

# CROSSFIRE



## OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE

MARLBOROUGH RETURNED SERVICES  
ASSOCIATION

VOL. 3, NO. 2

MARCH 1981

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# EDITORIAL

There hasn't been a great rush of volunteers to take over editing the magazine, in fact, the equivalent of what Paddy shot at!

This month is election month and we have included names of candidates for the various offices and personal details for those who are standing for the executive. Ron will probably remind you of the Annual General Meeting on March 29 in his report.

Arrangements for Anzac Day are well in hand and following last year's success we have another concert organised in the afternoon. We regret that because of space limitations only members and their partners will be able to attend this. Those who were here last year will remember how crowded we were.

The Fijian equivalent of our R.S.A. is appealing for your clean used clothing to hold in store for future hurricanes. We have a woosack in the clubrooms which is the receptacle in which to place items of men's, women's and children's used clothing. In this issue you will find the items especially requested so if you can help we would be most grateful.

Contractors have finished the store-room and outside toilet and no doubt shortly Syd Robinson will be looking for volunteers to do the painting. We are presently awaiting the architect's plans for the changeover of billiard tables and office and hope to get this work done as soon as possible.

It is obvious that it is a waste of time trying to arrange evening entertainment while the billiard tables are in the bar area. With a room of their own we will have the space for dining and dancing and other forms of entertainment that have not been practicable or popular in the Pavilion Lounge.

The ballot papers and balance sheets have been printed and the Ex-Malayans are going to deliver the unclaimed voting papers. The balance sheet is available in the clubrooms and copies will also be available at the Annual General Meeting.



## WANTED

Volunteers to sell Christmas Draw Tickets, Thursday and Friday evenings.  
Please see the Secretary if you can help.

## NEW MEMBERS

40135 Sid E. Wilkinson  
8987 Hector T. Thornley  
403498 Colin D. Algie

## SERVICE MEMBERS

23304017 Terence M. Fieldhouse  
442075 Eric D. Johnson  
74720 Alan G. Lovell

# PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Not a lot has been happening during the past four weeks, except that I have been incapacitated for part of that period.

I would publicly like to thank Eric Bishell and Trevor Neal for conducting funeral services on my behalf. Unfortunately, we seem to be getting more and more of them which is very off-putting. Let us hope that we get longer periods when our services are not required.

March 29 sees our annual general meeting. I have been fortunate with the calibre of the executive who have served during the past 12 months and I do thank them for their loyal support to me during that period.

Some difficult and unpleasant decisions were taken and they responded with honest conviction for which I am grateful.

Apart from our treasurer, Alex Fry, all have decided to stand again for a further term of office. To them and indeed also to the new aspirants my best wishes in the elections.

Before leaving the subject I would like to thank Alex Fry for accepting the position of treasurer for the past two years. It is a demanding job and it was more so for him being pushed in at the deep end at very short notice. All the executive know what a level-headed person he is and very sincere in his dealings with everyone. Many thanks, Alex.

During the past couple of weeks Sheila and I were invited aboard the Orion, an Australian submarine that was in Picton on a goodwill visit. They made us very welcome and although I wouldn't like to hurt any ex-submariner's feelings, how the devil they could volunteer to go down in one of those things I just don't know.

We were also invited to attend the Ex-Navalmen's Social which on this occasion was held at Picton. They went out of their way to welcome us from Blenheim. It was a very good evening and the Navalmen must be well pleased with the result. I think the idea of laying on a bus was excellent and more use should be made of this type of transport.

Being hospitalised for a few days gave me the opportunity of seeing our hospital visitor Bert Thurlow in his "working" environment. His cheerful face was a pleasure to see, and I am sure that those of you who have spent any time in the wards know what I mean. We are all grateful to him.

Finally, I would like to thank all those well-wishers and visitors I had, concerned about my welfare. Fortunately everything turned out well and I look forward to serving you again for a further term as president.

RON HEMMING

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## POPPY DAY

The annual Poppy Day appeal will be held on Friday, April 10.

If you can assist in collecting, please report at any time during the day from 8am onwards.

Help make the appeal a success with your assistance.

## EDITORIAL

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

## PRINTING

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

# Highlights from the March Executive Meeting

Ministry of Works and the Department of Internal Affairs have advised us they will be looking at the maintenance required at the Omaka Servicemen's Cemetery — Executive rostered on Thursday and Friday to check on visitors — Beer and liquor prices increased but still below other clubs in Blenheim (jug now costs \$1.15) — Norm Jellyman retiring as Kaikoura branch representative and will not be replaced. Kaikoura secretary will contact our secretary when assistance is required — Awatere A.G.M. on March 30 — Fiji clothing collection given the green light — General B. M. Poananga, C.B., C.B.E., Chief of Army General Staff, to be guest speaker on Anzac Day this year.

## ... and 35 years ago

J. A. Bell (chairman) and 12 executive present, plus five branch representatives — Mr Hamilton Mitchell Anzac Day guest speaker — Diggers golf tournament organisers given permission to hold a dinner at the clubhouse — General account showed debit balance of £190/3/7 and Relief account a credit of £92/12/1 — Money to be drawn from POSB account to put the General account in credit — Mr Perkins said the clubhouse committee recommended a cleaner be employed for three hours a day, four days a week — on alternative days the second steward was to do the cleaning and on two days per fortnight the clubhouse manager — Cheese and biscuits only for counter lunches — Regional conference to be held at Takaka.

## ... and 30 years ago

W. A. Hood (chairman) — Special meeting was held when it was decided to dispose of the present bar stocks immediately and revert to the original (legal) locker system — Resignation of steward accepted — J. S. Bain (secretary) advised he was retiring because of ill-health — Nelson RSA to compete against the club at billiards on March 17 — Club insurance to be reviewed — Usual application to MPPC for 75% of the total yearly cost of hospital comforts — Charles Upham VC & Bar, to be invited to receive the debutantes at the RSA

ball in July — Letter to be sent to Mr Meatyard expressing the sympathy of the Association in his very serious loss in the Criterion Hotel fire — Annual executive photos to be taken.

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## Women's Section Marlborough R.S.A.

Our February social afternoon was held on the hottest of days and viewing the dedicated lady bowlers on the green it certainly appeared to be cooler inside than out.

Mrs Kennington welcomed about 40 members to this first afternoon of 1981 and expressed the hope that all had had a happy and restful holiday.

I'm sure no-one thought about all those plums, peaches and nectarines that had to be popped into preserving jars, or did they?

Mr Ron Laird spoke to us on a topic of great interest — Gardening in Retirement. It was a subject of immense value to the majority of our members present and the "under fifties" will remember his comments for future use.

Appropriately, the raffle of the day was a hanging basket containing two fuschias — and guess what? — I won it!

The next social afternoon is Wednesday March 11 at 2pm and our guests are members of the Nelson Womens Section. Members are asked to bring a plate and with your support it is hoped to have an extra well-stocked sales table.

## NEWS

After a successful trip last year the members once again voted for a boat trip to Pelorus Sound.

Thirty-six members and husbands boarded the bus at the RSA at 8.30am.

The trip was not as smooth as last year going out, with the wind blowing and quite a lot of spray flying. A few of the girls got a little damp, but that didn't dampen their spirits.

We went into the Kenepuru Arm as far as The Portage Hotel, which looked very picturesque in the sunlight.

Jacobs Bay was again the venue of our picnic lunch. All were hungry by this time — including the wasps.

A few went swimming, while others paddled or went walking in the bush.

On the return trip we pulled up at a mussel bed and bought some mussels.

A very happy and tired group arrived back at the RSA at 6pm.

## PICTON R.S.A. NEWS

We had a successful holiday period and saw a great many visitors through the club. During the industrial problems many people stranded in Picton have been looked after and found billets, etc., by various of our members. These included Chapman's Old Time Band from Ashburton who entertained us and joined in with our musicians.

Donations for the colour TV have now grown to \$515, thanks mainly to the efforts of the "Sunseekers" group.

Three mini-buses are off to Granity and Westport where they have engagements arranged.

Our next social is scheduled for March 28, under the direction of Des York's band, and following the pattern of the previous months should prove to be a swinging success once again. These socials take place in the upstairs rooms.

President Jim Maxwell has commenced re-roofing the older part of the premises with some assistance as available, and we appreciate this important chore.

We look ahead to the Anzac Day Dawn Parade and hope to see as many as possible attending, and trust you will visit the club afterwards for coffee and breakfast.

The president and executive members wish the best of health to those members not so well. This includes our secretary Gordon Mattingley, who has been in hospital for a long-awaited operation. We hope that by the time this issue is printed he will be well on the way to full recovery.

A reminder: Items of news are hard to come by unless I am told of events. There is a special notebook in the office where Jim or Gordon will note down items of interest for inclusion, if they are advised.

In conclusion, thanks to Paul Brodie for the great job he has done in editing Crossfire, along with his many other tasks as secretary of the Marlborough RSA.

A final thought: Wouldn't it be great if one of us was successful in winning a major prize in the Double Banger Goldmine lottery? Good luck.

CLIVE M. TAYLOR.



## PICTON WOMEN'S SECTION

Our meetings recommenced on February 10 with a very small number present, some still being away on extended holidays, others no doubt recovering from their own extended holiday visitors.

As our secretary Eileen Mattingley and treasurer Joan Peat were both absent on a bowling holiday trip in the North Island, their places were filled by myself and Betty Tapp. However, our president June Ireland was here to conduct an enjoyable meeting, at which a delighted Flo Harvey won not only the competition game, but also the monthly raffle.

There was a lovely surprise at the conclusion of the meeting when supper was served. June Ireland pinned a shoulder spray on Shorty Wilkins and produced a large cream sponge with lighted candle for her to blow out in honour of her 90th birthday. This was followed by superb pavlova to make a real party occasion.

Those of us present shared Shorty's happiness and our thanks to June and Betty for their culinary masterpieces and arranging the tribute to our much-loved older member, still very actively involved.

Later in the week, after the news become known, Shorty was delighted to receive official congratulations from the president and executive of the Picton RSA.

— JOAN M. TAYLOR.



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### MEN

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### WOMEN

Dresses, Skirts, Blouses, Pants, Cardigans, Pyjamas, Slips.

### BOYS

Shirts, Shorts, Singlets, Underpants, Cardigans.

### GIRLS

Dresses, Skirts, Blouses, Pants, Cardigans, Slips, Singlets.

### BABIES

Nappies, Singlets, Jackets, Rugs, Cardigans.

### SUNDRY

Blankets, Patchwork Rugs, Bandages, Sheets.

Any of the above items may be left at the RSA where a woollack stands ready to receive them.

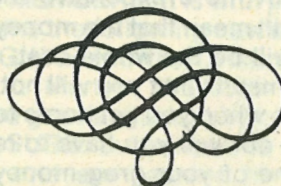
## "FIFTH-FRIDAY"

Marlborough Returned Servicewomen gathered at the RSA at the end of January for a "Fifth Friday" get-together. The next such function will be on May 29 at 5pm at the RSA.

At the end of November, 15 returned "girls" enjoyed a pre-Christmas function-dinner at the City Hotel. Two newcomers to Blenheim were welcomed.

Our winter outing is another visit to the City, on Thursday, July 30. Come along on May 29 and hear the details.

There will not be a "Fifth Friday" get-together in July so October 30 is the third date for you to mark in your engagement books.



## N.Z. EX-MALAYAN ASSN NEWSLETTER

NATIONAL SECRETARY HAS HIS SAY: Thank goodness it's over — Christmas, you ding-a-ling.

The 1981 subscriptions have been coming in so fast that I haven't had much to do at all. Don't wait till later, do it now.

We had the good fortune at our last executive meeting to see our new association T-shirts and we all bought one. They look really smart and even with the effects of all that beer and idle living showing through they still hold their shape.

The response to our advertisement in the last newsletter for the T-shirts was so good that we have placed a re-supply order. We confidently expect them to go very quickly so send your order in and then we can order some more again.

To make our Newsletter more interesting we are appealing to all to send us all scraps of information about yourselves, family, other members, etc. Like the piece in the Auckland Star featuring our erstwhile president in a photo about a TF exercise and with a Sapper by the name of Mary Ann, who he reckoned was a tower of strength and a tiger in the bush.

Needless to say, when questioned about this at the executive meeting he strongly denied the implication and was heard to mutter something about cheeky RF coots calling them "cut lunch commandos."

I am hoping he will burst into print and tell us all about the whole episode.

1981 RE-UNION, CHRISTCHURCH: All of a sudden it has burst into print — so all of you who thought that nothing was being done, we accept your apologies.

Due to the problems experienced in the past by branches who have run re-unions and have been lumbered with debts caused by people not turning up at the accommodation that was booked for them and, as a result, was not paid for by them, and for not charging those attending enough to cover costs, a new system has been introduced which, although it may seem a lot more expensive than past re-unions, will mean that the money you pay to register will be the whole cost.

This means that you will not be asked to sell raffles when you get home to pay for the re-union, nor will you have to remember to keep some of your grog money to pay for

your accommodation when you leave.

All the air travel and accommodation is being done through a travel agency which means they will have the worry of sorting it all out and the Ex-Malayan Services Association will benefit from sharing in the commissions payable on the airfares.

Registrations for the re-union should be sent to the secretary at P.O. Box 6532, Wellesley St, Auckland, and after extracting the necessary information on travel and accommodation requirements, he will then send them to the re-union committee for their records.

Why the Secretary, you may ask?

It's simple really. Your secretary is general manager of Cavalier Travel Ltd in Auckland and he will be looking after the travel and accommodation aspects and that is how the association will be able to get some benefit from a travel agent handling it all.

Your 1981 re-union brochure is with this Newsletter; if you are thinking of attending the re-union — make sure you read all the brochure and follow the instructions carefully. This will make the re-union committee's job a whole lot easier and enable them to ensure you will have a great re-union.

Please register early — it helps the planning.

LOST COMRADES CORNER: Tony Newby would like to hear from anyone who knows the whereabouts of one "Coconut" McDonald. Evidently "Coconut's" real name is Alan and he hailed from Whakatane and was with 41 Sqn 1955-57. If you have any information of use please write to Tony at 186 Bourke Street, Invercargill.

BRANCHES: Your national executive is very keen to see new branches established in areas where none exist at this time. It appears that there must be a lot of places that could easily support a branch when you consider that branches have been established at Blenheim, Tauranga and Waikeria in the last few years without any great numbers of current members at the time they were established.

If you would like to see a branch established in your area, drop a note to the secretary and he will send you all the information you need to get a branch established, along with a list of names and addresses of current members in your area.

Your national executive will do everything in their power to assist you in getting a branch established.

**ASSOCIATION T-SHIRTS:** I am pleased to announce that although the first trial lot of shirts were all pre-sold, I now have a further stock. Interest in these shirts is very strong, so send your order in now, along with the required remittance.

Sizes available range from SM to XXOS, and all cost \$9.00. We have picked on a very good quality shirt which we feel all members will appreciate. Anyway, it's cheaper to buy one good shirt at \$9, than to have to buy two or maybe three, at \$6 or \$7. The order form is incorporated with the annual subs slips on the bottom of the last page.—Brian Miller.

**ASSOCIATION JERSEYS:** Those of you who ordered jerseys before Christmas, don't worry. Another order was placed in December, but with the factory closing down for a month over this period, and it takes from six to eight weeks to complete an order, you can see that it probably will be a few more weeks before they are ready. They will be distributed on a first come, first served basis, and paid for, which is only fair.—Brian Miller.



In Maryland, we read, it is illegal for a woman to go through her husband's pockets at night. In our own country it is merely a waste of time.

\* \* \*

A Mexican revolutionary, treated in a New York hospital, had 25 bullets extracted from his body. It is said that he had to have this done in order to make room for more when he returned home!

\* \* \*

## Marlborough Ex-Malayan Association News

**ANNUAL MEETING:** Twelve keen members attended the meeting and the following officers were elected:

President, Bob Fidler; vice-presidents, Mike Morrison, Alick Tapp, Dave Porteous; secretary, Murray Brown; treasurer, Derrick Marsh.

All other financial members will constitute the committee. It was also agreed that the branch continue its policy of not charging a branch subscription.

**GARAGE SALE:** Another garage sale is being organised and members are asked to start saving up all their saleable goods. The condition of the articles doesn't seem to matter, judging by last year's sale, so don't dump it—keep it for us.

If you have anything you want us to pick up, contact Mike Morrison or Dave Porteous.

**R.S.A. VOTING PAPERS:** The secretary/manager of the Marlborough RSA has requested that our branch again deliver the voting papers for the executive elections and the date of delivery has been set for Saturday, March 21. We need as many members as possible to help sort and deliver these papers and any member with a motor scooter or motorcycle is urged to make themselves available as this method of delivery has proven to be the quickest and easiest. Bring a spare crash hat for the pillion rider.

Starting time is between 0800 and 0830 hours in the Pavilion Lounge, Marlborough RSA. Please advise Bob, Murray or Derrick if you're available.

**WARNING ORDER:** It is understood that the Colours of 1 N.Z. Regt will be laid up in the Chapel at Burnham Camp sometime this year. So ex-members of this Battalion be prepared for this event. Any further information will be promulgated as soon as it becomes available with a view to arranging travel to this event for those who may wish to go.

**NEW MEMBERS:** It is with pleasure that we welcome the following new members: R. Stanton, G. Wadsworth, R. Hall, J. Cootes, J. Clayton, I. Martyn. We look forward to seeing you guys at the functions coming up.

**1981 SUBS:** Subscriptions of \$5.00 are now due and are payable to the Branch Secretary or Treasurer.

## N.Z. DIGGERS BOWLS REPORT

The following is a report on the NZRSA Diggers outdoor bowls tournament played recently at Papakura.

We were met at Auckland Airport by our driver Charlie Baldwin and what an asset he proved to be. At all times he was on hand, ready to transport us to the various venues. Charlie is a Cockney, and despite having been in N.Z. for 27 years he has not lost the ready wit associated with these people.

On the Friday night a welcome was held at the Papakura RSA where there were several speeches. Our Dominion president, Doug Leuchars made a definite impact on the assembled bowlers and their wives when he stated most forcibly that in the near future Service Members would be eligible to participate. Food for thought.

Charlie picked us up from our motel on the Saturday morning and drove us to Clevedon. It gave us our first view of what a grass green would be like, after playing on cotula it certainly took some adjustment.

We played Henderson in the first game and won comfortably 25-13. Our next game was against Mangonui County, which embraces the Kaitia area and once again we won, 22-12.

Our next game, against Hamilton City, proved to be a cliff-hanger and after an extra end we won 18-17. Our skip Les Phillips played a classic shot to trail the jack and give us the game.

We expected our fourth game, against Takapuna, to be very tough and so it proved. We were both the only three-winners so a lot of interest was shown in the game. After being down 3-12 we gradually pegged them back and on the final end we were 17-all. Once again Les elected to drive and with a superb shot he took the kitty into the ditch with his bowl sitting beside it. The opposing skip made a great attempt to draw to the ditch but wasn't equal to the occasion.

Our next game against Wairarapa was certainly a struggle and it was only over the concluding stages that we overhauled them and won 18-12.

This game gave us the necessary five wins to qualify and certainly was a thrill. Up till this stage Marlborough was the only team in section seven to have qualified.

Our last game against Gisborne was

hard going and with the pressure off our play suffered accordingly. However we played better bowls over the concluding stages and ran out winners 22-18. This of course gave us six wins and was most satisfying to us all.

Of the 104 teams participating, only four teams gained six wins — Dunedin, Tauranga, Onehunga and Marlborough. Only 18 of the teams qualified for post-section play.

Fourteen teams had a bye, but we had to play Onehunga in the first round. We couldn't strike anything like the form we had previously and the well-drilled Onehunga combination beat us 17-5.

The surface was such that buckets of water and chamois were provided at each end of the green to wash off the mud that adhered to the bowls.

In the final, Ashburton beat Taihape and the South Island also retained the Hannan Trophy which was presented to Dunedin for the ensuing year. Our contribution of 123 points must have helped as Dunedin scored 14 more points than us, giving them the right to hold the trophy.

In conclusion, our team was very impressed with the hospitality extended to us at all times, especially the Papatoetoe RSA where the management and staff went out of their way to make us welcome. Also, our wives were allotted a car and driver and George Hall certainly did a great job in showing the women-folk around.

Finally we would like to thank the Marlborough RSA for the opportunity of participating in the tournament and the arrangements made on our behalf.

Thanks to Paul Brodie and Mrs Brown for their efforts.

It certainly was a great experience, fully enjoyed by the team and the wives who accompanied us.

Next year's tournament is in Dunedin.

LES PHILLIPS

IKE CAMERON

DUNCAN ROBERTSON

BRIAN HAGEN



## LAST POST



### LAST POST

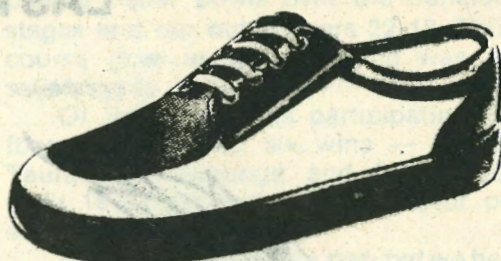
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## LEST WE FORGET

**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.**

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## **CONFIDENCE MEN A FEW QUICK TRICKS**

Some weeks ago a Sydney paper placed it on record that the New Zealand criminal has nothing to learn from his Australian counterpart. Whether this be so or not, I do not know; but I have also heard it maintained that of all people in the world the Maorilander is the most difficult subject for the confidence man.

Many years past, as a stripling of a boy, I happened to be making my first trip across the Tasman Sea. Among our happy passengers I would like to mention one Bentley — every inch a man of the old pioneering school. He was known well in most parts of this country, for he had dug gold on the Coast and in the gullies of Otago; he had followed the lure of the wild boar in the valleys of the Alps and finally he farmed successfully in different provinces. Usually, in addition to his arduous agricultural labours, he threw his full enthusiasm into all public activities. He was a young man at 60, and on the occasion of his retiring he was accorded a hearty farewell. That explains his presence aboard

the Union liner, and on the breezy deck I often saw in his rugged hands the glinting gold of a watch which was, the night before his departure, described as a "tangible expression of his fellow-citizens' appreciation for the many sterling qualities of manhood he had displayed during his residence amongst them."

After we had pulled alongside the Margaret Street Wharf and our friend had carried his burly frame down the gangway, a rather well-groomed specimen of Sydney society thus accosted him:

"Hello Mr Bentley, is it really you? What! You don't remember me in Wellington?"

Bentley, fixing his gaze and playing with his beard the while, utterly disclaimed all recollection of such a Wellington acquaintance. But the stranger with his singular display of good fellowship gently patted our friend on the shoulder, and before vanishing remarked:

"Never mind old sport; no harm done."

Bentley thought so also till some time afterwards, when he sought for his beautiful presentation watch of solid gold.

The merry years rolled on and as a young man I found myself in England's

throbbing metropolis. It was before the war, and on a bright Sunday afternoon I was exploring the highways and byways of the East End. In one of those squalid quarters I entered a dingy public house. Its picturesque name is beyond recall, but perhaps it was the "Pig and Whistle," the "Sow and Pigs," or some similar combination. There was a great crowd gathered there from the neighbourhood — happy girls who had never studied the arts of the beauty parlours and many types of men forgetting their conditions of poverty around the foaming mugs of beer.

Suddenly I became aware of an argument behind me. It began almost volcanically over the significance of a bank mark.

"This is what it means, Titch," said one.

"No bleeding fear," shot from another — and then: "Ah, well, here is a gentleman who will settle the matter, choom."

At that moment there was a lusty conspirator on my right and an open bank-book was thrust before me.

"We was only just saying," he went on, "as how you might be good enough to settle this argument, sir."

Instantaneously there were flashing through my brain thoughts of good old Bentley, my gold watch, my sovereign-case and the loose change in my hip pocket.

"I know nothing of bank-books," I said; but on his persisting and feeling perhaps a little bairnly sensible of my physique. I swung around confronting him with:

"Get out, you fraud," and was pleasantly surprised at his remarkable agility in finding the exit.

The feelings of self-adulation which followed were abruptly expelled when I discovered I had lost my precious scarf-pin. At the right moment the lean, nimble fingers of another blackguard had removed this from over my left shoulder.

But if stories with tails are ever justifiable, I may add this without apology: In February, 1915, with a company of colonials, I ran, crawled, floundered, rolled and finally landed in the front line trenches at Le Bizet. We were there to be initiated and I was detailed off to assist an old soldier in various little odds and ends of duty which were not new to me excepting for the changed circumstances of war in reality.

Late that night I crawled into the sodden, musty atmosphere of an old dugout. Across the glowing brazier I saw, crouched, the long, lean figure of the old soldier. He had the slight trench stoop and in the lines of his face and the expression of his dark glassy eyes there were the unmistakeable traces of hardship accelerated by the stress of active service. There was also something ghoulish about him, and his laugh was like a sardonic guffaw from a sepulchre.

"How do you like it, Canada?" he said rather sourly.

"Rotten," I answered, compromisingly. Wishing to change the conversation I broke in with: "Come from London?"

"Yes," he drawled; "next the 'Old Brown Joog.' Do you know it?"

"I know the quarter," I said. "I have reason to. I lost a precious scarf-pin near there before the war."

There was a change in the expression of his face and then followed that sepulchral laugh which, however, this time had a modicum of that flavour of commiseration which at times the experienced manifest for the greenhorn abroad.

Next morning my chaperone and I were crawling on our bellies to rescue some firewood from a shattered farmhouse. There was the "ping" and the "phut" of the random bullets, the boom of the occasional shell till the buzzing of orinmongery at closer quarters sent us bumping into the same hole. I tried to lead a bit of a joint deluding giggle, but not a muscle moved in the old Tommy's face, though his deep orbs, in which one could almost see the brain waves passing, examined me.

"You lost a tie-pin in London," was his somewhat incongruous remark.

"Yes," I said, "and it had precious memories for me."

The wood was secured and we went about our duties.

Three weeks later I was sipping coffee and rum in the skeleton of an estaminet at Fleurbaix when a Tommy tapped me on the shoulder. Placing a scarf-pin on the table he said drily: "Is that yours?"

"Well, I'll be gol-darned!" I began in my now tolerably well embellished Canadian-English. "Where the Sam-hell"—but the long, slim mystery of the Essex Regiment was disappearing again as I had seen him once before from the chattering and babbling atmosphere of an East End pub.

# GROVE TAKEAWAYS

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## MARLBOROUGH R.S.A. ELECTION CANDIDATES 1981

### **PRESIDENT:**

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Petersville International Pty Ltd.

### **IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT:**

K. G. (Ken) Yealands, Retired.

### **VICE-PRESIDENTS (two required):**

E. A. R. Bishell, Insurance Rep.

R. A. (Bob) Fidler, Manager, P.O.S.B.

I. McG. (Ian) Glass, Administration Of-  
ficer, Wairau Hospital.

J. (James) Howe, Safe Air Ltd.

### **TREASURER (one nomination):**

G. F. (Graham) Simpson, Secretary,  
Graham Hitchings Ltd.

### **EXECUTIVE (eight required):**

E. A. R. Bishell

G. P. (Ike) Cameron, Painter, M.O.W.

J. (John) Capill, Blenheim Boro  
Council.

R. A. (Bob) Fidler

R. C. (Bob) Forbes, Retired.

I. McG. Glass

J. (Joe) Griffiths, Loader, Safe Air Ltd.

E. J. Hancock, Insurance Rep.

J. (James) Howe

D. J. (Derrick) Marsh, District Savings  
Promotion Officer, P.O.S.B.

R. A. (Bob) Miller, Field Officer, M.A.F.

M. B. (Mike) Morrison, Spray Painter,  
Safe Air Ltd.

S. A. (Syd) Robinson, Carpenter, MOW.

Rev J. W. (John) Walton, Minister of  
Religion.

### **CLUBHOUSE COMMITTEE (no election):**

Adrian Bishell

John Capill

Brian Day

John Devescovi

Alan Eatwell (chairman)

Bob Gordon

John Miller

Monty Montgomery

Gerald Nelson

Snow Sutherland

Jimmy Todd

Stan Todd

Roy Turner

A Red Indian lolling on the ground  
outside his wigwam aroused the ire of  
a tourist. "Why don't you stir yourself  
and get a job?" asked the tourist.

"Why?" asked the Indian.

"Well, so's you can earn some  
money, of course."

"Why?"

"With money you can open a bank  
account."

"Why?"

"And then when you've got enough  
money in the account you can retire,  
so's you wouldn't have to work any  
more."

"Not working now."

## PEN-PICTURES OF OUR CANDIDATES

We asked our candidates to present for publication in this month's issue a pen-picture of their background and their aims in presenting themselves for election.

Received to date are the following:

**BOB FIDLER (Vice-President and Executive):** I am 44 years of age, married with four children and my occupation is Manager of the Post Office Savings Bank in Blenheim, where I have been since May 1977.

I previously worked in this branch in 1955-56 as a clerk and I am pleased to be back in Blenheim, where we intend to stay.

I served in Malaya with 2 Battalion N.Z. Regiment from 1959 to 1961 and I am currently President of the Marlborough branch of the Ex-Malayan Services Association. I have been an executive member of the Marlborough RSA for one year, where I have learned a lot about RSA affairs.

I am also on the executive of the Redwood Rugby Club and have coached rugby for 12 years. I also look after a schoolboy cricket team during the summer months.

I am presenting myself for election because I am vitally concerned for the well-being and welfare of all members and I would like to see younger Returned Servicemen take a more active interest in RSA affairs and to encourage them to use our club facilities.

**DERRICK MARSH (Executive):** I am 32 years of age, married with three children and have lived in Marlborough off and on for about eight years. I am employed by the Post Office as District Savings Promotion Officer, promoting banking investments, etc., throughout the Marlborough district.

I served three years in the armed services in Malaya, Singapore and Vietnam.

I am currently treasurer of the Marlborough branch of the Ex-Malayan Services Association.

I am serving my second year on Heritage Marlborough's executive committee.

I have served on the R.S.A. executive committee over the past 12 months and my aim is towards the welfare of our club and its members.

**SYD ROBINSON (Executive):** In presenting myself for election to the executive once again I wish to advise that I have been active in the RSA since 1946, having served on executive and social committee of Motueka RSA before coming to Blenheim in 1965.

Transferring to Marlborough RSA I became involved with clubhouse affairs, being chairman for three years and have served on the executive for the last five years. I was elected a life member in 1979.

If elected my aim is to further the welfare of members and the Marlborough R.S.A.

**"IKE" CAMERON (Executive):** Prior to being elected to the Executive in 1961 I had served on the social committee. I have been on the executive continuously since 1961 and at present I am the chairman of the Welfare committee and MRSA representative on the Patriotic Council, and have served on Heritage (Marlb) since 1969. At present I am a vice-president and should I be re-elected I will endeavour to look after the best interest of the majority of members.

---

★ ★ ★

"I just crossed a porcupine with a gorilla", announced the genetic experimenter.

"What did you get?" asked his assistant.

"I don't know what to call it", mused the scientist, "but one thing's for sure — it won't beat its chest!"

★ ★ ★

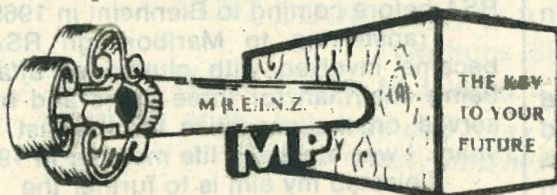
A local comedian is said to have stepped up to a bar and asked for a martini consisting of twentyfour parts gin and one part vermouth.

"Coming up!" said the bewildered bartender. "Like a slice of lemon peel twisted in it?"

"Look friend," snapped the comedian, "if I want a lemonade, I'll ask for it!" □

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Reprinted from the London  
Daily Mirror, October 27, 1980

## NAZIS IN POPPY DAY PARADE

A group of neo-Nazis have been given permission to march in the Remembrance Day parade to the Cenotaph.

They are posing as an ex-servicemen's organisation. But their leader is a member of the League of St George, which honours Hitler.

A lesson on "remembrance and reconciliation" will be read for them by the new National Front's lay preacher, Kenneth McKilliam.

Music will be played by a uniformed band from the Flemish neo-Nazi group V.M.O.

Last night ex-servicemen's associations were angry and appalled.

Harry Curtis, chairman of the defence committee of the Association of Jewish Ex-Servicemen and Women said: "We will ask the Home Secretary to ban these people from taking part.

"The widows who will be mourning their dead will be shattered to find Nazis there whose heroes killed their husbands.

"The whole Jewish community is up in arms over this. We're very angry."

Air Vice Marshall Charles Maugham, secretary of the British Legion, said: "We deplore them coming to the Cenotaph.

"The whole object of the service is to remember those who died fighting against fascism."

The neo-Nazis are calling themselves the European Remembrance and Reconciliation Association.

Their ceremonial officer is Jim Burrows, 43, chief security officer of London's Ealing Council.

He said: "I'm not an anti-Hitler man. Neither am I a fascist or Nazi.

"I think Hitler has been misrepresented in some of his ideas."

He said the idea of forming the association was partly his and partly that of the League of St George.

The league has publicly said in its magazine's editorial that it "honours" Nazism.

One of its editorials said: "It is necessary to show the Nazis in the best light possible."

Permission for the group to join the parade on November 9 was given by Scotland Yard.

Last night no Government department had yet stepped in to ban the Nazis.

★ ★ ★

Old Patrick O'Connell was being taken to task by his parish priest for keeping his life savings under the mattress.

"Tis a foolish thing to do, Patrick," said the priest, "for apart from the risk of theft or fire, your cash is not earning you any interest under that old mattress."

"Oh, Oi've t'ought o' dat, Father," said the old hoarder, "and Oi puts away a bit for the interest as well!"

★ ★ ★

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## AN IMMIGRANT FROM CALLAO

"J.C.": Riding down the valley of the Upper Whakatane in the Urewera Country, my travelling mate — a veteran of the fighting trail in other parts and a good practical botanist to boot — had a curious little story to tell about the origin of a tall-stalked yellow primrose which grew rather plentifully on the grassy bank of the river. It was introduced — or rather introduced itself — into New Zealand from Callao, on the West Coast of South America, in the thirties of last century, in the hold of a vessel which was bringing some cargo for the narrator's father, then trading in the Bay of Islands. Its seeds soon spread throughout the country, and presently were seen in quite remote parts of the island. The observant Maoris quickly gave it a name, and a practical one, too; it is called to this day, Te Tokotoko-a-Maui, or "Maui's Staff," in allusion to its long, straight stalk.

But other floral immigrants to the wild are not as welcome as Maui's Staff. The grassed parts of the Urewera territory, at any rate, those along the road from Te Whaiti to Ruatahuna, are infested with ragwort. The pakeha story goes that the pest was introduced to these wayback parts by some Maori damsels who admired the new flowering plant on the roadside down in the plains, witless of its weedy character.

The Urewera Maoris, for their part, declare that the pakeha anglers who go up to Te Whaiti and thereabouts to fish in the trout streams deliberately brought the seeds in and scattered them broadcast along the riverside and the road-edge. They have seen the pakeha in the act, say the village elders; so about the nefarious deed there can be no possible doubt whatever in the mind of Urewera-dom.

★ ★ ★

This house painter was on a ladder and his partner was down below.

"Hey, you got a firm grip on that brush!" the one below called up.

"Yup!" the one above called down.

"Okay. Hang on. I need the ladder."

★ ★ ★

## THE WORKER !

Some years ago and during the Depression, a business man in Blenheim was approached by a fellow for a job.

A: What can you do?

B: Practically anything.

A: Any good at carpentry?

B: Yes, pretty good at that.

A: Report to the foreman at Scott St.

Three days later the business man arrived on the job, looked around, and said to the foreman: "Who put all those hammer marks all over the wood?"

Foreman: "That new man you sent up, Mr K."

After looking around, the business man said: "Better sack the gang, except that new man."

Foreman said: "Why, Mr K?"

"Well he seems to be the only one that's been working."

This was an old story told about Billy Carr (Hardware, Builder, Councillor).

—HARRY BATES

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

## TALL TALE FROM A SHUNTER

On occasions we are all critical of the railway system in New South Wales. Sometimes that criticism is deserved—sometimes not.

The men of the Railways in N.S.W. have, sadly, but sometimes it appears almost deliberately, nurtured a reputation for not caring greatly for the public.

But when you get to talk with the old knockabout railway men, some of them who have been there since the war, you couldn't meet a more fascinating group of hard-nosed characters.

And some of the stories that they tell would leave Ronald Dahl in a Dahlemma.

I heard one the other day which is supposedly true, that occurred at Darling Harbour.

A little shunting was going on and the man in charge became a bit over-enthusiastic and shunted a freight car right into the Darling Harbour.

After mulling over the situation for some time he decided to leave it there and not say a word.

But later his conscience got the better of him and he discussed the matter with his boss.

The chief, displaying real railway wisdom, decided that they should send a diver down to see if it could be retrieved.

When the diver made it back to the surface the boss yelled out: "Can you get it?"

The diver replied: "Yes . . . which one do you want?"

★ ★ ★

After repeatedly warding off her date's amorous advances during the evening, the pretty young thing put her foot down. "See here", she shouted indignantly, "This is positively the last time I'll tell you 'no'."

"Splendid!" exclaimed her date. "Now we can start making progress".

★ ★ ★

## A Meal In Every Glass

Australians live on booze, according to statistics reported by Melbourne journalist David Ross in the "Aussie Talk" column of New Zealand Truth. Figures just released show that during 1980 Australians spent nearly \$4,000 million on alcohol, which is more than they spent on meat, fruit and vegetables combined.

### EDITORIAL

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

### PRINTING

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

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

### PLEASE NOTE

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

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## WHAT'S WRONG WITH N.Z?

*Written in May, 1922, by*  
**CLAUDE JEWELL**

"All's well! The Mothers are still rocking  
the cradles of the world."

—WILL OGILVIE

If one were asked what were the chief products of New Zealand one would enumerate the staples (as per school book) and then add, "Officials and advice." Both are in the largest possible supply, but in the long run either will be able to absolutely massacre individuality. If you asked the comparative stranger the question that heads this new piece of advice he would possibly glow all over, think of hill and stream, glorious sky and beauteous seascape and reply, "Nothing!" If you asked a New Zealander (in New Zealand) it is possible he would assume the traditional gloom of a motherless foal and find any number of things wrong with it.

What's RIGHT with New Zealanders is that they are so excessively British as to be self-depreciatory in their own peerless country, and calmly boastful (with every conceivable reason) outside it.

New Zealanders hear more news about themselves than any people in the world, and all the people hear the same news. There are no fashions in insular pabulum, and if the mathematical habit were persisted in for a generation or two we should rise "by numbers" and go to bed by bugle-call.

There is nothing whatever wrong about this if we recognise that officialdom is national perfection; that official year books are the acme of literary art, and that political speeches are the one great rival of picture-shows and horse races.

A fellow came back from somewhere else the other day and said that he thought we were "smug and stuffy." He has asked if he had told the more vivid people of Ireland or Wales that we were smug and stuffy. Of course he hadn't! If we are stuffy and smug, maybe the daily and hourly habit of dosing the population with statistics has aided.

It is much more important that three hundred and seventy-five people attended the Seabay picnic than that they enjoyed themselves; and a reporter who returned from a fire with a glittering yarn, minus the amount of the insurances, would be regarded as a fearful New Zealander. It would be darkly said of him that he must have been imported.

Official Gradgrinds exude statistics ranging from the number of inmates in lunatic asylums to the total population of half-castes. It is exceedingly necessary (but very scaring) that the precise number of cases of typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever and bankruptcies should be known. This passion for statistical, mathematical mensuratory activity suggests the necessity for the abolition of imagination.

The suppression of imagination and origination need not necessarily be confined to statesmen and public servants, but could be introduced into primary schools, in the playgrounds of which have been observed troops of noisy boys imagining themselves to be a motor-car, the pale boy in the rear explaining that he was the smell. There is an element of both imagination and humour in this that any statistical official would inevitably repress.

It was in the year 1928, and the scholars of the Seabay State School were taken to the Art Gallery to see the last and greatest painting by Augustus Palette, the world's most famous painter. The master, with pardonable pride (for there were other spectators about) demanded of the dux: "What is your opinion of this picture, Dukeson?" And Dukeson at once replied: "The frame is formed of four pieces of six-inch stained kauri moulding, mitred at the corners. The length of the top and bottom pieces is twenty-five and a sixteenth inches each; the length of the sides twelve and one-fifth inches each, while the glass covering the painting is probably less than the measurements indicated, by the larger portion of the width of the moulding. The cord from which the frame is suspended from the wall is in length sixty-one inches, of a diameter of three-eighths of an inch, made of cotton, and stained green."

Then the master, turning with tremendous pride to an interested spectator, said: "That boy will become a great artist, sir!"

When Einstein and those other foreign fellows succeed in their campaign against the established dogmas of mathematics and geometry, heaven alone knows what is to become of the Red-ink and Ruler Gradgrinds of Statisland.

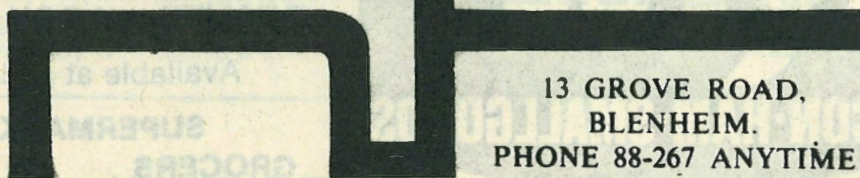
The most humorous artist in the British Empire (H. M. Bateman) drew a picture showing a court full of Chief Justices, wig, clerk and all the dreaded paraphernalia of Justice. The criminal in the dock, laughing so wonderfully, you can almost hear him. The expression on the faces of the wigs there and then assembled depict the intensest surprise, horror and consternation. Bateman calls it "Contempt of Court." The expressions on the faces of the wigs suggest the horror we New Zealand people would feel if anybody burst out laughing at statisticians, wigs, advisers, politicians, socialists, labour parties and the ceaseless, solemn round of mathematical, measured, dreary officialism.

It is a soul-shaking moment when a magistrate who has never smiled, except on pay-day, from the moment he went to the bar, cracks the mildewed chestnut: "You know the good old advice, gentlemen—If business interferes with racing, give up business (laughter). It is as if someone were doing a breakdown on Archbishop Laud's grave or desecrating the Town Hall organ with ragtime.

Sydney Greenbie, a dear little man from Massachusetts, who has written a book, says that there is not one great work of architecture, not one noble, original conception, not a single national artistic achievement from one end of New Zealand to the other. The poor little fellow says the soul of the people is not expressed

## **NORM FOWKE GLASS**

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anywhere. The people don't know whether it would be legal to express their soul. It might be contrary to the regulations. Little Sydney (who really is a pleasant pink little chap) has probably never seen "Hansard" or the "Year Book," or any of the monuments of nationality that are as precious to us as the Capitol at Washington is to him.

Once a stranger was walking down Lambton Quay and he heard a peal of laughter. Without looking around, he said: "That must be either a Maori or an immigrant." He was wrong in asserting that no-one laughed in the streets for fear of what the statisticians and city councillors might say to the police.

A little woman walked down Queen Street, in Auckland, accompanied by eight children. They were all hers. She would be about 32 years of age and her husband was with her, and it was patent he was imported, for he was not ashamed. The whole street laughed with the greatest heartiness as they would have laughed at a choice piece of double entendre in a vaudeville show. Novelty appeals so much to the crowd!

Any statistician who saw this unusual evidence of breeding in the human race would be able to publish in the press the next day the number of infants who died under the age of one year and five years respectively.

Well, WHAT'S wrong with us? There isn't anything wrong with us except that we are self-conscious like the boy who wears long trousers for the first time, or the girl who puts her hair up and lets her skirt down. We are young, thank God, and pretend to despise the young. There will come a day in our gem country when we shall not be ashamed to show our hearts; when a colonial woman with eight children will be regarded not as a jest (as was the immigrant Englishwoman) but as a

worthier object for veneration than even on imitation cenotaph of a bookful of figures on the cost of living.

What is RIGHT with us that we are not a thousand years old, with a national history of suffering and starvation, war, murder and dangerous frontiers. The smileless flippancies the pretence that we are blase, is mere assumption. We don't mean a word of it!

The disciplined solemnity of New Zealand seems rather the result of age than of youth, but this is merely that we prefer to be ruled by the unromantic septuagerarians who have toiled arduously to dissipate their youth and to not forget their aspirates.

Our excellent friends the French declare that "the English take their pleasures sadly," and despite what an occasional Celt may aver, we in New Zealand are more English than the English—even if children are unfashionable and statistics are the national literature.

It is a curious matter that we New Zealanders are "old for our age." The young people of a young land are older than the middle-aged people of an old land. One has to take one's self seriously with a national history covering two generations. Our "oldness" happily is not senility, but the result of national direction by those who are senile.

We in the dock of the Court of Octogenarians engaged in the lightsome task of statistical expression must not be too young and burst out laughing. It is contempt of court.





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# QANTAS AND THE JUMBO

With the recent "kerfuffle" over the Boeing 747SP (Special Performance) we thought it might be an idea to dig up a few details for you.

The 747SP is 14.3 metres shorter than the normal 747, enabling it to operate on Rongotai's short runway.

Qantas, advertised as the world's only all-747 airline, has been unable to utilise its share of the trans-Tasman flights through Wellington because of the runway, and for the last 10 years these flights have been handled by Air New Zealand's DC8s.

The 747SP will carry a total of 307 passengers in three classes.

Freight-wise the 747SP will bring another new service — the ability to air-freight containers. It will be able to carry an average of nine to ten tonnes of freight (more if the passenger load is not full) in 10 metre and 4 metre containers.

Although Air New Zealand has no immediate plans to follow its Australian counterpart into the Jumbos, it will, however, set up competition on the freight side. One of the DC8s currently in use is to be converted into an "all-freighter" capable of handling an average 22 tonnes of freight.

The \$1.25m conversion, to be carried out in the United States, will see the DC8 fitted with a large door, all windows removed, and general strengthening carried out. It will be able to handle containers and pallets and will be fitted with a container tracking system.

Air New Zealand hopes to have the freighter back in service in July.—From the Canterbury Brevet Club Newsletter.

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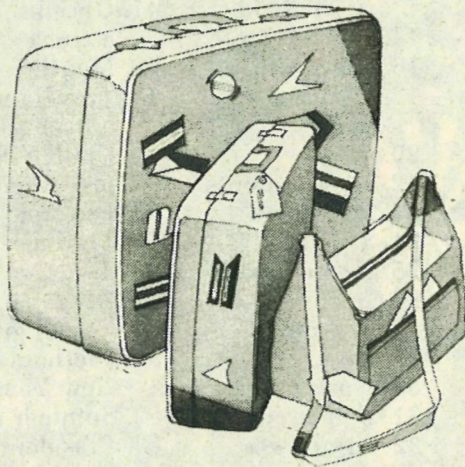
Two chaps were undressing in the sauna.

Jack: I say Bill, I didn't know you wore a corset. How long have you been wearing it?

Bill: Ever since my wife found it on the back seat of the car.

---

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# crossword puzzle 26

## ACROSS

1. Foreman
5. Bring up children
9. Baseball stick
12. African lily
13. Great Lake
14. Goofs
16. Big tawny cat
17. Dividing walls
20. Gives
22. — and outs
23. Soft drink
24. Sesame
25. Noah's boat
26. In this place
27. Warning device
30. Hasten
31. Pondered
32. Cry of woe
33. — Aviv

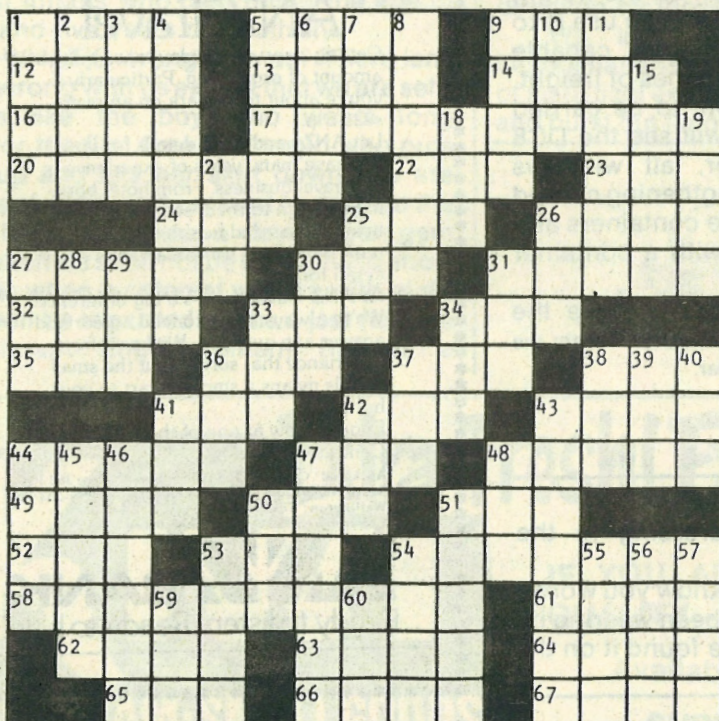
34. Feline
35. Church bench
36. Cotton machine
37. Pale
38. Cushion
41. Once around a track
42. Mouth part
43. Travel on horseback
44. Church projections
47. Pro and —
48. Thin metal disk
49. Dregs
50. Cereal grass
51. Vietnamese New Year
52. Summer (Fr.)
53. President Coolidge

54. Speech
58. Disguise
61. Ore vein
62. Fasting season
63. Level
64. Son of Seth
65. — Moines
66. Tall slender grass
67. Small missile

## DOWN

1. Hairless
2. Hodgepodge
3. Anon
4. Legislative bodies
5. Drive back
6. Epochs
7. Ventilate
8. Go to bed

9. Wagers
10. Hero of "Exodus"
11. Figures of speech
15. Sleep sound
18. Writing fluid
19. Drove too fast
21. Soft metal
25. Be ill
26. Shack
27. Tree juice
28. — de France
29. Uncooked
30. Female fowl
31. Fellow
33. Gratuity
34. Bottle top
36. Auto fuel
37. Gain the victory
38. Hole
39. Fruit drink
40. Lair
41. "— Miserables"
42. Parcel of land
43. Clattered
44. Actor Guinness
45. Flower leaf
46. Appeared
47. Visitor
48. Pod vegetable
50. LummoX
51. Tendency
53. Severs
54. S-shaped molding
55. Hebrides island
56. Scent
57. Bird's home
59. Single thing
60. "— Maria"



(Answer on Page 24)

When it's double or nothing



# It's time for a Lion

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LION 173

## START THE QUEUE, CHAPS

### HOPE FOR THE IMPOTENT

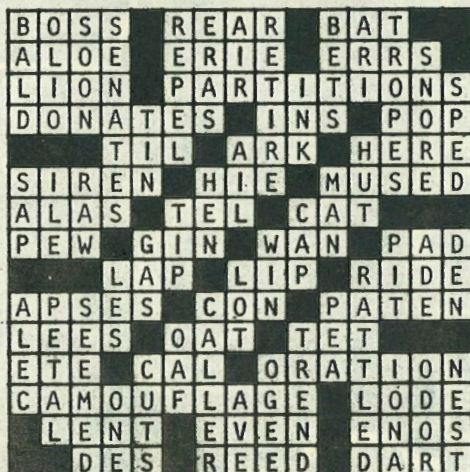
An ingenious hydraulic device implanted in impotent men can give them an erection at the touch of a switch, according to the latest issue of the *"American Medical Association Journal."*

The system, which has restored virility to patients of between 21 and 85 years, consists of a pump implanted in the scrotum, a reservoir in the abdomen, and a pair of inflatable cylinders in the penis, according to the journal.

When the pump is activated, fluid from the reservoir is forced under pressure into the penis cylinders, ensuring rigidity. Detumescence is induced by means of a valve, which lowers pressure and returns the liquid to the reservoir.

The journal says the system has been effective for 234 out of 240 impotent men undergoing treatment in the urological department of the medical faculty at Baylee University, Houston, Texas. Ten of the patients were aged over 70.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE 26



## Beer and Sex

A bottle of beer a day, combined with regular sexual activity, is supposed to help prevent heart attacks, an Israeli heart specialist believes.

Dr Mordechai Levin, head of the Heart Disease Prevention Centre at Soroka Hospital in Beersheba, says there is less likelihood of a heart attack among those who drink "reasonable" amounts of alcohol than among non-drinkers.

Dr Levin also recommends exercise and a lowering of tension and stress for staving off coronary trouble, and says that sex provides the perfect combination of the two.

...

## Service with a Smile

Prester John's column in the "Otago Daily Times" repeats the story of a reader who adjourned with a friend for a beer in a rather unprepossessing pub. "I'll have a seven," said one of them to the barman. "The same for me," added the other. "and make sure the glass is clean." A minute later, the barman brought the drinks. "Sevens," he said. "And which one of you wanted the clean glass?"

...

Sign in a bedroom of a small hotel: "Please do not smoke in bed, or the next lot of ashes to fall on the floor may be yours."

...

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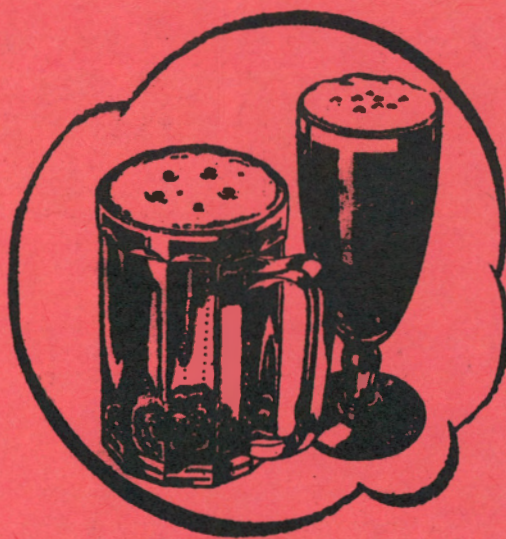


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*"Drink because you are happy,  
Never because you are miserable."  
G. K. Chesterton.*



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