a parched Aussie.

"I don't feel happy either, because Australians are so kind to N.Z. travellers over there."

Mrs Newey has made several trips to N.Z., loves it, and returns just as soon as she can save up for another trip.

"As I'm 71, I'm afraid the Milford Track may be out of the question, but I'm pretty right for almost anything else."

Mrs Newey has made many friends in N.Z. (outside of Marlborough it seems) and her son,

married to an N.Z. girl, now lives in Winton.

"I'm looking forward to a trip with a difference this time" . . . and with Marlborough hospitality to the fore, Mr Henderson is confident she'll get it.

If any Crossfire readers are interested in helping Mrs Newey, please contact her at her Willoughby address.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE 15

H	A	L	T		C	A	R	Y		A	R	O	S	E
O	M	A	R		A	L	O	E		P	E	R	I	L
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B	O	G	U	S			B	O	A	S	T	E	R	S
A	V	E	R	S		P	R	O	S	E		R	A	P
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A	I	S	L	E		A	L	S	O		E	P	I	C
D	E	T	E	R		D	E	E	R		D	E	S	K

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# crossword puzzle 15

## ACROSS

1. Stop
5. Actor Grant
9. Got up
14. —  
Khayyam
15. Medicinal plant
16. Danger
17. Folksinger Seeger
18. Make untidy
19. Long board
20. Noiseless shoes
22. Touches
23. Sediment
24. String —
25. False
28. Braggers
32. States positively
33. Ordinary writers
34. Knock sharply
35. Wee
36. City in Michigan
37. Devotion
38. Single unit
39. Machine for lifting
40. Burdened
41. Young bird
43. Revise
44. Corrode
45. Narrow road
47. Energetic
49. Renounced beliefs
53. Moved slowly
54. Ditch around a castle
55. Biblical weed

56. Passage way between seats
57. Likewise
58. Narrative poem
59. Discourage
60. Fawns
61. Writing table

10. Become less stern
11. Verbal
12. Offenses
13. Mooselike animal
21. Buss
22. Rich meal
24. Frontiersman Daniel —
25. Wand
26. Sheeplike
27. Heredity units
28. Cause to come
29. Wear away
30. Black bird
31. Pay out
33. Shrub or tree
36. Frolic
37. Felt deep sorrow

39. Bunch
40. Actress Turner
42. Threefold
45. Rental contract
46. Movie performer
47. Soft white cheese
48. Relax
49. Part in a play
50. Make recording
51. Greek goddess of discord
52. Pack of cards
53. Ungentlemanly fellow
54. Angry

## DOWN

1. Jumps
2. Prayer ending
3. Tardy
4. Place for wealth
5. Humped animal
6. Watchful
7. Flagmaker Betsy —
8. Aye!
9. Pacify

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8		9	10	11	12	13
14					15					16				
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	47	48						49				50	51	52
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59								60				61		

(Answer on Page 35)



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