



# Loophole

OFFICIAL NEWS BULLETIN  
OF THE  
MARLBOROUGH RETURNED SERVICES' ASSN.

Vol. 2 No. 3 JUNE 1955

★ ★ ★ Presidential ★ ★ ★

As your President for the ensuing year, I must thank you all on behalf of the newly-elected Executive for the honour you have done us in entrusting us with the administration of the affairs of the Association. In that, it is evidence of the continuing active interest of members, it is gratifying that an election was required. May it always be so.

The Association has suffered a severe loss in the departure from Blenheim of one of its stalwarts, Fred Harrison, and has also lost, we hope but temporarily, the services on its executive of two other members, Frank Delany and Athol Hood, both of whom have made a large contribution over a considerable number of years.

In addition to those re-elected, your Executive now has three new members, George Cole, Bruce Hadfield, and Bob Bullen, all of whom I am sure have some contribution to make in administering the affairs of the Association.

It would seem that one of the largest undertakings ahead of your new Executive will be the obtaining of finance for a new administrative and clubhouse building. Some details of expected requirements are set out in an article in this issue, which I hope you will read and digest. Later we hope you will be able to react in a more material way and help to provide the finance necessary.

I hope that at the end of the year, if not before, we will be able to report that we can proceed with the scheme to house ourselves in a manner which will give greater satisfaction to all and be not uncomely as a centre-piece for the large open area surrounding us.

J. A. BELL, President.

1993.020.0040

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# ■ Membership

The following Officers and Committees will conduct the Association and Branch affairs during the year ending 31st March, 1956.

Nelson, Marlborough, West Coast District Representatives on Dominion Executive Committee of N.Z.R.S.A.:

District Vice-President: Mr. L. D. Waters, Blenheim.

District Representative: Mr. R. Hardie Boys, Wellington.

## Executive Committee:

President: Mr. J. A. Bell.

Vice-President: Mr. J. M. Walsh.

Immediate Past President: Mr. R. T. Scott.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. J. R. Naysmith.

Committee: Messrs. R. C. Bush, R. E. Bullen, G. R. Cole, R. B. Hadfield, F. R. Lightfoot, W. J. Perkins, R. D. Wanden, N. K. Jellyman (Kaikoura), F. W. Parker (East Coast), C. Harris (Awatere), T. B. Madsen and C. Beaumont-Neilson (Picton), A. A. Kitching (Rai Valley), P. L. Smith (Renwicktown), F. O. Delany (Sounds). Secretary: Mr. P. G. Tizard. Hon. Auditor: Mr. E. J. Harvey.

## BRANCH COMMITTEES

**Picton:** President, Mr. T. B. Madsen; Vice-President, Mr. C. Beaumont-Neilson; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. R. A. Mears; Assistant-Secretary, Mr. G. Lyon; Immediate Past President, Mr. J. W. Sutherland; Committee, Messrs. P. S. Crisp, E. W. Gibb, R. G. Glover, T. R. Harrison, E. McFarlane, E. T. Stammers, A. C. Sim, J. H. Taylor; M.R.S.A. Executive Delegates, T. B. Madsen and C. Beaumont-Neilson.

**Kaikoura:** President, Mr. C. W. Chapman; Vice-President, Mr. D. H. Stove; Secretary, Mr. M. O. Moore; Committee, Messrs. C. L. Stack, O. E. Perrin, W. J. Mills, J. H. Burns, L. Chapman, R. D. Ching, W. Cooper, S. A. Cormack, J. E. Goold, H. L. Hope, F. Taylor; Patron, Mr. L. P. Blunt; M.R.S.A. Executive Delegate, Mr. N. K. Jellyman.

**Rai Valley:** President, Mr. J. Morrison; Vice-President, Mr. R. Boon; Secretary, Mr. I. S. Burson; M.R.S.A. Executive Delegate, Mr. A. A. Kitching.

**Sounds:** President, Mr. H. M. Bates; Vice-President, Mr. D. L. Parsonson; Secretary, Mr. C. B. Jones.

**East Coast:** President, Mr. S. Williams; Vice-President, Mr. M. Young; Hon. Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. F. W. Parker; Committee, Messrs. H. Good, J. R. Moore, J. A. Davies, D. H. Giles, K. Avery.

**Renwicktown:** President, Mr. L. Brooks; Vice-President, Mr. E. O. Emanuel; Hon. Secretary, Mr. P. L. Smith; Hon. Auditor, Mr. A. Rodway; Committee, Messrs. L. Haines, R. Gittings, J. Goodin, H. Newman, C. Larson, F. Harper, J. Boyce, S. Blick.

**Flaxbourne:** President, Mr. B. H. Appleby; Secretary, Mr. W. G. Buckman.  
**Awatere:** President, Mr. J. Pattie; Vice-President, Mr. G. Mullins; Secretary, Mr. A. C. Reilly; Treasurer, Mr. R. East; Committee, Messrs. H. R. Ham, G. C. McNulty, R. M. Fleming, T. G. Hammond, C. W. Renner, C. Clay, G. R. Kerr, C. J. Harris.

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Following is the official count of votes in the ballot for eight committeemen:—

1. W. J. Perkins	..... 431 votes	8. R. E. Bullen	..... 300 votes
2. R. C. Bush	..... 417 votes	9. P. L. Smith	..... 293 votes
3. L. D. Waters	..... 412 votes	10. H. Tomlinson	..... 216 votes
4. R. D. Wanden	..... 351 votes	11. E. W. Perry	..... 183 votes
5. R. B. Hadfield	..... 315 votes	12. G. R. Gill	..... 144 votes
6. F. R. Lightfoot	..... 309 votes	13. J. B. Watson	..... 96 votes
7. G. R. Cole	..... 304 votes	14. H. E. Green	..... 93 votes

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## ■ E. J. Harvey, Esq.

In a recent issue of Review an article appeared stating the unique case of a member receiving the N.Z.R.S.A. Gold Star, when he already held the South Africa Veterans Association's Gold Badge. It was suggested that this was the first case of its kind in New Zealand. We feel confident in saying that Review are just eight years too late in reporting the first case, which concerned one of our own Marlborough R.S.A. members.

Mr. E. J. Harvey received from the South Africa Veterans Association their Gold Badge in 1946, and the N.Z.R.S.A. Gold Star in 1947. The case reported in Review this year, referred to Mr. Price, a "Gold Badge" South Africa Veteran of Wellington, who had just recently received the Gold Star. Mr. Price truly earned these awards, or they would never have been made, and we offer him our warmest congratulations. But we mustn't let anyone steal our thunder. "Nip"—as E. J. Harvey is known to his friends—got his nickname from his nippy efforts behind a Rugby scrum, when we lads of World War I were just starting our schooling. He played his part on returning from the South Africa War in helping to hold the South Africa Veterans Association together, not only in Marlborough, but throughout New Zealand. For his work in this connection Mr. Harvey was awarded the Gold Badge of his Association, a reward not lightly given, and one held by few. His long period of service to the R.S.A. gained for him the award of the Gold Star in 1947—an award most men find hard to earn, let alone receive. He has been Honorary Auditor for our Association continuously for something like 37 years.

Mr. E. J. Harvey took more than an ordinary interest in the activities of the Marlborough Patriotic Association, which, about eight years ago ceased to exist under that name, when local Associations linked together by pooling their resources under the N.Z. Patriotic Fund Board. The Marlborough Provincial Patriotic Council took over local administration of Patriotic Funds at that time, and continue to attend to the needs of men who have served in any war waged by the Crown. The Council have as their Chairman, none other than that wise guide and counsellor in welfare procedure, E. J. Harvey. His work in this connection is not known to more than the very few who are privileged to work not under him, but with him. No song is sung, no dance is performed and no publicity is given, when a returned man is given welfare assistance; so it is not surprising that E. J. Harvey's quiet way of still giving welfare service to his fellow returned men, is known to only a few. Mr. Harvey is the Minister of Internal Affairs' appointee on the N.Z. Patriotic Fund Board. As such, he attends meetings of the N.Z. Patriotic Fund Board in Wellington. The Marlborough Council receives the benefit of "Nip's" attendance at these meetings, as he has always readily passed on to members of the local Patriotic Council, his knowledge and experience of the working and constitution of the N.Z. Patriotic Fund Board, the Canteen Fund Board, the Combined Board and the Provincial Patriotic Councils, which bodies control large sums of money which are sufficient for the welfare needs of ex-servicemen until the year 2005.

Frank Horton and the writer attended a N.Z. Conference of Patriotic Council representatives in Wellington in March, called by the N.Z. Patriotic Fund Board. We were proud of the achievements and workings of the Marlborough Provincial Patriotic Council, when we measured ourselves against the standards of other Councils, as evidenced at the conference. None other than E. J. Harvey can be given credit for this. His knowledge and experience gained during the past fifty years in New Zealand-wide welfare activities is still being passed on to, and is being assimilated by returned men of World War II, who will be worthy disciples of "Nip". He has been greatly helped in this work by Mrs. Harvey.

We ex-servicemen, acknowledge our debt to both Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Harvey.

—“PEEGEETEE”

## ■ Our Charter

For the information of members generally and, in particular, those making regular use of the Clubhouse, it may not be out of place to set out a few facts relating to the Charter and its operation.

Our Charter was first granted on the 3rd March, 1952, and has been operated from that date. The main conditions relating to its operation are contained in the Clubhouse Rules approved by the Licensing Control Commission when the Charter was granted. A copy of these is on the notice board in the Clubhouse and members are urged to make themselves fully conversant with them so that they may ensure that they do nothing inadvertently, which could prejudice in any way the renewal of the Charter each year.

It may not be appreciated generally by all members that each year the Association must make application to the Licensing Control Commission for renewal of its Charter, and in making such application the following declaration is necessary:

"That the Club continues to fulfil all the conditions on which its Charter was granted." That is, that its members continue to observe strictly the Clubhouse Rules.

Most members know, of course, that a Charter revoked is lost once and for all time. Any Association's or Club's best means of avoiding such a loss lies in every member's compliance with Club Rules, particularly in regard to the introduction of visitors. The Licensing Control Commission has made it quite clear that it considers it is the responsibility of members of a Club or Association to see that strangers, other than bona fide visitors admitted in terms of the Rules, are not admitted to the premises of the Club or Association.

On each member using the Clubhouse, therefore, lies a duty to protect the privileges this Association enjoys under its Charter.

A continuation of your past co-operation will greatly assist your Executive Committee and Staff to maintain and improve the running of your Clubhouse.

J. A. BELL, President.

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### RAI VALLEY NOTES

AWAKE! for conscience in this Valley bright  
Has flung the stone that put apathy to flight.

(With apologies to Omar.)

At long last something is going to be done about the War Memorial. Standing on the bank luxuriantly festooned with blackberries, its meek appeal has, at last, been felt. It is proposed to hold a Public Working Bee and make the Memorial worthy of the names that are engraved upon it. The Opouri Women's Institute propose to plant flowers and shrubs when the work is completed.

Our Annual Meeting was held on May 6th. Considering the weather (which was foul) the attendance was quite good. A new President and Vice-President were elected. A few new faces appeared on the Executive. The P.B.S. is the same. The roll disclosed a total of eight new members. Anzac Service was well attended. Captain McCallum of the Nelson Salvation Army conducted the service and introduced Padre Hayes who gave an excellent address.

—"I.S.B."

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## SIDELIGHTS FROM THE DOMINION BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP HELD AT HASTINGS IN MARCH

Here are some of the bouquets which were chucked at us. All in good part.

Bert Dick was rocking in some solid stuff and I said to the opposing Skip, "This fellow is a Boer War Veteran." The reply I got to this was, "I wish to Hell he was in the Boer War now." In another game Dick Cragg was carefully nursing his bowl up and down before delivery, and the Skip remarked, "By gosh, I'll bet he is in great demand as a baby sitter." Dick made a lot of friends. He was our Ambassador of Goodwill; perhaps that was how he happened to lose his overcoat. He recalled at 5 p.m. on Sunday that he had not taken it home at midday; we searched all over, examined all overcoats in the Clubhouse. Eventually we got the Secretary and gave him all particulars.

Another old Skip referring to Jim Crooks said, "I knew him as a youth and he still has his accent, he has never 'lost' it." I said, "Yes, but don't forget he is a banker." Accent is a funny thing. I remember when Tam Archibald came back to Auchtermuchty from a trip to London, an old crony asked him how he got on. Tam said, "Not too good, they couldn't understand me on account of my accent." This puzzled the Old Bloke. He said, "Accent! Accent! I've known you all my life and I never knew you had an accent."

The happiest game we had was against a team from Waimarino, all out for fun. This was the last game and I suppose the tension was off. We will remember this game for a long time. We got safely home about 6 p.m. When we opened the bedroom door, you wouldn't guess what was on Dick's bed? Yes, you're right. Dick's overcoat. As Willie Shakespeare says, "Memory does play tricks with us all," especially at Tournaments.

We were the first team to arrive in Hastings. On the Thursday we went along to the R.S.A. rooms to see if we could see the "Draw". No bowlers there, so Jim and Dick had a game of billiards. One very hospitable old chap watching the play asked me a question. I said I had no idea, and that Father was running our outfit. This made him think for a bit. Then he said, referring to Jim and Dick, "Are they really Father and Son?" I said, "Too true!!" I think this fellow must have been in the Club for a few hours previously.

### THREE SAD STORIES

1st: Breakfast at 8 a.m.—commence play at 8.30 a.m. Blenheim first in, last served. MORAL: Tip waitress when you arrive and not when leaving.

2nd: We had a taxi ordered for 8.20. All bowlers at the hotel out at entrance. Taxi drives up, driver says, "Taxi for Moffat." The answer is obvious and we had to ring for another—close on the half hour. The Old Game still survives.

3rd: Jack Bain's rink losing the semi-final by one point to the rink which eventually won. The luck wouldn't just run for him.

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## POPPY DAY SALES

Poppy sales were again conducted along the same lines as last year throughout Marlborough. In Blenheim our members organised and carried out the house-to-house canvass with success, though we are bound to say that we must have more volunteers for this important task next year. The Women's Section carried out their duties very efficiently in conducting street sales; but here again this is left to the few (far too few) of the wives and widows of World War I Veterans, to whom we are grateful. It is perhaps opportune to remind members of the Women's Section, that the main object of their Section is to assist the R.S.A. at such functions. With the introduction of outdoor and indoor bowling for women members of the Section, some have forgotten their first duty to their Section of the R.S.A. New and old members should be told that if they are not prepared to play their full part in assisting the R.S.A., the Section has no room for them.

It may not be possible in this issue of Loophole to acknowledge individual efforts of sellers on Poppy Day; but if space permits, this will be done.

There is, however, one seller we would like to mention. Mrs. Ashley, President of the Women's Section, brought her grandson, Dennis Screen, along on Poppy Day, we sent him over to the laundry with a box of twenty poppies. He was soon back with some cash and a few poppies which were checked, and Dennis was thanked. "I'm going out again," said Dennis, and out he was sent. Dennis made six sorties like this and his returns for the day amounted £5/0/6. Dennis is nine years old. He asked Bob Barton at Newmans if he was a returned man and on receiving an affirmative reply said, "Why don't you wear your badge then. I saw a notice in the Clubhouse saying that you should wear your badge and save yourself embarrassment." Bob reckoned he hadn't felt more embarrassed in his life.

If Dennis exceeded his duty in this matter, he certainly was keen on selling poppies and implored his father to let him "work for Uncle Percy" the following day.

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## THE GURKHA

There are many New Zealand Ex-Servicemen of both World Wars who remember with pleasure periods serving alongside Gurkha units, and many are the tales told of these little men and their fighting knives, or khukris.

Possibly the best known story concerns the German who, having had a khukri slashed at his neck, said "Ya, Johnny Gurkha, you missed." "Wait till you try to shake your head!" said Johnny.

A less well-known story that comes to mind is the one about the Gurkha Rifleman who escaped from a P.O.W. camp in Italy and made his way alone to Switzerland. On arrival in Switzerland he was interrogated by a British Officer of his own Unit who asked him how he had managed to find his way so far and so long, alone in a strange country. "It was easy" said the Gurk, whose natural sense of direction is usually far superior to his knowledge of map reading, producing a tattered map from his pocket. Indicating his route on the map with a stubby finger, he described the route in detail. "I arrived here by following this ridge of hills. Then I came down on to the plain and followed this road by night, taking cover in these woods by day, skirting round this town, swimming this river because the bridge was guarded." And so on.

Thinking that there was something familiar about the map, the officer examined it closely. It was a map of a London Bus Route.

Then a recent issue of "The Khukri", the Journal of the Brigade of Gurkhas, contains a true story which illustrates the Gurkhas' attitude of "Johnny's as good as his master, any day".

A Gurkha Lance Corporal of the Signals, wishing to make a phone call, strolled casually into a room at the Tactical H.Q. of a British Unit in Malaya. The room happened to be the private room of none other than the Unit's C.O. The Gurkha asked the C.O. if he might use the phone. "Certainly old boy," said the C.O., mildly sarcastic, "you had better have a whisky and soda, too"—"I will have a beer, sir," said the Gurkha.—And he did!

**MARLBOROUGH RETURNED SERVICES ASSOCIATION  
BUILDING PROJECT**

A fairly recent assessment of the cost of building a new Clubhouse to the plan published in Loophole was £18,000.

The Executive was of the opinion that when £8,000 of this amount had been raised, possibly by interest-free debentures taken up by Members, the Association should be able to raise the remainder of £10,000 by mortgage. It considered that for such a project, more particularly since the Association now has a charter, no direct appeal should be made to the public for funds.

Recently information was received from the District Public Trustee that the Public Trustee would consider an application for a loan when plans have reached more mature stage. On a concrete building possibly a 30 year table mortgage could be obtained. For any mortgage from the Public Trustee guarantors would be necessary. The present interest rate is 5% per annum, so that for a 30 year loan of £10,000, the annual repayments of interest and principal would be approximately £650.

To enable members to gauge the capacity of the Association to operate and maintain such a Clubhouse as is envisaged, an attempt has been made to estimate possible revenue and expenditure and this is set out below.

**CLUBHOUSE**

	£
Annual charges on Loan of £10,000 on a 30 year table mortgage basis	650
Estimated cost of employing 2 Stewards and casual labour to operate the charter facilities etc., and do the cleaning, etc.	1500
Estimated cost of lighting, heating, rates, insurance, Charter fees, counter lunches, repairs, etc.	700
Provision to repay interest-free debentures over period of 20 years —balloting each year to determine which debentures shall be repaid	400
Provision of depreciation or a fund to meet major repair expenses or replacements (This is a low figure, but it is improbable that the Assn. would expect to replace the building at the end of its life)	100
<b>Total Estimated Annual Costs</b>	<b>£3350</b>

To meet these, estimated revenue may be set out as follows:—

Operation of Charter—Turnover at £12,000, giving a gross profit of	3000
<b>Note:</b> The gross profit last year was £2331 on a Turnover of £9042 while for the year ended 31.3.1953 the gross profit was £1094 on a turnover of £4312.	
Billiards takings should continue to provide at least	100
Remainder which would have to be met from social activities such as the annual ball, Anzac concert, rose day (if continued) and other Clubhouse activities (last year realised £193)	250
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>£3350</b>

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This estimate is for Clubhouse activities only, since it would seem not unreasonable to expect the revenue from subscriptions to meet all the expenses incurred in connection with matters concerning the Association as a whole.

Such expenses are as follows:—

- a. Capitation fees and badges, etc.
- b. Office salaries.
- c. Office stationery, postages and telephone.
- d. Printing of Annual Report and ballot papers.
- e. Conference expenses.
- f. Other administrative expenses concerning the whole Association.

If members agree that the above estimates are reasonable expectations, and consider that the Association should endeavour to provide decent premises for itself, it is hoped that all, and particularly those using the Clubhouse will find it possible to take up interest-free debentures to enable the Association to find the £8000 suggested as a prerequisite to proceeding further with the scheme.

For the Executive Committee of the Marlborough R.S.A.,  
J. A. BELL.

**WANTED KNOWN: IT IS YOUR DUTY TO BE FINANCIAL WITH YOUR R.S.A.**

#### MEMBERSHIP

Here's how our financial membership stood at the 31st March, and also our position just prior to press for this issue of Loophole.

	31st March, 1955	10/6/55
Veterans S.A. ....	40	40
Life Members ....	21	21
Blenheim ....	1075	781
Kaikoura ....	180	103
Picton ....	184	136
Awatere ....	72	54
Renwicktown ....	51	34
Havelock ....	41	1
Flaxbourne ....	31	19
Sounds ....	26	19
Rai Valley ....	25	9
East Coast ....	22	13
	1768	1230

"A player in a Rugby match in Auckland on Saturday swallowed a wasp and was stunk on a tonsil. He had to leave the field,"—according to the Dominion of 3/5/55. We were just stinking, "Now that musta been painful also."

#### RE-UNIONS

16th July: No. 1 N.Z. Supply Co. re-unite at 8 p.m. in the Caroline Bay Tea Rooms at Timaru. H.P. Bailey, 29 Stafford Street, Timaru, would like your early reply and a subscription of £1.

#### 6th N.Z. FIELD REGIMENT

Would any ex-members of the above Regiment hand their names and addresses to the Secretary. The Regimental Association in Wellington is endeavouring to get a complete New Zealand-wide roll with the view to enlarging the present re-unions and to enable them to plan a monster re-union in Wellington in 1956.

**REMEMBER ERIC WILKES is Cash Buyer of Wool & Skins**

## ■ The Secretary's Letter

Easter, Anzac Day, election for Committee, Annual Meeting, Ball, and a host of other things are again behind us for another twelve months. Easter followed closely the 31st March, which is the end of the Association's financial year, and all it implies. By 10.30 p.m. on 31st, Les Shannan had completed stock taking and priced his stock sheets. The Secretary had ruled off receipt and cash books, written cheques covering March purchases, and generally had the annual accounts ready for Jim Naysmith to put them into the form as shown on the balance sheet. Next Mr. E. J. Harvey, who was our Hon. Auditor before the majority of World War II veterans were born, and who has continuously audited our books ever since, checked the hundreds of entries and receipts and appended his certificate.

The Express then received their copy and in 14 days from the end of the year, twelve thousand separate items were ready for posting to the two thousand returned men in Marlborough. The Rules of the Association demand that the Annual Report and Balance Sheet must be posted on or before 30th April. This was achieved with four days to spare, thanks to the work of the Hon. Treasurer, Hon. Auditor and the Express staff. The Scrutineers had a busy night—four and a half hours of tedious counting—in checking ballot papers. The thanks of the Association go to Mike Collins and Wally Inder for undertaking this onerous task. About a dozen members including Mesdames Shannan, Wilson, Fisher and O'Neill worked solidly for over three hours folding and pushing reports, ballot papers and envelopes into outer envelopes already addressed. The Association is grateful to all those who assisted and co-operated in this task.

Our members showed good judgment in selecting their Committee, and though good men failed to gain a place on the Executive, they should not be discouraged, but should set themselves out to become better known by next year and try again.

Many of our members do not vote because some candidates are not known to them. Many suggestions have been received, among them the idea of an election campaign, where candidates could address members at a meeting in the Clubhouse. As nominations close on 31st March and ballot papers have then to be printed post haste, there is little time to publicise the merits of candidates, also there is the danger of bias or prejudice when some candidates may be unduly boosted up, while others may suffer an injustice by understatement of potential ability.

Frankly, we believe that if a candidate wishes to become known to his fellow members, he has ample opportunity during the year to achieve this object by taking part in the many activities of the Association, by responding to appeals for working bees, poppy sellers, etc., etc. The fellow who says that he will come to light, if elected, just doesn't stand a chance of becoming elected.

Anzac Day, in beautiful weather, again saw a large muster on parade and a good attendance of the public. Keith Glasgow, a teacher of young folk, spoke straight and to the point—to youth. His address at Blenheim and Picton was appreciated fully. Jim Hyde, Les Watson, Frank Parker, Dick Scott, Jim Bell and many others played their full part in driving home to the public and to school and college pupils, the significance of Anzac Day.

The Annual Meeting was poorly attended and was remarkable for its orderliness and the silence of members. No questions were asked about the Report and Balance Sheet. Is this because items contained in the balance sheet are so condensed? Accountants and those used to reading these mysterious documents do not want to see details of expenditure on soap and sponges etc., but the majority of our members would take a greater interest in the financial affairs of the Association if they were given fuller details of receipts and payments.

Not until the building project was discussed, did members wake up and take notice. Jim Bell just about talked himself dry, before inciting interest. There is no doubt, however, that re-building will proceed just

as soon as the necessary finance is in sight. Though a target of £8,000 has been fixed, there is no earthly reason why the whole £18,000 cannot be raised within one year, from our members. This subject will be dealt with fully and completely in a separate article.

The Gallipoli Legion again re-united on the 23rd April. Tho' some members were in Wellington for the N.Z.-wide re-union, held on the 40th Anniversary of the landing, the local function lost none of its significance. The lads who fought on Crete held their annual gathering on 21st May, when close on forty of their number attended. Lin Craven who appears to be the moving spirit in organising this re-union, says that the boys almost won the battle of Crete this year. They look forward confidently to victory in 1956. There are about 60 ex-Cretians (or are they Bon Cretians?) in Marlborough, and Lin says that if they all attend, victory in Crete is assured.

The new Committee has not met at the time of writing this article, but Jim Bell is sorting them out for the various sub-committees. All sitting members were returned; Les Smith, tho' defeated in the ballot, will still be Renwicktown's delegate. It is hoped that the Flaxbourne Branch may appoint Mr. Alf Loe as their delegate on the Executive Committee, and that Havelock Branch will appoint Athol Hood. This would give the Association the strongest and most representative Executive Committee of all time. Frank Delany will remain on the Executive as Sounds Sub-Branch delegate—a decision made at Homewood by Sounds members on 23rd May, when they held their annual meeting. Executive members were in attendance at the meeting to discuss land settlement problems in the Sounds. The Committee will hear of the varied problems of our Sounds members at its first meeting. Mr. Jack Watts, a Life Member of the Association, who has kept the Sounds Sub-Branch afloat over many years, is gracefully retiring as Secretary; but it is a safe bet that Jack will be the guide and counsellor of this Branch for a long time to come. We wish the new Officers and Committee of this Branch a long and prosperous term of office.

**Relief Funds** are again exercising the minds of the Executive Committee who intend calling a conference of representatives of all Sub-Branches to deal with Relief Funds. Full details will be sent to Branches in due course.

On 28th May, Jim Bell, Jim Walsh, Les Smith, Wal. Perkins, Dick Scott and Lance Waters journeyed to Westport to attend the District Conference of the Nelson, Marlborough and West Coast Branches. It is usual at these conferences to discuss the remits which will be put forward at the Dominion Council of N.Z.R.S.A. This was held in Wellington from 14th to 16th June and this Association was represented by Jim Bell, Jim Walsh, Wal. Perkins and Les Smith.

At the Westport Conference, Lance Waters, who has been the District Vice-President, was unanimously re-appointed sole nominee for this important office. His appointment will be confirmed at Dominion Council. As District Vice-President, Lance is a member of the Dominion Executive Committee of N.Z.R.S.A. You will recall that he has just returned from Australia where he was leader of the N.Z. Delegation which visited Australia for Anzac celebrations. We have not yet heard a great deal from Lance about this trip, but we believe that when he has reported fully to N.Z.R.S.A. and has time to "catch his breath", Lance will give these columns something to chew on. The Marlborough R.S.A. should indeed feel very proud of the fact that Lance was appointed Leader of the Delegation from a strong field of applicants for this task. One thing we would like to tell you of is that, at 9 p.m. every night in every R.S.A. Club in Australia, members remember those who did not return. Lance told us that on one occasion when about 500 returned men were chatting and having their nightly noggin, silence fell on the assembly as lights were lowered and a spotlight was thrown on a small white cross. From the darkness a voice was heard, "We will remember them," which was repeated by every man present. The lights came on, and so the hubbub increased to its pre-remembrance hour level. Lance says emphatically—"If you can make the trip, do so." Surely this alone is proof that the exchange of visits of ex-servicemen between New Zealand and Australia

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for Anzac Day observance is likely to continue till there will not be anyone left to make the trip. Keep this trip in mind round about November, 1956.

One item now in the news, which should and will occupy everybody's mind, is the conference being held in Wellington to attempt to deal with the problem and care of the aged. Dr. Durand of Wellington addressed the Patriotic Conference in March on this subject and it seems that he is active in the movement to make us more aware of our duty to these old folk. Most of them brought up large families on low wages and without the family benefit. They find themselves to-day with little reserve of cash, unable to grow their own veges, or do their shopping and household duties. As good citizens of our great little country, we should watch developments and keep a close watch on those of our members who are not so active as they were.

Finally, we cannot conclude without reference to the ceremonial parading of the Queen's Colour at Woodbourne on June 6th, Her Majesty's birthday.

We received an invitation to attend from the Air Department, Wellington, and did not hesitate to accept. I have seen the trooping of the Colour in London and watched the various Guards parade at Chelsea Barracks, so went along to the local function, perhaps apprehensively, remembering that the local Boy Entrants at Woodbourne have been in uniform for less than six months. Like all those who attended, I came away full of enthusiasm and praise for those lads who acquitted themselves so creditably. But I shouldn't have been apprehensive. About a month before the ceremony, I was in my parked jalopy in Market Place at 11 p.m. one Friday night, when I saw three of these lads making their way to the bus which takes them to Woodbourne. As they crossed the street, they broke into "slow time" and continued their journey—sixty paces to the minute. That little exhibition should have been re-assuring to me.

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#### **WAIRAU HOSPITAL CHAPEL**

An appeal for assistance of any description is being made by the nursing and other staff of Wairau Hospital to raise the necessary funds to build a Chapel in the Hospital Grounds adjacent to Amersfoote Home.

Plans and specifications have been drawn up and the cost will be in the vicinity of £3000.

This Chapel will enable staff, walking patients, inmates of Amersfoote Home and others to attend Divine Service every Sunday and the Clergy will take turns in their attendance—it will be undenominational. At present, Holy Communion is held in the Out-Patients' Department, and a service is held at Amersfoote Home twice monthly. We old diggers and Kiwis know too well the wonderful work the nurses did for us both in New Zealand and overseas and it behoves all of us to help them in any way we can towards building this Chapel.

At present, nurses, staff and friends, are all working in their spare moments, sewing, and making articles of every description for their Shop Day and Garden Party to be held later in the year.

Donations or assistance of any kind can be made to the Secretary, Chapel Committee, C/o Wairau Hospital.

Your Association urges you to support this worthy project.

—F.R.L.

## ■ Gold is where you find it!

Is it? This perplexing question was raised at the M.R.S.A. Christmas Party between three members, whose views differed on this age old saying to such a degree, that I was virtually challenged to write this article on gold.

Lack of knowledge of geological changes over millions of years is the reason we subscribe to the belief that "gold is where you find it". Could we trace the changes that have taken place in the lands of this world over countless ages, we would not say that gold is where you find it, but gold is where mother nature placed it. In the first place gold—all gold—was mothered in quartz.

The gold, fine as flour found in the black sands of our beaches, the gold—alluvial gold—fine as sand found in river-beds and river terraces; the gold, coarse and in the form of small nuggets, and the large heavy nuggets of gold all had as their original home—their birthplace—quartz. Not all quartz contains gold; but all gold came from quartz. "How and why" are largely matters of speculation; but this fact is undoubtedly accepted.

When this world of ours was cooling and settling down, fractures occurred in its thin crust through pressure and strain from within. Through these fractures or cracks, poured molten masses to form various rocks, minerals, clays, etc. These molten masses must have varied considerably in their form, and in their ultimate form, by coming into contact with other masses, such as gasses, water, rocks and clay and also by their rate of cooling. This then would give us our various minerals as found to-day; but as we are writing of gold, lets see (if we can), a molten ribbon of quartz flowing from a fissure in the earth's crust. Beside it, above it or below it may be flowing, or may have flowed or will flow other masses, which when cooled, we would have called terra-firma—had we lived millions of years ago. Land surfaces formed at that time may very likely have been tens of thousands of feet higher than the earth's surface on which we walk to-day.

As these molten ribbons of quartz cooled they formed hard quartz reefs. In the cooling process, pockets of gasses or liquids were trapped, then squeezed to ultimately become a solid mineral known to us as gold. Probably no other molten mass was capable of transforming these pockets of gasses or liquids into gold. Quartz reefs run for miles under the earth's surface and vary in size and shape, many being only two or three feet thick and about the same width. Their gold content may vary from several ounces to the ton, to merely a few pennyweights. I remember seeing in the Christchurch Museum a model of a nugget of gold found in the Ural Mountains. If my memory serves me right it would measure roughly 12 to 18 inches across and weighed several hundred ounces. Even larger was a nugget found in Australia. We may be able to give more definite details of these huge nuggets at some later date. It is certainly safe to say that these nuggets and all gold—was "mothered in quartz".

How then, do we find gold as fine as flour on our sea beaches and accept as fact that tons of gold are in suspension in sea water.

Gold is not "where you find it", but where mother nature distributed it over countless ages, through the agencies of glaciers, gales, frosts, floods, earthquakes, rivers and seas. The further gold was moved by these agencies, the smaller and finer it becomes. Gold is indestructable, soft and malleable.

I have been encouraged in the writing of this article. Feeling that I was getting into deep water or perhaps going down for the third time and requiring some encouragement to continue, I showed the foregoing to one of our members, who is more able than I am to deal with this subject. He approved of my efforts, and encouraged me by stating that what I had written was fundamentally correct. That same evening—to-night in fact—he phoned me telling me to tune in to a radio station which was broadcasting on the subject of "Gold is where you find it". I did so—sat, listened, thought—and now continue this article with another interpretation of the saying "Gold is where you find it".

Because some of us have gold fever in our systems, have we missed the meaning of the saying "gold is where you find it". Have we misunderstood the meaning of the one word—"gold"? Is "gold" a malleable indestructible yellow metal, or is it what you and I and all people are searching for? Is it peace of mind, joy, contentment, companionship and all those intangible things we are groping for and yet do not know for what we search? I think this is what the author of that saying had in mind. I imagine him to be a philosopher—a preacher perhaps—on the goldfields of the Yukon—a guy wise enough to comfort those restless souls who fled from the humdrum of civilisation in their greedy search for wealth in the form of yellow metal. Gold then, is where you find it; but yellow metal is where nature placed it.

Any further reference to gold in this and other articles on gold, will apply to metal and not to a state of mind.

Will Doug. Anderson and Lance Waters accept this? Will they come forward and say, "Perce, you win!"

---

Mules boast much that their ancestors were horses.

Money, like dung, does no good till its spread.

A courageous foe is better than a cowardly friend.

A good archer is not known by his arrows but by his aim.

A great ship asks deep waters.

A journey of a thousand miles begins with one step.

He's a blockhead who cannot make two verses and he's a fool that makes four.

Welfare: If a man deceives me once—shame on him;

If twice—shame on me.

If you would know the value of money—try to borrow it.

The provident store up precious treasure, only to have it squandered by a fool. (Proverbs xxi. MOFFAT'S translation.)



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One of our members informed me recently that he had been out searching for uranium. We sent him off to get his head read.

Dave Cruickshank was half asleep behind the bar counter at the Clubhouse last week, waiting for the boys to come in, when the C.B.A.'s wallaby hopped up on the counter and ordered a rum and cloves. Dave handed over the drink and the wallaby fished a ten bob note from its pouch. When the change had been "pouched", Dave found his voice and said, "'scuse me, but we don't often get wallabies in here." "That's surprising," said the wallaby, "when you charge only ninepence a nip for Drakes Drum Rum."

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## ■ The Forty Fourth Man

When I came in from my riverside position with one of my Platoons that hot, muggy, February afternoon and rejoined the remainder of the Battalion in the Brigade assembly area, 2 miles or so from the North Bank of the Irrawaddy, I found that my fellow officers were enjoying their first E.N.S.A. show for many a month and as I did not want to interfere with their enjoyment, and the report I had to render was not of any great importance anyway, I went along to the little bamboo grove in which the remainder of my Company was bivouaced, made sure that the men who had been out with me were fed and allotted an area on the perimeter to defend, and then, having removed my heavy and perspiration soaked equipment, I made my way to the area in which I learned the remainder of the Company was training in preparation for the impending crossing of the river.

The first Platoon I came across was that of a Jemadar named Kaluman Rai, a staid, intelligent, sturdy and outstandingly brave man of about 40 years who had earned decorations on several occasions but had only been awarded one—the Military Cross. He had recently been wounded and had just returned to the Battalion after all too short a time to convalesce. I had a shock when I saw him. I had seen a lot of death in the past 3 years and was convinced that I knew when a man was about to die or be killed and Kaluman looked that way.

I spoke to the man for some time and then watched his well disciplined, enthusiastic and tough Platoon at work. They were masters of the art of silent approach and surprise attack and I was in a good frame of mind when I returned to the place where I was to sleep for the night. I was still worried about Kaluman though, even though I knew that we would not see any real action for another 5 days at least.

It was 6 days later, the 13th of the month to be exact, when we came in contact with the enemy again and by this time we had made a crossing of the Irrawaddy and were trying to break out of the bridgehead. The Japanese seemed to have allowed us to get so far and were trying to throw the whole of the troops in the bridgehead back into or over the river and things were rather fraught, to say the least of it. My Company, 120 strong, was told to try to work round to the west of the main Japanese position and in doing so we had a few rather rough nights though we successfully repulsed all attacks on our positions, such as they were, and even succeeded in driving off 2 light tanks although we had nothing bigger with us than 2 inch mortars. Our successes were not gained without casualties but our losses were negligible as compared with those of the Japanese who left a large number of the Unit which attacked us on 4 successive nights, lying dead or dying in the tobacco fields round my position or in the dry chaung or stream which lay in front of us. In this chaung 16 of them had died in a group, victims of the mortar of an old reprobate, a former Havildar, now a Rifleman in charge of a 2 inch mortar, Hastabahadur Limbu. Wine and women were his weaknesses but neither of these distractions were in the bridgehead area and Hastabahadur was taking advantage of the lack of temptation to do some steady soldiering so that he would have at least one good mark on his otherwise shameful Conduct Sheet when he went on Pension in a few weeks' time. Jemadar Kaluman was still alive and fighting with as much fervour as ever. Every morning when he came to me for orders he was smart, as if dressed for Guard Mounting, though, like everyone else, he looked tired and a little sad.

Then one morning I called my Platoon Commanders for orders at a time when we thought the back of the Japanese attacks were broken. We had just "Stood Down" after the dawn "Alert" and the men were sipping hot tea as they crouched, shivering in the chill of the early morning air, near their slit trenches. As we were going over the orders, the men in one of the observation posts gave warning that what appeared to be a patrol was approaching through the elephant grass. We knew that

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a patrol was out from another Company and thought this must be it, but as more and more men broke out of the thick grass into the open tobacco field, we realised that they were Japs and were about to attack in strength. We got into position. This was the signal for the Japs to charge and more and more of them poured out of the grass and made for the Platoon, Kaluman's, which was out on its own in a very vulnerable position. There were over 200 enemy, Kaluman's Platoon was less than 30 strong, and although many of the Japs fell before they reached the Platoon's slit trenches, many more seemed to swamp the little Gurkhas who, having been fighting all night, had little or no ammunition left. Soon the position was a mass of men fighting hand to hand while enemy supports were firing from one of the flanks on our main position in an attempt to prevent any help being sent to the hard-pressed Platoon. The natural inclination of us all was to go to the help of the others who were outnumbered by at least 6 to 1 but to have done so would have been foolish, for the Japs on our flank would then have got into our main position which was to be the pivot on which the next stage of the Battalion's advance would be made.

Kaluman was desperate to go to the aid of his men, or his "Keta" (children) as he called them, and I could see that it would be unwise to restrain him so I allowed him to go. To get to his Platoon he had to cross an open field swept by rifle and machine-gune fire and I thought that at last the time had come for Kaluman to die. But no. With a dash he was over the field and into the fray with his Khukri, or fighting knife, flashing in the early morning sun and he had no sooner entered the fray than his men, inspired by his presence and leadership, grouped together and with one powerful thrust drove the Japs out of their position, killing the last of them as they fled over the open field and before they reached the comparative safety of the 10 foot high elephant grass from which they had emerged half an hour before. It was one of the few occasions on which I saw the Khukri used for killing men, and I must say it was an inspiring sight to see our men fighting on with their traditional weapon after they had expended all of their ammunition for their more modern weapons. Strange to say, our casualties were not very heavy but the Platoon position and the field to the west of it were littered with Japanese dead. There were no Jap wounded. Kaluman soon re-organised the remnants of his Platoon with typical coolness and thoroughness.

We had had a very bad time during the past few days and as if we had not had enough, our own 3 inch mortars, firing from Battalion Headquarters area, accidentally dropped 2 smoke bombs in our midst, fortunately doing no more damage than burning a few small holes in the pullover of one of my Jemadars and singeing the tope, or small pigtail on his shaven head. Evidently the Commanding Officer thought we had had enough for he wirelessly to tell me that he was sending "B" Company to relieve us at once. "At once" seemed to us to be a long time. As a matter of fact it was not till about 2 hours later that they eventually arrived, their delay having given rise to many rumours of their having been ambushed on the way, and so on. By the time our relief arrived we were all ready to move and the Gurkha Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers were soon busy handing over and taking over their positions. It was while Tony, "B" Company Commander, and I were discussing the advisability or otherwise of having a Platoon out in front of the main position that there was a terrific explosion from the direction of Kaluman's Platoon and Tony and I rushed out of the long grass, the better to see what had happened. We saw 4 men on the ground with men kneeling by them and others on the alert in their trenches. As Tony started to go to the scene of the explosion, a small party started towards us carrying a man in a blanket. We went towards them and found one of the runners of "B" Company being carried in. He was in a pitiful condition. His body and limbs were twisted and shattered and his face was unrecognisable. He was just breathing but died within a minute or two. "Who else has been wounded?" we asked of the bearers of the runner. "No one else has been wounded, Sahib, but Jemadars Kaluman and Chabilal and a 2 inch mortarman are dead." They were dead all right. It was impossible to tell one from the other. A Jap grenade discharger bomb had landed right on a cardboard carrier of 2 inch mortar bombs carried

by the mortarman and the whole lot had gone up beside Kaluman, Chabial (of "B" Company) and the two riflemen as Kaluman indicated to his relief the Japanese positions some 400 yards away. We buried the 2 Gurkha Officers and the mortarman where they had been killed by filling in a slit trench over them. That was the best we could do in the circumstances.

Tony and I had little to say to one another as we parted. We felt pretty sick and whether it was the result of the strain of the past week or the thought of Kaluman being dead, I don't know, but I felt that the heart had gone out of me.

As we made our way to the new position, which was described to me as the "reserve" position, we passed "C" Company in their position in a corner of a burned and devastated village and it was good to see them and their jaunty Commander, Bob, in such good heart. Bob was an ex-Cavalry regular Warrant Officer and his whole attitude was one of defiance and challenge to the Japs who had, in fact, taken a bad beating at "C" Company's hands two nights before. Nothing seemed to ruffle Bob who was always smart and clean as a new pin and the idol of his men, though not so popular with our Commanding Officer.

On arrival at our new position, I did not like the look of it, even though it was supposed to be the Reserve position and I asked for permission to adjust the perimeter but was told to leave it as it was. With one Platoon more or less out in front in an open field, as in my previous position, I did not feel too good about the chances we would have in the event of a night attack. My fears proved to be well founded for that night we were attacked by a Battalion of the enemy who came in waves with fixed bayonets pretty well all through the night under cover of intense artillery shelling and mortaring. The repulsing of the attacks was a severe drain on our ammunition and I was not at all surprised when my Havildar Major reported that, apart from a few grenades, we had very little ammunition left. Such ammunition as we had for rifles and Bren guns we re-distributed to the best advantage but even so it was very little and certainly not enough to stave off another full scale attack, so I gave orders for the so-called Non-Combatants, like cooks and water carriers, to help man the perimeter and for Khukries to be drawn ready for a last stand. I hadn't slept, as far as I could remember, for some days but I was not really tired and merely felt a sort of exhilaration such as I have often felt during a football match when my team was defending stoutly and defying the efforts of our stronger opponents to score and win the game. From experience we knew that the enemy would put in their final attack just as the moon went down, which it was due to do in a few minutes' time.

As I was about to check the final arrangements, a Naik from Kaluman's Platoon, the one in the very vulnerable position forward of Company H.Q., reported that his acting-Platoon Commander, a Havildar, had been mortally wounded. The Naik, a bright lad of about 21 years, asked if he could command the Platoon. As the senior soldier left, there was nothing else left for it and I showed some concern for him but he smiled and said, "We will be all right, Sahib, for Kaluman is still with us. We have seen him already to-night and as long as he is there the 'Japanies' cannot pass." I bade the Naik return to his Platoon which he did just as the moon was about to disappear behind the far range of mountains. . . . The men must be tired and over-wrought if they thought that Kaluman had appeared among them, I thought.

We did not have long to wait for the attack which came, as usual, just as the moon went behind the mountains and before we had accustomed ourselves to the darkness. With little or no ammunition, the forward Platoon, or what was left of it, was overrun and all killed except for one man who managed to get to Company H.Q. and reported that all of his comrades were dead in their slit trenches. The man was slightly wounded but still able to fight so my Second-in-Command, a Subedar,

gave him the job of defending me as the Japs launched the full weight of their attack principally on the few slit trenches that sheltered Company H.Q. This was it, I thought, but somehow we managed to hold the attack, shouting to one another all round the perimeter which had, by now, contracted considerably, trying to give one another confidence. For the Japs' information, we shouted all sorts of things about tanks coming, though there were no tanks within miles of us; that "A" Company, "B" Company, "C" Company, and even Administrative Company were coming to our aid; that we were winning and must not give up; and a lot of foul and crude insults to the Japs such as few but the Gurkha can think up. In fact we seemed to be having a grand time when the Japs decided to end all the nonsense and wipe us out once and for always, and in they came, massed together to make the final kill. In the light of the flares there seemed to be hundreds of them but just then a cry went up from some of the men, not "Tanks Ayo", "Company Ayo" this time, but "Kaluman Ayo". "Kaluman has come." "Kaluman has come." There was a succession of grenade bursts forward of Company H.Q. from where the Platoon lay dead in the trenches, twelve bursts in all, and the Japs fled, screaming, leaving the shouting, cheering remnants of my Company as firmly in their main position as ever.

Daylight found us just over 50 strong and the men were in very good heart, all knowing, instinctively, that the Japs would not attack us again. There was a lot of joking and handshaking but I could only sit quietly on an ammunition box beside my dying Havildar Major. He had had the top of his skull shot off as he went round the trenches distributing ammunition recovered from casualties.

When my Subedar Second-in-Command reported to me at "Stand Down" in the morning, he said to me as if it were a normal thing to report, "Kaluman returned last night, threw a box of grenades, one after the other, and broke up the Japs' attack." I did not reply for I was sceptical, though half-believing.

That morning we carried out a counter-attack on the enemy survivors deeply entrenched in one corner of the village and when we had finished there were a few more of my men and a lot of Japs to bury. It was while we were burying some of the dead that we came across a grenade box, forward of the position of the ill-fated Platoon, and quite empty. Within a grenade's throw of the box there was a ring of 19 dead Japs. It was possible that one of the Platoon forward had escaped death and had thrown the grenades, but none of us believed so, especially as the box was forward of the slit trenches and not beside them. We accounted for the whole of the Platoon, all of whom were dead in their trenches except for the wounded survivor.

That day we marched to rejoin Battalion H.Q. and we felt that we, alone, had more or less won the war in Burma. Eight days before, we had gone into action 120 strong and since then, with artillery support,

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we had, as we learned later, wiped out 953 of a Jap Regiment of 1200 men. We marched out of action 43 strong . . . . And I suppose I should include Kaluman and make it 44 unless he chose to stay with his Platoon as they slept in the trenches where they fell, and where we buried them, or answered their first Roll Call in the Gurkha version of Heaven.  
—“DASYEN”

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■ Pot Pourri

A census-taker is a man who goes from house to house increasing the population.

A corps is a dead gentleman; a corpse is a dead lady.

Adolescence is the stage between puberty and adultery.

Gorilla warfare means when both sides get up to monkey business.

Ali Baba means being away when the crime is committed.

A Protestant is a woman who gets her living through an immortal life.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

Chivalry is the act of a man who gives his seat to a lady in a public convenience.

A mugwump is a bird that sits on a fence with his mug on one side and his wump on the other.

The two genders are masculine and feminine. The masculine are divided into temperate and intemperate, and feminine into frigid and torrid.

The Templar urged Rebecca to become his mistress. The brave girl reclined to do so.

Shakespeare wrote tragedies, comedies and errors.

It's a good horse that never stumbles and a good wife that never grumbles.

Men rule the world—women rule the men.

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