

CROSSFIRE



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EDITORIAL . . .

Plans have been received for the addition of a store-room and outside toilet on the north-east corner of the Pavilion Lounge and are being studied by the chairman of the building subcommittee, Wally Boddington. Completion of this stage of building alterations will enable the Pavilion Lounge floor area to be cleared of the tables, chairs and piano to make a clear area for indoor bowls and other activities. It is hoped to complete a high percentage of the work by voluntary labour in order to keep costs to a minimum. A toilet pan, urinal and wash-basin have been donated by one of our members for use in the outside toilet. The building will be concrete block construction to match the existing building and the floor will be concreted. New spouting with greater capacity will be installed at the same time and will be run off into storm water drains and not the sumps presently used. These sumps tend to overflow in heavy rain, causing some of the problems associated with the basement and bowling green flooding. Work is expected to start shortly and when this project is completed, renovation and expansion of the kitchen will proceed.

Last month we said goodbye to Laurie Brooks, one of our barmen for many years, next month sees the paying-off of Dick Boddington and probably later this year we will be farewelling Ron Moseley. They will all be on national superannuation having reached the golden age of retirement. Re-staffing is being given a thorough examination with a view to reducing wages costs and it is likely that we will work with fewer staff and use part-timers at peak hours. Savings of up to \$5000 a year may be possible although there are bound to be some growls from those who will object to perhaps having to wait a couple of minutes to be served. However, not to worry. We are all aware it is never possible to please everyone and that some blokes always put their own interests ahead of the club as a whole.

We will be looking for young, attractive bar persons shortly — do you fill the bill?

COMING EVENTS

- AUGUST 16: Army T.F. Visit.
- AUGUST 16: Rangiora RSA Indoor Bowls visit.
- AUGUST 30: RSA Cabaret (75 double tickets), in the pavilion Lounge.
- AUGUST 23: Diggers Indoor Bowls Elimination Tournament.

SITUATIONS VACANT

We will soon be looking for young, attractive, personable, capable, co-operative, honest, hard-working, willing part-time bar persons. If you think you fit the category, put your name on the list with the Secretary-Manager.

NEW MEMBERS

The following new members have been elected to the membership of the Marlborough RSA:

K75334	B. F. KNUDSEN
402203	I. G. E. McPHAIL
74338	F. D. MYER
30759	A. L. SMITH
W/112110	V. V. SMITH (Mrs)
W/536033	R. F. GANDER (Mrs)

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

This is the time of the year when we seem to have less RSA activity than normal. What with the weather being so cold, most people would prefer being around their fires, and no doubt, that has something to do with it.

On your behalf I had the pleasure of making a presentation to Laurie Brooks on the occasion of his retirement, and I know that he and Mrs Brooks have all your best wishes for a long and happy retirement.

Unfortunately, inflation reared up and caught us once again, and the Charter Committee had no choice but to recommend an increase in bar prices, which the executive endorsed. What with the talks going on at present with drivers, etc. I do not hold out much hope for a long period of stability. However, let us all hope that I am wrong.

My wife and I were invited to the Rai Valley RSA branch dinner on August 3. It was a very pleasant evening and most enjoyable to meet a lot of our branch members. Congratulations must go to Blue Burson for the arrangements he made. When you are suddenly told on the day of a function that a further 17 people would be attending, you would be inclined to panic a bit. Keeping us company from the town RSA were the two vice-presidents, and Vern Anderson, district president, accompanied by their wives. When I tell you that 69 were there, it will give you some idea of the task they set themselves. A very good evening.

I am pleased to be able to tell you that we have finally got the plans for our alterations. They arrived the morning of our executive meeting. Now we will be able to get down to the task in hand of the improvements. Try and bear with us if there is some inconvenience during the period when the work is going on. A number of members have approached myself and other executive members asking what the delay has been since the general meeting and the reason has been the hold-up of the plans. Mr Wally Boddington has kindly agreed to oversee the alterations proposed by the sub-committee that was formed, and it is good to have someone of his expertise to ensure we go about it in the right way.

Once the alterations have been completed I am hopeful that a more social atmosphere will encourage members to bring their respective spouses in.

Excerpts From August Executive Meeting

Workingmen's Club used our billiard tables for their South Island championships. Building alteration plans received and with the building sub-committee. Revised RSA budget approval by this association. Reluctantly agreed to pay NZRSA \$3.50 in capitation to help them meet their financial short-fall (was \$3). Life membership honours board being investigated. Bowling club request to cancel alterations involving outside

toilet and instead secure kitchen and pavilion lounge, toilets and meeting room area from rest of building to enable bowling club to use premises on Sundays not to be actioned. Combined indoor bowling club granted \$50 to entertain visiting members from Rangiora RSA. Wellington-Hawke's Bay Company TF visiting Saturday night August 16 for games evening. RSA group health plan being investigated. Application made to council for rates rebate on unimproved value of property (rates 1979 were \$2289—this year \$2703). Cost of funeral chaplets increased from \$7 to \$9. Beer and spirit prices increased following increase in taxation and 4% general

WOMEN'S SECTION NEWS

Mr Mick Murphy spoke to the women's section at the July meeting. He outlined the preparation and described the journey to Los Angeles with the intellectually handicapped children.

After seeing the film on TV and hearing Mr Murphy speak, one cannot do anything but admire the people who arranged the trip, those who were escorts and the children who were able to go and make it such a wonderful undertaking.

Members showed their appreciation and Mrs Kennington expressed thanks to Mr Murphy for an interesting afternoon.

A shop day will be held at Centrepoint on Friday, November 21, so ladies, get busy — cakes, sweets, produce, raffles, sewing, knitting and being so near Christmas an ideal time for novelties for gifts. Our last shop day was a great success and this one will be even more so.

Veterans' Afternoon: Mrs Harrison and Mr Bruce Parker entertained during the afternoon and the good number of guests warmly applauded their items. At the conclusion of the outing Mr Watson on behalf of the veterans thanked Mrs Kennington and her ladies. Mr Watson's help is much appreciated too as he always takes the duty of calling at house and each day gives his item, which is always a different song.

Indoor Bowls Afternoon: The women's section indoor bowlers are having a successful season with a pleasing membership and excellent attendances. On July 22 they visited Picton for bowls and cards and had a pleasant day.

—JO ALLAN

Stable population

A certain small Queensland town has had exactly the same population figure for the last half century. This amazing condition is attributed to the fact that every time a baby is born, a man leaves town.

WOMEN'S SECTION INDOOR BOWLING CLUB

Members have enjoyed their afternoon games of bowls in the warmth of the pavilion lounge.

Triples were played all day on July 10 and were keenly contested. The winners were R. Peterson (s), G. Harnett and N. Busch.

On Saturday, July 26, the Perkins Rosebowl was contested. This is an annual event between the men's and women's clubs. The men turned out winners 26-20.

Closing day is September 24.

First and last call

The 300 passengers on the first fully automatic rocket plane flight from Sydney to London were aboard and belted in, and the great machine had whooshed aloft and into flight when a voice came over the loudspeaker in measured tones of infinite assurance.

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is no crew on this aircraft, but there is nothing to worry about. Automation will fly you to London in perfect safety at a speed of 2500 miles per hour. Everything has been tested and retested so exhaustively for your safety and there is not the slightest chance anything can go wrong... go wrong... go wrong... go wrong..."

A high note

One of the executive secretaries had just returned from her honeymoon and was discussing it with the girls at the office.

"How did your husband register at the hotel?" one little co-worker wanted to know.

"Fine," the secretary said, beaming. "Just fine!"

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PICTON NEWS

The executive stood as a mark of respect to the late E. C. (Eric) Smart at the monthly meeting held on 10/7/80. The president advised that an Expelaire was ready to be installed at the billiard table end of the lounge (this has been installed by Malcolm Baxter and Allan Hopkins and has a time switch which shuts off 10 minutes after being switched on).

The finance committee advised that by repaying \$5000 of the mortgage, a saving will be made of \$13,000 over the 25-year loan period, and the finance committee's recommendation that we repay \$5000 was adopted.

It was resolved to place an advertisement in the Picton paper calling for returned servicemen to sign up as members of the club.

It was also resolved that we donate \$10 to the Picton paper.

A suitable card is to be printed and will be put on cars which are left in the "No Parking" zone.

Clubhouse meeting held 22/7/80:

The committee approved the use of the social rooms for three private evening functions.

The charter committee advised that they were prepared to hold bar prices at present.

Mr Jim Maxwell was elected unopposed as chairman for 1980-81.

Westport Visit: A great deal of interest has been shown for this visit, and by the time this edition of Crossfire comes off the press, arrangements will have been completed, names of participants called for and about to

close soon, to enable our Westport hosts time to make the necessary bookings. At the time of preparing this article though, the provisional date suggested for the visit is October 11th and 12th, travelling by bus, leaving at 8am Saturday 11th and returning approx. 6 or 7pm Sunday 12th. Accommodation on our past visits has been hotels mainly, which seems to stay in keeping with the mood on the bus, although a few of the group invariably have friends or relatives where they stay. Hopefully the sheriff will be the same bloke and I know from experience that everyone appreciates Stacey's sense of humour, but the trip home seems to have just started and then its all over.

Next Social, September 6: The social for August was held on Saturday 2nd, and as usual those who attended were treated to entertaining music supplied by Des York and his band, and of course a very nice supper, which is supplied by members of the ladies section. Little mention has been made in Crossfire of the sterling work done by our ladies to make our social suppers so successful, but I know that the ladies contributions are one reason our socials are the best evening's entertainment available in Marlborough.

Our next social will be held on Saturday, September 6, so why not make up a party and come along to find out how to thoroughly enjoy an evening without it costing the usual exorbitant price to get in the door. Our price of \$2 per head includes music and a super supper and liquid refreshments are available at a very reasonable price.

Remember — Saturday, September 6, upstairs lounge of the Picton RSA.

PICTON WOMEN'S NEWS

There were nearly 30 members present at the July meeting to hear Mrs Jo Allen, who many of us know from the Blenheim section, give a most enlightening talk on the numerous ways in which the public can obtain helpful information from the Citizens Advice Bureau. This can and does cover a range from advice on travellers timetables, to harrowing domestic problems, where the unhappy victims are kindly steered in the most appropriate direction where understanding help may be obtained.

We were delighted to see Doris Parfitt among us again after her time in hospital.

Mrs Jeffcoat Senior won the raffle.

Back from holiday in Australia is Margaret Charters and during the month the club was enlivened by the presence of Hetty Gibb from Granity.

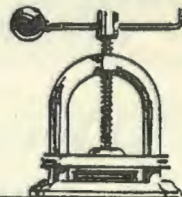
Our condolences go to Alva Smart and her family on the passing away of Eric, and also one of our older members, Caroline Smith, who died on July 25. To her daughter, Gwen Nimmo and family, we extend our sympathy.

One event which is keenly awaited each July is the reciprocal cards and indoor bowls tournament between Blenheim and Picton women's sections. This time it was our turn to be hostesses and full marks to those involved in the behind-the-scenes organising headed, of course, by hard-working secretary Eileen Mattingley. I am sure that the thoroughly enjoyable time had by all was ample reward for the efforts involved.

Picton were successful in winning the cards trophy and we drew with Blenheim for the bowls. However, being undefeated, Blenheim still retain the trophy. We will be after it next year, girls!

Blenheim also won all three raffles, the first fittingly, going to their president Eva Kennington, the second to Pearl Pierce and the third to Ruby Waters.

GARDS PRINT



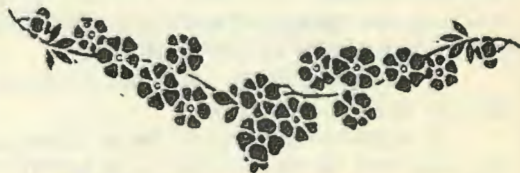
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BLENHEIM.

Our president, June Ireland spoke of the continuing warm fellowship between the two women's sections over the years.

A rather grand afternoon tea concluded the happy occasion.

—JOAN M. TAYLOR



NOTICE FOR OUR LADIES

We are now paying \$9 each for funeral chaplets (small wreaths). Anyone interested in production below that price? If so, see the secretary.



LAST POST



7/1702	N. G. BRUCE
Pox 104508	J. CARROLL
70648	R. P. CLOUSTON
58135	G. NAIRN
492885	W. S. RICHARDSON
1106	E. C. SMART
58817	R. A. SMART
421125	K. J. SMITH
1635	N. D. WESTON

LEST WE FORGET

As we remember, with deep gratitude those who suffered pain and gave their lives for us; let us resolve to do all in our power to preserve the freedom we hold today.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE 12TH (NELSON) REGIMENT — NOW 2ND BATTALION CANTERBURY AND NELSON-MARLBOROUGH AND WEST COAST R.N.Z. INFANTRY REGIMENT

BADGE: A stag within a circle flanked by fern-fronds.

MOTTO: Kia Ponu Tonu (Ever Faithful).

Battle Honours: South Africa 1900-02, The Great War 1914-18, Somme 1916, 1918, Flers-Courcelette, Morval, Le Transloy, Messines 1917, Ypres 1917, Polygon Wood, Broodseinde, Passchendaele, Arras 1918, Ancre 1918, Albert 1918, Bapaume 1918, Hindenburg Line, Canal du Nord, Cambrai 1918, Selle, Sambre, France and Flanders 1916-18, Helles, Krithia, Anzac, Landing at Anzac, Defence of Anzac, Hill 60 (Anzac), Sari Bair, Gallipoli 1915, Suez Canal, Egypt 1915-16.

Formed on March 17, 1911, with the amalgamation of the 1st Battalion Nelson Infantry with the 2nd Battalion Nelson Infantry to form the 12th (Nelson) Regiment with Headquarters in Nelson.

The 1st Battalion Nelson Infantry had consisted of: Stoke Rifle Volunteers, Waimea Rifle Volunteers, Nelson Rifle Volunteers, Waitohi Rifle Volunteers.

The 2nd Battalion, Nelson Infantry had consisted of: 1st Westland Rifle Volunteers (at Hokitika), Greymouth Rifle Volunteers, Denniston Rifle Volunteers, Reefton Rifle Volunteers, Reefton Rifle Volunteers, Millerton Rifle Volunteers. A former company, Brunner Rangers Rifle Volunteers, had disbanded in 1904. In 1912 the West Coast (the former 2nd Battalion Nelson Infantry) was included in the 13th (North Canterbury and Westland) Regiment.

Supplied Service Companies during WW1 and these saw service in Egypt, on Gallipoli and in France as part of the "Canterbury" Regiment.

Re-designated as the 12th (Nelson and Marlborough) Regiment in 1917.

In 1921 with the reduction of military districts to three, the 12th (Nelson and Marlborough) Regiment amalgamated with the 13th (North Canterbury and Westland) Regiment. In 1931 formed the Nelson, Marlborough and West Coast Regiment.

The new badge was a stag within a circle containing the motto Kia Ponu Tonu flanked by fern-fronds and surmounted by a crown. Below, a scroll embossed 12 and XIII.

This was an unfortunate choice as it included an Arabic 12 and a Roman XIII, and created adverse comment. This controversial badge was not issued until 1950, prior to this date the Nelson and Marlborough companies had worn the original badge of the 12th Nelson Regiment and the West Coast Companies had worn the badge of the 13th (North Canterbury and Westland) Regiment.

To perpetuate a regimental custom dating back to the formation of the 1st Westland Rifles in 1868, officers and soldiers of the Nelson, Marlborough and West Coast Regiment wore a piece of scarlet cloth fixed under the cap and collar badges.

In WW2 supplied Service Companies to 20th, 23rd, 26th, 30th and 37th Battalions, 2 NZEF and inherited the Battle Honours of these Battalions (20th Battalion honours only till October 5, 1942).

In 1964 amalgamated with the Canterbury Regiment to become the 2nd Battalion (Canterbury and Nelson-Marlborough and West Coast) Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment.

Colours presented at Nelson 1927 to the N.M.W.C. Regiment were laid up in Nelson Cathedral, 29 November, 1969, when 2 Battalion R.N.Z.I.R. was given Freedom of the City of Nelson.

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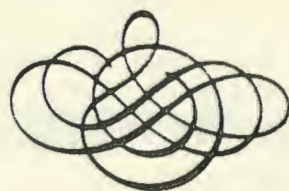


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MEMORIES

Memories, sweet memories, each one a
silken thread that links us in spirit to
the living and the dead.

Memories, the flowers of love that
bloom in life's December,
God's own gift the mystic power to
dream and to remember.

Memories — not in the brain — for cells
could never hold — the record of the
story no tongue has ever told.

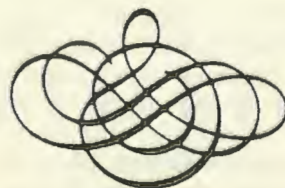
Our memories are in the soul,
transcending, time and space.

Strange pictures limmed in colours that
the years cannot deface.

Memories — through memories — we
tread the secret — across the silent
border land of now and yesterday.

Our memories evoke for us the face, the
kiss, the smile — the touch of those
whom we have "loved long since and
lost awhile."

—C. M. J. WATSON



MARLBOROUGH P.O.W. ASSN NEWS

The annual meeting of the association was held recently and Jack Jones was re-elected president, Norm Jellyman as secretary-treasurer and George Sutherland as welfare officer. All present at the meeting were elected to the committee.

John Walton was elected scribe to Pow Wow magazine.

The report of the conference held at Palmerston North was presented by the delegates, George Sutherland and John Walton, when it was announced from the

floor that John Walton had been elected floor member on the national executive as well as national padre, this latter office having been held by him for nearly 25 years (officially and unofficially).

A report on the recent golf tourney was presented by Jim Kinder who, with his wife, was the main organiser of the tournament.

It was also announced that the next conference will be held in Napier next year and the reunion due in 1983 is to be held in Tauranga.

I WAS THERE

Some previously unpublished incidents of life in Stalag Luft 1, Barthe and 111 Sagan during my incarceration in those camps.

I was taken prisoner in Crete on May 27, 1941, and for me the war was over.

After a few days in the old hospital area, now the main holding area of all those taken on Crete, I was flown out from Maleme airstrip in a JU52, that great old 3-engined workhorse of the Luftwaffe, to Athens. Then followed a train trip to Salonika where a stay of 7 weeks brought my fighting-fit weight of 12st 3lb down to less than 10st — weight which I never recovered until I got back home.

A seven-day, eight-nights trip in cattle trucks to Lubeck where we marched to a camp near a German army barracks. Rations were small but a quick Kiwi trick at Salonika had the OR's lined up with the officers who were going "somewhere" doubled up the issue and the men very generously handed over these rations to the officers who were to entrain. Thus we got double the rations we were due to receive for what they said was a five-day journey. Four tins of meat and gravy and six biscuits.

We were in a wooden truck which was better in the colder area than steel and enabled us to make a peephole through which our progress was

observed. One fellow on duty suddenly explained "Hell, they must be hard up for names around here. The last three stations have all had the same name, and here it is again." Another look by one who knew something of the language and he was roaring with laughter. That said the linguist means ladies!

Then, on another occasion, in order to humiliate us they stopped on an embankment in a built up area to give us our daily relief stop and as many of us were suffering from dysentery this was much appreciated.

Seeing what they were up to a senior officer took over.

"Parade . . . shun. Parade . . . undo trousers. Parade . . . squat. Parade, commence operations. Parade . . . at attention when business completed."

There were no more stops in populous places.

We finally arrived at Lubeck and were duly registered as POWs. I got the number Oflag (officers camp) VC Lubeck 3332. I was beaten by an Aussie colonel for the four 3s. After seven weeks there, during which time the barracks were bombed and we assisted (?) in quelling the resulting fire so that it burnt to the ground, I was called into the commandant's office.

He told me: "We want a padre to go to the air force camp at Barthe. Air Force padres do not fly so they do not get shot down. Will you go or shall we send you?" I went.

On arrival I was immediately suspected, as arriving on my own, I could have been a German plant. In the introduction to the 300-odd officers the

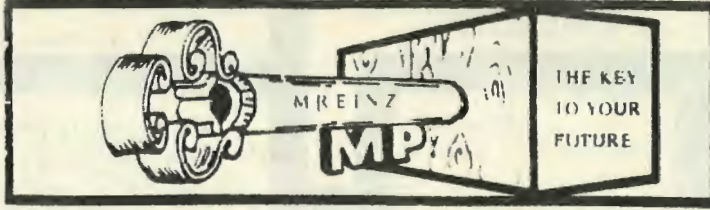
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catch any comment that might be made, such as "Bull . . . the BBC said only four."

So, on returning to our barracks, we thoroughly searched and found the mike. Two wires were connected to the power supply and the power turned on—with disastrous results to the receiving set in the German headquarters and so the battle of wits went on.

(To be Continued)

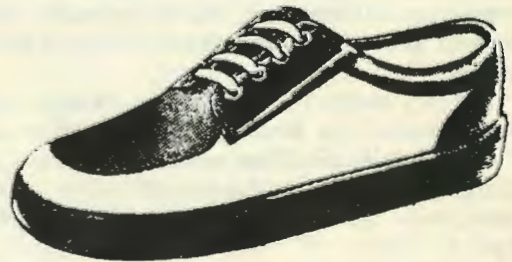
—3883/3332 POW.

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NEW ZEALAND CRETE VETERANS ASSN

Greetings Marlborough

The national reunion of the N.Z. Crete Veterans' Association will be held at the Te Rapa Racecourse — which possesses magnificent facilities — Hamilton, during the period May 21, 22, 23, 1982. It is always held nearest the initial period of physical combat with our erstwhile enemies.

We in Hamilton are dedicated to making this the best reunion ever, not ostentatiously but by determined efforts to cover the country and let our old mates know this is on. At the same time we want to encourage the formation of branch associations to lend formality and purpose to our national body, perpetuate the friendship with Crete and rapport with our former enemy.

Each reunion has brought more veterans together. Rotorua, this year's venue, saw the attendance of some 520 at the dinner and the enthusiasm for more and more widespread participation had no bounds.

The Crete Veterans Association in the northern North Island, Auckland and Hamilton have continued to grow in numbers but on the national scene they miss the association with Mainlanders. Southerners do attend our national reunion and will continue to do so but we would like to see greater participation obtainable as a branch where each member can be advised of activity and participate in our projects, furthering the interests of our association with Cretans.

A most courteous response by Paul Brodie to my recent visit and his enthusiastic display of interest, together with Jim Maxwell of Picton, in the formation of a Marlborough branch of NZCVA made my trip. The possibility of a NZCVA reunion in Marlborough in 1984 is extremely possible.

The national executive of the NZCVA is interested in the establishment of branches and will offer help in doing so. Each Crete Veteran becomes a reciprocal member of the German Paratroopers Association for the purpose of maintaining a very high personal relationship with them, with their leader a patron of our national organisation.

I have been invited to attend an executive meeting to report on my southern safari in your area. From this meeting I will obtain further information which will lead to another article for Crossfire if you consider it worthy of making that elegant journal. In the meantime I will further the interests of the CVA and advise the nation over the next few months of the reunion. This I can do in your Crossfire.

Thank you Marlborough and Picton for your courteous reception to my visit and your gracious support.

BOB SCHOFIELD,
Reunion Liaison Officer,
Hamilton Branch NZCVA.

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KIWI TALES

BY DOUGLAS HOW

**An article printed in "Legion," the official magazine of the Royal Canadian Legion.
(The equivalent of our R.S.A.)**

I visited New Zealand for three months last year. Having been overseas in WW II and written at length about military subjects, I was particularly interested in what imprints war has left on this sister nation, how they differ from our own. Recollections and impressions:

I wondered what people remembered of those days in early 1942 when it seemed nothing could stop the southward surge of Japanese forces in the general direction of Australia and New Zealand. As both old and young prepared to defend the country with any weapons they could find, the enemy was finally halted that spring by American victories in great air-sea battles. Strangely, I encountered no vivid memories but I did come across a

booklet about what Auckland's Red Cross transport section did during the war.

The lady author recalled that in those dark, taut days the New Zealand navy asked the Red Cross to undertake a crucial task: to get the crew back to a warship in harbor should an emergency arise. Volunteers worked out an elaborate system of phone calls to men living all over the country's largest city. Plans were made for each, if the signal came, to speed through the night, pick up three men and deliver them to battle stations.

Maybe I have an exaggerated opinion of the romantic habits of sailors, maybe I read more in to the author's dead-pan prose than she meant to con-



vey, but I found myself chuckling over her punch ending. It was fortunate, she wrote, that no emergency arose—because it was found that “none of the sailors lived where they should,” i.e., said they did. Home is the sailor. But in whose home?

One day in Kaitia, a northern community, I saw a compelling sight: bronzed New Zealand and Australian militia troops cleaning their weapons after a rare joint exercise. I'd been in the country long enough to think instinctively that I was seeing a scene reminiscent of Gallipoli and the Anzac (Australian-N.Z.) Corps that suffered 33,500 casualties in the abortive 1915 attempt to force the Dardenelles, open a sea route to Russia and a new front against Germany.

Gallipoli was an heroic defeat but it remains the country's salient memory of two world wars. Just as many Canadians trace their first real flame of nationalism to Vimy Ridge, New Zealanders trace their own to Gallipoli.

Every April 25 at dawn, the hour of the first landing, thousands turn out to commemorate Anzac Day. They turn out on Remembrance Day too but, I was told, it's not the same.

On the evening of the day I saw those troops I visited the handsome local headquarters of the Returned Services Association, the equivalent of the Legion. One of the executive was just back from a big hangi, a Maori-style outdoors feast that climaxed the exercise. He said an Aussie sergeant had

proclaimed that the training “showed the Anzac spirit still lives.” There was no doubt what this meant to him. He was nearly in tears as he told me about it.

That same evening some male and female troops in khaki summer uniforms gathered at the RSA bar. One woman was strumming a guitar, they were singing and it was nice to see. The women had taken part in the exercise, along miles of magnificent beaches, as infantry. Three sergeants were standing aside and I asked one, a brawny Aussie, what it was like to soldier with women. “They were,” he sighed, “a bloody nuisance, especially if you wanted to swim naked or go to the john.”



I was warmly welcomed everywhere but I met few Canadians. Canadian news consisted largely of Margaret Trudeau's slaughter of innocence and Newfoundlanders' slaughter of seals. The most pervasive touch of Canada was the voice of Anne Murray, and at least one woman thought she was American.

I did come across one ex-Canadian whose fate was shaped by WW II. She met a Kiwi airman in Vancouver and married him in 1946. She laughed about the early years, the raging homesickness that drove Canadian war brides to form an association "to cry on one another's shoulders and tell one another things we'd never dare tell our husbands or other New Zealanders."

Now her husband is dead, two of her three offspring are studying in the United States and her mother wants her to come back to Vancouver. But she won't, she said. After 33 years the accent remains distinctly Canadian but her roots are Kiwi.

If there is one thing that does remind you of Canada it is that the RSA is wrestling with the same fact that plagues the Legion: the baleful march of time. Because there too an aging veteran population contemplates the costly real estate it has accumulated and wonders what will happen to it, the RSA has taken steps to cope with the situation and is considering more. And, as here, it triggers controversy.

I visited both the RSA headquarters for the various branches in Auckland and the national HQ in Wellington, the capital. At both I was kindly led through the maze of the complicated system they have evolved, the methods adopted, the affiliations of bodies such as the Ex-PoW Association, the large degree of autonomy accorded local branches and, within broad guidelines, the local variations in membership qualifications.

But it was in Kaitaia, in one of the 126 branches that I saw some of the reality in practice. There, in the far north, the warmest part of the country, I chanced in to RSA headquarters just as a ceremony was about to begin. It was to give awards for long and exemplary service to members not of the RSA but the Home Service Association. They have grown up as separate bodies

largely because the RSA, founded in 1916, has until recently jealously restricted membership to people who served overseas. So, though there was compulsory service from 1941-45, thousands of men who didn't get overseas—anywhere overseas, including Commonwealth Air Training Plan service in Canada—set up their own organization.

Now, however, home service of at least six months may qualify one for RSA membership too—if a branch so decides. Kaitaia lets them in but none can become president or head a committee or "take over," though one now is branch secretary. They get in as ex-servicemen, a category accepted by the national body but not all branches.

In the room next to the one where the ceremony took place, there were perhaps 50 people drinking quietly. Most of them were well under 60 because the practice of forming subsidiary chartered clubs has evolved in some branches. Kaitaia's club is entitled to take in numbers up to 20 per cent of RSA membership, and some branches make it 40 per cent. These non-veterans, ones it is felt will fit in, belong to the club but not the RSA. The club runs the bar, is responsible for the building, and hands over surplus profits to the RSA. The club gets any profits from the lawn bowling club and hands these over too.

It is, said one RSA official, chuckling over a glass, "a very good arrangement." So good for the RSA in fact that the lawyer who worked it out was awarded a gold star.



But now the RSA nationally is recognizing that it may have to go further to sustain membership, to pursue the good works it does (its 'password' is People Serving People) and to keep alive the spirit the wars bequeathed. Through its Review, a newspaper-style tabloid, it has been asking members to state their views about the future. Specifically, it has asked whether they would favor allowing local associations "various (membership) options according to their individual needs."

The seven options are: the admission of wives, husbands, widows and widowers of returned service personnel; sons and daughters of the same; service or ex-service personnel now eligible for service membership; those who volunteered for overseas but were turned down; uniformed services such as police or firemen; reputable citizens who have given service to RSA; others.

Of them all, perhaps the most wrenching story I heard is about a man who did volunteer. It concerns Keith Holyoake, who did so in WW II, more than once, and was ordered to stay on the farm where he was needed. When he went in to politics he was derided for his lack of service and finally laid the facts before Parliament. Lack of service did not prevent him from becoming a knight, prime minister and now governor-general. But he never got in to RSA and the indications are that he won't.

Though responses to the Review's questions have been sparse, considering the total membership of 88,000, I was told that a majority of them favor taking in just the first three categories. Ahead lay the task of discussing all this at various levels prior to making a broad decision.

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A stranger in town found his way to the most luxurious bordello. He entered, selected a gorgeous redhead and was escorted to a resplendent bedchamber of Hollywood proportions. Half an hour later, a satisfied smile on his face, he sought out the madam and took his wallet from his pocket. But the madam would not accept payment.

She opened the drawer of a solid-gold cash register, counted out \$100 and handed the money to him. Stunned and speechless, he staggered out.

A week later he returned, chose a blonde and was presented with \$200 by the madam. Still puzzled, he took the money and left, feeling himself a very lucky fellow, indeed.

The next night he decided to pay another visit. After enjoying the services of a beautiful brunette, he walked up to the madam, held out his hand and waited for the money. He was unpleasantly surprised when she said, "Twenty-five dollars, please."

"Now, look here," he rejoined. "The first time I came here, you gave me \$100. The second time, you gave me \$200. How come I didn't get paid tonight?"

"Tonight," replied the madam, "you were not on television!"

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23RD BATTALION RETURNS

On Saturday, May 10, 1980, DC10 Flight TE27 out of Auckland carried 51 ex-2NZEF soldiers on the start of a commemorative tour of the Middle East, Europe and Great Britain. The great majority of the men served with 23 Battalion in its progress during the war. There were also a few ex-26 Battalion men, and two representatives of the senior South Island Battalion, the 20th. Most men were accompanied by their wives and there were several widows of ex-23 Battalion men. Amongst the widows was Mrs Coralie Wilks, MBE, who had been matron of the 1st General Hospital during the war. She and two younger nurses among the party were called on to use their skills in tending the sick and keeping everyone up to the travel deadlines.

Included in the party were five Marlborough RSA members and their wives and these notes are written at the request of the editor and in the hope that they will be of interest to Crossfire readers.

The tour was the brainchild of two very keen ex-23 Battalion men, Sam Baird and Doug Leckie, both from Christchurch, and these two men planned, organised and guided the 98 people through 12 countries. So it was then that a keen sense of anticipation pervaded as these ex-soldiers and their wives were relaxing on Flight TE27 bound for Singapore. The relaxation was made easier by Air New Zealand hospitality, free drinks to while the hours away, free wine with dinner, followed by liqueurs, also on the house. Travel on each of the five airlines was economy class and the writer is pleased to rate Air N.Z. number one for its hospitality, the attentiveness and attitudes of its staff, both male and female.

Many Crossfire readers have been to Singapore so I do not intend to comment at length except to say that we were impressed with the place and its people — hard-working and industrious. The last thing we want to introduce in these notes are any political views but I could not help but be impressed by the words of the Premier, Lee Kuat Yuan in the Singapore Times, calling for discipline both by unions and employers to face the world-wide economic strains. The peep-hole in the doors of the hotel bedrooms and the safety chains made us realise we were no longer in free and easy New Zealand

The party was very pleased to be able to visit Dieppe barracks, the home of the 1st Battalion Royal N.Z. Regiment, and soldiers of the regiment seemed to take pride in demonstrating for us their equipment and discussing their role in the area. After the demonstrations, refreshments at the Tasman Club with a formal welcome by the O.C. of the regiment enabled us to get to know the young soldiers better, talk of home, and compare notes on the army of today and that of 40-odd years ago.

The ladies of the party revelled in the shops, but for the writer highlights were a drink in the long bar at Raffles Hotel, but more particularly the fabulous view of Singapore from the observatory lounge on the top floor (27 from memory) of the Mandarin Hotel, rated one of the leading 10 hotels in the world. But even the slim young beauty in the red dress with the skirt split at the thigh operating the bar could not persuade me to pay \$5 for a can of beer!

And so on to Bangkok, by courtesy of Singapore Airlines. The usual tourist thing is a cruise along the Chao Phya River to a floating market where local produce is sold from boats. On the return journey a stop is made at the magnificent Temple of Dawn. To New Zealand eyes the conditions under which the people inhabiting the banks of the river lived, were unbelievable, yet we found them emerging from such conditions warm, friendly and well-dressed. In the evening most of the party attended a cabaret where a typical meal was served — octopus, squid, starfish, etc. — it sorted out the men from the boys! We sat with our legs beneath the floor level and the waitresses served us by kneeling. Traditional Thai dancing by boys and girls magnificently costumed entertained us between the

several courses.

When the itinerary of the tour was published, there was one particular section where the writer had some reservation (mainly to himself). This was the flight from Bangkok to Cairo by Egypt Air. A further mental question mark was raised when it was announced at the airport that seat numbers would not be allotted — plenty of room on board — just help yourselves to seats. It was necessary for everyone to identify their luggage on the tarmac before embarking — this at 9.30 at night. We were amongst the last on board, only to find all seats taken and were promptly ushered into the cabin crews quarters at the front of the plane. This was crowded both with our party and spare Egyptian crews. After a great deal of grumbling and shuffling of position, we were finally seated together on the somewhat tatty worn upholstery. The Boeing finally took off two hours late—and we were off to Egypt. All during the flight spare pilots kept going up front and offering their services. We were required to use the crew toilets, and on my one trip up front was able to observe the pilot, navigator, engineer, etc., all crouched in the nose of the plane surrounded by luggage and being given plenty of advice by the spare pilots. After a 2-hour touch down at Bahrein, we finally made Cairo Airport after being in the plane for 11 hours.

The first thing to greet our eyes as we stepped down from the plane was an Egyptian soldier in battle orders, fixed bayonet, tin hat, etc., and glancing around the airport facilities noted the sand-bagged machine gun posts on the roofs of the buildings — seemed just like 1940 again! Not to worry, we passed through Customs surprisingly quickly and were soon in the buses and on our way to the Jolie Ville Hotel at Giza, about a mile from the pyramids. This was at 4am and after the uncertainties and misgivings and laughs during the flight we were all pretty soon asleep.

The hotel was Swiss-owned and run and was the only hotel on the tour to be similar to our motor hotels in New Zealand. The rooms were single storey, built in rows and around a central complex of swimming pool, restaurant and bar. The sights around the pool on the Saturday and Sunday afternoons were enough to send the temperatures above the prevailing 21deg!

What can I say about Cairo — a much bigger Cairo than the one we knew — the Dead City is still the Dead City — the poorer classes are housed in great apartment blocks and one notices blocks of unfinished apartments everywhere — there is still plenty of litter everywhere, but strangely no flies! Traffic is fantastic—streams of cars, taxis and buses hurtling along, apparently using their horns as codes between the drivers. Would you believe it, in the streets in the central area, choked with people and traffic, those gharries are still operating! We found the people helpful and friendly when they heard we were New Zealanders returning. One man stopped me in the street and asked if he could help—it turned out he was a professor at Cairo University and he showed us through some of the bigger shops and finally a group of six of us were led to a perfume shop where we all had coffee — still that strong black stuff — and the cups are still cracked!

A trip to the pyramids had to be a must and we had no sooner stepped out of the bus than my wife found herself on top of a camel. The camera was forcibly removed from my hands and it cost me a pound before I could get back either my wife or camera! I was pleased to read in the newspapers that the Government intended to provide at last some facilities at the pyramids — at present the only facilities for such a prime tourist attraction are the seedy looking camels with dung everywhere around the place. The Mena Hotel I once knew has been re-built into a luxury tourist hotel, but I did wander into the foyer, listened to the American accents everywhere and strolled back to the Jolie Ville.

A four-hour trip up the desert road took us to Alamein Cemetery where we paraded under the command of Major Alex Robins, M.C. a former Company Commander of 23 Btn. A wreath was laid and a short ceremony was concluded by



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St Peter and the Devil were arguing about who was going to fix the broken fence between heaven and hell.

Finally, an exasperated St Peter declared: "You mend the fence or I'm going to sue you!"

The confident Devil replied: "Go ahead and sue me. Where are you going to find a lawyer?"

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the playing of the Last Post. The lines of graves, the stark nature of the surrounding country and memories of long ago left us a very thoughtful party. There is a hotel not far from the Cemetery and a museum with a few old tanks scattered around. The museum depicts the various desert campaigns and the successful Egyptian action against the Israelis a few years back. From Alamein we embussed for Alexandria where we spent a night at a hotel on the seafront. Alexandria was disappointing — the once clean city we remembered was dirty and ill-kempt. The following day we returned to Cairo and visited Maadi. Parts of the town are quite attractive with the trees growing right across the roads. The old camp was quite unrecognisable and we could not even locate Bludgers' Hill. About half a dozen of us burst on to the railway station, to the astonishment of the locals, for the purpose of taking photographs. The station is exactly as we left it and the same trains are still travelling up and down to Bab El Louk — even more crowded than before!

LIQUOR PRICES

Bought any liquor at the wholesaler's lately? If not, you'll be in for a shock. Some prices for example are: Gin, 40oz \$11.90, 26oz \$8.10; Whisky, N.Z. \$9.21; Scotch \$12.57; Black Label \$18.05; Brandy \$10.78; Bacardi \$11.86; Vodka \$8.37; Rum \$10.39; Bourbon \$11.66; Pimms \$9.34.

REMEMBRANCE

Several weeks prior to the now famous Battle of El Alamein planned by the new C.C. of the Eighth Army, General Montgomery, several units of the 27th N.Z. Vickers Machine Gun Btn serving in the defensive "Kaponga Box" were withdrawn for a brief spell and set up camp among the sand dunes of a nearby Mediterranean beach. The sand dunes were dotted with a plantation of date palms which we soon discovered were laden with ripe dates.

While we were discussing who would be the first intrepid climber of the tall, sloping palms, we were paraded to hear an announcement by our Quartermaster — who said that to avoid possible broken limbs — our desires had been anticipated — and stores QM had purchased the entire crop from the Arab owner who would arrange picking and we would receive a daily issue.

It was not until years later that I realised what a wise move this had been by our QM or whoever had made the decision and for the first and only time in my life I ate ripe dates picked from a nearby palm.

I feel sure that unless you have swum in the Mediterranean you will not be aware of just how saline the sea water is in contrast to the seas surrounding our own N.Z. shores.

Due to the fact that for many months we had been living in the Western Desert under abnormal conditions whereby it was not possible to obtain the necessary amount of fresh green vegetables and vitamins to maintain good health, many of us had developed a mass of suppurating sores, mainly on our arms and legs despite the best efforts of our medical aid they refused to heal. But after several swims in the salty Med. our sores quickly improved and began to heal and our general health improved, mainly I think because our bodies were receiving their first good wash and immersion in water for several months.

When you realised that every drop of water had to be transported by water trucks some 50 miles from Alexandria to supply many thousands of troops

daily, water was indeed as precious as gold and was of necessity limited.

In fact the daily issue per man was one pint, with which he was to shave, clean his teeth, wash his face only, and find enough for a cup of tea.

There times even now some 39 years later as I go to bathroom and run the tap to wash my face and hands and I suddenly remember those parched days and think what a miracle this abundance would have been.

Shortly after our six wonderful days by the seashore we moved inland to a staging area just off the coast — it was announced that tomorrow we would be addressed by a new C of E Padre. The opening remarks of the padre — an Englishman named Michael Underhill — were to the effect that he was proud to be seconded to the illustrious N.Z. Division who were following in the footsteps of their fathers who had won immortal fame and honour in World War One.

However at this point the padre said that he deprecated the use by a great majority of N.Z. troops of that infamous four-letter word which many of us interspersed between almost every second word. This he thought showed a lack of knowledge of our English language which was rich in oaths, some of which he himself used as occasion demanded. He made a plea that we at least modify our one obvious defect and promised that our conversation would be more rewarding not only to others but to ourselves also.

There was of course lots of merit in the padre's homily. I often wondered just how many took note, improved their vocabulary.

Several times I can remember that in the middle of a heavy barrage of exploding 88mm shells arriving around our slit trenches from Jerry we would look up from our holes to hear the cheerful voice and see the large figure of Padre Underhill calmly strolling along the desert sand smoking his pipe and he would sit down for 10 minutes and have a yarn — during which he would remark "not very friendly neighbours you boys have around here" as another bracket of 88mm shells burst nearby and after a



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340ml glasses	44c
300ml glasses	40c
280ml glasses	38c
225ml glasses	31c
200ml glasses	30c
140ml glasses	25c

SPIRITS (per nip)

Scotch Whisky	58c
Bourbon	56c
Bacardi Rum	55c
Rum	53c
Brandy	50c
NZ Whisky	49c
Vodka	46c
Gin	45c

LET HIM SPRAY: A recently discharged soldier was back at his old job as a travelling radio salesman. One day he called at a farmhouse in Northland and eventually persuaded the farmer to buy a new radio. After a few months the radio suddenly refused to work, no matter how much the farmer twiddled the knobs and shook the cabinet.

When the traveller called again and examined the radio he remarked: "Nothing much wrong — just a couple of valves blown."

"Well, how do you like that," said the farmer bitterly. "Five women in the house and they can't keep the flies away from my radio!"

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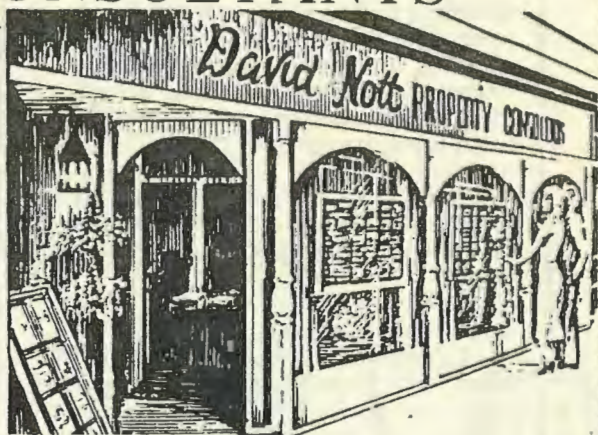
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HOT STUFF: They arrived home late from his welcome home party. Wifey took off her hat and slammed it on the floor. Then she confronted her absent-minded husband.

"I'll never go to another party with you as long as I live," she said.

"Why?" he calmly wanted to know.

"You asked Mrs Jones how her husband had been standing the heat."

"Well?"

"Well, her husband has been dead for three months!"



DRIVERS WANTED

There is still a shortage of drivers to take old people to and from hospital. If you can help at any time, contact Charlie Amey.

WILLING: It was the first day in camp for a line-up of new recruits. "Any of you chaps know anything about short-hand?" asked the sergeant as soon as he arrived.

Three young rookies, hoping for a nice desk job away from the parade ground, stepped forward.

"Right," said the sarge. "They're short-handed down at the cookhouse. Grab a knife from the QM and start peeling potatoes."

QUICK THINKING: Private Henshead had imbibed too freely at the camp canteen and at the court of inquiry the president asked him: "You have heard the evidence of the M.P. Before I pass sentence is there anything you wish to say?"

Pte Henshead: "Yes Colonel, there is only one statement I wish to correct. On the night in question I was not wandering around the camp in a drunken condition. I may have been intoxicated but I certainly was not drunk."

Colonel: "Private Henshead, I shall give you the benefit of the doubt. I intended to fine you two pounds, but in view of your statement, which I am prepared to accept, I will make the fine forty shillings!"

It was eight a.m. at a Las Vegas gambling palace and two lone bettors were still standing by a dice table awaiting further competition when a lusciously endowed brunette, attired in a slack suit, happened by. "Although it's quite early in the day", she announced, "I feel lucky this morning. I'd like to roll the dice once for twenty thousand dollars. Would the two of you care to take me up on the wager?"

"Sure, lady", answered one of the men, "we'll take your action".

"I hope you gentlemen won't mind", she then said, "but the only way I can get lucky is to roll the dice without my panties on". So saying, the lissome lovely proceeded to remove her slacks and panties.

With a shout of "Momma needs a new pair of pants!" she rolled the dice, gave a squeal of delight and yelled, "I win!" She then picked up her money, her slacks and her underwear and made a hasty exit from the room.

The two men exchanged double takes and one of them blurted out, "Hey, what did she roll, anyway?"

"How the hell should I know?" snapped the other. "I thought you were watching the dice"

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"I'd like to buy some gloves for my wife", the young man said, eyeing the attractive salesgirl, "but I don't know her size".

"Will this help?" she asked sweetly, placing her hand in his.

"Oh, yes", he answered. "Her hands are just slightly smaller than yours".

"Will there be anything else?" the salesgirl queried as she wrapped the gloves.

"Now that you mention it", he replied, "she also needs a bra and panties..."

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Never because you are miserable."*

G. K. Chesterton.



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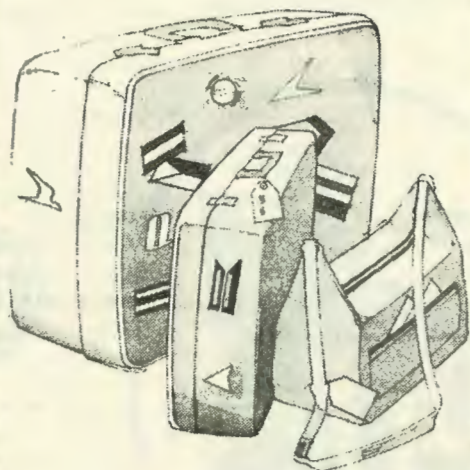
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NO ZIPPER: The new doctor was the only one available when the ex-Kiwi's wife was suddenly taken ill. Called to the home he went upstairs but came down a few minutes later to inquire: "Have you got a pair of pliers?" He took the tool and disappeared upstairs for the second time. Several minutes later he was back. "Got a screwdriver handy?" he asked the anxious old soldier. Almost immediately he was back again. "A chisel and hammer," he demanded. The distraught old soldier could not stand it any longer. "Good gracious, Doc," he begged, "what's the matter with my missus?"

"Don't know yet," was the reply. "I can't get my medicine bag open!"

RISING FAST: A large family lived on a farm in Northland and every year a new baby arrived. This meant that rations were cut down, and clothes were shared, so that the elder children slowly grew resentful of the new arrivals. Their attitude spread quickly to the younger members of the family. One day during the war years, the Army came to their district on manoeuvres and dropped many parachutists. They seemed to fill the sky as they floated down over the farmhouse. Little Hoani ran to his father and yelled: "Hey, Dad! Get your gun and come this way."

"What's the matter son?" said Dad.

"There's no time to lose," panted Hoani, "the storks are sending them over fully grown now!"

LIGHT TALK: A Kiwi from Papakura met his soldier mate from Waiouru and the conversation got around to unit football.

"Our team played so badly last year that each player was presented with a cigarette lighter," said the Papakura Kiwi.

"Why cigarette lighters?"

"Well, we lost all our matches!"

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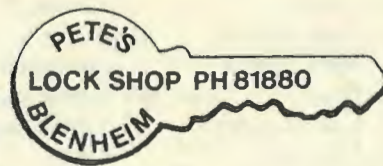
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CUT OFF: A wedding ring is like a tourniquet — it stops circulation.

SHE KNEW: During the last war an American soldier swaggered into a hotel lift in Auckland and as it moved upward started to impress the pretty young operator.

"I'm sure all these stops and starts must make you tired," he said.

"No," she replied icily. "I don't mind the stops and starts, but I sure get tired of the jerks!"

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crossword puzzle 20

ACROSS

1. Fishing rod
5. Charlotte Corday's victim
10. Irish fuel
14. In a line
15. Rope fiber
16. Therefore (Lat.)
17. Surface a road
18. Garden flower
20. Pub beverage
21. Ready money
22. Desert stopovers
23. Face cosmetic
25. Tart
27. Guarantee
29. Available substitute (comp. wd.)
32. Nuts and —
33. Musical tone
34. Dull routine
36. Historical times
37. Tribal groups
38. Layer of upside-down —
39. Animal's lair
40. Push rudely
41. Conducting stick
42. Religious hermit
44. Coin of Hungary
45. Metallic fabric

46. Takes care of
47. Call loudly
50. Curve
51. Fall behind
54. Man's sash
57. Grotto
58. Grows older
59. Equine animal
60. Finished
61. Theater award.
62. Proprietor
63. Heated

DOWN

1. Male parent
2. Spoken
3. Smooching spot (2 wds.)
4. Female sheep
5. Supervise
6. Demean

7. Impulsive
8. Behave
9. Greek T
10. Kind of firecracker
11. Strife goddess
12. Chills and fever
13. Male turkeys
19. Circular
21. Mongrel dogs
24. Ins and —
25. Pebble or gem
26. Rowing blades
27. Still sleeping
28. More tender
29. Remove beard
30. Czechoslovakian city
31. River in Alaska

33. Near by
35. Canvas shelter
37. Close pal
38. Deuce or tray
40. Blackboard
41. Agent 007, James —
43. Awkward
44. Often-dented car part
46. On edge
47. Shoo!
48. French novelist Victor —
49. Portent
50. Scorch
52. Declare
53. Microbe
55. Greek letter
56. Violin stick
57. Dairy animal

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14					15						16			
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		23	24					25	26					
27	28						29					30	31	
32							33					34		35
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47	48	49					50					51	52	53
54					55	56					57			
58					59						60			
61					62						63			

(Answer on Page 36)



ALGETY TRAVEL

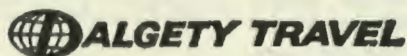
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The grade-school principal dropped into the new third-grade teacher's room to see how she was adjusting to her first day of school. "There is one problem", she said. "That little boy in the first row belongs in second grade, but insists on remaining here, and he's so smart I hate to send him back".

"He can't be that smart", said the principal. "Ask him something".

The teacher called the boy forward and inquired, "What does a dog do on three legs that a man does on two legs and I do sitting down?"

"Shakes hands", said the boy.

"What has a cow got four of that I have only two of?" she went on.

"Legs", the boy replied.

"What is a four-letter word meaning intercourse?" she continued.

"Talk", he answered.

The teacher turned to the principal. "Well, what should I do?"

He drew her aside and whispered "Better promote him to the fourth grade. I missed all three questions"

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A weekend golfer having four-putted the last hole, threw his clubs into the golf cart and drove toward the clubhouse. Arriving there, he saw a squad car parked by the entrance. As he walked toward the locker room, a policeman stopped him. "Did you drive from the 15th tee about half an hour ago?" the officer asked.

"Yes."

"Did you hook your ball over those trees and off the course?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact, I did," replied the puzzled golfer.

With anger in his voice the policeman continued, "Your ball sailed out on the highway, cracked the windshield of a woman's car; she couldn't see where she was going and ran into a fire truck; the fire truck couldn't get to the fire, and a house burned down! What are you going to do about it?"

The golfer pondered a moment, picked up his driver, and said, "Well, I think I'm going to open my stance a little and move my left thumb around farther toward my right side."

Beverley stretched out on the psychiatrist's couch, looking forlorn but comely. With genuine emotion she cried, "I just can't help myself, doctor. No matter how hard I try to resist, I bring five or six men with me into my bedroom every night. Last night there were ten. I just feel miserable, I don't know what to do".

In understanding tones, the doctor rumbled, "Yes, I know, I know, my dear".

"Oh!" the surprised girl exclaimed. "Were you there last night, too?"

CROSSWORD PUZZLE 20

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

A stranger went to church and when the offering plate came around he took out fifty cents and pocketed it. Noting it, the vicar mentioned it as the stranger left the service.

"Yes," said the man, I know it's a terrible thing, but I've been doing it for years and I can't seem to break myself of the habit. The real trouble is that it's so embarrassing."

The vicar advised him to see a psychologist friend of his and then come back when he was cured.

Sure enough the stranger returned to a service, and again the vicar noted that he took fifty cents. Later the stranger told the vicar that he had been to see the psychologist.

"I'm so glad you sent me," he said. "You know, I don't feel a bit embarrassed about it now."

★ ★ ★

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