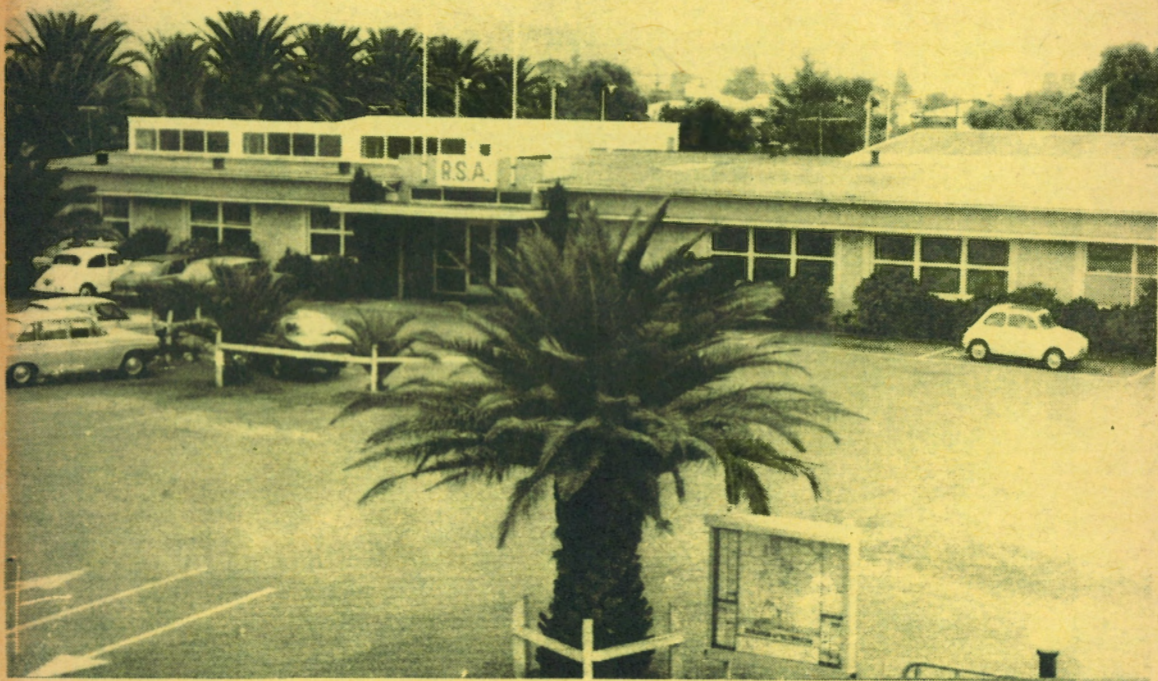


CROSSFIRE



OFFICIAL BULLETIN OF THE

MARLBOROUGH RETURNED SERVICES
ASSOCIATION

VOL. 3, NO. 4

JUNE/JULY

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EDITORIAL

A couple of interesting events have occurred during the last few weeks which have caused reaction from our members.

The first was an announcement by HART that they intended laying a wreath on our War Memorial on June 16 to commemorate the black Africans killed at Soweto five years ago. The phone was hot and the air in the bar was blue as members voiced their anger. A check with the Borough Council confirmed that they had not been granted permission for such an event. Thoughts of members in combatting the happening ranged from picketing the memorial to removing the wreath as soon as it had been laid. The matter was discussed with the local newspapermen and we hinted that we intended to lay a wreath of our own at exactly the same time as the demonstrators and that we intended to hunt through our war histories to find any event at all to use as an excuse. Word must have got back to the right quarters as next day it was reported the wreath would now be laid on the village green as the demonstrators did not wish to upset returned servicemen.

The second event to cause reaction from members was the Editorial in The Express on June 15 in which returned servicemen were stated as wont to look sternly across the generation gap and to be less than impressed with what they see. The whole business began at the Dominion Council meeting in Wellington when the Prime Minister in his address said the RSA should be looking at avenues to help the youth of New Zealand other than by a suggested scheme of compulsory service to the community. The NZRSA sub-committee on youth matters under Mr R. A. Banks has been recommending to Government for a period of five years, proposals for youth training. In April this year, the Dominion President sent a memorandum to all Members of Parliament outlining the RSA scheme and seeking support and co-operation in urging the Government to implement the scheme. The NZRSA scheme urged a period of 12 months obligatory service to the community for both male and female school-leavers and a remit to this effect was presented to delegates at the conference. The remit was passed after the deletion of the words "at least one year" and the resolution in its final form reads: "That NZRSA continue to urge for the introduction of an obligatory national community service scheme whereby all young persons leaving school, male and female, are required to contribute to service of benefit to themselves and to the people of New Zealand. The options for such service should be as wide as possible and should include: social and welfare work, civil defence, forestry and farm work, local authority projects, voluntary organisational work and service in the armed forces, hospitals and institutions."

Mr Muldoon's main criticism of the scheme was the cost involved and he considered the money would be better spent training young people in the skills which would fit them for employment.

Regardless of the proposals, regardless of the criticism which has followed, at least we are showing our concern for the problems facing our youth today.

WANTED

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

EDITORIAL

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

PRINTING

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Blenheim.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

As there was no publication last month of Crossfire this report covers an important two months during which quite a lot happened.

As promised at the general meeting I called for a special meeting on June 4 to discuss the remits that had been on the board for the previous three weeks. Unfortunately, only a handful turned out to attend and having no quorum, I had to call it off.

The conference was well attended and those that had read through the remits could see that there were some contentious issues that were going to arise. These were freely aired and a lot of commonsense-talking took place. I am sure that the other delegates like myself were impressed with the standard that is maintained under Doug Leuchars' chairmanship.

We were disappointed with the poor response that we had for the Bavarian Night. The Municipal Band were playing for those that did turn up. It was a cold night outside and I am sure that the hardy souls who turned out for the evening's entertainment were soon warmed up. Everyone enjoyed themselves, and I am glad that I was able to get along. Please remember that, unless we get sufficient backing from our members, it is not going to be worthwhile providing entertainment. Perhaps the format for the evening didn't suit the temperament of some of you. In that event, if you have any suggestions along the lines of improving the attendances at these socials, please give your ideas to any member of the executive and we can have a look at it.

Sheila and I went north for three weeks holiday, going as far north as the Bay of Islands. During the trip I took the opportunity when available of popping into RSA clubs and conveying greetings from Marlborough RSA, which were always reciprocated. You know, we have nothing to be ashamed of in our clubrooms, nor of the good feeling engendered to us from people who have visited and said how welcome they have been made to feel on their trips to the South Island. We have quite a few unpaid public relations officers and I am grateful to them.

Hopefully, the next social on the calendar is in the capable hands of the Navalmen's Association. They always put on a good show. Watch the board for the announcement and make up a party and come along for a carefree evening. Those of you who made the trip to Pictou for their last social know now what to expect.

It amazes Sheila and I just how small New Zealand is. On our way north we called into the Tauranga RSA and surprised Bob Robertson and Les Watson enjoying themselves. It was the first time Les had been out of the province for a considerable time and there we were bumping into him. Another occasion took place a few days later when we called into the Wanganui RSA and Cyril Broadbridge from Wairau Valley was there. He was visiting his family up there at the time — small world!

The Municipal Band will entertain us about 6.30-7 pm on Friday, July 31. They are canvassing all hotels and clubs to raise funds for their next national championships.

Motueka indoor bowlers visit us on Saturday, August 8, and the Diggers' indoor bowls elimination tournament is organised for August 22.

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The gallant gentleman held the lady's hand and said, "You're my oldest friend."

"B-b-but I just met you."

"I've known friends longer," said the cavalier. "But you're the oldest."

The young maiden got herself involved in a divorce case and was being questioned in court.

"So Miss Jones, you admit that you went to a hotel with this man?"

"Yes, I do, but I couldn't help it — he deceived me."

"And how did he do that?"

"Well, he told the reception clerk that I was his wife."

LUNCH AT THE RSA — 12 to 1.30

EXTRACT FROM THE 1981
DOMINION EXECUTIVE
REPORT

The Dominion Executive Committee has pleasure in presenting its Annual Report to the 65th Annual General Meeting of the Dominion Council.

INTRODUCTION

Age 65 is of particular importance. It used to be linked to universal superannuation and is now the time when the age supplement is paid to war economic pensioners; it signifies retirement and laying down the burdens of work.

That may be true for individuals but for the RSA movement it marks the time when the association — the need for such an organisation — becomes more important. It is a time for members to review our work, to reassess our tasks and reassure ourselves that they are still valid.

As the number of Government and local leaders and opinion makers who are returned servicemen is decreasing, there is a risk that the younger men who move into important positions, and the younger age group as a whole, do not know what the RSA is, or does. This 65th anniversary, therefore, seems to be an opportune time to remind them and the public.

WHAT IS THE R.S.A?

The RSA is a fellowship of men and women who have served with the armed forces outside and inside their country of enlistment in time of war, emergency and peace.

It consists of a number of local associations, each of which is registered as an incorporated society. These associations are affiliated together in a national body which is called NZRSA.

The national body is the formal spokesman for all the local RSAs in New Zealand on national issues which affect all ex-servicemen and women.

The main purpose of each RSA is:

- (a) To perpetuate the comradeship born of service, and
- (b) To promote the general welfare of ex-servicemen and women and their dependents.

The whole organisation is non-sectarian, non-partisan in party politics and wholly dedicated to good citizenship. It is also committed to upholding the national constitution and to fostering the welfare and security of New Zealand.

To foster the comradeship of service RSA's operate social clubs where members can gather together and get to know each other. It also organises many sporting occasions and functions with the same object in view. These include tournaments for golf, bowls, indoor bowls, snooker and darts.

RSA takes a dominant part in solemn acts of homage and remembrance at war memorials and makes a special point of ensuring that every ex-serviceman and woman receives ultimately the special dignity of an ex-servicemen's funeral and interment.

The well-being of the living is, however, RSA's main pre-occupation and this entails

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a very wide range of activity.

It is a cardinal principle that every ex-serviceman and woman must be accorded his full and just entitlements under the War Pensions Act, and also under the Rehabilitation Act. The association strives ceaselessly to ensure that these entitlements are maintained at fair and equitable levels.

From time to time, according to changing circumstances, RSA seeks improved treatment for ex-servicemen and women and endeavours to obtain additional benefits so that the disabled and the bereaved are always able to maintain their proper place in the community.

The pensions work of the RSA includes dissemination of information, advisory services and the conduct of appeals.

Over and above the various rights and privileges accorded by the State the RSA provides assistance to deal with situations which cannot in the nature of things be provided for by legislation.

In past years considerable expenditure was regularly incurred to provide additional education for children. This work has diminished.

RSA tries to foster good citizenship and bodies with similar aims. Principal interests include making available halls and clubs and supplying personnel for functions. RSA makes a very special effort to promote and foster, socially, desirable youth activities in the community.

In the endeavours to promote the well-being and security of New Zealand, RSA takes a vigorous interest in all aspects of defence, paying special attention to the well-being of serving members of the forces and the adequacy of their equipment and accommodation.

RSA also realises that the security of New Zealand depends significantly upon the character of the nation's overseas relationships. To this intent RSA promotes actively and contributes according to its resources, to welfare programmes aimed at improving the living standards in neighbouring territories.

For the purpose of carrying out its aims and objects RSA maintains close and cordial links with similarly orientated groups all over the world. In this way, it not only gains from pooled knowledge, and experience, but is also able to establish contacts with ex-servicemen immigrating to New Zealand and to help New Zealanders

abroad. Very close links are maintained across the Tasman and visits are regularly interchanged with the Australian sister organisation (the R.S.L.).

FROM THE DOMINION EXECUTIVE REPORT

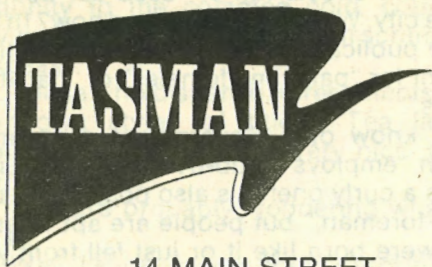
PROSECUTION OF WAR PENSIONS POLICY

The deep-seated problems of continuous inflation are by now so well known that further discussion in this report will be superfluous. It is sufficient to note that the economic pension, the war service pension and war veterans allowance have been increased twice during the period by reference to the Consumers Price Index. These adjustments in the view of the DEC have however barely sufficed to keep pace with the minimal criteria for a reasonable standard of living as measured by the retired person's pension — the national superannuation. Strenuous efforts have been made to increase the quantum of the war veterans' allowance and the war service pension particularly, for those who reach age 60 but these efforts have not been successful yet.

Compensation for war disablement is in a totally different category. Any failure to ensure that effective purchasing power is preserved discriminates against a particular class of citizen to whom the nation as a whole owes a specific debt.

The war disablement pension and the war widows' pension are adjusted annually with effect from April 1, also by reference to the CPI. At the time of preparing this report the result of the 1981 annual review is not known but a worthwhile increase is expected. The association, however, is not satisfied that the CPI is a realistic yardstick under today's conditions and NZRSA believes that the provisions of the War Pensions Act compare unfavourably with many provisions of the Accident Compensation Act.

For many years the DEC has been focussing attention upon and trying to correct, the very serious anomaly that men and women injured or who become chronically ill, in the line of military duty, often receive less compensation than that which is paid to private individuals who suffer injury through, perhaps, their own negligence, wilfulness or folly.



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SERVICE MEMBERS

A number of complex issues came before the DEC over service members.

First, there was the matter of making the badge more distinguishable from the RSA badge worn by returned servicemen members. This was achieved by having a blue enamel background in the badge. The exchange of badges is still in progress and so far 10,420 new badges have been issued or are still on order from the manufacturer. The cost involved is heavy and could not be anticipated at the time the last budget was prepared. Some 850 badges in good enough condition to be renovated, were returned by local RSAs. These will be re-processed by the manufacturer and issued in due course.

Second, there was the question of granting other privileges and rights enjoyed by returned servicemen. These range from the wearing of the RSA tie or blazer pocket badge to use of welfare funds and funeral ceremonial.

The DEC is aware that there are many unresolved problems and is conscious of the need to treat all questions concerning service members with due regard to the wishes of returned servicemen and in fairness to those who have joined this new category of membership.

It will be seen that as at December 31, 1980, 49 local RSAs had financial service members. Others have amended their rules, or applied to do so and no doubt the number of RSAs with service members will be greater by next year's report time.

SALE OF LIQUOR AMENDMENT ACT 1980

The year has been a quiet one with all concerned waiting for the outcome of the Sale of Liquor Amendment Act 1980 (effective April 1, 1981). This Act is under close study to see its effect on RSA clubs.

CLUB MODEL RULES

It is believed that some RSA clubs have involved themselves in costly legal expenses having rules drafted when the Model Rules can so easily be adopted to local circumstances at little cost.

RSA CHARTERED CLUBS —

RELINQUISHMENT OF SPECIAL STATUS

As predicted in the last annual report, at least two RSA chartered clubs have moved away from their special status to "become clubs with virtually "open" membership. In the circumstances, the retention of a privileged position for RSA membership is not acceptable to the Licensing Control Commission and this point has been declared in the decision.

THE EFFECTS OF THE 1980 AMENDING LEGISLATION

The Licensing Control Commission has indicated, both orally and in writing, its intention to discuss with NZRSA possible effects on the Model Rules.

It is anticipated that the entry of lady visitors into premises controlled by local RSAs might be one area where some amendments could be envisaged.

The whole question of "club" licences could be another discussion point.

Certain restrictions on reciprocal

visitors' access to chartered clubs located close to each other in a city area should not apply to RSA premises which are part of suburban areas in larger cities anyway.

Considerable research and discussion will be necessary to meet the needs of smaller clubs or associations conducting charter premises.

THE NAME'S THE THING OR DO WE PAY FOR THE NAME?

Occupational names, designations they are known as, always interest me. In recent years they have been "swept up" to give dignity to relatively hum-drum jobs and to give a professional air to mediocre tasks.

Often the result of these changes is to elevate the ordinary through the sublime and into the ridiculous.

For instance, my fishmonger conducts his trade from a "fish emporium." Does this make him an "ichthiemporos?"

In a new suburb there is a grocer who runs a "Food-a-rama," which I can visualise as being a "wide screen Todd AO action-packed" challenge to TV with food thrown in. I wonder if he classifies himself as a "food projector" on his tax forms?

A headmaster friend of mine met one of his old pupils who described himself as "an assistant to a purveyor of provisions" — he was a "grocer's boy."

I met a very sophisticated 17-year-old at a party one night. Impressed by her various talents I asked her what she did for a living. "Oh, I'm a beautician," she said. And she was a credit to her craft.

Really, I prefer her designation to that of a schoolteacher I know of "itinerant mistress."

We can be quite down to earth, despite the times. Remember, Ring Lardner described a chiropodist as a "corn husker?"

A sensible lad could describe himself as a "grease monkey who works in a lubritorium" and there could be "an assistant underputer who works in a mortician's chambers."

But today clerks are assistant economists, dustmen are garbologists, cooks are chefs, greengrocers are fruitologists or fruiticians.

And how would you like to be a barman in a trouser-bar, or a custodian in a toolorium? If you are a man you can be a waiter in a coffee lounge — but a girl would be a "hostess."

Every night my newspaper declares that there are streets full of "used car dealers" in the city. Who used them, and how? In that same publication there are many situations vacant for "part-time females" or "part-time ladies."

I know of a Government department which employs "sub-overseers" — now that's a curly one! It is also possible to be a "sub-foreman," but people are apt to ask if you were born like it or just fell from your cot.

An interesting occupation known by its initials is that of "O and M," done by "organisation and methods men." Now, this sounds important but I suspect that it is not. The State Services Commission and other Government agencies seem to positively devour these creatures.

There are frequent vacancies advertised with "no experience necessary" because a "thorough training will be given."

Personally, I think there would be more security in the Army.

Of course if you really want to "get with it" you can easily assume a profession.

A common presumption is that claimed by various propaganda merchants and sales huskers — the "public relations men" and their "associates" (one cannot be employed by such people, on associates with them).

There are public relations "consultants" who for a fee which is graduated up as the client's income rises, act as press-agents and general dogsbodies for businessmen.

"The practitioners" (another word they like to use for its professionese sound) usually describe themselves as "PR men" — yuk! "Pee" and "Ah" — what rude noises to make!

But being either a "pee-ah" man or woman gives you lots of scope. For instance, a large department store advertised for a "female public relations assistant" — she was expected to stand at a counter and give a running commentary on toasting sandwiches.

Norway records the best though — an advertisement for a "PR lift attendant."

Canada has PR men in cemeteries and, I'm told, Australia has a special breed of them which it harbours in bowling alleys.

There is one occupation here that I have had a yen to take a closer look at — the "strip tease artiste" (with an "e" please). Now, this is one job to attract any enterprising female. She could start with limited capital and

provided she had the right figure and an immunity to the common cold, could do very nicely. She could start from scratch, so to speak.

Those who dispense refreshments have their own styles of titles: "Tea ladies" abound and they're often very nice. I also like "barmaids."

You are probably wondering what my job is.

Well, I suppose you could describe it as a "landscape surgeon."

You see I'm a bulldozer driver, currently known as a bulldozer operator. Man, you should see me operate on a building site! I can carve every dimple out of a hillside's backside, give a promontory a "nose job," shorten elbow bends, straighten curves, sever waterworks, cut terraces in a scarred face. You name it — I'll do it.

Really, when you come to think of it, I'm not just an ordinary landscape surgeon — "I'm a "plastic landscape surgeon," a sort of earthy "surgical cosmetician."

★ ★ ★

A large woman wearing a loud purple dress and many jewels visited a costumier and asked him what colours she should wear.

"Madam," said the expert, "when God created the butterfly and humming bird He made them of brilliant colours. But when He created the elephant He made it grey."

Shorty Strikes Again !

Here are another couple of yarns from Picton women's section member Shorty Wilkins.

* * *

A kindly old gentleman paused in his stroll along a suburban street when he came across a small boy crying in a doorway.

"There, there," said the kindly old gentleman, "why are you crying, sonny?"

"Me mother and father are fighting," he sobbed.

"That won't do, will it?" said the old gentleman, "who is your father?"

"That's what they're fighting about," said the boy.

* * *

"Well my boy," said the stuck-up captain to the new midshipman, "the old story I suppose — the fool of the family sent to sea?"

"Oh, no sir," replied the youth, "that's all changed since your day !"

NEW MEMBERS

RETURNED SERVICE MEMBER

582273 R. J. CLARKE

SERVICE MEMBERS

538177 W. E. CASSIDY

774221 M. D. COLLINS

M. T. DUANE

2147 R. D. A. HILL

61091 T. E. POWELL

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PICTON BRANCH NEWS

At the annual meeting on June 2, Mr S. Leighton was appointed publicity officer so this will be my final contribution to Crossfire in that capacity.

I can only hope that readers have enjoyed my efforts to inform about Picton events, as what is of interest to some may have no appeal to others.

In conclusion I would like to congratulate the new executive officers and members and to those who were unsuccessful — your readiness to make yourselves available in these positions is greatly appreciated by the executive, as is your continued support in so many other ways.

To Paul Brodie: Keep up the good work, and I trust members will make your job easier by giving you news items of interest.

I now look forward to reading — not writing — future Crossfires.

—CLIVE M. TAYLOR

PICTON LADIES

The AGM was held on May 12 and the election of officers was voted on by the 30 members present as follows:

President, June Ireland; vice-president, Margaret Charters; treasurer, Joan Peat; immediate past president, Sybil Phillips; committee, Eileen Mattingley, Dorothy Dahlberg, Betty Topp, Connie McKay, Joan Taylor, Shirley Rowland, Joy Fredericks; joint patronesses, Rose Townsend and Mrs Duckworth; delegate to charter club committee, Margaret Charters; information officer, Joan Taylor, sales table, Shirley Rowland, Connie McKay, Doris Francis.

In her report the president thanked her committee and also fellow members who had contributed to making the past year very enjoyable.

Events during May ended however with a combination of sadness and happiness. Sadness when we attended the funeral of our greatly respected and loved founder and patroness of the womens section, Rose Townsend, MBE. We extend our sympathy to her family.

The month concluded on a happier note when we were hosts to visitors from the Christchurch South RSA at Queen's Birthday weekend.

To those of our ladies who are not well either at home or elsewhere, our get-well wishes surround you, particularly Doris Parfitt and Dot Murrell.

A new member has been enrolled, namely Marie Perano.

—JOAN M. TAYLOR.

PICTON R.S.A. EXECUTIVE 1981-82

The following were elected at the annual general meeting:

PRESIDENT

Mr J. Maxwell

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Messrs J. Cook, S. Joiner

TREASURER

Mr G. Mattingley

IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT

Mr Jim Taylor

COMMITTEE

Messrs F. P. Ashfield, H. R. Fredericks, E. J. Frisken, C. J. Ivamy, T. D. McManaway, W. H. Parfitt, C. M. Taylor, W. Varrall.

IN THE HILLS BEHIND WAIRARAPA

The point of the ambush was to catch the enemy off-guard and very strict instructions were explained as follows:

"Nobody is to move or disclose his whereabouts until the signal - a flare - was given."

While laying in ambush, two girls with large packs came down the path and stopped right in the ambush area. They removed their packs and downed trou to relieve themselves, still unaware of the men waiting to spring the ambush.

The NCO whose job it was to spring the ambush could not resist temptation any longer and fired the flare.

Fifteen or so men leapt out of the bushes with blood-curdling screams and firing blanks as fast as they could.

The reactions of the girls will never be forgotten by those on the exercise.

The employee opened his pay envelope and found a note attached to his cheque, which read: "Your pay increase will become effective the day you do."



23486 D. B. BOWN
23462 B. FARNELL
9666 R. G. MILLAR
43/150 W. N. McISAAC
8054 A. J. H. WILLIAMS

LEST WE FORGET

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MY RECENT VISIT TO AUSTRALIA

By C. M. J. WATSON

In May of last year our son Michael took part in the annual park to park fun run around Christchurch and was the fortunate winner of a return trip by Air New Zealand for two people to Sydney, plus four days accommodation at the modern and beautifully furnished Koala Oxford (sponsored by the Christchurch Press).

On behalf of my wife, myself and Michael I would like to express our grateful thanks to the Christchurch Press and Mr R. C. Rutherford who made all the arrangements and bookings.

Because of business commitments Michael generously gave the tickets to us, his parents, and this made possible our most enjoyable 23-day Australian holiday.

We received our first sight of Australia as we flew over the beautiful Sydney harbour and saw the massive single arch of the harbour bridge and close by the unique architecture of the world-famous Sydney Opera House.

Arriving at our hotel we were taken to our room, eight floors up with all the

comforts of home. Yet, despite all these comforts we felt isolated from our fellow human beings and inquired at the reception desk as to the whereabouts of the nearest RSL club. We were told the Paddington club was just along Oxford Street, about a mile from the hotel.

To anyone not acquainted with Australian RSLs the size and scope of their premises and the many activities almost take your breath away. Housie tickets are given away free — mainly because of profits from "one-armed bandits." In N.S.W. the law does not allow cash prizes — instead winners can select from a variety of goods such as trays of meat, cartons of biscuits, etc.

The Paddington RSL was in full swing when we arrived late on Sunday afternoon and a variety concert was under way in the main auditorium which holds 2000-odd and we were lucky to find a seat.

Two huge bars at the rear of the hall served the needs of patrons and we bought a couple of jugs — slightly larger than ours and \$2.10 each — however the alcoholic content is much higher and I found the flavour of Aussie beer much more palatable than our own.

In a nearby room we discovered the source that makes possible these palatial

clubs — the monotonous clank of the poker machines. There were some 150 in this club. My wife had a mild flutter but set a limit and personally they simply did not turn us on.

During our four hectic days in Sydney we managed to visit four RSL clubs, including a very enjoyable evening at the luxurious North Ryde club, some distance out of central Sydney, where we spent a happy evening with Brian Gardiner — son of our long-time friends and neighbours, Allan and Molly Gardiner.

Realising that four days was inadequate to explore all of Sydney we decided to see the inner heart of the city and spent two days walking its main business streets plus visits to some of the famous business stores such as Mark Foy's and David Jones, and an hour or two wandering through the extensive grounds of Hyde Park.

After our walking marathon we decided to spend \$28 on a conducted tour — arranged by Ansett — of a trip by a Captain Cook harbour boat from Circular Quay, out under the bridge and finally landed at Bennelong Point, the site of the Opera House.

Apart from its very unique architectural style it caters for a broad spectrum of the speaking, singing and visual arts.

We finally had a tour of the famous or infamous (depending on your viewpoint) Kings Cross, and here strangely enough, is situated the beautiful El Alamein fountain to mark the first major victory of the Allies in World War II — achieved in the Egyptian desert in October 1942 and in which I was proud to contribute my small part as a signaller with the 27th Vickers Machine-gun Btn.

We were well aware that there were many other famous and interesting places to visit but time did not permit.

Our daughter Ann is married to an Australian and lives at Wallsend, Newcastle, and we travelled by train to visit them.

A few days later we were introduced to Col Nolan, president of the Wallsend RSL and while attending the club for a house evening I was presented by the president with a china butter dish and knife, the dish having a colour picture of the Wallsend club on it.

In conclusion I have written this article as a tribute of thanks for the generous and wonderful hospitality extended to us by our new-found Australian friends and relatives

and the very warm welcome we received at the Wallsend RSL and in Sydney.

1981 Dominion Conference— Brief Report on Some Contentious Remits Presented

SERVICE MEMBERS PARTICIPATION IN RSA SPORTING EVENTS: Some heated debate led to the defeat of a number of remits recommending "service" members be permitted to take part in NZRSA sporting fixtures.

WOMEN MEMBERS PARTICIPATION in NZRSA sporting activities suffered a similar fate.

WITHDRAWAL FROM CHARTERED CLUBS AFFAIRS—This remit was withdrawn.

AMENDMENT TO RULES to allow service members to become chairman of chartered club committees was lost.

RECOMMENDATION THAT ALL RSA's ADMIT SERVICE MEMBERS by 1983 was carried.

ANNUAL NZRSA POOL TOURNAMENT was approved.

Marlborough 13th

Members may be interested to know that Marlborough is 13th on the list of numerical strength of returned servicemen membership. The list shows:

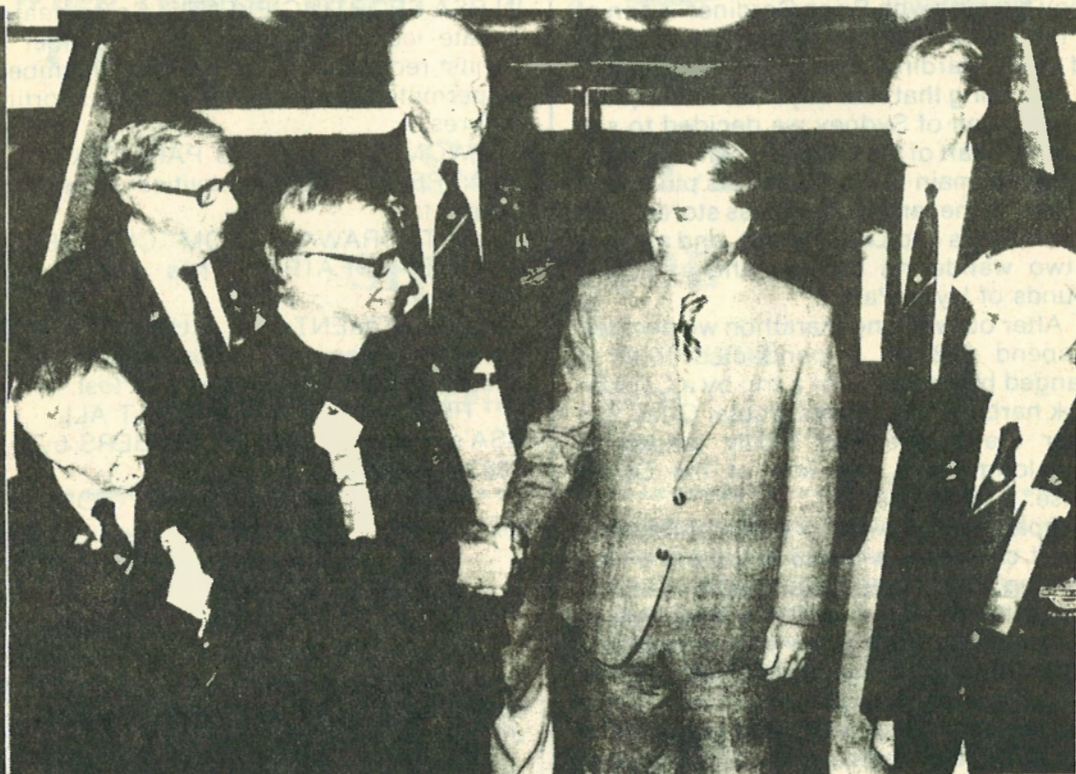
Christchurch	5419
Dunedin	4447
Auckland	3724
Wellington	2325
Invercargill	2211
Palmerston North	2044
Hamilton	1891
New Plymouth	1837
Onehunga	1671
Hutt Valley	1614
Rotorua	1571
Whangarei	1542
Marlborough	1502

"I'm interested in the sport of
kings."

"Horses?"

"No. Queens."

Anzacs here on an important mission



by SUE SHAW

"WE didn't come 1900km to have a good time," the leader of the bi-annual New Zealand Anzac delegation Padre John Walton of Blenheim said last night.

He was speaking at a reception at the Civic Hall given by the Mayor Ald Des Freeman and Mrs Freeman for the visiting seven-man delegation and their wives.

Mr Walton said the delegations's task was to promote the spirit of Anzac which had brought two Commonwealth countries together, not the horrors of war.

"Anzac Day is to educate coming generations in what their forbears did for them so they might have the life and the freedom they have at the moment," he said.

Mr Walton said the delegation had

noticed in Brisbane and to a lesser extent in their home cities and towns, where there were fewer people, the growing numbers of younger people and children among the crowds lining the streets for the Anzac marches.

Anzac Day would continue to be observed while this trend continued, he said.

Mr Walton said apart from taking part in the services marches and reunions in Brisbane on Anzac Day the delegation had visited all the RSLA clubs from Bribie Island to Darra since arriving in Queensland last Tuesday.

From Ipswich they would be travelling to Toowoomba and then on to the Gold Coast before spending the final two days in Brisbane.

Mr Walton became the delegation's leader when former MP Bert Walker of Christchurch was forced to return home earlier this week by ill health.

THE leader of the New Zealand Anzac delegation Padre John Walton of Blenheim is pictured meeting the Mayor Ald. Des Freeman. Other members of the party are (l-r): Norm Hewitt, Christchurch; Ted Douds, Levin; Jeffre Touton, Dunedin; Bert Hickey, Christchurch and Clif Simmons, Tauranga.



A 16-member New Zealand Anzac delegation on the steps of the Beaudesert RSL club with local members. The New Zealanders were on a goodwill tour of NSW and Queensland and had lunch at the Beaudesert club last week. They said they were impressed with the club's atmosphere.

Highlights from June Executive Meeting . . .

Letter sent to Borough Council requesting no permits be issued on the morning of Anzac Day for organised sport (since acknowledged) — Special meeting called to discuss remits to D.E.C. (one member other than Executive turned up so meeting was cancelled) — RSA Bowling Club to affiliate with Marlborough RSA — Bowling club and RSA executives to meet to discuss matters of mutual concern — Letters sent to all debenture holders asking them to redeem them, or if they wish, donate them — Income tax refund of \$708 received — Eric Bishell granted leave of absence while on overseas holiday — Women's section examining proposed Model Rules recommended by NZRSA — One new RSA and six new Service Members elected — Good co-operation continuing with Marlborough Patriotic Council in dealing with welfare matters — Number of raffle tickets being sold to be increased from 50 to 60 to cover increasing cost of raffle goods — Picton annual elections held (results elsewhere in this magazine) — \$50 donated to Red Cross towards vehicle expenses in bringing our disabled to the veterans

afternoons — Thanks received from Divisional Cavalry Association for assistance during their re-union (cheque for \$100 since received from them for our welfare fund).

and 25 years ago

J. A. Bell (chairman). Mr Perkins to attend the annual meeting of Associated Clubs — Ken Forrest elected to membership — General Account had credit of £86 and the relief account a credit of £465 — Sub-committees of executive formed — East Coast purchased £50 worth of debentures — Branches to be circulated to draw up a programme for cricket matches — Attempts being made to charter a railcar for members to attend a rugby Test in Christchurch.

and 30 years ago

L. D. Waters (President) in the chair — Welcome to new executive members — Invitation received from Nelson RSA for president and secretary to attend their AGM (Mr Hood to attend) — New sub-committees appointed — Complimentary social evening to be held as a way of thanking the many helpers through the year.

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THE NEW ZEALAND WAR

BY MORGAN S. GRACE, C.M.G.
(Published 1899)

THIS IS THE SECOND IN A SERIES FROM
THE ABOVE BOOK WHICH WE ARE SURE
YOU WILL FIND INTERESTING AND SUR-
PRISINGLY SIMILAR TO THE PRESENT DAY
MAORI-PAKEHA RELATIONSHIP — WHEN
COMPARED WITH THE AUTHOR'S OPINION
IN THOSE EARLY DAYS.

CHAPTER ONE

THE EARLY DAYS

I was the delicate son of a highly intellectual mother, physically the poorest specimen of a large family. I adored my mother with the reverence which a feeble child feels for a protector. She never showed a particle of partiality for me. Indeed, mothers rarely set their hearts on any but their eldest or youngest children, and her eldest son was stormily successful from the cradle up.

He conquered all difficulties with the air of an emperor, and kicked or cuffed or bluffed his way up to the top of any circle in which he moved. He was a fine fellow: I was not.

I had, however, enough of a child's subtlety to enable me on most occasions to find ingenious excuses for the difficult positions into which I drifted.

In course of time my health became so weak it was thought desirable to send me to a farm in the country, called Sheadogue, which was owned by my father and managed by what in Scotland is called a bailiff. Here I acquired that attachment to the people which has since given me the

freedom of their hearts. I went to school with a lot of bare-footed, ragged-breeched urchins, who first instilled heroism into my soul. Their theory was "blood is blood."

They showed me ruined abbeys, broken-down bridges, tumbling walls, Gothic tombs and chapels; all of which, I was assured, belonged to my ancestors. This was a revelation. My mother's mind was ascetic; my maternal grandmother was a Scotch Calvinist. All this field had been hidden from me, and now, with the acute perception of a child's mind, I saw trouble in store.

I could not feel that I had "any blood" in me, and yet I knew that argument was out of the question. As I foresaw, when any difficulty arose to bar our boyish objects, every one exclaimed, "Blood is blood," and I was called to the front.

Nobody could have been more unfit for the position. It was useless to reason, so I did my best. Sometimes I had to engage in personal conflict a champion from some other barony. The result was inevitably disastrous. On these occasions my backers used to lift me off the ground and wipe the blood off my face with my cap, saying, "You are powerfully weak entirely. Never mind, 'blood is blood.' Go in again."

And I did, with the same result, at which I was better as, though very slight and small, I was as active as a squirrel and knew how to hearten others.

These experiences accustomed my mind to tribal disputes and irregular warfare, and I make these disclosures to warn the reader that my sympathies are with the Maori, though my affections are all with the British soldier, who in adversity or success is a child of nature.

— CHAPTER TWO —

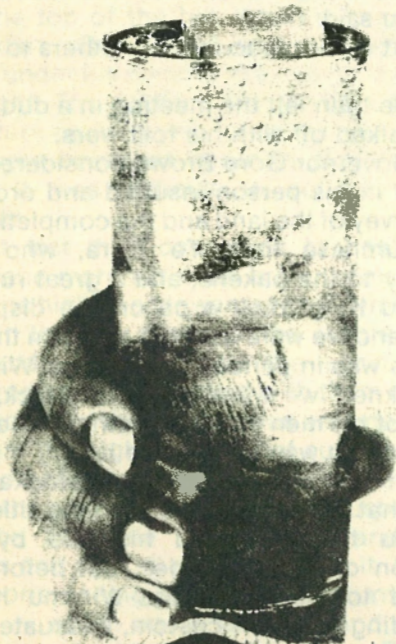
ARRIVAL IN AUCKLAND

I arrived in Auckland in June 1860, in medical charge of troops. We had touched at Sydney and heard of the Maori War. Communications were scant at that time, and but little was known. Enough, however, to make me feel the Maori tomahawk crunch through my skull into the brain.

Nothing can be more charming than the first view of Auckland. I have seen many beautiful cities in Europe, Asia, America and Australia but I doubt whether any compare favourably with Auckland in situation and surroundings. It looked to us weary voyagers a haven of rest. No one could believe that in such a lovely country, so peaceful, so attractive, war could be possible.

The troops, on landing, were met by a military band and marched up Queen Street, surrounded by a rejoicing people. We brought fresh hope and joy to anxious

**"All the Best.
From Schweppes."**



Schweppes

colonists. The affair at Waireka had left a poor impression as to the efficacy of British troops in Maori warfare, and anxiety and alarm pervaded the public mind.

I reported myself to the Chief Medical Officer and left a card on the Commandant's daughter. How well do I remember her first question — "Well, what do you think of Auckland?"

I stood up, looked out of the window, and said, "Beautiful! It is a thousand pities, however, the North Shore is not planted."

I turned around, looked at the circle in the drawing-room, and said to myself: "These people think me a prig. I wonder why?"

I was detailed for duty at the General Hospital in Auckland City, and settled down to my work. In a few days a very nice gentlemanly man — a brother medical officer — said to me, "I have my orders for the seat of war. Your arrival has played the devil with everything. I am making love to the sweetest girl in the world. Long before my return (if I ever return) some combatant officer will have carried her off."

I felt the cold shivers run down my back, and the whistle of the Maori bullet in my ear. I muttered to myself, "Blood is blood," and said to him:

"My dear fellow, I am dying to go to the seat of war. I am a poor devil of an Irishman, accustomed to turbulent people. I have seen the lady: she is a beauty. For her sweet sake, I'll be off and get tomahawked. I will volunteer for active service. You have friends: you can arrange the rest.

And he did.

— CHAPTER THREE —

OFF TO THE WAR

I was ordered to the seat of war and paraded with the rest in the barrack square preparatory to the march to Onehunga. I had on my undress staff frock-coat; I have it still. It would not go within six inches of buttoning around my waist now.

The men of the 65th who paraded were shaggy, bearded giants, roughly clad, with their arms in excellent order. In comparison, I looked a dandy — and knew it. I had served recently with the Rifles. The Brigade-Major, mounted on a rough ten-pound animal, rode straight at me, pulled his horse on his haunches, swung him a bit to the left, and shouted out:

"You think yourself a swell, sir. I am Brigade-Major Slack. You are going to Taranaki. Tell Colonel Gold, sir, he is bitching the whole war. As for Colonel Murray. I shall have him broke, sir. I shall have him broke. I have reported the whole business to the Horse Guards."

He rode off. I smiled and ranked him a shingle short. We embarked in the S.S. Airedale. She was so uncommonly low in the water and so crowded with men that I felt sure she would topple over. With every roll of the boat the soldiers on deck felt their left or their right. The weather fortunately was fine. We arrived off New Plymouth early in the morning and landed in surf-boats. I was met on the beach by a cheerful-looking young officer with 65 on his forage cap, who said: "You had better go up to the mess-room and have some breakfast."

I inquired my way and was directed to a long, two-storied shed; walked upstairs, and entered a bare wooden room with a long trestle table in it. It was apparently empty. A corner was cut off by a rough paper screen.

I walked up to a shabby mirror over the mantelpiece, arranged my hair, and settled my silk stock. I had landed in my undress frock-coat — in fact, I had never had it off since I left Auckland — and felt very uncomfortable. A stage-whisper broke on the silence of the room:

"Begorra, Mick, here is another of them patent-leather French soldiers, just like Captain Richards of the Light Bobs."

To explain this, it is necessary to say that a blue frock-coat is not a regimental uniform.

I was a staff-assistant surgeon, and therefore had no regimental uniform.

I glanced through a chink in the screen, and saw a pair of honest grey eyes contemplating me with scorn. Without turning round, and whilst still arranging my hair, I called for stirabout and milk. There was a smothered guffaw behind the screen. A fine, handsome soldier walked out and said:

"Begoora, sir, there is no stirabout and milk in this country at att, at all; but I can order for you rashers and eggs."

"Rashers and eggs by all means let it be."

We were both quite grave, but each had in his eye an amused twinkle that was more eloquent than words. This incident got about amongst the soldiers, and made me free of the 65th Foot.

— CHAPTER FOUR —

SOLDIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE WAR

Next day I put away my undress frock-coat, and wore a blue jumper and a forage cap to show my rank. I now give you a soldier's account of the war up to the date of my arrival.

"This was a bit of a ruction about land. Outsiders had nothing to do with it. We could have managed it all ourselves, but we were not going to be hurried. After we had time to get warm there would have been some fine fighting. Then we would have settled our quarrels, had a big feed together, and gone on again, in a comfortable, easy manner. You see, the 65th has been in New Zealand about 18 years. We all talk the language, more or less. Indeed, some of us have close relations amongst the Maori. Whether or not, they are a decent, civil-spoken race, and we know many of their chiefs and people as well as we do our messmates.

"Well, Wiremu Kingi insulted Governor Gore Brown by saying: 'The Waitara is mine. I will not allow its sale'. When requested to talk the matter over with the Governor, Wiremu said:

" 'It is for me to talk, for others to keep silent'.

"He then left the meeting in a dudgeon and walked off with his followers.

"Governor Gore Brown considered the Queen in his person insulted and ordered the survey of the land and the completion of the purchase from Te Teira, who was friendly to the pakeha, and a great ruffian. Wiremu Kingi built a pa on the disputed block and we were sent out to storm the pa. All this was in perfect good blood. Wiremu Kingi knew we were going to attack, and some of his men marched with us when we were on the way to surprise it.

"The pa was not a fighting stockade; it was what the Maori called a 'land title pa.' Wiremu had defended his title by the erection of the stockade. Just before we arrived to storm the pa, Wiremu Kingi, according to Maori custom, evacuated his 'land title pa' and went off to his fighting fortress. We, under orders, invested the land title pa, which we all knew was empty, and at the word of command stormed it gallantly.

"We then put up a land title fortification and returned to New Plymouth. Everything

was going on nicely till some members of another tribe, the Ngatiruanui, who were also adversaries of Wiremu Kingi's, murdered some white people to the south of New Plymouth. Had we then gone to Wiremu Kingi, who was a Ngatiawa, and asked him to put off the quarrel about the land, and come and help us punish the Ngatiruanui, all would have been well.

"An expedition was organised, to withdraw our white people from the Southern districts where the murders had taken place.

"The Maori had built a land title pa at Waireka, just on the side of the high-road. It was thought desirable to have the relief party pass around by the sea-coast, whilst the 65th watched the Waireka pa.

"When men are sent out to fight Maori, they should be told what they have to do, and ordered not to return till they have finished it. Colonel Murray, who commanded the 65th, received positive orders to return by nightfall. The Militia and Volunteers who had gone round by the sea-beach fell in with some Maori and fired on them. An irregular skirmish took place, a great deal of noise was made, and very little harm done. I was in Charley Urquhart's company and saw the whole proceedings from the top of the hill. When it began to grow dark, Colonel Murray ordered the troops under his command to retire. It was a fine night. The soldiers thought something might turn up in the way of diversion and as they were scattered about in skirmishing order, it was difficult to collect them together.

"At last they consented to hear the recall, and marched in an irregular manner along the high-road towards New Plymouth.

"On the way they met the sailors who had landed to cut into the sport. We chaffered and hob-nobbed with them in the dark, and told them there was an empty pa just near the high-road, full of curious pigs and sport of every kind; and they rushed on. When the sailors got out of the bush they saw the stockade in the open and the officers and men all rushed right at it. A few old Maoris, seeing us retire, had returned to the pa — which was a land title and not a fighting pa — to cook some potatoes. These fired a volley on the sailors, and then ran away. One or two Maoris were killed and several sailors wounded.

"This was the real cause of the war. These Maoris were Ngatiawa. Few of our

people knew one tribe from another. We had attacked Wiremu Kingi's tribe because the Ngatoruanui had murdered our people.

"Wiremu Kingi's people could have murdered all our settlers before morning without difficulty, but did not do so because, according to Maori custom, the Ngatiawa had no right to erect a stockade on our land. Waireka was our land. We had not only bought it, but cropped it and held it for many years. The Ngatiawa knew this well, and only put up a stockade as a protest against our occupation of the Waitara. Our farmers who grazed their cattle up to the very line of the Maori knew it also, and both Maori and white men used to smoke their pipes in the evening, sitting on the logs around and some of the white men from a neighbourly feeling helped to hump the heavy timber needed for the corner-posts of that pa.

"Well, the newspapers made a great racket about all this, said the 65th had run away, and that had it not been for the blue-jackets the whole country-side would have been murdered and New Plymouth sacked.

"We said nothing, but felt 'pouri' (Maori for 'sad'). In a short time the women and children came in from the out settlements.

"Not a hair of one of their heads had been touched; not a particle of their

EDITORIAL

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

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furniture, or a single head of their stock had
been looted.

"Soon a wing of the 40th Foot arrived
from Melbourne, under the command of
Major Nelson, and with the Naval Brigade
were camped on the Waitara. Communica-
tion with this force was kept open by a little
steamer, The Tasman Maid, which crossed
the bar of the river and kept up supplies. All
this time the route by land was practically
open and settlers came and went by Bell
Block, as if we were all at peace; but our
military commanders either did not know
this, or care to admit it. The fact is they were
all quarelling amongst themselves, and
nobody knew what the next orders from the
Governor in Auckland might bring forth.

"Major Nelson was a fiery old field-
officer who longed for distinction. He was
egged on by Commodore Seymour, who
had landed his men, and itched to surpass
the achievement of his junior officer who
had stormed the Waireka pa.

"Major Nelson sent word that he
proposed to storm the Puketekauere pa,
named the day, and warned Colonel Gold,
who was the senior officer, to support him
by a land march, so as to cut off the
retreating Maori on his left flank. Now,
Captain Richards of the 40th Foot had come
down as a staff-officer and when our mess-

room was pretty full, swaggered up to the
looking-glass, arranged his undress frock-
coat, curled his moustache and said: 'Damn
me! There is no pa in the country I could not
take with my company of Light Bobs'.

"There was no remark made. As soon as
he had left, the word was passed around the
regiment: 'Captain Richards and the 40th
shall have their chance. We will not spoil the
sport'.

"When Colonel Gold, who was in
command of our regiment, and the senior
officer, received Major Nelson's demand for
support, he stormed violently, and swore he
would forbid the attack. Though he was not
aware of Captain Richards' boast — for he
was a married officer and did not frequent
our mess — the regiment tipped him the
wink; so he sanctioned the attack and
promised the support.

"Puketekauere was a position of great
natural strength. Two small elevations ran
into each other, joined by a smooth saddle.
The rear and right were protected by a raupo
swamp. Raupo swamps are impassable,
though they look inviting. The front was
easily approachable, even by heavy guns.
The left rested on the Waitara River. As is
common in river formations, these little
eminences had a curve in the middle. They
presented the form of an elongated kidney,
with its back to the raupo swamp. The front
hillock was higher and less flat on the top
than its fellow, and the bend in the saddle
enabled musketry from the lesser hillock to
command the approach to the other.

"Major Nelson had no real knowledge of
the country or the character of his
antagonist. The Maori built a stockade on
the larger hillock, ran up his flag and danced
his defiance on the open hillock that led to it.
This was more than human nature could
stand. Major Nelson fumed and swore until
he received the necessary permission from
Colonel Gold. He then started off in the dead
of the night. Captain Messenger with his
Grenadier Company and Lieutenant Brooks
with some Light Bobs. The men carried their
top-coats, 120 rounds of ammunition and
two days' provisions. These were to travel all
night and, at the break of day, to storm the
stockade from the rear, as the Major with the
guns assaulted it from the front.

"Captain Messenger once despatched,
the die was cast. There was great
preparation and before dawn off set the
main body under Major Nelson and
Commodore Seymour with the heavy guns.

Nothing but dead silence prevailed. The surprise was complete. The 24-pounders, the mortars and the 12-pounders opened fire. The stockade splintered like matchwood. The assault was ordered, and with a ringing cheer the soldiers and sailors vied with each other to get in first.

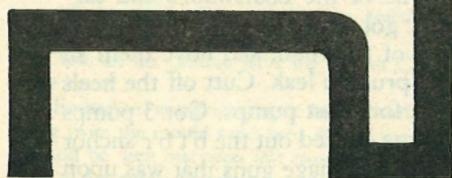
"There was merely a dropping fire from the Maoris and victory was certain. A soon as our men got up to the stockade, a withering fire was opened from the lesser flanking hillock. The stockade was only a draw. The Maori had rifle-pitted the whole of the saddle and the lesser hillock. As soon as the true position was unmasked, the recall was sounded. The wounded were picked up, the guns were unlimbered. The battle was lost, and for all practical purposes Captain Messenger's force was left to look after itself. The Grenadier's, under Captain Messenger, had at last found the rear of the pa. Worn out with fatigue from slaving all night through bush and swamp, they lay down a little to recover themselves. As soon as they heard the firing, up they rose with bounding hearts and plunged into the swamp as the only road to victory. They threw off their coats, peeled off their tunics, discarded everything but their arms and pressed on. It was no use. It was here Lieutenant Brooks, up to his waist in water, defended himself like a Paladin with his sword, disabling many an adversary until at length he was tomahawked from behind. Captain Messenger, finding the feat impossible, got together as many of his men as he could, beat to his right, skirted the swamp and rushed the Maori rifle-pits from the rear, where the swamp was more passable, and surprised the Maoris who were looking to the front, engaged with our men. Thus he carried out his instructions and rejoined the main body, which was in

full retreat.

"In short, it was a disastrous defeat and it seems doubtful whether the 40th, which had in the action the flower of its chivalry, will ever get over it. The 65th Foot, under the command of Colonel Gold, marched at four o'clock in the morning to cut off the retreat of the Maori on the left. They found the Waingongora River, from recent forest rains in the hills, flooded bank high and, as they had neither boats nor means for constructing pontoons, they halted and sought to open communications with Major Nelson by a mounted trooper, whose horse swam the river. This delay did not seem of much importance at the time. Neither was it in reality of any great importance, as it was well known to us that the Maori, if defeated, would retire up the river to Puke-Rangiora, rather than trust themselves in the open ordinarily accessible to our troops. As a matter of fact, Colonel Gold through Major Nelson had postponed the attack as he ought to have known by the flooded state of the Waitara that the Waingongora, which served the same watershed, must be impassable to our forces. The general impression in both camps was that Major Nelson had neither expected nor much desired Colonel Gold's co-operation. He meant to score off his own bat, secure a C.B. and a brevet lieutenant-colonelcy, terminate the war to the glory of his own regiment, and return in triumph to his own headquarters in Melbourne."

This is the end of the soldier's story. I gathered it from all branches of Her Majesty's forces, naval, military, volunteers and militia, and from all ranks of officers and non-commissioned officers engaged in these operations under the grade of field-officer. I have narrated faithfully and without any intentional colouring exactly what I

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heard, and I knew the intimate thoughts of the soldiers. I belonged to no corps in particular, never having been a regimental officer, and the wounded of all corps came equally under my care. If this narrative should offend anyone, I am sorry. It is the truth as I saw it, and ought to be told.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHANGE OF DATE

BLLENHEIM RSA WOMEN MEMBERS

As our mid-year dinner was arranged to be held on Prince Charles wedding day, we have changed the date to August 5 — same place — meet around 6.30pm for dinner.

We hope that this will be convenient to all as we would like to see a good turn-out.

The Nelson RSA women have written asking us to join them at a luncheon, so we are trying to arrange a date. We would like to get three or four cars to go over.

Cannon from H.M.B. Endeavour

by C. N. Poulsen

LIEUTENANT JAMES COOK left Plymouth Sound, England, on His Majesty's Bark *Endeavour* for his first expedition in August, 1768. He sailed south-west, rounded Cape Horn and arrived at Tahiti in June, 1769, where he had been instructed to observe the Transit of Venus. Leaving Tahiti, Cook again sailed south-west in search of a 'Great Southern Continent' which was thought to exist. He reached New Zealand in October, 1769, and circumnavigated the two main islands. Then, because of the approaching winter, instead of heading further south, Cook decided to look for the east coast of New Holland (now Australia), the west coast of which had been discovered one hundred and fifty years earlier by the Dutch, but had never been colonised.

The next stage of Cook's voyage is well known: his sighting of Australia on 20th April, 1770, and the landing at Botany Bay ten days later. Leaving Botany Bay the *Endeavour* continued north, navigating the Barrier Reef along the north-east coast of Australia. Then, just before 11 o'clock on the evening of June 11th, 1770, in between the taking of depth soundings, the *Endeavour* hit and struck fast on a submerged coral reef.

In his Official Log Cook recalls the incident; "Shoal'd the water from 20 to 17 fa'm, and standing on a cable's length further the ship struck on some rocks. Clew'd all up and hoisted out the boats, sounded round the ship, and found she was on the edge of a bank of coral which lay to the NW of her. Carried out the stream anchor with two hawsers to the southward. Hove tort meantime. Got down t'gall't yards, struck yards and topmasts. The ship still forcing into shoaler water upon the bank and striking hard, carried out coasting anchor to the SW.

Hove tort on the coasting cable and employ'd all hands in clearing ship. Hove hoops, staves, empty casks, and oil-jars overboard as well to lighten her as to clear away for heavier articles. Meantime carried out the spare stream anchor to the SW and hove tort on't.

Started 30 tons of water, hove some of the boatswain's and carpenter's condemn'd stores overboard, got the stone and iron ballast out of the hold, with a large quantity of firewood, and hove them all overboard. At 8, found the ship had sprung a leak. Cutt off the heels of the two spare topmasts to clear the foremast pumps. Got 3 pumps to work, the 4th being chok'd. Meantime carried out the b't b'r anchor and cable to ye westward and hove the 6 carriage guns that was upon deck overboard.

At noon, light airs and fair weather. The ship now lays with three

streaks heel to starboard. Lat'd observed, 15° 45' So."

Fortunately, the lightened *Endeavour* floated off the reef at high tide. The leaking hull was fothered with a steering sail into which hair, wool and oakum had been sewn. This enabled the *Endeavour* to reach the mainland at a place now called Cooktown where repairs were successfully carried out.

Although numerous attempts were made to locate the jetsam on the coral reef, now named Endeavour Reef, none were successful until January, 1969. Then, an American expedition from the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences arrived in search of the cannon under the leadership of Dr. Virgil Kauffman who had been inspired by a previous visit to the Great Barrier Reef. Enquiries by Dr. Kauffman had shown that the cannon were of cast iron and therefore their detection might be possible with the aid of a sophisticated magnetometer device. After a few days search the expedition's effort was rewarded when the magnetometer registered the presence of a large deposit of iron, and underwater searching eventually brought to light the cannon, cast iron and stone ballast which had lain on the sea bed for almost 200 years.

The jetsam was found 2 to 3 fathoms (4 to 6 m) down and underwater explosives were used to remove coral growths up to four feet (1 m) thick from the cannon, four of which were raised to the surface along with some stone and iron ballast. These were handed over to the Receiver of Wrecks for Queensland, Mr. W.G. Douglas of the Commonwealth Department of Shipping and Transport, who arranged for the relics to be transported in steel sea water tanks to Cairns for temporary storage. The American expedition having achieved its main object of locating six cannon and actually recovering four of them, then had to leave, and Mr. Douglas arranged for the recovery of the remaining two cannon and more ballast.

The iron ballast pigs were located in a pyramid formation about 85 ft (26 m) away from the cannon. Underwater explosives had to be used to break up this pyramid and in doing so a number of the ballast pigs were broken. The stone ballast was also found in a heap, 75 ft (23 m) from the cannon and 40 ft (12 m) from the ballast.

GENERAL DIMENSIONS OF COOK'S CANNON

Recovered from H.M.B Endeavour

Length (muzzle to cascabel)	6 ft (1.8 m)
Bore diameter	3.25 in (0.0825 m)
Bore length	5.1 ft (1.55 m)
Muzzle outside diameter	10.38 in (0.264 m)
Breech outside diameter	13.5 in (0.343 m)
Trunnion length (along top surface)	3.5 in (0.089 m)
Trunnion diameter	3.31 in (0.085 m)
Weight after preservation (approx)	1200 lb (550 kg)

All the cannon have monograms embossed on the barrel and other markings on the barrel and trunnions.

Also all the cannon have the British Crown property 'Broad Arrow' chiselled on the barrel.

Embedded in crevices on the cannon surface were sand particles, presumably remaining from the mould sand used during the casting of the cannon. Also on the surface could be seen markings left from the refractory mould dressing which was brushed on to the mould before casting the cannon.

RAISE A LAUGH!

As the policeman helped the bruised and battered imbibor up from the pavement he asked: "Can you describe the man who hit you?"

"Oh, yes, constable, that's just what I was doing when he hit me."

Sending your child to college is like sending your clothes to the laundry. You get out what you put in but you don't recognise it.

Finding an employee asleep on the job the boss roared: "Haven't you got anything better to do?"

"Yes, I have," replied the man, "but I don't get paid for drinking beer in the pub."

A reader was terribly disappointed when his wife gave birth to a baby daughter. He confided to the Editor: "I was hoping for a boy to help with the housework."

For your next speech—

"Mr Chairman, ladies and gentlemen. I feel like the young sheik who inherited his father's harem. I know what's expected of me, but I hardly know where to begin."

This month's good advice:

Tomorrow, get up and kiss your wife good morning.

It may frighten her, but she'll be so concerned for your welfare that she'll probably be kind to you all day.

There once was a man called MacBride,
Who fell in the privy and died.
The next day his brother, fell into another,
And now they're interred side by side.

If you can't sleep after the alarm goes off, then you can safely say you have insomnia.

We know a girl who has curves in places where some girls don't even have places.

Allan says his doctor told him it was all right to drink like a fish — as long as he drinks what a fish does.

A candidate for the police force was being verbally examined.

"If you were by yourself in a police car

and were pursued by a desperate gang of criminals in another car doing 40mph, along a lonely road, what would you do?"

The candidate looked puzzled for a moment and then replied: "Fifty."

"Look here," said the worried businessman to the new maid, "why did you tell my wife what time I came home last night when I asked you not to?"

"I didn't," replied the girl. "She asked me what time you got in and I told her I was too busy cooking the breakfast to look at the clock."

Reporter: "And now you have celebrated your 94th birthday Mr Smith, what would you say is your greatest joy?"

Mr Smith: "My greatest joy? Well, I haven't got an enemy in the world."

Reporter: "Well, that's really something, sir."

Mr Smith: "Yep, never been happier since the last one snuffed it about a year ago."

Man is like the small boy who was standing on the cat's tail. The mother, hearing the terrible outburst, called from an adjoining room, "Tommy, stop pulling the cat's tail."

Tommy yelled back: "I'm not pulling it; I'm only standing on it. He's the one that's doing the pulling."

A modern wife can often dish it out better than she can cook it.

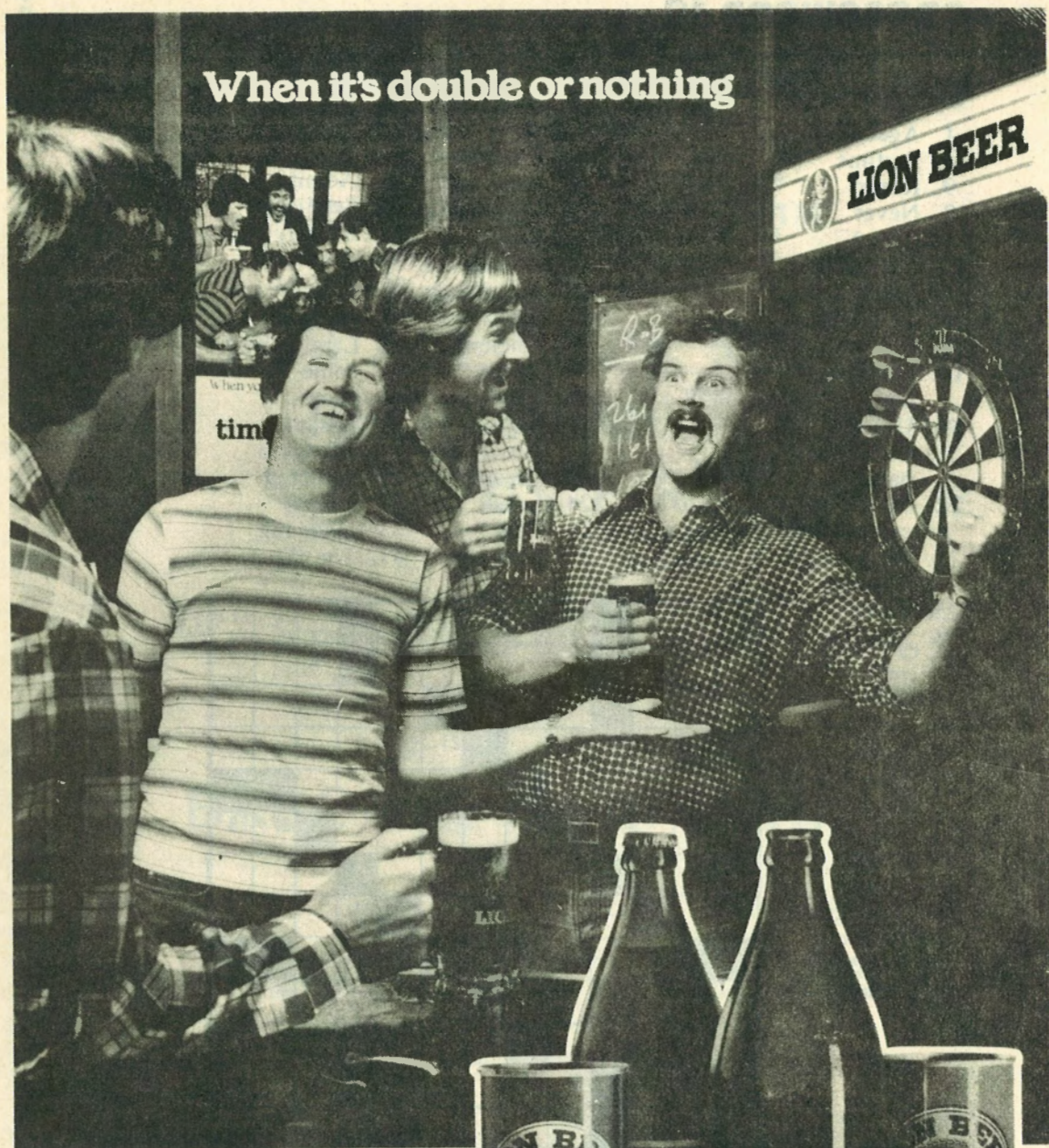
The trouble with life is that you're halfway through before you realise it's one of those do-it-yourself deals.

If you tell a man there are 270,453,000 stars in the universe, he'll believe you — but if a sign says "Fresh Paint," that same man will have to make a personal check.

Engineers are resourceful fellows. They couldn't open a railway carriage window so they air-conditioned the train.



When it's double or nothing



It's time for a Lion

Relax with the true satisfying flavour.
You're onto a winner.



CROSSWORD 18

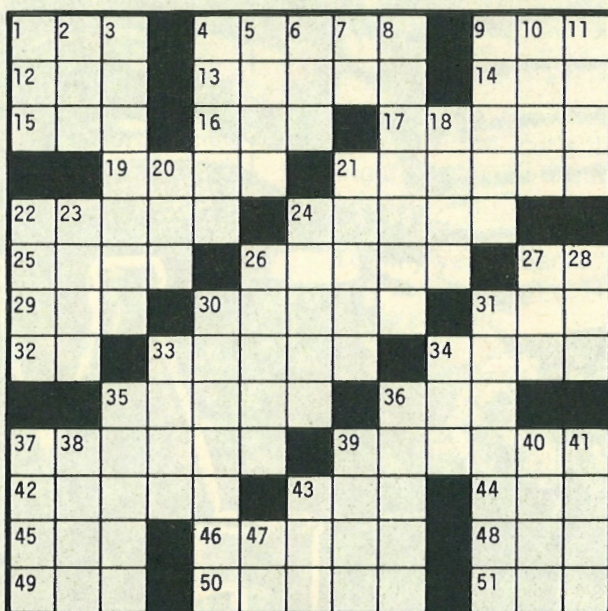
ACROSS

1. Aged
4. Pastime
9. Resort
12. Never (Ger.)
13. Dimmer
14. Sailor
15. Terminate
16. Creek
17. Make into law
19. Utilizer
21. Feels sharp pain
22. Master of ceremonies
24. Human-like machine
25. Tardy
26. Tablets
27. _____ Paso
29. Billboards
30. Serf
31. Low island
32. Direction
33. Bleat
34. Ballot
35. Sports center
36. Transgress
37. Pour out
39. Placed at intervals

42. Misery (Ger.)
43. _____ West
44. Before
45. Breeze
46. Make happy
48. Expire
49. Chemistry
50. Estimated
51. _____ of corn
4. Shopping
5. Twosome
6. Palm leaf
7. Concerning
8. Shiver
9. Commence
10. Agreement
11. Skills
18. Ancient shrine
20. Observe
21. Explain
22. Ardor
23. Created
24. Lasso
26. Sow
27. Consume
28. Alkaline solution
30. Thin
31. Admit
33. Seed coat
34. By way of
35. Acid taste
36. Rapidity
37. Bargain
38. Lamb's pen name
39. Cloy
40. Assam silkworm
41. Antlered animal
43. Door rug
47. The (Sp.)

DOWN

1. Unit
2. Tree (var.)
3. Subtracts



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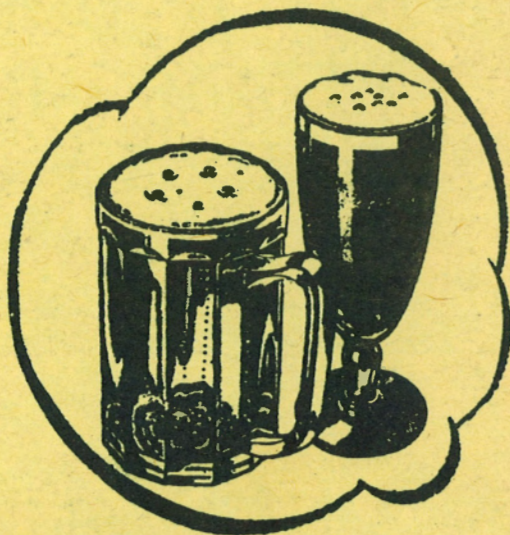


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DRINK AND ENJOY 

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



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