

VOL. 2, NO. 11

OCTOBER 1980

CROSSFIRE



OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE
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EDITORIAL . . .

Past Bulletins have covered various activities of the Army and the Air Force, but little has been said about the Navy and very little has been contributed by the men who served in what is aptly referred to as the Silent Service. On November 15 the local branch of the Ex-Navalmen's Association is holding a cabaret in the Pavilion Lounge at which they hope the guest of honour will be the Chief of Naval Staff. To give the navalmen a boost to their ego and to help publicise their cabaret, this edition of Crossfire has a definite navy-blue tint. There are articles from pre-World War One days right through to the present day and we trust our readers will enjoy the contributions as much as those who served in the Navy.

You may have noticed the photographs of ships and planes in the Bar Lounge. The three services promised us half a dozen of each to brighten up the club and so far the Navy and Air Force have kept their promise. We look forward to the Army contribution.

The Ladies and Escorts Bar is to be brightened up a bit more by the replacement of the aged, temperamental and dilapidated venetian blinds with filter curtains. These can be left across at all times and will shield members from the admiring gaze of the public using the carpark. When the existing curtains are drawn as well, there should then be total privacy.

The architect is now drawing up the specifications and working drawings for stage one of the building improvements and everyone is patiently waiting for the start of the work, most especially all those volunteers who are lining up.

Finally, keeping in touch with our widows is being made easier as each will now receive a letter of condolence from the members of the RSA and a list of the assistance we can give them should they require it. We have also agreed to be a sponsoring group for offenders sentenced to community service when this form of punishment becomes effective on February 1, 1981. These people will be used to assist our widows and disabled in the maintenance of their properties.

P. A. BRODIE

KEEP THIS DATE FREE !!

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1

8pm to 12 midnight

RSA Social Lounge

The Men's Indoor Bowling Club will be holding their annual end of season Social and presentation of championship cups.

Dance music and musical items by the Orphans Club.

Entry fee: Ladies a plate, men \$1.

Members are invited to bring their friends along and join us in what will be a happy, enjoyable and inexpensive evening.

J. AHERN,
President

COMING EVENTS

NOVEMBER

- 15 Ex-Navalmen's Fun Night, RSA Hall.
- 22 Ex-Malayan Assn Hangi, Awarua Park.

NEW MEMBER

815535—WILSON, Arthur Trevor

PRESIDENT'S REPORT . . .

The routine business connected with the Association has kept us busy in the past few weeks. Especially important was the decision taken to admit service members. Although it has been obvious for some time that we would eventually have to increase our membership by some means, when it came to the decision-making time, it was evident that some members had misgivings. Now that the die has been cast, we should all be able to evaluate the soundness of that decision in the next few months. I am certain in my mind that with only 2½% being admitted at this stage we should find it a useful lesson for the future.

On Saturday, September 13, Dick Boddington our head steward for the past few years decided to retire. On your behalf I farewelled Dick and thanked him for the sterling work he has done during the years he has been with us. We all hope that Dick and Mrs Boddington have many years of happy retirement ahead of them.

I must apologise to those of you who came to the clubhouse on the evening of the 13th to welcome the members of Porirua RSA who had asked if they could visit us. As I announced over the speaker they would be arriving about 7pm. For some unknown reason they never appeared except for three or four just as we were closing. As yet I have no idea why they didn't put in an appearance. The pity of it all was the fact that we had entertainment laid on for them. I know that Bill Herewini will no doubt let us know. However, those of us who did wait for them enjoyed ourselves.

The RNZAF Charter Parade went off like clockwork on September 19 and Paul Brodie looked after them during lunch which they had in our lounge. The CO, Brian Greer, thanked us once again for allowing them the use of our facilities.

September 21 was, of course, Battle of Britain Sunday. The number were small for the 40th anniversary. The RNZAF naturally were well represented, but it would seem to all intents and purposes that this could be the last time such a service takes place in which they participate. One of our members gave an indication that he would be prepared to take over the Air Force Association and get it back to the lively branch that it used to be. Time will tell if this does occur.

Through a family bereavement my wife and I were unable to attend the final evening of the indoor bowling section and we both regretted that. However, I understand Bob Miller, who represented me, did a good job and enjoyed himself into the bargain and I thank him.

Likewise, for the same reason, I thank Eric Bishell for stepping in at short notice to attend a funeral at the Salvation Army chapel.

I notice that we have some of our members standing for council in the local body elections. It is good to see that we have such public spirited members and I am sure that I can wish them well on your behalf.

It is an honour to be president of Marlborough RSA and I am aware of it. I am also aware of the responsibilities which are allied to the job. I know that my executive share the same beliefs as I do. With so many activities under the same roof, such as pool, darts, shooting, indoor and outdoor bowls and of course golf, we have to ensure that the majority are catered for. That is what we were all elected for. So I am saddened to read an article appearing in a new publication called Marlborough Bowling Digest. This magazine is circulated to all bowling clubs throughout Marlborough. In an article by-lined "Jack-Hi" he or she states "that they (presumably RSA outdoor bowlers) have been kicked in the guts so often by their executive that they must surely be just about ready to pull up their roots and look elsewhere." I am assured that this is not the opinion of the RSA bowls executive who deny all knowledge of the article. It is an article though, that obviously must have been written by a member. As an ex-newspaper man I am well aware of the value of publicity and advertising. Good provocative writing can do immense good for any organisation. I am also well aware of the dangers of slander and libel. It should be unnecessary for me to remind anyone of these laws! I would ask

that if the writer, he or she, feels so strongly about it, they take the benefit of their own advice.

Finally, there are still breaches of the visitors' rule being committed and I emphasise the seriousness to the association of a complaint to the Licensing Control Commission. You probably don't realise that visiting other clubs is illegal in accordance with the Sale of Liquor Act and all chartered clubs have a petition going to have the law changed so that we will have reciprocal visiting rights. Please see the notice on our noticeboard and fill in your name and address.

THE SOCIAL STATUS RACE

Let them lead you by the nose
And tell you what to wear
Be conservative and don't step out of place.
Keep a diplomatic tongue
Lest you slip down a rung
On the ladder of progression in the social status race.

Wear a clean shirt every day
With your suit of blue or grey
With a tie that's not too plain — nor too flash
Then you'll do the best you can
Your efforts then rewarded by the gain of cold hard cash

Your progression will be swift
As steadily you drift
Across the sea of life we all must face
But once safe within the system
There is no rhyme or reason
Why you can't be top dog in the social status race.

You'll have friends and won't be lonely
Though they may be somewhat phony
And you'll have no need for those you've left behind
For you're then the self-made man
And the future's in your hands
And all will stand in awe at the signature you've signed.

You won't think about the others
Who say love is all that matters
For love is all that matters
For love will not buy you a red sportscar
And every fool now knows
That you must have modern clothes
To be the well respected, rat race social star.

Then with retirement impending
A gold watch they'll be sending
To this man who was a class above the rest.
And they'll shed a tear of grief
When they have to lay the wreath
And then fight it out to fill the space you've left.

So you see my eager friend,
This is where you may well end
If you take the path outlined in this preface
But it's been done before
And doubtless many more
Will fall foul to the temptation

Of that great exhilaration
To be the sole configuration
And earn the admiration
Of all throughout the nation
Who do not spit in the face
Of the Social Status Race.

THINGS I HAVE OBSERVED

Fat women and fat men have difficulty in
dancing cheek to cheek.

Teenagers look quite normal to each other.

Never try painting your house using a rope
ladder. I won't explain why, just don't do
it.

Ever since my school days I've remembered
with awe that school teachers "never
had to leave the room."

That barbers and milkmen who are
supposed to give such good racing tips
are still cutting hair and delivering milk.

□ □ □

EDITORIAL

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

PRINTING

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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.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM OCTOBER EXECUTIVE MEETING

Service membership to be implemented as soon as administratively possible — No reply from Borough Council concerning take-over of an RSA car parking space — Summer-Redcliffs RSA visit to be arranged in the New Year — \$30 donation to Relief Account received from Ex-Malayan Assn — Salvation Army appeal for funds declined — No further Battle of Britain commemoration to be arranged by the RSA — RSA golf section prizes to be donated for tournament in November — Petition to review sentence on J. R. Naysmith received, but declined — Plans received for additional storage room and toilet and work to proceed as soon as possible, hopefully with mainly volunteer labour — Alan Eatwell congratulated on Award of Life Membership — Letter to be sent to widows to offer any assistance possible — Barmen to be equipped with white shirts and bow ties — Christmas cabaret to be held December 13 — Christmas Draw December 6 — Dominion President and Mrs Leuchars to present Merit Badge to Johnnie Murrell at Picton on December 6 — John Walton and Ike Cameron were approved as applicants for 1981 Anzac delegation to Australia.

AND 25 YEARS AGO . . .

Present: J. A. Bell (chair) and Messrs Walsh, Scott, Bush, Naysmith, Waters, Perkins, Wanden, Bullen, Hadfield, Cole, Tizard (secretary), Harris, Madsen, Neilson, Parker and Delany.

Mr Perkins reported on meeting of bowling club who felt they would like to know who is responsible for the bowling club pavilion. The secretary was instructed to advise the bowling club that the present pavilion is the property of the association, but the executive are quite willing to let the bowling club make use of it, but would request it be made available to other organisations when application is made — Sounds branch holding reunion — Women's section indoor bowls made donation of £10 towards building fund — Marlborough to ask for Australian Anzac delegates — National flag to be flown on special days —

General account showed debit balance of £164 and Relief account a credit of £69 — Successful ball held at Kaikoura — Diggers golf tournament set for October 23 — Executive to be rostered for bar duties (no paid stewards were employed) — Advertising for a custodian — Sir Edmund Hillary to be invited to be guest of honour at the annual ball — Cash register to be purchased — Marlborough Club defeated RSA at billiards — Corporals' Club visited the RSA — Mr Waters reported on a district tour as the District Vice President.

AND 30 YEARS AGO . . .

Present: W. A. Hood (president), Messrs Bell, Waters, Wanden, Mears, Briden, Horton, Delany, Munro, Harrison, Broadley, Bain (secretary), Lyon, Madsen, West, Kitching and Parker.

Water to be laid on to cemetery by public works — Donations being called for to support a nurses' memorial — RSA to participate in mock Mayoral election — Overdraft facilities arranged with Bank of Australasia — Letter from Temuka RSA requesting concerted action in preparing a case for a Royal Commission investigating pensions — Picton and East Coast branches made donations of £10 to the general account — £5 worth of Health Stamps to be purchased — 50% rate rebate received from the Borough Council — Request sent to all branches for any surplus funds for the general account — Sub-branch to be formed at Havelock — Increased clubhouse turnover since relaxing the rules of the locker system — Mr Reid presented a photograph of the 1920-21 executive.

★ ★ ★

It is said that the difference can be shown between an English woman and a French woman by asking them the question. "What significance has the date June 22nd?"

An English woman will reply that June 22nd is the shortest day of the year; a French woman will tell you that it is the longest night of the year

★ ★ ★

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BLENHEIM WOMEN'S SECTION

There were approximately 100 members at our September meeting. President Mrs Kennington welcomed all, including three new members.

The Blenheim CWI Drama Group were present to entertain us with three items: Musical Extravaganza, Expectant Couple and Musical Mime. Mrs Wells accompanied the group and also played incidental music. Those present enjoyed an entertaining and hilarious afternoon.

The sales table and raffle were well supported and members were reminded of the shop day.

This will be on

**FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, at
CENTREPOINT**

Donations to all the stalls would be most appreciated. The stalls are: White Elephant, Produce, Sweets and Cakes, all Handwork, Novelties and Raffles.

The Shop Day is a section effort — we would like the support of all members.

The Veterans' Afternoon was well attended and in the absence of our president, Mrs Colleen Neal welcomed the guests.

Mr Allan Gardiner played the piano accordion and the popular tunes were much appreciated. During the afternoon tea, Mrs Harris, one of our guests, was honoured on the occasion of a very special birthday.

At the conclusion of the afternoon, Mrs Powick, on behalf of the veterans, thanked the women's section.



ADCENTRE

P.O. BOX 217, Blenheim.
Telephone 83-747.

This Magazine has been published at no cost to members by

ADCENTRE

All members are requested to support those who make this publication possible.

The scene is a beautiful old Norman church in a small sleepy village. "What a wonderful old church", enthused a visiting American matron. "so quiet and peaceful and serene and restful! You must have many people coming in here for prayer and meditation?"

"Ar, we do that", replied the verger. "Oi caught two of 'em at it yesterday!"

★ ★ ★

A bushman had been sentenced to hang, but just as preparations were finished the siren sounded at the timber-works.

The hangman went off to lunch, leaving the bushman bound and standing on the trap.

Along came a swaggie and asked the bushman, "What are you doing up there?"

He replied through the bag over his head, "This is my job. I get \$30 a day. Want to swap?"

The swaggie jumped at the offer and they changed places. A few minutes later the hangman returned and pulled the lever.

The rope broke and the swaggie fell like a bag of potatoes. "No wonder this job pays well," he moaned. "I nearly broke my flamin' neck."

★ ★ ★

The parson called on an 80-year-old man and asked him how he was getting along with his 20-year-old bride.

"Can't keep me hands off her," said the old man

"Ah, true love," said the minister, "how lovely. How it cuts the age barrier".

A month later the minister called again — and again asked the aged man how he was getting along with his young wife.

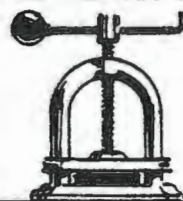
"Can't keep me hands off her," said the grazier.

On the third monthly visit the parson asked the question again.

"She's gone," said the old chap. "Ran off with one of me hands."

★ ★ ★

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RSA WOMEN'S SECTION

SHOP DAY

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21

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CROCHET — PRODUCE — SEWING —
KNITTING — NOVELTIES — RAFFLES

Donations to stalls will be appreciated.



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H. A. THOMSON
A. G. HEMMING
W. P. GIBSON
A. K. GANE

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.

PICTON RSA NEWS

September has been a busy month, with many visitors. No doubt the improved amenities and pleasant surroundings and warmth from the heating arrangements have encouraged folk in transit to prolong their stay in our clubrooms.

Those among us whose drinking is curtailed or confined to the soft drink shelf, can still enjoy the pool tables, etc., when the bar is closed during the day.

However, the club belongs to all members and you don't have to qualify as "drinker of the year" to enjoy the facilities available. So, track down that member friend who hasn't been along for some time, and surprise them with the newly altered clubrooms for relaxation.

With the increase in postal charges and the price of milk going up in the near future we would suggest that you satisfy your thirst and deliver your good cheer to your friends at the club personally.

"Come in smiling and leave laughing."

A much-needed new light has been erected in the carpark and voluntary members are progressing well with work on the new storeroom. The foundations were put down by Wally Parfitt, Norm Henderson, Jim Maxwell and son B. Maxwell, Ross Fredericks, Ces Ivamy Vern Dury and Gordon Mattingley. The block-laying is now being completed by Norm and Kai Jesen.

Our "new-look" raffle board has proved to be very popular during the first month's trial and secretary-treasurer Gordon was seen smiling and rubbing his hands by one of our spies, as if he was in a stock exchange.

The response to those going on the Westport visit has been disappointing this time, only 14 putting their names forward. However, they can be sure of a very warm welcome from president Jim Rathbun and his merry band of helpers.

On December 6 a social evening will be held at the clubrooms for the presentation of Johnny Murrell's Merit Badge by Dominion president Mr Doug Leuchars.

At the same function, four women's section members will be granted Honorary Life Membership of the Picton Branch, Marlborough RSA.

This was approved at an extraordinary general meeting held on September 30, 1980. The recipients will be:

Mrs Margaret Annie Naomi Charters
Mrs Dorothy May Dahlberg
Mrs Eileen Mattingley
Mrs Jean Margaret Taylor

Our sincere congratulations on a well-deserved honour, girls.

We of the executive are very much aware of the sterling assistance given by so many of the women's section members in helping with the various operations in running the club.

Believe me, your efforts are fully appreciated.

—CLIVE

PICTON WOMEN'S SECTION

The meeting held on September 9 was the last of the daytime gatherings for this year.

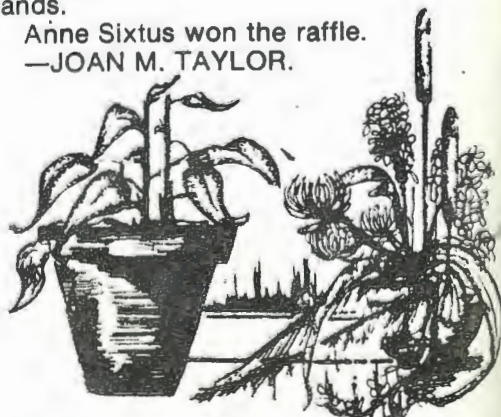
With the start of the outdoor bowling season we change to evening meetings for the convenience of the many bowlers among our members.

The suggestion that some members may care to make a pebble garden near the entrance of the clubrooms was very well received and has already been commenced, with pleasing results.

There were 25 "guest speakers" at the meeting so president June Ireland asked all present to take turns in giving a brief summary of our first 21 years, starting from where born, number in family, school attended, etc.

This proved to be a novel and enjoyable entertainment with some surprises — we even had a member from the Channel Islands.

Anne Sixtus won the raffle.
—JOAN M. TAYLOR.



EX-ROYAL NAVALMEN'S ASSN (Marlborough) Inc

Ahoy Shipmates! And other such nautical salutations! We are indebted to the Marlborough RSA for featuring in this month's Crossfire magazine Navy and ex-Navy news.

We also sincerely thank our local RSA for their continued assistance during the "rebirth" of our local Ex-Navalmen's Club and for allowing us the use of their facilities. Thanks also for the assistance offered by our past secretary-manager the late Keith Jamieson and our present S/M Paul Brodie.

On April 27, 1977, under the chairmanship of ex-Navy Diver Peter Thomas, ably assisted by ex-Yeoman of Signals Bert Anscombe and a small but willing band of ex-Navy workers, hauled the local association out of mothballs and decided it was time all those ex-Navy lads and lasses should come out of retirement and get organised again.

So far, we have only two ex-Jenny Wrens, namely Terri Hart who has been with us since our re-birth and Elva Adams who has been serving these last 12 months or more as our very able secretary/treasurer.

We want some more of these non-male persons who I am sure, must be hiding in and around Marlborough after retiring from Navy service. So come on girls! Come forward and join us.

In April 1978 friend Peter, through job opportunity, was forced to leave us and go to Wanganui. His able hand at the tiller was sadly missed. Bert Anscombe filled his shoes with equal enthusiasm and ability and for the next two years was our president. During this time our ranks swelled to total 35 and from many walks of life came our members.

We had a busy two years under Bert's helmsmanship and we instigated a feature which we feel sure other clubs will follow.

This was to bring into our membership ex-sailors who served under the "Red Duster" in hostile waters during World War Two and the Korean confrontation.

We are proud to have among our "Red Duster" members brothers Captain Tom and Bert Eckfold, who have proved to be an asset to our club.

During Bert Anscombe's reign as president we were able to offer our assistance to other organisations particularly those with a nautical background.

We met several Navy ships from both New Zealand and Australia visiting the port of Picton and were able to show these sailors some Marlborough hospitality.

We donated a new ensign to the Picton Sea Scouts and we fixed the halyards on the RSA's flagmast.

We had three successful socials, the last of these was held at the Picton RSA clubrooms and was very well organised by our Picton members.

We are having another on November 15 at the Blenheim RSA and this one threatens to be a "doozy," being ably organised by Shipmate Graeme Simpson and his small but willing band of helpers.

So, readers, remember the night of November 15 and join us in a night's frivolity and bring your friends.

—DOUG W. SIMPSON (President).

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THE ROYAL NAVY PRIOR TO WW1

The Role of The Fleet

"THE IRON HAND OF THE NAVAL DOMINION"

It is difficult for those who live on shore to realise the potent influence which the British Fleet is exercising. It seems preposterous that about 300,000 men, because they happen to live and work — and work hard, mind you — in armed ships, should be able not merely to dominate all the seas, but to make their influence felt in far remote corners of the world.

A few years before the opening of the war, Admiral von Maltzahn, a highly reputed officer of the German Navy, tried to convey to his countrymen an adequate impression of the extent to which they would be affected if Germany became involved in war with England.

"Not simply the coasts," he wrote, "but the whole country would suffer if an enemy were to blockade our ports. It is true that the hostile ships could not proceed further than the shoreline, but the iron hand of their naval dominion would stretch beyond the limits of the sea.

It would hammer at the gates of the factories in the great industrial centres of the heart of the country, and it would rap on the doors of the houses of our working men."

That constriction, which the whole German Empire is suffering today, owing to the blockade, is also being applied to the vast populations of Austria, Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria; 120,000,000 people are besieged by sea. The enemy flag is no longer seen, save for a chance raider which now and again escapes destruction for a time, and the inhumane campaign against merchant ships, which has already resulted in the murder of thousands of defenceless non-combatants — men, women and little children.

While no-one of the British Dominions has been molested, except South Africa — where swift punishment followed upon aggression — the colonies which were the pride of the German people and on which they had lavished treasure and labour, have been wrenched from them.

The Germanic Powers have become to all intents and purposes inland states, because the British Fleet, in association with the smaller fleets of France, Italy, Russia and Japan, so decreed.

The curtain has been rung down on Germany's colonial and maritime ambitions, and an era of Germanic development has closed.

Whatever may happen on land, victory must rest with the Powers supreme at sea. The situation resembles that of a century or more ago, when "Nelson's storm-tossed ships, on which the Grand Armée never looked, stood between it and the dominion of the world.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NAVY

The British Fleet represents a great tradition. As one stands before the majestic figure of Alfred the Great nearby the Cathedral at Winchester, with the immemorial down as a background, one realises that, although the ships have changed, the spirit of the Navy remains the same.

The great three-decker has been replaced by the Dreadnought; the role of the frigate is fulfilled by the graceful cruiser; the fireship is represented by the destroyer and the submarine.

It may be contended that the Navy, with its anchors securely fixed in a glorious past, fought every change due to the application of physical science to warfare at seas with stubborn conservatism. That attitude is no matter for wonder. The great seamen who guided the development of the Fleet may well have thought that any change must be a change for the worse.

When the claims of the steam engine were first advanced by Brunel, the Board of Admiralty, with their back to the wall, announced that "they felt it their bounden duty upon national and professional grounds to discourage to the utmost of their ability the employment of steam vessels, as they considered that the introduction of steam was calculated to strike a fatal blow to the naval supremacy of the Empire."

The sail era had brought glory; why risk innovations, then untried?

The attitude of the old sailors of an even later date was reflected by Sir John Barrow, for over 40 years Secretary of the Admiralty. Writing in 1846, he remarked that "a dangerous set of projectors appear to have

recently found their way into the good graces of the Admiralty and supplied their lordships with a whole fleet of iron steam vessels, altogether useless, it would seem, as ships of war."

At a later date the submarine was a practical ship of war made its appearance in the French and American Fleets.

Naval opinion, which a generation before had rejected breech-loading guns and reverted to muzzle-loaders, was as deeply opposed to the submarine as were Nelson, Keith, Barham and the great seamen of the Napoleonic War, to the proposals embodied in Fulton's crude design.

As late as 1900, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty declared in the House of Commons that "The Admiralty are not prepared to take any steps in regard to submarines, because this vessel is only the weapon of the weaker nation."

Step by step, those who controlled the naval affairs of the country fought every application of physical science to the fleet.

They suspected everything with which they were unfamiliar. As the custodians of great tradition, they hesitated to adopt innovations until they were convinced that those innovations were desirable, and would contribute to the security of the British Empire.

Educated and trained in the old school, they were conservative in their attitude to all things new and strange.

THE SHADOW OF WAR

Since the time of Alfred the Great there had been only one radical change in British naval power down to the end of the 19th century, and that occurred when the steam-driven iron ship made her appearance, to be followed by the introduction of the rifled gun and the development of the automobile torpedo.

Then, when the shadow of the present conflict was already discerned by some far-seeing men in this country, change upon change occurred.

There is not a ship today in the first line of the Navy which has not been built since the opening of the present century. In the early years of this century the revolution began. It was a matter of policy — foreign, naval and military.

In 1884 Bismarck wrote to Count Munster, German Ambassador in London, that, unless England was prepared to assist Germany in securing her place in the sun, "Germany would seek from France the assistance which she failed to obtain from England."

Those challenging words were not forgotten.

Years passed.

The war in South Africa revealed something of the heart of Germany. It was followed by the death of Queen Victoria, the accession of King Edward VII and the development by the British Government with the Marquis of Lansdowne at the Foreign Office, of a new policy towards other European states, which has proved the sheet-anchor of civilisation.

What Bismarck had threatened to do, the British Government achieved, and the foundations were laid of an entente with France, the wide sweeping influence of which on our naval and military plans only became apparent to the man in the street with the passage of years.

As England's first line of defence, as of offence, was the Fleet, the first need was a seaman capable of adapting the Fleet to the new policy.

That man was Admiral Sir John — now Lord — Fisher, then C-i-C on the Mediterranean Station.

He was brought back to England, and by the time he reached these shores he had completed a series of memoranda embodying what he regarded as essential changes in the distribution of the Fleet, the organisation of the naval establishments, the education of officers and men, and the design of ships.

There was no detail of naval administration which was not reviewed in the light of the new political situation then fast developing.

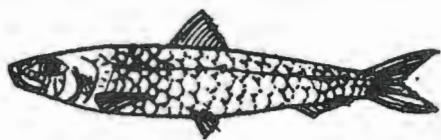
When the war occurred in South Africa, the British Fleet was spread over the great spaces of the oceans of the world, with a fighting nucleus in the Mediterranean; when Germany threw down the gage on August 4, 1914, a new Fleet, with a new organisation, had come into existence, and took up its station in the North Sea vis-a-vis to the second greatest Naval Power in the world, other squadrons being in the

Mediterranean, the Far East, the Pacific and the Atlantic.

The mobilisation of the British Fleet on the outbreak of the present war was the triumphant vindication of years of unceasing labour by a group of far-seeing seamen, with Lord Fisher at their head; it represented our Trafalgar.

As an Empire with maritime tentacles in all parts of the world, Germany and her partner ceased to breathe, and were compelled after the destruction of Admiral von Spee's squadron to confine their naval hopes to submarines creeping stealthily underwater in pursuit of a policy of pillage and piracy on the high seas.

The great navy on which the Germans had lavished a sum of £300m and in which resided their hopes of world conquest, which embraced the American continent from Hudson Bay to the Strait of Magellan, stood defeated from the day when the British Navy, in sufficiency and efficiency, was mobilised.



FISHERIES PROTECTION

The Ministry of Defence carries out surveillance and policing of foreign fishing activities to the 200-mile limit of the exclusive economic zone as its contribution to the management of New Zealand fishing resources.

The Patrol Craft Squadron comprising HMNZS Pukaki, Hawea, Taupo and Rotoiti undertake these duties in the territorial sea. HMNZS Taranaki carries out deeper water patrols, as does HMNZS Waikato.

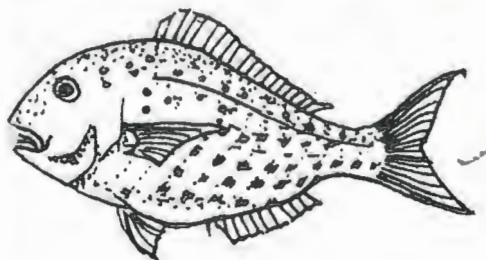
Other RNZN vessels report on the activities of foreign fishing vessels during the course of their normal duties.

RNZAF Orion, Andover and Skyhawk aircraft also fly reconnaissance of territorial and closed fishing areas and regularly patrol to the limits of the zone. Closer co-ordination of RNZAF and RNZN activities at Maritime Defence Headquarters, which is located at RNZAF Base Whenuapai, has enabled both services to play a more effective role in the zone.

It is not however possible to utilise fully all available resources because fuel restrictions permit only two patrol craft to carry out patrols at any one time for the greater part of the year.

Nevertheless, 251 courtesy and investigatory boardings were carried out by RNZN vessels and 13 arrests made in 1979-80.

Two vessels subsequently convicted for serious infringements of the Exclusive Economic Zone Regulations were confiscated.



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GENESIS OF THE ROYAL NEW ZEALAND NAVY

(From Official History of the Royal New Zealand Navy)

New Zealand is rich in Naval traditions that reach back for nearly two centuries.

On his first voyage to the Pacific in 1769-70 Captain Cook, RN, in HMS Endeavour, circumnavigated these islands and disproved the belief that the country was part of a fabulous Terra Australis.

Seventy years later came Captain William Hobson, RN, whose treaty with the Maoris, signed at Waitangi in February, 1840, established British sovereignty in New Zealand.

That sovereignty was affirmed in the South Island six months later when Captain Owen Stanley of HMS Britomart hoisted the Union flag at Akaroa.

Hobson was New Zealand's first Governor and was succeeded in September, 1842 by Captain Robert Fitzroy, RN.

In 1848 came Captain J. L. Stokes, in HMS Acheron and Commander Byron Drury in HMS Pandora on the first detailed survey of New Zealand's coasts and harbours.

In those times New Zealand and Australia were included in the vast East Indies and China Command of the Royal Navy established in 1816.

Even more extensive was the contiguous Pacific Command, established in 1819 under Commodore Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy, who was Nelson's flag captain at Trafalgar.

From the 1820s onwards ships of the East Indies Command made occasional

visits to New Zealand to show the flag and enforce some semblance of law and order at the Bay of Islands.

The Australian Station, which included New Zealand and many of the South Sea Islands, was established as a separate command in March 1859.

Ships of the Royal Navy played a notable part in the Maori Wars, especially in the 1860s when a flotilla of gunboats operated on the Waikato River and landing parties took part in combined operations elsewhere. Two of the earliest naval Victoria Crosses were won in the fighting of 1860 and 1864.

The Russian "war scare" or 1885 first compelled serious attention to the defence of New Zealand. During the next four years much money was spent on forts and other coastal defences, including submarine mining equipment and two small steamers to handle it.

Four second-class torpedo-boats built in England (the first two arrived in 1887) were allocated to the four main ports.

These little vessels, as well as the mining organisation were controlled and operated by the military authorities.

In addition to 12 batteries of garrison artillery in the various coastal centres from Auckland to Invercargill, the New Zealand Naval Volunteer Artillery Corps was formed to man the coastal batteries in the forts at the four main ports and at several secondary ports.

The problem of naval defence received much attention in Australia and New Zealand during those years. The New Zealand Premier (Sir Robert Stout) in correspondence with Rear Admiral Tryon, Commander in Chief Australian Station, informed him that "my Government feel

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aggrieved that New Zealand should be without direct protection from the Australasian Squadron . . ."

The Agent General in London was instructed to negotiate with the Admiralty for a first-class cruiser to be stationed in New Zealand waters. The vessel was to "remain an ordinary Queen's ship" but her disposition was to be "controlled by the Governor on the advice of his Ministers."

Nothing came of this scheme, but at a conference of colonial premiers in London in 1887 an agreement was concluded for the better protection of seaborne trade in Australian and New Zealand waters. In addition to the existing squadron, an

auxiliary force of five third-class cruisers and two torpedo-gunboats was to be provided by Britain, the Australian colonies and New Zealand paying interest on the cost of building and sharing the cost of maintenance of these ships. Two ships were to be stationed in New Zealand waters.

New Zealand's part in this scheme was set out in the Australasian Naval Defence Act 1887, her proportional share of the cost being £20,000 a year for 10 years.

The five cruisers of the auxiliary force were the Katoomba, Mildura, Ringarooms, Wallaroo and Tauranga. Successive flagships on the Australian Station from the 1880s to 1913 were the Nelson, Orlando,

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Royal Arthur, Euryalus and Powerful.

An event that was to have an important bearing on New Zealand naval policy in later years was the official opening (in which the Australian squadron took a major part) on February 16, 1888, of the Calliope graving dock constructed by the Auckland Harbour Board at Calliope Point on the Devonport shore.

In 1892 the Admiralty acquired from the Harbour Board about four acres of reclaimed land adjacent to the dock.

At the Imperial Conference of 1902 a new naval agreement was reached whereby the Admiralty undertook to maintain an Australian squadron of one armoured cruiser, two second-class cruisers, four third-class cruisers and four sloops, to be employed in time of war anywhere within the bounds of the Australian, China and East Indies stations.

The cost of the squadron was to be shared in the proportions of: Britain one half, Australia five twelfths and New Zealand one-twelfth, with the proviso that the Australian payment should not exceed £200,000 a year and that of New Zealand £40,000 a year. The contribution was authorised in New Zealand by the Australian and New Zealand Defence Act 1903.

Provision was also made for recruiting seamen to serve in one of the small cruisers, and two annual nominations for cadetships in the Royal Navy were allotted to New Zealand.

Hitherto, British naval policy had proceeded on the basis of the two Power standard, namely, an adequate superiority over the next two strongest Powers, in those days France and Russia. The addition of a third European fleet more powerful than either of these two would profoundly affect the security of the British Empire.

In 1901 an alliance between Britain and Japan was signed. In 1902 the British Government embarked upon the policy of settling its differences with France.

The military and naval defeat of Russia by Japan produced profound changes in the European situation. Germany felt herself enormously strengthened by the Russian collapse, and her self-assertion in many spheres became pronounced.

Following the Imperial Conference of 1907 at which Australia announced her intention to proceed with the development

of her own Navy, New Zealand offered to increase her contribution to the Royal Navy to £100,000 a year for 10 years from May, 1909. This decision was implemented by the Naval Subsidy Act 1908.

At that time the increasing tensions in Europe and the rapid growth of the German Fleet were causing great uneasiness. The British naval estimates presented on March 16, 1909, were stepped up to provide for the building of eight battleships instead of four.

Six days later the New Zealand Government, on the initiative of the Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Ward, made its offer to defray the cost of the immediate building of one first-class battleship and, if necessary, a second ship. This offer was accepted by the British Government with gratitude and appreciation.

The Naval Defence Act 1909 authorised the borrowing of £2m to pay the cost of one ship.

This was laid down in June 1910, launched in July 1911 and commissioned in November 1912.

At a conference in London in July 1909 to discuss the problem of Imperial defence it was agreed that there should be a Pacific Fleet, consisting of the Australian unit, an East Indies unit and a China unit, with HMS New Zealand as its flagship. Part of the China unit was to be stationed in New Zealand waters, the ships to be manned as far as possible by New Zealanders.

Australia went ahead with the development of her own unit, which by 1914 consisted of the battle cruiser Australia, three light cruisers, three destroyers and two submarines.

The march of events in Europe and the extraordinary increase in the German Fleet provided for by the Navy Law of 1912 compelled the concentration of British naval strength in Home waters and precluded the formation of the proposed Pacific Fleet.

HMS New Zealand joined the battle-cruiser force of the Grand Fleet, in which she served throughout the war of 1914-18 and took part in the actions of Heligoland Bight (August 28, 1914), Dogger Bank (January 15, 1915) and Jutland (May 31, 1916).

In 1913, Mr (later Sir) James Allen, Minister of Defence in the Massey Ministry, attended the Imperial Conference in

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London at which the problem of naval defence was again discussed.

The Admiralty preferred that New Zealand should continue her annual subsidy, but finally agreed to a plan for the establishment of the New Zealand Naval Forces.

In a letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr Winston Churchill), Allen said he was guided by the principle of using national sentiment and local patriotism to give the people of New Zealand a personal interest in naval defence which could not be created by the payment of subsidies.

Accordingly, it was decided that New Zealand should train her own men and that the Admiralty should lend her a sea-going training ship (HMS Philomel) and the necessary complement of officers and ratings. The ship would be under the administration of the New Zealand Government and at the disposal of the Admiralty if needed.

It was also arranged that the Admiralty would station in New Zealand waters two small cruisers (Psyche and Pyramus) which had formed part of the Australian Squadron.

The Naval Defence Act 1913 authorised the establishment of the New Zealand Naval Forces. They were to be enlisted and

maintained on a voluntary basis and required to serve either within or beyond the limits of New Zealand.

The strategic principle of unified control of the naval forces of the Empire was accepted by the provision that, in the event of hostilities, the New Zealand Naval Forces passed to Admiralty control for the duration of the war.

The Act also provided for the establishment of a New Zealand branch of the Royal Naval Reserve.



THE BATTLE OF KOLOMBANGARA

In the darkness and quietness of the morning,
As the squadron steamed steadily north
The Admiral signalled a warning
That Jap warships were sallying forth;
We know not their size nor their number
Their speed or the object that night
But ours was to send them down under
So we steamed to the north and to fight.

One o'clock and "stand to" is sounded
And the speed is increased to our best
All's tense — scarce a whisper is heard
Till we open our fire with the rest
Action: Full hot is the pace,
Guns blaze and shells scream through the night
Each man is closed up at his place
To fight for his cause and the Right.

"Leander" was pouring our shell
Her hull rocked and reeled with the blast;
Around us the "Yanks" gave them hell
For they knew how to shoot and shoot fast.
The Jap's guns were flashing and roaring
And some of the shells landed near
But our broadsides we see to be scoring
We're making them pay and pay dear.

At the height of this furious show
A terrific explosion is heard
She shudders and reels 'neath the blow
And seems to go dead. Scarce a word
As we help with the dead and the dying
And feel our way round in the dark
We know by the way she's now lying
That a "tin fish" has made us a mark

No word I can find or can borrow
Can tell of the thoughts in our minds
Our grief at the bloodshed, our sorrow
For messmates cannot be defined.
We're crippled — fight, steam we're unable —
A fine sitting shot for the Jap—
But the "Yanks" or those that are able
Haul in and get on with the scrap.

Now the days of "Leander" were over
Were it not for the boys down below
Who wouldn't admit they were beaten
And said "We will get her to go"
They swore and they cursed — they were weary;
They prayed as they coaxed her along,
But they stuck it out and were cheery,
And even spared breath for a song.

Dawn found us still limping to southward
The victors, but we'd paid a price.
Jap bases were close on our starboard,
They'll surely be here in a trice.
With eyes that were strained and were swollen,
The Lookouts kept scanning the sky;
And the sight of our own fighter squadron
Was a sight to gladden each eye.

Twenty-eight of us paid for this glory
For them all we offer a prayer.
Their names will live on in our story,
Their dear ones safe in God's care.
Their sweethearts, their wives and their mothers
We'll care for as though they're own
To their menfolk — their fathers and brothers
We promise to see this job done.

—By Peter Leslie Smith,
Acting Ldg Stoker,
HMS Leander.

N.Z.'s FIRST BATTLE CRUISER

H.M.S. NEW ZEALAND

In another article on the history of the Royal New Zealand Navy, mention is made of our first battle cruiser which was purchased by the Dominion of New Zealand and presented to the Royal Navy.

Her keel was laid at Glasgow in June, 1910 and she was launched a year later and commissioned in November, 1912.

She had a displacement of 18,800 tons, was 590ft long, had a speed of 26 knots and her armament consisted of four turrets with two 12in guns, fourteen 4in guns, two high angle guns and two submerged torpedo tubes.

On commissioning she sailed from England on a world cruise which included two months in New Zealand waters visiting all suitable ports.

On return from the cruise, she joined the first Battle Cruiser Squadron under Captain Lionel Halsey.

When war was declared the White Ensign was painted on either side of the foretop in order that the flag should always be showing and in case all halyards were shot away, so that it could never be said that the ship had struck to the enemy.

H.M.S. New Zealand took part in the major sea battles of Heligoland, Dogger Bank and Jutland. During the war she cruised 84,458 miles and in the process burned 97,034 tons of coal.

Some expert mathematician in our midst might like to convert that to kilometres per litre.

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A POINT OF EMBARRASSMENT

About a month after my arrival in Italy by troopship from Egypt as a signaller with the 27th Vickers Machinegun Btn we moved from our idyllic camp site among the olive groves and lovely aromatic mint-scented sage bushes about two miles outside the basin like port of Taranto where we had arrived to the newly-created divisional camp just off the roadside several miles outside the large seaside township of Bari.

While we were in this camp and tramping and training all around the rocky outcrops of the Bari countryside preparing for the long and arduous campaign including the terrible seige of Cassino that led us river by river and battle after battle up the length of Italy until we achieved final victory at Trieste but at a terrible cost of Allied lives — that happened in the port of Bari and its surrounding seashore, one of the greatest Allied shipping losses in a single day. Seventeen ships laden with high

explosives and other vital war equipment were set on fire and blown to pieces in a chain reaction in a colossal explosion that apart from the shipping losses, killed over 1000 people around the port area and burst virtually every pane of window glass for almost a mile from the port.

This disaster was one of the best-kept Allied secrets of WW2 — in fact it was several years after that the loss was revealed and a vivid account written.

Just a few days before this happening I was hitching a ride back to Bari camp when the jeep driver collided with an Army 3-ton truck and though I escaped without any broken bones it was decided to admit me to the Army Hospital just on the outskirts of Bari — to check for possible concussion — happily this proved negative after a few days of tests.

During my time in hospital a very young N.Z. soldier was admitted with a gashed foot which required stitching but was not very serious.

The doctor discovered that he had never been circumcised and persuaded the lad that this was a simple operation that

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However, as I had guessed, the day came when I noticed the nursing sister composing her face as she walked purposefully down the passageway and quickly turning into our ward had reached the lad's bedside in seconds and with a lightning move swept back the sheets with

—C. M. J. WATSON

MAINTENANCE

DIGGERS' INDOOR BOWLS TOURNEY

This very popular tournament, which is open to any financial member of the RSA resident in Marlborough was inaugurated in 1962 with the presentation to the Marlborough RSA of the Fleetway Shield by the Avery Brothers, then of the Fleetway Tyre Co.

Wiff Hastilow who was then working for Fleetway and was at that time an active member of the clubhouse committee played quite a part behind the scenes in persuading the Avery's to present the shield which was helpful to the RSA and a good advertisement for the firm.

The executive of that time very wisely asked the committee of the men's indoor bowling club to organise and conduct an annual tournament.

It was decided that the winning rink, in addition to having their names inscribed on the shield, each member receives a silver button inscribed "Diggers' Tournament" and the year of their win. Over the last few years the RSA executive decided to sponsor the winning rink as Marlborough RSA's official entry to the national RSA tournament. The MRSA pays the entry fee, accommodation deposit and travel expenses. This is an extremely generous act by our association and to my knowledge the only RSA in the country to do this.

With ever-increasing overheads it must be debatable how much longer the MRSA can afford this sort of generosity.

This year's tournament was played on August 23 and attracted 22 rinks of which 10 managed to qualify for post-section.

In the first two games of section play M. Phillips beat N. Williams and P. Haack beat B. Croft.

In the next round J. Howe defeated A. Steel, D. Peat beat J. Horton, N. Waters beat defending champion M. Bentley and Haack defeated Phillips.

In the semis, Howe defeated Peat and Waters beat Haack.

In the final Steve Maddock, Frank McKinley, Murray Carroll and Jim Howe (s) played sound bowls and soon had a commanding lead. Waters' rink scored a four on one end and looked to be in striking distance but Howe's four tightened up their game to win comfortably.

The winning four will now represent Marlborough at the 1981 national tournament at Hastings.

President Reg Watson introduced RSA president Ron Hemming who presented the shield and buttons to the winners and trophies to the runners-up.

Mr Hemming thanked chief umpire Roy Sanders and his assistant Ernie Neal and presented them with a bottle of Scots nectar for their valued service.

Mr Hemming thanked the ladies for the light luncheon and morning and afternoon teas. Thanks also to Joyce Clunies-Ross who had sole charge of the raffles and the committee who organised and ran the tournament.

—C. M. J. WATSON.

TALE OF A HORSE

Some years ago during a droving trip in the Marlborough district, there came a drought which in its severity was hard on horse and man — so much so I had to get rid of my plant.

I kept two horses — one pack animal and one for riding. After a while I lost the pack animal.

I fought to save the life of the other horse but he was such a sorry spectacle, I decided to put him out of his misery.

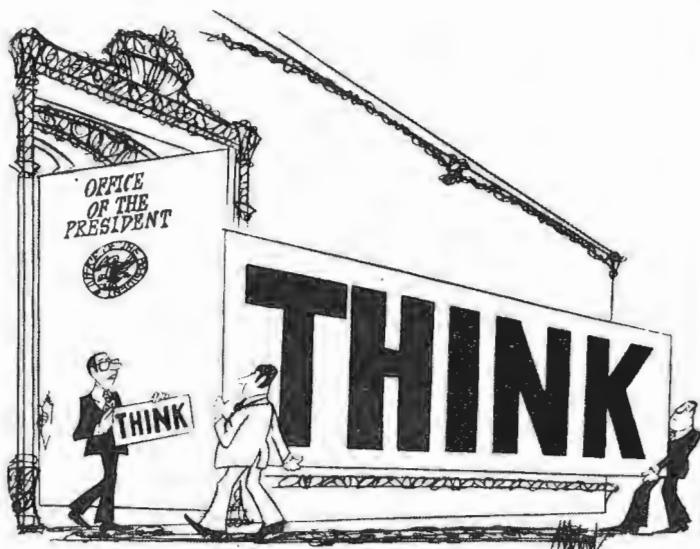
I bashed him between the ears and started to skin him, but when I was halfway through I was surprised to see that he still had life in him.

Being a sentimental sort of bloke I looked around for something to sew the hide back on and discovered a blackberry bush from which I soon proceeded to make skewers. I pinned the hide together on the old chap and then left him.

A couple of years later I was in the same district again and decided to look and see if the old horse had survived.

I was astonished to see a bush walking about and blow me if it wasn't the old nag with blackberries as big as two bobs sprouting all over him.

I led him around a few towns in the outback selling the berries but in the end I had to destroy him as a noxious weed.



"This one didn't seem to be working!"

LETTER TO THE EDITOR, CROSSFIRE

Through you to:
"JACK-HI" of the Marlborough
Bowling Digest, October, 1980

It was with dismay that I read in your column about the "high-handed attitude of the parent body of the RSA" (to whom the Club is not affiliated, by the way), towards its poor, benighted hard-done-by bowlers.

You accuse the "parent body" of refusing to change the building plan to allow for toilet facilities when bowls are being played on Sundays. I do not know to which club you belong "Jack-Hi," it is a fact that a club is run by a committee, freely elected, to carry out the wishes of the members and the wishes of the majority of members were carried out in this case. (See the minutes of AGM 30/3/80).

You also mention the considerable contribution that the bowlers make to the finances of the RSA. This I freely admit but, what is conveniently omitted is the financial and other aid given to the bowlers by the Executive and Clubhouse committee over a considerable number of years.

You state that the bowlers are becoming sick and tired of being kicked in the guts and are ready to join other clubs. I wonder if this is the wish of the majority, a few, or an individual? If it is the wish of the majority then I suggest the Executive seriously consider withdrawing support to the bowlers.

So, in conclusion "Jack-Hi" I will agree to your right to criticise when you have your facts correct. Unfounded, unwarranted criticism of the actions of the Executive Committee however, are uncalled for, particularly as you choose to be anonymous and the magazine you used is circulated to bowling clubs throughout Marlborough — who is kicking who in the guts?

—FAIRPLAY

Cheap but nasty

At the inquest the coroner gently asked the widow if she could remember her late husband's last words.

"Yes," she replied, "He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at \$1.25 a bottle.'"

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I WAS THERE

BY 3882/3332 P.O.W.

[Continued from the August issue]

Shortly after my arrival at Barthe I was approached by the Germans and asked how much wine I would need for my communion services; would a bottle a week be enough?

Oh, yes, I said, so long as the number in camp doesn't increase, in which case it would need to be two bottles.

[I must emphasise that as a Church Army Officer I was not permitted to take communion services in normal situations but a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury gave me that permission until such time as an ordained man should arrive — he did, nearly a year later when we had all been transferred to Stalag Luft 111, Sagan].

I took communion services once a month so the number of bottles available was much in excess of that actually used. The consequence of this was that every room (each containing 4 or 6 men at that time) had a bottle of wine for Christmas and the sergeants, who were in open barracks, had a number of bottles per barrack . . . the wine was all French and very good.

At the time of the fall of Singapore, the German Hauptman came in and said: "Gentlemen, I have very sad news for you today. Singapore has fallen with thousands of prisoners."

There was dead silence for a moment (we had already heard the news from the BBC) then a loud joyous cry "Hurrah f."

The officer then made his count of the occupants of the barrack and as he left he turned and said, "Ah, gentlemen, you make the joke, ya?" To which there was a thunderous reply of "no."

Then came the day we were all transferred to Sagan, a trip normally done in a few hours but which took us 18.

We arrived at Sagan station and were greeted with Cooks tourist placards on the railway station written in English "Come to sunny Silecia for your holidays."

How on earth they had been allowed to remain one will never know, but there they were.

We were soon settled into our new camp, six to a large room and two senior officers to the end rooms in each barrack.

I was permitted, as padre, to have a small room to myself which was much appreciated in some ways but a bit lonely in others.

Here was to take place in the north compound a number of famous attempts at escape, some successful, some not.

The first thing the Germans did was to dig a ditch just inside the camp perimeter and one night three men dived into this and, using the "mole" method, dug their way out. With room just enough for themselves they pushed the sand dug from in front of them to their rear.

They did not get out but it caused quite a stir amongst the Germans.

One man was called Newman, from Timaru, then of course we had a visit from the famous Douglas Bader and he created merry hell among the Germans by various pin pricking actions such as letting down the tyres of the Germans bikes which they used to come from their quarters to ours.

This method was not approved by our "escape" authorities as our method was to placate the Germans wherever possible to lull them into a sense of false security.

Our young Fleet Air Arm officer suffered what we kindly called "barbed wire-itis" but in effect was "round the bend" and he made for the wire and despite calls from the German guard to stop didn't, and he was shot and killed.

This was against the Geneva Conventions and when the protecting people arrived shortly afterwards from Switzerland there was a real "to-do" about this killing and an order was issued to all Germans that they were to shoot from the knee downwards in such cases.

This was up Bader's line, and shortly afterwards he took to the wire.

Halt, or I shooten, said the guard.

But Bader went on. The guard opened fire and still Bader went on and climbed right over the wire only to be met by guards on the other side, plus the guard who had done the shooting. he was sure that he hadn't missed and when Bader pulled up his trouser leg the guard nearly fainted when he saw the bullet holes in Bader's leg. he hadn't of course known that Bader had two tin legs.

Bader was transferred to Colditz and his legs removed during transit.

The next interesting happening was the Wooden Horse escape.

Many will have read the book, but there

are things that happened during that escape that were not published in the book.

Some bare details to refresh your memory. As with most things the idea was born whilst two men were talking together about ancient history of Greece when they suddenly stopped in midstream and looking at one another said "Hell, they used a wooden horse to get into Troy. Why can't we use one to get out?"

So an idea was born and immediately put into effect.

All escape attempts had to be submitted to an "escape committee" of senior officers to see whether it was practicable so that the first place they went and put their idea which was accepted and a wooden vaulting horse was made out of purloined 4x2s and the sides of Red Cross boxes in which the parcels, 10 to a box, came from Switzerland.

Twelve men were used to carry out the horse to a place near the wire. Not that it was heavy at that time, two men could quite well have managed it, but the Germans noticed things like that and there would come a time when the "horse" loaded with two diggers plus the sand they had taken out, when 12 men would be needed.

For some two or three weeks, on every fine day, out came the horse and an awkward squad, of which I was one, did jumps over it, occasionally knocking it over so that the Germans could see that there was nothing underneath.

Their suspicions now quietened, the real work began, but you read all that in the book.

The main thing was to get rid of the sand and it was a common thing, for those of us who knew (and the whole camp did, which shows as it did in the great escape which came later, that our security was very good and no inkling ever got out to the Germans).

To see the garden outside our window suddenly be a foot higher than it was the day before . . . being bright yellow sand it was difficult to hide. The other method was the "penguins," fellows who had small pockets inside their trousers with a slip knot at the end and they would talk in large groups around the perimeter and let the sand trickle down their legs and be tramped into the pathway, but the majority of sand was packed into Red Cross boxes and tipped out in the ceiling of the "abort" block.

This consisted of a barrack-sized building with a couple of coppers, six wash tubs, handbasins and finally a row of seats with holes which covered a pit underneath from which, at intervals, the nauseous liquid was pumped to be sprayed beneath a forest of pines nearby.

At each end was a ladder nailed to the wall with a trapdoor into the ceiling. The digging in the wooden horse was going along nicely and bags of sand had been put into the ceiling.

Then we had a long spell of dry weather. On a casual inspection two "goons" or "ferrets" (always ferretting around) [no connection with a member of our club!!] stamped in and one noticed a trickle of sand coming from the ceiling, so climbing up the ladder and opening the trapdoor and using his torch he saw large quantities of sand.

Calling to his offsider he too climbed up but the combined weight of two well-fed goons plus all the sand was too much and the ceiling collapsed.

Unfortunately for the goons they had chosen the ladder at the "numerous holes" end and they continued right on down into the "pit."

In less than two minutes the entire camp surrounded the toilet block and as two bedraggled and stinking goons pulled themselves out the Air Force struck up that immortal ballad, "Sweet violets, sweeter than the roses . . . covered all over in s---!!"

The tunnel activities were shut down for a while but the horse was still used and later the tunnel was continued and completed.

Three got out and made it home as a card to friends later after their arrival in the UK put it: "Aunt Mary thanks you for your letter. The three letters you posted me have all arrived safely."

They were home and a 100% escape came to a happy conclusion.

"There was a young
lady of Kent,
Who said that she
knew what it meant
When men asked her
to dine
gave her cocktails
and wine
She knew what it
meant — but she
went"

CROSSFIRE will feature the Two Types by "Jon" — W. J. Jones — in some of our editions. Those who served in the Middle east and Italy will know them well from "Eighth Army News," "Crusader," and "Union Jack." Proceeds from his cartoons went to the Army Welfare Services Fund, so beginning now we start with

THEY MET IN THE DESERT

By Cyril James

The Two Types are as much a part of the pattern of this war as the bulldozer, the Bailey Bridge or the flying bomb. They could not have emerged from any other war, and when this one is over they will disappear into the anonymity of the well-brushed bowler hat and tightly rolled umbrella.

Meanwhile, here they are for your amusement and pleasure.

The Fair Type, with his battered beret and look of pop-eyed astonishment at a world packed with surprises, and the Dark Type, who does most of the shouting and is faithful to the felt S.D. hat he bought in Burlington Arcade before he went overseas in 1940.

The Two Types have blasted their way into the affections of all readers of British Army newspapers in North Africa, Italy, Sicily, Southern France and Greece. I say "blasted" because the Two Types, for all their deceptively fatuous appearance, are characters of violence and action. They do not coax. They do not wheedle.

Their attitude to the world and everyone in it is "hit or miss." Either you like us or you hate us. We don't worry a damn either way.

They came overseas as Army officers, battered into an appreciation of the niceties of dress and deportment by ferocious O.C.T.U. Commandants and unbending Commanding Officers. It took the Western Desert to transform them into the Two Types.

Long before Eighth Army came into official existence, the men of the Army of the Nile and of Western Desert Force had achieved a reputation for a certain eccentricity of dress. The reason for the appearance of suede boots, silk scarves, corduroy trousers, sheepskin coats and shaggy pullovers was never merely the desire to be different or to assume distinctive clothing that would mark the wearer as a desert soldier. It was stark commonsense that brought about these strange departures from War Office sealed patterns.

The origin of the scarf was the need for some protection against the choking clouds of dust that covered the face with a clownish make-up, and filtered grittily through the teeth to cake the throat.

Suede, rubber-soled boots were sensible wear in an underfoot world of shifting sand, shale and scrub. Corduroy trousers might have been invented for the desert, as anyone will agree who has tried to get sand stains out of conventional battle dress.

Palestine provided the sheepskin coats that kept out the bitter cold of desert nights and continued to give service long after the ordinary greatcoat would have been a shapeless tattered relic. And, of course, just a day's ride from the desert was couponless Cairo where unstinted supplies of clothing, temptingly displayed in the shop windows



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of Sharia Soliman Pasha, played havoc with credits that had accumulated since the last leave.

Field Marshal Montgomery arrived in the desert wearing a conventional hat with a red band. A few days later he was wearing an Australian slouch hat with half a dozen badges. A little later the Army Commander's corduroys made their appearance and still later his twin badge tank beret to which he had remained faithful ever since. Throughout the great fighting family that overspread the desert from Quatarra to the sea there grew the idea that the desert demanded a little sartorial adaptation.

This idea found its ultimate expression in the gunners who tended their 25-pounders wearing boots, abbreviated underpants — and nothing else. On the first morning of the battle of El Alamein this costume was reduced among certain batteries to — just boots!

Troops of the New Zealand Division, when they captured droves of Italian infantrymen who carried as part of their equipment woollen hats of a violent scarlet, lost no time in assuming this headgear as the latest Kiwi desert fashion.

So it was not surprising that troops of the First Army gazed with wild amazement at the Eighth Army types who finally linked up with them in Tunisia. They had already had a foretaste of the sartorial enterprise of Eighth Army in the arrival of the Long Range Desert Groups who frequently scoured the wastes of the desert.

This, then, was the background to the emergence of the Two Types. Why do they still wear their suede boots, corduroy trousers and sheepskin coats? Why do they snap up stray copies of the "Egyptian Mail" so that they may read the latest news from the "old home town?"

Well soldier, why do you keep talking about the time old Nobby was put on a charge for smoking between decks in the troopship that brought you to Africa? Why does the argument still rage about who lost the company issue of rum at Medjes El Bab that Friday night? Why do you pretend that you were the man who invented the system of drying used tea-leaves and bartering them to the Arabs for eggs? How many more times are you going to explain that, without having sampled it, nobody can describe the taste of Tobruk water?

The Two Types know very well that they have left behind the days of sandstorms,

wadi flies, Stukas, desert sores, the rasp or Tripoli cognac and the stench of the salt lake outside Tunis. But they are faithful to old memories and old corduroy pants. "Give me a sandstorm any day" they mutter as they trudge through the sleet and snow of an Italian mountain winter. "Hardly up to Groppi's, old man" murmurs the Dark Type to the Fair Type as they sit in an Italian restaurant, contemplating Army rations and a bottle of sour vino.

"I suppose they DO mean wadi," says one of the Types when he sees the roadside notice: SLOW—GULLY AHEAD.

The secret of the Two Types is that we laugh with them. We have all been stuck in the sand or the mud as night closes in and the prospect of an evening meal recedes with each darkening minute. We have all raged at the prices demanded by Italian shopkeepers whose vocation it is to keep the liberator well supplied with souvenirs.

We have dreamed with them, of ales at fourpence a pint and NO demon vino. With them, in Italy's winter downpours we have remembered that week without water at Wadi Zem-Zem.

In the last war, one cartoon character — and one alone — emerged from the mass of caricature. Old Bill. He was in the ranks. He was a middle-aged man. With his walrus moustache and phlegmatic philosophy he was hailed and accepted as the prototype of the trench fighters of the Marne, the Somme and the Ypres Salient.

The Army officer of the last year, as seen by the cartoonist, was almost invariably a youth who sported a monocle, a large wristwatch that never kept time and a line of monologue which ranged from the "I say where's that bally Sergeant-Major?" to even more dreadful travesties of the truth.

The Two Types, we like to think, are nearer to the true spirit of Army humour that helps us to get over the bad times and emphasises the brotherhood of all who bear arms today in the common cause.

But it is easy to get over-solemn on this theme. Already I can hear One Type saying to the Other Type: "He's laying in on a bit thick, old man."

Time enough for sentimental reminiscence when this war is won and we look back on old campaigns, remembering what was good and fine and — such is the alchemy of memory — forgetting what was sordid, filthy and foul.

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23RD BATTALION

[CONTINUED]

In the article published in last month's Crossfire a spelling gremlin crept in. I hope all Greece hands will recognise that Larian should have read Larisa.

As with all big cities visited, traffic in Rome was jam-packed and this was emphasised when the bus driver lost his way from the airport to the Ritz Hotel where we camped during our stay in the city. I am not going to attempt to describe Rome — it's all been done before.

I was unaware that at the Colloiseum where the gladiators used to fight that there are two side gates — one the victory gate — the other the death gate. Apparently the gladiator who won his fight left the arena by the victory gate and obtained his freedom. What was left of his opponent went through the other gate.

The immensity of the Cathedral of St Paul and of St Peter's was almost

bewildering. The visit to the Vatican was again in company with hordes of tourists being conducted around in groups and with many different races and languages. We were aware that we were scheduled to have a Papal audience, but no one knew quite what form this would take, whether the women were required to wear head-coverings or anything else.

Well, we arrived in St Peter's Square and there drawn up in the bright sunshine were thousands of people from all over the world. Our party was conducted right up to the front of all this humanity to a block of reserved seats.

His Holiness arrived and wended his way through the crowd and mounted a platform in front of us. His assistants then read out in various languages the groups of people who were present.

As each group was named, it would cheer and the Pope would acknowledge the cheer with a wave, and he himself delivered a short address in about seven different languages. At the conclusion, some of the more enthusiastic members of our party were able to shake the Pope by the hand and

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converse briefly with him. Altogether a quite memorable experience.

On our third day in Rome we set off for Monte Cassino and it was easy to see what a vantage point it was for the Germans and why it was so costly to capture. An amusing incident occurred as we walked to the Monastery. There were two or three women holding babies and begging for money, but a sharp-eyed Kiwi had spotted them getting out of a Mercedes as we arrived, so their "take" was pretty small as far as we were concerned.

The Monastery of course has been completely rebuilt, only the crypt of the old Monastery remained after the bombing. Again, we could not help but gaze in admiration of the craftsmanship.

The Monastery was rebuilt with American funds to the tune of \$2.7m, but the Italian stonemasons are said to have donated their services.

On the way back we visited the towns of Soro and Atene, quite pleasant provincial towns.

Once again, we had a difficult re-entry into Rome with peak traffic at 8.30pm. The tourist guide got almost desperate at not being able to guide the driver through the one-way streets and thick traffic that he started taking surreptitious swigs at a bottle of brandy.

From Rome we travelled to Florence and enjoyed wandering around the narrow streets and admiring the historic buildings.

From Florence to Perugia for a night. The hotel was on the outskirts of the town and unbeknown to us there was a carnival being held in a nearby village. We were all in bed but about midnight there were some loud explosions.

Those of us on the top floor were treated to a great fireworks display, but the

view of those on the lower floors was obscured by a neighbouring building. Some of the party thought it was a terrorist attack and took appropriate evasive action!

We then had a long day in the bus to Rimini. En-route we stopped at Camerino where the battalion had rested up for a period between actions. One of the party, Dave Selby, used to play chess with an Italian priest. He had written in advance saying that the party would pause at Camerino and hoped he would be able to make contact. The priest was there to meet the bus and it was hard to know which was the more excited at meeting again after the passage of so many years.

Italian campaigners last saw Rimini in ruins — today it is a favourite tourist venue for Germans with many multi-storey hotels along the strada. What was remarkable to New Zealand eyes was that each hotel had its strip of beach and if you wanted to make use of the facility you had to pay for an area of about two metres square with umbrella installed and there do your thing.

An enjoyable ride through the countryside saw the party arrive at Venice, there to do the usual tourist thing, visit the Doge's Palace, St Mark's Cathedral, ride on the gondola and so on.

A side trip was a visit to Trieste and some of the party managed to get into Yugoslavia. The writer did not make this trip, but instead visited the site of a POW camp near Udine, at which many hundreds of New Zealanders, Australians, Indians, Cypriots, Serbs, etc., spent many hungry months.

Before arriving at Venice, the party paused at the war cemetery at Faenza where many New Zealanders are buried.

And so it was Arrivederci to Italy and on to Austria for two delightful days at

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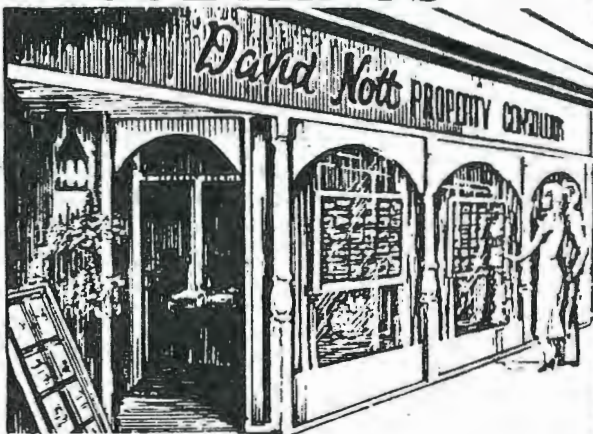
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Innsbruck after passing through the spectacular Brenner Pass.

Everyone was reminded of home with the beautiful scenery, green grass, snow-capped mountains and forests. Farmer members of the party could not believe their eyes when they saw cows housed permanently in the ground floors of the farm houses!

A feature was a ride by gondola up a mountain and in the evening we were entertained by a Tyrolean concert party. The journey from Austria saw the mountains shrouded in mist. There was a delay at the border while the tour guide had to square up for road tax but we were not required to produce passports.

En-route we visited the village of Oberammergau where the passion play was being performed, needless to say crowded with tourists.

And so we came to Munich, where ex-members of Afrika Corps were on hand to give us an enthusiastic welcome.

The party was received officially at the Rat Haus or Council Chambers as we would call them.

We were shown where Hitler used to live, Nazi Headquarters — the famous Hofbrauhaus or beer hall was a sight long to

be remembered, particularly visiting it on a Sunday night.

On our second day in Munich the party travelled to Durnbach on the outskirts of the city where there is a Commonwealth Cemetery. Here the Germans organised an impressive ceremony and this was the last formal parade of the tour.

A band from the First Mountain Division of the German Army was in attendance and various addresses were given, including one by tour leader Sam Baird, and prayers were led by the Rev Voelck who took part in the paratroop landing on Crete. Wreaths were laid by our party, by a representative of the Bavarian State Government and by representatives of the German Army, the German Veterans Association and by the former 5th Mountain Division.

The ceremony concluded with the German Last Post (Zapfenstreich) played by an ex-trumpeter from a paratroop regiment which landed at Maleme and the band played the German and British National Anthems.

In the evening we met up again with Afrika Corps and paratroopers in the Hofbrauhaus and a great night ensued.

There was a great exchange of badges — like us the Germans wear their unit

badges with great pride — and so on to the university city of Heidelberg where Afrika Corps was again on hand to drive us around and reminisce in the hotel at night.

The writer actually met men from the unit which took him prisoner at Belhamed — it was a very strange feeling meeting them.

After a pleasant cruise down the Rhine it was aufweidersehn to Germany.

Three very pleasant days in Paris — a visit to the Arc de Triomphe where the grave of the Unknown Soldier is decorated with flowers each day, a fabulous night out at the Moulin Rouge with their beautiful dancers, many of whom dance topless!

At the risk of getting the Editor's red pencil, I must tell you about one of the star acts.

A plastic tank rises through the stage and in it the audience sees a dolphin. He goes through the usual tricks, waving his flippers and so on and is fed fish by his attractive, bikini-clad trainer. She then dives in with him, whereupon the dolphin undoes her bra. She then climbs out, bows to the audience, and the tank sinks slowly through the floor — wow!

From Paris to Calais — the remains of the German coast defences are still to be seen — great concret blocks.

Soon the White Cliffs of Dover hove into sight and original members of the battalion were in England again.

Colonel Smail had things well organised — visits to the Guildhall and Mansion House, Westminster Abbey and the House of Commons for luncheon.

In the evening the Rt Hon. Les Gandar entertained the party in the penthouse on top of New Zealand House at which many distinguished people were also present.

Among these the writer was very thrilled to meet Mrs Weston, daughter of the late Sir Howard Kippenberger.

Then followed three weeks when all members of the party did their own thing. The writer and his wife really enjoyed the three weeks moving around the country. In Wales we were told the All Blacks would be done!

Once out of the big cities we were made very welcome — one will never forget those little pubs — the name New Zealand still means something to these people just as it did when the battalion and the rest of the 9th Brigade were on hand to defend Britain in 1940.

In the last few days in London the whole party re-assembled for a thanksgiving service in a little church in the heart of the city — thanksgiving for the conclusion of a successful trip.

For the writer it was thanksgiving that he had not been lying all those years with friends and comrades in those far-off graves in Egypt, Greece, Crete, Italy and Germany.

The return flight to New Zealand was via Los Angeles where the party enjoyed a visit to fabulous Disneyland.

The writer also visited the Queen Mary, permanently moored and last seen in the convoy bringing the battalion from Britain to Egypt.

As the aircraft touched down at Auckland airport there came over the communication system: "23rd Battalion may dismiss!"

Long past it

The old bull's active days were over, but the kindly farmer permitted him to stay on in the pasture with the cows. Of course, the farmer also turned a young bull loose in the field, and the newcomer went to work immediately. Seeing this, the old bull began snorting and pawing the ground with his hoof.

"You're wasting your time," said the farmer. "You're too old for that sort of thing now."

"I know," said the bull; "but I can show him I'm not a cow, can't I?"

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G. K. Chesterton.



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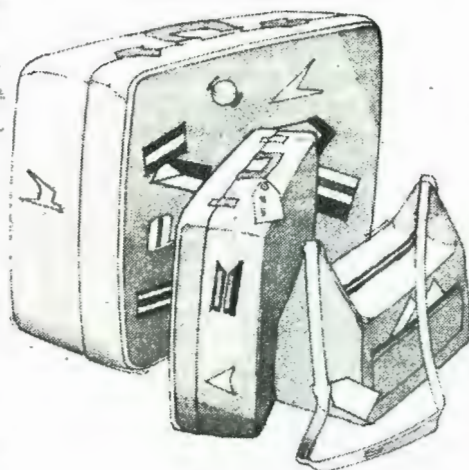
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MONKEY BUSINESS

Early one morning at a certain hostelry close to the zoo, the barman, hearing the pad of approaching footsteps, looked up to see a fearsome gorilla bearing down on him.

There was not another soul in sight and the barman, petrified with fright, was frozen to the spot. The gorilla approached closer, stopped by the counter opposite the barman and leaned his hairy torso on the counter top.

With studied deliberation a massive arm extended and a stubby finger pointed first at the glass and then at the beer tap. The barman found his voice. "A handle, sir?" A low growl assured him, throbbing with menace.

"Yes sir, certainly sir." Trembling, the barman filled a handle and placed it in front of the gorilla. The huge arm lowered and went to its owner's belt. Out came a dollar note and with a satisfied grunt the gorilla placed it on the counter.

"Thank you sir," said the barman going to the till and surmising that his unusual customer would have no idea of the value of money, took out 20c change and placed it in front of the gorilla. Then with an "excuse me sir," he rushed out of the bar to the telephone around the corner and rang the zoo.

"Have you lost a gorilla?" he asked.

"We certainly have," came the reply.

"Well, he is in my bar right now."

"Then keep him there," the barman was told. "Talk to him, turn somersaults for him if you have like, but keep him there. We will be right over."

The gorilla was still sipping his beer when the barman returned to the bar. "Lovely day isn't it," inquired the barman, remembering his instructions.

The gorilla grunted and his eyes narrowed.

"Isn't it quiet in here?" said the barman. "You are the only customer I've had in the half-hour we have been open."

This time the gorilla showed some interest. He banged his glass on the counter and hunched forward.

"Nothing surprising about that," he roared, "at 20c a bloody handle!"

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"Doctor," said the old digger as he entered the physician's office. "I've got to have a check-up. I'm going to be married."

The doctor admired him admiringly. "Married?" he asked. "How old are you anyway?"

"I'm eighty."

"And the bride?"

"Oh, she's only twenty-one."

"Twenty-one," cried the doctor. "Why that kind of disparity could be fatal."

"Oh, well," shrugged the old man philosophically, "if she dies, she dies."



"and now, the moment we've all been waiting for."

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crossword puzzle 22

ACROSS

1. Bane
8. Tarries
14. Grouped in threes
15. Immature
16. Persuader
17. Star in Scorpio
18. School org.
19. Small hole
21. Leningrad's river
22. "Battle Cry" author
24. Bridge position
26. Eccentric
27. Scanty
28. Avid
30. Actress Davis
32. "Free" lioness
33. Sort
34. Motives
35. Marbles

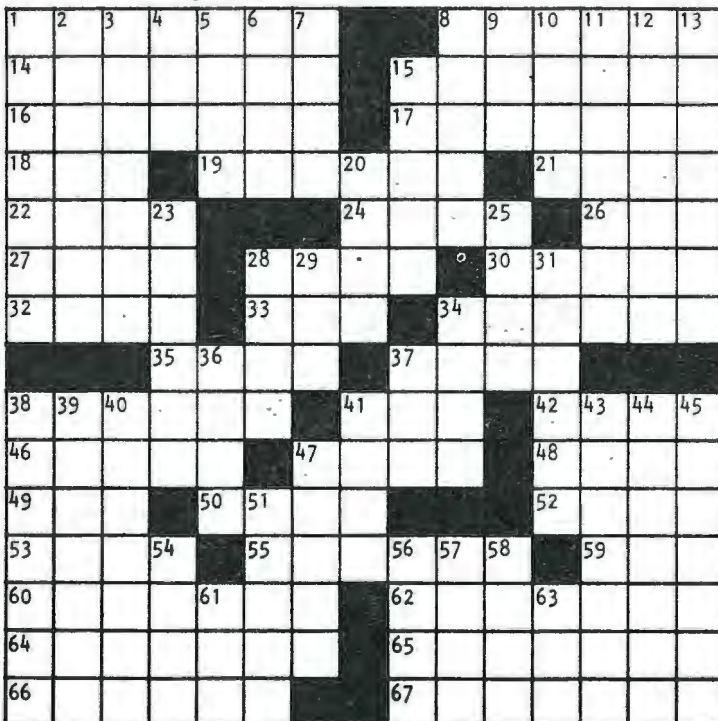
37. Roll up
38. Czar, 1682-1725 (2 wds.)
41. Berra or Seaver
42. Evil one of fairy tales
46. Independently
47. Take a gander at
48. Formidable
49. Stood for election
50. Son of Isaac
52. Bookbinding style
53. Persians and ryas
55. New Orleans University
59. — favor
60. Salts derived from oil
62. Abelard's pupil

64. Bank employees
65. Shore birds
66. Stirs up (a fire)
67. Sacred Hindu city, old style

DOWN

1. Leaf appendage
2. "Hello, —"
3. Invests
4. Burmese premier
5. Monaco activity
6. Canadian football Cup
7. Mr. Rochester's hire, Jane —
8. Relatives
9. Wager

10. Teheran's country
11. Orders
12. Raise
13. Certain seeds
15. Song of praise
20. Soup ingredient
23. Water insect
25. Type of lift (comp. wd.)
28. Bird from down under
29. Trains in the Loop
31. Words of praise
34. Pert and likable
36. Commedia dell' —
37. Cousin of a shako
38. Repeats
39. Shoulder decoration
40. Citrus hybrid
41. Rough up
43. More like wine
44. Comeback
45. Josephine, for example
47. German mathematician
51. Suffixes after fun, pun, and young
54. 1954 Dr. in the news
56. Moby Dick's hunter
57. Granular snow
58. Biblical town
61. Links location
63. Peruvian tuber



That's huzzanga

During a recent expedition into the wildest part of darkest Africa, a group of explorers came upon a village of primitive savages. In an attempt to make friends, the leader of the explorers tried to tell the natives what it was like in the civilised, outside world.

"Out there," he said, "we love our fellowman."

To this the natives gave a ringing cry of "*Huzzanga!*"

Encouraged by this, the explorer continued: "We treat others as we would want them to treat us!"

"*Huzzanga!*" exclaimed the natives with much enthusiasm.

"We are peaceful!" said the explorer.

"*Huzzanga!*" cried the natives.

With a tear running down his cheek, the explorer ended his fine speech: "We come to you as friends, as brothers. So trust us. Open your arms to us, your houses, your hearts. What do you say?"

The air shook with one long, mighty "*Huzzanga!*"

Greatly pleased by the reception, the leader of the explorers then began talking with the natives' chief.

"I see that you have cattle here," he said. "They are a species with which I'm unfamiliar. May I inspect them?"

"Certainly, come this way," said the chief. "But be careful not to step in the huzzanga."

Upstaged

The young man took his girl to an open-air theatre on their first date. After the first act he found it necessary to excuse himself. He asked the usher where the men's room was located and was told, "Turn left by that big oak tree, go straight ahead about 20 yards, then right another five."

In a few minutes he returned to his seat.

"Has the second act started yet?" he asked his date.

"You ought to know," she said coolly. "You were in it!"

New position

Margie was an enthusiastic newlywed and, after discussing the family budget with her husband, she decided she should get a temporary job. Bouncing into the public library, she approached the attentive old maid sitting at the reference desk.

"Could you please give me the name of a good book on positions?" she inquired.

"What kind of positions did you have in mind?" asked the old librarian with a starched smile.

"Oh, you know —" explained the bright-eyed young woman. "— the different kinds of positions a bride might take."

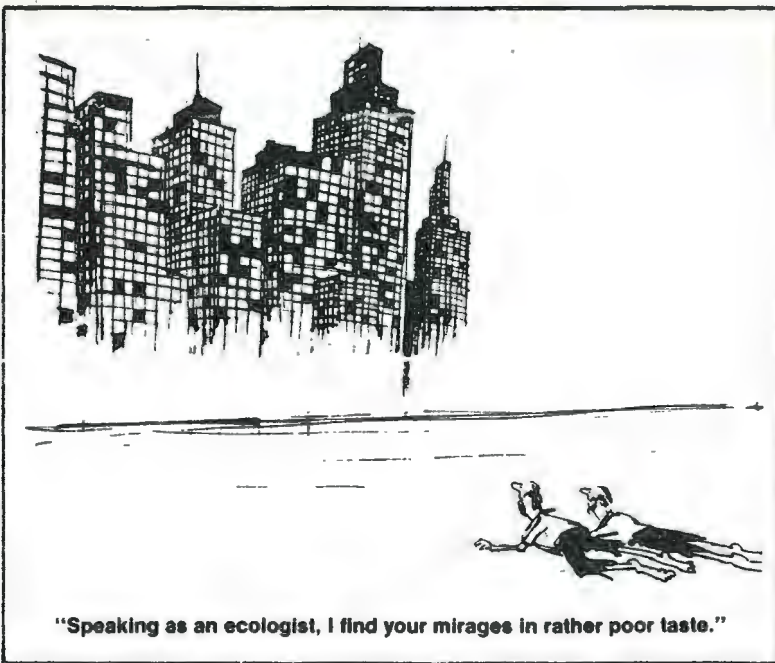
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"My sex life has improved immeasurably since my wife and I got twin beds," the business executive confided to an associate.

"How can that be?" the associate asked.

"Well," replied the exec, "hers is in Auckland and mine's in Rotorua."

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